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The Bill Casey Award

The Bill Casey Memorial Fund annually awards \$100.00 to the author of the best article, story, or poem appearing in each volume of *San Jose Studies*. Friends and relatives of Bill Casey, a faculty member at San Jose State University from 1962 to 1966, established the fund at his death to encourage creative writing and scholarship. The recipient of each award is selected by the Committee of Trustee of *San Jose Studies*.

The Bill Casey Award in Letters for 1981

has been presented to

Gina Strumwasser

for her article

***"Beauty and the Beast: Seductions from the
Old Testament in Sixteenth Century Netherlands Painting"***

The Committee of Trustees also awarded a one year subscription to *San Jose Studies* to the author of the best work (exclusive of the Bill Casey winner) published in the categories of (1) poetry, (2) fiction, and (3) articles. The 1981 recipients of these awards are:

Poetry	David Citino , whose poetry appeared in February, 1981.
Fiction	Marion Spillman , whose short story, "Dolphins," appeared in May, 1981.
Essay	James Steel Smith , whose article "Memoranda to Politicians concerning the Arts" appeared in November, 1981.

POETRY

Virginia de Araujo

TILLIE'S MOTHER

. . . refused the cup.

Was it an angel's mind pressed it to her lips?
So many before her from the holy list
had taken it, the hemlock, the death wish,
the human counterpart of the serpent's sleep,
but she refused . . .

& untranquilized,
she suffered the throes diagnosed & calendared:
the sharp gripes the years had added up,
the blank mornings of senility, the loss of each
carnal joy, each organ's wealth,
as death came on by degrees.

What helped, during that time . . .

What sustained, during that time of months . . .

What gave her grace, besides the child's touch,
was that her mind went, severed from the flesh
that underwent decay with a sluggard lethargy, one day,
& in a rage of resentment on the next . . .

& songs

learned years before in Russia broke out in four-part harmony,
songs raised at crossroads enthralled the ghosts of villages,
the peasants steeped in their misery, & song bathed
the onion towers of the churches of the starving orthodox,
& penetrated the cellar synagogues of the Jews.

... & horses ran the steppes,
their hooves shattering the ice on the frost-brush,
on the dark rocks igneous-metamorphic-sedimentary
the fording place ...

She had believed in brotherhood,
in Victor Hugo, in the victory of the proletariat,
she had orated from the hayricks on the market days,
& had paid with one year's labor in the prison camps.
From frozen graves they are returned to die again with her:
Lisa, hung; Mitka, shot as he escaped; a solidarity of the dead,
a communion of the saints stands three-deep around her bed,
praying Marx the Evangelist ...

... & Davy's come,
the most trouble of eight daughters & sons,
back from the settling dust of Stuttgart & Berlin;
a son of the flesh must come back & die again
in mother flesh, where life was once ...

It took
a long time to consummate: the ragged term
of her seventy years: small & blue, a bird,
plucked, chill; the glucose of the I.V. in her arm
stalls in the tube; her husband calls to her, Eva, Eve:
Mother of all of us, while her fingers scratch
prophetic measures on the sheets

Women don't write of the life of the mind.
What do women know of the life of the mind? Women are,
beyond all that, seductresses, nurturers, crones; crones,
especially: the ancients who assist at others' deaths,
& then, most rare of deaths, die themselves in the repine
of forgetfulness ...

What are their children or husbands then,
but the drowning sensations of the flesh, the sacrificed.
Women write, not of one hundred years of solitude,
who have not one, but of birth & death, of leaves
falling yellow & infantlike from autumn trees,
& of God's absence when it counts.

CHESS

I—Choosing-Up

He holds two pawns behind his back.
One is me—his sibling underdog.
One is him—feted, arrogant.
“You get to pick” he pounces “which
I get to whip you with: the white
or nigger no-count.”

I strain to see
the first-mover through his flesh:
I want the pawn primed to attack,
not one crippled to begin; the fucker,
not the fucked; and I think . . . Maybe
he’s got his own devil in his right,
the outcast in his left . . . and I
say “Right!” So with a chord from Wagner
Fate appears black-sheep, his Doppelganger.

II—The Opening

P to Q-4. So clear, so clear
this fixed hassle has a fixed outcome:
however, what array of men-at-arms,
what grand dames rampant whose egos clash
on long diagonals (each player projects
his own made Mama-introject)

what crowns!
ivied turrets, stallions aprance
whose majesty recalls the blinding bronze
Leonardo cast to centerpiece the Duke's
piazza bolognese! What plebs, what free
Kamikaze in the ranks! He sucks rose
on ice, the patriarchal PLUS embossed
in gold on his onyx; he says "CHECK!
This is the gist how I despise your life!"

III—End-Game

Deported from Rio, evicted in San Jose,
jailed for picketing Sear's in Burlingame,
married so much the Roman Church
scrapped her contentious edicts in my case;
in shipwrecks thrice, in stripes too often
to keep track;

before the Sanhedrin,
the Welfare, the Women's Dean, cut
cured and cindered like Saint Joan;
lowered in a basket down the walls at Antioch;
in the P.O., my mug-shots the near
companions of warriors', and on Calvary,
dead matter, stigmata my underclothes:
If it is my move, it is Draw,
It it is his move, it is Mate.

LEE

Who fell, who is
memorialized falling & not allowed
by her own friends the crash to wholesome death:
dispersal of flesh to grain & dust, breath
to sea-dew,

 who holds, mid-air, because her friends
(her hostesses) still can't allow the fall could happen
on their place: retaining walls buttresses . . .
What a fault! Who as their guest!
Who rides the wind

Who drank, a lot,
at the private beach picnic where he aware
feelings clustered out in words & the dumb
feelings below feelings clambered into speech
through innuendo,

 as the tainting sulphur gas
rises through water to jar the dark surfaces
in tanks with its mild stink, or the effervescent charge
of rose wine swirls & coats
the glass & pops

Who was not glad,
'specially, about anything, who had
a device could make her fantasies the rule,
had a mind a dark pit of scholarship
for falling into,

who clasping & unclasping hands
would spread the fingers, show the palms: are not the faint
life-lines readable? & had youth & verse,
a repartee pur metric, a heart
that beat erratic

Not fair? to keep
a friend suspended between the unfinished, raw
house & the sea, riding updrafts like a glider,
mute now, mute as the other kinds of gull
& pelican

cawing in the gutters of want
& need over the opaque, blue slick of the deep waves
over the light sedge at the cliff's edge, above the greasy
teal-blue & wine-red ground cover
stuttering in nasturtium

Who was beautiful
more than Ann was, more than Carmen, even:
Ann was stronger with the strength that makes
the mind agile & steady as a hand, the will
brave in misfortune,

Carmen was spirit, couldn't play
long, being an instrument tuned too high, being
strings forever snapping & needing to be replaced
or rewound, except if she stayed
nearby endurance

Who was vocal,
Lee was, when she still spoke, when she
made dissension, when she put up her own
regal fancies as a rival house which would
contain love better

before her house came crashing down
the steep path in a protracted acrobatic tumble sent
the scree flying in arcs that bent pebbles into the Sur
sea, vast, mobile; into the creek
disgorging

Who needs rest now
more than success, more than Carmen, even
who needs to quit wondering whether
it was on purpose, or whether the wine made her feet
slide like palms

on the bedcovers pleading for love
saying how hard it was, how trying the nights & days
how the sea was missing in life, the gorge of the canyon
the sheer waterfall, to which she came:
a long intrusion.

FICTION

The Buried Neighborhood

Gregory Burnham

As If By Daggers

DURING the winter months in a year fifteen-hundred and fifty years after the death of Christ, in a city so close to the sea the incoming tides submerged uninformed pedestrians, I was painstakingly put together by a craftsman older than most, one who carried in his pockets the added burden of arthritic hands, though he would no longer call them his own hands, claiming instead they were attached to the arms and wrists of the baker around the corner. The year is carved into my back, but since I don't communicate with mirrors the most precise I can be is through feeling, and it feels like a one and a five and another five and then I'm not sure. Except for a bearskin bass drum bashed in by a parade of the King's horses the day after it was purchased, I was the last instrument his hands touched before closing up shop for all the years to come. Soon after, a bakery moved in for forty years and then a succession of food vendors because of excessive rent and chronic rat infestation of the white variety. Even though I try not to remember because doing so becomes all I ever do — I remember how precisely his love clamped me together. Such care spoiled me. To this day I do not understand what it means to be mistreated. Even though it became unbearably tight, I withstood the obsession of his vice, hostage for one night in the steel jaws until he released me as promised and relieved me of the humidity by enclosure in a drawer, his fingers forming brittle little circles to grip and pull the knobs; anything tiny was becoming difficult for him to handle. In the last few years his bones had acquired the ability,

secretly and without warning, to scream. They insisted upon warm waters and another coal on the fire. Through his hands I felt all the instruments he had created before me: the smooth moves of flutes, the incisive reasoning of violins and cellos, the fanfare of brass and the throbbing of riotous drums. Sometimes I thought I possessed blood in order to bleed like my owners, and a tongue to speak as they spoke, until realizing it was they that wanted to be like me. Never was my maker displeased by my imperfections, or if he was, his hands hid the truth. You will find I've maintained a soundness of mind throughout my travels, which have been up to this point extensive and weary, for I am played, or should I say plagued, most every day, no matter who holds me. It wasn't that way in the beginning. One day soon after he was finished with me, having finally inserted the fourteen parallel strips of metal to be strummed by agile thumbs, I found myself in the display window. His hands, in the background, wiped themselves free. The next day I was bought, but never taken out of the box, by a spinster for a musically minded marriageable prospect, but she died before the gift was given so I stayed in her attic, in a box with some other purchases of the same day: silk stockings, two jars of something of which I could never quite see the label, and a shiny garden spade which leaned against my left side from the very beginning. Sometimes I hope to return to the silence of the workbench before I was built, even before I was planned, my component parts still living as trees and minerals scattered across the countryside. But if you must have me — go ahead. Be sure to position your fingers correctly for the proper effect or I will be no good for you. First of all place me in a drawer so I can be relieved of the humidity. Keep me awhile and then pass me on. And do not be deceived by such soft history. If you are not careful I will rise beyond my faint percussion and deafen your ears as if by daggers.

To Whom Am I Speaking?

So we gradually change into older versions of ourselves, disintegrate and disperse. But first, in the midst of aging, a ringing telephone interrupted the serving of supper. Someone was calling me through two time zones, through pitch blackness and the tall evergreens surrounding my house. Two thousand miles away exploding the summer air: my mother, except she had become someone else and then my mother, whereas before she was mother only. Our connection was poor; static on the line, a party of conversations butting in somehow at acute, piercing angles, even the tinkling of cocktail glasses and a soft saxophone. Alone with the telephone, I shut myself in the bathroom to better see her face. It seemed, as it always did, she was in the adjacent room, the living room, sitting in the Chippendale chair with the telephone in her lap and when I would suddenly open the door and peek out — there she would be alone after talking with a son on the telephone. Something to do with potatoes

wafted in from the other room; couldn't decide if it was sound or smell. It got mixed up with how I was thinking about my mother. I saw her eyes imbedded in a red spud and sprouting from her wrists were pale roots accustomed only to drawers and closets. An ugly gash through our conversation, not to be confused with the journey of a worm, was perpetrated by the operator imitating an operator while inquiring as to the length of our conversation. Naturally I responded something to the effect it was about two thousand miles long, at which point my mother, surprised by the audacity of west coast operators, said, "Why surely not more than a few minutes," which was just what the operator wanted to hear and so faded into nothing we could perceive. As we continued talking I couldn't prevent myself from imagining jagged wires where the conversation had been severed and reconnected by sources unavailable for comment. I had the sickening, momentary feeling that incredibly enough, we were two people, mother and son, withstanding the bulge of space between us, wires coming out of our ears, mandatory questions traded back and forth. Uncle and Aunt bought a red pick-up. Grandma recovered from ankle fracture. L. and K. having a new dining room window put in. What? Expanding the old one. D. moved to an Indian reservation to teach English. F. Miller and his brain tumor were in church last Sunday; remission, though he never attended regularly before. Funny weather this year. A new boy mows the lawn, another in a long procession circling the big house, concentrically, until arriving at the front door, hand outstretched, expression gassy and green. A. going off to college. The S.'s across the street had a fire in their tool shed: Billy smoking. And so on about so and so until the discharge was complete and I had caught the whole thing in my brain without even trying. And as for my response? I knew my voice sounded unsurprised by the surprise phone call. Not totally disinterested, but just not enthusiastic, as in watching a parade on television. Wasn't at all prepared to receive the stare of my family from back there somewhere. Didn't even ask her how she was. Drew a circle of family around her and omitted the center. Felt sad while the connection was being made. Unexcited by the weather. Not so shattered by grandma's fall. Answering, but not asking much. Hoped the operator would terminate my lethargy by doing what they do with those insidious jacks trailed by tangled wires. Finally hung up the receiver, slipped out of the bathroom door and there she sat in the Chippendale chair, and then dispersed as if by command or prearranged plan. On my dinner plate there rolled around a brown lump impersonating a potato.

It Was Reported Yesterday That

It was reported yesterday by a bespectacled and generally bewildered cubbie reporter aspiring to the national desk of a local rag that the challenger, Governor Belfrage, smiled four times (good naturedly, inde-

cisively, humbly and chagrined), whereas the incumbent, Senator Adams, smiled but twice (optimistically and then realistically), though the young observer was quick to point out that the governor's smiles were toothless (such big lips for a white man), while the incumbent's were so aligned with gold it took an alert technician (in charge of lighting) to reduce the reflective glare. It was also noted the incumbent suffered from a slight overbite (despite childhood orthodontia) and the gap between the governor's two big front runners could be threaded with garden hose. Where this guy gets his facts I don't know. Usually read the other city paper. As far as coughing went, both of them coughed once, while off-camera of course, and their respective expectorations revealed fundamental party platforms. Governor Belfrage produced a very forceful exhalation coupled with aristocratic snuffles, while Senator Adams (on the other nostril) countered with a phlegm of elusive behavior prompted by a hacking cough and prolonged by lack of proper care.

Glasses of water were provided for each podium (and its candidate). Belfrage drank all his and asked for more, but was denied according to a precedent set in 1962. Adams had a small sip at the outset of the program and during a pause in the questioning walked over to Belfrage with the apparent intent of sharing his water. Unfortunately the challenger interpreted the overture as an attack, and so crouched in a retaliatory posture, hands prepared to strike. At that point Adams foolishly flashed the peace sign; nothing enraged Belfrage more than signs of peace.

No hands fingered either candidate's hair, even off the air. They both knew better than that, though it was common knowledge that Adams darkened his on a regular basis and Belfrage supported a hair piece, though it seemed more like two at once. The reporter noted blinking was at an all time low for televised debates, "depending on which channel you watched" (I quote). Belfrage blinked an average of fifteen times per minute, for ninety minutes of debate time, making a total of 1350 blinks, whereas the incumbent Adams finished up with a flurry during the final minutes because of undeterminable causes (though one of his opponent's aides suggested unemployment) and he couldn't help but blink a grand total of over 1600 times, which these days is still considered fluttery in some political circles. Governor Belfrage even winked once off camera to his not so lovely anymore wife in the audience, seated next to her handbag and a Secret Service man named George (Wilson). A photograph of them accompanies the article. Notice how George is thinking of holding her hand.

If hand expressions were any indication, it was reported the incumbent Adams was attempting not only to orchestrate the audience and questioners, but also to levitate them, while challenger Belfrage, smoldering with Christian conviction, was more subtle in his approach, not using hands so much as the frequent resetting of a Bible sized jaw for emphasizing otherwise unsupported statements. At times both candi-

dates tried with such determination to portray themselves as solid men of integrity and statuesque strength, it appeared the camera was freezing them momentarily for the home audience to compare with other images they saw advertised everyday. The incumbent allowed more wrinkles to appear in his forehead and Belfrage's wrinkles manifested themselves in his conversation, leaving his sentences depressed and irregular. At one point it seemed embarrassingly plausible that Belfrage had popped a collar button, though it turned out it was nothing but a fruit fly aiming for a bowl of offcamera bananas. It was not conclusively known whether Belfrage had bananas afterwards or not. Neither candidate had anything to do with his nose, on or off-camera; childhood training at work. The same was true of ears, though once Senator Adams almost touched his left lobe but changed direction within acceptable time and space limitations, only to touch his eye — which wasn't bad in itself, but a speck of dirt or ash or something was retrieved and wiped away on a handkerchief provided by an attentive left hand he didn't know he had. Of course his wife was his right hand.

At one point during the proceedings a peripheral camera revealed the governor clenching his fists behind the podium, beads of sweat forming about his hairline, and a bit of a rainbow could be detected due to the glare of a halogen bulb. (Cub reporters are particularly prone to exaggeration). At the debate's conclusion, Governor Belfrage hurriedly yanked off his microphone and kissed his wife, a pair of romantically embracing silhouettes on national television, while the incumbent stood as fixed as a mule as the credits rolled across the screen. Not wanting to miss his chance, Governor Belfrage decided he too had better look somewhat righteously stubborn in the voter's window, so he returned to his stance behind the podium, but by then the program was off the airwaves, the votes had been cast and so the reporter collected his notes and headed home, his hopes for the national desk — because of accurate reporting —delayed only a matter of years.

Dry Sockets

There arose one night on the horizon, after many slivers of uncertainty, a full suspicion that something peculiar was happening during the blinking of his eyes, though it was not yet considered an emergency for hook and ladder psycho trucks. Blame it on the consumption of chemicals in his food. Blame it on a poverty of eastern religious zeal or the absence of a rainbow across his forehead. When his eyes opened —whatever it was — it disappeared; when they closed it loomed everywhere, thicker than memories. If it had been a case of spontaneous cognition by which he suspected the plot unravelling behind blinking eyes, we would be prone to shrug off the judgment as prematurely hallucinatory, but as it was his suspicions were nurtured for many years. So it was he told no one for ten years about his concentrated studies of the

blinking intervals; however, it was documented he did give the public some of himself from time to time (as would any good citizen). For instance — exposing various parts of his body, particularly arms and legs, depending on the season, during walks in the park or along the beach; and he agreed one afternoon not too long ago to a surprise person-in-the-street interview with a roving and jovial television reporter, broadcast that very afternoon. But on the whole he was not in the public eye; peripheral was more like it, until one day, having recently come to terms with his jugular itinerary, he believed his suspicions could be supported by facts, and so set about formulating procedures by which to do that. During those blinking moments there was a great, sustained movement which vanished when he opened his eyes and strained to see it. It was a movement counter to the direction he was headed. Sometimes he felt he was blinking more than ever and imagined an annual increase until, after only two or three years, the dark revolution would win out and shut his eyes permanently. His days were emptied by gaps in his vision. At fairly consistent intervals throughout his life black horizontal lines blocked out thin slivers of sight. Some say it was no accident but planned that way.

He developed techniques which involved forcing his eyes open before the natural conclusion of a blink and resisting the anxious muscular tension of the eyelid. Later he established such control over his blink-musculature that he could hold open his eyelids for minutes at a time (much like holding one's breath underwater), or if necessary tweezers were effective, the only problem here was the possibility of dropping the tiny tools upon seeing for the first time what he had missed for all those years. So external treatments were generally passed over in favor of internal disciplines to be practiced anytime, anywhere it was necessary. To see behind the black lines dicing his vision into compartments thus far faithfully adjacent to one another was to see nothing but the same old thing, or God. Having become after years of research so bewitched by his own curiosity, so overburdened with chronically blinking eyes of hummingbird frequency and the visions he was permitted to see, he got a quiet job with a local insurance agency, but it didn't work. Nothing worked.

Thrombosis

These messengers do not linger under the willows by the river, although they would like to; they know better than that. Neither do they decide at the last moment what fork in the road to follow. Theirs has been decided. That makes my task easier, a matter of watching their course from a high hill, waiting behind a wide tree as they pass right by and revealing myself to the backs of their heads, my pistols poised to shoot but I never do.

The corners of these messengers' eyes are so sharpened a path is cut

through the woods where they walk. They see most everything ahead of them and to either side and yet are unaware of the trail they leave behind. It would only be fair if I was to take my proper share of their burden, as would any good Samaritan. So it is I threaten with bullets but fire nothing but suggestions, like, "Won't you throw down your satchels?" or "Isn't it a lovely day for lunch together?"

If the truth be known, messengers not only fantasize about lying under the willows by the river, but even write home about it, and thus for a moment these messengers, I can clearly see, are not prepared for Samaritans around every bend, after each blink. Of course I understand! It's just a matter of waiting until they are stronger, after talk of mother's cooking has stopped, when they are fully protected by muscle and wit, dagger and lance, and shadows favor their invisible passage before I slip into the picture they have painted for themselves: an impressionistic pastoral scene with maidens hanging upside down from trees. The canvas will be slashed, these messengers merely pushed aside as bushels of fallen apples. Their destination is always the same: to kneel before the shoes and stockings of the king and queen, for that is all they are allowed to see.

After completing a journey another one must be started within days or these messengers begin to stiffen and become entirely too statuesque for the likes of the townspeople (who say their parks are already filled with too many things that don't move). A number of messages never pass through the forest but end up on the end of my tongue, willing to tell a tale for a price, sell strategic secrets to opposing governments, invest in malicious rumors to divest certain rulers of divine rights, or simply run away with your sister. Furthermore, their utility belts clang out their exact coordinates to anyone who may be in waiting — it almost makes it too easy. Such fun, these opportunities to obstruct the circulation without getting my hands bloody.

These messengers have melons with soft interiors balanced on their shoulders. Thick stems twist them around but never let them down except in time of emergency. Vines connect them all to common ground. What I do is akin to harvesting, just as summer stands brotherly to autumn. The dropping of leaves from trees, frisking emissaries for letters of appeasement from official to official — are not these common cycles of nature? I suggest to these messengers that in order for them to ever again lie under the willows by the river, they had better remove the letters from their boots, set them on the ground beneath small rocks lest they blow away, and backs turned, be gone down the road or I'll fire both barrels. It is in this manner I squeeze the neck of the king.

Summons Of The Intercom Voice

Crackle crackle. Hum ho hum. Don't move. Repeating crackle. You're in a place faith cannot reach. Any scepter is too short. No convenient

exits. Hanging on nails inside the garage are orange life preservers, but they cannot be reached. After extensive travelling, a destination has found you, a place named after you before your arrival, just waiting for the identification papers to blow around the corner. What the city fathers desire from you is a statuesque demeanor during the bronzing process. A plaque has been made, bushes symmetrically planted and fences painted white; a quaint, woodsy setting reserved for your entrance into our little town. Is it not true you have been waiting for us as well? Still all the while travelling — yes! but someone unmoving inside you crouches in anticipation of the preservation we have arranged for you. Don't move. Courtesy of the town council — hot liquid bronze is about to be poured over your head.

