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ARTICLES

Science and Human Affairs

Paul Joel Freeman

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Anthony Standen wrote a little book entitled, *Science is a Sacred Cow* (1950). His thesis was that science is filled with hubris and largely undeserving of the adulation being heaped on it by society.

He further asserted, with cheek in tongue, that scientists on the whole were an unimaginative, dull lot, doing research mainly by rote formula. He fortified his argument with an example of how he thought a typical scientist might evaluate the following data:

Gin + water produce intoxication
Brandy + water produce intoxication
Whisky + water produce intoxication

As water is the element common to all three situations, the scientist applies faulty logic to draw the conclusion that water must be the intoxicating solution. While Standen treated his subject lightly, he was among the first seriously to question if there might not be cracks in the prestigious science edifice.

Some years later, C.P. Snow, the highly literate physicist, expressed his concern with science and society in his paper, "The Two Cultures and the Science Revolution" (1959). Snow contended there were cracks, but they were to be found between non-scientists and scientists due mainly to the complexity and insularity of science. While scientists were rich in achievement, they were indifferently poor in communicating the content and implications of those achievements to an intelligent lay public. In particular, the barbed ire and resentment of academicians, writers, dramatists, artists, and the like, whom Snow collectively identified as "Humanists" were incurred.

Disillusionment with science in the United States sharply increased during the Vietnam war. It was widely believed that science was cooperating with the military-industrial complex in a calloused expansion of the capacity for destruction of life and property. An uncritical extension of this belief led to blaming science for all that was wrong with the world. Something called science provided the knowledge to synthesize chemicals that defoliated trees, adulterated food, seeped through food levels reducing and threatening life. The same science was behind the creation of steel, sterile, and plastic environments. Its busy all-pervasive computers stored and retrieved information in nanoseconds; good enough to eventually number, classify, and file everything and everyone on the planet. ***Brave New World*** and ***1984*** no longer seemed works of fiction. Science had been instrumental in elevating the United States to a high level of affluent misery. A mighty Croesus standing on a garbage heap launching billion dollar missions into space. Science, once that most rational of disciplines, had been diverted to irrational ends.

While this indictment of science may be questioned, there is little question that in 1975 there is still a vast misunderstanding of its content, objectives, and implications. For example, a recent study of college freshmen indicated they know less about science today than students did in 1970. And no wonder, the proclivity for the indiscriminate stamping of any activity whose workers wear white coats a "science" blurs distinctions between those who have a legitimate claim on the title and those who do not. The result is confusion and faulty identification of what actually constitutes a science. Consequently, numerous sins and omissions it really has not committed are laid at the laboratory door.

This is regrettable because the essential activity common to all the sciences from astrophysics to zoology turns out to be surprisingly simple. Fundamentally, the objective is to arrive at "best" explanations of particular facets of nature. Furthermore, what science has to say, no matter how abstruse, must be said within the constraint of probative, natural laws. In so doing, appeals to miracles, mysticism, or the occult are ruled out. That is, if any of these were to be invoked as possible explanations, then nature becomes preternatural with no holds barred on what passes for reality. Science at no moment is quite right, but it is far from wrong. To date, it has produced more significant, far-reaching and useful explanations of nature than have activities which patently are not scientific.

Operationally, then, science is simply men and women observing, evaluating, and finally explaining something "out there" as objectively as possible. This implies that they have to be ever mindful of the philosophical pitfalls inherent in such activities. As such, there is a continuous monitoring of science by philosophy. Science was once even known as natural philosophy, but as its methods became more analytical and less metaphysical, it gradually split away. However, it still has deep roots in philosophy and can only be properly understood and evaluated by digging in that fertile ground.

Two major developments in the first half of the twentieth century significantly altered the philosophical basis of science. These were Werner Heisenberg's extended observations on subatomic particles culminating in what is most familiarly known as the "Uncertainty Principle" (1927), and Kurt Gödel's theorems concerning undecidable propositions (1931).

The full impact of these two important revelations was not immediate nor particularly dramatic, but gradually an awareness began to filter through the scientific community of what was involved. This was the making of an ultimate paradox which stipulated that "final and absolute truth about the real world was not realizable." For it was precisely in the two most fundamental activities of science – observation and proof – that inherent and seemingly incorrectable flaws in the search for truth were discovered.

THE PRINCIPLE OF UNCERTAINTY

Somewhere, sometime, any science is ultimately dependent upon observation. This is the only means it has of formulating its key propositions about a world that appears to lie external to brain and senses. Heisenberg's incontrovertible conclusion was that when any object from electron to star is observed, the object is affected by the very act of observation. The disturbance of something the size of a star would be undetectable due to its huge mass, but as the size of an object decreases, the observational impact grows. When the realm of the subatomic particle is reached, the simultaneous determination of its velocity and position becomes impossible. This is because the quanta necessary to make an observation represent a sizable amount of energy in ratio to particle size. The impact of this energy then can quite seriously disturb the particle. It is a little like a physician who does exploratory surgery to determine the nature of a disease only to find that the trauma of the surgery is more disruptive than the disease.

The implications of "uncertainty" became a major force in switching science from the deterministic absolutes of the nineteenth century to the probabilistic statements of the twentieth century. What gradually emerged from pure science was a cautious and heavily qualified stance with a great dependence upon an array of hypothetical models as an aid in explaining nature. Such tentative models represent how events can be connected and unified without undue concern that the representation be necessarily real.

It is in this sense that radiation is explained by appealing to wave or quantum models, energy conservation and transformation are explained in terms of thermodynamic models, and natural selection is the principal model of biological evolution. No one has ever seriously challenged this novel aspect of science explanation. On the contrary, the wide acceptance and use of models like those that revolve about quanta, entropy, and natural selection have been thoroughly justified by the apt way in which they have helped represent, explain and predict events.

The "Principle of Uncertainty," having been instrumental in casting doubt on absolutes, now had some of the new insights turned on itself. The principle, as it turns out, is a model too, and applying it without discrimination makes the error of equating models with reality. After all, the limits inherent in trying to make precise measurements are particularly a human problem. Objects themselves, at any velocity, are always some place at some time serenely oblivious to uncertainty. Even inclusion of uncertainty as a necessary corollary of measurement, is only a means of explaining the failure to obtain precise measurements on a single particle. Thus, individual events associated with one radium nucleus may remain forever uncertain. However, when a large number of nuclei have their radioactivity measured and statistically analyzed, a prediction can be made with reasonable accuracy that one half of the radioactivity in a known quantity of radium will be exhausted in 1600 years.

The "Principle of Uncertainty" is an unfortunate name, but it has stuck. It is now better understood that the only uncertainty lies in finding the limits to the tolerances involved in measurement of objects. These can only be reduced so far and no farther. Hope of resolving the problem by eventually attaining fine enough precision through improvement of instruments does not seem possible either. For it is a crucial paradox of scientific knowledge that even if instruments could everlastingly be refined, the objects of observation would everlastingly and elusively continue to retreat; instruments and objects converging but never meeting in a pattern of infinite regress.

THE NATURE OF PROOF

The second great change affecting the philosophy of science was more abstruse than the uncertainty surrounding observation. However, this time too, there was a concern with inherent limitations in the methods of science, but now doubts were cast on certain assumptions underlying the nature of proof itself.

Routinely, scientists observe some aspect of nature, then translate their descriptions and interpretations into symbols expressed in the form of equations, formulas, and propositions. Scientific knowledge results only when such expressions are organized in a logical manner to display their interrelationships, so a conclusion or proof can be drawn.

In any science, certain propositions can be deduced from or proved on the basis of other propositions. The importance of such deductions as a critical adjunct to observation focused late in the nineteenth century on a specific aim for science. This was to be a concerted drive to uncover an ultimate set of propositions (axioms) from which all other propositions could be deduced. If this could be accomplished, then all events in the real world would ultimately

be amenable to proof in one self-contained, consistent and logical system.

Unfortunately, this laudable ambition was thwarted by a young Austrian mathematician, Kurt Gödel. In 1931, he published a rather forbidding paper read at the time by only a few people. But it is now recognized that Gödel had raised some of the most challenging epistemological problems of our time. The essence of Gödel's arguments was that the human mind is constrained to conceive of nature abstractly in terms of language. In the common language used for the expression of propositions, there is one outstanding feature, its all comprehensive universal character. It is universal because it has to be facile enough to express anything that can be said or written. Not only can it be used to describe objects in the world, but also parts of the language itself. Not only does it contain linguistic devices such as terms and statements but it names them as well. Thus, a universal language is capable of designating propositions within its structure as true or false. Such propositions are self-referential and some of them cause no end of difficulty. For example, "This proposition is false " is self-referential and if what it states about itself is true then the proposition is false which of course makes it true, and so on.

Yet, unknowingly, what was being pursued by scientists up to the 1930's was a system with just such a flaw: that is, an all-embracing and comprehensive logic employing a universal language. Gödel laid this enterprise irrevocably to rest with his theorems, which were unrelenting in their assertion that such a system would generate self-referential propositions. In so doing, it would be inconsistent, that is, contradictory and "proofs" deduced through such a system would always be suspect.

Why should Gödel's theorems be accepted? Why not search for other means for demonstrating proof? The melancholy circumstance seems to be there is nothing else. Since Gödel published his paper, Alonzo Church and Alfred Tarski, among others, have substantiated and extended his findings.

The critical revelation by Church was that no decision procedure can be devised that can test every assertion in a logic system and in a finite number of steps demonstrate it to be either true or false. Tarski showed that if a language is precise, it cannot be universal. Hence, the present state of affairs is that proof is unattainable in a universal language, which is about as complete a proof as can be obtained.

The effect on science of these new insights was to induce it to use restricted languages. Each of its major disciplines uses a language which when employed in deduction contains proofs not provable in that language. In addition, each language has a restricted vocabulary; it can name physical or chemical or biological objects but excludes truth or falsity as they pertain to the language itself. Thus, the problems involved in a semantically universal language are avoided.

Science today may appear on the surface very much as always, but the flaws inherent in its methodology have altered its outlook drastically. The major aim of nineteenth century science was to give an accurate and exact

picture of nature. The principal achievement of twentieth century science has been to demonstrate the impossibility of achieving such an aim.

If this is an accurate picture of the current position of science, it would hardly seem to reflect the intellectual arrogance and absolute certitude which so often have been attributed to it. On the contrary, the essential quality of what lies at the philosophical core of science today is the tentativeness of its findings. Theories based on such findings are always provisional and reflect a deep and abiding concern with the imprecision of observation and circumscribed proof.

The preoccupation with these ineluctable limits imposed on knowledge is rarely lost sight of even when the focus is on the immediate objectives of the many diverse and highly specialized disciplines of science. This is in marked contrast to a whole host of activities, either completely outside the pale of science, or, more confusingly, under a guise closely resembling it, which make unabashed claims of having true and absolute knowledge. Distinguishing between such activities and science, with all of its complex interrelationships, represents a formidable challenge which can only be taken up lightly here.

PURE AND APPLIED SCIENCE

At times, scientists are either classed as pure (basic, abstract, theoretical) or applied (practical, technical, engineering) depending on where the emphasis is placed in research or if research is involved at all. The pure scientist is alert to identifying significant problems arising out of the natural growth and development of his particular area of endeavor. He is skilled at devising hypotheses, testing implications, and coming up with explanations whose only possible value at the time may be that they contribute a fragment to the continual building and changing of the structure of science. It is these activities that have characterized science as being made up of "model builders." In some respects, pure science has even prided itself on not having any practical goals. G. H. Hardy, a British mathematician, was fond of toasting, "Here's to pure science, may it never have any use."

The applied scientist, on the other hand, tries to answer direct yes-or-no questions and bring to bear well-worked-out methods on pragmatic problems, for example, how to translate atomic theory into a working nuclear plant for the generation of electricity. The applied scientist works within the developed structure of known science. He may immeasurably refine and polish it, but he makes no concerted effort to change it. Applied research may be said to be mainly mission oriented; pure research mainly knowledge oriented.

Applying the findings of pure research to practical ends was slow to develop, but in the United States it is now the dominant phase of science. For pragmatic Americans who apply the criterion, "What good is it?" to any endeavor, applied research is the most appealing in its promise of immediate benefits. By contrast, pure research projects may seem ill-conceived and pointless. This is a prevalent misconception that eventually could prove

disastrous. For history bears out that despite the apparently profligate luxury of projects with no special commitments or specific goals, it is precisely such untrammeled efforts that ultimately prove to be the major source of ideas on which practical projects are founded.

The "spin-off" from theory may come even decades after it was first formulated and often in a totally unsuspected manner. For example, nuclear fission, polio vaccines, integrated electronic circuits, and the laser beam were all made possible because a fund of theoretical knowledge already existed. In the absence of such knowledge, the Manhattan project would have been impossible, exploration of space a dream, and immunity from diseases a matter of luck. This is a lesson that apparently has been lost on the United States government. It believes, for example, that all that is required to discover cures for the many kinds of cancer is an infusion of massive amounts of money and time into "practical" projects.

As scientific knowledge increases, it finds expression in forming new and highly specialized disciplines – enzymology, immunology, and molecular biology came into being this way. Or it may hybridize sciences like biochemistry and biophysics, from more traditional ones such as biology, chemistry, and physics. Specialized branches may become a main trunk; other disciplines formerly at the center of activity may become minor offshoots. For example, astronomy is now considered to be a local case of astrophysics. Ideally, the new horizons incorporate the old. This is not always possible but more often than not, the principal data and techniques are subsumed by the new sciences.

One proposed natural classification of the sciences is based on the entities whose observation provides their starting point. The underlying supposition of the arrangement is that the ultimate particle of matter is some unit-entity like the atom. Physics then would be concerned with objects which retain their unitary character throughout the events in which they participate. Chemistry would be based on aggregates whose characters change by either the addition or subtraction of the unit-entities. Biology would be involved with highly organized aggregates which when arranged in certain ways form organisms and preserve a unitary character despite a continuous exchange of parts. Finally, the anthro-social sciences would be concerned with human beings whose behavior is no longer easily explicable in terms of components. Rather, they exhibit an apparently self-conscious ability to direct themselves and interact to form an even higher level of complexity – social aggregates.

Such a classification is hierarchical in nature. Each succeeding science includes the entities and aggregates of the one below it, but emphasizes qualities that emerge at its particular level of organization and may be unique to it. There are no strict boundaries between any of the sciences as the hydridization of many of them shows.

Contrasting the extremes of this arrangement is often done. Physics, chemistry, and geology, for example, are considered quantitative or "exact" sciences. The anthro-social sciences are less so; they can hardly subject human

beings and complex social organizations to the refined measurements possible with atomic and molecular populations. The physical sciences might be said to have a complex-simplicity in contrast to the simple-complexity of the anthro-social sciences.

The trend has been toward quantifying all the sciences regardless of their particular nature or an established need for precision. Prestige, esteem, even the number of grants awarded a science, sad to say, may be in direct proportion to the degree it employs statistics, graphs, coefficients, and the like. A number of disciplines, uneasy because they feel they are not mathematical enough, quantify their data in some instances when it really is not warranted. Exactitude, by itself, is not of any use, and if striven for precipitately might even act to hinder the further development of a science.

Because of the great importance of mathematics to science, it is often confused with and many times mislabeled a science. There is one critical distinction between them. Mathematics need not have any direct relation to the real world, whereas science begins there. In its purest form, mathematics is based on proofs derived through deductive systems, the major requirement being internal consistency. Science uses mathematics mainly as its best means for describing quantitative relationships in the conceptual models it builds. Mathematics can still flourish without science, but there would be few sciences without some mathematics.

We live in a highly concentrated technological society founded on and perpetuated by the contributions of theoretical and applied science. The time gap between theory and application continues to narrow. To any thoughtful person, the system appears to have generated a senseless snowballing inertia with nothing permanent but change. We are relinquishing more of the running of our lives to computers; only they appear to have an overall grasp of what is going on and they are talking more and more just to one another. We are at the stage, to quote Mumford Jones, "Where we are proud of computers that think and suspicious of people that do."

PSEUDO-SCIENCE

Super technological society puts an enormous strain on human cope-ability. Many people, particularly the young, have reacted by moving toward an unrealistic simplification of difficult problems succumbing to almost any sleazy appeal that promises mystic powers, super health, eternal youth, and personal salvation. The woods and communes are full of crypto-religionists and pseudo-philosophers engaged in labyrinth journeys through the murk of the human mind. There are cults of professional joiners who have worn and discarded in turn the garb of Scientologist, Yogi, Krishna, and Buddha. The new cry is "Go East young man."

Even that old standby, astrology, has been polished and fitted with the trappings of science. In certain respects, it has been so successful in simulating astronomy that it is being taught as a course in a number of universities. But

astrology is the dark at the top of the stars in its failure to grasp the cosmic scope of the universe. Its ranks are filled with living non sequiturs who aim to subvert and constrain the vastness and mystery of solar systems and galaxies to the narrow end of forecasting human destiny. But no one ever went broke overestimating the gullibility of people. Astrologers are so busy raking up the future and money, they have resorted to the use of computers to cast "Astroflashes" and calculate their profits.

Health fad stores peddle "organic" foods at gastronomic prices to a diet tribe filled with righteousness and gas. Witches, warlocks, and flying sorcerers abound. They cast spells, mix up hate or love potions depending on the demand and the availability of powdered newt. New depths of fatuity are sounded when human beings actually believe in the efficacy of someone chanting, "A pinch of this a pinch of that, a Truman button and a french-fried bat."

These are boom times on the psychic frontier as well. "Psi" embraces such phenomena as clairvoyance, psychokinesis, and extra-sensory perception (ESP). Practitioneers of psi claim extraordinary powers all explainable, so they say, by means of respectable science. But established scientists, who have nothing to lose but their scepticism, have closely scrutinized psi experiments and for the most part have found them wanting.

In many of their claims, the burden of proof falls on the sceptic. If an experiment is unsuccessful, a wide array of excuses may be offered ranging from "hostile vibrations" to "unresponsive subjects." Psi experimenters appear, almost without exception, to be emotionally committed to self-fulfilling experiments. Saying "It is so," and then supporting the contention with shoddy, ill-contrived evidence is simply not enough. So in scientific circles, at least, doubt continues to grow. But for the true believers, no amount of demonstrable fraudulence, no exposure of unscrupulous manipulation seems capable of dissuading them.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Many religions, too, deem their doctrines to be based on a body of knowledge that can be evaluated in a manner similar to that of science. For example, starting around 1972, the California State Board of Education became involved in a running debate among its members concerning whether or not a "Theory of Special Creation" should be taught in public schools alongside the current views of science on biological evolution.

That such a proposal should have even come before the board indicates once again a critical misunderstanding of science. One of the claims of the proponents of special creation has it that science conclusively rules out a possibility of a supreme being having any role in creating the universe. Another claim is that science insists on teaching the theory of evolution as a fact. Science does not consider evolution just a fact in any case, particularly, if by fact is meant absolute truth. For, as it has been pointed out earlier,

science is completely out of the "absolute truth" business. It is very dependent on theories though, and within a specified domain a "good" theory offers a coherent explanation of past and present events and may make predictions within probable limits.

Scientific theories are never explanations by fiat, rather, they are treated as *ad hoc* colligations whose explanatory lives continue only as long as they are tenable. Science constantly evaluates, absorbs new and disregards non-pertinent data. If the explanatory power of a theory diminishes, then it has to be altered; if it still fails to explain, then it must be discarded.

Biological evolution is a complex, comprehensive theory which in turn embraces other theories. It draws upon certain laws and principles from a number of different sciences and mathematics. All of these contributions are used to erect a pervasive, far-reaching model of explanation of diversity and change among organisms. Ever since Darwin, evolutionary theory has undergone almost constant modification of its explanatory framework. Yet it continues to be a rich source of testable hypotheses, laws, and principles. Despite a flood of new data and constant critical evaluation by many different disciplines, the theory still holds up as the most rewarding explanation of the origin of species.

To assert, as the creationists do, that science teaches evolution as a proven fact is to misinterpret the whole thrust of science which is always tentative in its views. To label a scientific theory as atheistic is to attribute to science a different kind of explanatory power than it possesses. For science has no known means of devising experiments or making observations that would test the hypotheses that "there is or is not a deity."

Consequently, science simply has nothing to say about that category of beliefs underlying all the various religions. The source of such beliefs may be epiphanies or other deep personal and emotional experiences. Regardless of their origin, such beliefs are apparently necessary for the spiritual and ethical development of many individuals and entirely out of the province of science.

Free of the constraints and limitations inherent in the methods of science, religions throughout the world all are at liberty to put forth their own particular views of "special creation." There is no known way to establish which, if any, is the correct view. It is for these reasons that inclusion of "special creation" in a science curriculum does a great disservice to both religion and science. Their respective modes of arriving at a set of beliefs are qualitatively different and there is no way they can be compared. Consequently, science has no more legitimate role posturing as a guide to matters of religion in Sunday school than religion has a place in the science classroom.

SCIENCE AND HUMANITY

The euphoria of contributing to scientific knowledge and helping to formulate its laws, principles, and theories are pursuits limited to a relatively few people. There is certainly nothing in such activities, *per se*, that has directly

produced today's world or generated any particular feelings about science. It is in applying scientific knowledge that strong and mixed emotions may be aroused from the horror of napalm to the awe of setting men on the moon. On the whole, though, there seems to be a consensus that the contributions of science tend now more to darken than lighten human life.

This is a marked turnabout from the once confident assumption that the needs for man would always prove to be in natural accord with the discoveries of science. In the past, misuse of science has come about because of the near impossibility of anticipating all the diverse ramifications of its applications. Thus, it has been difficult to charge science with any moral responsibility. Now, in many areas, the interval between theory and application has been shortened to the extent that possible undesirable consequences are easier to foresee. The net result has been to increase science's sensitivity to moral issues. The development of the atomic bomb was very much on the consciences of involved physicists, and during the Vietnam war many universities dissociated their research from military support. More recently, there has been a moratorium on research pertaining to the genetic code by certain geneticists and biochemists. This has been born out of a real fear of ill advised tampering with human genes.

New mappings now in progress in science are still grounded in the formidable successes of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The linear forms and deterministic emphasis underlying such accomplishments as the quantum, electromagnetic theories, and Darwinism have not been entirely repudiated. Rather, they have been regrouped and the center gradually shifted from the primacy of physics as the queen of science to a new hub – the life sciences.

The growing complexity and enormous content of science is not readily accessible to anyone, scientists and non-scientists alike. Any attempt to popularize science runs into the danger of blurred metaphor, crude analogies, and just plain misunderstanding. Nevertheless, there is a growing diffusion of science concepts into the general literacy. As science becomes ever more abstruse and quantified, such diffusion becomes ever more literary. It is in this sense the double helix of DNA and RNA, mutation and cloning, information theory and coding have entered the repertoire of common reference.

The special province of pure science is exploration and explanation of the universe. What eventually becomes "known" opens up still greater and exciting vistas of a constantly expanding unknown. Science is always at its edge, always groping forward, always teetering on the brink of error. As such, science represents a very human form of knowledge. The built-in provisional status of all its theories is the very antithesis of the absolute certitude that thrives on dogmatism, breeds intolerance, and fosters tyranny. Science still represents, along with art, music, and literature, a distillation of what is best about being human.

Intercollegiate Sports: The Amateur Ideal vs. The Commercial Enterprise

W. F. Gustafson

FOR the past half-century or so, there has been much hand-wringing over intercollegiate sport and the adverse influence of recruitment and subsidization upon the amateur ideal.[1] Under-the-table payments have been acknowledged *sotto voce* by recipients (often after the termination of their "amateur" careers) and steadfastly denied by those responsible for college athletics programs. At the same time, everyone piously recites the benefits to the participants in intercollegiate sport while recognizing that in actuality few participants are given the chance to receive those benefits.

