San José Studies, February 1977

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SAN JOSE STUDIES

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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 Trustees of *San Jose Studies*.

The Bill Casey Award in Letters for 1976

has been presented to

CAROLYN DE VRIES

for her article

Andrew P. Hill and the Big Basin,
California’s First State Park
ARTICLES
Two factors coalesced to account for William James’ visit to California during August and September, 1898. First, summer schools and institutes for teachers had been rapidly expanding throughout the country as part of a reformation in education. Second, James had become an internationally famous psychologist as a result of the publication of his monumental work, *The Principles of Psychology* (1890). The briefer course, *Psychology* (1892), was widely used in the colleges and the universities, and in the same year he prepared a course of eight lectures, when asked by the Harvard Corporation to give a few public lectures on psychology to the Cambridge teachers. Two years later James began to receive many invitations from different parts of the country to give a course of lectures on psychology as applied to teachers in their summer schools. As he told his Swiss friend, Theodore Flournoy: “There is a great fermentation in ‘paedagogy’ at present in the United States, and my wares come in for their share of patronage.”

Frederick J. Down Scott
Since he had "longed for years to visit California," the thought occurred to him to try to give these lectures in California as a way of paying his travelling expenses. Thus, he wrote to his long-time friend, George H. Howison, professor of philosophy at the University of California in Berkeley:

Cambridge, Mass.
Jan. 14, 1897

My dear Howison,

I have had a scheme buzzing in my mind since last summer, about visiting next summer the Pacific coast. The difficulty is financial, and I have thought that if I could give a course of lectures on psychology to teachers at Salt Lake City and in San Francisco, say at $250. each course, the difficulty would be overcome. I have given such courses before paedagogical audiences many times during the last three years, and have no doubt of their success. In Chicago last winter they were given before the public school teachers, to a constantly increasing audience of over 600. Not knowing a soul beside yourself at Berkeley, and supposing that you know who is who amongst the school magnates, and who might be interested in such a thing, I address you directly on the subject. Can you, without too much trouble, drop a word or ask a question which might result in my learning, before it is too late, whether such a possibility exist or no in California?

I have no time for anything more today, except to say that the Gibbens give delightful accounts of having met you.

Always yours,
Wm James

Although Howison’s letter to James is missing, it is clear from James’ following reply that Howison suggested the summer of 1898 instead of 1897 and, in addition to the course for teachers, that James present a paper to the Philosophical Union, which Howison had founded at the University in June, 1889. The Union was a monthly forum of discussion for interested members both inside and outside of the university. It is of course unknown what was the “raft of additional lectures” suggested by Howison:

Cambridge, Mass.
Jan. 28, 1897

Dear Howison,

Your letter overwhelms me, with all the prospects it holds out. My desire being merely to get to California sometime without financial ruin, I am not so very much concerned about whether it takes place one year or the next, and if your plans were for 1898 rather than for 1897, I am quite ready to postpone the visit until then. I shall be less immature (if possible) in mind then, and my address to your Union will be better worth hearing, I hope. As for the raft of additional lectures
which you hang before my dazzled eyes, they terrify rather than attract me, in spite of the emoluments which you suggest. But all these details are matters that can be spoken of a year hence, if my now expressed readiness for the summer of 1898 rather than next summer falls in with your desires. The point will be that I shall consider myself engaged to you and you to me, during all these intervening months. The Gibbens write very warmly of you and Mrs. Howison, and of the beauty of your surroundings, and satisfaction at last with California. It gives me still more eager desire to go, but if we have both lived as long as this, I don’t see why we shouldn’t live two years longer, and am willing for my part to run the risks.

Truly yours,
Wm James

Since James’ new book *The Will to Believe and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy* had appeared in late February or very early March, it is very safe to say that Howison in reply suggested that James also give some lectures before the Union in enlargement of and supplementary to his book. Howison suggested May, 1898, as it was the custom at the end of the academic year for the author to come and discuss with the Union members the papers which some of them had previously read at the meetings during the year. The phrase “and receiving your treatment” in the following letter is to be interpreted as James’ agreement to this proposal, because in the minutes of the Union meeting on April 30, 1897 we read: “James’s acceptance. Will to Believe to be studied.” This feature of James’ future visit was not mentioned, if even known, in R. B. Perry’s comments on the following previously published letter and its postscript:

Cambridge, Mass.
April 5, 1897

Dear Howison,

... I am afraid you are thinking of a larger program for me than my health or inclination craves. It is always better for me to have a vacation without nervous wear and tear, and starring it on a great scale is the most expensive process one’s organism can be subjected to. My own idea was to pay my travelling expenses to and from the Pacific with as many dollars more as might be conveniently earned; but the latter condition is by no means imperative. I do not want great publicity, and I want as few lectures as are compatible with the above mentioned need. I can give from five to eight lectures (according to the degree of expansion or condensation) on “Psychology Applied to Teaching”, in your Summer School, practically the same lectures that I give here. My regular price for lecturing outside has been fifty dollars a lecture. Now I never take less though I sometimes lecture gratis.

I have another course of eight lectures given here at the Lowell
Institute last winter, on “Exceptional Mental Phenomena”; I enclose a
ticket which gives their titles . . .

If the Leland Stanford University should care for these [E. M. P.]
lectures, or if Berkeley will pay me fifty dollars apiece for them (of
course I should not refuse more if more were urged upon me), I should
like to limit my entire lecturing activity to these two courses — with the
exception of one sublime and transcendental lecture on Heaven and
Hell and all that lies between, which I make a free gift to your
Philosophical Union, and after delivering which, and receiving your
treatment, my remains may be gathered up and sent home by freight to
my wife with what money remains in my pocket from the experience

Yours affectionately,
Wm James

I forgot yesterday some of your points.
1) May is rein unmoglich. August suits me well. I will keep my vacation
clear of other interference, so that I may be free to come in advance to
lecture to the teachers.
2) I hope you don’t think my course too short . . . The titles of the
eight are: Man as a Reacting Organism, Impulses and Instincts, Habits,
Association, Memory, Attention, Conception and Reasoning, Will. The
exceptional mental phenomena are: Dreams & Hypnotism, Auto-
matism, Hysteria, Multiple Personality, Demoniacal Possession, Witch-
craft, Degeneration, Genius. I don’t think I ought to refuse an
invitation from Leland Stanford to repeat the E. M. P. course, if you
should pay me $50 apiece for the lectures, & they the same.
3) I have no views as to the duration of your summer school, that is so
largely a matter of concrete conditions and details.

Always yours
W.J.6

It seems odd that James would have suggested the extra course and also
the possibility that it be repeated at Stanford, if he was not anxious to lecture
too much. On June 3, 1897, Howison wrote to David Starr Jordan, president
of Stanford, to say that James was coming to California to give two courses in
Berkeley’s proposed 1898 Summer School for Psychology and Pedagogy and
wondered whether Stanford might be interested in James repeating the
Exceptional Mental Phenomena course there.7 Though Jordan’s letter in
reply has not been preserved, it is evident from subsequent events that
Stanford was not in the position to accept the offer.

The next letter indicates that a firm agreement had been reached. James
wrote from his summer home:
Dear Howison,

Thanks for your ultra kind remarks re my address on the Shaw occasion. It was a wonderful day for pathos, more so, I think, than any one was prepared for — the last wave of the war breaking over Boston, and stirring feelings that everyone had more or less forgotten. The very skies were gently weeping, and the material of the celebration being purely romantic, the whole thing was ideal in the extreme. I groaned at the job, before it was over; but now I am very glad to have had the privilege of being associated with it.