There was a before, a time in front of where you find yourself now (as in dominoes), a time when your capacity for orderliness was insatiable, right down to fingernail parings saved in a tiny set of drawers used for spices. At all times it was necessary for you to be aware of where certain things were, if in fact you decided at any particular time to remember where they were. Where did I leave the nail clipper? the piece of paper with the important information on it? Didn't I leave the photograph on the shelf right next to the bookend? And my wallet? my keys? — where are they? This sense of orderliness also extended into the realm of memories. If the need arose to remember something, a person or the name of a book or movie, there was no stopping until the memory was ferreted out and all attention compulsively directed toward the accused. But it was much worse than that. Whatever you did was in preparation — a struggle to keep everything in an arbitrary order — never culmination. Not even peeks over the edge; just postcards of the long drop. Organizing took so much of your time, and there was so much to organize that you forgot what was to happen afterwards, what you were going to do once your notions were all properly inflated, shaped and set into place. In your case the means forever obscures the end. What you think of buries you. Clumsy thoughts cause landslides. It feels as if certain motions of your hands have been waiting for your hands to fulfill those motions. The space around your body feels relieved, as if a pattern has been completed. For a long time certain actions have been waiting patiently, invisibly, for you to give them a person to come from. But don't move ahead — it's the intercom voice that summons you, repeating crackle, awaiting your arrival, competing with you for your obedience. Crackle crackle. Hum ho hum.

Camels

I know little more than nothing about camels, but what I do know was asked of me by an intimidating customs official who wouldn't permit my passage out of the country until the proper answer was provided. I checked the inside pocket of my suit coat for a slip of paper filled with

camel information, but found only a book of matches and a singular metallic green throat lozenge. Maybe one of the back pockets. Nope. And then a realization: I had never been supplied with such a slip of paper. Did camels connect themselves tail to mouth, tail to mouth, or were those giraffes? Someone had failed to fill me in on camels as I was growing up (Mom — I hate you). Someone neglected to slip the three by five notecard into the inside pocket of my suit coat so I could explain my way through blockades (Dad — I hate you). According to the travel brochures, camels were not tourist attractions where I was going. Certainly they were not native to the area, though I could imagine them pulling a sled if it wasn't too cold and the roads had been plowed. It was no use bargaining. I revealed what I knew about sleepy geese and the mating methods of sheep, but camel info, I explained, would take awhile. He said he could wait, and began registering other travellers into the country as if it were a motel with a flashing neon vacancy sign out front. Other people were also stopped by the officials, but the questions put to them were simpler: 'Tell us everything you know about Cooperstown, New York,' or 'List some reasons for United States involvement with World War II,' or 'Name five signers of the Declaration of Independence.' If only I had been so lucky as to stand in their place in line.

In my mind camels have humps. Or are those women? Something to do with storage, but that's probably not right. In my mind camel legs can bend only one way. I think of a hammock hung between palm trees and a Bedouin leading a camel from right to left, courtesy of the National Geographic Society. Somewhere a camel bellows, though it could be I'm hearing another camel. A cigarette comes to mind, followed closely by a pyramid, a woman with a jug on her head and then a silhouetted caravan, a candy bar, an oasis that's not too far. Camels have big satisfied lips and legs like canvas folding chairs. A pool of water can go a long time without having a camel drink from it. Something to do with drainage. But once it has a camel, swirling around its knotty ankles and slurping down its long throat (or is that an elephant?), it doesn't leave him alone until it's had its fill of aloof eyelashes, the aristocratic pout, the snout round like a famous saddle shoe, enough of camel belches and expletives gurgled underwater. If necessary this tiny pool will find other camels, or zebras, to satisfy its occasional desire for four legged creatures.

Camels stink unlike any other creature, which seems reasonable enough to me. Now I'm relying on what I've heard: camels stink more than any other creature. But it was a man who told me this, and this man smelled like a camel. It's hard to get good camel information these days. I once believed camels originated in my imagination. The size of a camel's hump depends on how many men he has trampled. If you have no major credit cards, American motels will accept camels. The camel capital of the world is Cooperstown, New York. More camels have died from lung

cancer this year than any other year. When a tiny pool of water looks into a camel's face — it sees its own rippling reflection. Led by the rope of a travel brochure, a dromedary (a camel in a tuxedo) and a zebra (a camel in drag) ended up in National Geographic, tethered to pages 300, 301, 302, 303, 304 and 305. I'm thinking of another candy bar altogether, something to do with galaxies. I'm thinking of the pyramids some camels might walk by, but these pyramids were built by a civilization other than the Egyptians. The F.B.I. has infiltrated even the most isolated of herds. Or is that horses? Or is that I.B.M.? Soon there will be a movie about camels and you'll find out more. And then a nationwide contest to name the new born camel. It's been done before, unsuccessfully, that is, bringing camels into the home unannounced; it never works out, the children always scare them into admitting they're not the camels I was thinking of at all, but a totally different bunch, and so they beat it out the back door. Maybe occasionally I spot them at the zoo, but if so I don't remember. Camels seem extinct to me now that I've passed into Saskatchewan.

Holiday

Once the first one has been dropped, all others possess immediate political rationale to drop one of their own, and I seem to remember hearing about one being dropped on people years ago. I continue to wonder what happens during an attack, even while an attack is happening. Turning on your radio is supposed to be a good idea. How far underground can I go? Some instincts I just don't have. A voice says go to a shelter five miles away that's already filled, so don't go. So hibernate in the cellar with canned goods and plastic jugs of water; the entire neighborhood buried in separate basements but sharing disbelief at the impatience of the president's finger. The voice says all schools will be closed today; how optimistic. A new state has been instantaneously admitted to the union: emergency. And the voice reminds shoppers there are twenty-three days -til Christmas and there's a sale of plastic garbage bags for the next two weeks at a certain department store nobody has ever heard of, followed by an update on the preparations for next week's city sponsored symphony concert in the park. I will not even hope to be in the twenty percent that survives. In the yard chickens are falling over. A new taste in my mouth. The wind has never been so strong. Perhaps lodged under my left kidney is a self destruct button I've known about for years but never told myself in terms I could understand before this moment. Obviously the radio voice is a tape recording and the real announcer has gone underground. I can hear them burrowing, the scraping knees, the gnashing teeth. Do I want to huddle in a crowded gymnasium and await directions from others who have yet to receive their directions? It is here: that long awaited holiday you thought aloud

would never arrive, but when speaking to yourself late at night you saw it before your eyes as clear as if nothing was there.

We deserve this, this final frenzy, hanging onto the bannister leading into the basement of the church as if it has umbilical connections, shuffling in long, impatient lines leading into short, square basement rooms to escape the thing called air. Some people are actually filling out change of address forms. We are each given a pamphlet of survival techniques as we file, it seems, both forward and backward at the same time. There in the corner stands a big furnace that doesn't work anymore. A voice not much louder than my conscience tells us to sit down, but after his first words I am compelled to find shelter elsewhere. "Welcome back," he smiles as if to reimburse us for the tragedy, "to the Bethany Lutheran bomb shelter. I recognize some of you from my congregation and for others this is a good time to get to know us."

I check with my travel agent, who suggests a shuttle express to the moon, and then her own voice calmly tells me over the telephone that what she is saying right now is a recording, for she too has gone underground for the holiday. I can hear her knees, her teeth, her fingers clawing beneath me. At this point in the attack I am suffering from having too many vulnerable places to go. Is it like this everywhere? More will be dropped like children's blocks. With every detonation vast expanses of memory are shut up and sealed off. And then back to work on Monday morning.

Circuit Breaker

It was a large company that employed him; something to do with newspaper headlines, a palatial lobby of marble, the highest circulation in the city and a colorful history of prejudice. The type of place that had so many employees the conversation often short circuited because of overload. Never in his life had he heard so many unfinished stories. The day after the interview in which he accepted the position, he was standing in the room studying the daily bulletin and upon turning around bumped into a desk that wasn't there a moment before. It had his name on it, prompting an instant elementary school memory: soon the janitor would raise the desk top to make room for his long body. The janitor had a dark brown mole the size of a half dollar on his cheek. His name was Axel Burquist. His boots had big round toes. His voice occurred quite rarely and when it did it was so deep you could feel it in your teeth. Winter nights he'd trudge to his impeccably groomed house and yard and sometimes in summer he'd be pushing a manual grass cutter. He seemed old fashioned in that way — all his neighbors roared and snarled at their grass. When Axel Burquist, dressed in grey khaki with a pipe sticking out of his breast pocket, stood on the gymnasium roof to retrieve the trapped kickballs, he was brave and powerful, with an audience surpassing two hundred upturned heads awaiting the plummet of his rubber thunder-

bolts. For a moment, able to see most of the town and the tops of trees, he had a sweet taste in his mouth, as if a nectar were telling him not only how to fly, but also granting him permission to do so.

So there was the desk, and the new employee sat in the desk as did his fellow employees, thousands of them holding daily bulletins in their hands, placing styrofoam cups of coffee next to their nameplates and turning around to find janitors lurking behind frosted glass doors leading into their past. Typewriters replaced tongues. Memorandums circulated through pneumatic tubes like bullets through his sinus cavities. For the first six months he simply didn't know what was going on: what company he worked for, what city he was in or who his friends were. For the first few months of the year he didn't know what year it was. So many eyes, so many moving bodies executing the exercises of the corridor: turning corners in heavy traffic (calculating what trajectory to take), pushing elevator buttons with either hand or any finger, twisting doorknobs with supple wrists so as not to burst into the room, feeling like a fish with a dorsal briefcase, bent at the waist while catching a quick gurgle of fountain water and then onward with the current. The inside of his stomach was under reconstruction: first filled with stone canals, a jungle, a cliffside dwelling (with sun umbrellas), the churning of the old neighborhood, the slow motion collapse of a city of silk, cumulonimbus punching their way through the intestines. During the first year of employment his digestive tract was an accurate indication of how he felt about the stability of his position with the company. Not a day went by that it didn't change his mind. After a year and a half of indecision he finally forced himself to inquire about the duties of his position. For at least two or three hours a day he had been walking up and down the hallways on every floor, all thirty-five of them, until the time was right to ask his question. He called the entire experience a dream, but that didn't change a thing.

His question echoed in the arches of the building's history. Some say they even heard it across the street in a language different from the one he spoke. Later, an old woman who sat nearby told him he had sounded like her dead husband and she kissed him twice on the same cheek, the same place. A woman his age said he sounded too heroic, but added it was good for the workers because all along they had suffered from a similar ailment of guts. Someone else said he should have kept his mouth shut, and an older man he had never talked to before advised him that now was the time to begin getting away from the two strong men, one at each of his arms, holding and squeezing, leading him away from the desk he had sat in for the past eighteen months. The cubicle of frosted glass that had contained him was refilled even as he was led to another part of the company. His stomach complained of a change in the weather, a split where once before had been a piece of flesh wrapped about the skeleton. Perhaps after all these months he was going to meet a higher official

than the one with whom he was familiar. Surely his outburst was not to be condoned, though he didn't think they would eliminate him so suddenly considering how faithful he had been. But they did. Naturally one of his executioners resembled Axel Burquist, and the final room he entered extended no further than his smoldering nervous system. Once as a child he stuck a skeleton key into an electrical socket and came away with blackened hands. What frightened him most was that the whispering sparks didn't remind him of anything else.

The Buried Neighborhood

Sometimes if you look closely you can see pairs of hands sticking out of the ground above the buried neighborhood — entwined with the exposed roots of prickly bushes, beneath cornerstones of toolsheds, poking up from behind telephone poles and porch pillars, even sprouting among ferns and gently handling the bases of fire hydrants, fondling the trunks of maple saplings and worshipping the legs of statues, or you might find a remote area of a public garden filled with fingers bent in the same direction because of an old man's rake. If you were to come across them at night with a flashlight, they would be closed up, but after a few moments' light a gradual responsive spreading of fingers begins. They proceed hungrily in all directions, growing long and thin, eventually bending downward into the ground where new knuckles are started, and so onward, spreading throughout the garden.

The hands reveal a lot to me: a Polish boy with a complicated last name; the brothers Wallace obsessed with the mechanical universe; a man named Wood and the wind barometer hung outside his front door for more than forty years — a bell that connected all the neighbors' brains when the breeze reached a certain velocity. As to whether these hands have bodies attached beneath ground, I am not concerned; fingers are memory enough. Upon closer inspection of a more concentrated sort it's possible to see the steel tips of television antennas sticking up from the buried houses looming beneath your feet, unless, as some older folks say, the silver stalks are perennial herbs of the residential variety. Small evergreen trees are merely the continuations of those rising out of the buried neighborhood. Sometimes in the winter, in the lowlands by the river, peering through a light surface of snow, you have a very good chance of finding the molded glass insulators fastened to the tops of telephone poles just barely poking up through the banks of the river, usually before the first freeze. It's commonly passed around that in some deep crevices far out of town some explorers found, but cannot raise to the surface, a number of cages filled with bones and skulls. Once in awhile you'll read in the paper about some guy in New Haven, Wisconsin or Grey Bird, Montana, while out hunting one day, stumbling across the dangerously sharp tiptop of a radio tower receiver sticking up out of the past. Surprises him so much the gun discharges, dropping a tree branch.

That very day the park service comes over and massacres the metal needle as if it was just another stump.

If you're a dedicated observer, it's only a matter of months before you begin to see the handle of a frying pan jutting out of some mud under a swingset. And then its three-quarters of a rusty bicycle wheel thrust up in the back parking lot of the Congregational church, pushed up through the gravel. One day you discover the neck of a guitar off to one side of a football field; the handle of a wheelbarrow sticks out from under the garage and the yellow corners of street signs poke through, as do the sharpened fins of automobiles and office building exoskeletons. Smoke from old fires seeps upwards through sewer holes, clings to your skin (and doesn't give in to detergents); no whitewashing of memory, no leaving behind the buried neighborhood.

ARTICLES

Literature in Contemporary American Prison Writings

Emanuel Diel

FOUR previous evaluations or collections of prison writings as literature have been published. The first (1860) was *Prison Books and Their Authors* by Alfred Langford. The second (1946) was *The Great Prisoners: The First Anthology of Literature Written in Prisons*, edited by Isador Abramowitz. The third (1971) was *Books in Stir* by Rudolf Engelbarts. The most recent and comprehensive (1978) was *The Victim as Criminal and Artist: Literature From the American Prison*, by H. Bruce Franklin. My study differs from the others in that it concentrates on contemporary American prison writings (from 1960 onward) published in little magazines and small press books. It is in these obscure journals and books that the bulk of contemporary prison writings can be found.

The history of prison writings goes back at least to the Christian apostle Paul (died c. 67 A.D.), who wrote epistles while a prisoner in Rome. It can be taken back even further if we accept the discourses of Socrates, written down by others, as writings. Much literature of recognized merit has come from writers whose works to some degree reflect their prison or jail experience. John Donne, Miguel de Cervantes, Richard Lovelace, John Bunyan, Ben Jonson, Sir Thomas Malory and Oscar Wilde are but a few. Among Americans, Herman Melville, Henry David Thoreau, O. Henry, Jack London and Robert Lowell fall somewhere on the list.

There are some 345,000 inmates in state and federal prisons in the United States. Many hundreds of them write prose or poetry for various reasons, including "survival," "escape" and to air complaints. Joining them are other hundreds of ex-inmates who write, directly or indirectly, of their prison experience. A tiny fraction of this output, especially that of a sensational nature or from big-name prisoners, becomes available to the general public through the big commercial presses. But a much larger and more representative amount remains virtually hidden in literary or radical magazines or small-press books of limited circulation. Without regard to therapeutic or rehabilitative values, I sought to judge this body of writings on grounds of aesthetic appeal, feeling, imagery, symbolism, language skill, social message and cultural meaning. The ultimate question was, "Is it junk or is it literature?"

This question was addressed by Franklin and Saul Maloff, who wound up at opposite poles. Franklin, a professor of English and American literature at Rutgers University-Newark, regards prison writings as part of a distinctly American literature which began with slave songs and escaped-slave narratives.¹ Maloff, a former professor turned novelist and literary critic, directly challenges Franklin.² After quoting some prison stanzas and conceding that there "are emotions underlying the verses," he says of the writers: "They are not, however, poets, and all of Franklin's pettifoggery and fustian will not make them that." Franklin suggests that prison poetry should be judged not from the elitist view that "poetry is an amenity of refined life," but from the slave or prisoner view that "poetry is first of all a necessity of physical survival, something to be created collectively out of shared experience." But Maloff says, "We can never promote good art by hailing bad art; bad art is not improved to the smallest degree by 'good' messages."

In judging for myself, I asked these questions about each selection I read: Does it interest or please me? Does it reflect or communicate a message from a substantial segment of today's culture? Can I identify with that message? And finally, does it skillfully use symbolism, imagery, allegory? My conclusion was that most of the material ranges from poor to fair. Some of it is junk. But I rated a small portion as good to excellent literature. I gave top billing to six writers whose works I will discuss. They are Nick DiSpaldo, Michael Hogan, Gene Fowler, Etheridge Knight, Ed (Foots) Lipman and Pancho Aguila.

DiSpaldo's beautiful descriptive passages and topical humor are in sharp contrast with his exploration of sordid adolescent experiences. His easy handling of this broad subject range makes him, in my opinion, the best of contemporary inmate and ex-inmate writers of non-fiction prose. Note, for instance, how alliteration enhances description in this study of sunrises and sunsets viewed from an Arizona prison:

I seldom miss a sunrise. The dawn breaks suddenly and seems to shatter the sky in an incredible kaleidoscope of color.

The sunsets are especially scintillating. At dusk, the dying reddish rays mix with the colored cacti and create the illusion that the whole desert is being wrapped in a huge piece of cellophane.³

In the same article, we see more of the lighter side of DiSpoldo as he aims topical humor at Richard Nixon's downfall and sarcasm at the execution of Gary Gilmore in Utah. Discussing Nixon's landslide victory from the hindsight of Watergate, DiSpoldo says: "As he carried 49 out of 50 states in his re-election bid, he has conclusively proven that the whole goddamn country is crazy except Massachusetts." And on Utah's firing-squad fulfillment of Gilmore's suicide wish: "It's not surprising. Utah is the only asylum in the world run by its inmates."

This DiSpoldo of beautiful descriptive language and sarcastic topical humor is capable of a sordid search in the "cesspool" of his adolescent years, expressed in coarser terms:

I searched the cesspool. Coming home from school, unexpectedly in midafternoon, and catching my mother sucking my school-mate's cock on the couch. . . . My mother, numb with drugs, staring at the television until all the programs go off, and then staring at test patterns until dawn, vomiting on her violet robe as I leave for school.⁴

Michael Hogan is my choice for No. 1 among the contemporary inmate and ex-inmate poets. His writings, although unrhymed, are metrical and lyrical. Some cynical anger comes through, but basically he is a gentle poet dealing with hurt, nostalgia and love. Hogan also has written prose, including the short story "The Boxes" published in the little magazine *"Joint" Conference*.⁵ This story is rich in allegory and introduces boxes as a recurring symbol in Hogan's work. The image apparently derives from the fact that he, like other prisoners, kept his letters and meager personal belongings in cardboard boxes in his Arizona cell.

In "The Boxes," the manager of a fictional city, Landsend, decrees that, to discourage thievery, everyone's possessions be limited to what they can keep in two boxes. Most Landsendians, including the manager, easily get by with just one box, although a few rebellious ones put toilet paper and other trivia into a third box to test the law. They are quickly punished, and soon nearly everyone is down to just one box. Then comes the sensational discovery that a Presumptuous Jew has 127 filled boxes, none of which contains trivia. The Jew explains:

I have ten boxes filled with observations on the irregularities of the criminal justice system and feasible plans to improve it. I have ten boxes filled with manuscripts of creative writing that will bring to the people who read them new insights and new ideas. I have five boxes crammed with plans to make money so that my children and I will have the advantage of a good education and a good home. I have twenty boxes full of wonderful books. . . .

The manager, egged on by a crowd shouting obscenities because a Jew “had so many things, so many dreams,” has the Jew put away in a cold underground cell. Soon the Jew is virtually forgotten, except that

occasionally a balding and generally ignored creative writer remarks on his life and writes about the Jew as the last “existential hero” in Landsend. This type of description unfortunately means nothing to this generation of Landsendians who have studied no philosophy. After all, you can only fit so much in two cardboard boxes.

It doesn’t take much insight to realize the Hogan’s allegory is not about limitation of material possessions, not even about repression of Jews, but about narrow-minded strictures on poetry, thoughts and ideas. Note also that if we limit ourselves to two boxes in this sense, we soon will find ourselves content with just one.

Hogan is better known for his poetry, and the box symbol appears in the poem “Sunday” in the same issue of *“Joint” Conference* and in “Fish.”⁶ “Sunday” must have been written with Easter in mind, as it incorporates a resurrection theme:

And here I am in my cell
searching through two cardboard boxes
looking for something to send.
But I have no gift near lovely
as the robin’s egg you offer.

So what can I send you, love?
What can I send?
A box to put it in? White down and straw
to keep it safe?

But if it breaks anyway,
Will you blame me?
Will you forget this night I looked
through both my cardboard boxes,

threw out all the old letters
searching for something to serve?

What can I send you, love?
What can I send?
I am both Thomas and Christ
checking my own ragged wounds,
making sure I'm the right man.

And if I am and you come to me,
can we roll back the stone together?
Can we keep it rolled back forever?

Hogan's imagery is beautiful as he likens the love sent to him from someone outside to a fragile robin's egg and asks how it can be protected in view of their separation. If the love does break, he asks, can they resurrect it by rolling back the stone after he leaves prison? Hogan skillfully accents the resurrection theme by identifying himself both with Christ and "doubting Thomas," who needed to check Christ's wounds before believing that he was the right man and had been truly resurrected (John 20:24-29).

In "Fish," a "kid" entering prison with hair that "falls gently down over one eye" apparently will wind up as the sweetheart of some "big dude." The poem begins and ends with a box which at first is cherished and then forgotten.

The kid's packed the last five months
of his old lady's letters
in a Cherry Tyme box rolled up
in his mattress along with a towel
and now he's moving from the tank
to the A-run scared and winking
at some big dude.

The kid, the poem continues, will tonight be telling his life story to someone on the bottom bunk, possible the same "big dude" he winked at. And finally, the kid becomes a particular kind of fish, a sucker:

In a month the kid will have
a locker full of tailormade clothes, new shoes,
special-pressed blues,
and no room at all for a Cherry Tyme box
with letters from a face he can't remember.

I don't want to leave the impression that the box symbol appears in all, or even most, of Hogan's poetry. He has had several volumes published as well as having works appear in numerous little magazines and anthologies with not a box among them. For example, consider "Another Reason for Loving Mothers," in one of his books, *Rust*.⁷

The two-note call of mothers
for sunburnt children at the beach—
prolonged, high-pitched at the end—
is a bittersweet sound old as time.
A friend wounded by a mortar shell
said the last thing he heard
before the red blazing in his brain
was his mother's desperate call: BOB-EE
and then nothing.

How he struggled through all the weeks of darkness,
running against the tangled bushes of his dying
to be home in time for supper.

Of all the prison poems and prose about executions, one that deserves to be a classic is Ed (Foots) Lipman's "Poem for Rupert Weber, 85 Years Too Late."⁸ Weber, on Aug. 6, 1890, became the first person ever executed by electrocution. Lipman, a San Quentin graduate who died in 1975, seems to be telling the story of a legal fight between Thomas A. Edison and George Westinghouse over which kind of electric chair would be "safer"—one using alternating or direct current. But behind his pretense is a protest against the violence of electrocution and a sardonic contrast of the obscurity of the first man electrocuted to the fame of the winning electrician.