Sports for its own sake rather than for commercial profit is the traditional amateur ideal:

> An amateur sportsman . . . plays for his own entertainment.[2]

> The man who climbs a Matterhorn or who runs a four-minute mile does not expect to find a pot of gold when he arrives. He has not conquered nature; he has conquered himself; and he has the great, never-to-be-forgotten self-satisfaction and pleasure that follow.[3]

> For when the One Great Scorer
> Comes to mark against your name,
> He writes – not that you won or lost –
> But how you played the Game.[4]

Today, however, the sentiments (and the objective if not the ideal) appear to have changed:

> The colleges are battling for the entertainment dollar.[5]

> I'm not opposed to women'[s] inter-collegiate athletics, so help me . . . but we're going to be so drained and so weakened there won't be enough money to continue.[6]

> A failure to provide some protection for revenues from those sports which enjoy a significant public interest would eventually result in erosion of that interest and consequently an erosion of those revenues.[7]

The last of these is attributed to N.C.A.A. president John A. Fuzak who went on to say that HEW "has been absolutely unwilling to look at the economic structure and realities of college athletics, and has in fact insisted on treating revenue-producing sports in the same fashion as those – for either men or women – which are not revenue productive."[8] The assumption in both of his statements, it would seem, is that intercollegiate athletics must be protected exclusively for economic reasons. But if the only way that some sports can remain popular is through the continued infusion of large sums of money, colleges might be well advised to reconsider whether the investment justifies whatever ends (e.g., entertainment, physical development of participants) the sports programs achieve.

Statements such as Fuzak's indicate that intercollegiate sport is increasingly dependent upon the dollar. In fact, one might almost go so far as to say that college athletics exists less and less for the sake of the participant and more and more for the sake of the entrepreneur, i.e., sport has become little more than a medium for commercial enterprise. As such, the individual contest is important *only* to the extent that artistic success (usually taken to mean victory) is related to commercial profit. Tom Siler, a long-time and often partisan upholder of college athletics, has voiced his alarm over the many current proposals to curtail or eliminate nonrevenue-producing sports:

> . . . the general endorsement of that policy would be the death of college athletics as we now know them . . . millions of Americans would write off the athletic department as a branch store for the professional sports, nothing more . . . Don't tell me you're going to emasculate the program to quickly and easily solve your money matters. When you do that, you lose me.[9]

One consequence of the shift of emphasis to commercial profit has been the demand for victory at any cost – to assure that the inflow of dollars from gate receipts, alumni contributors, etc., will accelerate. Paradoxically, winning requires the recruitment and maintenance of talented performers, a process so expensive that even many big-time winners are finding it difficult to also be commercially profitable. In fact, the only ones profiting from the big business of intercollegiate sport are the entrepreneurs: the television industry, concessionaires, souvenir manufacturers, equipment manufacturers and dealers, coaches, trainers, managers of athletics, and even, in some cases, the athletes as well. It is upon the latter, of course, that the success of the enterprise depends and at times their welfare may be subordinated to that of the larger organization. Not infrequently, the athlete may come to attach greater

importance to the enterprise than it deserves and, in the process, will make sacrifices not in his best interest. And yet, the striving toward victory continues at a rate that is becoming even more frantic than heretofore. And the added cost of this pursuit seems to be accepted as inevitable and unavoidable even as the risk of financial disaster becomes more pronounced.

Certainly, the pursuit of excellence has been perhaps the foremost goal to which humans in general and Americans in particular have aspired. In that respect, Bart Starr argues that "young people are losing the values that made Vince [Lombardi] and America great: mental toughness, commitment to excellence, determination to win, pride, loyalty, self-sacrifice, dedication and religion."[10] But too often, the emphasis on winning may actually destroy individual values. This situation has resulted in numerous of our young people investing most of their time and energy in the quest to be superior performers even though only a very few can succeed. And those who fall by the wayside have little else in the way of resources to which to turn, a dilemma especially devastating for those from backgrounds of social, educational, and economic deprivation. I would even suggest that the quest for excellence, if it involves significant competition for the dominant position, will lead inevitably to corruption. As the competition becomes more intense, desperate people will resort to desperate means for surviving the struggle or for maintaining the top position if they have attained it.

There is a second and in some ways more damaging outcome of the quest for excellence. Athletes, if they are to endure the competition, must concentrate much of their time and energy on their training routines – leaving very little time for other pursuits. In effect, they place all of their eggs in the basket of athletic success. For the few winners, this narrow channel of life may be sufficient fulfillment. But what of the many who have given their all and been found wanting? To what do they now turn? How much of life's infinite variety and beauty have they denied themselves?

In today's competitive marketplace of intercollegiate sport, there is only one way to win on a fairly regular basis. This way is to provide coaches with superior performers through intensive recruitment of high school and community college athletes. To protect the athlete from abuse and to provide ostensibly equal opportunity for the colleges and universities engaged in recruitment, various rules have been formulated by the National Collegiate Athletic Association, the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women, the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics, and similar organizations which control the conferences or groups of colleges. But still, "the stories about recruitment of high school athletes for the nation's college sports program can be frightening."[11] In fact, recent N.C.A.A. legislation reducing the number of grants-in-aid which may be offered by a Division I (i.e., big-time) institution was enacted *exclusively* because of economic necessity and not with the intent of reducing abuses. For example, one of the measures involved the reduction of the number of grants-in-aid that could awarded in each sport, thereby cutting costs of support for the athletes. But some critics

suggest that the end effect may be an *increase* in recruitment activity to reduce the margin of error in determining who will be tendered the grants. If this is so, it may well turn out that the real costs of recruitment will be higher than heretofore. It is more than remotely possible that there will be an accompanying increase in abuses.

A second measure reduces the number of players who may dress for a football game. Since this measure had recently been challenged in court and has been disallowed, the outcome is not known at this point. But the purpose is clear: reduce equipment and travel costs. The rule would seem to offer no other benefit.

Suggestions for controlling abuses attendant to recruitment activity involve, with few exceptions, tightening the rules and beefing up the policing capabilities of the controlling body. But the N.C.A.A. policing operation has about the same effect upon illegal recruitment as the Liechtenstein army's contribution to N.A.T.O. has upon Western Europe security. Two critics advocate that the only solution is to eliminate the rules and to "allow each school to determine its own athletic destiny. . ."[12]

Strangely, no one has suggested the obvious solution to the ongoing dilemma: eliminate all grants-in-aid. Not only does this make economic sense, it also eliminates much of the hypocrisy that infests intercollegiate sport. One administrator of college athletics recently confided to me that he wished that grants-in-aid and recruitment could be terminated, but that he had been unable to devise any way out of the predicament. But there *is* a way out. A sizable number of institutions, in fact, have avoided the grants-in-aid game entirely.

I, too, have long advocated an end not only to grants-in-aid but to recruitment of any kind. My primary reason goes beyond that advanced by others: *"The focus of all athletics grants-in-aid is upon what the student can do for the college rather than the other way around.* This is to say that the student is *used* to further the college's ambitions."[13] The college, not the student, is the primary beneficiary of this use. There is no question that this is what Richard Miller meant in saying: "The game is big business; the individual is subordinated to the interests of gate receipts."[14] Eugene Bianchi puts it in a slightly different context:

> Football in the most blatant way manifests this tyranny by brute force over the wills of others. And I am denying neither the disciplined artistry nor the computerized science of the coaches. But all this finesse and technology are ultimately at the service of one purpose: domination of other men.[15]

Supporters of big-time athletics will certainly question the distinction between a grant-in-aid for an intercollegiate sports participant and a scholarship for a student pursuing a degree in, say, chemistry. In the briefest of descriptions, the distinction is found in the focus: the chemistry grant is awarded

with the sincere belief that it will benefit the student in acquiring knowledge of chemistry; the athletics grant-in-aid is given with the institution's benefit foremost in mind.

The destructive aspect of such grants has been extended with the enactment of Title IX of the Educational Amendments of 1972 guaranteeing equality of opportunity for women in sports. Most of us, I believe, applaud this legislation and its intent. Somewhat surprisingly and disturbingly, Title IX has been interpreted by many to signify that women should be permitted to emulate men's sports in all of its aspects, *good and bad.*

> The issue of sex discrimination does not rest on whether or not recruiting is desirable. It rests on equality. For example, if an institution feels that recruiting athletes is not desirable, it may wish either to use the pressure for equity to de-emphasize recruiting for males, or to begin recruiting female athletes with the same intensity that they have been recruiting males.[16]

It was precisely this type of fuzzy thinking that led me to remark to a group of women physical educators, coaches, and athletics administrators at Kansas City, Missouri in December, 1973 that "women are every bit as capable as men of behaving irrationally." Certainly not all women are desirous of emulating the men, and officers of the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women have resisted attempts of the National Collegiate Athletic Association to "take over" women's sports.[17] But it must be lamented, in my judgment, that a recent inquiry into intercollegiate athletics conducted by the American Council on Education fails to so much as discuss the morality of offering financial inducements to student-athletes.[18]

Are recruitment and grants-in-aid unavoidable? Is the administrator of college athletics correct with respect to the inevitability of grants-in-aid and recruitment, at least at Division I colleges? Probably so – not because means for eliminating recruitment and grants-in-aid are not at hand, but because few of us are willing to pay the price that is involved. That price includes the antagonism and even ridicule of some of our colleagues, loss of jobs for some (does a football team really require fifteen coaches? Or even seven?), loss of publicity and prestige, and, on rare occasion, the loss of that moment of euphoria when one's team scores an unexpected upset. For many, the cure may be worse than the disease. They are willing to attack the symptoms (recruitment violations and illegal inducements) but not the disease (the quest for excellence as represented by victories).

All it would take to eliminate recruitment is the will to do so. College presidents have long had it within their power to remove their institutions from the mad circular scramble. With the exception of the most successful fifty or so colleges, e.g., Ohio State, Notre Dame, Southern California, Michigan, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Alabama, Texas, etc., most of the other univer-

sities in Division I are involved in competition with superior teams in order to attract the revenue that will permit them to buy the players that will permit them to compete more equitably with these same superior teams. Even though the talent gap never seems to be closing between the two groups, the quest continues.

The underlying motivation is almost exclusively an ego trip. Each of us (and I include myself) apparently requires the constant (or at least occasional) ego inflation that can come from being associated with a winner. The thrill every time San Jose State upsets Stanford is a delectable feeling. But in my saner moments, I know that every winner requires at least one loser and that the price *others* must pay is too great to justify the irrational pleasure that comes to fans like me.

And yet the quest goes on. It is almost like the man who seeks to make one feminine conquest after another to prove his masculinity (no matter that he may be using the women). If he begins to lose his touch or the competition gets too strong, he may resort to paying those he uses in order to score one more conquest – with its corresponding, if fleeting, ego reinforcement. One prominent coach is quoted as suggesting that "The battle against decadence in American society is being won on the nation's football fields."[19] Is one kind of decadence to be replaced by another?

Why have college presidents not taken the steps necessary to eliminate recruitment and to put competition into a more appropriate perspective? It is easy enough to say that they, too, are caught up by the various trappings incidental to big-time athletics, but that does not tell the whole story. Many, I suppose, enjoy the pageantry, the jet flights, the presidential box, and the reflected glory when their teams win. Still, one would hope that at least one of them since the time of Robert Maynard Hutchins would have stepped forward to publicly challenge the propriety of a serious college or university becoming involved in this commercial enterprise. Hutchins voiced anything but regret over his decision to abolish football at the University of Chicago:

> The abolition of intercollegiate football . . . was the greatest single thing the University of Chicago ever did. The best students from all over the world flocked into the university as a result. One of the things that has to be done about the colleges and universities is to change the picture that the public entertains of what they are all about. And the easiest way to do that, the most effective way, one that doesn't cost you anything, is to put intercollegiate athletics in their place.[20]

But it is not all that easy – as former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Caspar W. Weinberger found: "I had not realized . . . that athletics is the single most important thing in the United States."[21]

It is, I believe, the two realms of investment and influence that produce the pressures and ongoing intensity of intercollegiate athletics. Presidents and others who might be inclined to decommercialize athletics soon find that the forces aligned against such a move are impressive indeed. Many persons are

partly or wholly dependent for their livings upon the retention of big-time programs – including not a few who have become close friends of the presidents in some instances. Among these are coaches, athletics administrators, publicity agents, booster club officers, groundskeepers, office secretaries, and concessionaires. The economic impact upon still others would be severe if not so devastating. Thus, college presidents find themselves in a position somewhat analogous to a United States president who might wish to limit production of automobiles for reasons of environmental protection, but who recognizes the economic disaster that would result from severely reduced automotive output.

There is also the problem of maintaining the elaborate facilities that have been erected to provide the fans with comfort if these fans are no longer attracted in large numbers to competitive contests. The financial overhead of many of these edifices is tremendous and the investment must be protected.

In addition, many of those who are leaders among intercollegiate sports boosters (some would term them perennial sophomores) are also persons with considerable influence in the community, if not beyond. They are frequently in a position to dissuade legislation or executive actions deemed unfavorable to the institution and to encourage those that are favorable. It would be a courageous president, indeed, who could contemn influence of this magnitude.

To summarize the dilemma, then, one finds that intercollegiate athletics has grown over the decades primarily because of the almost insatiable thirst for winning. In the process of striving for victory, ever-larger sums of money have been spent, the product has been marketed appealingly in order to attract more fans and their money, abuses have arisen as one institution after another attempts to meet the competition, and college authorities, while alarmed, have ignored the abuses and focused upon the so-called benefits of winning teams. As Schecter has pointed out, sport, as many of us have thought of it, no longer exists: "Around the simplicity which most of us want out of sport has grown a monster, a sprawling five-billion-dollar-a-year industry which pretends to cater to our love of games but instead has evolved into that one great American institution: big business. Winning, losing, playing the game all count far less than counting the money."[22]

A PROPOSED SOLUTION

Equitable competition is the only basis for enduring satisfaction with sport whether one is a participant or a spectator. The outcome of any given contest (team against team, man against man, man against nature, man against the clock) must be uncertain at the outset. Certainly the professional sports entrepreneurs recognize the importance of the close contest and uncertain outcome upon attendance and receipts when they equalize competition with their drafts of players and the sharing of gate receipts. Colleges, to the contrary, have taken the tack that there is no substitute for winning and that

the more one wins the better. This formula has worked well for the top fifty or so teams because they play each other often enough to provide a reasonable amount of uncertainty with respect to outcome. But for the other Division I colleges, the formula has been all but disastrous simply because the top fifty colleges have the resources with which to create a virtual talent monopoly. This has produced a competitive disparity with less wealthy colleges that has grown larger rather than smaller.

To establish competitive equality on a broader scale, two steps could be taken: (1) the formation of conferences of colleges with similar resources, goals, and attitudes and/or (2) the development of various forms of handicapping.

Formation of conferences. For years, colleges have banded into athletics conferences on the basis of geography and, presumably, equality of resources. Seldom have these conferences been a success, however, because a given conference has not had the administrative and governing control over member colleges necessary to thwart attempts by the more ambitious to dominate the conference. Within the California State University and Colleges system, for example, it is feasible to form a conference (or two or three) that could achieve reasonably equitable competition. These new conferences would not only discourage recruitment and financial inducements, they would require their elimination. Such a conference would not be very different in form from the present Pacific Coast Athletic Association except that it would exclude University of the Pacific and would permit full control of athletics policies by system representatives. University of the Pacific must be eliminated from the proposed conference because there is no direct control by CSUC system representatives over policies of private universities. The absence of such system control has required members of voluntary conferences to establish *extralegal* organizations by which control may be exercised and sanctions imposed for violations. Thus, conference commissioners and their staffs or super groups such as the N.C.A.A. attempt to regulate the member schools. But these extralegal arrangements fail for several reasons: (1) lack of direct control over member colleges, (2) inadequate policing complements, and (3) occasional withdrawal of member colleges if the conference no longer provides the level of competition that they wish. A fourth reason is just now emerging: colleges are resorting to the courts to obtain relief from policies not acceptable to them. In short, colleges which are members of a single system have the legal means of insuring compliance with reasonable rules and agreements, while colleges not part of a system can only resort to extralegal organizations with their inherent weaknesses.

A conference commissioner with legal authority could save considerable money by eliminating grants-in-aid, reducing travel costs, and eliminating the costs of training tables and game promotions. Income would be lost, of course, as a result of fewer paying customers (at least at the outset of the conference). Still it might be argued somewhat justifiably that if athletics is

part of the college's curriculum, it should be supported by the institution's budget to the same extent that other curricular elements are supported. If athletics cannot be defended in those terms, then it may be time to reconsider its retention in the curriculum.

The level of performance would probably be reduced under the proposal presented here. But the level of performance is not as critical as its competitive equity. If the game is close and the outcome uncertain, little concern need be given to the level of performance except to foster its development to the highest level of which the performers are capable. Coaches, whose time is now occupied to a considerable extent in talent hunts, would be freer *to teach*, i.e., to develop skill in all of their students instead of buying the ready-made talent of a few.

The success of such conferences would be measured by two principal criteria: student learning and competitive equity. Over, say, a ten-year span, the conference would be considered successful only if each of the teams would have won approximately fifty percent of its contests. If this objective should not be achieved by means of recruitment abolition, a second part of the proposition would be introduced – handicapping.

Handicapping. In an effort to equalize competition, handicapping has been successful in several sports, most notably in golf and horse racing. In the case of golf, a predetermined reduction is made in the number of strokes that the player takes per round. Thus, where a skilled player may be playing "scratch," i.e., without a reduction in strokes, a less-skilled player may have a handicap of four or even ten strokes in which case he deducts one stroke from his total on each of the four (or ten) most difficult holes. Handicapping in horse racing is controlled by the weight of the rider assigned to a particular mount with the faster horses being required to carry more weight.

The beauty of the handicapping system is that it does not require a reduction of effort by the better golfer or the faster horse. The handicap merely equalizes the competition so that it becomes more meaningful for both participants and spectators.

Attempts to equalize competition in other sports have been less successful than in golf or in horse racing because the various systems have usually imposed some deterrent to the player's opportunity to perform at the highest level of which he is capable, e.g., the better player in racket sports uses the nondominant arm, or in softball bats from the wrong side of the plate. An alternate method, somewhat similar to golf's handicapping, involves awarding to the weaker team or player a variable number of points estimated to offset the superiority of the better team or player. This method fails in head-to-head competition because the skill differential continues regardless of the number of points that the opponents may have at a given point in the contest. The resulting competition remains uninteresting for the players.

What are some handicapping methods that might be employed with greater success? In running and swimming events, distance handicaps can account for differences in running or swimming speeds while not inhibiting performers

from giving their best efforts. In racket sports, opposing courts can be of different sizes so that the better player has a smaller court into which to hit and a larger court to cover on defense. The better player might also be required to play his returns over a rope suspended above the net.

Team sports present a somewhat different problem that requires other solutions. One possibility is the establishment of ratings for each of a team's players that would permit limiting to within a narrow range the sum of the ratings of a team's on-the-field players. Under this arrangement, if Notre Dame and Podunk are engaged in a titanic football struggle and the maximum eleven-man rating-sum of the Podunk offensive team is 55 (on a 1-10 scale for each player), Notre Dame would be restricted to the use of defensive players whose rating-sums fell within the range of 53-57. If one or more of the better Podunk players were injured and forced from the game, it would then be necessary to reduce the range limits accordingly.

The whole point of any handicapping system, of course, is to make competition more equitable and, hence, more satisfying to the competitor and spectators. A concomitant benefit that would also bring the fun back into sport for players and coaches alike is that equitable competition would eliminate the benefits to be gained by beating the bushes for superior performers, since a college would be restricted in its use of this talent. Players would once again experience the joy of accepting and overcoming an absorbing challenge in place of the deadly-serious, all-consuming current attitudes in regard to college sports.

The deriders will scoff at this proposition. They will recognize as I do that the level of skill will tend to diminish somewhat. Fewer college athletes will set national or world records or be selected to national or Olympic teams. Many will lament, disparage, or decry the loss of the do-or-die, all-or-nothing mood that pervades college athletics with the plea that it has made this country great. I would respond that it is not the proper mission of colleges, and particularly of publicly-supported colleges, to encourage emphasis on any nondegree-granting program to such an extent that the student is hindered in pursuing what should be his or her primary goal – a broad education leading to a degree.

I have no quarrel with those who wish to become world champions, to be the best at whatever it is that interests them. But, in the realm of amateur sport, I believe it is inconsistent for a college to foster this degree of specialized pursuit – especially at the undergraduate level. For, as Gilbert has pointed out, the end product is the antithesis of what colleges ought to encourage in their students:

> Sports having been opened to all classes and competition having become so international that it is possible to have true world championships, winners will very probably be increasingly temperamental and personally aggravating. They will tend to be single-minded fanatics and often physiological and psychological freaks. Their personalities will be lopsided.[23]

Notes

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[20]Charles Maher, "The Place of Football," *Los Angeles Times*, July 25, 1968, Pt. III, p. 2.

[21]"HEW Defends Bias Law," *San Jose Mercury*, June 27, 1975, p. 85.

[22]Cedric Dempsey, "Title IX: An Opportunity for Women: A Solution for Men," *Title IX: Moving Toward Implementation, Briefings* (The National Association for Physical Education of College Women and The National College Physical Education Association for Men, 1975), p. 16, quoting Leonard Shecter, *The Jocks* (New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1969).

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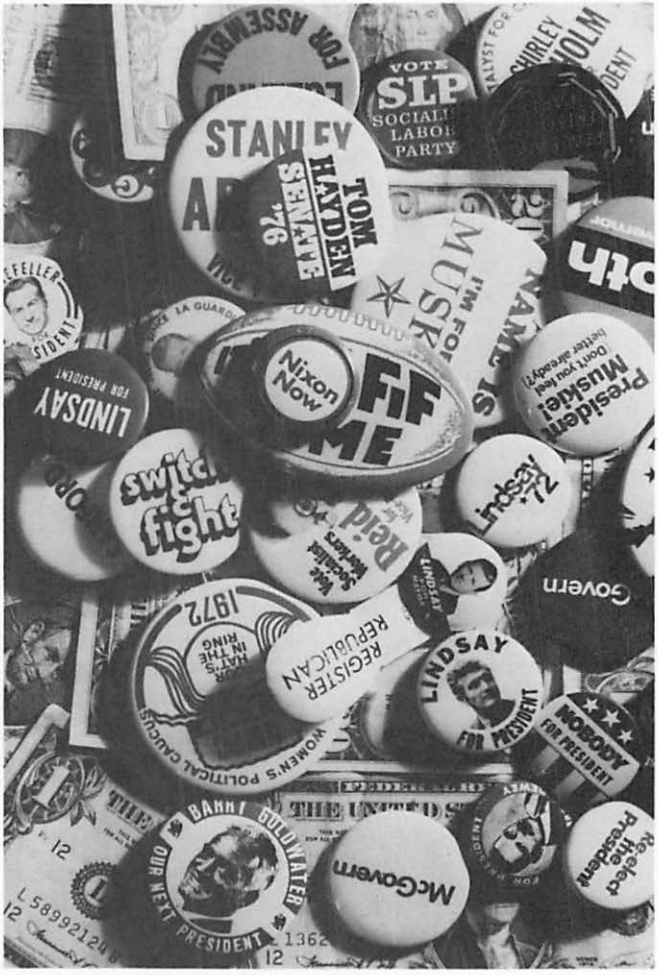
Political Campaigns: Who Pays



Billie Jensen

the Costs of Democracy?

Roy E. Young

CRITICS describe the existing system of financing United States political campaigns as a "national disgrace" and "a scandal, perhaps the fatal flaw in American democracy." Much of the criticism centers on the tremendous sums of money needed by political candidates who must depend on the contributions of private donors. Twenty years ago, President Dwight D. Eisenhower protested "the outrageous costs of getting elected to public office," and his complaint is even more valid today. Estimated campaign expenditures for all elections in the 1972 Presidential election year were $425 million. That is a 33% increase over 1968 spending of $300 million and almost triple the 1952 campaign costs of $140 million. Richard Nixon and George McGovern together spent approximately $90 million, substantially more than the $55 million spent in 1968 by George Wallace, Hubert Humphrey, and Richard Nixon. It far exceeded the $20 million spent eight years previously by John F. Kennedy and Richard Nixon.

The same pattern appears in congressional and state elections. Candidates for Congress spent more than $74 million in 1974, with seven Senate candidates spending more than $1 million each. Californian Alan Cranston led the field with $1.3 million, barely edging out George McGovern who spent $1.17 million (about $10 per vote) in his South Dakota re-election campaign. Victorious Senate candidates averaged over $560,000 in 1974 campaign costs; in comparison, 1962 average spending for winners was about $200,000. The 1974 House races indicate that a prospective candidate should have a minimum of $75,000 before undertaking a campaign. One hundred and thirty-eight House candidates each spent more than $100,000, one reporting expenditures of $311,953. That year found Edmund G. Brown, Jr., and Houston Flournoy collecting more than $3 million to finance their California gubernatorial campaigns. And one of the California state legislative races cost the two candidates at least $229,000.