As for our "business," 1000 dollars for 16 lectures at the U. of Cal. (2 courses of 8, one on Psychology for Teachers and one on Exceptional Mental Phenomena) will cover all my demands, both for cash and for work. So pray don't try to get up anything additional. If anything should present itself spontaneously, please report it to me, and I will decide. I hate lecturing, on the whole, and need my vacation for processes of repair rather than of waste, and the lecturing is only with me a means of crossing the Continent and seeing the Pacific Slope, you and your university included. I must keep the amount of it severely within limits.

You ask for my plans of travel. Bless me, I haven't defined 'em yet. But I should like (if I could afford it) to go to Alaska. About the Yosemite, I am not so sharp set. I shall stay about civilization only as long as the lectures last, and then get into the country.

I have just received the wedding cards of Miss Mary Gilmore, whom we grew to like greatly, and whose brain-power does great credit to you as well as to her Creator.

Warm regards!

W.J.

Soon after the fall semester began, the student newspaper, The Daily Californian, reported in its August 30, 1897 issue: "Next summer, for the first time, a Summer School will be opened by the departments of Psychology and Pedagogy. The two courses to be offered will be in "General Modern Psychology" and 'Exceptional Mental Phenomena.' The departments will have Professor James of Harvard lecture throughout the summer." And in its September 24th issue: "A folder has been prepared by Professor Howison which will be distributed broadcast among the teachers of the State with the avowed hope that great enthusiasm will be aroused among them in furtherance of the new school."

On receiving his copy of the folder James wrote:
Dear Howison,

Your letter with its magnificent printed program of the way in which I am to be chopped up small, came yesterday. I had no idea of such a brilliant fate, or such public execution ending with the happy despatch administered by myself.

But so be it! Shall a man fear death?

What I do fear is the dates. I had no idea of seven weeks intervening between the teachers' courses and the Union act.¹⁰ Can't the teachers' be in August? — or September? As you propose it (3rd week in June), I shall have to shoot across the Continent the moment exams. here are done, with no refreshment by any vacation, (a thing I shall almost absolutely require first, as the year's work leaves me very seedy), and moreover have to cancel my usual 8 lectures in the summer school here early in July. It will amount to my spending the entire vacation practically in California. I don't know that that by itself would be so bad; but with a family like mine, etc., I hate to bind myself to it in advance. I imagined all along that the whole lecturing business would fit into 3 weeks, to be taken somewhere between July 20th & Sept 20th.

Now, my dear friend, see whether you cannot get the teachers course and the popular course near to the Union act, or some how shape things so that in case of need my family may not lose me for more than 4 or 5 weeks. Do the best you can, and let me know. In great haste

Yours always

Wm James

The next letter makes it clear that James never intended to give the "Exceptional Mental Phenomena" lectures to the teachers and was very reluctant to do so. In his previous letter he had spoken of them as "the popular course." The suggestion by Howison to narrow down by three weeks the time intervening between the courses and the "Union act" still left four weeks which James hoped could be narrowed down even further:

Cambr. Oct. 11. 97

Dear Howison,

I opened with some trembling the envelope with your noble handwriting upon it which I found lying on the Hall table when I entered an hour ago.

After reading it I appreciate the connexion between the teachers and my pay. But at the same time I fear that your arrangements may lead to an understanding on the teachers' part that I am to give 16 lectures
especially useful to them. As a matter of fact, what I proposed was 8 lectures to them on the psychological subjects of which I gave you (I think) the titles; and other 8 lectures on abnormal mental states, suited to any intelligent general audience, but of no special interest to teachers. You seem to have lumped the two courses together — all “for teachers.” — Or am I wrong? If not, there may be some complaints, rather than produce which I will gladly halve the fee and address the teachers alone, with the first eight lectures, letting the abnormal states go altogether. This will pay my journey back and forth.

I can’t possibly bring any of my family. My “nerves” are always playing me such tricks (wakefulness chiefly) that I hate to make big engagements under unknown conditions (that’s when the nerves catch me!). So I really think it important to reduce the number of weeks to which I doom myself by contract at this long previous date. If everything goes well, I can stay over into September. By all means therefore let me lecture before the Union the earliest day feasible after your term begins, and before the teachers the latest days feasible of their vacation. This (as I understand you) will reduce the interval by 3 weeks. And if you think it best to have only the genuine teachers’ lectures, and pay me only 500 dollars, pray do that too; for though I don’t ask it, I consent to it, & thereby ward off from my own head any possible reproach of having swindled teachers by offering them lectures that have no pedagogical value. In any case let the vacation lectures begin at the latest possible date. I account every 24 hours of time to recuperate after the end of our term here a positive gain.

I think, I hope, at least, that I have made myself clear. I am very sorry to cause you so much Pech about it. T’will doubtless come out right.

Yours always
Wm James

As a result of this letter the proposed 1898 summer school for teachers in Psychology and Pedagogy at Berkeley was abandoned. James was reluctant to give the E. M. P. course to teachers. The first meeting of the Union for a new academic year was the last Friday in August. James would have arrived too late to give any lectures before the teachers at Berkeley on account of the opening of their schools for the fall term. A new plan therefore was suggested. James was still to lecture before the Union and Howison was to try to seek a teachers’ “Institute” engagement for James from Mr. F. P. Garlick, the superintendent of schools for Alameda County, sometime in September. Perry’s decision not to publish the whole of the following letter has given the misleading impression that James gave his “Psychology as Applied to Teachers” lectures at the University of California:11
Dear Howison,

Your second plan pleases me much better, only I am sorry to be giving you so much trouble. I shall however absolve it all by liberating you for the Summer School nuisance if this second combination goes through. I prefer it egoistically for these following reasons.

1. It lets me rest in June.
2. It lets me give my 8 Summer School lectures here in July.
3. Not least, it doesn’t offer the morbid mental phenomena to teachers . . . But this is all a parenthesis. The point is that you are to try for an “Institute” engagement for me from Mr. Garlick about Sept. 2 — the earlier the better for me. $400 from this & $200 from the Union, (which latter would I suppose be for travelling expenses) would enable me to go to you, and then the Exceptional Mental Phenomena course might drop out altogether if it proved hard to have it given, though of course I should rather give it on account of the auri sacri fames.

Probably the date of the Institute may make me a few days late for our opening here, which ought to begin at tap of drum. Therefore see to it that the Institute comes at the earliest possible date.

Thank you for all the trouble you are taking and for the niceness of your letter. I got the C. of G. from you, and will read the unread parts as soon as possible.

Yours always
Wm James

After a nearly six month interval, a variation in the occasion of James’ address to the Union was introduced. The address was to be delivered not only to the Union members but also to the public on a large scale. To make this address popular in nature, James thought he should arrive early to compose it after conferring with Howison and ascertaining what sort of paper he wanted. This move, however, turned out not to be necessary. Further, to prepare his defence of his philosophic position against the “attacks” on his new book, James asked to see them in advance, if possible. The Union members who wrote criticisms of the various chapters in the book were: Thomas P. Bailey on “The Dilemma of Determinism”; Alexander G. Eells on “The Importance of Individuals”; Ernest N. Henderson of Chico State Normal School on “The Sentiment of Rationality”; George M. Stratton on “Reflex Action and Theism”; Charles M. Bakewell on “Is Life Worth Living?”; William H. Hudson of Stanford on “Great Men and Their Environment”; Evander B. McGilvary on “On Some Hegelisms”; Edward H. Griggs of Stanford on “The Moral Philosopher and the Moral Life”; and Howison on “The Will to Believe”, the lead essay in the book and its title-bearer.
With this background, we read the next letter with the realization that James’ contact with the University was as a philosopher; the psychologist talked to the teachers.