(Thomas Edison & George Westinghouse
had had quite a court battle
over whose electrical inventions
were to be used in killing Rupert.
Westinghouse claimed his Direct Current dynamo
was safer;
Edison said if New York state
would just give him a chance,
he'd prove his Alternating Current device
wouldn't hurt a soul.
Except, of course, Rupert Weber.)

Edison won the court battle. Weber was executed with alternating current, and not very neatly, it turns out. Lipman describes the electric

chair in detail, the shaving of Weber's head for electrical contact and what the thirty witnesses "on wooden benches" saw:

He died proudly,
but not quickly
the first shock of what was supposed to be
2,000 volts
did not kill him,
& the sight of his scorched body
strapped to the chair
bleeding from the face
& all the other things
the body does
as it's treated like that,
made most of the witnesses ill.

According to the poem, six of the witnesses vomited, three fainted, "and the Sheriff of Erie County crawled from the room, to be later found beneath the iron stairs, thrashing like a madman, whining like a beaten dog."

Who was Rupert Weber? His obscurity in contrast to the meticulously detailed fame of Edison is one of the points of the poem:

Rupert Weber
was born sometime before
the middle of the 19th century.
That's about all we know about his beginnings.

(Thomas Edison,
however,
was born in a heavy snowstorm
the morning of February 11, 1847.)

Lipman recites Edison's inventive accomplishments, then points out that Rupert Weber did only two things "that could be called remarkable."

He struck Jenny Johnson
on the head
with an ax
29 times
killing her. . . .

and

The only other remarkable thing
that ever happed to Mr. Weber
was that during the sunny afternoon
of August 6th, 1890,
in Erie County, New York,
he became the first human being, ever,
to be put to deliberate death
by means of electricity.

Lipman's style and verse structure, like those of many prison writers, are unorthodox. But his language is lucid and dramatic. This is literature of protest, the protest being against capital punishment and its discriminatory tendency.

Through history, some inmates wrote before their imprisonment (as well as during and after). Others began writing in prison. Etheridge Knight, who spent six years in Indiana State Prison before being paroled in 1968, is in the latter group. His initial motive was survival—"poetry brought me back to life." But his poetry and prose soon touched upon many of the themes common to prison writers including the recurring view among blacks that they are "imprisoned" in a white society even when not in prison. He is not less forceful, but less bitter or venomous, than some of the others who write on the racism theme. His "The Warden Said to Me the Other Day"⁹ makes the point of being imprisoned in a white society:

The warden said to me the other day
(innocently, I think), Say, etheridge,
why come the black boys don't run off
like the white boys do?
I lowered my jaw and scratched my head
and said (innocently I think), "Well, suh,
I ain't for sure, but I reckon it's cause
we ain't got no wheres to run to."

Note how the poet assumes a subservient pose by slacking his jaw and scratching his head. He carries this further by addressing the warden as "suh." We know that the poet has done this deliberately, and we sense that the warden probably doesn't realize this. In the same volume, Knight also comments on the ultimate subduing of a tough but scarred black prisoner in "Hard Rock Returns to Prison From the Hospital for the Criminal Insane." After all else fails, the prisoner is reduced to idiotic compliance by psychosurgery and electrotherapy. At the start, we see the penalty of being a proud black:

Hard Rock was “known not to take no shit
From nobody,” and he had the scars to prove it;
Split purple lips, lumped ears, welts above
His yellow eyes, and one scar that cut
Across his temple and plowed through a thick
Canopy of kinky hair.

But after the doctors “bored a hole in his head, cut out part of his brain, and shot electricity through the rest,” Hard Rock “wasn’t a mean nigger anymore.” He was an idiot.

Gene Fowler (not the biographer of the same name, 1890-1960), served a term in San Quentin (1954-1959), but does not consider himself a prison writer. Probably he is justified in that view, as he did not start writing until the early 1960s when he “found a place to sit down”¹⁰ in a coffee shop in San Francisco’s Haight-Ashbury district. But I include him in this study because a significant part of his writing, including the long poem *Vivisection*,¹¹ which traces a prison experience from a botched getaway after a crime to eventual approval of parole, is about or influenced by imprisonment. The word “vivisection” is defined as “the cutting of or operation on a living animal” for experimental purposes, especially “if considered to cause distress to the subject.” Fowler’s subject, presumably himself, shares with us distress and fear, along with anger and frustration, as he is put through the various processes of arrest, trial, prison lockup, diagnosis, daily routine, applying for parole, not getting it, applying again, eventually getting it, and finally, fear of rejoining the outside world. Note the search upon entering prison, for example:

“Strip naked. Strip naked. Strip naked.
Strip. . . .” My legs are skinny. I am cold;
I am empty and naked; “What thin
partitions” inside from outside divide?
Will I *implode* or *explode*? Why do you
Search my empty rectum with your Cosmic
Eye?

After a recitation of prison horrors and feelings, a Parole Board hearing:

We sit in a long line
Beneath a frowning future that *hates*
Us. Inside is The Board.
They devour us one by one and spit

Out the chewed carcass that walks
Away with big chunks
Gouged out of it.

They kill us each year; I have been
killed twice before.

Two months passed one month more.
Two months since they told me what prize
I might lose in one minute. A hundred
and twenty nine thousand and six hundred
minutes of terror. Now only forty three
Thousand and two hundred more to sweat.

Finally, word of approval. At first, joy. Then more fear, fear of the
outside:

I AM AFRAID

My bladder runneth over almost. I will die
when I first see that light

I cannot live out there. I AM AFRAID.
I remember four years and nine months ago.
I remember Authority, its face bruised with guilt.

Nicaragua native Pancho Aguila also began writing poetry in Haight-Ashbury (1967) and continued to do so in Soledad and Folsom Prisons. "In my early years of prison, I must admit I was wholeheartedly part of the prison rebellion spirit that led to such incidents as Attica, George Jackson and countless unheard acts of resistance," he says.¹² Aguila stated his basic thesis in "A Prison Bicentennial Address."¹³

It's not that I hate you
Because you command my every move
It's not that I don't love you
Because you man the guntowers
And it's not because
You lock me up at three
Or even because you walk the gunrails
Loaded down with guns.

It's just a thirst within me
That speaks at night
Telling me of freedom
And other good things of life.

That "thirst" for freedom, he goes on, is something so deadly that it causes bombing raids, yet so grand that "it's the silver wings of mankind."

FREEDOM

This is what I'm talking about
This is what I sing
This is what I live for
This is what I'll die for.

Aguila traces the struggle for freedom to slaves, "rebels who shouted to the throne," dissident masses—and always, "an idea so subversive" that "they lock it up & smash it." He clearly views himself as a modern-day freedom fighter, struggling not only against the prison system but also against the social system which locks him up. In "Man Without a Country,"¹⁴ he dreams of smashing his oppressors as in a rock pile:

Somewhere in my convict years
in another universe
I smash them with a hammer
repeatedly—
repeatedly.

The writings I have discussed do more than convey underlying emotions. Fear, love, anger, hate, disgust come through loud and clear. We can identify with these emotions. But we can also imagine ourselves seeing a scintillating sunset from an Arizona prison—and realize that watching sunsets is a way of escape, a way of measuring time. It is more difficult for most of us to visualize our mothers sucking the cocks of our schoolmates, but hopefully we can appreciate that such an experience during a man's adolescence might contribute to antisocial behavior leading to prison. We can imagine the degrading experience of having our empty rectums searched, the sickening horror of seeing a man "fry" in the first-ever execution with electricity. These writings communicate also the fragility of love and family relationships separated by prison bars. They communicate the black feeling of being imprisoned in a white world, the Hispanic revolutionary's yearning for a kind of freedom that goes beyond mere removal of prison walls. They tell us about the poet's resentment at having thoughts and ideas confined to "two cardboard

boxes." These writings have a central message which reflects the culture of a substantial segment of our population, the message that the prison experience and criminal justice system can be discriminatory, degrading and often cruel. In communicating these emotions, thoughts and social messages in language that attracts and pleases us, these writings are "good art." They are literature and deserve wider exposure than they have received.

Notes

¹ H. Bruce Franklin, *The Victim as Criminal and Artist: Literature From the American Prison* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1978).

² Saul Maloff, "Literature Behind Bars," *Commonweal* (June 28, 1978), pp. 276-279.

³ *COSMEP Prison Project Newsletter* (Greenfield Center, NY: Greenfield Review Press, summer 1979), p. 13.

⁴ Nick DiSpaldo, "Reflections of a Vagrant Writer," *The American Microcosm: A National Report Featuring the P.E.N. Winners* (Greenfield Center, NY: Greenfield Review Press, 1978), pp. 107-115.

⁵ Michael Hogan, "The Boxes," *"Joint" Conference No. 6* (Washington, DC, 1976), pp. 7-11.

⁶ Michael Hogan, "Fish," *Do Not Go Gentle* (Tucson, AZ: Blue Moon Press, 1977), p. 37.

⁷ Michael Hogan "Another Reason for Loving Mothers," *Rust* (Goleta, CA: Turkey Press, 1977), p. 12.

⁸ Ed (Foots) Lipman, "Poem for Rupert Weber, 85 Years Too Late," *Second Coming*, Vol. 5, No. 1 (San Francisco, 1977), pp. 110-118.

⁹ Etheridge Knight, "The Warden Said to Me the Other Day," *Black Voices From Prison* (New York: Pathfinder Press, 1970), p. 141.

¹⁰ *Contemporary Authors* (Detroit: Gale Research Co., 1975), Vol. 53-56.

¹¹ Gene Fowler, *Vivisection* (Austin, TX: Thorp Springs Press, 1974). Excerpted in *COSMEP Prison Project Newsletter* (summer 1979), pp. 18-20.

¹² *COSMEP Prison Project Newsletter* (summer 1979), p. 7.

¹³ Pancho Aguila, "A Prison Bicentennial Address," *Dark Smoke* (San Francisco: Second Coming Press, 1977), pp. 1-3.

¹⁴ Pancho Aguila, "Man Without a Country," *COSMEP Prison Project Newsletter* (summer 1979), p. 8.

Lady Warwick: Aristocrat, Socialist, Gardener

Susan Groag Bell

A version of this article was originally presented at the Pacific Coast Conference on British Studies, Mills College, Oakland, April 7, 1978. I would like to thank Linda Popofsky and the staff at Mills College for their efforts which made the occasion a success. I am also grateful to Peter Stansky of Stanford University; to Elizabeth Hess, former Principal of Studley College who encouraged the research; to J.A. Edwards, archivist at the University of Reading, and to R.L. Bell for help with the illustrations.

RECENTLY, intellectual excitement has run high as scholars have begun writing the history of the 51% majority of humankind — women. Study after study has forced us to re-think our notions of the sexes as we encounter the remarkable energy and creativity of comparatively neglected women. In this essay, I examine the life and work of one such person, Frances, Countess of Warwick.

Let us consider her in her prime. In 1897, the year of Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the Countess of Warwick was thirty-six years old. Even for someone as busy as she, it was a year of furious activity. Lady Warwick prepared a book on her most treasured creation, her garden at Easton Lodge in Essex. She suggested to old Joseph Arch, who had founded and had led the first and only Agricultural Labourers' Union of his day, that he write his autobiography; then she edited it. Lady Warwick chaired the conference on "Women's Education in the British Empire" which was part of the Jubilee celebrations; again she edited the *Proceedings*. She personally chaired many of its sessions in the Empress Theatre at Earl's Court. Lady Warwick created a co-educational scientific secondary school for children of agricultural laborers on her estate in Essex. She was pregnant with her second son, Maynard. Finally in 1897, her eight-year-long love affair with Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, came to an end. Most of these activities (except perhaps the last two) were highly original, the products of an exceptionally independent, generous, and happy mind.

Who was this woman who so cavalierly flaunted convention and reached out in so many different directions? Let me first sketch her personal life, then treat her political philosophy and work, and finally link the private and public lives through her garden, and her combination of gardening with women's education.

She was christened Frances Evelyn Maynard in 1861, but to her family, her close friends, her husband and her lovers, she was known as "Daisy" until the day she died in 1938. Daisy Maynard lost her father when she was an infant. *His* father, Viscount Maynard, did much, I suspect, to form her independent and positive attitude toward life. For when he died, he made his three-year-old granddaughter, Daisy, the heir

to his fortune and to his vast and venerable estates including Easton Lodge in Essex. In her autobiography, *Life's Ebb and Flow*, Daisy described the reading of his will at the breakfast table and the furious throwing of pats of butter at her grandfather's portrait by disappointed male members of the family.

Her education was the usual scanty one, thought appropriate for the daughters of the aristocracy of the 60s; but one of her governesses managed to encourage her love of reading and she was given a free run of the family library. Early in her teens she was considered by Victoria's advisors as a possible bride for the youngest prince—Leopold. And so it happened that at the age of sixteen, Daisy spent an afternoon with Disraeli in Angela Burdett-Coutts' box at the theater watching Ellen Terry and Henry Irving's *Hamlet*. The Prime Minister watched Daisy and reported to his Queen that the young heiress would indeed make a most appropriate princess. Though the royal match was carefully cultivated, both by the Queen and by Daisy's mother and stepfather, it came to naught because Daisy and Lord Brooke, the future Earl of Warwick, had already fallen in love.

Daisy, aged nineteen, and Lord Brooke were married in Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey in 1881, in a spectacular ceremony duly reported and pictured in the *Illustrated London News*. Prince Leopold and the Prince of Wales signed the register. The only mishap was that cheering crowds outside the Abbey frightened the horses, which bolted with the lovely old Warwick coach. (See Plates 1,2)

It must be made clear that Daisy was not only rich but also beautiful. Lord Brooke had won a most desirable prize in the English marriage market of the 70s and 80s. Not only did she bring him thirty thousand pounds a year and thousands of acres of valuable land in Essex and Leicestershire, but, in an age where "society" beauties were known and publicly admired, Daisy Maynard was ranked at the very top. Other famous beauties at this time included Jennie Churchill, the American mother of Winston, and Elinor Glyn, who wrote appallingly trashy novels about high society and who inspired the ditty "It's great to sin with Elinor Glyn on a tiger skin." Another was Lilly Langtree, the famous Jersey Lilly, who preceded Daisy in the affections of Edward VII. All of these beautiful women became and remained Daisy's friends. Lady Warwick had no false shame about her looks. Her memoirs are studded with photographs and paintings of "myself," each more flattering than the last, in various poses throughout her life. She unhesitatingly recounts complimentary newspaper and society accounts of her looks and clothes.



Plate 1



Plate 2



Plate 3

Daisy Warwick's beauty and charm were an essential part of her personality. She used them to the full and it would be foolish to ignore them however much one wishes to stress her serious endeavors to improve society. Nor can one ignore the fact that she was a passionate woman who enjoyed the admiration of many men. (See Plate 3) She wrote: "My generation loved, or thought they loved, with a big 'L,' and men and women with strong passions may disregard law and yet remain delightful people. They are charming to begin with, for indeed it would seem that the most lovable ones are the tempters or are the most tempted."¹

Elinor Glyn used Daisy as the model for Lady Tilchester in her novel, *Reflections of Ambrosine (or the Seventh Commandment)*; she described Daisy as follows in her autobiography:

No one who stayed at Easton ever forgot their hostess, and most of the men fell hopelessly in love with her. In my life, spent in so many different countries, and during which I have seen most of the beautiful and famous women of the world, from film stars to queens, I have never seen one who was so completely fascinating as Daisy Warwick. She would sail in from her own wing, carrying her piping bullfinch, her lovely eyes smiling with the merry innocent expression of a Persian kitten Her's was that supreme personal charm which I later described as "IT" because it was quite indefinable, and does not depend upon beauty or wit, although she [Daisy] possessed both in the highest degree.²

H.M. Hyndman, founder of the Social Democratic Federation with whom Daisy allied herself politically later in life, and who took her to a luncheon à quatre with Jean Jaurès and Clemenceau, wrote in 1904: "Jaurès and Clemenceau were both quite swept off their legs by her beauty and her frank, 'bonne camarade' ways. Though 42, as she constantly tells people, she looks 26."³

Lady Warwick's circle of acquaintances and friends reads like a highly original version of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Few interesting names from almost any area are missing, although the Bloomsbury group is a notable exception. She tells wonderful stories of Gladstone tenderly curing his opponent Lord Salisbury's toothache; of Balfour giving *his* opponent Asquith a lesson in bicycle riding; of herself mediating between Asquith and Roseberry who had had a tiff. She had herself photographed with W.G. Grace behind the wicket, and spent a long holiday with Rhodes on his Scottish estate just before he died. A small literary coterie settled on the edge of her Essex estate. It included R.D. Blumenfeld, the editor of the *Daily Express*; S.L. Bensusan, who edited and later ghosted many of her essays; and H.G. Wells who used her as the model for "Lady Homartyn" in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, and with whom she cooperated on some literary and socialist ventures. (See Plate 4)



Plate 4

Her friendships—possibly intimate—included: Douglas Haig, Lord Rosebery, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Lord Curzon. Her three love affairs with Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, with the Prince of Wales, and with Major Joseph Laycock (whom in her own works she “worshipped wildly”) are documented. These affairs began and ended in scandals causing the greatest consternation in royal circles, as, for example, when Lord Beresford and the Prince of Wales nearly came to blows over a passionate letter Daisy had written to Beresford; or when almost bankrupt in 1914, she tried, it is said, unsuccessfully to blackmail King George V for 100,000 pounds as an alternative to publishing his father’s somewhat inane love letters addressing her as “My Darling Daisy Wife.” (See Plate 5)

The scandals were kept out of the British press by the same means as were later troubles with Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson. But the American papers had had much to say about Lady Warwick and her Prince. In 1912 she had already attempted to cope with her financial problems by accepting an invitation for an American lecture tour, which was to pay three hundred pounds per appearance. The first of these lectures took place in Carnegie Hall as a Mt. Holyoke Benefit. The *New York Times* ran an editorial before the tour in which it looked forward to her discussing such topics as “Why I became a socialist,” because as it said, “People will want to satisfy themselves that she really *is* a socialist.”⁴ It also hoped that she would speak on horticulture for women. On the night of her Carnegie Hall lecture, the traffic on 7th Avenue was



Plate 5

brought to a halt for at least half an hour, while “uneasy acres of motor cars in the rain-swept streets around the building testified to the importance of the occasion.”⁵ Excitement was further fired by yet another *New York Times* article which discussed the Countess’ indifference to the conventions of the reign of Victoria, her utter disregard for public opinion, and the Prince of Wales’ predilection for her company.⁶ The title of her lecture was “Personal Recollections of Famous People.” Of course, she disappointed her audience: her recollections were far too tame!

I referred earlier to Daisy as an heiress and a beauty. She kept her good looks, although by 1912, she needed help to mount into the saddle. The socialist author, Margaret Cole, states flatly that Daisy “had grown fat.”⁷ Her fortune, on the other hand, grew lean under the pressing needs of the Warwick and Easton estates. Warwick Castle was extensively repaired and modernized when Lord Brooke and Daisy inherited the Earldom in 1893. Another important drain on her finances was Daisy’s wide-ranging schemes for reform, for which she dipped constantly into her own pocket.

In 1890, at the age of thirty, she already dealt practically with her concern for women and women’s education. She started, at Easton

Lodge, a school for fine needlework for farmers' and laborers' daughters who were too delicate for rough field and house work. The products of their sewing and embroidery were sold in another of her original creations: "Lady Brooke's Depot for the Easton School of Needlework," a shop in Bond Street. This activity scandalized "society" which gossiped about her "taking up trade and serving behind the counter."⁸ Some years later, she founded and financed a well equipped scientific and co-educational secondary boarding school for agricultural laborers in one of the farms on her estate. After ten successful years, this forward looking experiment in education lost its hard won support from the Essex County Council and had to be abandoned. In the 1920s the Chairman of the County Education Committee wrote to Lady Warwick: "If only we had your school now, you were 20 years too soon."⁹ The experiment, which was important from the viewpoints both of social and sexual equality and of improvement in British agriculture had cost Lady Warwick ten thousand pounds.

A third drain on Daisy's finances was her phenomenal extravagance: her horses, her houses, and her splendored house-parties, so well described in Elinor Glyn's novels. Although Lady Warwick's dislike for the inequalities between the upper and lower classes can be traced to her early childhood, it was her lavish extravagance that brought her to socialism which, much to the discomfort of her family, occupied her continuously throughout the last forty years of her life. The specific occasion which made her a socialist in 1895 was her spectacular Warwick housewarming ball in the style of Louis XVI. Daisy herself as Marie Antoinette was dressed in turquoise velvet brocade embroidered with genuine gold-thread fleur-de-lys and roses, diamond tiaras and a head-dress made of tissue-of-gold, with a rivi re of diamonds.¹⁰

It was a time of deep agricultural depression and Daisy prided herself on having given work to hundreds of unemployed laborers by commanding carpentry, cooking, dressmaking and much else in preparation for the ball. It was indeed spoken of as "the event of the winter" by all of "society" and the national press—all but a new and undistinguished socialist paper called *The Clarion*. When Daisy read the editorial, criticizing the excesses of the new Countess of Warwick at a time when poor men and women were starving, she stormed out of the castle leaving her bewildered guests behind and confronted the *Clarion's* editor, Robert Blatchford, in his dingy office in Fleet Street. Both Blatchford and Daisy record this interview in their memoirs, and it is clear that each made a profound impression on the other. She described having sat spellbound for hours listening to this man, who, she says, wore a "garment something between a dressing gown and a lounge coat" which she considered most undistinguished. "He made plain to me the difference between productive and unproductive labour . . . He said that labour used to produce finery was as much wasted as if it were used to dig holes

in the ground and fill them up again.”¹¹ Forgetting to eat, she eventually found her way back to the train and to Warwick. The next day, she ordered “10 pounds worth of books on socialism” and found herself “an old professor of Economics” to explain them.

One of these books was probably William Morris’ *News from Nowhere*, published five years before her visit to Blatchford. She often quoted from it in writing and in her public and political speeches, and she says it had pleased her greatly.¹² Morris’ simple romance, his excitement in the pure joy of life, and his view of the new England as “a garden where nothing is wasted and nothing is spoiled” would have to appeal to her gardening and pleasure loving instincts. As a feminist, she certainly approved of his suggestion that “women do what they can do best, and what they like best, and the men are neither jealous of it, nor injured by it.”¹³ “Being a woman,” Daisy once wrote to W.T. Stead, “and thus cut off from public life, which is open to men—worse luck—one’s power is only in personal influence.”¹⁴ Still, she did not follow Morris slavishly, for she insisted on education and was firm in her commitment to training and professionalism, which she urged as a necessity both for the emancipation of women and of lower class men. She wrote in 1911: “I attach more importance to the *education* of the future woman voter, than to the hastening of the day when we shall be enfranchised.”¹⁵

Lady Warwick studied socialist theory from 1895 onward. For the next ten years she continued her many projects of reform, sat on the Warwick Board of Guardians, worked in her garden, and was in love with her husband, with the Prince of Wales, and with Major Laycock.

In 1905 she made an open political commitment by joining H.M. Hyndman’s Social Democratic Federation, the S.D.F. She now began to speak publicly up and down the country in favor of socialism. Her biographer, Margaret Blunden, astutely explains why the Countess chose the S.D.F. rather than the Independent Labour Party or the Fabians: the Fabians, with Sidney and Beatrice Webb at their head, were too bourgeois, while the I.L.P. was too “chapel,” and would look askance at her sexual reputation.¹⁶ That left Hyndman, whose apocalyptic Marxism and public school manners appealed to her romantic vision and general physical fastidiousness. Hyndman, on the other hand, had an inflated view of the importance of her support and the snob appeal the “Red Countess,” as she soon became known, would bring to his cause.