Contributions from individuals and organized interest groups such as the American Medical Association, United Auto Workers, and California Teachers

Association finance these election campaigns. The skyrocketing campaign costs create great candidate dependence on persons and groups who can give large amounts of money. Such reliance on big contributors undermines the integrity of the democratic political process, since the wealthy with their unlimited funds can exercise undue influence upon elections and political decisions. To prevent such evils, political reformers have turned to public financing of elections.

Public financing allocates money from the public treasury to candidates and political parties with taxpayers paying all or part of campaign costs. Public financing plans usually incorporate one or more of the following: tax deductions or tax credits to encourage individual small contributions; governmental assumption of the costs of such campaign activities as voter registration, voter information pamphlets, postage for political mailings, and television/radio time for candidates; and money given directly to candidates and parties.

This method of financing is currently used in several countries, including West Germany, Turkey, Italy, Norway, Finland, Sweden, Israel, Canada, and the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. In 1974 the United States adopted partial public financing for Presidential primary and general elections only. The Federal Campaign Act sets up a mixed system of financing wherein private contributions are matched by funds accumulated from the voluntary contributions collected via the federal income tax checkoff plan. Nine states – Iowa, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Utah – have also adopted partial public financing legislation.

Proponents of public financing cite three principal reasons why it should replace or supplement private money in political campaigns. First, campaigns primarily financed by private contributions result in an electoral system dominated by wealthy donors and special interest groups who expect favors in return for their political gifts. Second, qualified political aspirants should not be denied candidacy merely because they lack money to compete with rich persons and incumbent officeholders. Finally, public financing will help restore trust and confidence in the political process by reducing, if not eliminating, the cynicism of many citizens who believe that large private contributions corrupt politicians.

During the past three years, U.S. citizens have encountered evidence of the interdependence of politics and large campaign contributions almost daily. They learned that each of 142 persons gave $50,000 or more to Nixon's 1972 campaign and 45 did the same for McGovern. Conservative W. Clement Stone, a Chicago businessman, contributed $2.1 million to Nixon while liberal Stewart Mott, heir to a General Motors fortune, contributed $729,000 to McGovern. Special interest groups poured at least $16 million into 1974 congressional and state campaigns, almost tripling their 1964 donations. Business-related groups gave about $3 million to candidates, labor-related groups over $6 million, and teacher organizations almost $1.5 million. Seventeen corporation executives, representing some giants of U.S. industry,

admitted enormous and illegal contributions to various candidates over the past ten years. Gulf Oil executives gave more than $300,000, half going to the 1972 Nixon campaign; American Airlines gave $275,000 of which $55,000 went to Nixon; Phillips Petroleum gave $585,000; Northrup Corporation, $250,000; Minnesota Manufacturing and Mining, $634,000. Even Edmund G. Brown, Jr., a very vocal critic of the existing financing system, took roughly $250,000 from California labor unions to finance his gubernatorial campaign.

What do these big contributors expect for their political donations? Money sometimes is given to a candidate because of friendship or because of a sense of a duty toward the political process. But all too frequently the big donor hopes to acquire influence with the candidate who wins the election. "The wealthy and the special interests," according to Illinois Republican Representative John B. Anderson, "do not simply contribute to campaigns; they invest in candidates and in officeholders."

The typical citizen therefore does not have the kind of influence possessed by large contributors. At the very least, the big givers gain more access to the political decision-maker than the average citizen can obtain; at the worst, they "buy" the officeholder. Large private contributions necessarily are suspect. After giving $51,000 to the Nixon campaign, for instance, Guilford Dudley, Jr., was appointed ambassador to Denmark; Vincent deRoulet gave $44,500 and became ambassador to Jamaica. Neither man had prior diplomatic experience. A 1971 Nixon Administration decision to raise milk price support subsidies was followed by dairy cooperatives making substantial contributions to the Nixon re-election campaign – stimulating questions about the relationship between the price support decision and the subsequent political gifts. Labor unions in 1972 gave over $78,000 (32 percent of his total campaign costs) to Dick Clark, U.S. Senate candidate in Iowa: Clark's first two years in Congress found him voting the pro-labor position on nineteen of twenty-two bills affecting labor.

Reliance on big contributors creates problems for both candidates and donors. Winning candidates encounter a conflict between the demands of their major contributors and those of other constituents. To vote against big contributors is to risk losing their financial support in the next election. To vote with them is to create suspicion among other constituents that the officeholder is more indebted to special interests than to their interests. Contributors face their own dilemma. George A. Spater, chairman of American Airlines, admitted that "a large part of the money raised from the business community for political purposes is given in fear of what would happen if it were not given." He called for "a fair and honest law that would remove the need of any candidate to exert such pressures, as well as the need for any businessman to respond."

A fair and honest law would implement public financing while avoiding the difficulties found in other types of proposed reforms which attempt either to limit the size of campaign contributions or to restrict campaign expenditures. Each presents problems. Limits on contributions, unless set

very low, allow private contributions far beyond what the average citizen can give, still leaving the door open for possible excessive influence by large donors. Such laws are also under constitutional challenge because of their alleged violation of the First Amendment's right to political expression. Further, restricting expenditures weakens challengers who usually need to outspend incumbents in order to offset their inherent advantages as office-holders.

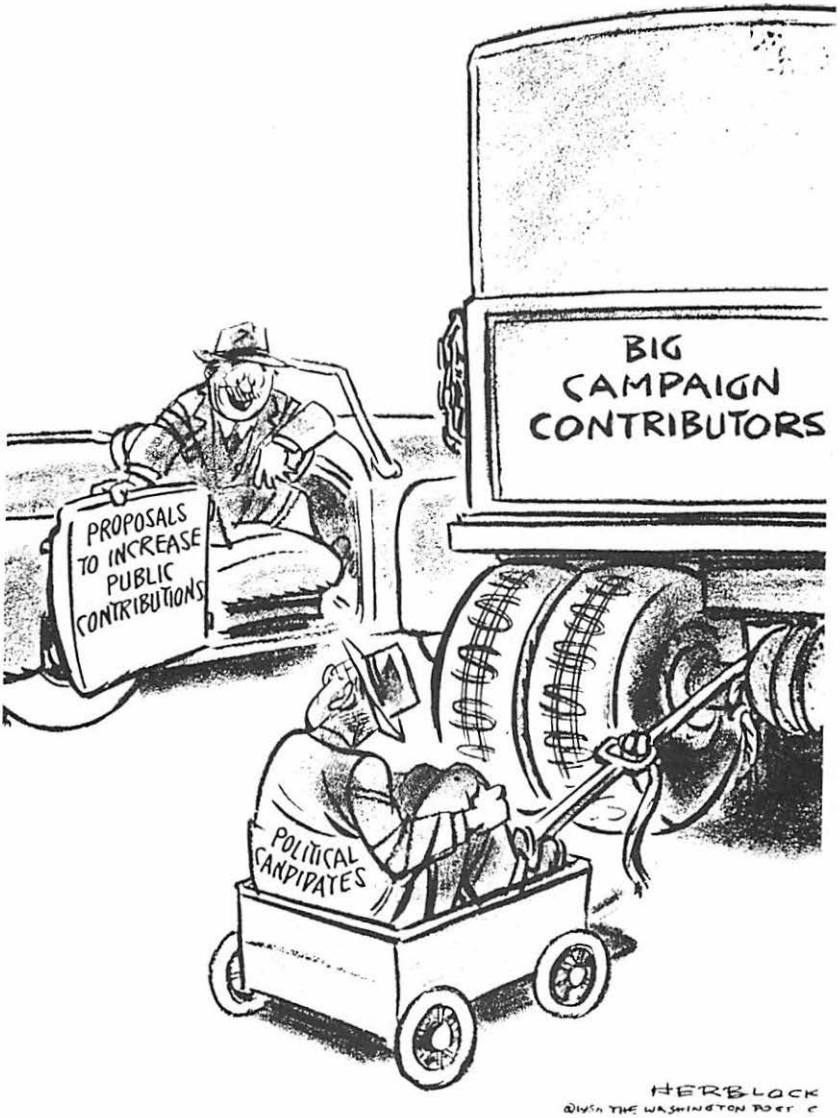
Any political aspirant needs a certain amount of money to conduct an effective campaign, but many campaign strategists maintain that excessive money produces only a marginal effect. A minimum base can be provided by public financing – freeing the candidate and donor from dependence on large contributions. It elevates the power of the average voter, thus advancing the democratic concept of one person, one vote. Public financing replaces "government by auction" by having taxpayers, instead of wealthy persons and special interests, assume the costs of elections.

Public financing will also encourage a wider participation of citizens in the electoral process, for the present system discriminates against persons with modest means. Such people are denied candidacy because they have neither money nor access to it. Indeed, the present system is not only discriminatory but non-competitive. Wealthy persons use either their own money or that of friends and relatives to finance their campaigns. John F. Kennedy spent $900,000, mostly provided by himself and his family, in the 1960 pre-convention drive for the Democratic nomination. Nelson Rockefeller's step-mother contributed $1.5 million to finance his 1968 quest for the Republican Presidential nomination. Wealthy candidates may not always win, but they do have a significant headstart over other candidates.

Incumbents seeking re-election enjoy similar benefits. The last eleven elections, for instance, ended in victories for over 90 percent of the congressional incumbents. Officeholders are better known because they generally receive greater attention from the media. Recently, Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) reported that a U.S. House member seeking reelection has an automatic government-provided advantage over opponents equivalent to $488,505 – calculated by adding together the salaries of the legislator and his staff, various allowances for offices, and other perquisites of incumbency such as free mailing (the franking privilege) and low rates for preparation of radio/television programs designed to attract voter attention. "It is clear," the study concludes, "that incumbents start out their elections with tremendous advantages over prospective challengers, many of whom have to give up jobs in order to mount an effective campaign."

Incumbents also possess a greater ability to raise money. During the 1972 elections, incumbent members of Congress received twice as much money as their challengers, with special interest groups giving over five times as much to incumbents as to their opponents. Again, in 1974, congressional challengers confronted the powerful advantages that incumbents have in raising money. Democratic incumbents outspent their Republican opponents by an average

"Want a Lift?"


BIG CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTORS
PROPOSALS TO INCREASE PUBLIC CONTRIBUTIONS
POLITICAL CANDIDATES
HERBLOCK
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of two to one while Republican incumbents outspent their Democratic challengers by a three to two margin. Money flows to winners, and the past record shows that incumbents are more likely to win elections.

Before prospective candidates can compete for votes then, they must compete for funds to conduct their campaigns. This search for money, Hubert Humphrey says, is "the most demanding, disgusting, depressing and disenchanted part of politics." Many candidates spend more time in this search than in developing the issues in a campaign. Elections all too often turn not on the relative merits of candidates and issues, but on the success of the fund drive. Yet talent in raising money is not related to a person's ability to be a good political decision-maker. So the ability of a person to raise money should not be the key to election victory.

Public financing can ensure that all responsible and qualified persons have chances to become candidates. It will encourage vigorous competition under fair and equitable conditions, making certain that candidates have adequate resources to put their views before the voters. When only one side is heard in an election, voters are unable to make an informed choice, and the democratic process suffers. The wealthy few should not have a stronger political voice than the unwealthy many merely because they are able to give and spend more money.

A final reason for public financing lies in its ability to remove the insidious influence of private money and to restore trust and confidence in the political process. The Watergate revelations have made Americans more aware of what President Gerald Ford calls the "unseemly role" played by big money in the electoral system. Millions of private dollars poured into campaigns only heighten the prevalent image of "dirty politics." Corruption alone is not the issue. The mere appearance of corruption and special influence can corrode by fostering a lack of trust and confidence in political institutions.

In 1973, the Louis Harris survey reported that 89 percent of the sampled Americans thought that campaign costs were excessive. An even larger 91 percent considered excessive spending a serious problem. There was no agreement, however, on how to cope with the problem. But a George Gallup survey revealed that, for the first time, a clear majority, 58 percent, backed public financing for presidential and congressional elections. After the Watergate hearings, 67 percent approved a plan whereby the national government would provide a fixed amount of money for candidates, combined with prohibitions on contributions from other sources. Only 24 percent opposed the proposal; 9 percent expressed "no opinion." An Ohio factory worker's response typified the majority's concern about corruption in politics. "It would suit me fine," he said, "because it would eliminate the obligations of politicians to big business and individuals who have a lot of money." U.S. taxpayers confirm the survey data in their use of the $1.00 checkoff permitted by the Federal Campaign Act. The Internal Revenue Service predicts that available federal funding for the 1976 Presidential election will total between $110 million and $120 million, comparable to the

entire cost of the 1972 campaign financed by private contributions.

Opponents criticize public financing because it compels taxpayers to subsidize the costs of elections. But taxpayers already are paying many election costs (voting machines, ballots, registrars, poll watchers), as well as subsidizing the advantages that accrue to incumbents. Much more significant are the hidden costs that taxpayers seldom recognize: the higher milk prices which follow $250,000 in contributions from dairy cooperatives; the tax loopholes which benefit the wealthy individuals and corporations making large contributions. Compared to these examples, the costs of public financing are minimal. The Senate Rules Committee estimated that a public financing program for federal elections would cost approximately $89 million yearly, or about 65 cents per person of voting age.

Political campaigns do cost money. They can be financed either by private or by public money. The present system of private financing puts candidates and political decisions up for sale to the highest bidder. Public financing lets all citizens share in the costs of the electoral process and takes politics out of the hands of the few who can afford to pay. "Public financing of elections," Senator Kennedy told a Senate committee, "is the single best investment the American taxpayer can make today in the future of his country."

Billie Jensen

Publish or Perish: A Sermon

Robert C. Gordon

NOT long ago a student told me what she thought of professors and their publications. "An ego trip," she said. Her remark, like most attacks upon publishing scholars, was both insensitive (she had obviously never received a rejection slip) and muddle-headed.

In its simplest relations, publication is an extension of the teaching function. If a professor, developing a subject for his class, comes upon a new approach, a new discovery, a new bit of information, he should share it. He usually has a doctorate and can therefore be presumed capable of breaking new ground. He may, in fact, have done just that. Why, then, should he deny his discovery to a colleague just because he happens to live in Jersey City?

Students and the public too often impute low motives to publishing scholars. Publication is nothing but intellectual generosity governed by a sense of responsibility to the academic community at large. A medical researcher who failed to publish new information on cancer would be ostracized. The ordinary professor is less crucially situated, but in choosing his profession he took the equivalent of a Hippocratic oath to promulgate knowledge as the physician fosters health. I suggest he should do so. Further, I suggest that productive scholarship be considered a positive factor in our evaluation of faculty members *solely as teachers.*

We have heard too much about famous scholars who stammer and mumble and have ketchup on their neckties. If such men possess and convey to their students an appetite for the truth and a sense of the difficulties to be encountered in searching for it, they are better classroom performers than the assured technician who despises publication and takes no risks. Some will say that this is self-evident. It is not. We have set scholarship up as an enemy of teaching for so long that the imagined opposition between these two teaching functions lies in many minds as inert and immovable dogma. Systematic evaluations of professors, taking their cue from the faculty's old habit of distinguishing sharply between teaching and research, do not recommend that students seek out professors with records of scholarship and publication. I think they may owe it to their students to do so.

I became aware of how far we have gone in the direction of studied obscurantism during a discussion I recently had with a student on the qualities of a good teacher. Out of an intense conviction that the exposure of its students to charismatic ignorance is the ultimate betrayal of which a university is capable, I ventured to suggest that a teacher should aim at the truth first of all, and that, as a negative corollary of this, he should do all that he could to avoid talking nonsense. The student's response was so favorable as to be depressing. He was taken aback and conceded that I had a point. He then confessed that he had never heard that argument. No comment.

But how are we to estimate a professor's knowledge of his subject? Both his students and his colleagues, for good though differing reasons, are usually reluctant to pronounce upon the question of a man's knowledge within his field. One way of finding out, however, is to obtain a judge who is impartial, competent, and in a position to respond to the man's thinking and nothing else. I have just described an editor confronted by a submitted manuscript. He may be the most venal of men, but the circumstances in which he makes his evaluation encourage impartiality and offer fewer impediments to it than any other. Moreover, in his own way he is a teacher, for his comments may be cogent enough to make even a rejection letter palatable and useful. As for the person who sent the manuscript, from the moment he got busy on his article he committed himself to a complex process that led him into new experiences of the minds and works of others, new challenges to his powers of organization and expression – in short, new knowledge of self and subject. I do not deny that these challenges may be called forth and confronted brilliantly by someone who never writes. But we are dealing in large probabilities, and the chances for a thorough knowledge of a subject lie with a professor who works at publication rather than one who does not. Even if he does not teach in the area in which he publishes, he is preparing himself to do so should the educational system become more rational than it is now in assigning specific capacities to specific jobs. Meanwhile students, to whom we often insist that knowledge is its own end, must immediately profit from contact with minds that act upon that principle and bring forth as much good learning as they can.

It may be said in reply that not all professors should try to publish – that some are gifted in the craft of productive scholarship while others are suited to teaching only, and that this distinction is sensibly reflected in the very rough separation, discernible almost everywhere, between research and teaching institutions. In some states – California, for example – the separation is mandated by law, which many would simply call codified common sense.

But the distinction between teaching and publication is false. Hence professors who take jobs at "teaching" institutions are in a logically untenable position, for a system based upon an invalid and non-descriptive classification paradoxically gives with one hand an academic authority that it takes away with the other. A higher and more perceptive common sense takes

over and reminds us that institutions that produce more knowledge are, quite simply, more knowledgeable. For this reason our responsibility to our students is to carry on productive scholarship overtly and persistently, setting our own humane and intelligent limits to what our faculties should be expected to do. An unequivocal commitment by university administrations to the development of a reasonable, articulate, and consistent program of support for productive research could, in fact, be far more humane and sensible than the current situation, in which laws of academic supply and demand sometimes exert a pressure for publication that is often, considering individual circumstances, unreasonable.

Let me now answer two other possible objections to this argument. If there is no essential conflict between scholarship and teaching, there is certainly a practical one. Research takes time, and those who deplore emphasis upon research are right when they point to the clock and the twelve-unit load. Where they are wrong is in their assumption that a conflict in schedules is a conflict between essences. I suggest the exact contrary – that research, actively and visibly engaged in, is the foundation of teaching. The ultimate answer to our dilemma is better working conditions, more flexibility in encouraging and rewarding scholarship, improved libraries, and other necessary responses to the explosions of knowledge that have occurred in the past decades.

The second objection is more serious; it takes a worm's-eye view of the knowledge explosion itself. An excess of printed scholarly paper, we are told, has caused a debasement of the intellectual currency. Mountains of irrelevant garbage have for this reason accumulated to no good purpose. The academic profession has subverted by sheer mindless quantity its own authority in or out of the classroom. The journal of the Modern Language Association turns scholarly articles into short abstracts. Thus the study of literature and language has led to the truncation and abridgement of language! How many brief, abstracted ghosts of articles can dance on the head of a pin?

The objection has force; it may even be true. But if it is, it falls into that peculiar category of truths that must under no circumstances be acted upon. To do so would be irresponsible. The vision of mere quantities of printed scholarship spreading over the land may satisfy our desire for sweeping generalization, but a serious student has an absolute title to know the state of the discipline, where it is going, what new developments are to be watched. A good professor will be able to supply this knowledge, and he will therefore "read up" – even in the despised *PMLA*

He will do more. He will repay the help he gets from other scholar-teachers by collaborating, when the occasion calls for it, in the discussion. In other words, he will answer the intellectual generosity of others with a generosity of his own. I am aware that this may sound naive to some, but one's basic convictions often do. My credo is that publication is fundamentally a benevolent and fruitful extension of the teaching function beyond the provincial borders. It is civil, civilizing, and cosmopolitan in the best sense. It

is so worthy an activity that, like justice, it should not only be done, but be seen being done.

I suggest, therefore, that instead of running down or apologizing for publication, we adjust ourselves to its necessary importance. Many institutions formerly assigned a teaching role in the narrow sense have long ago passed beyond the infantile stage of passive dependence upon the discoveries and insights of the hyper-productive universities. They should therefore encourage publication in every way they can. This will require a clearer statement of university goals, a realistic and humane assessment of what can be hoped for from a confused faculty, expansion where possible of research programs and plans of assistance, adjustment of schedules in order to encourage and reward publication – in short, a replacement of the current rather cosmetic support of scholarship with real programs directed toward reasonable goals.

But above all we must level with the students and inform them quite emphatically of the importance to them of the publishing scholar. College administrations are supposed to do these things. However, there is one thing faculties can do. They can reject the cheap shots and stereotypes – the whole hand-me-down iconography that arrays scholarly stammerers against Christ-like, right-thinking method-masters. Until they do so their institutions will be condescended to. For whatever the community says about wicked professors who publish too much, the truth is that this same community has always valued and rewarded most the institution that develops and produces knowledge. To ignore this fact while planning for the future is irresponsible, for it is an irrefutable constant of academic history.

A much displayed cartoon depicts the Sermon on the Mount and reminds us that Jesus of Nazareth never published. It fails to point out that the co-eternal Holy Spirit, in a clear instance of thesis replication, summoned, not one, but four biographers to the task of recording His life. We needn't go so far, but as responsible teachers we should spread the good word as widely as possible and encourage those that do likewise.

I called this a sermon, but I have yet to choose a text for it. Let's try Matthew 7:16.

POETRY

Everything I Say About Hiroshima

Brown Miller

EVERYTHING I SAY ABOUT HIROSHIMA

everything I say about Hiroshima
belongs to some other meaning
should blister from some other
awareness
people ask me (as if
they wondered) why write about
that? it happened thirty years ago
why think about that?
I can't
tell them Hiroshima has penetrated
everything I see it: the finest
dust in our clothing in our hair
our underwear armpits nostrils
our car engines and pocket calculators
in the loges of our theaters
coating the screens of our televisions
permeating our softest facial and
toilet tissues our bones and
connective tissues our stand-up
comedians advertisements political
slogans our prayers and economy
invisible invisible but I can't
stop seeing it unless I escape
by forgetting by masturbating

when these methods fail I use poems
as fallout shelters where I knit
parallels for example the H
reminds me of heroin so does
its effect addictive pervasive
greeting our glands and talents
with disguised damage and a hot gnaw

but none of this worthy of itself
it all belongs a long way off
Tibet perhaps in a dim cave
or in the belly of a universe
where nothing counts
or in a zoo below zero
where feeding is unknown

DISAPPEARING

I walk miles to dilute
the military training film
that shows atomic explosions
from the air and from inside
shredding test buildings and
dummies lowering the desert

the narrator's commercial-bred
voice supplies facts to
shield us and leaves out
details like the pilot
looking down at Hiroshima
and entering nothing in his
log except My God
later going blank going mad
electing suicide

the mushroom took days
to disappear in
the ambivalent currents
changing air to nausea

just before its shape is lost
my father in Virginia
the other side of the world
records three more lies
in his journal kisses my
mother without noticing
and turns off
my light
        I cry in my crib
        (I'm taking years
        to disappear)

HIROSHIMA, VIRGINIA

I wait for Hiroshima's
cherry tree cloud
to nurse me: it doesn't

but I'm hung up
in the branches anyway
waiting in gray tangling
tangled gray waiting
for its skirt to come
clean and spread me in its wake

Easter is my mask

I've gone down thirty
years wearing my mother's
brain for a headband
assuming torn tissues
will mend before I
feel them tear again

I choose the loveliest
sights to hide myself

I want to be near mountains
when unwinding coils
bloom open and squirm
on each of my nerve limbs

these lines are woods
draped with a
deadly healing thickness
of snow knowledge

MECHANISMS

I read Lifton to get bombed:
"the unconscious process here
is that of closing oneself off
from death the controlling
inner idea or fantasy is 'if
I feel nothing then death
is not taking place' psychic
closing off is thus related
to the defense mechanisms of
denial and isolation as well as
to the behavioral state of
apathy"[1] mechanisms mechanisms
mechanisms Mr Exner's cancer
walled off where he can't touch
me walled in with the three
corpses I lugged into
formaldehyde drawers after
tying baggage tags on their
toes mechanisms mechanisms
like Lifton's style wedged
firmly between each loosening
nerve while murders on TV
score hit after hit walled off
where sensibility can 't be
felt or felt up
or pinched or sucked off
or pinned to a heart

[1]From *History and Human Survival* by Robert Jay Lifton, Copyright 1971 by Robert Jay Lifton. Reprinted by permission.