Cambr. April 16. 98

Dear Howison,

Your letter of the 10th arrives just as I am starting for my week of Spring holiday to Atlantic City.

It grieves my pocket, but it rejoices my soul, that the exceptional mental phenomena are not to come off. If there is anything my soul hates it is to lecture to unfamiliar audiences. So although it takes away my last hope of bringing home some bread to my nurselings, I say amen to the whole project.

But how I dread the fantastic public lecture before your Union! What is this new sort of Californian philosophizing which you have organized, to the accompaniment of brass bands, yellow journal capitals & caricatures etc., etc.? I note that it is to be on the 26th [of August], but I see plainly that I must arrive 10 days before hand, and work hard at its composition, after conferring with you, and ascertaining what sort of a thing you want. I will therefore (subject to later different advice) turn up about August 15th. I accept your hospitality — certainly! — but part of the time. But I want in the intervals of lecturing to rusticate very quietly, and expect not to bother you then.

No lectures on Mental Phenomena as a business enterprise of my own, thank you!

I should be glad to read the insolent attacks which the members of the Union have been indulging in through the winter, in order to prepare my defence. But it is much to ask for, to have them sent. If however, you should send any or all of them, I promise to return them with care.

I will answer Mr. Garlick, when I get his letter, naming dates, etc. I say for clearness sake that you are to pay me $200 for my services (?) to the Union, he $400 for my 6 plus 1 (equals 7) lectures.

Warm regards (in spite of the barbarism of our Nation) from yours always,

Wm James

James’ May 18th and June 1st letters will be omitted here, because they deal mainly with his recommendation of William P. Montague for an opening in the philosophy department at Berkeley. However, the last paragraph of the June 1st letter is relevant:

The type written criticisms came duly the day after your letter of the 23rd. I stand aghast at being treated as so important a man. I will send back McGilvary’s as requested, and bring the others with me.
Lectures ended yesterday and my examinations will be over on the 8th. Exquisite feeling of release and possibility, which only the academic life can yield. I will follow your advice and bring with me ready written a popular discourse of some sort. But I am afraid it will still be too philosophic for the public to enjoy.15

In a previously published letter of July 24th, James told Howison that he could “advertise the lecture under the rather ill-chosen title of “Philosophical Conceptions and Practical Results.” After replying to Howison’s question “in what form I like to take my sociability,” James stated his plans:

My purpose is to arrive on the eve of the 26th of August. I will telegraph you the hour and train. When the lectures to the teachers are over, I will make for the Yosemite Valley, where I want to spend a fortnight if I can, and come home.16 I shall leave here about August 1st taking the Yellow Stone Park by the way and stopping for some time at the ranch of my uncle-in-law, Mr. Christopher Webb, Siskiyou Co., Cal. to whose care you might address me in case of need, the week before I come to you.

However, probably because he did not go to Yellowstone Park, he arrived in San Francisco earlier than planned. In his August 11th letter to his brother Henry, after describing his trip and the city of San Francisco, he remarked: “Tomorrow, in spite of drouth and dust, I leave for the Yosemite Valley, with a young Californian philosopher, named Bakewell, as companion.”17 This indicates another change of plan. James’ biographer Gay Wilson Allen, relying only on these two letters has James visiting the “High Sierras” twice.18

James arrived back from Yosemite on the 26th. That evening at eight he gave his address in the Harmon gymnasium to a packed audience. A conservative estimate has placed the number at one thousand. In the speech James expressed more broadly Charles S. Peirce’s “principle of pragmatism” and applied it to the topics of materialism versus theism, the theistic controversy and monism versus pluralism.

On the night of the 30th, the Union met again, this time in special session in the Philosophy building, to hear James reply to the objections and criticisms on his book which had been discussed in the Union during the past academic year. According to the Daily Californian, he said that in the East he was used to being picked to pieces and so was happily surprised by the generous tones of the criticisms. He found it necessary to come across the Continent to get such sympathetic treatment. After this opening remark, he took up the essays in order. On some he had nothing to say.19 The account in the University Chronicle was undoubtedly written by Howison, and James’ replies seem couched and reformulated in Howison’s own words rather than literally repeated:
Those papers which pointed out incompleteness in statement James treated very sympathetically, acknowledging the lack of thoroughness in the presentation of his views on many points. He admitted that in his essay "Reflex Action and Theism" he should not have maintained that theism brings into play all the activities of man, but only all the nobler, higher forms of human activity, and that thus a preference for theism presupposes a scale of values. Against the papers attacking his fundamental position [radical empiricism] he maintained that he had been misunderstood and misrepresented when it was claimed by his critics that he believed in things-in-themselves apart from consciousness. His sensationalism is idealistic, even though this idealism is merely a working hypothesis. He also contended that in his essay "Is Life Worth Living?" he had not attempted to prove that life in general is worth living, but merely to show how it can be made worth living in any individual case. Against a criticism of his essay "On Some Hegelisms" he said that even though in a sense it could be asserted that there is an identity underlying all differences in any single consciousness, still the absolute difference of the contents lying in different consciousnesses remains untouched.

On September 2 James wrote from Berkeley to his friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans: "I have a fortnight more of it, but shall get off to Monterey by myself for a week, for the social jiggle, innocent and good as it is, seems to be a sort of poison to me." He left for Monterey on the coast the morning of the 5th but stopped over at Stanford University in Palo Alto at the invitation of President Jordan. In the afternoon he gave a lecture "What Makes Our Lives Significant" in the university chapel which was crowded with students. The student newspaper reported that he began the lecture with the remark: "Your institution is like a mouse-trap; a colleague from another institution, once in, cannot get out without leaving some of his fur on the wires." The next morning he visited the class of one of his former students, Dr. Edwin Diller Starbuck, and then continued on his way to the Hotel del Monte in Monterey.

While there on the 9th he wrote to his cousin, Miss Rosina H. Emmet:

Of California and its greatness, the half can never be told. I have been on a ranch in the white, bare dryness of Siskiyou county, and reaped wheat with a swathe of 18 feet wide on a machine drawn by a procession of 26 mules. I’ve been to Yosemite, and camped for five days in the high Sierras; I’ve lectured at the two universities of the state, and seen the youths and maidens lounge together at Stanford in cloisters whose architecture is purer and more lovely than aught that Italy can show.

Allen has written: "After completing his lectures at the two branches of
the University of California, Berkeley and Los Angeles, James visited the newly constructed Stanford University campus." Allen assumed without checking that "two universities of the state" meant two State universities, but there was no University of California, Los Angeles in 1898.