From 1905 until her death in 1938, the Countess of Warwick was continually occupied with her work for socialism. She spoke at many meetings, during strikes, and elections, as a propagandist. Her book on William Morris, published in 1912, may be considered as part of her work for socialism. In it she emphasized his utopian socialism as a search for beauty—where art, politics, freedom and pleasure in work are inextricably joined as the foundation of a better life for all. It is obvious that his philosophy remained at the root of Daisy’s own ideals and that she was



Plate 6



Plate 7

somewhat bewildered by the realities of Labour politics in which she later found herself enmeshed. (See Plates 6,7)

As "Lord of the Manor," she appointed socialist vicars to parishes in her gift in Essex. One of those she strongly encouraged was the Reverend Conrad Noel, who for thirty years hoisted a red flag in the magnificent

parish church at Thaxted, and who made its ancient Cutler's Guild Hall a renowned music center and a focal point for rural crafts.

She wrote articles for newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets on specific occasions, such as the House of Lords crisis in 1909. Here she claimed that the Labour Party in the House of Commons had betrayed socialism, because they did not stand up to the Liberals. "We don't want to reform the House of Lords—we want to abolish it," proclaimed the wife of the Earl of Warwick, an active peer of the realm.¹⁷ Throughout the First World War, Lady Warwick publicly took the unpopular socialist line that the war was an unnecessary evil, forced by those in power upon the powerless underdogs of *both* sides. In 1916, she fearlessly said so, in a book of essays: *A Woman and the War*. She expressed these opinions despite having two sons on the front lines, and of being a close friend of three English military commanders—Haig, French, and Kitchener.

In 1924 the Labour Party put her up as a parliamentary candidate for the local seat in her Leamington/Warwick constituency. Her Conservative opponent was, of all unlikely people, her son's brother-in-law, the young Anthony Eden. Neither her name, nor her many good works in the area, could touch the entrenched Toryism of this ancient county constituency. She lost by a huge margin.

During her last fifteen years, Lady Warwick spent much time and effort in trying to offer her beloved Easton Lodge, first to the Labour Party, then to the Independent Labour Party, and finally to the Trades Union Congress. Endless correspondence tells the disheartening story of her imaginative hopes for lecture series, study courses, summer schools, restful vacations for party members or miners, or behind-the-scenes political and economic policy meetings. A crucial lack of money for upkeep and the devastating blow of the General Strike of 1926 denuded party and T.U.C. funds, and devastated all the Countess' plans. The puritanical element present to a large extent also gave pause to party leaders, who were tempted to accept the offer. Beatrice Webb, who admired Daisy warmly, recounts in her *Dairy* how, when Easton Lodge was used by the Labour Party on a trial basis, the "luxury of the house, garden and grounds made the more sensitive individuals ill at ease."¹⁸ The fact that Daisy wanted to remain on the premises, living in a small wing of the house, also caused a problem. Her presence, though colorful, sometimes hampered discussions. Fenner Brockway recounts how, during an I.L.P. summer school, she would point out the bed she had shared with King Edward.¹⁹ Margaret Cole describes how "the chatelaine herself with flowing dresses, her tight white curls and her electric smile, wandered in and out of . . . discussion trailing a group of suspicious and snapping Pekingese behind her . . . [Also present were] her peacocks screaming at embarrassed economists and . . . a cuckoo continuously interrupting George Lansbury."²⁰ (But then, perhaps Margaret Cole was no nature lover.)



Plate 8

Finally I come to Daisy's garden. Metaphorically, literally, and practically, the garden was a recurring theme in Lady Warwick's life and thought. It was closely bound to her socialism, her feminism, and her interest in educating and improving the status of agricultural laborers as well as women. She loved to work in the garden herself, and she enjoyed the artistic creativity it inspired. Soon after settling at Easton Lodge at the beginning of her marriage, she began to reclaim the tumbled down part of the estate around a medieval ruin called Stone Hall. (See Plate 8) There, she created a romantic garden of varied parts. It was a friendship garden—in which plants—both trees and flowers represented fifty close friends, including the Prince of Wales, Randolph Churchill, Marie Perugia de Rothschild, her elder sister Louise Sassoon, and the Duchess of Teck. The gifts of plants were memorialized on heart-shaped labels before each plant. The sundial, made out of a yew tree, was surrounded by a box legend which read "Les Heures Heureuses ne se comptent pas" (Happy hours pass unmarked). A "border of sentiment" grew flowers and herbs with old fashioned emblems which were inscribed on pottery-swallow labels: "Balm for sympathy, bluebells for constancy" and so on. There was a rose garden, a rock garden, and a Shakespeare Border containing all the trees, flowers and shrubs mentioned by Shakespeare. These again were labeled by green-brown pottery butterflies with the words of the quotation and the title of the play inscribed on their wings. Daisy herself discovered the material: "It represents the work of many a winter's evening spent in hunting for quotations"²¹ The German architect Muthesius, who was entranced by English houses and gardens of his day, wrote in 1904 that such "Shakespeare gardens" were one of the great delights he had encountered in England. Daisy's Shakespeare garden at Easton was certainly one of the most prominent. (See Plates 9,10)

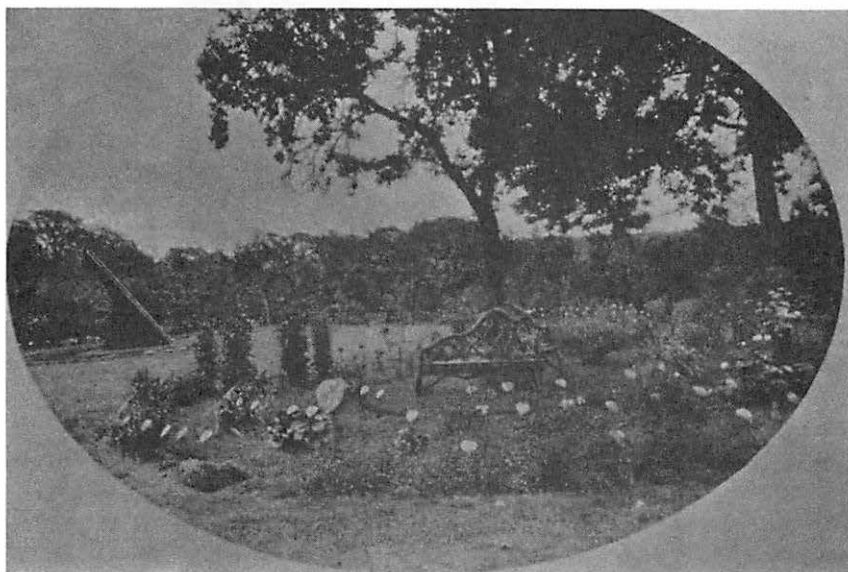


Plate 9

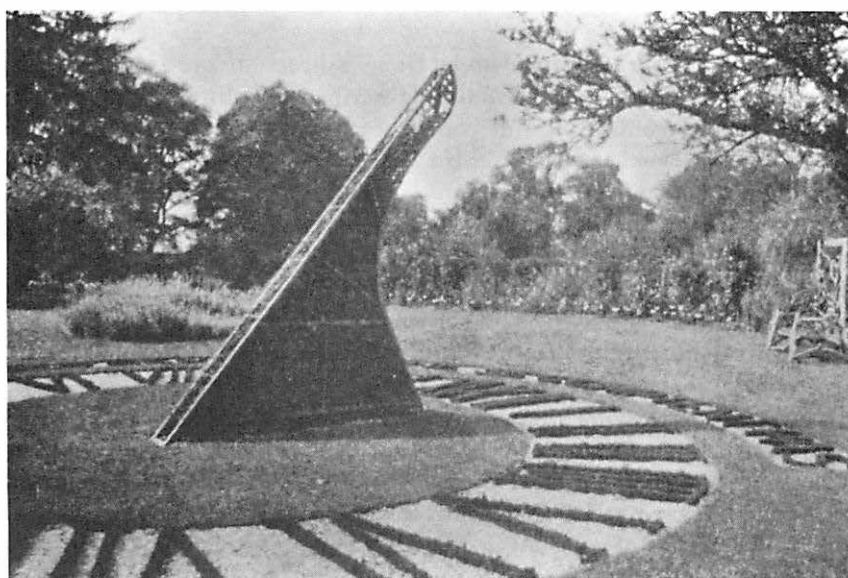


Plate 10



Plate 11

Stone Hall was transformed under Daisy's direction into a comfortable trysting place for lovers, splendidly described by Elinor Glyn, with a garden library containing fine copies of rare books on garden history. These included such items as Gerard's *Herbal* and a perfect edition of the 17th century *Parkinson*. "For many years past," Daisy wrote, "I have dug up this collection of (almost) all the books ever written on the art and practice of gardening On a summer afternoon . . . I sit in the Old Green arm-chair and dream of far off ideals."²² Her essay, "An Old English Garden" (1898—from which several illustrations have been used for this article), is magnificently printed and illustrated with exquisite engravings of the garden and of Stone Hall. (See Plate 11)

Her garden creations stimulated new friendships as for example that of William Waldorf Astor, who asked her to advise on new designs for his garden at Hever Castle, and whom she visited frequently at Cliveden.²³

Daisy's personal pleasure in both the creative, the aesthetic and the physical aspects of gardening underlay her appreciation of Morris' evocation of the garden as an earthly paradise. His obsession with gardens, the sweetness of flowers, and his vision of Trafalgar Square as an apricot orchard [in *News from Nowhere*] spoke to her, as did his insistence that work should be a pleasure and that gardening was one of the greatest of pleasures.²⁴ (See Plates 12,13)

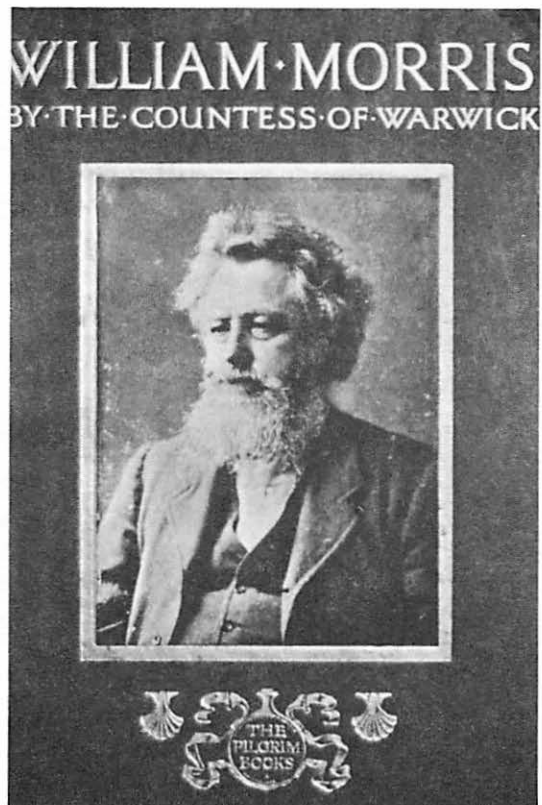


Plate 12

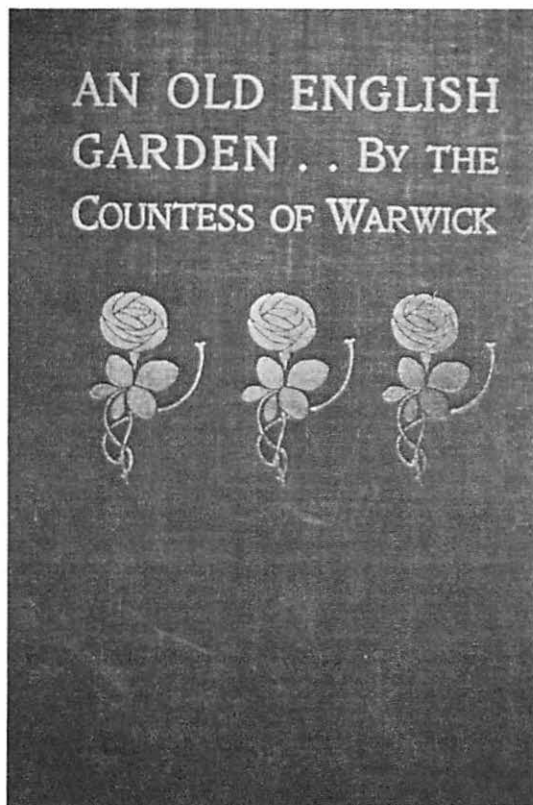


Plate 13

Daisy put this philosophy to the test in different ways. In 1902, at the height of the persecution of the Salvation Army, she offered a Salvation Army Colony of inebriates the opportunity to re-landscape ten to twelve acres of her Easton estate to Harold Peto's design. For five months, 60 men, including alcoholic lawyers, doctors, a professor of music and a Bohemian hairdresser, dug and planted while lustily singing Sankey and Moody's "Sowing the Seed." They were housed and paid by the Countess, who, as she says, "not only got her garden but the heartfelt gratitude of the men who made it."²⁵ In one of her essays on women and gardening she wrote: "I too had tried my hand [at gardening], also to find that I was rewarded with a quickly renewed sense of the joy of life . . . The rest after labour was in itself atonement for the toil—it was so unlike other rest."²⁶

The second half of the nineteenth century saw the publication of numerous books on gardening by women for women. Gardening articles in ladies' magazines and Victorian diaries and letters show middle and upper class women's interest and skill in practical horticulture.²⁷ Daisy was a woman of her time.

Lady Warwick's most original, successful and long lasting venture was her combination of gardening with the national problems of "surplus," unmarried and impecunious middle class women. She wrote: "It was a time when the anxiety of girls to earn their own living was making itself manifest in every class, and when the wages paid to those who had broken away from the convention of purely domestic life were miserably inadequate . . . and I had realized the natural instinct of many women for gardening."²⁸ In 1898, she founded a horticultural college for women, which was first attached to Reading Agricultural College (now the University of Reading). From 1904 to 1970 her college was housed at Studley Castle, which she had bought for this purpose, midway between Birmingham and Warwick.

At the Victorian Jubilee Conference on Women's Education in 1897, a large section, under Daisy's sponsorship, dealt with women as professionals in horticulture and agriculture. Three professional women gardeners employed at Kew Gardens were discussed in one of the papers at the Conference.²⁹ Daisy's concern for unemployable middle class women made a great leap forward. She collected funds from Sutton's (the seed merchants), Huntley and Palmer (the biscuit people at Reading), and she persuaded the agricultural college there to allow women students, whom she would house at "Lady Warwick's Hostel" to attend their classes in horticulture, chemistry, physics, botany, bacteriology, physical geography, meteorology, entomology, bookkeeping, and business methods.³⁰ She swept up Miss Edith Bradley, her secretary and right hand of the Jubilee Conference, to become the first warden of her hostel at Reading, and later the first principal of Studley College. In order to raise funds and promote the idea of women as professional



Plate 14

gardeners, Lady Warwick addressed important gatherings at the Mansion House in the City of London, and in many other parts of the country. She published letters in *The Times* and articles in *Land Magazine*. She corresponded long and earnestly with her close friend W. T. Stead, who made further propaganda for her scheme in his *Review of Reviews* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The American Ambassador, Joseph Choate, whom she had met at a Buckingham Palace Ball, came down and gave prizes, "talking brilliantly to the students."³¹

Nevertheless, it was an uphill struggle to persuade people at the turn of the century that horticulture was a reasonable profession for ladies. "I was assured that gardening work in many of its aspects would be beyond the limits of the capacity of the gently nurtured. The girl market gardener was voted an impossibility; as landscape gardener, I was assured, she could never compete with a man . . . I could prolong the list of taboos . . . but I'm only concerned to remember now [in 1916] after nearly 20 years—I was regarded as an unpractical dreamer, and that as I write there are letters on my desk, asking me to recommend lady gardeners."³² Indeed the college was a great success and long outlived its founder. (See Plate 14,15)



Plate 15

By 1907, when Frances Wolesely wrote her book *Gardening for Women*, a dozen or so schools had opened their doors to "lady gardeners" in Britain, but Lady Warwick's Studley College remained then and until its close (in 1969) one of the two most effective and respected. (The other was Swanley College in Kent). By the 1950s over two thousand women students had passed through its curriculum which expanded early to take in agriculture, carpentry, bee-keeping and dairy production. Horticulture, however, continued to be the primary subject. Studley graduates came from all over Britain, the colonies and many foreign countries. Many students came from urban areas. Many were classified as "delicate." This would have delighted Lady Warwick, who hoped to improve the health of puny city dwellers by invigorating and creative physical labour. Many Studley graduates passed through the rigorous two year curriculum and within a few years had won the coveted Royal Horticultural Society's Gold Medal for excellence in their examinations.³³ Early in the century the number of those taking paid posts as professional gardeners was high. In 1912, for example, the entire graduating class left for paid employment.³⁴ They worked in large or small establishments, in private and public gardens (for example, a relay of Studley graduates held an important post at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden), and as teachers of horticulture in other schools. Often they set themselves up as business partners in market gardens.³⁵ By the 1930s 75% of all graduates entered paid employment in horticulture; and by the 1950s this figure rose to 90%.³⁶ Nevertheless, there was still prejudice against women in the profession, as evidenced by their poor representation in higher Civil Service posts in the 1960s.³⁷

The college was finally closed in 1969, because the Department of Education and Science, which could no longer countenance a single-sex

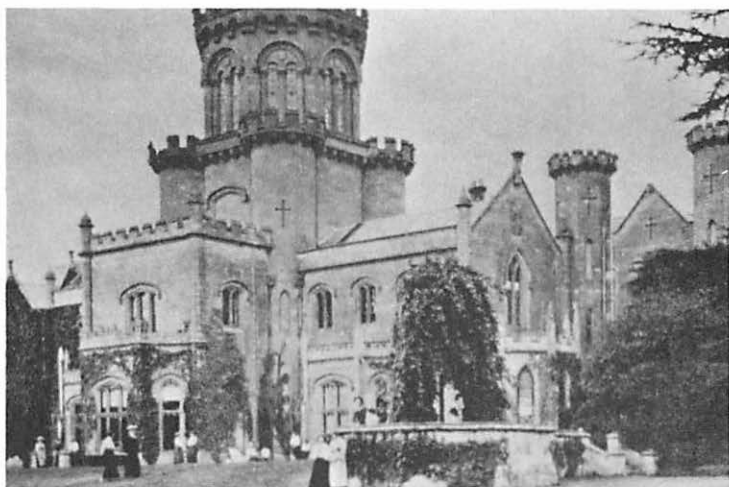


Plate 16

college for women, withdrew the substantial grant that had subsidized the Trust to which Lady Warwick conveyed the college after 1926. It was significant that the Department refused to support a single-sex female college, while single-sex male colleges continue to exist.³⁸ Within twenty years of starting her college the Countess of Warwick had proved that women could be professional horticulturists. Seventy years later, however, they were still not completely accepted by the professional male society, in which she herself moved so confidently.

That this vital and highly gifted woman should have been best known as Edward VII's mistress makes clear the limitations of history. To right the balance, perhaps we should think of him as one of Lady Warwick's loves! Here, I have briefly outlined a few of this amazing woman's humanitarian ideas for social improvement. Clearly, her dreams were better imagined than realized. For we must admit that most of her designs were unsuccessfully implemented or fell short of their desired end. Lady Warwick herself dimly recognized that the difficulty lay in the need for disciplined training and education for women. Pleasure in work, yes indeed; this was something she endorsed and prescribed. But like most women of her time, she herself had not been trained to think in a disciplined manner, without which so much human energy and resourcefulness is wasted. Despite her self-confidence in her powers, I believe she was aware of this lack of discipline which made her flutter from project to project like a restless butterfly from flower to flower in her lovely garden. And yet, her creative imagination and boundless energy bore a generous harvest in the lives of thousands of women whose love of gardening had been channelled into professional effort by Lady Warwick's foundation of Studley College. (See Plate 16)

Plates

1. Frances Evelyn (Daisy) Lady Warwick "in the Eighties." Photograph from English edition of her memoirs: *Life's Ebb and Flow*.
2. Lord Brooke at the time of his wedding to Daisy. Photograph from the American edition of *Life's Ebb and Flow*.
3. Lady Warwick and her younger son Maynard, painted by John Singer Sargent, 1905. Worcester Art Museum.
4. Lady Warwick with literary gathering at Easton Lodge, 1931. From left to right: Back row: R. D. Blumenfeld and Jane Wells; front row: Mrs. Marion Bensusan, Mrs. Hugh Cranmer Byng, H. G. Wells, Frank Wells, Lady Warwick, Lady Mary Greville (Daisy's younger daughter), Gip Wells, Hugh Cranmer Byng, Sam L. Bensusan. From the Archives of the University of Essex.
5. Edward VII as Prince of Wales, from a drawing by G. W. Watts. From the American edition of *Life's Ebb and Flow*.
6. Lady Warwick canvassing voters as a socialist in conservative Lemington Spa, 1924. From the London *Sunday Times*.
7. Lady Warwick with Socialists attending Labour Party Summer School at Easton Lodge, 1923. Standing l. to r.: Otto Wells, Cannon Adderly, Mrs. Shinwell, Emmanuel Shinwell, Will Thorne; seated l. to r.: Arthur Henderson, Lady Warwick, Ramsay MacDonald, Rudolf Breitschild. BBC Hulton Picture Library.
8. Easton Lodge. *Life's Ebb and Flow*.
9. The Friendship Garden at Stone Hall: "The kindly gifts of friends are memorialized on heart-shaped labels," 1897. From *An Old English Garden*.
10. Stone Hall seen from the Lilly Garden, 1898. From *An Old English Garden*.
11. The Sun Dial at Stone Hall, trimmed in Box. From *An Old English Garden*.
12. Binding of Lady Warwick's *William Morris: His Homes and Haunts*, 1912.
13. Binding of Lady Warwick's *An Old English Garden*, 1898.
14. Students preparing the frames at Studley College, 1907. Studley Records, University of Reading.
15. Students at work in the Vinery at Studley College, 1907. Studley Records, University of Reading.
16. Studley College, The Main Buildings, 1905. The Trustees, Studley College Trust.

Notes

- ¹ F.E. Warwick, *Life's Ebb and Flow* (New York, 1929), p. 209.
- ² Elinor Glyn, *Romantic Adventure* (New York, 1937), pp. 74-5.
- ³ Margaret Blunden, *The Countess of Warwick* (London, 1967), p. 175.
- ⁴ *New York Times*, February 11, 1912.
- ⁵ *New York Times*, March 13, 1912.
- ⁶ *New York Times*, March 11, 1912.
- ⁷ Margaret Cole, *Growing up into Revolution* (London, 1949), p. 146.
- ⁸ *The Countess of Warwick*, p. 80.
- ⁹ *Life's Ebb and Flow*, p. 286.
- ¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 251.
- ¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 101.
- ¹² F.E. Warwick, *Discretions* (New York, 1931), p. 196.
- ¹³ William Morris, *News from Nowhere* (New York, 1926), p. 136.
- ¹⁴ *Life's Ebb and Flow*, p. 139.
- ¹⁵ *Evening Standard*, (London) 10, October, 1911.
- ¹⁶ *The Countess of Warwick*, p. 173.
- ¹⁷ F.E. Warwick and G.R.S. Taylor, *Playing at Politics, The Latest Edition of an Old Game* (London, 1909), p. 5.
- ¹⁸ Beatrice Webb, *Diaries, 1912-1924* (London, 1952), p. 21.
- ¹⁹ *The Countess of Warwick*, p. 295.
- ²⁰ Margaret Cole, *Essays in Labor History, 1931-1939*, ed. Asa Briggs and John Saville (Hamden, Connecticut, 1977), p. 195.
- ²¹ F.E. Warwick, *An Old English Garden* (London, 1898), p. 8.
- ²² *Ibid.*, pp. 6-7.