HOSPITAL INSIGHT

when I was tending
Mr Exner's bouquet of cancer
talking to his dying
watering it daily nightly

he turned to me from the
concentration camp once his body
and explained that the Nazis
had an enormous hungry number
of small ovens

whereas in the name
of freedom and democracy
on a mass scale
we found it more suitable
to use a few vast ovens
one for Dresden
  one for Nagasaki
    one for Hiroshima

Mr. Exner smiled enough
to scare me
and summed up our lucid
solution: we brought
the mountain to Mohammed

DANCING AT REST

with a loud squawk
the lungs leave their sockets

sentimental resigned
they enter cabbage heads
they dream about me
they feed on fragments of dark

hands arms legs feet
go through sewage treatment plants
throw off sophistication
take on buoyant simplicity

blood goes to oceans
oceans fill veins
while each hair hangs
in realms of air
detecting sudden perfection

gonads go where the winds blow
lecturing crude oil
from impacted sandstone jaws

(the clock-radio reaches
toward me
tunes me in
to a centering ground
where I'm no longer
allergic to my own intentions)

THE CODE NAME

Hiroshima (not God) is the concept
by which I measure pain
so my complaints of dizzy spells
and loose stools get lost
convince no one my wife tells
me to stop acting like a baby

the military training film (I wish
I had one of the inside of my head)
explains the bomb by comparing it
to the sun moved close to earth
for a second in oversimplified
animation but the sun remains
our source the code name for
Hiroshima's bomb was Little Boy

I cut Vietnam and Virginia out
of the map in the back of my
dictionary and place them lengthwise
beside each other in bed together
on their wedding night
and one of them gets pregnant

nine wars later out slides
Hiroshima reincarnated
with the bomb for its navel
dragging the huge mushroom
a fat twisting umbilical cord
a placenta filling the sky

HOLES

I pick Hiroshima's carcass
looking for a bit of organ meat

to feed my poetics but do I
care about Hiroshima? the

evidence won't budge: I'm only
involved in my eyes in the

physical impressions made by
photographs on optic nerve endings

transmitting patterns of electro-
chemical energy exchange to

discrete regions of brain fiber
I live with my fingers inside my

worries I mix with sounds and
dulled hunger and sleep that refuses

I ask Bo-Peep to count her sheep
and plead with Sherlock Holmes

to solve the Hiroshima case for me
but I'm alone in the bathroom at

2 in the morning burping like
conventional warfare trying to

tame my hiatus hernia with Gelusil
Roethke in one of his notebooks

records his horror of holes
a horror I greet as my own

but I wonder if the more terrible
thing is what fills them

I READ MY FATHER'S VIRGINIA JOURNAL

I read my father's Virginia journal
as his money moves through me
like needle and thread my anger
turns itself upside-down in a blind
spot where I can see his prejudices
get into the saddle on my back
cinched solid real or dreamed

my fever shows up on no thermometer
my mother's cerebral blood vessel
ruptures into paralysis
and ten days later into death
during a summer that made me seven
I fight for fantasies to keep
her supple edible sexual
her multiple faces are made of wind

Mr Exner goes on dying of cancer
when I'm seventeen in New Jersey
playing the orderly and the whore
washed by hospital air-conditioning
he regains a consciousness: mine

I research the role of witchcraft
in Hiroshima's cauldron starting
with the Reverend Mr Tanimoto in
1974 saying "if Japan had had
the bomb we would have used it
on you the guilt is your problem"
but his words weren't in that order

my son dies before he can discover
his birth Sherlock Holmes goes
home goes dumb Mother Goose
runs out of advice Bo-Peep loses
her sheep to money and pneumonia

I keep track of my pointless
commentary in case I have to
find my way out of here
I point out that television
is pointillism and Hiroshima
is a dissolution into scattering
points (I keep score until I'm
limp)

FICTION

Fun and Games

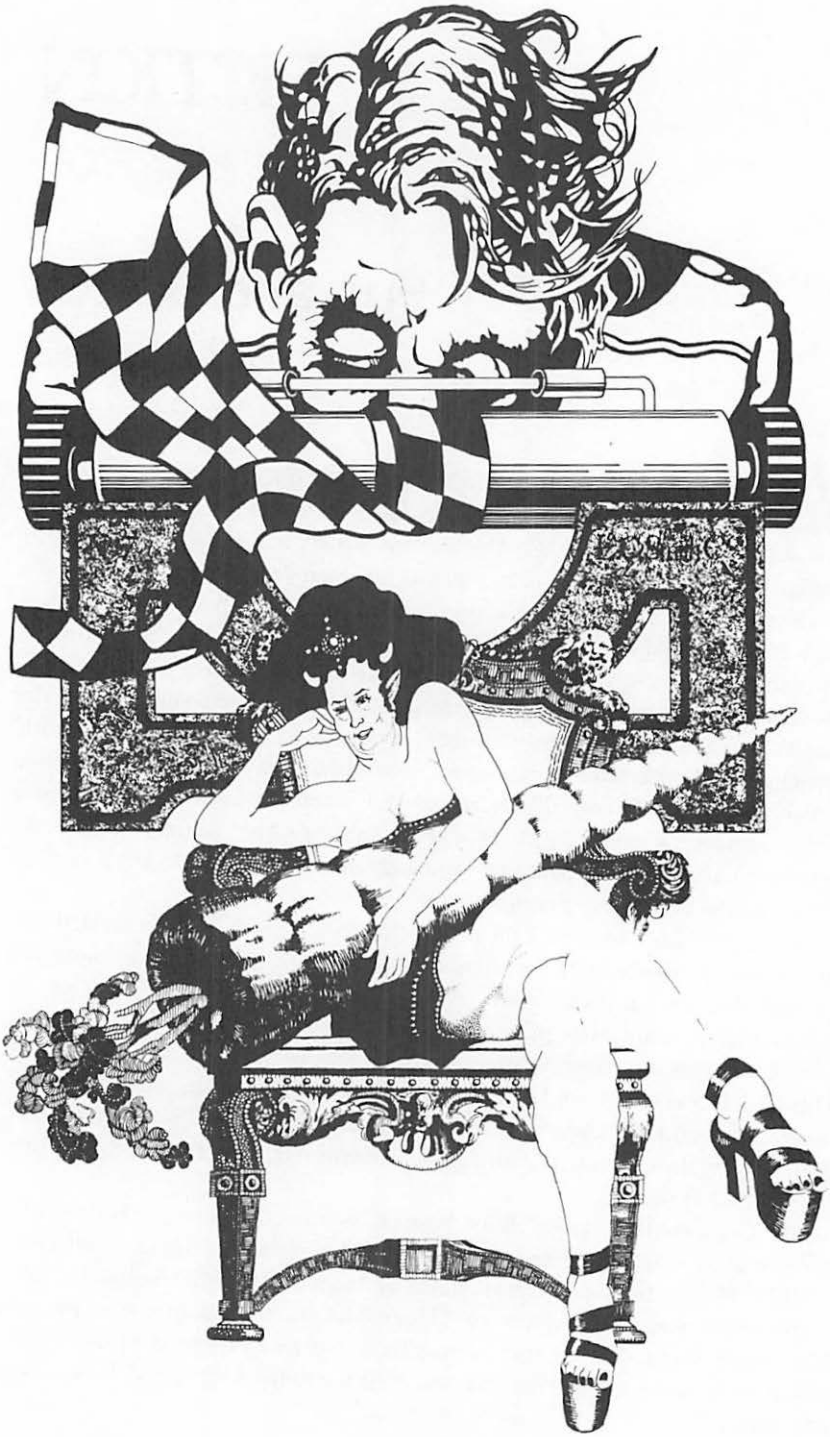
Leslie Wolf Hedley

ACCIDENTALLY Ms Granville-Hess found out about the existence of Leo Toller. Ms Granville-Hess liked to make things happen. She visualized Leo Toller, this ancient writer, as a possible discovery, a change of pace from the more *au courant* nineteen year old geniuses. She saw Toller as an old *cum* new attraction for the party season in San Francisco. And Ms Granville-Hess threw elaborate affairs attended by everyone of notoriety in that city. Divorced and again divorced and once more divorced, Ms Granville-Hess now used wifely energies in an arena she could control. Her parties were written up in the most expensive magazines. Her mansion launching pad rocketed a thirteen year old Indian guru toward a multi-million dollar fortune, a famous black racist who screamed insults but married a white heiress, a rock band of naked lesbians. She couldn't recall the ephemeral titillation of parading temperaments on her private stage, a stage which set the style every season.

San Francisco's social set maintains that "the season" begins in October. Tennis and golf schedules are completed and Pacific winds signal a near end to water sports. Indoor affairs replace outdoor events. New parties are contemplated, wardrobes purchased, theater and opera tickets are obtained. Even Christmas and New Years gatherings begin to tickle social imaginations. This set is ravenous for new faces, exotic personalities, ultimate funk, successful freaks, witches, warlocks, sexual astrologers with prophetic vision, political mystics, sensual gourmands, adventurers, leaders of drug cults, murderers out on bail.

Ms Granville-Hess asked Billy Weaver, dentist, art lover, inheritor of a fortune since tripled, "Who is Leo Toller? I hear fabulous things about him."

Billy Weaver fidgeted in larval stages of decision. He didn't know, but such a confession was out of character. "Hmm," he muttered draped over her sofa like a gray swan. "Never met him, darling, but he's supposed to be unique. *Sui generis,* so to speak. Why, do you want me to hang his work? Is he young and pretty?"



Kevin Murphy

"I'm informed he's a writer," Ms Granville-Hess said, suddenly unsure.

"Oh, *that* Leo Toller!" Weaver drawled.

"Well," she decided, "he's my first find of the season. He's an old man –"

"Oh God!" he moaned.

"– in his eighties or something. And he's been around here writing for years and years! Some say he's a genius!"

"*Not* another one! Darling, every fag thinks he's a genius," he said with a voice of hissing snakes.

"Don't be crude, Billy. Leo Toller isn't an old homosexual."

"Thank the Lord for *that*! The city is so very full of them. Honestly, it makes me feel positively *gauche!*"

"Wait until Peggy Zane hears of this!" Her eyes blossomed cerulean blue. "This will make her absolutely *livid*!"

He recalled something. "You're fantastic, darling. When you invited that mad Ginsberg and –"

"Yes," she remembered deliciously. "He read that fab poem or chant about 'black pricks.'"

"No. 'Brown pricks,' *I* distinctly recollect," Weaver offered with twitching shoulders and lips.

"That was the evening your boy friend was stolen . . . or borrowed," she added. Her tone could be piquant or strident depending on rivalry for certain younger males.

Nostrils quivered an instant, but he nodded. "You've every reason to be proud of your *feel* for creative people." His delicate, immaculately manicured fingers swept gracefully across graying temples. "I also *adore* creative people."

She smiled graciously but had no intention discussing his views. At her parties only her opinions mattered. "I feel it my cultural duty."

"It's *more* than that," he countered. "You're also creative because you fertilize the talented people you discover. You're a subtle *inspiration*. Artists *need* that." Weaver reflected. "*I* do the same in my art gallery. *We*, darling, are creative catalysts."

Word spread. The word, however, didn't please Harold Kope. He sat in his newspaper office and fumed. As leading columnist in that city he wanted to make the more esoteric cultural discoveries. Why hadn't Ms Granville-Hess consulted him? She didn't, he told himself, because you're a Jew. But he would rescue himself. His daily column gave him the means. *Leo Toller, long a resident in this city, finally has been granted the attention he merits,* Kope's squib read. *It's great to note that someone is finally taking old curmudgeon Kope's advice.*

When Brett Court read this splenetic item he was annoyed. His publishing firm had never heard anyone mention Leo Toller. No memo about Toller existed in their files. No one at the Yacht Club, the Bohemian Club or even at

Jack's restaurant had ever heard of Leo Toller. Staff said they didn't know anything about Leo Toller. Where was he teaching? Was he European? Was he Negro? Was he an ex-convict? They hoped he was all of these. But no one knew. Finally research discovered that name listed in the university catalog. A Swiss Professor Schneiderman, Nobel Prize recipient now deceased, had praised Toller's work in an anthology long out of print. Two Ph.D. theses had been published, one in Canada, the other in England, based on the work of this same Toller.

"My dear Ms Granville-Hess," Court lectured her over lunch. "You're a naughty girl. Why in the world didn't you pick up the horn and ask me about Leo Toller? After all, I'm in the book business."

"It just happened, Brett," she bubbled from the fleeting champagne high of having annoyed the publisher. "It was sheer accident. I was in this small shop on Grant Avenue, what's-its-name anyway, and I saw this cute little sign tacked to the wall. It was about Toller giving a reading. Well, I asked one of the store people and she said that he's a writer and a genius. The dear old ruin is all of eighty, maybe ninety. And he's so very quaint looking! Right out of Dickens. Honestly, a classic. Pure funk! Divine funk! Certainly he's a genuine 1920 product. He probably knew Gertie Stein and Scott Fitzgerald, all those people. The man is actually *in* without knowing it!"

"What a wild way to kick off the 1976-1920 season," Court exclaimed wryly. "You're a miracle."

Ms Granville-Hess knew that and was happy to hear it reconfirmed.

Peggy Zane, hearing the discovery of Leo Toller trumpeted, wasn't happy. Zane's family were considered cultural taste leaders. They were knowledgeable people, sponsors of musical and film events, all tax deductible. Her family, having attended the most exclusive schools, travelled the most extraordinary places, knowing every socially agreeable foreign ambassador, conductor, baritone, film director, should be the one making cultural finds. It was quite fitting for Granville-Hess to come up with the more scandalous characters, but this Toller person was a writer. And now they all claimed, including Harold Kope, that Toller was a genius! Right here in San Francisco!

"Who really is Leo Toller?" She had phoned Matt Lightfoot. Perhaps this Toller was a quiet segment of the Pebble Beach-Palm Beach-Carmel-Acapulco crowd. Matt would surely know.

Matt Lightfoot, positive he was a duplicate of David Niven, examined his tan fingers and slow undulation of a green olive settling in his drink. "Haven't the faintest," he answered. Something was brewing in San Francisco and he wasn't going to be caught on the ambiguous edges of a feud. "But if Granville-Hess has him under her hot wing, I'm certain it's going to be smashing."

Peggy Zane wasn't reassured. "But Toller is supposed to be a writer. I can't find his name on any best seller list and no one I know has read his books. What do you think, Matt?" He had an instinct for this, she knew.

Matt thought. He had once married someone in the Zane family and kept good tennis relationships going. "Don't upset youself over this, Peg. Some geniuses don't make best seller lists. Look at that scientist – what's-his-name. Toller is probably one of those bohemian types we always meet in Paris or Rome. You know, the wandering playboy *a la* 1920. Does Toller play tennis or golf?"

"I don't know. No, how could he?" Peggy Zane caught herself. "He's rumored to be ninety."

Matt Lightfoot readjusted his thinking. "Anyway books aren't my cup of Martini."

"It looks like a wild season of fun and games," she admitted. "When are you and current spouse returning to town?"

Lightfoot's fourth wife controlled money and movements. She was, someone said, Dutch treat out of Shell Oil. "Soon," he promised. "In time for the great Toller unveiling. By the way, does this guy do sex books?"

"I don't know," she reluctantly answered. "I hear he's an intellectual."

"Oh," he said somewhat put out. "Jesus, I hope he can play *Backgammon.*"

Harold Kope's ulcer lacerated him. He hated Leo Toller, whoever he was. He knew for certain that writers looked down on newspaper people. And Kope also knew that had he chosen to, he would have been another Dostoyevsky or Hemingway. More likely Hemingway. He saw no point to be gained in seeking out this old fart Leo Toller. He didn't much care for "serious" writers. Kope preferred brazen degutting critics with their eviscerating wit. Within such circles Kope loved to eat at trendy restaurants, enjoying that mysterious light peeping through redblack goblets of wine, selected viands, admirers waiting for Kope's ripostes. Certainly he would attend Granville-Hess's party in honor of this venerable Toller, but Kope would make sure his own writing position was maintained. Gala parties were Kope's bankbook, furnishing him with notes of rehearsed or spontaneous remarks, bitch-dripping innuendoes, *hors d'oeuvre* of borrowed gnosis, PR data which dotted his column. The more malignant gossip he polished as if it was a precious gem. Kope could be cynical and optimistic in rapid succession, with an undertone of pained reason, but always the businessman-journalist, a political liberal of conservative habits who worshipped the rich. Anything not part of Kope's city empire was seen as an infection. Plumes of endless words waved their feathers in his face, flew like tiny black birds into his waiting ears. I hear all, therefore I know all. I promote and I bury. I'm the community mid-wife and undertaker. The discovery of Leo Toller was, therefore, an oddity.

Toller never saw himself as an oddity. If he saw himself at all it was as a writer somewhat lashed by tricky swinging pendulums of taste. Toller wrote. His writing was regulated by the most powerful law of all: poverty. He

existed on welfare, managing paper and postage as he could. He composed slowly, in meticulous agony, past despair or bitterness. Remorse never entered his vocabulary. He wrote of people caught in conflicts not of their making, humans ripped in survival struggles. This perspective gave him no time to look at himself, at graying seventy-plus years, hardening artery years, rotting teeth, rejection slips arriving like dust storms. A few editors and friends believed in him. Their belief rarely manifested itself into print. But Leo Toller continued to send out manuscripts, year after year, automatically. I know I'm alive, he proved to himself, only because I'm breathing.

Toller had developed a deep link with San Francisco, the people who came there, this great jumping off place of America. Advised to live in New York, where tradition demands writers settle, Toller couldn't leave his source. He once told his friend Charles Ives: "You cannot set art off in a corner and hope for it to have vitality, reality and substance. There can be nothing exclusive about substantial art. It comes directly out of the heart of the experience of life and thinking about life and living life." He embarrassed fellow writers with his lack of diffidence, his agelessness, his knowledge of how society functioned. Toller's uncompromising strength disturbed them. They sought assurance among themselves, but the subject of Toller caused unease. Was he a genius or a crank who appeared to be a genius? Was he a little of both? How could they determine Toller's talent if no major publisher would print his books? Only some stories and essays were available. The old man was a complex equation. Toller existed as an unresolved enigma, a shadow over their conscience. If they ignored him, the esthetic problem cured itself. So they usually ignored him.

Brett Court decided he couldn't ignore this Leo Toller. Kope made sly waves mentioning Toller's name almost daily. Who was this unknown author? Ms Granville-Hess knew. Kope knew. Peggy Zane claimed to know. Others knew. Court had to know. For that reason Court and secretary visited the writer. As anticipated, the rooming house reeked of soup, cat shit and deterioration. The room was cluttered, a double hotplate at one end, small pots hanging dark like battered armor of ancient knights, boxes piled against a smeared paper wall, a decrepit bed-couch, and the small kitchen table with typewriter. Window shades resembled ghosts of yellow jaundice.

Leo Toller was surprised, even dismayed. First the invitation from that rich lady and now this. The room was stuffy. "I would open the window," he apologized, "but then the wind blows my paper about."

"Sure. Sure," Court said.

Toller crouched in his sunken bed and offered his two chairs.

"This," the secretary indicated, "is Mr. Brett Court, president of the publishing house of – –"

"Every writer," Court interrupted smiling, "knows who I am."

Toller felt a keen flush of abnormal fear. He hadn't met a publisher in more than a decade. No such powerful entity had ever been inside his room,

his wound, as it were, this room at the end of the line, room of suicide. Here was opportunity to bypass that impossible hurdle of young editors oriented only to pop journalese. But Toller nodded with restraint, knowing that if he smiled he would reveal broken stained teeth, a wreck of chrysostomos.

"Ms Granville-Hess highly recommended you," Court began.

Leo Toller put out his hand. Court studied it wondering what prompted the old man to imagine Court would touch his palsied hand. Toller's human leaf of a hand hung forlornly in mid-air and then slowly sagged.

"I'm naturally interested in your work, Mr. Toller. I know that a Nobel Prize author praised your endeavors. I'm always looking for talented writers," Court said. "Let's get down to business."

Toller nodded again.

"What," the publisher asked, "are your writing credentials?"

"Credentials?" Toller wondered.

"Sure. Sure. Have you an agent? Have you been published in, say, ***Esquire, Playboy, Harpers, Atlantic?"***

"My literary agent died years ago," Toller found himself gaping with disbelief at the man's fine face. "I've been published and translated around the world."

Court smiled benignly, "Sure. Sure."

Toller shook his head of limp straw, puzzled. "What evidence do I have that the magazines you named would publish anyone like me?"

Court couldn't answer. I smell mildew, old sox, suppurating flesh of the *canaille*. My God, he then noticed, he's using an L.C. Smith typewriter. That's positively antediluvian. I'd love to have it displayed in my office. It's a real talk-piece.

"Then what *sort* of writing do you do?" his secretary filled the silence.

Now Toller realized they hadn't read a word he had written. How do I begin? "Kafka –" he started.

"Cough?" Court questioned his secretary.

"He said Kafka," she replied.

Court nodded. "Sure. Sure."

"Kafka's people underwent a trial," Toller was explaining. "It was a mock trial, an *in camera* proceeding. But the inquisition had traditional trappings, formal structure, pretensions of civilization. My people," he motioned, "the people I write about, are condemned without even a mock trial. The formal machinery no longer exists. Even that futile dignity has been taken from them. We've reached the end of democracy." He searched for the publisher's eyes. "My books were condemned from birth. They never had a trial."

"Sure. Sure," Court said. All artists are paranoid. How commonplace. Well, fuck him.

The old man continued. "I'm not a lawyer defending this collection of writing. All I ask is that you read it and give it a fair trial." It's not their fault they're incapable of understanding me.

Court studied that marvelous old L. C. Smith typewriter. "Sure. Sure." He

was disappointed. The trip was boring, a bad melodrama. Toller was a bust as an authentic character, a real eccentric. Ms Granville-Hess was losing her touch, her sense of the now new. The publisher accepted the box of manuscript from Toller. He handed it to his secretary as they gingerly walked downstairs. "I'll never understand," he told her, "how people can live in such ugliness."

She said nothing, but it hit her then that Brett Court would never marry her and that in a few months he would hand her over to one of his editors. From there she would, in another year, be given to some lesser assistant, ever so discreetly, and then out the door. Being 29 years old suddenly frightened her. She knew she had to carry this bundle of anxiety to her psychiatrist. It was a clawing kitten inside her chest.

Court placed an arm around her. "Let's go to your place and light up. We deserve it after this ordeal. Did you see that antique typewriter? Anyway, I've an idea how to rescue this party. Fun and games, baby, fun and games."

Twenty years before Leo Toller had decided that he was either ahead of his time or the clock was wrong. Publishers told him this wasn't the right time for his books, or the political trend wasn't correct, or the economic situation wasn't encouraging, or current fads weren't in favor of his books, or interdepartmental circumstances had risen making his books impossible to publish. Therefore Court's sudden acceptance came as a confusing imagery in a hypnagogic state.

Toller sat inside the friable bundle of his age with old terrors, old chills, old hungers, old disappointments, old dysthymic wrappings. He didn't know whether he should or could be happy. Some foreign sliver of what is termed joy explored his body. He distrusted the emotion, so he settled for a truncated semi-pleasure. His flesh was dampened by the magma of too many rejected, lonely years. It's physically impossible for me to relearn happiness or even realization, he concluded. Perhaps my forthcoming book will bring me more nourishing food. My career in art is now on that animal level. All literature which pretends otherwise is an illusion of knowledge.