The Teachers' Institute of Alameda County began its annual meeting at 1:45 p.m. at the First Congregational Church, 12th and Clay Streets, Oakland, California on September 12th. At the opening meeting James read his paper "Man as a Reactionary Organism" and, perhaps later in the afternoon, "Instincts and Impulses." At eight p.m. in the same church he delivered a popular lecture "Relaxation and Psychology" to a public audience. A fee of twenty-five cents each was charged for this lecture. There were morning and afternoon sessions of the Institute on the next two days. On the 13th James read "Habit and Association" and, after a luncheon at which he was a guest of the High School Teachers' Club, he read "Memory." On the 14th the papers were, "Attention" and "Apperception and Conception." There apparently was only a morning session on the 15th at which he concluded his series with a paper on "Will." It seems he left for home on the following day.

Twenty-four hours after arriving home he wrote a very appreciative letter:

Cambridge
Sept. 24, 1898

Dear Howison,

Sic transit gloria mundi! The great California trip has faded like a streak of morning cloud, as [John] Tyndall says, into the infinite azure of the past. I am back amongst my papers as if I had never been away and the ancient pilot pain sits behind the helm again. Not that home and wife are not consolations against everything — but there is a terrible imminence of the feeling of stale drudgery in all the reminders of harness and work, and California looms on memory as if seen through the lens of a "diorama" or something that intensifies and illuminates a picture by isolating it & darkening its surroundings.

But for 12 hours at Salt Lake City, the journey was uneventful. Six nights in the cars make one hate one's clothes and body but it is all now, after 24 hours, as if it had not been. This is just a word to let you know I'm safe and to thank you for all your magnificent treatment of me. I hope that your amelioration, dear G. H. H., is going at a more rapid rate. I hate to think of you so burdened. My wife sends her warmest regards & thanks on my behalf to both of you, and I remain more than ever, gratefully and affectionately both of yours,

Wm James

This letter was quickly followed by another which throws light on what must have been a constant topic of conversation with Howison during the visit. The background is this: Josiah Royce was a colleague of James in the Harvard philosophy department. He was a native Californian and graduate of
Berkeley. He too had previously been invited to address the Philosophical Union in 1895, with a paper entitled "The Conception of God." When it was published in 1897, it contained Howison's 27-page introduction, a new supplementary essay by Royce, the discussions of Joseph Le Conte and the young Sidney E. Mezes, and finally Howison's comments on all three other participants. Howison's part IV was entitled "The City of God" and chapter VII "The Fundamental Assumption in Royce's Argument: its Kantian Basis," p. 120 ff. Howison followed this effort with his short discussion "The Real Issue in *The Conception of God*" in the September, 1897 issue of the *Philosophical Review*. James refers to both of these works:

Cambridge, Mass.
September 30, 1898

Dear Howison,

I have just learned from Foster the stage driver, that he sent you my copy of Paulsen's Kant. I heard from President Jordan the day I left Berkeley that he was sending me his volume of essays, I supposed at the time, to your house. As the essays have never reached me I have written to Jordan to find out; and meanwhile I beg you to mail me the Paulsen volume, whilst I return your unbound copy. It was a great delight to me to read it on the cars, and I have kept it a few days thinking I might wish to look at it again before giving my introductory lecture at the opening of my Kant course today. It seems to me a perfectly classic production, the best executed thing I know about any philosopher. I read your "Real Issue" etc. also in the cars, and of course believe you to be right as to your own intentions, yet the non-ethical grounds for Pluralism were so much more developed in your book than the ethical grounds, which latter in fact were so little *articulately* displayed, that it is not surprising that Royce misrepresented you. What is required now is that you should amplify and articulate at length all that these pages from 120 onwards contain. They do not hit the reader with sufficient emphasis, and your intentions are in large part obscured.

I am heartily rejoicing to hear in a note from McGilvary that you are so much better and have reduced the number of your teaching hours. I hope both of these features of your life will be now permanent.

With cordialest regards to Mrs. Howison, to whom Mrs. Gibbens also sends kind remembrances, I am ever,

Fraternally yours,

Wm James

P.S. Yours of the 25th corroborating the good news about your health, and also about the Kant volume, has just come in. I am mailing your copy herewith. I am sorry that Royce should have written gallingly. He showed no temper when he told me he had written to you, only saying that he had said practically what I have just said that you had not made the arguments explicitly enough in the book. I do hope you may now
keep well. I have been working hard at the MS. of my lectures to teachers, and left it today with the editor of the Atlantic.\textsuperscript{27}

W.J.

James' own address to the Union was published first in the \textit{University Chronicle}, September, 1898, and then separately as a pamphlet by the University Press. Soon after receiving his copies of the pamphlet, James wrote on October 22 to Howison: "A word to tell you that the reprints have arrived and look very well. I commend all your changes and wish you had made more. I revere your self-control in not re-writing the passage about Kant."

"Philosophical Conceptions and Practical Results" has recently been critically edited as an Appendix to James' \textit{Pragmatism} (1907).\textsuperscript{28} Unfortunately, the above letter of James was overlooked; otherwise there would have been no need "to speculate that a part, or even the whole, of the revision could have been managed in the \textit{Chronicle} proof, if it were ever sent to James" (p.256). Nor would the judgment have been made that the "overall authority" of the typescript of James' manuscript "is inferior to that of the \textit{Chronicle} text owing to the latter's extensive revision." (p.256-7). It is a fact that Howison made the revisions, though it is true that James commended all the changes.

"The passage about Kant" was singled out by the reviewer of the lecture for the San Francisco \textit{Chronicle} (August 27): "The lecturer humorously described Kant as a 'curio' and his theories as obsolete, thereby causing considerable merriment among his hearers." Howison thought otherwise. In writing to a mutual friend, Thomas Davidson, on September 26, Howison remarked: "Will James has come and gone, and pleased everybody, of course. But most thought his assault on Kant futile and foolish."\textsuperscript{29}

The next letter ends the correspondence with Howison concerning the summer visit and its immediate aftermath:

\textit{Cambr. Nov. 27. 98}

Dear Howison,

Thank you heartily for your letter of the 16th. with its comments on my Immortality lectures.\textsuperscript{30} I never caught, till I read it, the idea that my supposition about the brain could be worked by the ordinary spiritualistic philosophy by simply making the "mother sea" consist of the collection of individual spirits, each in a completer and truer form than what filters through into this phenomenal life. I wish I had tho't of that when I wrote the note on p. 58, to which you refer.

I am glad you are better, but sorry you are not quite well. Bakewell was here on thanksgiving day, seeming very hearty. He is a well equilibrated young man. Palache dines here tonight.\textsuperscript{31} I am snatching an hour a day at least daily for reading religious stuff and enjoy it greatly. My heart has been kicking about terribly of late, stopping, and hurrying, and aching, etc. But I don't propose to give in to it too much.

A tremendous howling north-easter began last night, and the snow is
feet thick in drifts. One can't help thinking of the poor vessels on the coast, and the wind kept stopping my heart so that I hardly slept. California remains in my memory like a person — awfully good and friendly to man.

Warmest possible regards to Mrs. Howison, & equally warm ones to yourself!

W.J.

Two later reflections put in focus James' summation of his visit. Writing to his friend, Pauline Goldmark, he said: "that summer, when we walked over the 'Range' and I went to California to 'talk to teachers', marked my completest union with my native land." 32 And, to Howison: "I think, on the whole, that that California trip was the high water-mark of my existence." 33

Notes


3 James' mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Putnam Webb Gibbens, had three brothers living in California and she herself had lived on part of the former Rancho La Purisima Concepcion in what is now Los Altos Hills with her husband Dr. Daniel L. Gibbens.