- ²³ *Discretions*, p. 117.
- ²⁴ *News from Nowhere*, p. 53, p. 41.
- ²⁵ *Life's Ebb and Flow*, pp. 312.
- ²⁶ F. E. Warwick, *A Woman and the War* (London, 1916), p. 86.
- ²⁷ Susan Groag Bell, "The Victorian Woman's Return to the Garden." Paper read at the Pacific Coast Conference on British Studies, Stanford University, 1976.
- ²⁸ *A Woman and the War*, p. 85.
- ²⁹ F. E. Warwick, ed. *Progress in Women's Education in the British Empire* (London, 1897), pp. 150-52.
- ³⁰ D. M. Garstang, *The History of Studley College* (n.p., n.d.), p. 7.
- ³¹ *Discretions*, p. 124.
- ³² *A Woman and the War*, p. 87.
- ³³ *Studley College Records*.
- ³⁴ Jesse Collings, *The Colonization or Rural Britain* (London, 1914), p. 230.
- ³⁵ *Studley College Records*.
- ³⁶ *The History of Studley College*.
- ³⁷ Elizabeth Hess, "Agriculture—a man's world." Vol. 130, *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England* (1969), pp. 56-57.
- ³⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 53-58.

The Evangelical Right and America's Civil Religion

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Introduction

The United States has never had an official state church but the influence of religion on politics has been considerable. The Puritanism of the colonial period, the deistic beliefs of the Founding Fathers, and nineteenth century revivalism have been some of the more significant religious influences on American political culture. The role of the church and the status of the clergy may have declined in the twentieth century but Americans remain an essentially religious people who see the realm of the transcendent as real and significant to their daily lives.¹

In the sphere of public policy, the trend has been away from the type of morality regulations which once stood as clear symbols of the nation's religious traditions. Since national prohibition, those conservative church groups favoring controls on personal morality have been engaged in rear guard activities to prevent the repeal of Sunday closing laws, bans on gambling, restrictive liquor laws, and sex regulations. Despite

their efforts, the trend toward greater government tolerance of "deviant" behavior and less government effort to intrude into areas of private morality has been clear in the past fifty years. In the postwar era secular reformers gained political center stage and virtually ignored the morality concerns of religious leaders, regarding them as "irrelevant fuddie-duddies (if protestant) . . . or narrow minded anachronisms (if Catholic)." ² A prominent religious historian cites the sixties as the decade when the "Great Puritan Epoch in American history had come to an end." ³

Those who had concluded that a new secular culture was now firmly established in the country were surprised over the apparent success of conservative religious groups in making sin an issue in the 1980 campaign. The emergence of the evangelical right and the "morality" issues by which it judged candidates were seen by many as a new and dangerous movement in American politics. Whether or not the effort by religious lobbies to make questions of morality major political issues is desirable, it certainly is not unprecedented. Morality issues have had a high political salience throughout the nation's history. Political battles frequently are fought against a religious backdrop in which groups from across the political spectrum justify their programs on the basis of transcendent values. In trying to mobilize the political power of conservative protestant churches for social reform, the Moral Majority is following the pattern established by the Anti-Saloon League during the struggle over prohibition. ⁴ Groups from across the political spectrum have clothed their appeals in religious language and actively sought support from the organized church. During the civil rights struggle in the sixties, Lyndon Johnson called upon ministers of all faiths to use their pulpits "to direct the immense power of religion to achieve social justice in the land for the future of our faith is at stake." ⁵

The belief that Moral Majority-type groups and the causes they espouse pose a threat to the American political process is based on the following fears: (1) that such groups are too quick to claim exclusive insight into the will of God and label all who disagree with them as sinners; (2) that such groups tend to be preoccupied with issues of personal morality, issues which detract voters from the "real" issues facing the nation; (3) that in both style and substance, the activities of these groups encourage an intolerant and extremist politics, and (4) that these groups are attempting to write their own religious dogma into law and are thus undermining America's traditional pattern of church-state separation. The current debate over the activities of the Moral Majority and the other groups affiliated with the evangelical right movement raises fundamental questions about the relationship of religion to politics in American society.

The Evangelical Right

For the 45 years following the repeal of national prohibition, evangelical protestants maintained a relatively low political profile in national politics. Recent generations of evangelicals have been skeptical of programs to better society through political reform and have concentrated their energies on personal evangelism. Voting studies showed evangelicals had conservative tendencies, but, because of the low propriety most gave to politics their significance as a voting bloc or lobbying force received little attention in analyses of national politics. There seemed to be few "evangelical" issues in national politics; the concerns underlying the conservative tendencies of evangelicals appeared no different than the concerns of nonevangelicals. Even when evangelicals found an issue of special concern to them and tried to assert themselves politically (as after the school prayer decision), they were not in a good position to do so. Evangelicals tend to be scattered among independent churches or are found in denominations which stress congregational autonomy and thus do not have a strong national organization through which to operate.

In the 1980 election, the political visibility of the evangelicals changed dramatically. Prominent evangelical leaders who had once condemned liberal churchmen for their political involvement began to urge their own followers to get involved in the political process. The media heralded the evangelicals as "a new and potent political force in American politics."⁶ *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis called the sudden assertiveness of evangelicals the most important issue in the election and confessed that the Christian right's ability to mobilize its supporters was the "scariest" phenomenon he had seen for some time.⁷ George McGovern claimed that the religious right was "seeking to destroy our basic rights and liberties . . . to subvert the Constitution itself."⁸ Television producer Norman Lear warned that the success enjoyed by groups like the Moral Majority threatened the very "future of the pluralistic society."⁹ Evangelicals who for many years had been criticized for their political apathy were now under attack for their political activism.

Right-wing political activism is, of course, not something totally new for evangelical Christians. Fred Schwarz' Christian Anti-Communist Crusade and Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade were two of the better known religious-political movements to organize during the Cold War. In state and local political battles over education, family life and victimless crimes, conservative Christians often have been an extremely important force. While in recent years evangelical political involvement has been with the political right, their political activism in the nineteenth century was often on behalf of progressive reforms. Evangelicals constituted an important component of the abolitionist movement and were active in a variety of nineteenth century economic and social reform efforts.¹⁰

Those groups working to mobilize born again Christians on behalf of conservative causes and candidates in 1980 have been labeled the evangelical right. The apparent success of groups like the Moral Majority in giving evangelicals a political self-consciousness and bringing recognition to them as a powerful voting bloc has been attributed to several factors. The most frequently discussed reason for the emergence of this new form of the evangelical movement is the electronic church represented by television preachers like Jerry Falwell, James Robison and Jim Bakker whose programs reach up to twenty million viewers a week.¹¹ These leaders, who work in loose alliance with one another, have provided the national leadership and national organizational base so often lacking in evangelical political efforts. The alliance among these television preachers is a fragile one, however, as preachers with large egos compete for followers and funds. The range of organizations to which the label evangelical right has been attached includes a number of single issue interest groups with radically different priorities. It is a mistake to view the evangelical right as a single, monolithic movement with a clear set of priorities and an explicit ideology.

A second factor contributing to the recognition of evangelicalism as a significant force in American political life is the rapid growth of conservative, evangelical churches in recent years. While the mainline denominations have lost membership and vitality during the past decade, many of the more conservative churches have experienced phenomenal growth. Estimates of the number of evangelicals in this country range from thirty to sixty-five million.¹² Evangelicals increased not only in numbers but in respectability during the seventies. Ironically, Jimmy Carter's willingness to testify to his own born again experience not only brought new respectability to the evangelical movement but focused attention on its political potential. A 1976 *Newsweek Magazine* cover story headlined "Born Again" reported that the Carter candidacy had "focused national attention on the most significant — and overlooked — religious phenomena of the '70's; the emergence of evangelical Christianity into a position of respect and power."¹³ One of the deciding factors in the 1976 election was Carter's ability to draw votes from Republican evangelicals. It was 1976, not 1980, that was first declared the Year of the Evangelical.

A third factor contributing to the rise of evangelicals as a political force was the proposal and adoption of policies which evangelicals perceived as directly threatening their most cherished values. Evangelicals did not suddenly decide to establish an evangelical policy agenda in order to launch an offensive attack on secular society. Rather, evangelicals felt themselves to be under seige and became active in politics to protect themselves and their values from the onslaughts of secular forces. The effort by the Internal Revenue Service to take away the tax exempt status of church schools not meeting government affirmative action guidelines

is the single event most responsible for the creation of groups like Moral Majority. In 1978, the American Conservative Union helped to publicize the IRS efforts to strip some schools of the tax exempt status and the evangelicals responded en masse to the call to protest. Congress was deluged with mail and eventually overturned the IRS ruling.¹⁴

A whole range of social issues which sprang up in the sixties and seventies were perceived as threatening to evangelical values and lifestyles. Phyllis Schlafly's STOP-ERA movement depended heavily on volunteers from conservative, fundamentalist churches. Anti-abortion. In focusing on the fundamentalist backgrounds of leaders of the evangelical right, many have failed to examine what the basis of the evangelicals' political program actually is. The organization of the Moral Majority, the issuance of congressional scorecards by the Christian groups, whose organization had been encouraged by Catholic leaders, were also finding conservative protestant churches a fertile group for recruiting new support. Richard Viguerie, known as the "Godfather" of the New Right, recognized the electoral potential of conservative evangelicals in national politics and began encouraging the organization of church supported pro-morality lobbies as a way of defeating liberal incumbents. The major organizations created since 1978 to mobilize and speak for the evangelical right are the Moral Majority, begun by Jerry Falwell and Robert Billings; the Christian Voice, begun by Robert Grant, Richard Zone and Gary Jarmin, and Religious Roundtable, founded by Edward McAteer and James Robison. Once organized, these groups moved quickly to stake out positions on issues far beyond traditional moral concerns. Spokesmen from these groups have announced their opposition to such things as national health insurance, deficit spending, SALT II, diplomatic relations with China, and the Department of Education, and have committed themselves to supporting those candidates who are Pro-God, Pro-Family, and Pro-America. Their evaluation of issues and candidates makes them almost indistinguishable from the more traditional conservatives. The major difference between the evangelical right and the secular right is that the evangelicals claim to arrive at their positions from a study of the Bible rather than from Adam Smith. What initially galvanized traditionally apolitical Christians into an alliance with political conservatives, according to one New Right publication, was the "threat to the nuclear family — posed by the abortion lobby, militant gay right groups, and the permissiveness and moral relativism characteristic of the public schools."¹⁵

Religion and American Political Ideology

The well publicized activities of the evangelical right groups in the 1980 political process have obscured recognition of some of the more fundamental religious dynamics of the election. In focusing on the

fundamentalist backgrounds of leaders of the evangelical right, many have failed to examine what the basis of the evangelicals' political program actually is. The organization of the Moral Majority, the issuance of congressional scorecards by the Christian Voice, and the defeat of prominent Senators who were "anti-morality" should not be interpreted as evidence that fundamentalism has suddenly emerged as an important new ideological force in American politics. Religion and ideology are closely linked in American politics but not in the way that some analyses of the last election have suggested. Many of the religious symbols which were important in 1980 were not those unique to the fundamentalist tradition but were the symbols of the nation's longstanding political religion, a religion which for two hundred years has provided Americans with a framework for linking political programs and national policies to transcendent purposes.

In a general sense, all organized political societies operate from a religious base and all political leadership has a religious dimension. Every functioning society needs a common set of symbols which will provide the basis of an overarching unity capable of overcoming conflicts and cleavages within society. There is considerable evidence showing an intimate relationship between religion and social solidarity.¹⁶ Societies need common goals and values validated through some cosmic frame of reference which members of society recognize as defining their common existence. In the pluralism of American society, the institutionalized church has been relegated to the status of one of many interests within society rather than the institution providing the sacred symbols under which all other components of society unite. This is not to say that religious symbols, as contrasted with symbols of the institutionalized church, no longer serve as unifying forces in American society. Michael Novak argues that precisely because there is not a state church to furnish the basic symbols of transcendence for American society, a "symbolic vacuum is created which the state itself inexorably fills." Or, as Norman Mailer once put it, in the United States, the country is the religion.¹⁷

In church-state relations in the United States, some believe the danger is not so much that a specific church will impose its sectarian beliefs on the larger society but that the religion of Americanism will gradually dilute down the beliefs of specific denominations into one generalized, vacuous faith in faith. Will Herberg warned of this danger twenty years ago in his perceptive study of American religion, *Protestant Catholic Jew*. Herberg was concerned that the nation's three historic faiths were being co-opted by a kind of super religion based on the American Way of Life. He warned that this kind of religion was the cult of culture and society "in which the 'right' social order and the received cultural values are divinized by being identified with the divine purpose."¹⁸ Throughout American history there has been a strong tendency to define the nation's mission in religious terms. Both Left and Right have accepted the

nation's common religion and have fought for control of its symbols so that their own programs might receive divine legitimization.

This common religion of the state (a concept quite different from that of state religion) is referred to as America's civil religion. Civil religion can be defined as a special case of the religious symbol system, "a set of symbolic forms and acts which relate man as a citizen and his society in world history to the ultimate conditions of his existence."¹⁹ In the American context, civil religion has been called "a public perception of our national experience, in light of universal and transcendent claims upon human beings, but especially upon Americans; a set of values, symbols, and rituals institutionalized as the cohesive force and center of meaning uniting our many people."²⁰

Much of the recent attention given civil religion was provoked by a short paper published by sociologist Robert Bellah in 1967. Bellah's thesis was that there is "an elaborate and well institutionalized civil religion in America" possessing its own seriousness and integrity and requiring the same study and understanding as other religions.²¹ Bellah argued that the nation's civil religion is not simply the glorification of the American Way, as Herberg had suggested, nor a state adopted version of Christianity though its imagery draws heavily from the Judeo-Christian tradition. He contended that the nation has an elaborate set of sacred rites and rituals which symbolize its dependence on God and its obligation to carry out God's will on earth. The founding of the nation often has been described in terms of a covenant with the Supreme Being, that Being, in Jefferson's words, "who led our fathers, as Israel of old, from their native land and planted them in a country flowering with all the necessities and comforts of life."²² Lyndon Johnson, in an inaugural address 160 years later, used the same image in referring to the covenant made by the Founding Fathers to establish a nation where "a man could be his own man . . . a nation conceived in justice, and written in liberty, to inspire the hopes of mankind."²³

There has been considerable debate over the importance and significance of civil religion in American life. Many are not as sanguine as Bellah is about the mixing of religious and political imagery. The basic criticism of the civil religion is that whatever its ideals, in practice it degenerates into empty religiosity, "a faith in faith, a creed based on America's self-satisfied patriotic moralisms."²⁴ It is accused of lacking any element of prophetic judgement. Its defenders maintain, however, that America's civil religion provides an indispensable support of the political process and has, over time, served as an effective democratic check. Gaustad argues that "democracy, unlike tyranny, neither demands ultimate loyalty nor assumes absolute control. . . . By insisting that absolute control is God's and that ultimate loyalties are heaven-bent, religion keeps a limited democracy from becoming a prideful tyranny."²⁵

Both critics and defenders are able to support their respective positions

with numerous examples. They are able to do so because America's civil religion does have an amorphous character. Its basic themes — a belief in covenant, a sense of divine leading and intervention, national accountability to God, a commitment to the sanctity of the individual — have been interpreted to justify everything from military adventures to civil rights laws to loyalty oaths to balanced budgets. Jewett argues that the civil religion has been interpreted in one of two ways throughout American history. He labels these two interpretations zealous nationalism, which emphasizes the redemption of the world through the destruction of the wicked, and prophetic realism, which seeks to redeem the world for coexistence through impartial justice. Campaign rhetoric provides numerous examples of both zealous nationalism and prophetic realism. Elections often involve a struggle over the control of the nation's sacred symbols and the interpretation of its national mythology — the symbols and myths Americans look to to give a transcendent meaning and purpose to their collective existence. Military hardliners and law and order advocates will use the language of zealous nationalism to define the nation's divine mission while proponents of disarmament or social reform will use the language of prophetic realism.

The civil religion does not itself constitute a political ideology but it does provide the basic symbols and framework from which an ideology can be built. Reagan's appeal in 1980 was not that of a fundamentalist but that of a zealous nationalist, of one who would restore America to the position of strength God had intended it to occupy. During the campaign Reagan sought to expropriate the symbols of the civil religion to divinize his conservative program. Presidential candidates always try to identify their own objectives with God's will for the nation. In a study of the 1972 campaign, Henderson found that both Nixon and McGovern used religious symbols in a surprisingly explicit and self-conscious fashion. McGovern explained that "It is important to use words like redemption to elicit basic feelings and values for legitimate social purposes."²⁷ Nixon, Henderson claims, "Vibrates to the rhythms of American folk religion . . . combining in one personality the major straws of American religiosity, even those that prove contradictory." The political careers of both Nixon and McGovern may be explained, Henderson concludes, "in terms of their relative success in playing the self-appointed role of prophet and priest within American civil religion."²⁸

Strategists within the Reagan campaign as well as political advisers to the evangelical right groups were well aware of the general religiosity that pervades American society and the usefulness of religious appeals and symbols in winning political support. They consciously set out to expropriate the nation's common religious symbols to legitimize their own programs. This attempt to give a partisan political movement a semblance of ultimate or universal meaning has been common in American history. When Reagan ended his acceptance speech at the

Republican National Convention with a silent prayer and promised during the campaign to make America the kind of nation God intended it to be, he was appealing to the same strain of American religiosity which other political leaders have appealed to in the past. Eisenhower offered a prayer in his first inaugural address and emphasized that he wanted to mobilize the nation into a great "spiritual crusade."²⁹ Kennedy began his inaugural address by acknowledging the existence of God ("I have sworn before you and almighty God . . ."), the existence of divinely bestowed rights ("the rights of man are not from the generosity of the state but from the hands of God"), and America's duty to carry forth God's program ("here on earth God's work must truly be our own").³⁰ Johnson saw his Great Society as the fulfillment of America's destiny and his speeches on behalf of Great Society programs were filled with Biblical allusions and quotations on "getting excited for that promised land."³¹ In the Nixon administration, civil religion became fully institutionalized with White House worship services and Honor America days, the later a ritual which Jerry Falwell would revive in 1980. Carter's human rights policies were justified as part of the nation's divinely appointed task and in his 1979 "Malaise" speech, Carter offered an essentially spiritual analysis of the nation's ills.

Fundamentalism or Americanism: Interpreting The Reagan Mandate

Paul Weyrich, President of the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress and adviser and coordinator to the major groups of the Evangelical Right, claims that evangelicals elected Ronald Reagan president and that they expect him to follow through on evangelical priorities. Weyrich has been one of the most controversial of the figures associated with the Evangelical Right because of his demands for ideological purity within the Reagan administration and his threats against George Bush. Does the Evangelical Right have the political clout that Weyrich suggests? The evidence is that both the movement's ardent supporters and its most vocal critics overestimate the significance of evangelicals as a voting bloc. The "born again" vote, at least among whites, did give overwhelming support to Ronald Reagan. *The New York Times*/ CBS exit poll found evangelicals preferred Reagan to Carter by a 61 to 34 percent margin.³² The significance of this margin of support is not clear, however, for conservative protestants outside the South have always shown Republican voting tendencies. Public opinion polls in the past have not focused in on the preferences of those reporting a born-again conversion experience so it is difficult to interpret the evangelical vote in 1980 in an historical context. A plausible argument could be made that in terms of historic voting patterns, the evangelical vote was more significant in 1976 than in 1980 for it was in 1976 when conservative

protestants with Republican leanings in states like Ohio forsook Gerald Ford and supported Jimmy Carter because of Carter's identification as a born-again Christian. Carter's regional and religious appeal also broke a thirty year trend of growing Republican support among southern protestants. Nixon's support among conservative protestants in the South in the 1972 election greatly exceeded Reagan's support in 1980. Catholic and Jewish voters actually made a more dramatic shift to the Republican Party in 1980 than did protestant voters.

The claim of Jerry Falwell that the Moral Majority registered over four million new evangelicals for the first time in 1980 is difficult to verify. Voters with ties to the Moral Majority did show up in unusually large numbers in several state primaries and caucuses but there was nothing about the turnout in the general election to suggest the influx of huge numbers of newly registered Christians. Turnout in 1980 reflected the same downward trend that has been visible since 1964. Probably the most significant impact of the Evangelical Right was the funds and precinct workers it was able to provide to favored candidates. Any organizational help is bound to be helpful in a campaign but this organizational assistance does not in itself signal the emergence of a new mass political movement. Hadden and Swann, in a study of the electronic church, conclude that Jerry Falwell's political clout has been greatly exaggerated. They argue that it was actually Falwell's critics who made him a national figure through their dire predictions of what he and his followers were about to do to the separation of church and state principle.³³

Stronger leadership and concern over American standing in the world were issues which helped Reagan much more than abortion or the ERA. The most often cited reason people gave for voting for Reagan was that it was "time for a change." The poll data summarized in Table I provide little support for the proposition that the election was a mandate to Christianize America by reshaping public policies to make them conform to the distinctive doctrines of the fundamentalists. The social issues emphasized by leaders of the Evangelical Right and the general problems of moral decline were cited by no more than three percent of those responding to the Gallup Poll's question, "What do you think is the most important problem facing the country today?" Inflation was the overwhelming response (63 percent) given by Gallup's national sample.³⁴ Only 31 percent of the voters agreed with the statement that all abortion should be banned, a major plank in the Evangelical Right's platform. Even among evangelicals, this proposal does not receive majority support. On issues like the death penalty and government programs to deal with social and economic problems, there is virtually no difference between evangelicals and the electorate at large. In terms of candidate preference the September Gallup poll had the majority of the evangelical votes going to Jimmy Carter,³⁵ a result due to the solid support Carter

**TABLE I: EVANGELICAL POSITIONS ON
ISSUES AND CANDIDATES**

Candidate Preference (Associated Press—NBC News Poll)^a

	REAGAN	CARTER
All Voters	43	35
Born-Again Christians	42	41
Black Born-Again Christians	6	82
White Born-Again Christians	46	37
Non Born-Again Protestants	51	27

Positions on Issues and Candidates (Gallup Poll)^b

	REAGAN	CARTER
Evangelical	31	52
All Voters	38	39
	EVANGELICALS	ALL VOTERS
Favor death penalty	51	52
Favor programs to deal with social problems	54	53
Favor higher defense spending	78	70
Favor ban on all abortions	41	31
Favor required prayer in schools	81	59

Religious Issues (Harris Poll)^c

	ALL VOTERS	WHITE EVAN— GELICALS
Religion should be taught in schools	47	64
Constitution should be amended to ban legalized abortion	34	37
Most sex education is little more than pornography	22	37
It is impossible to be a political liberal and also be a good Christian	21	30

^a*Houston Chronicle*, October 15, 1980, p. 1.