Peggy Zane arrived at the party wearing an original Saint Laurent resurgence in blue tulle. Matt Lightfoot and new wife both wore Givenchy white linen. Dr. Billy Weaver wore a Bill Blass suit in ebullient gray, towing an exquisitely featured boy with onyx eyes and dressed in Pucci silk and suede. Harold Kope attended in severe pin stripes and spats. Brett Court's Cardin outfit was a juxtaposition of four primary colors. Hostess Granville-Hess was adorned in a slinky nylon and leather creation by Kenzo. They danced deliberately, at times aggressively, would touch, just barely, then step back as though posing for an instant, all with a somewhat sad expression. It was a ritual practiced with studied calculation of dancing schools. They danced atavistic joys of the lindy hop, tango, black bottom. This was, Ms Granville-Hess reminded all, a kind of 1920's occasion. Leo Toller sat and watched.

Bright lights disturbed his eyes.

There was a clatter of drums. Toller heard Ms Granville-Hess mention his name and he stood up. He saw Court hold a book, his book.

"This," the publisher announced to the gathering of clothes, jewels, summer tans, "this is your book, or perhaps I should say, this is your life, Leo Toller, toiler in the San Francisco vineyard of arts and letters." Hands clapped. "This party, so reminiscent of the roaring 1920's, magnificently concocted by our champion hostess," and here Court kissed Ms Granville-Hess's cheek, "is all the more fitting to unveil a book written by our honored guest, Leo Toller, a man, as you plainly observe, right out of the 1920's. Twenty-three skidoo!" There was a tinkle of beads, bracelets, giggles. Court partially handed over the book, his book, spotlights of eyes surrounding them. "Read the blurbs on the back of the book," Court said in a stage whisper, turning the book over.

Toller's ecchymotic legs wobbled and his fingers felt rachitic. He glanced at excogitations of experts. *Les Tempes Moderne: "...a masterpiece from the seamy levels of decaying America." Peking Review: "An illuminating projection in western fictive terms of Mao's thought." Norman Mailer: "A goddamned sock in the literary solar plexus!" Maharaj Gupta Gong: "Peace and love." San Francisco Chronicle: "A mind-blowing event in a wow collection written by one of our own." London Times Literary Supplement: "This proves that at least one American still glories in the English language."* What? How? prickled Toller's instinct.

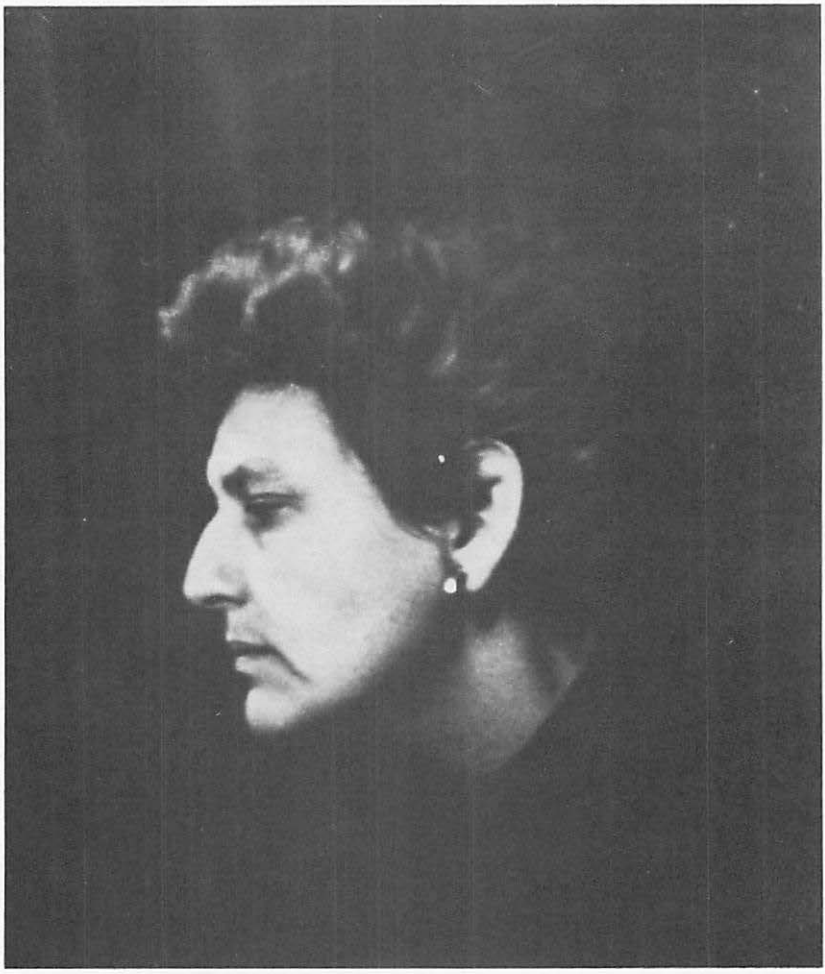
"Open the book! Open the book! Court insisted boyishly.

Toller fondled the book, his book, and then opened it. Pages scuttled out of his scraggy fingers like frightened white doves, the book, his book, falling from his hands. An unusual chest ripping pain knifed him when he noted that all pages were blank. Toller collapsed under an unbearable bolt hacking through his chest, through his arms, as though his book had exploded. What was he doing on the floor? He tried to trace faint patterns in thick carpeting which was surprisingly close to his eyes, but perception dimmed under darkening moisture. A word irked his brain: Useless. Useless to write. Useless to learn. Useless to struggle. Useless to believe in anything. Art itself is useless. Once he tried to focus on Court's healthy face, up among joking clouds. "I'm a human being," he said.

Ms Granville-Hess, hardly in the mood to consider this party one of her more successful, wondered, "What did he say just before he died?"

Court shrugged. "Nothing important."

REVIEW ESSAY



Rob Edwards, Cabrillo College

Tillie Olsen

De-Riddling Tillie Olsen's Writings

Selma Burkom and Margaret Williams

A burst of applause, then the audience in the Kresge College Auditorium grew quiet. The striking woman with clipped gray hair and piercing blue eyes, sitting before the microphone, began. It was the second day of the Virginia Woolf Symposium. Yesterday, critical papers were read and this morning, the California writer Tillie Olsen was addressing us. Her voice was soft. She began by saying how pleased she was to be at the University of California, Santa Cruz sharing in the discussions about Virginia Woolf, whom she had long known and loved. Her words, as she continued, were only to be "personal remarks" since she lacked the formal academic training of the other speakers. The apology was unnecessary. Her "remarks" constituted not only a cogent intellectual analysis but also created the emotionally felt reality of the British writer. As she sifted and selected among the many fragments which were her notes, she seemed to be randomly touching first one topic, then another. The structure was not linear, but gradually a coherent whole emerged. A superb technician herself, Olsen honored Woolf's craftsmanship. A member of the working class, she praised Woolf (nearly an aristocrat) for her awareness of the difficult and destructive reality of working-women's lives. As a feminist, Olsen applauded her earlier sister's political consciousness. Finally, as a woman she sympathized and sorrowed at the loss of Woolf's sanity. A masterful evocation of the "human" Virginia Woolf, the talk revealed equally the breadth and depth of Tillie Olsen's humanism.

Olsen's humanism not only informs her speaking and writing, it is embodied in her daily life. She takes great pride in the San Francisco co-op, Saint Francis Square, where she has lived since its inception. Built on land cleared for urban renewal, just above the Mission district, the group of apartments constituting the cooperative escapes the grim facelessness of much inner city architecture. All the apartments face in, onto grassy squares. There are trees, birds, children's jungle gyms. Originally sponsored by the Longshoremen's Pension fund, the group is no longer linked to the Union. It is an

independent unit, open to anyone within a limited income range who wishes to live in a multi-racial, multi-ethnic, self-governing community. Olsen does not believe that the Square is the "ideal" community come to fulfillment in the "real" world. Her notion of the relation between the "ideal" and the "real" is more complex. But, she points out with satisfaction, Saint Francis Square is a coherent community, it has endured, it reveals that brotherhood *can* be lived if men choose to do so.

Olsen at Santa Cruz, Olsen in Saint Francis Square. Both descriptions indicate characteristics important to her writing. She is a consummate artist, a working class writer, a feminist. Olsen is importantly connected with both women's and proletariat literature; to read her entire canon is to recognize that she is neither sexist nor leftist but a passionately committed humanist. Ultimately her point of view is not simplistically polemical, but as complex as humanity is broad. De-mystifying Olsen's works means lining out her paradoxical vision and indicating the patterns and motifs which come to characterize her work. As the bibliography of her publications indicates, her writing falls into three periods: the first centers on the years 1933-34; the second, 1953-56; the third, 1959 to the present.[1]

Born in 1913, the second of seven children of Samuel and Ida Lerner, she grew up in Wyoming and Nebraska. Her parents were revolutionaries who had fled from Russia after the failed 1905 rebellion. Despite being both Russian and Jewish, despite laboring long hours as farmer, packinghouse worker, painter, and paperhanger, Samuel Lerner became State Secretary of the Nebraska Socialist Party. The economic pressures which drove him from job to job in the attempt to support his family affected his daughter as well. Forced to leave high school before graduating, Olsen experienced the laborer's life as trimmer in a slaughterhouse, power press operator, hash slinger, mayonnaise-jar capper in a food processing plant, and checker in a warehouse. Sharing her parents' commitment to bettering the lives of working people, she was an active member of the Young Communist League. Her attempt at organizing warehouse workers ended by her being jailed in Kansas City. She became ill with pleurisy which, without adequate medical care in prison, worsened into incipient tuberculosis. She began her first novel at age 19, bore her first daughter at 20, and by 1933 had moved from the midwest to California (Stockton, San Francisco, Venice) which was to be her home thereafter.[2] Since Olsen was innately one on whom, in Henry James' words, "nothing is lost," she brought the reality of these experiences – the experiences of the majority of mankind in its struggle for life – to her writings.

Compared to her later pieces, the writing of Olsen's first period was overtly political. Most of her works appeared in periodicals sponsored by the John Reed Clubs or other Communist Party affiliates. Her first publication grew out of an indictment made by a Texas woman, Felipe Ibarro, against capitalists who sweated Chicanas to death in the clothing industry. Ibarro's charges were loaded with specifics – names, ages, salaries. Two months later,

many of her "facts" were repeated in Olsen's poem published in *The Partisan* (March 1934). This devotion to concrete data is a continuing characteristic of Olsen's writing and illustrates the grounding of her fiction in the day-to-day facts of people's lives:

I Want You Women Up North To Know
(Based on a Letter by Felipe Ibarro in *New Masses*, Jan. 9th, 1934.)

i want you women up north to know
how those dainty children's dresses you buy
  at macy's, wanamakers, gimbels, marshall fields,
are dyed in blood, are stitched in wasting flesh,
down in San Antonio, "where sunshine spends the winter."

I want you women up north to see
the obsequious smile, the salesladies trill
  "exquisite work, madame, exquisite pleats"
vanish into a bloated face, ordering more dresses,
  gouging the wages down,
dissolve into maria, ambrosa, catalina,
  stitching these dresses from dawn to night,
  in blood, in wasting flesh.

Catalina Rodriguez, 24,
  body shrivelled to a child's at twelve,
catalina rodigruez, last stages of consumption,
  works for three dollars a week from dawn to midnight.
A fog of pain thickens over her skull, the parching heat
  breaks over her body.
and the bright red blood embroiders the floor of her room.
  White rain stitching the night, the bourgeois poet would say,
  white gulls of hands, darting, veering,
  white lightning, threading the clouds,
this is the exquisite dance of her hands over the cloth,
and her cough, gay, quick, staccato,
  like skeleton's bones clattering,
is appropriate accompaniment for the esthetic dance
  of her fingers,
and the tremolo, tremolo when the hands tremble with pain.
Three dollars a week,
two fifty-five,
seventy cents a week,
no wonder two thousands eight hundred ladies of joy
are spending the winter with the sun after he goes down –
for five cents (who said this was a rich man's world?) you can

get all the lovin you want
"clap and syph aint much worse than sore fingers, blind eyes, and
t.m."

Maria Vasquez, spinster,
for fifteen cents a dozen stitches garments for children she has never had,
Catalina Torres, mother of four,
to keep the starved body starving, embroiders from dawn to night.
Mother of four, what does she think of,
as the needle pocked fingers shift over the silk –
of the stubble-coarse rags that stretch on her own brood,
and jut with the bony ridge that marks hunger's landscape
of fat little prairie-roll bodies that will bulge in the silk she needles?
(Be not envious, Catalina Torres, look!
on your own children's clothing, embroidery,
more intricate than any a thousand hands could fashion,
there where the cloth is ravelled, or darned,
designs, multitudinous, complex and handmade by Poverty herself.)

Ambrosa Espinoza trusts in god,
"Todos es de dios, everything is from god,"
through the dwindling night, the waxing day, she bolsters herself up with it –
but the pennies to keep god incarnate, from ambrosa,
and the pennies to keep the priest in wine, from ambrosa,
ambrosa clothes god and priest with hand-made children's dresses.

Her brother lies on an iron cot, all day and watches,
on a mattress of rags he lies.
For twenty-five years he worked for the railroad, then they laid him off.
(racked days, searching for work; rebuffs; suspicious eyes of policemen.)
goodbye ambrosa, mebbe in dallas I find work; desperate swing for a freight,
surprised hands, clutching air, and the wheel goes over a leg,
the railroad cuts it off, as it cut off twenty-five years of his life).
She says that he prays and dreams of another world, as he lies there, a heaven (which he does not know was brought to earth in 1917 in Russia, by workers like him).

Women up north, I want you to know
when you finger the exquisite hand made dresses
what it means, this working from dawn to midnight,
on what strange feet the feverish dawn must come
to maria, catalina, ambrosa,
how the malignant fingers twitching over the pallid faces jerk them to work,
and the sun and the fever mounts with the day –
long plodding hours, the eyes burn like coals, heat jellies the flying fingers,
down comes the night like blindness.
long hours more with the dim eye of the lamp, the breaking back,
weariness crawls in the flesh like worms, gigantic like earth's in winter.
And for Catalina Rodrigruez comes the night sweat and the blood
embroidering the darkness.
for Catalina Torres the pinched faces of four huddled
children,
the naked bodies of four bony children,
the chant of their chorale of hunger.
And for twenty eight hundred ladies of joy the grotesque act gone over –
the wink – the grimace – the "feeling like it baby?"
And for Maria Vasquez, spinster, emptiness, emptiness,
flaming with dresses for children she can never fondle.
And for Ambrosa Espinoza – the skeleton body of her brother on his mattress
of rags, boring twin holes in the dark with his eyes to the image of christ,
remembering a leg, and twenty five years cut off from his life by the railroad.

Women up north, I want you to know,
I tell you this can't last forever.

I swear it won't.

While underscoring the depth of Olsen's politicization, the work also reveals genuine poetic skill. The central metaphor transforms the women themselves (maria, ambrosa, catalina) into the clothing they embroider – *they* become the product of their labor. Ideologically bound to Marx, Olsen's debt to Whitman is obvious in the repetition of individual words and phrases, and in the free verse form. Horrible as the human reality of these lives is, simplistic as the political analysis may be, Olsen clearly reveals that she can elevate polemical outrage into the realm of art.

Beneath the propagandistic assertions, Olsen voices what will be her lasting concern – the suffering of humanity, particularly the anguish of women and children. Her plea to women in the mainstream from those of the Third World repeatedly returns to images of deprivation – "body shrivelled," "skeleton's bones," "starved body starving," "bony children," "skeleton body." Being a skeleton child – and mothering such a child – are two of Olsen most important motifs. Later, such human waste will be Olsen's total

focus; here it shares center stage with the political explanation which is its cause.

The following month she published another political poem in ***The Partisan*** (April 1934):

There is a Lesson

"All Austrian schools, meanwhile, were closed for an indefinite period under a government decree issued to keep children off the hazardous streets." (Feb. 15, ***S.F. Chronicle***)

Keep the children off the streets,
Dollfuss,
there is an alphabet written in blood
for them to learn,
there is a lesson thundered by collapsed
books of bodies.

They might be riddled by the bullets
of knowledge,
The deadly gas of revolution might
enter their lungs,
in the streets, the hazardous streets.

In a week, in a month, let them out
of their corners,
it will be safe then . . . (safe Dollfuss?
safe Bauer and Seitz?
there is a volume written with three
thousand bodies that can never
be hidden,
there is a sentence spelled by the
grim faces of bereaved women,
there is a message, inescapable, that
vibrates the air with voices of
heroes who shouted it to the last:
"Down with Fascism!
Down with Social Democracy!
Long Live our Soviets")

Keep them off the streets, Dollfuss,
It will quiver your fat heart with terror
The alphabet written in blood out there
that children are learning.

The brilliant transformation of abstractions (alphabets and lessons) into concrete forms (blood and bodies) is a technique which remains characteristic even in her prose. At one level a simple polemic, at another the poem reveals some recognition of the negative side of the reality teaching the lesson necessary for revolution: of the "deadly gas," of the horror of "three thousand bodies," of "the grim faces of bereaved women." Even the most virtuous ends entail dire means. Here we see a dim foreshadowing of the use of apparent opposites which becomes a hallmark of Olsen's later works.

Four weeks later, Olsen's first short story appeared in the ***Partisan Review.*** The genesis of this early fiction is revealed in Olsen's notes to the 1972 re-issue of the Rebecca Harding Davis classic, ***Life in the Iron Mills.*** Olsen tells us she first read the Davis novella at age 15, "in an edition [I] bought for ten cents in an Omaha junkshop." ***Life in the Iron Mills*** seemed to say to her, "literature can be made out of the lives of despised people"; "you too must write." Subsequently, Olsen began the novel we now know as ***Yonnondio***, the first section of which was printed in 1934 as "The Iron Throat."

That story opens as the Holbrook family is awakened by the metal whistle (the iron throat) of the coal mine As the tale proceeds, the *details* of the day-by-day lives of Jim and Anna Holbrook and their children Mazie, Will, Ben and Jimmy are defined by dismal economic conditions, physical suffering, a desire for education and wasted creative urges. Olsen's attitude toward her characters reflects passionate indignation at the waste of human potential.

Stylistically, the story looks back to the earlier poetry. There is an echoing of imagery – the coal costs the miner's blood – and of phrases – "skeletons of starved children," "fat bellies." Repetition of phrases weaves the whole together: an immigrant neighbor, Mrs. Kvaternick, speaks of the mine as "da bowels of earth" at the tale's beginning; later this phrase "trembles" into Mazie's mind. Peculiar to the girl's self-examination is the phrase "I am a-knowen"; in its positive and negative forms, it is repeated eight times in a single paragraph.

The story looks forward, too, in the double movement of its conclusion. Alone in the dusk, 6½ year old Mazie is frightened by the flames which dart up one side of the culm. Imaginatively she transforms them into "purty tongues"; then "gently, gently hard swollen [her] lump of tears [melts] into a swell of wonder and awe." The emotional movement here is like that expressed in the epithet at the close of "Tell Me a Riddle": "Death deepens the wonder." Characteristically, Olsen links the tragic and the marvelous.

In substance, much of "The Iron Throat" is leftist polemic. The protagonists are proletariat and the "message" is Marxist. One-third of the whole is an address by an omniscient narrator to a thirteen year old boy as he goes into the mines for the first time. The voice details his fate: the "bowels of earth" have now "claimed" him; never again will he know fresh air, a starlit sky, or "sweet rain." As his father before him lost *his* dreams of "freedom and light and cheering throngs and happiness," so will he. He will lose the

"heritage of man" so that "a few fat bellies can grow fatter." Here follows a prophecy of rebellion: "someday strong fists [will] batter the fat bellies, and skeletons of starved children batter the fat bellies."

The attitude toward experience in the concluding lines of "The Iron Throat" is typical of Olsen: "Bits of coal dust" striking Mazie "somehow reminded her of the rough hand of her father when he caressed her, hurting her, but not knowing it, hurting with a pleasant hurt." This double vision – here we would call it the "pleasure-pain principle" – rings through the later prose.

In an era unwilling to accept non-chauvinist and non-capitalist experience as meaningful, Olsen's story elicited at least one glowing response. In ***The New Republic*** (July 25, 1934), Robert Cantwell described "The Iron Throat" as "a work of early genius." He went on to say that Olsen's metaphors . . . are startling in their brilliance" and to praise the "21 year old girl" for being a stronger writer than Elizabeth Maddox Roberts. And in a letter Cantwell published in ***The New Republic*** on August 22, 1934, he says that four editors and a literary agent wish to contact Olsen about publication. Unfortunately none could reach her, for in the summer of '34 she had submerged herself in San Francisco Maritime Strike politics.

In the 1920's, management in San Francisco had formed an Industrial Association which attempted to lock national unions out of the waterfront. Initially successful, the Industrial Association was challenged in May, 1934 by a local of the International Longshoreman's Association which sought national recognition. When the employers resisted, the longshoremen went out on strike. Picket lines were thrown up along the Embarcadero; scabs were recruited; the sides clashed. On Thursday, July 5th, a strike-breaking attempt erupted into a pitched battle which left several strikers dead and many injured on both sides. A week after "Bloody Thursday," in a show of solidarity, the Teamsters struck the whole of San Francisco. On July 16th, the first general strike since 1919 began in America. The unions found themselves indicted as "Commie" front organizations in the Hearst press. While Harry Bridges, the head of the I.L.A., was a Communist Party member, the number of Communists in his union and others was small. Still, a highly efficient "Red Terror" campaign frightened liberal unionists, and broke the General Strike.

Olsen published two essays chronicling her involvement in this event. "Thousand-Dollar Vagrant" appeared in ***The New Republic*** one week after Cantwell's letter. Prefaced by the statement that "it was Lincoln Steffens who commanded me to write this story," Olsen's first person narrative outlines how she was rounded up along with "Billy, Jack and Dave" by five "bulls" who beat up the men, slandered the Communist Party and ultimately took her to jail. There, she gave a false name – Teresa Landale – and address to protect her family. On discovering the phony address, the police booked her on a vagrancy charge and set bail at $1000.

"Thousand-Dollar Vagrant" demonstrates Olsen's attitude. The pose she

strikes is that of the wronged innocent, one merely "guilty by association." She asserts that no evidence was adduced proving that she was a Communist Party member and tells the judge that she had no leanings toward Communism until she was arrested. (Of course, she had long been a member of the Young Communist League.) "The Strike," Olsen's second essay on the San Francisco labor scene, appeared in the September/October issue of ***Partisan Review.*** It is at once more political and more poetic than "Thousand-Dollar Vagrant." The bulk of the text summarizes, from the workers' viewpoint, the events leading to the General Strike on July 16th. After a dramatic opening, "Do not ask me to write of the strike and the terror; I am on a battlefield," the essay chronicles the happenings. Ultimately, Olsen reveals that she is *not* "down ... by the battlefield" but sitting "up in headquarters, typing *accounts* of the events," because "this is all I can do, because that is what I am supposed to do." Olsen was both participant and observer.

"The Strike" describes an equally paradoxical fact: economic deprivation and police brutality call forth total brotherhood. "That night ... we League kids came to the meeting in a group, ... we felt ourselves a flame. . . .Spirits of song flaming up from downstairs, answered by us, echoed across the gallery, solidarity weaving us all into one being." Suffering creates a coherent human community.

As in her second poem, knowledge is gained by "trying to read *the lesson* the morning's bodies underneath were writing...." And as in "The Iron Throat," the capitalists are "fat bellies." The essay is imbued with the agony of common men's lives and with a burning zeal for political reform. The following sentence with its chant-like quality typifies Olsen's poetic form and highly political content:

> And the story was the story of any worker's life, of the thousand small deprivations and frustrations suffered, of the courage forged out of the coldness and darkness of poverty, of the determination welded out of the helpless anger scalding the heart, the plodding hours of labor and weariness, of the life, given simply, as it had lived, that the things which he had suffered should not be, must not be...." [Ellipsis in original.]

"The Strike" is a passionately realized account of labor history. Olsen is pulled toward the communal, political world and equally toward the self-absorbed, solitary artist's life:

> If I could go away for a while, if there were time and quiet, perhaps I could do it. All that has happened might resolve into order and sequence, fall into neat patterns of words. I could stumble back into the past and slowly, painfully rear the structure in all its towering magnificence, so that the beauty and heroism, the terror and significance of those days, would enter your heart and sear it forever with the vision.