4 From the James Collection by permission of The Houghton Library, Harvard University. All the letters appearing in this article have not been previously published, except where otherwise noted. Permission to publish them has been kindly granted by Mr. Alexander R. James.

5 The Library of Congress informs me that two copies of this work were received by the Library for copyright deposit on March 3, 1897.

6 Perry, II, 129-130. The postscript has been more completely rendered here.

7 Howison's letter to Jordan is in the Jordan Papers, Stanford University Archives.

8 The unveiling of a bronze statue to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw of the 54th Massachusetts Infantry (the first Negro regiment in the Civil War) on May 31, 1897 in the Boston Music Hall. This "oration" has been printed in William James, Memories and Studies, edited by his son Henry, 1911, pp. 37-61.

9 Yosemite National Park had been opened in 1890 and had become a new tourist attraction.

10 On October 1st James wrote to Evander Bradley McGilvary: "I beg you and the Union to receive my thanks for the honor of being made Corresponding Member. Of course I gladly accept." From the Archives, University of California, Berkeley. McGilvary received his Ph.D. in 1897 from the University and was an instructor in philosophy there (1898-9) before moving on to Cornell (1899-1905) and Wisconsin (1905-34).

11 For example, Gay Wilson Allen, William James (N. Y.: Viking Press, 1967), p. 392: "For his lectures the first one given August 27, James drew upon his familiar 'Talks to Teachers,' but at Berkeley etc."

12 From here to the end was omitted by Perry, II, 131.
13 Conception of God. More will be said about this book later in the article.
14 From the records of the Philosophical Union.
15 From the Howison Papers, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley. Another part of this June 1 letter has been printed in my "William James and Stanford University, 1898-1905," San José Studies, I (Feb. 1975), p. 11.
16 From here to the end was omitted in LWJ, II, 79-80.
17 LWJ, II, 80-81.
19 Vol. XII, n. 8, p. 1.
23 cf. my previously cited article for more details on James' visit to Stanford.
24 LWJ, II, 82.
26 The Daily Californian, XII, n. 12, p. 4 and n. 13, p. 1.
27 "Talks to Teachers on Psychology," Atlantic Monthly, 83 (1899), 155-62, 320-9, 510-17, 617-26. These articles were republished in book form, which also included three lectures given to students at various times, in 1899.
28 The Works of William James: Pragmatism (Harvard University Press, 1975), pp. 255-74. Fredson Bowers was the Textual Editor and Ignas K. Skrupskelis the Associate Editor.
30 William James, Human Immortality: Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine (Houghton Mifflin, 1898).
31 Charles Palache (1869-1954) was a graduate from Berkeley in 1891 and later professor of mineralogy at Harvard.
33 From an unpublished letter, James to Howison, June 28, 1900 in the Howison Papers, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.
Of Mice and Marshes

Howard S. Shellhammer

"We need another and a wiser and perhaps a more mystical concept of animals. We patronize them for their incompleteness, for their tragic fate of having taken form so far below ourselves. And therein we err, and greatly err. For the animal shall not be measured by man. In a world older and more complete than ours they move finished and complete, gifted with extensions of the senses we have lost or never attained, living by voices we shall never hear. They are not brethren, they are not underlings; they are other nations, caught with ourselves in the net of life and time, fellow prisoners of the splendour and travail of the earth."

Henry Beston, The Outermost House

Few people have heard of the salt marsh harvest mouse and even fewer know it is a rare, endangered animal, restricted to the marshes fringing the San Francisco Bay. When introduced to the mouse, people often ask of its use — what it does. "What it does" usually means "what does it do for humans" and the answer must be that it does very little for us directly. As far as I can ascertain after studying it for twenty years, the mouse merely exists — while playing a small role in the marsh ecosystem. It does not produce marketable meat; it does not cause crop damage; it does not kill agricultural pests. Nor is it likely that this mouse maintains the marsh habitat by spreading the seeds of important plants throughout the marshes. It does, however, provide us with another reason to save the marshes in which it lives, marshes that are of great and direct benefit to humans. The presence of rare animals, such as salt marsh harvest mice, often force state and federal governments to attempt to prevent their extinction by preserving their habitats. When preserves are to be established near urban centers (where financial and sociological pressures often urge construction and development), the aesthetic and moral reasons associated with saving individual species of plants and animals are often necessary for conservation efforts to succeed. Such has been the case with the marshes of the San Francisco Bay region.
The marshes and their associated mudflats mean different things to different people. Travelers along our bayshore freeways often see them as debris-covered areas of short, densely packed plants bordered by smelly mudflats dotted with old automobile tires. The odor from them is unpleasant in municipalities where sewage treatment is still poor. Most city governments have viewed them as good places for municipal dumps or as sites for land-fill which could support airports, industrial parks, housing developments, and waste treatment plants. The marshes, or rather what they can be made into, do have considerable short-term economic value.

They are also, however, things of beauty. Many of the marshes around the bay are large, open, wild, vital places. They provide moments of peace in a hectic world to those who take the time and expend the energy to visit them. They present a low profile to the visitor; little vegetation grows more than four feet high. They are mosaics of earth tones: yellow, tans, browns, reds, and especially greens. Most of them change color with the seasons — reds and golds in the Fall, various shades of green in the Spring and Summer. They are filled with birds as are mudflats when the tide is low. To walk out the long board-walk of the City of Palo Alto’s Nature Area at dusk on a cool autumn day and to observe the colors and textures of the marsh and its variety of birds fills most visitors with serenity and awe.

But in addition to the aesthetic, there are pragmatic and scientific reasons for preserving the marshes and the mice that inhabit them. The marshes are vital to the health and ecological balance of the bay they border and to the lands and people which surround them. The Bay is a living ecosystem, enriched by the sewage of the cities which surround it. It acts as a gigantic sewage pond to complete what the sewage processing centers begin. It enriches and affects the marshes and they reciprocate by doing the same for it. The marshes act as a temporary “sink” or site of carbon monoxide uptake when the levels of that noxious pollutant are high. The Bay and its marshes are also a temperature-regulating mechanism for the entire Bay region. The filling of twenty-five percent more of the present Bay, especially in the southern San Francisco Bay, would result (according to predictions) in a number of atmospheric changes including an increase of 5°F in the average summer high temperature, a decrease of 2 to 3°F in the average winter low temperature, a decrease in the average wind velocity, increased radiation of heat at night, more smog and less winter rain.

Filling the Bay and its marshes for industrial or residential use is a risky business, especially since such lands are predicted to be quite unstable during earthquakes. Hence, continued development may result in short-term economic gain but will ultimately lead to long-term ecologic and economic loss, lessened atmospheric quality, increased potential for geologic damage, health hazards from increased smog and population density, decreased capabilities for sewage disposal, and decreased recreational potential.

Protecting the marshes, the mudflats, and the open waters of the Bay will preserve many other species besides harvest mice. These areas are the feeding,
breeding, and/or over-wintering grounds for millions of waterfowl which use the Pacific Flyway. Some people hunt the birds of the Bay with field glasses; others hunt selected species with guns. Both groups can continue to enjoy these activities only if a large portion of the marsh-bay ecosystem is preserved.