^b*Newsweek*, September 15, 1980, p. 36.

^c*ABC News—Harris Survey*, October 6, 1980, pp. 2-3.

enjoyed among black evangelicals. The Associated Press -NBC News poll reveals just how sharply born-again blacks and born-again whites differed on their presidential choice.

In interpreting the policy mandate given to the Reagan administration, Harris argues that the Republicans received no mandate to implement the anti-abortion, anti-ERA portions of their platform. The Harris poll found, for example, that 60 percent of the Reagan voters opposed a constitutional ban on abortions. The country, according to Harris, "is more conservative regarding the role of the federal government in regulating the economic side of business operations. But it is not conservative on the social issues, and any effort to read the mandate of this election as a signal to outlaw affirmative action or to abolish abortion or to outlaw sex education in the schools . . . will quickly backfire."³⁶ There is little to suggest that Reagan voters want or expect the new administration to adopt the Evangelical Right's priorities as its own. Only seven percent of the Reagan voters felt that the Moral Majority would be having a lot of influence in the administration. Most indicated they expected Republican congressional leaders (75 percent) or big business leaders (40 percent) to be the most influential voices to the White House.³⁷

The emergence of the Evangelical Right in 1980 cannot be ignored as having no political significance. The movement received a great deal of attention and its priority concerns were the focus of considerable debate in the press and among candidates. The hostility of Evangelical Right leaders toward Jimmy Carter undoubtedly hurt him in his efforts to retain the religious support he enjoyed in 1976. The efforts of evangelical political groups in publicizing issues, raising funds, and supplying campaign workers did affect the outcomes of some state and local races and in some of these races the evangelicals' emphasis on "making America moral again" may have been the deciding factor. Still, the preponderance of the evidence supports the assessment of Jim Castelli of the *Washington Star* that "the New Christian Right rode rather than created the anti-incumbent, anti-Democratic, anti-liberal wave that dominated the 1980 election."³⁸

Civil Religion and The 1980 Election

There is little evidence to support the suggestion that the move to the right in 1980 was the product of a mass uprising of heretofore apolitical evangelicals intent on Christianizing America. The composition and concerns of the constituency that elected Ronald Reagan are not too dissimilar to the composition and concerns of Nixon's Real Majority or Eisenhower's spiritual crusade. In periods of conservative ascendancy, efforts are made to cloak programs in religious legitimacy by appealing to the "zealous nationalism" side of the civil religion. America with a

God given duty to stand firm against communism, to promote personal piety, to enforce Old Testament justice, and to serve as an example to the rest of the world that a free people under God can lead happy and prosperous lives without government aid or interference — these are the images invoked by the Right to give their programs a spiritual legitimacy. Such symbols have been used throughout American history by both left and right. Candidates and leaders of political movements recognize the advantage — and maybe the necessity — of making their appeals within the framework of the nation's civil religion. The widely expressed fear that for the first time in 1980 a concerted effort was made to push a religious program through the political process is unjustified. There is a recurring pattern in America of political movements seeking to legitimize themselves and their aims through the use of religious symbols, a pattern that was repeated in 1980.

The publicity given to Evangelical Right leaders and the interpretation of political religion in 1980 as something new and alien to the American tradition probably results from the novelty of the electronic church and its impressive ability to speak to a nationwide congregation. The fact that leaders of the electronic church have tended to come from doctrinaire fundamentalist backgrounds rather than from the mainline churches may also have brought them extra media attention. Whatever their personal theological backgrounds and medium of communication, the clergy associated with the Right are preaching a fairly conventional conservative interpretation of the meaning of the nation's religious heritage and are backing a fairly conventional conservative political program. One of Jerry Falwell's pamphlets, "Ninety-Five Theses for the 1980's", illustrates the range of concerns of the Evangelical Right. The first thirty of the theses, listed in Table II, outline Falwell's understanding of America's mission in the world. The emphasis on patriotism, a strong defense, anti-communism, opposition to world government, and divine duty are all components of what Jewett labeled the "zealous nationalism" strain of the civil religion. Patriotism is presented as a divine duty since America is a country chosen by God to be his messenger in the world. Falwell's views on economics come directly from Norman Vincent Peale's 1950's sermons on Christianity and capitalism. His opposition to welfare cheats, deficit spending, and the federal bureaucracy are hardly concerns unique to fundamentalists. Both the program and the religious packaging of it predate the Moral Majority by many years. Falwell is correct when he claims he is not doing anything that is alien to the American tradition; his "Ninety-Five Theses" reflect the long standing beliefs of many on the American Right.

There is little in the political program of the Evangelical Right to suggest that it is derived from the evangelical tradition or fundamentalist theology. As an institutionalized political force, Moral Majority represents the beliefs of "zealous nationalists" more than it does the

TABLE II: POLITICAL BELIEFS OF JERRY FALWELL^a CONCERNING AMERICA

1. That the concept of government, like that of marriage, is an institution divinely ordained by God.
2. That America, unlike any other country in the world today, owes its origins to men of God who desired to build a new nation for the glory of God.
3. That the American system of government, though imperfect, is nevertheless the best political concept in the history of the world.
4. That any needed change in its structure should be achieved through peaceful, legal processes.
5. That all Americans should love and honor the flag.
6. That all its citizens have the right to receive just and equal treatment under the law.
7. That all its citizens have a right to religious freedom.
8. That all citizens have a right to peaceful assembly.
9. That all citizens of legal age have both the right and the responsibility to register and vote in every election.
10. That this nation serves as the only barrier to worldwide Communist occupation.
11. That because of this, we are obligated to remain strong to assure our own liberty and to protect the very concept of freedom itself.
12. That any attempt to weaken our defense systems is both an act of treason and a crime against the remaining free nations in the world's community.
13. That all able-bodied U.S. male citizens are obligated to fight to the death, if necessary, to defend the flag.
14. That all others, including female citizens, are to aid in every possible way.
15. That all female citizens are to be exempt from any draft laws.
16. That the free enterprise system of profit be encouraged to grow, being unhampered by any socialist laws or red tape.
17. That to maintain human dignity and individual respect, each able-bodied male citizen perform useful and honest work to support himself and his dependents.
18. That all welfare aid be immediately and permanently withdrawn from any able-bodied man refusing to perform an honest day's work.

19. That all other unproductive governmental financial programs be terminated, harmful programs which in themselves perpetuate poverty and laziness.
20. That a balance budget be a yearly goal of both the President and congress.
21. That all elected officials found guilty of sexual promiscuity, whether heterosexual or homosexual, and (or) financial deceit, be removed from public office rather than receiving a mild rebuke from their peers.
22. That less authority be vested in federal government.
23. That more of this authority be given to state and city government.
24. That this country cease from aiding those unfriendly nations (Russia, China, etc.,) through massive low interest loans, the selling of wheat below market costs, etc.
25. That this country help those friendly nations such as Israel. Taiwan, South Korea, South Africa, etc.
26. That any and all efforts to bring about a central world government be unceasingly opposed.
27. That while we support all genuine efforts for world peace in the community of nations, we nevertheless express little confidence in the United Nations to achieve this because of past failures and the anti-American philosophies displayed by that organization.
28. That we totally condemn the vicious aggression of the U.S.S.R. as seen by their ruthless land grabs of many eastern European countries and, of recent time, Afghanistan.
29. That through the process of a 20th century moral and spiritual awakening our nation once again take its rightful and historic place as leader and example to other countries in the world's community.
30. That this renewal of the eighties begin with the joining of hands of church and political leaders, both promising to help and support the other in accomplishing their God-appointed tasks.

^aThe above statments are taken verbatim from "Ninety-Five Theses for 1980's" by Jerry Falwell. The pamphlet containing these "theses" were sent out to all those on the Falwell mailing list in January, 1981.

collective interests of born-again Christians. The Evangelical Right does make some explicitly religious demands such as the return of prayer to the public schools but these demands reflect the same type of vacuous religiosity that led to the adoption of "In God We Trust" as the national motto and the addition of "Under God" to the Pledge of Allegiance in the fifties. Theories of status anxiety probably provide the best explanation of why these largely symbolic issues have come up in national politics. The perennial religiosity of American culture need not be embraced as desirable but its intrusion into the 1980 presidential campaign should not be blamed on the Evangelical Right.

That the Evangelical Right is more Right than Evangelical is perhaps best illustrated by the movement's willingness to forgive Ronald Reagan his association with "sinful" Hollywood, his divorce and remarriage, use of alcohol, and his worship in the "liberal" Presbyterian Church. Jimmy Carter's belief in personal salvation, his observance of daily devotional practices and active church life, and his personal life style make him a much better evangelical than Reagan. In fact, one poll showed that 87 percent of the electorate recognized that Carter was a "religious person" while only 40 percent labeled Reagan as religious.³⁹ The reason the Evangelical Right rejected Carter had more to do with conservative ideology than evangelical theology.

Religious symbols were used to help legitimize a conservative political program in 1980 but the symbols were drawn from America's civil religion and used to appeal to the general religiosity of American culture. Evangelicals have always been an important component of the electorate (any large group is) but the greater publicity given them in 1980 does not mean they have suddenly emerged as a new and powerful force in American politics. The religious diversity of Americans in general and the considerable diversity among evangelicals themselves make it unlikely that any efforts to establish a sustained and unified political movement in national politics that is distinctly evangelical or fundamentalist will succeed. The only religion in America capable of providing symbols under which large segments of the population can unite is the civil religion but the tradition of the civil religion is not one which generates political programs but one which sanctifies them. The civil religion is not a competing ideology to liberalism and conservatism; rather, it provides both liberals and conservatives with a pool of sacred and patriotic symbols which can be used in interpreting their respective programs as serving some transcendent purpose.

Conclusion

Both supporters and critics of the Evangelical Right who interpret the political movement associated with the electronic church as the beginning of a new and serious effort to Christianize America are wrong. The

high visibility enjoyed by television preachers and the high level of media attention given the Evangelical Right may have suggested to some that the fundamentalists were on the verge of taking over American politics but the significance of religious issues and religious based voting in 1980, while important, was not significantly different than in the past. Leaders of the Evangelical Right were undoubtedly more explicit, and in many instances more heavy-handed, in trying to sanctify a conservative program with religious imagery than comparable groups have been in the past but the religious symbols used to link political programs with divine purpose were drawn directly from the well-used symbols of America's civil religion.

That some of the Evangelical Right's leading spokesmen have assumed the vestments of the nation's civil religion is not without its irony. Historically, evangelical leaders have urged their followers to avoid becoming caught up in the things of this world and instead to focus on the Kingdom of God. Rather than worship the culture in which they live, many evangelicals have been taught to reject it. In the Pro-God, Pro-Family and Pro-America program of the Moral Majority there is some evidence of the sense of tension evangelicals feel between living in this world but not being of it. However, the Evangelical Right leadership has at times come close to national idolatry. These same leaders who proclaim with assurance America's righteousness and its special place in God's plan to be the leader of the rest of the world first organized politically in order to keep their children out of the public schools of Christian America. It is an anomaly that ministers who preach of a jealous and demanding God and teach the literal interpretation of Biblical judgment and prophecy should appear so comfortable with the vacuous religiosity and general patriotic piety of the civil religion. Their activities would seem to pose a more direct threat to their own denominational traditions than they do to the tradition of political religion of the larger society.

Notes

¹ In 1979, *Christianity Today* commissioned George Gallup, Jr. and the Princeton Religion Research Center to survey the religious beliefs of Americans. In analyzing the results of the survey, the magazine concluded that "the American people as a whole continue to be the most openly religious and traditional of all Western technological societies It is not only that they profess religious beliefs . . . but that their beliefs actually affect their lives. Throughout their history Americans have been religious, and the trend continues unabated: it is now more in evidence than ever." "George Gallup Polls America on Religion," *Christianity Today*, 23 (December 21, 1979), p. 669.

² Richard E. Morgan, *The Politics of Religious Conflict* (New York: Pegasus, 1968), p. 131.

³ Sidney E. Ahlstrom, *A Religious History of the American People* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1972), p. 8.

⁴ See Peter Odegard's *Pressure Politics: The Story of the Anti-Saloon League* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1928).

⁵ *Public Papers of the Presidents, 1964, Lyndon Johnson*, Remarks at the 12th Annual Presidential Prayer Breakfast, February 5, 1964.

⁶ "A Tide of Born-Again Politics," *Newsweek*, 96 (September 15, 1980), p. 28. See also "God and Politics: Mixing More than Even," *Congressional Quarterly Weekly Report* (September 23, 1978), pp. 2265-66, and "Evangelical Conservatives Move from Pews to Polls," *CQWR* (September 6, 1980), pp. 2627-2634.

⁷ See Lewis' columns for September 18, 1980, on "Religion and Politics" and his September 25, 1980, column on "Political Religion" in the *New York Times*.

⁸ Undated fundraising letter from the American Civil Liberties Union.

⁹ Undated fundraising letter from People for the American Way.

¹⁰ For an account of the reform activities of nineteenth century evangelicals and an explanation for their turn to political conservatism in the twentieth century see Donald W. Dayton's *Discovering An Evangelical Heritage* (New York: Harper and Row, 1976).

¹¹ There is considerable disagreement over the actual size of the television audience of the electronic church. Falwell has claimed 25 million weekly viewers but Arbitron ratings gave him an audience of only 1½ million. James Robison, one of the most overtly political of the television evangelists, is watched by only 464,000 viewers a week. Arbitron ratings show the combined audience size for all religious programming has been on the decline since 1976. See Jeffrey K. Hadden and Charles E. Swann, *Prime Time Preachers* (Reading, Mass.: Addison-Wesley, 1981), pp. 51-55.

¹² Since evangelicals are not necessarily affiliated with a specific church, there is some confusion regarding who all should be counted as an evangelical. The term is usually used to refer to those who believe that salvation is possible for those who have a born-again experience during which they commit their lives to Christ. Evangelicals also stress Biblical authority and the Christian's obligation to take the Christian gospel to the unsaved. The distinguishing beliefs of evangelicals and their demographics are summarized in "George Gallup Polls Americans on Religion," *op. cit.*, pp. 17-19.

¹³ *Newsweek*, 87 (October, 25, 1976), p. 68.

¹⁴ James C. Roberts, *The Conservative Decade: Emerging Leaders of the 1980's* (Westport, Conn.: Arlington House, 1980), p. 91.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ Rolin Williams quoted in Will Herberg, *Protestant Catholic Jew* (Garden City: Anchor Books, 1960), p. 7. See also Peter Berger, *The Sacred Canopy: Elements of A Sociological Theory of Religion* (Garden City: Doubleday and Company, 1967), p. 51.

¹⁷ Michel Novak, *Choosing Our King: Powerful Symbols in Presidential Politics* (New York: MacMillan, 1974), p. 303. The Mailer quotation is from Robert Wood Lynn, "Civil Catechotics in Mid-Victorian America: Some Notes About American Civil Religion, Past and Present," *Religious Education*, 68 (January-February, 1973), p. 6.

¹⁸ Herberg, *Protestant Catholic Jew*, p. 263.

¹⁹ John A. Coleman, "Civil Religion," *Sociological Analysis*, 31 (Summer, 1970), p. 68.

²⁰ Novak, *Choosing Our King*, p. 127.

²¹ Robert Bellah, "Civil Religion in America," *Daedalus*, 96 (Winter, 1967), p. 1.

²² *Inaugural Addresses of the Presidents of the United States* (Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1965), p. 21.

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 271.

²⁴ Ahlstrom, *A Religious History of the American People*, p. 954.

²⁵ Edwin Scott Gaustad, *A Religious History of America* (New York: Harper and Row, 1966), p. 388.

²⁶ Robert Jewett, *The Captain America Complex: The Dilemma of Zealous Nationalism* (Philadelphia: Westminster Press, 1973), pp. 10-12.

²⁷ Charles Henderson, "Civil Religion and the American Presidency," *Religious Education*, 70 (September-October, 1975), p. 479.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 478.

²⁹ Quoted in Peter Lyon, *Eisenhower: Portrait of the Hero* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1974), p. 473.

³⁰ The Kennedy inaugural is cited by Bellah in "Civil Religion in America" as reflecting the major themes of the nation's civil religion.

³¹ *Public Papers of the Presidents, 1964, Lyndon Johnson*. Remarks to

Members of the Southern Baptist Christian Leadership Conference, March 25, 1964.

³² *New York Times*, November 9, 1980.

³³ Hadden and Swann, p. 127.

³⁴ *Gallup Opinion Index*, 181 (September, 1980), p. 25.

³⁵ It is difficult to compare polling data on evangelicals because of the different ways in which they are identified. Gallup and the Associated Press/NBC News poll grouped as evangelicals those who acknowledged a born-again conversion experience while Harris applied the label to those who reported going to an evangelical church or listening to an evangelical preacher on the radio or television.

³⁶ *ABC News — Harris Survey Release*, 2 (November 11, 1980), p. 2.

³⁷ *ABC News — Harris Survey Release*, 2 (December 15, 1980), p. 1.

³⁸ "The Religious Vote," *Commonweal*, 57 (November 21, 1980), p. 651.

³⁹ *Gallup Opinion Index*, 177 (April-May, 1980), p. 31.

Brutus' Oratory

Norman Nathan

BRUTUS' funeral oration in III, ii, 13-34 of *Julius Caesar*¹ has been undervalued and underexplored, despite Antony's remark, "I am no orator, as Brutus is" (III, ii, 217) Milton Boone Kennedy makes at least seven mentions of Antony's funeral oration with brief analysis, but refers to Brutus' funeral oration only three times without any analysis. In fact, despite his reference to "funeral orations" in *Julius Caesar*, he writes,

. . . in Anthony's oration he [Shakespeare] undertook the setting of an appeal to the emotions into the frame work of a methodically worked out oration on a scale found nowhere else in his plays. This speech represents Shakespeare's first serious and ambitious attempt to introduce the oration in tragedy.²

As I will show, the last sentence is better applied to Brutus' oration, which precedes Antony's.

George Lyman Kittredge is among those who do comment specifically on Brutus' speech. "It has been remarked that in this speech Shakespeare aims to reproduce the actual style of Brutus, which, as we learn on ancient authority, was dry, abrupt, and unadorned."³ Hardin Craig, however, says, "The speech of Brutus is in careful sententious prose."⁴ While "dry, abrupt, and unadorned" is not necessarily the opposite of "careful sententious," certainly there appears to be a vast difference in emphasis between the two scholars. Craig adds, "It is Shakespeare's attempt to reproduce in style what Plutarch means when he says, 'He counterfeited the brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedaemonians.' In content the speech is original with Shakespeare." Perhaps Craig is right about Shakespeare's attempt at reproduction—perhaps—but there is so much artistry in the oration that not only the content but also the style is original with the playwright.

Milton Crane comes closer to the speech when he says, "Brutus deals with his audience as though explaining his action to another patrician in the Senate, first calling for belief in his honor, then protesting the disinterestedness of his part in the conspiracy, outlining Caesar's merits and faults, and lastly promising Rome his own death when she may need it."⁸ Crane does not go far enough, for not only the order of ideas but, at least equally important, the style of the speech is most appropriate for a well educated patrician audience.

Kittredge, pointing out that Antony gives us a good list of the qualities required of a successful oration in III, ii, 221-223, says that it is a "complete list of the qualities of a good orator: 1) intellectual cleverness (wit); 2) fluency (words); 3) 'auctoritas,' the weight that comes from character or standing (worth); 4) gesture and bearing (action); 5) skillful elocution, good delivery (utterance)—and finally 6) the power of speech to stir men's blood, without which all other accomplishments avail but little."⁹ Surely Brutus himself has great worth. His phrasing shows much wit and fluency. Doubtless the Elizabethan actor could and would include good action and utterance in speaking the lines.

But there may be in many minds a hesitancy to say that Brutus' speech has the power to *stir men's blood*. The problem, however, revolves around a matter of degree. Certainly, judged by the response of the citizens in the play, Brutus does stir the blood. "Live, Brutus, live, live," the crowd says (III, ii, 48), the triple use of "live" indicating that they indeed have been moved.

Alexander Sackton points out, "The number of works on rhetoric and related topics which were published in England in the sixteenth century is an indication of the widespread interest in the subject and of its influence."¹⁰ Of the various works, the one perhaps most to the point here was written by Francis Bacon a few years after the close of the century. Commenting on the renaissance emphasis on style, he writes,

This grew speedily to an excesse; for men began to hunt more after wordes than matter, and more after choisenesse of the Phrase, and the round and cleane composition of the sentence, and the sweet falling of the clauses, and the varying and illustration of their workes with tropes and figures, then after the weight of matter, worth of subject, soundnesse of argument, life of inuention, or depth of iudgement.¹¹

Brutus' oration is devoid of "soundnesse of argument," for he proves nothing and offers not one significant fact. The degree of judgement seems low indeed, for it is based on unvalidated statements of love for Caesar, greater love for Rome, and Caesar's ambition (which is only asserted, not proved). And the "weight of matter" should demand more than a speech largely composed of rhetorical questions and conclusions based on unproved assumptions. Brutus indeed concentrates on form more than on content.

The qualities of Brutus's short speech rest on four major items: balance, type of sentence structure, important words used in harmony, and important words

used in opposition to a harmonious group.' Even a casual reading of lines 13-34 will catch the extreme balance. A word balances a word, a clause a clause, a sentence style a sentence style.

Consider the first three sentences. (Note that the prose of the original is here being presented as a series of short phrases to bring out the nature of the balance; also, it is likely that the actor would speak and the audience hear these lines as a series of short phrases.)

Romans, countrymen, and lovers,
hear me for my cause,
and be silent
that you may hear.
Believe me for mine honor,
and have respect to mine honor,
that you may believe.
Censure me in your wisdom,
and awake your senses,
that you may the better judge.

All phrases range from three to six words (four to eight syllables), and each sentence contains two verbs in the imperative followed by a subjunctive.

These three sentences are succeeded by two conditional sentences, thus adding variety in number and type:

If there be any in this assembly,
any dear friend of Caesar's,
to him I say,
that Brutus' love to Caesar
was no less than his.
If then that friend demand
why Brutus rose against Caesar,
this is my answer;
Not that I lov'd Caesar less,
but that I lov'd Rome more.

Even in a minor phrasing there is balance: "to him I say" and "this is my answer."

The type and number are again changed and we have a single interrogative:

Had you rather Caesar were living,
and die all slaves,
than that Caesar were dead,
to live all freemen?

Shakespeare does not make Brutus a slave to balance, however, for small touches add variety. The "and" in the first half of the sentence is changed to "to" in the second half; "that" is omitted before the first use of "Caesar" and inserted before the second use of "Caesar;" also "alive" could have been used instead of "living" for a more logical, but too rigid match with "dead."

Having used sentence groupings of two, three, and one, Shakespeare now provides Brutus with a different kind of group of two sentences. The first actually contains four independent clauses; the second, while omitting the repetition of "there is," still has the equivalent of four independent clauses (or sentences) with "there is" understood. And to increase the variety, these sentences are declarative.