After repeating the desire to flee from the action, Olsen closes the essay with an apology not unlike that she will offer for her art decades hence:

> Forgive me that the words are feverish and blurred. You see, If I had time, If I could go away. But I write this on a battlefield.
>
> The rest, the General Strike, the terror, arrests and jail, the songs in the night, must be written some other time, must be written later.... But there is so much happening now...." [Ellipsis in original.]

The conclusion aptly predicts her later subject matter, for "the terror, arrests and jail, the songs in the night" are the topics she *will* transform into the searing vision of "Tell Me a Riddle." And her point of view, there, will have been pre-figured in the beginning of this essay – an almost Yeatsian view in which beauty and terror occur simultaneously.

"The Strike" was the last publication of Olsen's first period. The October/November 1935 issue of ***The Anvil: The Proletariat Fiction Magazine*** carried an announcement that "Skeleton Children," a novelette by Tillie Lerner, will appear in the next edition. But there was no next edition; ***The Anvil*** merged with ***Partisan Review*** and "Skeleton Children" never appeared (except perhaps as the first part of Chapter Five of the later ***Yonnondio).***

In 1936, Tillie Lerner married Jack Olsen. Her "occupation" for the next sixteen or seventeen years was, in her own words, "children and helping to support them." To that end she gave birth to three daughters and re-entered the world of the "common" laborer as waitress, shaker in a laundry, secretary, transcriber in a dairy equipment company, and Kelly "Girl."

Her literary silence was broken between late 1953 and early 1957. In 1954, when her youngest child entered school, she enrolled in a Creative Writing course taught by Arthur Foff at San Francisco State. She was 41; this was the first time she could avail herself of the "privilege" of higher public education. Her partially finished manuscript of "Help Her to Believe" aided her in winning a Stanford University Creative Writing Fellowship for eight months in 1955-56. This award relieved her of the economic necessity of holding down jobs other than running her household and writing. The resultant freedom seems to have triggered the burst of creativity which is evidenced by her writing and publishing "I Stand Here Ironing," "Baptism," "Hey Sailor What Ship" and starting "Tell Me a Riddle." By early 1957, her expressive urges were dammed up again when she had to return to "regular" employment. Another silence closed in; luckily it was broken within two years when in 1959 she was granted a Ford Foundation Grant. This allowed her to finish and publish "Tell Me a Riddle" – and then to collect it, along with the other three stories she had written in the '50's as ***Tell Me a Riddle.***

Each time Olsen reprinted a story, she reworked it. Here the typography

differs; there, words and word orders are switched; elsewhere, entire lines or sections are deleted in one version and reenter in another. That she is a consummate craftsman is confirmed by Richard Scowcroft's comment in the "Preface" to *Stanford Short Stories* (1960): "I remember Tillie Olsen pouring not months but years into an anguished and constant reshaping, reappraising of any story. . . . Mr. X, Mrs. Y. and Mrs. Olsen are Egyptian slaves lashed into subjection to a concept; one wrong stone and they find themselves with a cube instead of a pyramid."

The stories of the second period demonstrate Olsen's maturation. The concerns, the vision of the first period, do not vanish but the emphasis shifts slightly as the author's consciousness becomes increasingly more complex and more correspondingly humane. The monstrous machines of Capitalism – mines, police forces – the "fat bellies" which devour "skeleton children" – no longer loom so large. The dream of brotherhood is tempered by the sense of betrayal and loss, the knowledge that while the ideals of freedom and brotherhood can never be fully realized they do not vanish but continue to live on informing daily existence. Understanding that the human condition is thus paradoxical – riddling – becomes central.

Olsen shifts her gaze from the outer, the public, to the inner, the private sphere. It is in the family that individual growth – physical and intellectual – occurs. Paradoxically, the family both creates and destroys. Endurance, and caring for others so they can endure, becomes significant.

The last three stories in *Riddle* focus on the life of one family. In "Sailor," Lennie and Helen are the parents of three daughters: Jeannie, who is just graduating from junior high; Carol, who is ten; and Allie, who is in first grade. The family lives in San Francisco, a setting that recurs in "Oh Yes," in which the children are several years older (Jeannie is seventeen; Carol, twelve). "Riddle" is set in Los Angeles after Jeannie has become a social worker and focuses on her grandparents, Eva and David.

In all the stories, poverty, hunger, and large families define existence. The struggle for survival is reality for these groups. Each of the first three stories centers around a relationship involving one "despised" person, a minority group member. The first is a mother who believes she emotionally abandoned her daughter; the second is an ageing alcoholic; the third is a black adolescent. Each tale teaches some new paradox of the human condition. Despite her abandonment, the child whom the mother grieves over has "come through." Although the middle-aged drunkard has thrown away his own life, he has heroically saved those of his friends. Regardless of the impossibility of interracial friendship in our divided culture, whites must continue to "care" about blacks. All three stories reiterate Olsen's awareness that the ideal human community is never achieved, but neither is the dream of it destroyed. Affirmation comes in the comprehension of this enigma. The life of the individual and of the race become one. Life is a riddle and understanding this fact is man's only solution; accepting it, he must love.

At the more simple level, the story "Tell Me A Riddle" chronicles the

lives of the Jewish immigrant couple, David and Eva. As she dies of cancer in her seventies, we travel back across their 47 years of marriage, to their youth. The tale opens with the quarrel which has knotted them together for nearly half a century. It is the archetypal Male/Female fight. David has worked hard to maintain his family and now, in his old age, he wishes to retire to his Circle's Haven, where "success [is] not measured by accumulation," where he can be expansive, gregarious. Eva wants "never again to be forced to move to the rhythm of others." Having adapted her life to that of her children, now that they are grown she wishes to do the things *she* chooses. He has lived in the outer, the social world and wishes to continue to do so. She has lived in the isolated world of the home, is not socially adept, and does not wish now to become so. Bitter over her antisocial, unself-fulfilled life, it is symbolically appropriate that she be riddled with cancer.

She wants to die in her own home; he takes her on the cross-country trip *he* has always wanted, and her end comes in one of the cheap "dwelling places of the cast-off old." Yet her death is no defeat. Her energy "rages" against "the passing of the light." She resists going to a hospital and, in the end, has made the rented place a home by having "something of [her] own around her" – a cookie made in the likeness of a little Mexican girl who has just died. With fitting irony, Eva cherishes the *Pan del Muerto*, the "Bread of the Dead," as if it were the staff of life. Silent in life, as she lies dying Eva becomes a "babbler." David, who has always wanted her to be more outgoing, feels betrayed when she speaks now, for there is "nothing of him, of the children, of their intimate life together" – only the public world, "every song, every melody, every word read, heard, and spoken. . . ."

It is precisely in the larger sphere that even greater ironies are compounded. As Eva dies, she begins to repeat those "ideals" of her youth, ideals for which she was imprisoned in Siberia when a girl. She believed in "reason," "justice," "freedom," "the light of humankind," "life-worthy capacities." To this end, she and David left the "world of their youth – dark, ignorant, terrible with hate and disease" and came to America. Here, their children's lives *were* better: they were not hungry, cold, ill, or uneducated. But material improvement coincides with spiritual loss. They lack the "joyous certainty . . . of being one and indivisible with the great of the past, with all that freed [and] ennobled man." It is the old Olsen paradox: the ideal of brotherhood gleams brightest when physical life is at its lowest ebb.

Certainly, Eva's fate is characteristic of many minority persons in this country. In the shtetl, the Jewish village where Eva grew up, woman's place was lower than that of her man's. As Orthodoxy had it, even "in Paradise, woman . . . will be the footstool of [her] husband. . . ." Ironically, Eva's position is no better in America; at least in the coherent culture of the shtetl, woman *did* have a respected place; Judaism valued her contributions. In America, Eva goes without the support of a community which shares her values; nor is she allowed to fulfill her individual needs. Freedom from a religious culture does not bring sexual equality any less human egalitarianism.

At every level, all have betrayed and been betrayed. Lisa, the highborn Tolstoyan who taught Eva to read, abandons her faith in non-violence by trying to kill the traitor who has had her imprisoned; she is executed. Eva's own ideal – to "spill no drop of blood" – has been violated, for her son, Davy, kills and is killed in World War II. More narrowly, she has failed her children: Clara, the eldest daughter, whose place in her heart was usurped by the younger ones; Lennie, whose creativity, like her own, might never come to fruition.

David has betrayed Eva's desire for knowledge, for selfhood. He has coaxed her away from books when she tried to read, and even paraded "the queerness of her for laughter" before others. When he tries to put her in the hospital when she is near her death, she calls him out: "Weakling ... betrayer. All your life you have run." The climactic moment of the story comes as David realizes the extent of his betrayal – and "with it the monstrous shapes of what had actually happened in the century."

He suddenly sees the ideal – "the flame of freedom ... and light of knowledge ..." juxtaposed against the reality of our century's "78,000" dead "in one minute." Here the story turns: up to this moment, hers have been the words out of the past; his, the cynical syllables of the present. Now, as he begs for the "stone" of the idealist's faith, she gives him "day-old bread" – muttering words out of the reality which she has endured. Recognizing the existence of her dream in the world in which they have lived – understanding the paradox of the ideal and the real bound together – David does not betray her further in death.

He neither asks the doctor to stop her medication, nor asks Jeannie to come sit with her. Instead, he lies down in the bed next to hers and takes her hand. The quarrel is over. The "monstrous shapes" of life and death are thus transformed through understanding, through love. As Eva's "poor body" suffers the agony of her final day, Jeannie tells David that her grandmother has gone back "to when she first heard music, a little girl on the road of the village where she was born." "It is a wedding and they dance." This is the last image of the tale. The urge to life appears even in death.

Olsen won the O'Henry Award for ***Riddle*** in 1961. Hereafter, she "worked" more and more inside academe. She was a fellow at the Radcliffe Institute from 1962-64. She was awarded a grant by the National Endowment for the Arts in 1967. She taught at Amherst in 1969-70; at the University of Massachusetts (Boston) in 1970-71; at Stanford in 1972. She was a grantee at the McDowell Colony, a New England retreat for artists, in 1972-73. In 1973 she was the Writer in Residence at M.I.T., and she returned to the University of Massachusetts as Distinguished Visiting Professor in 1973-74.

Although she abandoned neither the family as topic nor paradox as point of view, Olsen's primary interest in her third period may be labeled "reclamation." The two essays she published attempt to explain why artistic talent does not come to fruition – why creativity is "lost." The novella,

"Requa I," treats the rebirth of an adolescent boy after his mother's death. The reissue of Rebecca Harding Davis' ***Life in the Iron Mills*** attempted to redeem that work from the neglect into which it had fallen, and her "Biographical Interpretation" of Davis' life was a similar act of restitution. Finally, with the publication of ***Yonnondio***, she salvaged the novel she began in 1932.

Both essays explore the same topic – the relationship obtaining among creativity, sex and class. "Silences: When Writers Don't Write" examines those "enforced and unnatural silences that are so much a part of the creative life." Olsen deals not with the failure of creativity but (using an image from "Ironing") with its being "clogged and clotted." The natural metaphors reveal her concept of artistic creativity as organic: "the seed strikes stone"; "the soil will not sustain." After examining such periods of abortion among "the very great" – Hardy, Melville, Rimbaud, and Hopkins – she explains her own twenty years' silence. To understand rationally is to reclaim the past.

Among the "very great," she identifies most closely with Melville. Her twenty-year hiatus is surpassed by his "thirty-year night." Her desire for withdrawal is paralleled by Melville's confession to Hawthorne: "the silent grass growing moods in which a man ought always to compose . . . can seldom be mine." The final similarity is that both are wage earners. Melville's cry, "dollars damn me," might equally well have been Olsen's. Lucre is never more filthy than in its relation to creativity. Olsen explains that during the years she did not write, the "world of [her] job" was to blame. Having to be, as she put it, a "part-time" artist was destructive. The young Communist would have pointed a message here. The moral is now left implicit – economic freedom connected, in our society, with class is the single element *most* crucial to creativity. She further explains what is needed for creativity: "wholly surrendered and dedicated lives; time as needed for the work; totality of self." The "part-time" artist must do work *other* than creating.

Important to her feminism is Olsen's insistence that her involvement in a "full extended family life" did not fracture her selfhood. On the contrary, being female and an artist were complementary, not contradictory. Her life fed her art. As a feminist, she explicitly rejects the argument that women's life experience is antithetic to art.

In the final sections of the essay, she discussed two groups for whom both class or sex *have* generally obviated creativity. She describes the proletariat as "mute inglorious Miltons" whose "working hours" are *"all* struggle for existence." So dire are the economic conditions of their lives that most never become literate, can never "come to writing." The facts of the lives of the majority of women are almost as defeating. Unless they are rich enough to have servants, they must "serve" to keep the "daily flow of life" going. Here again is the economic determinant. Further, cultural programming – to "place others' needs first, to feel these needs as their own" robs most women of the totality of selfhood necessary for artistic creativity.

If it seems that Olsen disclaims her similarity with other women and

identifies only with men, in the essay's conclusion she allies herself with the woman writer who has been her model since she was a teenager – Rebecca Harding Davis. The diction with which she describes herself and Davis reveals that the older woman is almost her alter ego: "myself so nearly remaining mute . . ."; "herself . . . so close to remaining mute." Over all, Olsen has it both ways: she identifies with Melville, and equally with Davis. Creativity, she insists, subsumes sexuality.

In "Women Who are Writers in Our Century: One Out of Twelve," Olsen goes even further. Here, humanism entails feminism. Olsen's concept of the "part-self" is connected to Virginia Woolf's notion of the "angel in the house" – that creature who sacrifices her being to the needs of others. Parallel with this figure, Olsen creates that of the "essential angel," the woman who accepts "the physical responsibility for daily living, for the maintenance of life." This provider of sustenance must be a "part-time" writer. Generally, women are the essential angels *and* the angels in the house, part-time, part-self beings; clearly they cannot write.

The women who do write are "survivors." Here Olsen's individual identity as a "despised" person – the pariah who "makes it" *despite* her culture – merges with that of all women. The preeminence she holds rests partially on her being a double underdog (so to speak), damned by her class as well as her sex. Her double endurance further validates her claim that she is not a lesser but an equal artist.

Much of the essay repudiates the concept that subject matter is sex-appropriate. She insists that the traditional distinction between "men's and women's sphere" forces women into "one dimension"; in truth, women are as varied as men. Nor will she buy the idea that woman's "natural subject" is her biological sexuality. This reduction is "false to reality," for it denies those experiences of women's lives which occur "once they get out of bed and up from the childbed." Most importantly, casting women as no more than the "other half" denies them the "capacity to live the whole of human life." This is a crucial step, for Olsen insists that part of women's biological endowment as "human" is the capacity for creativity.

Olsen reconciles feminism and art by insisting that the reality rendered in fiction must mirror the whole of human experience. Proletariat existence is appropriately presented, since it brings "other *human* dimensions, realms" to light. Literature "signifies" because it teaches the complexity of reality. While this is a version of "realism," it is not narrowly "social" but broadly humanistic.

"Requa I," the novella begun in 1962, reflects a similar concern for reclamation. Its primary emphasis falls on "stealthily, secretly, reclaiming . . . broken existences that yet continue" and on the difficult, day-to-day endurances necessary in "having to hold up." The person to be "reclaimed" is an adolescent boy, Stevie, who withdraws from life when his mother dies. His Uncle Wes, who works in a junkyard salvaging usable items, must restore the

boy's will to live. With infinite patience, Wes' "caring" slowly redeems the boy. Ultimately, he will not only endure but also "master" his world.

After this story, Olsen attempts the restitution of Rebecca Harding Davis' reputation. Her "Biographical Interpretation," printed in the reissue of ***Life in the Iron Mills***, reveals that at sixty she still cherishes what she first found at fifteen. She describes Davis' writing "in absolute identification with 'thwarted wasted lives . . . mighty hungers . . . unawakened power,' " "despised love," "circumstances that denied use of capacities; imperfect, self tutored art that could have only odd moments for its doing. . . ."

In her notes, where she justifies the method she uses in the essay, Olsen points out how her life has altered her view: "I have brought to [Davis'] life and work my understanding as writer, as avid reader, as feminist-humanist, as woman." Olsen pictures Davis as torn between the desire for a full sexual and emotional life *and* a full creative intellectual life. We learn that on her visit to New England, the Boston Brahmins found her "intellectually impressive" and "shockingly full-blooded and direct for she observed that 'women feel physical desire for men just as men do for women!'" Davis is neither head nor heart – but both.

Olsen tells us that Davis was also torn by her own need to write as opposed to the needs first of her father, then of her husband and family. Davis' "The Wife's Story" is summarized as "the working [out] of woman's conflict between commitment to other human beings and the need to carry on serious work." Olsen further delineates Davis as "a part-time, part-self" being: "Often there were only exhausted tag ends of herself in tag ends of time left over after the house, Clarke [her husband], the babies, for a book that demanded all her powers, all her concentration."

Davis ultimately "lost her place in the literary world" because she made a conventional marriage and became both the essential angel and the angel in the house. Still, Olsen honors her art, because Davis tried to teach about the working class, tried to record the lives of those human beings "who did the necessary industrial work in the last century."

What is the most significant about the "Biographical Interpretation" is not that it reflects the experiences of one woman – Davis, Olsen – but that it renders the reality of many. "Nothing one says is ever merely personal," writes Doris Lessing. The "real" lives of most women in our time still fit the pattern lined out by this ancestral sister. "Time past *is* time present." Olsen's act of reclamation increases our knowledge of the here-and-now.

Yonnondio: from the Thirties is the latest of Olsen's published works. In "A Note About This Book," Olsen explains this is the novel begun in 1932 and put aside in 1936-37. She claims the book was completely written then – that this version contains "no re-writing, no new writing." Thus the novel's subtitle. What "the older" writer has done is to sift, select and order the hundreds of fragments left by "that long ago young writer." The book assures that the lives of the poor in the '20's will not be forgotten. The title, the epigram, come from Whitman: "Yonnondio! Yonnondio! – unlimned they

disappear;/ . . . A muffled sonorous sound, a wailing word is borne/through the air for a moment,/Then blank and gone and still, and utterly lost." The novel teaches us to see the history of the pre-Depression decade as more than that of Fitzgerald's flappers. It covers two-and-one-half years in the lives of the Holbrook family: Anna and Jim, and their children, Mazie, Will, Jimmie, Ben and finally Baby Bess.

Yonnondio flies off in many directions, not all of which are equally developed or coalesce with the others. To a degree, the book is a *Bildungsroman* trying to trace Mazie's psychosexual growth between age 6½ and 9. At moments, it is a polemic for rebellion. But its most successful strain is its realistic depiction of the squalid conditions in which the unknown of America's working class miraculously endure.

Whether ***Yonnondio*** is viewed as her earliest or her latest completed work, it fully embodies Olsen's vision. The smallest, but the basic political unit – the family – is its focus. There are many children, since poverty breeds ignorance and vetoes medical intervention. People cannot "settle down" but must move in pursuit of their daily bread. Denied education themselves, the parents struggle so that the children may be enlightened. The young suffer limitless mental, emotional and physical privation. Few will know lives less grim than their parents. In the midst of such unrelenting horror, there is a bond of brotherhood. The dream of a day when "a human being [can] be human . . ." is sustained despite man's inhumanity to man. The violent, dirty urban landscape is transformed so that "streets shimmer and are diamond; . . . lamps [are] rayed and haloed." Endurance is changed into affirmation, affirmation lived in acts of love.

Formally, substantively, Olsen's later writing far outdistances the earlier. The dedication of the 1971 volume of ***Best American Short Stories*** to Olsen gives some indication of the esteem properly awarded her artistry. "Requa I" is appropriately republished in this collection. In the passage from it quoted below, Olsen's typical matter and manner coalesce. Echoing Shakespeare – in *his* most riddling play, "Hamlet" – the 20th-century humanist sums up all she is about better than we could:

> *But the known is reaching to him, stealthily, secretly, reclaiming.* Sharp wind breath, fresh from the sea. Skies that are all seasons in one day. Fog rain. *Known weather of his former life.*
>
> Disorder twining with order. The discarded, the broken, the torn from the whole: weathereaten weatherbeaten; mouldering, or waiting for use-need. *Broken existences that yet continue.*
>
> | | | | | | |
> |---|---|---|---|---|---|
> | Hasps | switches | screws | plugs | tubings | drills |
> | Valves | pistons | shears | planes | punchers | sheaves |
> | Clamps | sprockets | coils | bits | braces | dies |
>
> How many shapes and sizes; how various, how cunning in application. Human mastery, human skill. Hard, defined, enduring, they pass through his hands – link to his city life of manmade marvel.

Wes: junking a towed-in car, one hundred pieces out of what had been one. Singing – unconscious, forceful – to match the motor hum as he machines a new edge, rethreads a pipe. Capable, fumbling; exasperated, patient; demanding, easy; uncomprehending, quick, harsh, gentle: *concerned* with him. *The recognizable human bond.*

The habitable known, stealthily, secretly, reclaiming.

The dead things, pulling him into attention, consciousness.

The tasks: coaxing him with trustiworthiness, pliancy, doing as he bids

having to hold up.

"Requa," p. 252

Notes

[1]The following bibliography of Tillie Olsen's publications includes different versions of the same work so that the interested reader may compare them. Abbreviated forms of these titles are used in the body of the essay. The first five entries are signed "T. Lerner."

"I Want You Women Up North to Know." *The Partisan*, 1 (March 1934), 4. [Poem.]

"There is a Lesson."*The Partisan*, 1 (April 1934), 4. [Poem.]

"The Iron Throat." *Partisan Review*, 1 (April-May 1934), 3-9. This is part of the first chapter of the novel *Yonnondio*; the story ends on page 14 of the novel with the words "swell of wonder and awe."

"Thousand-Dollar Vagrant." *New Republic*, 80 (29 August 1934), 67-69. [Autobiographic essay.]

"The Strike." *Partisan Review*, 1 (September-October 1934), 3-9. [Expository essay.] Reprinted in *Years of Protest: A Collection of American Writings of the 1930's*, ed. Leon Salzman. New York: Pegasus, 1967, pp. 138-144.

"Help Her to Believe." *Pacific Spectator*, 10 (Winter 1956), 55-63. [Short story.] Reprinted in *Stanford Short Stories*, ed. W. Stegner and R. Scowcroft. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1956, pp. 34-42. Reprinted as "I Stand Here Ironing" in *Best American Short Stories*, ed. Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1957, pp. 264-271. Reprinted as "I Stand Here Ironing" in *Tell Me a Riddle* (see below).

"Hey Sailor, What Ship." *New Campus Writing No. 2*, ed. Nowland Miller. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1957, pp. 199-213. [Short story.] Reprinted in *Stanford Short Stories*, ed. Stegner and Scowcroft. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1957, pp. 1-21. Reprinted in *Tell Me a Riddle.*

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[2]Much of the factual information in this essay has been generously shared by Tillie Olsen; any erroneous interpretation of the facts is solely our responsibility.

ARTICLES

Freedom is Restraint:

The Pedagogical Problem of Jane Austen

Edward M. White

I first taught a Jane Austen novel about twenty years ago, when I was a teaching assistant in freshman English at Harvard University. After the first class, in which I announced the reading list, one of the pseudo-sophisticated prep school boys came up to complain. "The other sections are reading neat stuff like ***Catcher in the Rye,***" he said, with some condescension. "Why do we have to read *Jane Austen?*" He said the name with a peculiar teen-age sneer, the one reserved for useless relics of the ancient past. I can't remember now what I said to that boy, but I do continue to hear his voice uttering what I take to be a reasonable and legitimate question to ask about any assigned book, though it applies with special force to the Austen novels: why do we have to read this?

Many students' initial negative response to the Austen novels has to do with the air of tea, gentility, and prissiness that – falsely, to be sure – somehow hangs about Jane Austen's name. This antiquated aroma arises in part from the frequent mistaking of the surface of her novels and her life for their substance. The Austen irony, maturity, and value for significant detail also strike students as obsolete – grandmotherly attitudes not worth puzzling through. An even more fundamental part of the negative response has to do with a powerful romantic dislike of restriction, what Lionel Trilling alludes to briefly in his essay on ***Mansfield Park*** as "the fear of imposed constraint."[1]

Trilling comes close to the basic issue, since in writing on ***Mansfield Park*** he has chosen Jane Austen's most extreme vision of the need for restriction. The other Austen novels, while less severe, portray the same kind of world; most casual readers have no less trouble with ***Persuasion***, despite its (overrated) romantic leanings. But, curiously enough, the more "open" novels, such as ***Emma*** or ***Persuasion***, show that Trilling actually understates the situation. The central issue is not "the idea of society as a limiting condition of the individual spirit." It is more outrageous still to the adolescent mood. For Jane Austen, restriction is necessary as a *liberating* condition of the human spirit. For her, the fullest and freest expression of human value comes

out of individual discipline working within the constraints of a tightly structured society.