Thus the present Bay and its marshes should be saved for a variety of reasons including economic, recreational, health and safety, as well as aesthetic ones. But why save the mouse, in particular? Perhaps the best answer to that question is that the mouse is worth saving on its own account alone. It is a beautiful, fragile animal found nowhere else on the face of this globe. It evolved here in the Bay region. It has, as we do, a right to be here. But there is one more reason, a pragmatic reason, for saving it. It is a fragile form with relatively narrow limits of tolerance. It requires reasonably large, open, unpolluted marshes in which to live and these are the type of marshes we need as well, if we are going to protect all the other uses of the Bay. It is a key species in that what is good ecologically for the salt marsh harvest mouse is good, in the long run, for us. This article, then, is about a mouse that in one sense is just another member of the ecosystem in which it lives, but that at the same time is a bellwether form upon whose survival the survival of the marshes themselves depend.

The salt marsh harvest mouse, *Reithrodontomys raviventris*, is about the size of a house mouse, but is cloaked in warmer earth tones than the grey to grey-brown mouse and has none of its pungent odor. It has large eyes and a gentle temperament. Its Latin scientific name can be translated as “the grooved-tooth mouse with a red belly.” All native harvest mice have grooved front teeth, and many salt marsh forms have reddish bellies. The red is a mammalian red — an earthy, cinnamon or buffy red, not the brilliant hue seen on certain birds.

**EVOLUTION**

The salt marsh form evidently evolved from the wide-spread Western harvest mouse, *R. megalotis*, 15,000 to 25,000 years ago as the San Francisco Bay formed. It had a wider distribution in the extensive marshes of the early 1800's, but slowly began to disappear as marshes were filled in or became polluted. The ancestral species, the Western harvest mouse, evolved in Mexico, the center of origin of most of our harvest mice. It was, and still is an inhabitant of dry grasslands, and the species moved northward as the grasslands of the North American continent expanded with the close of the last ice age. Its present distribution includes most of Mexico and most of the western and north-central United States. It was adapted to both xeric (dry) and halic (salty) environments and hence could live in the edges of the small marshes in the San Francisco Bay region before the present bay was created at the end of the Wisconsin glacial period. Encroachment of the sea was quite rapid, and many of the hills that once covered the valley floor became
marsh-rimmed islands. The mice living on them, already a little more salt-tolerant than their kin in the grasslands, became isolated by much more saline environments. They became what biologists call "allopatric" populations, i.e., geographically separated populations which could not interbreed. They either had to evolve quickly to live in a saline marsh environment or become extinct. No doubt many of them perished. As the water continued to rise and the islands disappeared, the mice on them were forced to swim to the nearest marsh or again face death. We know that the present day salt marsh mouse is an excellent swimmer, while the western harvest mouse swims poorly. It is probable that the swimming ability of the incipient salt marsh form evolved rapidly enough to allow for an aquatic emigration. Once established in the marshes ringing the bay, the salt marsh mouse again had contact with its ancestral form, but apparently extensive interbreeding did not take place; otherwise, a new "species" could not have arisen. Apparently the population(s) evolved isolating mechanisms which prevented extensive interbreeding or "gene flow," so that the western harvest mouse and the salt marsh harvest mouse exist in the same geographical area.

The evolution of a species is a continuous process. It may appear static to us because we look at the biotic world with an extremely short time frame. The salt marsh mice continued evolving and the populations in the many marshes changed independently with continuity maintained by the occasional movements of animals between separate populations, or demes. By recent times two major groups of demes, or two subspecies, evolved, i.e., *R. r. halicoetes* and *R. r. raviventris*. While the term subspecies is not now in vogue in zoological literature, it has been widely used in reference to this species. It indicates that the demes of our subspecies have fewer differences among themselves than they do with another subspecies. The members of one subspecies usually are not reproductively isolated from another, or at least not completely so. Subspecies are geographically and mensurally separated. The average length of the tails, ears, hind feet, and six bones of the skull, for example, may be statistically longer or shorter in one subspecies as compared to another. Such morphological differences are a reflection of genetic differences. This article will adopt the convention initiated by George Fisler in 1965 and call the northern subspecies *halicoetes*, and the southern subspecies *raviventris*, and the western harvest mouse *megalotis*, while deleting the reference to the genus or species names.

Figure 1 (opposite). Distribution of marshes in the San Francisco Bay area containing salt marsh harvest mice. The darkened areas represent the marshes and are greatly exaggerated in their extent for purposes of illustration. The north bay subspecies *halicoetes* is found in those marshes above the line crossing the bays near Richmond. *Raviventris*, the south bay subspecies, is found below that line while the western harvest mouse, *Reithrodontomys megalotis*, is found in grassy areas surrounding the entire bay complex. The symbol (1) represents the Lower Tubbs Island natural area, (2) the San Pablo Bay National Wildlife Refuge, (3) the three portions of the San Francisco National Wildlife Refuge.
Halicoetes evolved in the northern part of the Bay. It spread from the region of Suisun Bay eastward across the San Pablo Bay to the central Marin Peninsula. It was, and a small population still is, found as well on the southern edge of the Suisun Bay between the cities of Pittsburg and Martinez. *Raviventris* evolved in the southern portions of the Bay and is now present from the Carquinez Straits to the southern end of South San Francisco Bay, and back northward along the San Francisco Peninsula and then onto the southern end of the Marin Peninsula. Both subspecies thus have had one major barrier in their distribution, the Sacramento River and the Golden Gate, respectively. (See Figure 1.) The reason for these rather strange distributions is unknown. *Megalotis* inhabited the grasslands bordering the marshes where the salt marsh forms lived but the two species seldom came into contact. The salt marsh forms, especially *raviventris*, "prefer" the middle zone of the marshes, the pickleweed or *Salicornia* zone. Various investigators have demonstrated that most of the *raviventris* are found there, and not in the more submerged cordgrass (*Spartina foliosa*) zone, or the seldom-submerged upper zone composed of Australian saltbush (*Atriplex semi baccata*), gum plant (*Grindelia humilis*), alkali heath (*Frauenia grandiflora*), and various introduced grasses. Halicoetes and *raviventris* both move into the higher ground of the marshes during the highest tides of winter, but are restricted to the marshes because of their behavioral dependence on extensive cover. *Megalotis* may move into the upper edge of those marshes where the edge is a mixture of grasses and marsh plants and then only in the summer. The marshes of the past were much more extensive than they are today, extending in a wide band around most of the bay except for their drainage channels and the mouths of creeks. Their depth and continuity allowed considerable vertical and horizontal movement within them. The major break in addition to the river and the Golden Gate was a series of hills just south of the Carquinez Straits which probably provided the initial geographic separation necessary for the evolution of the two subspecies.

**CHARACTERISTICS**

All three forms are small mice weighing between nine and eleven grams, or about the same as three pennies. The salt marsh forms have nearly unicolored tails, while those of *megalotis* are distinctly bicolored. Individuals of *megalotis* and *halicoetes* often have some cinnamon or buff patches on their chests or bellies, but many *raviventris* are completely cinnamon or reddish, especially in the southern part of their range. This reddish venter has led many people to name the salt marsh mice "the red-bellied harvest mice;" the name, however, should be used with care as most *halicoetes* are not red-bellied, and twenty to thirty percent of the animals in the southern marshes (i.e. *raviventris*) have white bellies. A number of other color and anatomical differences distinguishing the three forms are discussed in detail in Fisler's definitive work (1965) on these mice.
Both salt marsh forms eat salty plants such as Salicornia or salt grass (Distichlis) in addition to seeds, but cannot live exclusively on such a diet. Megalotis is strictly a seed eater. The latter will accept slightly saline water as is appropriate for an animal adapted to xeric and halic environments. Raviventris actually prefers saline water, which seems reasonable for these mice living in areas of greatest salinity. On the other hand, Halicoetes may drink sea water for long periods of time, but prefers fresh water.