As Caesar lov'd me,
I weep for him;
as he was fortunate,
I rejoice at it;
as he was valiant,
I honor him;
but as he was ambitious,
I slew him.
There is tears for his love;
joy for his fortune;
honor for his valor;
and death for his ambition.

Each phrase, aside from connectives, contains three or four words. The fascinating interplay of these words will be discussed below.

Finally, having utilized four major types of sentences, Brutus now combines types with a group of six sentences, the first, third, and fifth being interrogatives while the second, fourth, and sixth begin with the conditional "if," but are in effect imperatives.

Who is here so base
that would be a bondman?
If any, speak,
for him have I offended.
Who is here so rude
that would not be a Roman?
If any, speak,
for him have I offended.
Who is here so vile
that will not love his country?
If any, speak,
for him have I offended.

Variety has gone so far as even to include, after a no-two-exactly-alike performance, three identical sentences! Note, too, that "would be" changes to "would not be" and then to "will not."

Balance and sentence structure are only part of the oratorical skill displayed in Brutus' lines. If one considers the major words in each sentence, various arrangements of groups of four or more words emerge. While synonyms and antonyms are employed, such is not the most frequent pattern. The majority of the stressed words are either in harmony with other stressed words or else in opposition. (See footnote 9.) The first group of imperatives begins with "hear," "cause," "silent," "hear." One word is repeated, and "silent" is in harmony with that word. "Believe" and "honor" are repeated, but in reverse order. "Censure," "wisdom," "senses," and "judge" are in harmony since they all involve the mind; and "censure" and "senses" is a play on sound. Note that though the technique involves repetition and harmony, there is, as everywhere in this speech, variety in the use of the technique.

The conditional sentences appear to be the least skillful of the speech in their phrasing. Still, there is interplay in the order of "Brutus," "Caesar," and "Rome." The best touch is the contrast between "lov'd Caesar less" and "lov'd Rome more." The tonal quality of "Rome more," vocally lower and longer than "Caesar less," affects the listener in favor of the assassins.

The following interrogative, "Caesar," "living," "die," and "slave," contrasted with "Caesar," "dead," "live," and "freemen," shows an artistic interlacing of words in harmony and words in opposition. But the greatest triumph of rhetoric occurs in the declarative sentences: "Lov'd," "weep," "fortunate," "rejoice," "valiant," "honor," "ambitious," "slew," "tears," "love," "joy," "fortune," "honor," "valor," "death," and "ambition." Note how one group of harmonious words of favorable connotations ("lov'd," "fortunate," "rejoice," "valiant," "honor," "love," "joy," "fortune," "honor," and "valor") is opposed by another group of harmonious words of unfavorable connotations ("weep," "ambitious," "tears," "death," and "ambition"). This display of wit would not be lost on a patrician. And it may not be accidental that the only word that is repeated without change in form is "honor."

In the final sentence we have: "base," "bondman," "rude," "Roman," and "vile," "country." (I omit the repetitions of "speak" and "offended." Their purpose has been commented upon above.) Brutus has used alliteration sparingly in his speech until this conclusion. But why, after alliterating the b's and the r's does he lapse into "vile," "love," and "country?" Here we have an unusual kind of wordplay where an expected word is stressed by omission. A possible phrase would be, "Who is here so vile that would be a villain?"—or at least, the "v" of "vile" should have been matched with some other word beginning with that letter. "Love" contains a trace of the required sound and is tonally suggestive; and good artistry sometimes replaces the expected with the suggestive. Shakespeare has done this elsewhere. For example, he utilized the suggestive in *The Merchant of Venice*. While Bassanio

is philosophizing over the choice of caskets—should he select the gold, the silver, or the lead—a song is sung containing the rhyming words “bred,” “head,” and “nourished.”¹⁰ In *Hamlet*, when Hamlet has caught the conscience of the king and says to Horatio, at the end of a stanza, “a very, very pajock,” Horatio replies, “You might have rhymed.” To the astute ear, “A very Claudius” would have rhymed sufficiently well with the second line of the quatrain, “This realm dismantled was.”¹¹

Clearly, Brutus is an orator for patricians as well as for well educated listeners. The wit and intelligence of his speech would stir the blood of many Elizabethans and even of many of us. His phrasing may be “unadorned” in that it contains few adjectives and adverbs; but surely one phrase adorns its neighbors, one word adorns words in harmony and in opposition with it. The speech is, in fact, so unlike the remaining sentences he speaks to the citizens right after these lines that he obviously has been artistically (should one say artificially?) heightening his normal mode of expression. He has superbly used techniques that orators were taught. He doubtless exercised poor judgement in speaking this way to the commoners (poor judgement is one of the qualities Brutus often displays in the play). But he is, as Antony says, an orator—at least to the patricians.

Among the more than 650 lines that Brutus speaks in the play, it is this oration that brings out a crucial aspect of his character. Granted nowhere else does Brutus employ such a clear-cut balancing of phrases nor play so thoroughly upon a group of related words. But this speech is the way Brutus wants to appear to the Roman populace. If he is not deliberately deceiving (and few if any would accuse him of conscious dissimulation) he is heightening his normal speech habits for the occasion.

And there is a significant link between this speech and the rest of Brutus’ dialogue in the play. Brutus is given to vagueness, to reasoning without evidence. In fact, the word “reason(s)” is used effectively in Act III, scene ii:

Bru. And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar’s death. (7-8)

2 Pleb. I will hear Cassius and compare their reasons. (9)

1 Pleb. Methinks there is much reason in his [Antony’s] sayings. (108)

Ant. They are wise and honorable

And will no doubt with reasons answer you. (214-215)

With this line “reasons” suddenly become suspect. ¹² What are the facts?

Note, too, how vague Brutus is compared with Cassius when they consider Caesar’s faults and the danger he poses to Rome (or to them!). In Act I, scene ii, Cassius mentions Caesar’s jumping into the Tiber and nearly drowning and Caesar’s crying for drink “as a sick girl” (128). These concrete evidences of weakness are followed by a graphic simile, “he doth bestride the narrow world/Like a Colossus.” (135-136) We see Caesar through Cassius’ eyes, and we

sense the conspirator's rage. But Brutus, reasonable Brutus, gives us a picture we cannot paint,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking
. . . and to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason
. . . So Caesar may;
Then lest he may, prevent. (II, i, 11-28)

Here we see nothing of the living Caesar. And is Brutus really made of flesh and blood to analyze his friend so coldly, find only a logical possibility, and then, with reason, condemn him to death! As Virgil K. Whitaker says, after analyzing this soliloquy in the orchard, ". . . Brutus nearly always has reasons for what he does, and these reasons, whether sound or unsound, reveal his character and carry forward the action of the play."¹³

When Cassius suggests that Antony be killed along with Caesar (II, i, 155-161), Brutus overrules him by giving him logical reasons. At the end of Act III, scene i, when Antony asks to speak at Caesar's funeral, Cassius would forbid it. But Brutus, like the dictator he feared Caesar would become, says, "By your pardon—/I will myself into the pulpit first,/And show the reason of our Caesar's death." (III, i, 235-237) Much later, when Cassius tells Brutus that it is advantageous to wait until the enemy marches against them, Brutus asks, "Your reason?" (IV, iii, 198) After Cassius speaks, Brutus overrides his plan, deciding "Good reasons must of force give way to better." (IV, iii, 203) In any disagreement in which Brutus takes part, he ultimately sets himself up as the single judge. After brushing aside Cassius' "Hear me, good brother" (IV, iii, 212), Brutus employs a splendid metaphor about "a tide in the affairs of men,/Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." (IV, iii, 218-219) Ironically, Brutus' reasons work better in argument than in action, for, according to Titinius, Brutus does not recognize when the tide is at its flood: "O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early!" (V, iii, 5) None, not even Brutus himself, can overcome his reasons.

It is worthwhile to examine briefly Antony's funeral oration to show how Shakespeare uses these orations to help characterize the two men.¹⁴ Clearly, Antony appeals to emotion rather than reason. His phrasings include: "When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath weptkiss dead Caesar's wounds his sacred blood burst his mighty heart stir men's blood move/The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny" He comments upon the blood-stained rents in Caesar's mantle; he bares Caesar's wounds. His style is but modestly balanced. He interrupts his train of thought with paren-

thetical remarks. He pauses several times, partly to let his words sink in and partly to observe the effect upon his auditors. He points out details that have nothing to do with the glory and safety of Rome. Increasingly he brings in the value of Caesar to the individuals listening to him. Finally, he concentrates on Caesar's will and effectively proves that Caesar's desire was to benefit the poor.

Antony appeals not to patriotism but to personal (selfish, if you prefer) interests. Thus, while he can correctly say that he is no orator and Brutus is, Antony is certainly the more effective speaker for all except perhaps the patricians. The patricians might have been so impressed by Brutus' style that they would still remember it after the will is read. Not so the vast majority, who quickly respond to Antony.

Ultimately, the two funeral orations reveal much of the basic natures of the two men. Shakespeare shows us why neither Brutus nor Antony is fit to govern Rome, whereas the more nearly rounded Caesar was qualified. Caesar may have emotion, as Cassius proves. But never did his emotion, as Brutus admits, sway his reason. Antony, however, is emotional. Despite his intelligence his life lacks overall coherence. He proceeds, when possible, from one favorable situation to the next. He cannot grasp the larger picture. He can arouse, but he cannot control.

Brutus likewise is not Shakespeare's ideal governor. He is noble and honest, but falls in part because he succumbs to flattery. More significant as a flaw, as epitomised in his funeral oration for Caesar, is his lack of personal balance. Far too extreme is his stress on form and reason. Too little he deals with facts and evidence. He is full of noble sentiments that appeal to the mind, but he seems totally unaware that his audience has emotions that will respond most strongly when they are given something concretely valuable. All these qualities are displayed in the highest oratorical style and the most intelligent of word combinations, as Brutus reveals his failure to understand the real world. What he does, with marvelous skill, is ask the public to give Rome what he is willing to give—if necessary, his life.

Notes

¹ G. Blakemore Evans, ed., *The Riverside Shakespeare* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1974). All quotations from the play are taken from this edition.

² Milton Boone Kennedy, *The Oration in Shakespeare* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina, 1942), p. 107.

³ George Lyman Kittredge, ed., rev. by Irving Ribner, *Julius Caesar* (Waltham, Mass.: Blaisdell, 1966), p. 56.

⁴ Hardin Craig, ed., *The Complete Works of Shakespeare* (Glenville, Illinois: Scott, Foresman, 1961), p. 786.

⁵ Milton Crane, *Shakespeare's Prose* (Chicago: Chicago University, Phoenix Edition, 1963), p. 144.

⁶ Kittredge, p. 63.

⁷ Alexander H. Sackton, *Rhetoric as a Dramatic Language in Ben Jonson* (New York: Octagon Books, 1967. Reprint of Columbia University edition of 1948), p. 14.

⁸ J. E. Spingarn, ed., *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century* (Bloomington: Indiana University, 1957), I, 2.

⁹ In this paper, words are considered to be in harmony: (1) when they belong in the same category, as the word category is applied in a thesaurus; and/or (2) when they have either similarly favorable or similarly unfavorable connotations.

¹⁰ See my "Portia, Nerissa, and Female Friendship," *Topic 7*, Spring, 1964, pp. 56-60, for a more detailed discussion.

¹¹ See my "Horatio's 'You Might Have Rhymed,'" *Notes and Queries*, V. 198, July, 1953, pp. 282-283.

¹² An interesting ambiguity in the use of the word "reason" occurs when Antony says, "And men have lost their reason." (III, ii, 105) It is not merely that men have lost their senses. Antony could also be saying that his speech is causing his auditors to lose their reason for approving of the conspirator's murder of Caesar.

¹³ Virgil K. Whitaker, *Shakespeare's Use of Learning* (San Marino: The Huntington Library, 1953), p. 246.

¹⁴ Crane writes (p. 145), "The clear-cut opposition of Brutus' prose and Antony's verse is one of Shakespeare's most cunningly contrived effects; nowhere does he contrast character more tellingly than in this scene."

Reflections on the Generations in Ortega y Gasset

Gary Albright

Education is the only cure for certain diseases the modern world has engendered, but if you don't find the disease, the remedy is superfluous.

John Buchan

JOSÉ Ortega y Gasset always prided himself on the introduction of the theory of generations into historical thought. In his early years he flirted with socialism, and his theory of generations was an answer to the more mechanistic analysis of the Marxists. However, there was an ambiguity in his theory that remained unchanged throughout his life. This vagueness comes about because he mixes a biological and a pedagogical conception of the generations. In his book on Ortega's theory of the generations, Julian Marias, his leading expositor displays the connections between Ortega's speculations and others who have used the same concept.¹ He confirms Ortega's pretension to develop a highly new theory. Though undoubtably sensitive to the dramatic side of Ortega's thought and its presentation, Marias is weak on Ortega's dialectical analysis of other philosophers. Some find this dialectical approach confusing and even unintelligible, because it combines exposition and critical analysis at the same time. But, this type of investigation has always been one way of doing philosophy, as is exemplified by Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*. Plato indulges himself at times in this mode of examination and so does Jacques Ellul, a modern social critic. Some of their insights are not readily discovered by other modes of thinking.

In this essay I want to discuss Ortega's dialectical development of the theory of the generations. I will do so by unfolding his conception of the generations in three different contexts. First I will discuss and compare Ortega with pragmatic thinkers. Second I will treat his relationship with Hegel and Ellul. Third I will probe his dialectical study of Goethe (who, along with Plato, was his primary intellectual love) and Spengler, his foil. In his criticism of Spengler, Ortega, perhaps unknown even to himself, reveals the fullest elaboration of the pedagogical guidance of the generations. In so doing, he advances a conception of the generations paralleling the Biblical notion. Whether this affinity is only secular in its nature is open to question. To say that the Biblical conception of the generations is too biologically narrow, and then develop a pedagogical notion that has strong similarities seems to show there was a tension in Ortega's mind which he was never able to overcome.

Ortega's Equivocal Consideration of the Generations

Ortega stresses that the history of life has to be presented as a dramatic conflict between past and future. Each generation, as it arrives at its own convictions through the development of each person in the light of changing circumstances, comes into conflict with the generations before it. This constant conflict among three distinct generations and the dynamic resolution which sometimes occurs are central to Ortega's theory.

Many writers have seen the Old Testament as the first historical view of man.² Ortega seems to have an ambivalent attitude toward this point of view. He considers the Old Testament a primitive document which does not fully explain how the generations interpenetrate in history. One reason for this may have been his notion that confusing the biological and religious views creates a false perspective.³ In addition, Ortega cannot accept the biblical view of reality because, like the Homeric version, it concentrates too much upon primogeniture and genealogy.⁴ He believes that both the biblical and Homeric theories of history, which emphasize the succession of generations, are formulated by taking the individual and his biological series too seriously. This creates a perspective that is too familiar and too subjective.⁵

However, the Old Testament shows that it is man's preceptors as much as his progenitors who determine who he is at any moment of time. Ortega does not see this. For example, Eli fails with his own sons and his house is destroyed, but, acting with the Lord, he helps to establish Samuel as a prophet. It is this conflict, the break in primogeniture, which must be overcome by preceptors appointed by the Lord. In turn, these preceptors maintain the unity of the generations, their concord in all the times of man. This conflict between fathers and teachers is never clearly delineated by Ortega, and therefore he fails to see it at work in the Old

Testament. He does emphasize, however, that the Bible reveals a shrewd intuition "that the life of man is fitted into a broader process, within which it represents a stage."⁶

Ortega's consideration of the Old Testament and Homer as parallel sources is questionable from another standpoint. Although much has been written on the topic, Eric Auerbach's lucid commentary on the biblical and Homeric approaches to reality is in many ways still the best demonstration that they contain *radically different* interpretations of life.⁷ For Auerbach, the Old Testament gives us a present that is pure suspense, inserted between what has passed and what will come. On the other hand, Homer shows us a procession of phenomena which takes place in a local and temporal present. In the Old Testament, man is placed morally rather than spatially, so that he becomes defined in relation to the moral goal toward which he is heading. As Auerbach concludes, this way of viewing man gives him personality.

Ortega's Controversies with Pragmatism

With this in mind, let us turn to Ortega in order to look more deeply at his theory of generations. Ortega writes that "man cannot take a single step without anticipating, With this in mind, let us turn to Ortega in order to look more deeply at his theory of generations. Ortega writes that "man cannot take a simple step without anticipating, with more or less clarity, all of his future, what he is going to be, or more precisely, what he has decided to be in his whole life."⁸ He realizes that we are made by the future in so far as we have to imagine our complete person. He also proposes that the more future life has, the more problematic it becomes.⁹ When something in our life is out of order, we have to change our interpretation of our person, as well as our interpretation of the circumstances, with a view of acting without hindrance in the world. Commenting on this point, he writes:

A man invents for himself a program of life, a static figure of being, which answers satisfactorily to the difficulties which his circumstances set before him. He tries out this program of life, intending to actualize this imaginary person he has invented. He sets out with illusions about this program and the program becomes his experience. This means that he comes to *believe* profoundly that this person is his true being. But when he tries it out, the insufficiencies and limits of this vital program appear. It does not solve all of the difficulties and new ones appear. . . . Then the man thinks up another vital program. He attempts to avoid the inconveniences of the first program in the new one. Therefore, the first program continues actually in the second; it is conserved by being avoided. Inexorably, a man avoids being what he was. From

the second program and the second trial, there follows a third made in view of the first and second and this continues successively.¹⁰

This is an important insight which separates Ortega from the American pragmatists G. H. Mead and John Dewey, who at other times he seems to resemble. He realizes, as they do, that in order to *maintain* ourselves in the environment, we often have to change our interpretation of it. But he goes beyond them in arguing that we must also *establish* our person in life, and at certain times, *re-establish* it in the light of the circumstances.

For Ortega, revolution fosters evolution. This is true for the individual and for the social collective. There are times when the individual has to change his whole imaginative conception of himself, when generations have to establish or re-establish themselves, and when the state has to re-establish its constitution. This is perhaps why John Dewey felt so uncomfortable about the World Wars — they broke up his system of continuous emergent evolution.¹¹

Turning now to Ortega's conception of the past, we find him asserting the following: "Man does not have a past because he is capable of remembering; on the contrary, he has developed and guided his memory because he needs the past in order to orient himself in the mass of problematic possibilities which constitute the future."¹² This makes our past a function of our future. But the past as pure past is a factor which limits what we can be, for at another point, Ortega claims:

The past is past not because it passes to others, but because it forms part of our present, of what we are in the form of having been, in short, because it is *our* past. Life as reality is absolute presence. It could not be said that *there is* something if it is not present or actual. If, then, *there is* a past, it will be as present and acting now in us. And in fact, if we analyze what we are now, if we hold the constitution of our present up to the light in order to break it down into its elements as a chemist or physicist might analyze a body, we find, surprisingly, that our life that is always *right here and now*, this life of this present or actual instant, *is composed* of what we have been personally and collectively.¹³

Therefore the past is always "fatal," for it constitutes for man "an inexorable trajectory of experiences which he carries on his shoulders as the vagabond carries his parcel of possessions."¹⁴ The only way he can avoid it is to imagine himself as an entirely different person in the future, which changes his whole relationship to the past.

Ortega's emphasis on the past as a factor which limits what we can be is also in contradistinction to American pragmatism. For example,

because George Herbert Mead constantly emphasizes novelty, he often neglects these limiting factors in the past. When Mead writes of the past, it is not as a limiting factor, but in order to show that there is a continuity in experience despite the fact of emergence. When Mead asserts that a particular past can be said to determine a present, his emphasis is upon the fact that a past (in the sense of determining conditions) can always be found which is continuous with a present. For Mead, some elements of the past can be seen as determining what we are at any present moment, whereas Ortega sees that it is our relation to the future which determines what we are at that moment.

Ortega differs radically from the American pragmatists concerning the past and the future because his perspective is broader than theirs and because he includes concepts which can account for mass man. For Mead and Dewey the future is wide open, like America before the closing of its frontiers, so that all of life is problematic. In this situation man does not have to be concerned with himself, but only with the world around him. But in Europe Ortega witnessed the creation of a new type of man who did not see any future, any expectations, for himself. This man could see nothing but the past piling up on his back so that first his knees buckled and then his spine gave way.¹⁵ In this situation, the only thing to do was to increase man's imagination enough so that he could see himself as a new person with a dawning future. Life would thereby become problematic once again.

Ortega Confronts Hegel and Ellul

All history is written out of hope or fear about what shall come to pass.¹⁶ But in so far as it is written out of hope, history becomes a system in which each generation, with its perspective fully, partially, or never formed, tells us something about that hope which is promised in the future. Ortega maintains that "any historical term, in order to be precise, needs to be determined as a function of all history."¹⁷ And this insight leads him to stress that history has to be considered as one would a note in music:

The radical reality is our life. And our life is as it is, or has the structure that it has, because the anterior forms of life were as they were in a very concrete line of human development. On account of this, an epoch cannot be rigorously understood if all other epochs are not understood. Human destiny constitutes a melody in which each note has its musical sense determined by its position among all the other notes.¹⁸

From this it follows that each generation which finds a new hope being born within it will have to rewrite history in line with this hope. "In order to obtain a complete picture of our species, it would be necessary to

juxtapose what each of us sees of the world to what all other individuals see, have seen, and will see.”¹⁹ But what the species will see remains problematic and can only be answered as each generation finds its hope in life and, with this transformed vision, recreates the past.

That history is this reciprocal relationship between past and future, that our life and the life of our generation is but a stage between the alpha and omega of human time are concepts clearly held by Ortega. But, how are we to understand his consideration of the generations in relation to his ambiguous thinking about the biblical tradition? Could it be that he did not see the great emphasis that the Bible places on generations? Or should we interpret Ortega dialectically in much the same way as he interpreted Goethe? Although Ortega was caught in the collective beliefs of his time — socialism, the advent of the Republic, the academician’s faith in the integrity of the intellect — forces which in his age were becoming absolute, his spontaneous insight was to relativize these collective beliefs and make them one perspective by which to see the truth of an eternal cosmos.²⁰ But this glimpse of the eternal through the relativity of peoples and cultures can only come through revelation and prophecy. Ortega, like Jacques Ellul, maintains hope even during a time of abandonment. And he may have waited for God to reveal His word to one who could speak in a prophetic voice, as Jacques Ellul now does.²¹

Hegel in his *Phenomenology* is trying to establish and justify two premises. The first is that man has grown more rational in the course of his history. For this reason Hegel sees himself as the man who is able to remove the veil which stands between us and rational reality. This means that man, guided by revelations from outside himself, slowly learns that he has been revealing himself to himself all along.

Second, Hegel sees that men are constantly joining or fighting with other men, thus creating a vast phenomenological screen of blood, sweat and tears. But this estrangement of man from other men, and even from himself, is reconciled at the end of history when men become rational and live reasonably in a national state. Hegel takes this phenomenon of the estrangement of man from other men and develops it dialectically from the time of the Greeks to the French Revolution. Thus he shows that each stage of the dialectical development is intimately tied in with the stage that comes before it — both cancelling it and preserving some of its elements. By standing at the end of history and looking back, one is led to realize that it has been the rational development in man that has been accumulating and is preserved in the various stages of history.