This complex problem lies at the heart of the pedagogical problem with Jane Austen. The novels resist all the easy answers about the individual and his relation to his world; they are, in this sense, marvelously mature in their understanding of human relationships. Certainly, the childish attitude that freedom is a matter of abolishing restraints gets short shrift from Jane Austen. ***Persuasion's*** severe condemnation of Louisa Margrove, jumping free on the Cobb, is no lighter than ***Mansfield Park's*** harsh view of Maria Bertram, hurting herself by climbing over a concealed fence. In this light, student objections to the Austen novels can be taken as a resistance to growing old before one's time: why, the negative response implies, why should I have to enter into such a grown-up vision of the nature of life before I am ready?

When I consider the "maturity" of the Austen novels, I think of two related but distinct aspects of the Austen vision. The first of these is the approval of limitations, what Maria Bertram in ***Mansfield Park*** calls "restraints and hardships," as not only a necessary condition of life but a valuable and liberating condition of life as well. The second aspect of Austen that I define as "maturity" has to do with her comic style, a difficult irony based on intelligent distinctions. This irony, which is at the opposite pole from the popular indiscriminate cynicism of, say, Kurt Vonnegut, insists that people and their behavior *matter*, even though it is preposterous to expect very much of very many.

If you take yourself very seriously, believe powerfully in progress and social amelioriation, feel that emotional openness is the greatest moral virtue, and fight against restraint of all kinds – are not these the assumptions of most of our students? – then Jane Austen is not only outdated but outrageous.

When we offer ***Emma*** in a fiction class, the problem I have been discussing appears in all its complexity in the first four paragraphs:

> Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable and happy disposition, seemed to unite some of the best blessings of existence; and had lived nearly twenty-one years in the world with very little to distress or vex her.
>
> She was the youngest of the two daughters of a most affectionate, indulgent father, and had, in consequence of her sister's marriage, been mistress of his house from a very early period. Her mother had died too long ago for her to have more than an indistinct remembrance of her caresses, and her place had been supplied by an excellent woman as governess, who had fallen little short of a mother in affection.
>
> Sixteen years had Miss Taylor been in Mr. Woodhouse's family, less as a governess than a friend, very fond of both daughters, but particularly of Emma. Between *them* it was more the intimacy of sisters. Even before

> Miss Taylor had ceased to hold the nominal office of governess, the mildness of her temper had hardly allowed her toimpose any restraint; and the shadow of authority being now long passed away, they had been living together as friend and friend very mutually attached, and Emma doing just what she liked; highly esteeming Miss Taylor's judgment, but directed chiefly by her own.
>
> The real evils indeed of Emma's situation were the power of having rather too much her own way, and a disposition to think a little too well of herself; these were the disadvantages which threatened alloy to her many enjoyments. The danger, however, was at present so unperceived, that they did not by any means rank as misfortunes with her.[1a]

The first paragraph gives us Emma's problems in the guise of her self-satisfaction. She has the valuable personal traits ("handsome," "clever," "a happy disposition") and the necessary social trappings ("rich," "comfortable home") that would *seem* to "unite some of the best blessings of existence." But the narrator lets us see Emma's disadvantages as well; conspicuously lacking from the list of personal traits is any mention of love or any experience with discipline. Without much "to distress or vex her," Emma's chances for development are stunted and hence her freedom is limited.

The problem of the novel is thus set out in the opening paragraph: how is Emma in fact to achieve the "best blessings of existence," when she is allowed to act without restraint? The world of the book is also made clear: full personal fulfillment, including emotional responsiveness, needs to emerge from a victorious struggle with necessary limitations.

The following three paragraphs enforce this problem and this world view, as they provide Emma's background. Her genially idiotic father is described as "most affectionate, indulgent"; all she remembers of her mother are "caresses"; Miss Taylor as governess falls "little short of a mother in affection," but is seriously deficient in the needed maternal discipline. By the time we are told that Miss Taylor's mildness of temper "had hardly allowed her to impose any restraint," we know, if we read with understanding, that this lack of restraint is a serious disadvantage for the young Emma, an "evil" and a "danger" as the narrator ominously calls them later on.

Now, this opening is simply incomprehensible to those for whom restraint is itself one of the greatest evils. What Mark Schorer calls "The Humiliation of Emma Woodhouse," leading to her "beautiful" growth in the moral scheme, is in fact a result of her acceptance of limitation, "her reduction to her proper place in the whole scale of value."[2] What most romantic modern readers take as a falling off, a loss of individuality and vitality, needs to be seen as a gain.

Even Arnold Kettle, who has written the most sensitive Marxist reading of ***Emma***, misses this point. His argument is that ***Emma***, a book about the "extension of human sympathy and understanding," has a serious limitation;

"the limitation and the narrowness of the Hartfield world is the limitation of class society. . . . [Austen's] vision is limited by her unquestioning acceptance of class society." Thus, for Kettle, "the essential moral issue is shelved; and it is, in general, the supreme merit of Jane Austen, that essential moral issues are *not* shelved."[3]

What Kettle, with his overriding concern for social issues, fails to understand is precisely the necessity for limitation in the Austen world. Austen, a contemporary, after all, of Byron and Shelley, selected and created the structured and limited world of her books because that was the world she needed to convey her vision of reality. The essential moral issue for Austen is indeed not "shelved"; Emma's final acceptance of the structures within which she must live leads to her freedom and emotional vitality, to "the best blessings of existence." That Austen has no concern with, or in fact finds it artistically necessary to approve of, social structures offensive to Kettle (and many of us), is quite irrelevant to the issues of the novel. Kettle, of course, is no adolescent, but his reading of the novel is immature; he is so committed to his own world-view that Austen's concept of liberty through structure and limitations is quite foreign to him.

The happy conclusion of ***Emma*** stresses repeatedly just what it is that Emma has achieved. She wins the love of Mr. Knightley, whose staid wisdom offers security and comfort; she will learn to hold her tongue and restrain her imagination; she can bring Mr. Knightley into Hartfield, so as not to inconvenience poor old Mr. Woodhouse. "She was really in danger of becoming too happy for security. – What had she to wish for? Nothing, but to grow more worthy of him, whose intentions and judgment had been ever so superior to her own. Nothing, but that the lessons of her past folly might teach her humility and circumspection in future" (475).

This is very modified rapture, to be sure. But it *is* a happy ending. The best blessings of existence: a secure, comfortable home, with quiet love of an intelligent and sensitive spouse; a life which offers emotional and physical satisfaction precisely because of the sharply defined limitations on emotional and physical freedom. Is that all there is? Well, what more do you want in your mature years?

The contrast between Mr. Knightley and Frank Churchill, Emma's real and pretended lovers, is most obviously a contrast between maturity and youth. As Mr. Knightley comments about Frank's gift of the piano to Jane Fairfax, "That was the act of a very, very young man, one too young to consider whether the inconvenience of it might not very much exceed the pleasure. A boyish scheme, indeed!" (446). Frank is irresponsible, careless and dangerous, both to Jane Fairfax and Emma; only the lucky accident of his sudden inheritance allows his portion of the novel to wind up happily. Mr. Knightley, on the other hand, embodies the positive values of the novel: honesty, sensitivity, restraint, and a clear sense of social reality. Emma (as well as the other Austen heroines) does not marry an older and wiser man because the author needed to express her private father-fixation (as Geoffrey Gorer

absurdly claims[4]), but because the Austen novels are basically about the problem of living maturely in an immature world. The heroines fall in love with and marry men who contain in themselves the values in the books most conducive to happiness. Mr. Knightley has tutored Emma in the control of her imagination and in her place in the social structure; he offers her love without disturbing the peace of senile Mr. Woodhouse. Those looking for romance find *Emma's* conclusion disappointing. (Not to speak of *Mansfield Park*, whose ending Marvin Murdrick wittily deplores: "What imagination will not quail before the thought of a Saturday night at the Edmund Bertrams, after the prayer-books have been put away?"[5]) But there is no escaping the plain fact that the Austen novels are grown-up in every way, and hence, inevitably an offense to those devoted to the passions and freedoms of youth.

Of course, freedom through restriction is a major stylistic device for Austen, as well as a major theme. So much has been written about Austen's style during the last two decades that there is no need to elaborate on its force here. One example from *Emma* should suffice. Here is Emma reacting to Mr. Knightley's proposal of marriage:

> While he spoke, Emma's mind was most busy, and, with all the wonderful velocity of thought, had been able – and yet without losing a word – to catch and comprehend the exact truth of the whole; to see that Harriet's hopes had been entirely groundless, a mistake, a delusion, as complete a delusion as any of her own – that Harriet was nothing; that she was every thing herself; that what she had been saying relative to Harriet had been all taken as the language of her own feelings; and that her agitation, her doubts, her reluctance, her discouragement, had been all received as discouragement from herself. – And not only was there time for these convictions, with all their glow of attendant happiness; there was time also to rejoice that Harriet's secret had not escaped her, and to resolve that it need not and should not. – It was all the service she could now render her poor friend; for as to any of that heroism of sentiment which might have prompted her to entreat him to transfer his affection from herself to Harriet, as infinitely the most worthy of the two – or even the more simple sublimity of resolving to refuse him at once and for ever, without vouchsafing any motive, because he could not marry them both, Emma had it not. She felt for Harriet, with pain and with contrition; but no flight of generosity run mad, opposing all that could be probable or reasonable, entered her brain. She had led her friend astray, and it would be a reproach to her for ever; but her judgment was as strong as her feelings, and as strong as it had ever been before, in reprobating any such alliance for him, as most unequal and degrading. Her way was clear, though not quite smooth. – She spoke then, on being so entreated. – What did she say? – Just what she ought, of course. A lady always does. (430-31).

We may surmise that Emma is experiencing powerful feelings, receiving this unexpected proposal from the man she has come to love. We are shown none of these emotions; the focus is upon what Emma is *not* feeling, has *not* said. "Her judgment was as strong as her feelings," we are told; Emma's divided spirit has become unified in a restrained grasp of a limited reality. The style, with its quiet ironies, its abstractions, its refusal to convey even Emma's response to the proposal, forces us back to the central issue of the novel. The best blessings of existence are available only to those whose grasp of what is "probable and reasonable" is disciplined and hence sure.

I have used ***Emma*** an an example of the Austen restraint not because it is the most obvious example – surely ***Mansfield Park*** is – but because it is in many ways the least likely example. After all, Emma's charm is in her imagination and her vitality, which contrast sharply with the gabby flatness of Miss Bates, the secretiveness of Jane Fairfax, and the social conniving of Mrs. Elton. Restraint, discipline, and humility come hard to Emma, and she – and we – feel some sense of loss at their gain. But these traits must be gained if Emma is to triumph in her world, and readers must appreciate the meaning of her triumph if that world is to make sense.

So I return to the youthful contemporary reader, limited by his freedom, and disadvantaged by his dislike of restraint. What is he to do with Jane Austen? Probably, if we must be frank, avoid her until he is ready, until he is willing to go through the aging experience that defines a careful reading of an Austen novel. For those who are ready, the Austen world provides an experience of moral complexity and emotional maturity which eventually leads to aesthetic delight. Finally, despite the formalists, Marxists, and Freudians, the major problem in reading Jane Austen is moral; overt moral criticism is the most direct and practical way to help students see the maturity of what is there and why they have such trouble appreciating it.

Notes

[1]*The Opposing Self* (New York: Viking, 1955), pp. 209-10.

[1a]All quotations from *Emma* are from Volume V of the Oxford University Press edition, R. W. Chapman, ed., 1926.

[2]*The Literary Review, 2 (1959), 552.*

[3]"Jane Austen: *Emma,*" *An Introduction to the English Novel*, I (London: Hutchinson, 1951, rev. ed. 1967), pp. 90, 93, 97. The most accessible American edition is in the Perennial Library (New York: Harper and Row, 1968).

[4]"Myth in Jane Austen," *American Imago*, 2 (1941), 197-204.

[5]*Jane Austen: Irony as Defense and Discovery* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1952), p. 179.

The Chagga of Tanzania: Localism and Nationalism

Gloria Lindsey Alibaruho

Some of the information for this article stems from research I conducted while living in the Kilimanjaro region from 1962 to 1964, and it has been updated by brief subsequent visits to the region. Many letters and eyewitness accounts were provided to me by Mrs. V. K. Bryce, then District Education Officer, and her husband. Mr. Tesha, manager of the Kilimanjaro Natives' Cooperative Union, gave me unlimited access to the Chagga Archives and a variety of Chagga Council documents. I am indebted to these people and to Professors George Shepperson and Christopher Frye at the University of Edinburgh for their help.

TANZANIA has long confronted the problem of integrating its various peoples under one national political system. Its peoples are of different ethnic backgrounds and still remain at widely different levels of economic, political and social development. This diversity has caused the government to regard national integration as a special priority. Upon obtaining independence in 1961, the new state of Tanganyika (the official name until the 1964 merger with Zanzibar) inherited an administrative framework which was self-sufficient but in need of further development. Structural reforms were especially needed at the local level, where democratic self-government was still foreign to the majority of citizens. In many regions the tribes had yet to orient their demands and efforts toward a national interest. Effective centralization of power and resources could come slowly, then, and innovations tended to supplement, rather than supplant, the former colonial patterns of administration.[1]

However, Tanganyika's national integration was not the kind of one-way process in which government agencies strive to mobilize recalcitrant factions. On the contrary, as the Chagga tribe aptly illustrates, there were many parallels between local reform and the territory-wide independence movement. The Chagga, because of their prominence among the various tribes,

have always been a crucial group upon whom the central government liked to test its new administrative procedures. Yet the Chagga were also politically skilled and innovative, and their development during the post-World War II period is an instructive example of the relationship between localism with its emphasis on regional concerns and nationalism with an emphasis on the larger territory of the nation/state.

The Chagga are a Bantu-speaking African tribe of about 400,000 who live in northern Tanzania on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro, about 220 miles from the coast. They are a mixture of many other tribal groups, the largest of these being the Kamba, the Taita, and the Masai. It is estimated that the Chagga have lived in this region for 300 or 400 years. The earliest indigenous groups were the many Kamba clans. Immigrants from many tribes came to the mountain region, bringing new skills such as farming, cattle raising, beekeeping, pottery making, and trapping. The diversity of skills enhanced the development of local trading. The Chagga, who lived on the upper slopes, devised an irrigation system to water their crops; this also led to a high population density. Distinct political entities arose, and each group usually controlled an irrigation system of its own. There was often warfare between various Chagga clans.[2]

The Kilimanjaro region, known to the Chagga as *Uchaggani*, or "Chagga nation," was divided into many small chiefdoms, with rivers, streams, or ravines serving as natural boundaries. In the 19th century there were about 28 chiefdoms, each being an independent unit. Many of these were later incorporated, broken up, or reincorporated by warlike chiefs, although the old boundaries and chiefdoms have not been forgotten by the Chagga. The most important chiefdoms, each representing a major section of the mountain, were Machame, Marangu, and Rombo. New balances or coalitions were always in the making, and the history of the chiefdoms is one of assassinations, wars, and Machiavellian intrigues; often there was rivalry among clan members as well as among chiefs.[3]

The Chagga have always experimented with their form of government and shown resourcefulness in improving it. Their tenure on Kilimanjaro represents centuries of political evolution resulting in a system of local government which united the various clans into a cohesive unit. Although modernization, too, was to have its effect, the present-day political institutions in the Kilimanjaro region are based on the old chiefdoms.

The coastal area had been known to the Arabs, Egyptians, Portuguese, and Chinese for centuries, but, except for the Arabs, none made definite settlements there until about the 15th century. Arabs were the first and most influential of early settlers, occupying coastal centers, including Zanzibar, where they carried on the slave trade until the late 19th century. A few sectors of the Kilimanjaro region traded in guns, ivory, cloth, and slaves with these centers during the latter half of the century. In the 1880's, Chief Mandara of Moshi was trading heavily, and he kept Arabs and Swahilis at his court permanently as intermediaries.[4] The advent of German missionaries

during that period, though, was the first outside influence to have a lasting impact on Chagga politics.

THE CHAGGA UNDER GERMAN ADMINISTRATION

In 1884, Karl Peters, a private agent working for German interests, came to Tanganyika to establish spheres of influence. Hoping to persuade his government to assert imperial control over the area, Peters negotiated with several chiefs to surrender their lands to Germany. The resulting contracts covered most of eastern Tanganyika, from Uchagga and Usambara down to Lake Nyasa and the Ruvuma River.[5] It is questionable, however, whether the chiefs understood the full meaning of these contracts. In 1886 the entire region of Tanganyika passed to German control, becoming German East Africa. The region was first administered by the German East Africa Company, and in 1891 it was declared a protectorate by the German government.

During this period, some chiefdoms on Kilimanjaro were, of themselves, diminishing in power and influence, and were being incorporated or overcome by other chiefdoms. Thus strengthened, the more successful of the chiefs stubbornly resisted German rule. The German authority responded by sending expeditions to crush this resistance. Eventually, several attempted rebellions were put down by the German military, but the Germans continued to regard the Chagga as extremely insubordinate.[6] The Chagga ceased their active resistance, but clever chiefs resorted to intrigue to further their own ambitions. A common ploy was token collaboration with the German officials; this enhanced the power of one chiefdom at the expense of another. Chief Marealle I, one of the most powerful and astute Chagga Chiefs, was a master of this tactic, and for nearly 20 years he maneuvered the Germans into carrying out plans he was incapable of accomplishing alone.

The outbreak of World War I put an end to German rule in East Africa. By early 1916, British troops under General Smuts occupied the Kilimanjaro region, including Moshi Town, while the German forces under German Von Lettow-Vorbeck were in a tactical retreat. Von Lettow-Vorbeck, the last German to wield authority over the Chagga, believed he had commanded the complete loyalty of most Africans in the region but, to the last, he mistrusted the Chagga and was suspicious of them.

THE CHAGGA UNDER BRITISH ADMINISTRATION

In 1919 the League of Nations Mandate gave the United Kingdom administrative authority over the region, which was renamed Tanganyika the following year. Sir Horace Byatt was appointed Governor, and Charles Dundas became Secretary of Native Affairs at Moshi, a post he relished because of his interest in the Chagga people whom he felt were very intelligent.[7] During Dundas' term of office there were still 29 independent

chiefdoms in the Kilimanjaro region.[8]

The ensuing 25 years of British rule brought many new opportunities for aspiring chiefs and their supporters. Coffee became an important cash crop. Around 1922, Dundas helped found the Kilimanjaro Native Planters' Association (KNPA), whose purpose was to facilitate cash cropping on a large scale. Sir Donald Cameron, Governor from 1925 to 1931, favored local government and native participation. Toward the end of his term, the KNPA protested on behalf of the Chagga coffee growers in a dispute over discriminatory planting restrictions which favored the European growers in the area. Local opinions were very partisan. The Europeans favored Europeans growing coffee while the Chagga favored their own cause. In addition, various factions within the Chagga developed rivalries, one of which was reflected in the Chagga Council, a branch of the British-introduced Native Authority system, where the conservative chiefs were gradually being replaced by progressive chiefs who had been to school. The traditional rulers began to feel threatened by the KNPA, and a power struggle ensued in which the KNPA became a vehicle to recommend one of these progressive chiefs, Abdiel Shangali, for consideration as Paramount Chief of all the Chagga because he was believed to be sympathetic to the British presence. The other chiefs preferred their own candidate, Petro Itosi Marealle, whom the elders felt to be more legitimate as the direct descendant of Marealle I.

In 1931, after various attempts to satisfy both African and European growers' interests, the government assumed full regulatory control over the coffee associations. To the Chagga, this meant a probable drop in the market price of their coffee crop and, furthermore, they resented the European growers' rights being made equal to African growers' rights. The following year, the KNPA was reconstituted as a cooperative, the Kilimanjaro Natives' Cooperative Union (KNCU), and the government appointed a European as its manager.[9] The KNCU, by helping to assure a definite volume and quality of coffee production, could provide its members with a more definite market for their crops. However, the crucial issue was who would actually control the KNCU's operations. Its management sought unsuccessfully to require all growers to market their coffee through the union, and disputes soon arose over the implications of various KNCU proposals.

The Chagga had come to suspect the colonial government's favoritism toward European growers, although the government believed itself – somewhat naively – to be an ally of the Chagga. At the same time, the conservative chiefs in the Council were becoming more jealous and hostile toward the new union. The government decided to intervene by way of the Native Authority. An ordinance was passed, giving the Chagga Council the authority to require all Chagga to market their coffee through the KNCU; this ordinance became known as the "Chagga Rule." The conservative chiefs, who were still a majority of the Council membership, were now enabled to exercise some much-coveted power over the progressives. The colonial territorial government openly encouraged Chief Shangali to exert his own

influence in controlling the dissidence. By 1935, the antagonisms had worsened. Prices had fallen, European officials of the KNCU were enjoying higher salaries than African officials, and Chief Shangali was taking punitive measures against the KNCU's critics. A year later, 32 Chagga resigned from the union and filed suit to contest the Chagga Rule and its compulsory regulations pertaining to the planting and care of coffee. Judgment was delayed for another year, and in the meantime many well-respected Chagga had been fined, imprisoned, or deported for their opposition to the KNCU. The territorial legislature was willing to consider a proposed amendment to the Chagga Rule, but pressure by European growers caused the amendment to be dropped.

The Chagga were now convinced that the government supported European interests over African interests. In 1937, rioting broke out in Moshi, requiring British troops for the restoration of order.

After the ensuing arrests and deportations, it became clear that the cooperative movement in British Colonial Africa had failed. The Colonial government had mishandled its own authority, and local rivalries between conservatives and progressives had limited the representatives and benefits of the movement. The issues related to the movement had served to organize and mobilize the Chagga people. The issues were ones of power: whether conservative or progressive Chagga factions were going to hold the balance of power and therefore speak for the Chagga people to the colonial government and direct affairs in the region.

While these two factions were delineated by issues such as their relative interest in local affairs or territorial affairs, the majority of Chagga still displayed little interest in any wider territorial issue except as it affected their particular tribe.

The years from 1930 to 1945 saw gradual changes in the Council. Although the older chiefs remained the most powerful figures, the newer Council members brought a fresh outlook to the role of Native Authority. From the coffee dispute onward, the newer members were unwilling to heed a chief's suggestions simply *because* he was a chief. While the chiefs had never held absolute authority, their powers were now being distinctly challenged. Even with the recent consolidation into 19 chiefdoms, there were still too many equally powerful chiefs on the Council. Progressives viewed the situation as an opportunity to reform the Native Authority. During the early 1930's, they unsuccessfully promoted the comparatively progressive Petro Itosi Marealle as a candidate for Paramount Chief. Nevertheless, they persisted in their attempt to institute popular reforms, although these reforms were often based on past rivalries. The progressives did not yet wield enough power to bring about their desired reforms.[10]

LOCAL REFORMS AND CHAGGA INVOLVEMENT IN THE NATIONALIST MOVEMENT

The post-World War II period brought more prosperity to the Chagga

through increased coffee sales. They could only pocket their new earnings, though, because few consumer goods were available for them to purchase. As part of the government's development program, more schools were built in the Kilimanjaro region. The first task of postwar education in Tanganyika was to

> . . . raise the standard alike of character and efficiency of the bulk of the people, and also to provide for the training of those who are required to fill posts in the administrative and technical services, as well as those who, as chiefs, will occupy positions of exceptional trust and responsibility; and that as resources permit, the door of advance through higher education in Africa be increasingly opened for those who, by character, ability, and temperament, show themselves fitted to profit by such education.[11]

The Chagga were dissatisfied with this policy, because to them it meant that natives would be given limited education which would make them employable as clerks and artisans but not allow them to outgrow the system of indirect rule until everyone else in Tanganyika was also ready to step forward. Encouraged partly by the returning soldiers the Chagga agitated for reforms in their region, (i.e., a more representative selection process for council members in their district so that younger non-royal men could be chosen), but their agitation was not of the scale or intensity of the postwar West Africans, who agitated for self-government after World War II.