Megalotis often builds bird-like, ball-shaped nests of grass on or above the surface of the ground. Halicoetes builds a similar nest, but usually in the ground, while raviventris fails to construct any structure worth the name of nest.

Both subspecies of salt marsh mice climb into emergent vegetation during high tides and can swim well. Megalotis swims laboriously and poorly, since its fur becomes wet quickly in contrast to the more bouyant salt marsh forms. Western harvest mice (megalotis) are nervous or “jumpy” mice while the salt marsh mice are placid. Raviventris is torporous in the early morning of most days, probably a technique for conserving energy.
These differences between the three mice provide evidence that genetic divergence occurred while they were geographically isolated from one another. Fisler conducted mating experiments in the laboratory and discovered that *megalotis* and the salt marsh mice would not interbreed but that *halicoetes* and *raviventris* were not so reproductively isolated. He produced fifteen behaviorally compatible pairings out of forty attempts between the latter, and one pair produced a litter which was destroyed by the mother when the young were four days of age. Consequently, the fertility of the offspring could not be assessed. Since biologists use reproductive isolation as a chief criterion of speciation, Fisler concluded that the two salt marsh forms "have thus nearly reached the status of species by arising out of a condition of normal geographic races." The studies of Shellhammer additionally indicate that they have diverged significantly, if not already to the level of distinct species, since the forms have evolved chromosomal differences which can act as genetic isolating mechanisms. Chromosomally, *megalotis* is a polymorphic species with between 42 and 49 chromosomes. *Halicoetes* and *raviventris* each have 38 chromosomes, but the shapes of certain chromosomes differ in the two forms, in that there are more metacentric chromosomes in *halicoetes*. These differences indicate that chromosomal rearrangements have arisen which decrease the probability that crosses between the two forms will produce fertile offspring.

This reproductive isolation will tend to become more complete, but whether the two salt marsh forms have the time to evolve into two unquestionably different species, or even continue to exist, is not a question of their biology alone, but is dependent upon the activities of the human population in the Bay area.

**THE HABITAT AND ITS REDUCTION**

The Bay environs inhabited by these mice encompass 400 to 435 square miles. Man has greatly reduced the size of this habitat. Since California gained statehood (1850), forty percent of the original surface of the Bay has been diked off or filled, while seventy-five percent of the marshes have been destroyed (reduced from 300 to 75 square miles). Urban areas along the peninsulas of San Francisco and Marin and the East Bay (from south of the Carquinez Straits to south of the City of Oakland) have extended hayward over former marshes and mudflats (see Figure 1). The financial district and embarcaderos of San Francisco, for example, were created on bay fill. Most of the former marshes of the southern San Francisco Bay, on the other hand, have been replaced by salt ponds so that the habitat of the salt marsh mouse has been reduced to narrow strips bordering the bayward dikes. At this date, the habitat decimated the least by development lies in the north side of Suisun and San Pablo Bays. Civilization has consequently destroyed much more of the habitat of *raviventris* than of *halicoetes*. Few marshes inhabited by *raviventris* persist on the peninsulas of Marin or San Francisco counties. Its
remaining habitat skirts the southern San Francisco Bay near Palo Alto, San Jose, Newark, and Hayward, in addition to several marshes near Richmond. Such habitat destruction can be anticipated as a metropolitan area of 4.6 million people encroaches on the Bay.

Many of the marshes that do remain, however, are unsuitable for harvest mice. Their upper edges have been filled until only the middle and lower portions of the pickleweed (*Salicornia*) zone plus the lower cordgrass zones, remain. Salt marsh mice cannot find cover for refuge during the winter high tides in such marshes, and consequently they have been virtually eliminated from them. Diked off marshlands provide only marginal habitats and can support only a few salt marsh mice. Such dry, marsh-like areas are often invaded by grasses, and followed by small numbers of western harvest mice. The areas behind dikes which have thick growth of *Salicornia* support the highest numbers of salt marsh mice since they most nearly approximate open marsh conditions.\(^{15}\)

As land has sunk and the tidal action has been intensified, the marshes of the southern San Francisco Bay have also changed in character. Subsidence amounting to eight to thirteen feet in the San Jose-Alviso area during the last one hundred years has resulted largely from the excessive removal of ground water. Concurrently, the southern-most part of the Bay was reduced to something approximating a broad river because of filling and the construction of salt ponds which forces the tides moving south twice daily to levels higher than in the past. These two factors have led to an increase in the cordgrass zone of the marshes (the vegetation type most adapted to intermittent submergence), and a decrease in the pickleweed, or *Salicornia* zone, the preferred habitat of the mice. Recent studies have demonstrated that even the *Salicornia* zone in such areas, particularly near the town of Alviso, is in transition and is little used by mice. The animals in these areas have been forced into an extremely thin band of vegetation, characterized by Australian saltbush (*Atriplex semibaccata*), at the upper edge of the marshes. This zone is five to ten meters wide and often much less.\(^{16}\)

**CONSERVATION EFFORTS AND PROBLEMS**

When Fisler assessed the distribution of the salt marsh species in the early 1960’s, he requested and received endangered species status for the species from the International Union for the Conservation of Nature in Morges, Switzerland. Such a listing in the IUCN’s “red book” carries no legal sanction in the United States, but it does inform interested persons of the problems associated with these mice. I led the drive to get the mouse declared a rare and endangered species by the United States Department of the Interior in 1970 and the California Department of Fish and Game in 1971. Such protection prevents the animals from being killed and allows live trapping only under a few permits issued and overseen by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The California Department of Fish and Game carried out a survey of
the species in fifteen localities in 1971,\textsuperscript{17} while Fish and Wildlife personnel carried out a more extensive survey in 1974-75.\textsuperscript{18} Several studies on the ecology of the *raviventris* form have been conducted in the last few years by biologists at San Jose State University and the University of San Francisco.

In 1965, general habitat protection began with the establishment of the Bay Conservation and Development Commission (BCDC), which was given control of development at the edges of the Bay. A major action initiated by citizens began in the late 1960's when a group of civic leaders, biologists, conservationists, and sportsmen sought the establishment of a wildlife refuge in the southern portion of the San Francisco Bay. This *ad hoc* committee, with the formidable name of the South San Francisco Bay Protection, Conservation and National Wildlife Refuge Committee, convinced various agencies, councils, boards, and legislators of the South Bay counties of the need of a refuge complex. Bills, introduced into Congress in 1968, failed to pass, but they did lead to a study by the Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife, which favored the establishment of the refuge. Other bills were again introduced in 1969, but they died in the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee of the House. The final bills were introduced in January 1971 by eight Bay Area congressmen and the two senators.\textsuperscript{19} They passed, and Public Law 92-330 was enacted on June 30, 1971, establishing a refuge of not more than 23,000 acres in four units and providing an appropriation for acquisition and development (see Figure 1). Although most of the refuge is salt ponds (50.6\%) and mudflats (27.9\%), there are 4,536 acres of salt marshes (19.7\%). The value of the marshes as a habitat for several endangered species, including the salt marsh harvest mice, played a significant, but by no means singular role in the establishment of the refuge.