Ortega denies Hegel’s first thesis, which sees man becoming rational at the end of history.²² Hegel envisions man as capable of perfecting himself by choosing rationally known alternatives at the end of history. But Ortega asserts that there is another dimension to freedom which arises when none of the available alternatives is accepted because it conflicts with preconceived values, intentions, and beliefs.²³ Thereby

Ortega's dialectic denies any internal suspension of history because he sees that man invents new values as well as things and is always attempting to innovate them into society. History has to be rewritten in each generation because its fears and hopes are always changing as the circumstances take on new configurations.

Ortega is mostly concerned with political, moral and religious inventions, their conflict with preconceived solutions to a problem and with man's pre-established habits. These inventions come from man himself and must be distinguished from revelations, which come from outside oneself. Ortega sees that a dialectic is created in society between revelation, invention, and the established habits of man. An invention becomes an innovation when one man is able to impart his new view to others, and these, acting as an elite minority, are able to influence society at large. Each generation has the possibility to modify the society in which it lives prophetically or by thinking clearly.

Ortega takes the second thesis of Hegel and develops it dialectically so that it sheds light on the development of unities more comprehensive than that of the nation state. At the same time he brings into focus another form of estrangement, the development of mass man and his control through the use of propaganda.

Jacques Ellul goes even further than Ortega in assessing the role which technique and propaganda have on man as a free and creative inventor. These techniques, which have a life of their own, dehumanize society and turn it into a mechanism that only respects one thing — efficiency. Ellul maintains that there is one solution to the problem — to have hope in the face of God's abandonment of the world and to await the day when God speaks once again to a prophet.

Whether, for Ortega, the pattern of invention, innovation and modification of society is completely secular and is simply man revealing himself to man in the Hegelian fashion, or whether there is the possibility of sacred speech between God and man which leads to revelation, is open to question.²⁴ Many writers on Ortega have chosen the first option, but Ortega often speaks about bringing the eternal and temporal together, and this does not seem to be simply Heideggerian word play. There seems to be more hidden in his silences than most thinkers today, caught in their own collective beliefs, are willing to admit.²⁵

Ortega's Criticism of Goethe and Spengler

Let us now investigate Ortega's dialectical analysis of Goethe. Ortega believes that if one wants to understand a man's biography, he must see it as the interplay of the collective beliefs of the society in which the man lived and the man's creative ideas. He proposes two questions which have to be answered if one wishes to write a biography of a person, and he claims no one has actually asked these questions before him. The first

question is to determine the vital vocation of the man about which one is writing. One must construct an imaginary model of the individual in order to see the exterior deviation which living imposes on his vocation.²⁶ The second question, and the more important of the two, is to assess the fidelity of the man to his vocation, which determines how authentic his life is.²⁷ Ortega quotes Goethe frequently, and, in his essays on him, he presents a man who has not constantly pursued nor completely fulfilled his vocation. He does this by showing that Goethe is absorbed by and reacts against the collective beliefs and usages of his time. Progress and the security of Weimar are two of the most significant forces affecting Goethe's life.

According to Ortega, the idea of progress came into being with Turgot in 1750, one year after Goethe was born. This idea became a collective belief for the next two centuries and was one with which Goethe always lived.²⁸ It was this idea which allowed men to see everything around them as changing and which was, as Ortega explains it, the first vision of man as a historical being in his essence.²⁹ But, Goethe rebelled against this insight into the processes of human life and wished to see man as invariable, as a model which did not undergo change. He insisted upon looking at mankind as if it were completely sublimated or even transubstantiated.

The future appeared to Goethe as something involving a minimum amount of insecurity and danger. This was part of the original idea of progress. However, this security became the basis upon which he depicted man as a sublimated model who stood outside of historical change and progress. So Goethe, in his rebellion against progress, also submitted to it.

How did this feeling of security about the future come about? There is for Ortega one factor which seems to account for it — Goethe's long residence in Weimar. It was here that he became accustomed to floating on life so that he could no longer see himself as shipwrecked, an insight which would have forced him to turn to his own spontaneous reactions to save himself. Goethe remained always young, and thereby he lived off all the lives he had inherited in history, without ever coming to grips with his own internal destiny. He stayed this way because Weimar offered him apparent securities in excess, securities which sometimes killed the spontaneous springs of life that were in him.

Goethe was torn by two personalities. One was conditioned by his life at Weimar and the usages of his time. (This is the Goethe of German philology — statuesque, influenced by Spinoza and Greek naturalism, always attempting to find an *Ur-Mensch* which had the same nature as his *Ur-Pflanze*.) The other pointed ahead to future generations and their concerns. This spontaneous view of the world, occurring many times in Goethe's writings, emphasized that life was to be lived, that man had a history, not a nature, and that his *Personlichkeit*, not his character, was what determined him.

Ortega is also concerned with the work of Oswald Spengler. Spengler, like Ellul, claimed that modern society was becoming mechanized, but unlike Ellul, he saw no hope, but only absolute abandonment. Ortega acknowledges that "history, in its intention, is always universal."³⁰ And he credits Oswald Spengler with the first attempt at writing such a history. In so doing, Spengler tried to maintain the universality of history by taking relativity into account, yet he adopted for his model the classical Goethe, the man grown stiff in his Weimarian residence. In the introduction to *The Decline of the West*, Spengler wrote that one sentence from Goethe comprised his entire philosophy — a strange sentence, whose concentration on reason over understanding set the tone for nineteenth century German philosophical speculation:

The God-head is effective in the living and not in the dead, in the becoming and the changing, not in the become and the set-fast; and therefore, similarly, the reason (*Vernunft*) is concerned only to strive towards the divine through the becoming and living, and the understanding (*Verstand*) only to make use of the become and the set-fast.³¹

Spengler took Goethe's notion of reason with its concentration on life, which may well have appealed to Ortega, and combined it with another idea of Goethe, which is found in his morphological researches. Goethe thought that you could discover the living nature of things not by dissecting them, but by living into (*erfuhlen*) their structure.³² Spengler applied this idea to all the formations of man's history.

For Spengler, each culture springs from a mother region to which it remains bound throughout its whole life cycle. Therefore cultures belong, like plants and animals, to Goethe's living nature. He took Goethe's notion of the *Ur-Pflanze* and applied it to man and his history without noting the great differences in them. Ortega criticizes this view because it cannot account for historical prophecy. He sees that Spengler "founds his prophecy on a contemplation of historical lives from outside, which consists in an intuitive comparison of their forms or morphology."³³ Ortega supports the contrary of this position, that historical forecasts are only possible from within a life; a forecast can never be derived by comparing it with others. This prophecy from within, about which Ortega writes, is dealt with further by Jacques Ellul. He sees that prophecy does not depend upon gaining universal ideas or information but seems to follow from Paul's saying in Corinthians: "For if the readiness is there, it is acceptable according to what man has, not according to what he has not." (II Corinthians 8:12).³⁴ Historical prophecy is based on revelation, when God's word and man's word become one. Those who try to gain foresight and predictive power by collecting information or by deducing from universal truths are forced to

interpret their axioms or facts by one ideology or another. Out of one myth another myth arises.³⁵

In Spengler's analysis each culture has its own possibilities of self-expression which "arise, ripen, decay, and never return."³⁶ This means, of course, that each culture has its own life, will, feeling and death, so that at some point its fruition becomes rigid. All cultures are inevitably destined to become civilizations. Pure civilization in its historical form consists of a progressive exhaustion of forms that have become inorganic. Europe, as Spengler judges it, is one of these dying civilizations, and our final task is to bring to light the historical morphology of civilization by methods that have been hitherto unknown. Finally, for Spengler, "the morphology of world-history becomes inevitably a universal symbolism."³⁷

Ortega attacks this position because it overlooks the spontaneous impulses in man, which can be called up at any moment by awakening his expectations.³⁸ Spengler assumed that the sources of expectations for European man had dried up. For centuries, as Ortega views it, the dream was the guide and inspiration for man. Spengler neglected this fact. Rather than awakening our expectations to a future full of promises, he gave us a pessimistic view of the present in a quasi-scientific formulation.

Ortega also criticizes Spengler because, in Spengler's terms, all cultures become civilizations. According to Ortega, the elements designated by Spengler's use of "civilization" and "culture" are always conflicting in any society. There is, therefore, a constant dialectical battle between the person and the impersonal world around him.³⁹ Ortega claims that society, bureaucratic and acting mostly by force, has to be constantly opposed by select minorities, by the remnant who are the harbingers of creative innovations. He asserts that the cycles of Spengler, "even if certain, do not contradict that there is an evolution of humanity toward states that are always new,"⁴⁰ and stresses that there is a constant cross-fertilization among cultures, although it can be either good or bad.

Finally, Ortega denies that there can be a morphology of history, since it presupposes that we can know a person's or a culture's values, beliefs, and feelings in a one-to-one relationship. He acknowledges that people, as well as cultures, are always multivalent, possessing stored up powers in a latent form that cannot be expressed patently at a given moment. Each of the works that people or cultures perform is polyvalent and is therefore subject to different levels of interpretation. When a man reflectively sets out to do an action, he assumes that he knows what ends that action is going to achieve. Even when his action does attain that end, other people, in analyzing that act, can find that it also realized very different ends.

Spengler concentrated on cultures turning into civilizations and then dying. Ortega, on the other hand, is constantly showing us that the

threat of death stimulates us and leads often to a rebirth so that all cultures and civilizations are constantly maintained by the struggle between birth and death. Under apparent catastrophes, a new figure of human existence finds itself being born.⁴¹

Ortega agrees with Spengler in believing that any complete perspectival view of history must take relativity into account, but he does not think Spengler has done this. For Ortega, cultures are organs for the perception of one part of the whole. These are perspectives which rely upon revelation or the appearance of something whose evidence lies outside our own minds. Individuals and their cooperation as a culture are open to certain kinds of revelation and closed to others.

Ortega's Transposed Consideration of the Generations

Although Ortega is writing in secular terms, he seems to express something that comes very close to the biblical point of view:

Beyond cultures there is an eternal and invariable cosmos from which man catches a glimpse in an integral and millenarian effort. He does not achieve it only with thought, but with his entire organism. In order to do this the power of the individual is not enough, for it takes the collaboration of a whole people. Periods and races—or in a word, cultures—are the gigantic organs that allow one to perceive some small part of this absolute future life (*trasmundo*). There could hardly exist a true culture when all of them possess only an instrumental significance and are broad sensoriums demanded for the vision of the absolute.⁴²

This constitutes his answer to Spengler.

The generation is, for Ortega, the connecting link between the individual and his culture. It has an advantage over Marx's analysis in terms of class structures, since it recognizes that man's life is multivalent and is not strictly determined by economic factors.⁴³ Thus Ortega takes Marx into account without having to rely on his substructure-superstructure rigidity.

In addition, Ortega sees that Spengler has not accounted for the temporal factor in individual and cultural life. By concentrating on the generations, Ortega makes timing and the "making of epoch" central to his analysis. The generations allow one to see more specifically where the great changes in society take place and to calculate the times of such changes in a more precise fashion. Borrowing his terminology from Marx, but interpreting it in his own way, Ortega analyzes changes in society in the following passage:

From what I have said, a law of human destiny can be deduced according to which material changes, accumulating in our ex-

perience, give at the end a precipitate which is a change of attitude; and these changes of attitude are what "make epoch" in our personal existence.

Now, the same thing happens if we focus our attention on the continuity of a series of historical generations, instead of referring to an individual's life. Each one accumulates the experiences of the earlier ones, although with great losses, and in a specific generation the material changes gathered by them are precipitated in the form of a change in vital attitude.⁴⁴

All decisive changes in society must be undertaken at the right time. If they are undertaken too late or too soon, they become represented as material changes, without bringing about a shift in attitude, without making an epoch.

Those generations which do the latter give a rebirth to the culture in which they originate, since they respond even though they have to change. In the midst of catastrophe, Ortega writes about doubt as:

. . .that situation, in which there is no world solidified by beliefs which sustain, lead and orient man but a liquid element where he senses himself as falling — to be in doubt is to fall — senses himself as shipwrecked. But this sensation of being shipwrecked is a great stimulus for man. His most profound energies react when he senses that he is going down, his arms set to work in order to ascend to the surface. The man who is shipwrecked converts himself into a swimmer. The negative situation converts itself into a positive one. All civilization has been born or has been reborn as a natatorial movement of salvation.⁴⁵

Notes

¹ This is discussed by Julian Marias in *El metodo historico de las generaciones* (reprinted in *Obras*, VI, Madrid, Revista de Occidente, 1969).

² In *Order and History: Israel and Revelation* (Louisiana State University Press, 1956), Eric Voegelin adopts this position with a modification. He writes: "Without Israel there would be no history, but only the eternal recurrence of societies in cosmological form" (pp. 126-27). This does not mean that other societies have not had history, but that it was *compacted* and did not enter into their consciousness. It was Israel that had a history and was conscious of it in a differentiated form.

³ His desire to separate these two spheres is also present in his practical life. Ortega was "liberal" in his view that the church and state had to be separate. He was opposed to the Concordat of 1851, which made the Catholic religion the official religion of the state; however, he did not go as far as the anti-clerical left, who wanted to destroy all remnants of the church in Spain. Ortega was primarily interested in establishing laic education in Spain. He was therefore suspicious of the church and its complete domination of the educational system. In 1932 the Jesuit order in Spain was dissolved, and the government attempted to build, under Article Twenty-Six of the new Constitution, a secular school system.

⁴ Ortega, *En torno a Galileo* in *Obras Completas*, V (1933; rpt. Madrid: Revista de Occidente, 1970), 44-45. The English translation of this book is titled *Man and Crisis*.

⁵ Ibid., p. 46.

⁶ Ibid., p. 45.

⁷ *Mimesis* (New York: Doubleday & Co., 1953), pp. 1-20.

⁸ *En torno a Galileo* in *Obras*, V, 23. Ortega is dealing here with the authentic man, which he contrasts with mass man who does not have these qualities. This is the "vital vocation" he is looking for when he analyzes a person like Goethe.

⁹ "Goethe sin Weimar," *Obras*, IX (1949; rpt. 1965), 587.

¹⁰ *Historia como sistema* in *Obras*, VI (1941; rpt. 1964), 40-41.

¹¹ Eugen Rosenstock-Huussy, *The Christian Future* (1946; rpt. New York: Harper Torchbook, 1966), pp.43-53.

¹² "Pasado y porvenir para el hombre actual," *Obras*, IX (1951; rpt. 1965), 654.

¹³ *Historia como sistema* in *Obras*, VI, 39.

¹⁴ Ibid., p. 41.

¹⁵ Ortega used this image in a powerful book on Spain entitled *Espana invertebrada*.

¹⁶ "Las profesiones liberales," *Obras*, IX (1954; rpt. 1965), 701.

¹⁷ *Historia como sistema* in *Obras*, VI, 43-44.

¹⁸ *En torno a Galileo* in *Obras*, V, 95.

¹⁹ *Las Atlantidas* in *Obras*, III (1924; rpt. 1966), 291-92.

²⁰ This seems to be the point at which Ortega's historical perspectivism meets Whitehead's cosmic perspectives.

²¹ Jacques Ellul, *Hope in Time of Abandonment* (New York: The Seabury Press, 1973), pp. 126-27. Ellul was born in Bordeaux, France in 1912 and has been professor of law and social philosophy at Bordeaux since 1946. One writer has asserted that his book, *The Technological Society*, is to be seen as a continuation of Hegel's *Phenomenology of Mind* in a technicized world and that Ellul is describing for us the phenomenology of the technical state of mind. I agree entirely with this position. In this book we see men becoming more and more dehumanized, an extension and working out of the problems of technology of which Ortega was very aware. In addition, Ellul is a Christian influenced by the early works of

Barth. He sets forth a position which opens up perspectives beyond the French existentialist mode of thinking. His analysis of Samuel being called to prophecy in a time when prophecy had withered away is very enlightening.

²² *En torno a Galileo* in *Obras*, V, 135. Ortega writes "that historical reality, human destiny, advances dialectically, even though this essential dialectic of life is not, as Hegel believed, a conceptual dialectic of pure reason, but precisely a dialectic of a reason much more wide, deep and rich than pure reason — that is, the dialectic of life, of living reason." (Ibid.)

²³ Carl Joachim Friedrich, *Man and His Government* (New York: McGraw Hill, 1963), p. 367.

²⁴ *Historia como sistema* in *Obras*, VI, 45. He maintains that "there is a revelation when man senses himself in contact with a reality *distinct from himself*. What it is is not important, but it must appear to be absolute reality and *not mere ideas of our own*, our presumptions or imaginary visions of reality." (The emphasis is my own.)

²⁵ Scholars tend to think in set patterns about Ortega. I am reminded of Jacques Ellul's comment that Marx, Nietzsche and Freud have sketched out "the field of the intellectually possible, and have opened what seems to us the only right path." He submits that this is pure hypnotism. (*Hope in Time of Abandonment*, p. 53.) I am afraid our reading of Ortega has been thus affected.

²⁶ "Pidiendo un Goethe desde dentro," *Obras*, IV (1932; rpt. 1966) 401.

²⁷ Ibid., 411.

²⁸ "Alrededor de Goethe," *Obras*, IX (1949; rpt. 1965) 607.

²⁹ There is a debate over the origin of the idea of progress. Contrary to Ortega, Rosenstock-Huussy shows that this idea originates with Christianity. The 18th Century replaced the Holy Spirit with the human spirit. (*The Christian Future*, pp. 75-79.)

³⁰ *Las Atlantidas* in *Obras*, (1924; rpt. 1966) 305.

³¹ Trans. Charles Francis Atkinson, ed. Arthur Helps (1918; rpt. New York: Alfred Knopf, 1962), p. 38, n.4.

³² Ibid., p. 72.

³³ *El tema de nuestro tiempo* in *Obras*, III (1923; rpt. 1966) 154-55, n. 2.

³⁴ Jacques Ellul, *False Presence of the Kingdom* (New York: The Seabury Press, 1972) p. 71.

³⁵ Ibid., p. 205.

³⁶ *Decline of the West*, p. 17.

³⁷ Ibid., p. 35.

³⁸ There is an excellent discussion of expectation in Rosenstock-Huussy, *Speech and Reality* (Norwich, Vt.: Argo Books, 1970), pp. 145-49.

³⁹ In *I and Thou*, Martin Buber gives the same analysis of Spengler as did Ortega, although he does not mention Spengler's name in the text. (Trans. Ronald Gregor Smith, 1923; rpt. New York: Charles Scribner, 1958,) pp. 87-90.

⁴⁰ "Dialogo sobre el arte nuevo," *Obras*, II (1924; rpt. 1966), 269.

⁴¹ "Sobre un Goethe bicentenario," *Obras*, IX (1949; rpt. 1965), 564.

⁴² *Las Atlantidas* in *Obras*, III, 313.

⁴³ Rosenstock-Huessy, taking a view very similar to Ortega's, develops the multiformity of man on a much deeper level. (*The Multiformity of Man*, 1936; rpt. Norwich, Vt.: Argo Books, 1973.)

⁴⁴ "La cultura de las habas contadas," *Obras*, IX, 1965, 546.

⁴⁵ "Sobre un Goethe bicentenario," *Obras*, IX, 565.

POETRY

Leonard Nathan

RECOGNITIONS

After thirty years or so
there was just enough left
of our young faces to save us
from passing unrecognized
and that called for big
vulnerable smiles as the world
stopped fading around us
a little while and, ah,
Caesar Grania, what
we saw—two old maps
of plain experience,
crumpled more than once,
coffee-stained, scribbled
on, our children's guide
for what not to become,
and so there we stood searching
for something we once meant
and found it—beaten, although
into a usable shape,
and your eyes, back then
so beautifully crazed,
now as biddable as two
soft bedlamps,
and your smile, exactly
answering mine—the pity
of it, the gratitude.

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THE WIDOWER

**In spring the moss on the north side
of the house is thick as a prayer rug
but the azaleas are nothing special,
coral clustered in shiny green
which he loves anyway since his children
are busy raising the children of strangers,
his friends are out haunting the past
and the mail truck drove right on by.**

**And this very morning he knelt to retrieve
a calloused dirt-caked garden glove,
the one that stayed out all last night,
open with palm upward as though
expecting, but no star fell
into it, only some dew.**

SEED

**You have your reason
for planting it and it
has its reason for growing.
If there are other reasons
the burden of their proof
is on the conscience of angels
and if its color is almost
the color of your own flesh
don't be fooled.**

**This
is not about the lowly
miracle of persistence
and certainly not about love,
though if it were, it would also
and especially have to be
about loneliness and death,
but no, it's about one brief
unscrupulous victory.**

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permission of the University of Pittsburgh Press.**

LESSON

**Children, listen a minute—
I don't insist on success anymore
or wish happiness on you or peace
of mind, though freedom is nice
as wishes go.**

**Remember me as the old kidder
who sat in the kitchen staring
into his coffee, not especially
bitter with the way things
have turned out.**

**My failure is so personal
it provides no example of what
to be or not to be. Remember
also your first-grade lesson—
the one about snowflakes.**

Notes on Contributors

Gary Albright, an Associate Professor of Philosophy and Humanities at San Jose State, earned the Bachelor's degree from Dartmouth College and both the Master's and the Doctorate from Columbia University. Rounding off his areas of academic expertise, Albright is known as an opera buff and an avid cross-country skier.

Susan Groag Bell, an Affiliated Scholar of the Center for Research on Women at Stanford University and a Lecturer in History at the University of Santa Clara, entered college at the age of thirty-six. Having earned the B.A. from Stanford and the M.A. from Santa Clara, she has gained wide repute as a free lance speaker on women's history. The Stanford University Press published her book, *Women from the Greeks to the French Revolution* (1980) and will also print her forthcoming volume, *Women, the Family and Freedom*.

Gregory Burnham makes his debut as an author with the publication of "Buried Neighborhood." Educated at Beloit College, Wisconsin, Burnham is presently employed as an elementary school playground supervisor on Vashon Island, in Washington.

Virginia de Araujo, who holds the Ph.D. in Comparative Literature from Stanford University, teaches in the English Department at San Jose State. A widely published poet, de Araujo's most recent works include *The Minus Sign*, translations from the Portuguese poetry of de Andrade (1980), and *The Sentence Maker: Working with Snakes* (1980), with Carol Abate.

Emanuel Diel, a newspaper journalist for more than forty years, is currently the telegraph editor of the *Pueblo (Colorado) Star-Journal*. Diel, who has published articles in *San Jose Studies* and the *New Infinity Review*, was granted the Master's degree by the California State University at Dominguez Hills.

James David Fairbanks, An Associate Professor of Social Science at the University of Houston Downtown College, earned the Ph.D. in political science at Ohio State University. Fairbanks has taught at Ohio State and Wake Forest, published in the *Policy Studies Journal* and the *Western Political Science Quarterly*, and has been the sole owner and operator of the Red Fox Press since he was in high school.

Leonard Nathan earned all of his academic degrees at the University of California at Berkeley, where he is now a Professor of Rhetoric. A well-known poet and translator, Nathan has published more than ten books. His translations include works from Sanskrit and Swedish. His most recent volumes of poetry are *Teaching of Grandfather Fox* (1976) and *Dear Blood* (1980).

Norman Nathan, Professor of English at Florida Atlantic University, has published over four hundred works: a series of textbooks, numerous scholarly articles, a short story, and over three hundred poems. He has appeared in two sets of commercial television lectures, one on Shakespeare, the other on the creative process, in New York and Florida respectively.

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