In 1947 Tanganyika acquired trusteeship status under the United Nations, and Britain continued to administer the territory. The two Africans, Chiefs Shangali and Makwaia, who had been named to the Legislative Council, actively espoused their people's cause and displayed "a certain amount of dissatisfaction or impatience with existing policies."[12] Their criticisms were echoed by local chiefs. Chief Shangali, complaining that treasury funds were insufficient, asked for more schools, dispensaries, and technical and agricultural training. He was joined by Makwaia, an influential chief from the central region of the territory, in requesting better opportunities for Africans who wished to join the government service at the territorial level. Both Shangali and Makwaia were supporters of the Tanganyikan African Association (TAA), a territory-wide cultural group of educated Africans who lived in urban areas. After 1947, the TAA was to become concerned more with political issues than with cultural interests.

Progressive local leaders like these were beginning to embarrass the government because they threatened the very structure of indirect rule whereby the Europeans retained the power, but governed through the indigenous political structure. The government was careful to point out that the Native Authority was not static and was meant to keep pace with the people's needs, but the government did not seem to believe that the time was

ripe yet to accede to the demands of progressives, notably those in the TAA.[13] At this time, most Chagga were primarily concerned with mountain affairs such as the coffee disputes, and their demands were basically insular in scope, i.e., more schools, health clinics, and roads for the Chagga.[14] The KNCU was running successfully, if not smoothly, and it sent some Chagga to Britain for courses in marketing and management. The progressive Chagga devoted their energies toward reconstituting the Council and ousting the conservatives from positions of power in the tribe. This drive for local reforms led to a regrouping of the chiefdom.

After reorganization, chiefs from the neighboring Pare tribe left the Council where they had been members, and the number of chiefdoms was reduced to 17. The tribal areas on Kilimanjaro were consolidated into three divisions, centered at Machame, Marangu, and Rombo, each being ruled by its divisional chief and divisional council. Each divisional council consisted of a Paramount Chief, a Deputy Chief, several sub-chiefs, and two councillors from each chiefdom or formal segment of a chiefdom; the Paramount Chief named one councillor and the people named the other. There was also a region-wide Chagga Council, made up of the three divisional chiefs, the chiefs' deputies, and one councillor from each of the sub-chiefdoms. A quorum of the Council was empowered to set rules for the people. In the past, sub-chiefs had to have come from within a ruling family, but now the Paramount Chief could look outside his own family for a candidate if no family member was suitable. Appointment was for the period of efficient service, rather than for life; this was to insure that the educated and progressive elements might have opportunities in the new system.

These changes in the traditional hierarchy gave impetus to even more advanced trends in political modernization. 1949 saw the formation of the Kilimanjaro Chagga Citizens' Union (KCCU). The KCCU wanted better popular representation for citizens because, in spite of all the reorganization, the Chagga Council remained a council of chiefs and chiefs' advisors. The KCCU was very effective in placing progressives on the Council, and even had a branch among the Meru, a neighboring tribe fifty miles from Kilimanjaro whom the KCCU had aided in land disputes with the government.

In 1948 the UN sent its first Visiting Mission to observe the administration and progress of the trust territory. The Council responded on both the local and national level by sending the Mission a petition claiming to represent "the Chagga tribe and other Africans." It asked for more education, faster development, and the return of alienated land. Divisional Chief Petro Marealle, a member of the Development Commission, sent the Mission a petition which criticized the government for taking the control of local education out of African hands. Funds from a 10-year old educational development plan for Africans had indeed been allocated to voluntary agency schools, but citizens had no voice in school policy, even though local taxes helped support the schools. Marealle said that very real needs and requests

made by Africans were being ignored, while "the African parent is compelled to accept, to a very large extent, mission education for his children whether he likes it or not."[15] Missionary education was a very sensitive issue with many Chagga, because conversion to Christianity was usually a prerequisite for admission to the school.

The Visiting Mission was "impressed by the high level of the discussions in the Chagga Council or arguments presented, the cooperative attitude during the debate, and the parliamentary procedure which at one point involved the taking of a vote."[16] The Mission concurred with Marealle's criticism and concluded that "the Chagga appeared to be the furthest advanced toward the goal of self-government."[17] The colonial administration, aware of the unrest caused by competition between progressives and conservatives, established a formal policy for the encouragement of self-government:

> The instrument of local government to be arrived at should be the African Council at village, area, and district level. These councils should include, and should normally be based on, the existing native authority. Every effort was made to carry the native authorities forward willingly, but if as had already happened in some parts, the demand for popular representation was strong enough, then the native authority must either bow to the wishes of the people or resign its position.[18]

This policy, welcomed by the progressives, was especially intended to ease the tensions in Kilimanjaro.

The Council's petition had raised the issue of land ownership primarily because their own region, along with that of the Meru tribe in Arusha, contained the largest amount of alienated land (i.e., land taken from tribes and allocated to European farmers and settlers). There were some 250 alienated holdings totalling approximately 183,000 acres in the Arusha district.[19] An Arusha-Moshi Land Commission had been set up in 1946 to look into the problem of land ownership, and its report recommended that much of the ex-enemy land and alienated mission land – which was largely unused – should revert back to Africans. The report also predicted, however, that this approach would not solve all the land problems in the long run. The government favored a return of some ex-German land to Africans, but insisted that "it would not be desirable or practicable for highly improved land and, in particular, sisal [hemp] estates, to go to Africans, as Africans do not possess the experience to operate properties upon which it was necessary that production should continue."[20] The Chagga, however, wanted all ex-German land in their region returned to them, rather than realienated to the Europeans. They were not content with the inferior land on the drier, malarial plain as long as desirable alienated land existed within their region. Recognizing a common cause, the Chagga supported the Meru in land grievances and helped organize the Meru Citizens' Union – a branch of the KCCU – and the Arusha Citizens' Union, all of whom were interested in the

land question.[21] This kind of activity illustrates how national issues, mainly centered around land conditions, began to induce the Chagga to transcend localism even if only on a limited scale. Collaboration between Chagga and Meru helped persuade the Land Commission to recommend the return of 21,000 acres of alienated land to the Chagga. The terms of this settlement were, on the whole, acceptable to the Chagga, although the Meru remained dissatisfied with the terms of their settlement.

Other dissensions within the Chagga persisted, however. Conservative Chagga, who still looked back to their original chiefdoms and traditional boundaries, opposed the regrouping of mountain chiefdoms under one loosely-centralized Chagga administration. Some conservatives insisted that the new divisions were part of the "divide and conquer" technique, while others complained that the chiefs were now nothing more than British civil servants who had gained position at the expense of real power. Although these criticisms were not likely to be heeded, another issue called for attention. By custom, the Council deputies acted as appeal magistrates in the local courts, where the bulk of Chagga litigations were handled. Since these same deputies were also members of the Council, their post combined, in effect, both an executive and a judiciary function. The progressive KCCU opposed this custom, and by the late 1950's had managed to place several of its sympathizers on the Council. The deputies now held only a narrow majority in the Council, and tensions were growing. The KCCU, experimenting with mechanisms for progressive local government, proposed that a Paramount Chief for all the Chagga be popularly elected, and that a constitution be drawn up to define the powers and duties of both Chief and Council. The underlying principle was that the Chief should remain part of the official hierarchy but also have a statesman-like independence. He was to be the symbol of Chagga unity, while his only official function would be to head the tribe and coordinate the activities of the Council. Wielding influence, but not power, he was to be the liaison officer between his people and the government.[22]

The colonial administration in Tanganyika was amenable to this proposal, and the Provincial Commissioner called a public meeting to ask the Chagga to help study alternative forms of local representation for their tribes.[23] The Commissioner pointed out that elected judges are not satisfactory, because they might allow their personal desires for reelection to influence their legal decisions.[24] A year of meetings, conferences, and memoranda followed, with the result that the people preferred great popular representation on the Council, a separation of the judiciary and the executive, and a Paramount Chief. What the progressives wanted most of all was an apparatus – namely a constitution – which would give them access to power; they saw the proposed function for the Paramount Chief as an intermediate step toward a constitution.

After 1951 land was no longer a main concern among the African members of the Legislative Council. As part of a growing Chagga interest in

territorial affairs, Chief Shangali proposed that African chiefs from throughout the territory meet in a special council to discuss solutions to their similar problems (i.e., alienated land, taxes, insufficient educational and medical facilities). The 1948 Visiting Mission had noticed a tendency toward isolation among the various Native Authorities, and Shangali's proposal indicated that the Chagga perspective was now looking beyond the Chagga regime. A memorandum from the Chagga Cultural Association (CCA) to the 1951 Visiting Mission cited the need for greater African representation in the central administration. It asked:

1. That Africans be appointed to the Executive Council and that the Unofficial members thereof be two Africans, one Indian, and one European. That African Unofficial representation in the Legislative Council be elected.
2. That such election of African Members to the Legislative Council be carried out through African Associations, societies, and through Native Authorities. That the Unofficial Members in the Legislative Council be made up in the ratio of four Africans to two Indians to one European.
3. That Provincial Councils be set up in every Province, provided that these Provincial Councils do not interfere with the affairs of Native Authorities absolutely.[25]

These requests were made because a 1951 Committee on Constitutional Development had suggested equal racial representation for Africans, Indians, and Europeans in the Central Legislative Council. The CCA observed that "the seven million Africans of this territory deserve more representation than the 10,000 Asians or 50,000 Europeans"[26]; the CCA also complained about the inadequacy of Tanganyikan schools, racial discrimination in the civil service, and the underdevelopment of the labor force. A broader issue was the apparent shift toward closer union with the neighboring territories of Kenya and Uganda, signalled by the government's 1948 agreement to share in these territories' Common Services plan whereby the three territories would share common transportation, tariff, fisheries agencies, etc. Although services such as transportation would benefit from a more centralized planning, many Africans in Tanganyika sided with the Chagga in opposing the plan which they viewed as a possible inroad through which Europeans would gain eventual power in Tanganyika and dominate it as they had dominated Kenya and South Africa. Similarly, Tanganyikan Africans opposed any extensive collaboration with Central or South Africa, and they rejected the notion of a Federation of East Africa.

The government agreed to set up the redesigned office for Paramount Chief by making it elective rather than an administrative appointment of a representative from a chief family. In addition, there was now to be greater popular representation on the Divisional and Chagga Councils, with three-year

elective terms for all members. The Chagga Council was to appoint, for each division, a Chief Magistrate who would have original and appellate jurisdiction. Opinions had been gathered extensively within the Chagga community, with organizations like the CCA, KCCU, and the Chagga Congress all contributing memoranda. From the outset, progressives like Solomon Eliufoo, a young Chagga activist, had insisted that the matter be discussed by as many people as possible and not just by the Chagga Council. Nominations for office were to be considered at all organizational levels – the Area Chiefs' councils, the Divisional Chiefs' councils, and finally the Chagga Council.[27] This procedure was followed because elections in the modern sense were unfamiliar to most of the people. The final selection of candidates was made by the Chagga Council; the four nominees for the 1952 election were Shangali, Petro Marealle, John Maruma – the Divisional Chiefs – and young Thomas Marealle, who was the paternal nephew of Marealle I. All had aristocratic origins and were fairly young and well-educated. After the month-long campaign, the winner, with 90% of the vote, was Thomas Marealle. As Paramount Chief, he was given the title Marealle II and would thereafter be regarded as "Mshumbue," or "the anointed one." Twining, the current Governor, confirmed Marealle II's installation, saying to the assembled voters:

> the Chief will not rule with wide personal powers as has been the custom in many parts of Africa, but, in accordance with modern practice, the old system will be modified to allow the people more say in the conduct of their own affairs through their various councils.[28]

In taking the oath of office, Marealle II swore to uphold the Chagga constitution and seek the advice and aid of the appointed Councillors. The KCUU was now in full control of the Chagga Council.

In the following years the Chagga prospered, especially from the coffee tax rebates, and spent the additional revenue on schools, services, and a KNCU Commercial College and hostel. Their involvement in local affairs diversified, with many participating in cultural unions as well as in the TAA. Because of such growth, in the territory as well as in the Kilimanjaro region, new institutions were needed to facilitate local unity and territory-wide integration. For this reason Julius Nyerere, a young graduate from Edinburgh, founded the Tanganyika African National Union (TANU), a political party, in 1954. TANU was explicitly activist, calling for independence within 15 years and insisting on African rights, such as proportionate represention in government. The broad appeal of TANU spanned several old interest groups, including the TAA, which it replaced, and the cultural unions, which it tended to incorporate; its ranks were greatly enlarged, of course, by the many new progressives. In Moshi, TANU received support from another new party, the Chagga Congress, the Chagga's own branch of the TAA.[29] The Congress, which had about 300 members, supported TANU but chose to remain

unaffiliated. For the time being, Chagga progressives preferred to concentrate on local integration, while keeping watch for a timely opportunity when they could unite with TANU in a successful drive to reform the constitution and abolish the office of Paramount Chief. Just as the progressives saw TANU as a vehicle to effect change in Kilimanjaro, TANU saw the Chagga situation as an opportunity to remove a basic obstruction to unity and centralization in Tanganyika. Since many of the progressives were members of TANU, Nyerere could ask the Chagga members to aid in both local and national reforms which would prepare the way for eventual independence. By abolishing chieftainships, this action would coincide with TANU's desire for territory-wide elective government.

CONCLUSIONS

The reciprocal influence which took place between TANU and the Chagga was based on several parallel developments. The most basic of these was the perpetual concern of the Chagga people for the adequacy of their political institutions. Coupled with this concern was a keen sense of how power operates. The Chagga were adept at installing rulers and controlling them, while the chiefs, for their part, were skillful in dealing with the pressure of office, not the least of which was the threat posed by rival chiefdoms. The arrival of the Europeans in the 19th century was never to alter this pattern. If anything, the new institutions and practices the Europeans brought served as an enlarged, if oppressive, framework in which the Chagga could apply the seasoned skills of Kilimanjaro politics. Marealle I, in fact, profited greatly from the complicated but unwieldy network the Germans had created in his homeland.

Inevitably, though, the Chagga felt the burden of colonialism. They appreciated the benefits of cash cropping, but only to feel the sting of Depression prices and government regulation. As they raised more coffee, they sought more control over their livelihood and were very attentive to the mechanisms of independence. The British were both instructive and sluggish in providing such mechanisms; the Chagga who had studied in Britain observed self-government in action, although they could not yet practice it when they returned home. Instead, the Chagga readied themselves by improving their own schools, services, and income. The progressives recognized the need for reform of local government and, during the Mandatory era, came to realize that this goal was not separate from the goal of Tanganyikan independence. Cultural unions gave way to political parties, but the nuclei of townsmen so integral to the growth of TANU included Chagga, and they were there to perpetuate Chagga influence. In this, as in all their agitations for change, the Chagga never lost sight of regional needs nor compromised them any more than necessary.

A second important development was the creation of a modified office of Paramount Chief. The government, wishing to preserve indirect rule, while

democratizing the territory, expected to reconcile the differing needs between itself and the people. Marealle II was indeed a viable choice, and the proposed office had the advantage of appealing to both tradition and reform. The Chagga were willing to try this option, but when it proved unacceptable, their opposition was based, among other things, on a similar, renewed desire for change.

Marealle himself had much to do with the meaning of the office. He was a capable leader from the first and could have become a considerable force in the new government. Unfortunately, he had the parochial outlook of a small chief. In his ever-widening functions, this deficit became painfully clear; he lost touch with his people and failed to comprehend the progressivist forces which were infusing the whole territory. He displayed a colonialist taint, and his harsh treatment of his subjects triggered the old jealousies and hatreds which had long been associated with the original office of Paramount Chief.

A third development was the overall modernizing trend which was in progress throughout the territory. This trend was hastened by the Europeans, and it did not depend on the support of any given local group. The Chagga were, characteristically, alert to the changing character of Tanganyika – its economy, its basis of political power, its integration as a territory, and its role as an East African country in an industrial age.

Obviously, the problem for TANU as a nationalizing force was to weave its own goals into the benefits it offered to each local group. The Chagga, of course, would accept both the advantages and duties of party membership only when both served a local purpose. In this regard, TANU's growth was timely, since it occured precisely when local institutions were inadequate and public impatience with them was high. Then, as support for TANU increased in Kilimanjaro, opposition to Marealle and colonialism also increased. The removal of Marealle began as a purely local affair, but it soon involved national concerns because of Marealle's ties to the government and because of TANU's desire to rid the territory of all traditional authority. TANU operated in Kilimanjaro mainly by aiding the Chagga Democratic Party, an unmistakably localist party which nevertheless consisted of progressives sympathetic to TANU's goals.

Thus there was an intricate set of local and national forces at play. The lines of indirect rule often crossed those of Chagga self-interest, and many levels of competition arose for the scarce resources and power in Tanganyika. Even today one would hesitate to say that the majority of the Chagga are truly committed to the national ethos. There are several reasons for doubt: 1) they have continued to oppose any resettlement programs which would require them to leave the mountain; 2) TANU's local self-help projects during the 1960's, successful in other regions, were not a catalyst for further community mobilization in Kilimanjaro; 3) some disaffection has occurred among Chagga, because their customary affluence has been limited by higher taxes and a decrease in spending power, and because the Independent Tanzanian government has asked them to be patient about this; 4) they feel

that this commitment to the Arusha Declaration for socialist change sometimes obliges them to forego their own development in deference to the interests of other sections of the country.

The Chagga, then, still show a certain amount of detachment from a nationalized Tanzania, although they are fiercely nationalistic. While they give no evidence of opposing the products of independence, there seems to be a part of their allegiance which remains uncommitted. They are firmest in their localism, an attitude which is undoubtedly strengthened by their exclusive habitat, and which several generations of external influence have been unable to neutralize.

Notes

[1]Stanley Dryden, *Local Administration in Tanzania* (Nairobi: East African Publishing House, 1968), p. 141.

[2]Chief T.L.M. Marealle, "The Wachagga of Kilimanjaro" in *Tanganyika Notes and Records* 32 (January 1952), 59.

[3]*Ibid.*, p. 58.

[4]See H.H. Johnston, *Kilimanjaro Expedition*, (London: Kegan Paul Co., 1886).

[5]E. Lewin, *The Germans and Africa*, (London: Cassell and Company Ltd., 1915), p. 169.

[6]See *Handbook of German East Africa* (London: H.M. Printers, I.D. 1055), p. 88-9. (N.D.)

[7]Charles Dundas, *African Crossroads*, (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1955), p. 117.

[8]*Ibid.*, p. 122.

[9]*Report by H.M. Government in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland to the Council of the League of Nations on the Administration of Tanganyika Territory for the year 1937* (London: H.M. Stationery Office), p. 206-13. Appendix VI, Colonial 148, 1938.

[10]See Gloria C. Lindsey, "The Political Development of the Chagga Under British Administration 1920-1961," University of Edinburgh, unpublished dissertation 1965, p. 16.

[11]*Educational Policy in Tropical Africa*, CMD. 2374. (London: H.M. Stationery Office, 1925), p. 4, and Lord Hailey, *An African Survey*, Chapter XVIII, (O.U.P. 1938).

[12]U.N. Visiting Mission to Trust Territories in East Africa, *Report on Tanganyika* 1948, 4th Session Supplement 3 (New York), 10.

[13]Ralph A. Austen, "Notes on the Pre-History of TANU" in *Makerere Journal 9*, (1964), 2.

[14]See Lionel Cliffe ed., *One Party Democracy – The 1965 Tanzania General Elections*, (Nairobi: East African Publishing House, 1967).

[15]U.N. *op. cit.*, 1948, p. 207. "Memorandum on the Development of African Education To Be Submitted To The Chairman Of The Development Commission."

[16]U.N. Visiting Mission To Trust Territories in East Africa, – *Report on Tanganyika* 1948, 4th Session, Supplement 3 (New York), 26.

[17]*Ibid.*

[18]"A Survey of Development of Local Government in African Territories Since 1947; III Tanganyika," *Journal of African Administration* (January 1952), p. 14-15.

[19]J.C. Taylor, *The Political Development of Tanganyika* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1963), p. 14.

[20]U.N. 1948, *op cit*, p. 82.

[21]U.N. Visiting Mission to Trust Territories in East Africa, *Report on Tanganyika* 1951, 15th Session, Supplement 3 (New York), 43.

[22]Chagga Trust: Letter of Kilimanjaro Chagga Citizens' Council to Provincial Commissioner dated 12th March, 1951 – Moshi.

[23]Chagga Trust: Minutes of a Conference held at the District Office, 19th February, 1950 – Moshi.

[24]*Ibid.*

[25]See Committee on Constitutional Development Report (Dar es Salaam, 1951).

[26]The population of Europeans and Asians was nearly double that claimed in the "Memorandum" dated 11th September, 1951, by the Chagga Cultural Association and Memorandum (copy) in Chagga Trust: Moshi.

[27]Chagga Council Brochure: *Recent Trends in Chagga Political Development* (Moshi: K.N.C.U. Press, 1955) p. 2.

[28]"Speech by H. E., The Governor at the Installation of the Chagga Chief on 17th January, 1952," in *Recent Trends in Chagga Political Development* (Moshi: K.N.C.U. Press, 1955), p. 6.

[29]George Bennett, "An Outline History of T.A.N.U." *Makerere Journal*, 7 (1962), 16.

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Brown Miller, an English and creative writing instructor at City College of San Francisco, has published extensively in small magazines and chap-books, the most recent of which is *Waters & Shadows.* The Hiroshima poems are from a series of sixty poems which he hopes to publish as a book.

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Bicentennial Celebration of Poetry

San Jose State University and the city of San Jose, California will co-sponsor a Bicentennial Poetry Celebration and a series of Bicentennial Poetry Awards. The celebration will include the following lectures and readings:

February 25, 1976	**An Evening of American Poetry** Presented by the Bay Area Poets and the San Jose State University English Department
March 3, 1976	**Poetry of the American Revolution** Roy Harvey Pearce University of California, San Diego
March 10, 1976	**Poetry of the American Renaissance** Robert H. Woodward San Jose State University
March 17, 1976	**Regionalism and the Effect of Place in American Poetry** William Everson, Artist-in-Residence, University of California, Santa Cruz
March 24, 1976	**Poetry Reading** Howard Nemerov
March 31, 1976	**American Women Poets** Barbara Charlesworth Gelpi and Albert Gelpi Stanford University
April 7, 1976	**Poetry Reading** (To Be Arranged)
April 21, 1976	**American Ethnic Poets** Arnold Rampersad Stanford University
April 28, 1976	**Poetry Reading** Gwendolyn Brooks

May 5, 1976	**Poetry Reading** William Everson
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The above events are open to the public and will be held in the Student Union Ballroom at San Jose State University at 8:15 p.m.

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Awards totaling $1,000 will be offered for outstanding poems exploring American themes. Entries should be limited to 200 lines with four copies of each poem submitted. Please include a title page with the author's name, address and phone number, and the first and last lines of the poem; this information should not appear on the copies of the poem itself.

Entry period:	February 1-March 15, 1976
Mail to:	Bicentennial Poetry Awards Committee Department of English San Jose State University San Jose, California 95192
First Award:	$500.00
Additional Awards:	$500.00 total

Announcement of the awards will be made May 12, 1976 at the final lecture of the Bicentennial Poetry Celebration. *San Jose Studies* will publish the poem receiving the first award in the November 1976 issue (first serial rights reserved). Other entries will be offered to *San Jose Studies* for possible publication. All entries will be returned to authors by June 15, 1976 if they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. (Entries will not be accepted from San Jose State University faculty or *San Jose Studies* editors.)

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The November 1976 issue of *San Jose Studies* will feature articles pertaining to the bicentennials of the United States of America and the city of San Jose, California. Manuscripts from all disciplines will be welcomed and should be submitted to The Editors by May 1, 1976.

San Jose State University will co-sponsor a conference on Interamerican Women Writers to be held April 10 and 11, 1976 at San Jose State University. Inquiries may be addressed to Yvette Miller, *Latin American Literary Review*, Department of Modern Languages, Carnegie-Mellon University, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania 15213 or Celia de Zapata, Department of Foreign Languages, San Jose State University, San Jose, California 95192.

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