About the same time, another refuge was established in the San Pablo Bay area. It was preceded by the purchase of the 330 acre Lower Tubbs Island by the Nature Conservancy in 1969. But when the extremely valuable piece of wildlife habitat, situated near the middle of the north shore of the San Pablo Bay, was threatened with development, no federal or state money was available. It was considered so important a natural area, however, that the Nature Conservancy purchased it and remains the conservator of the island at the present time.\textsuperscript{20} The San Pablo Bay Refuge was established in 1970 and is contiguous with two sides of Lower Tubbs Island. The 11,200 acre refuge is primarily mudflats and open water, but includes the marshes bordering the Bay. The latter are a prime habitat of *halicoetes* as well as an endemic species of the Suisun shrew (*Sorex sinuosis*). The refuge became a unit of the San Francisco Bay Refuge when the latter was established in 1971 (see Figure 1).

Both refuges are presently administered from a headquarters in the south bay city of Fremont. As is often the case in such projects, acquisition has been slow and only several hundred of the more than 34,000 acres in the two refuges have been purchased or transferred to the refuges by the end of 1975. Those persons interested in the refuges hope that acquisition can be completed in the near future; otherwise, inflation may render the original
funds entirely inadequate.

The Suisun Bay marshes are receiving strong development pressure at present. A plan has been initiated by the California legislature to provide for the management of the area. The Department of Fish and Game was assigned the task of producing a fish and wildlife study, which was completed in 1975 and turned over to BCDC for incorporation in a Suisun Marsh Protection Plan to be presented back to the legislature on December 1, 1977. The legislature will then enact it or a modified plan for preserving and managing the marshes into law.21 Similar studies need to be carried out on the Napa and Petaluma River marshes north and northwest of the San Pablo Bay (see Figure 1).

THE FUTURE

Such are the major conservation efforts affecting large tracts of marshland, and hence the salt marsh harvest mice, in the Bay area to date. The problems associated with the marshes in the southern San Francisco Bay are different from those in the San Pablo and Suisun Bays. In those northern bays, the focus is on preventing the destruction of the present extensive marshes. The Napa marshes should be fairly safe as their filling would lead to the same types of atmospheric changes in the Napa Valley north of them as have been projected for the Santa Clara Valley if the South San Francisco Bay were extensively filled. Such filling and atmospheric changes in the Napa marshes would endanger the vineyards of the Napa Valley; hence those marshes and consequently the mice they contain have a strong agricultural lobby working for them. Hopefully much of the marshland of the Suisun Bay will be protected by the legislature, but the environmental lobby must maintain pressure in that area.

The focus in the southern San Francisco Bay is on preserving and possibly expanding what is left of former marshes. Some experiments have demonstrated that shallow mudflat areas, planted with marsh plants, revert rather quickly to marshes.22 Marsh restoration may be very important to the harvest mice in that the southern marshes have become so small, narrow and dissected that their mouse populations are threatened with extinction. We biologists do not know how small the marshes and their populations of harvest mice can become before the animals become extinct due to genetic stagnation and loss of adaptive capabilities by the lack of gene flow from other populations. No movement of animals has been observed between populations of raviventris during one summer. Studies by the author are underway which may provide us with at least a partial answer as to whether such movements take place in the winter, especially during the very high tides of that season. Raviventris mice swim fairly well, but we do not know their limitation regarding distance. If movements between populations do not take place, we will be forced to expand, restore, and connect marshes if we are going to protect the mice from an early evolutionary death. Such restorations
and expansions could do nothing but improve the southern San Francisco Bay-marsh ecosystem as well.

Saving the salt marsh harvest mouse is both a moral and pragmatic necessity. It is immoral to overtly destroy any species that has evolved on this planet, especially one that does us no harm. It is pragmatic to save the mouse since that act will require saving a sizeable portion of our marshes and will make the Bay ecosystem healthier.

Notes


3 George F. Fisler, "Adaptations and speciation in harvest mice of the marshes of San Francisco Bay," University of California Publications in Zoology, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 77 (1965), pp. 1-108. This is a comprehensive work on salt marsh harvest mice and serves as the basis of much of the early part of this article.


6 Op. cit., Fisler, 1965. Fisler assumed that their swimming ability had developed sufficiently to allow some mice to "swim for shore" by the time the Bay filled and most of the small islands disappeared.

7 Op. cit. Fisler, 1965, see also H.P. Hinde, "Vertical distribution of salt marsh phanerograms in relation to tide levels," Ecological Monograph 24 (1954), pp. 209-225. Hindes' study was carried out in the salt marsh that is now part of the Nature Interpretive Center of the City of Palo Alto. He established base data on the distribution of marsh vegetation in that marsh which has been used by several more recent studies, including that of the following team:

John T. Wondollick, William Zolan, and Gary L. Stevens, "A population study of harvest mice in the Palo Alto Salt Marsh," Wasman Journal of Biology 34 (1976), pp. 52-64. They found that the area had subsided from 20 to 50 cm between 1954 and 1972, and that the cordgrass zone, which they called the Spartinetum association, had increased from about ten percent to seventy percent of the marsh. The pickleweed, or Salicornia zone, their Salicornietum association, decreased from about ninety percent to less than ten percent of the marsh.
18 The report on this survey has not been released at the present time.
19 HR 111 by Congressmen Edwards, Gubser, Burton, Dellums, Leggett, McClosky, Moss and Waldie; the companion Senate bill was by Senators Cranston and Tunney.
20 This was a typical action by the Nature Conservancy. Lower Tubbs Island had been identified by various citizen, state, and federal groups as prime wildlife habitat, but money was not available for its purchase. The Conservancy purchased it when it was threatened with development and is holding it. It generally sells such acquisitions to a caretaker group, and in this case it will be the federal government. The Conservancy continues to monitor such lands after transfer to make sure the stipulations of the deeds are carried out. If such is not the case, the Conservancy takes legal action to force the management of the property back to its original state.
21 A group of citizens, many owning duck clubs in the marshes, organized the Suisun Resource Conservation District in the early 1970's. They sought the aid of the Department of Fish and Game and petitioned the state legislature to initiate a planning study of the marshes in 1973-74. Senate Bill 1981 was passed in 1974 which assigned the Fish and Wildlife study element to the Department of Fish and Game, the planning element to BCDC, and ordered a report date of December 1, 1977, to the governor and the legislature. It placed a further date of December 1, 1978 for final action of the plan on their part.
22 Dr. H.T. Harvey has carried out planting experiments with cordgrass in a spoils disposal area reopened to tidal action and located just north of the Palo Alto Nature Interpretive Center. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers is carrying out a large scale marsh restoration study at the mouth of the Alameda Flood Control Channel on the southeast side of the San Francisco Bay.
Anatomy of Chicano Theater

Francis Donahue
JUST as guerrillas militarily oppose the established regime in a given country, guerrilla theater, as developed by Chicano theater aggregations, is in sharp opposition to the established bourgeois theater in the United States and Western Europe. Unlike the established theater with its four walls, extensive props, paying customers, cherished traditions and commercial emphasis, guerrilla theater is without walls; it performs in the public square, the barrio (Chicano neighborhood), the country market, the laundromat, the school, labor camp, church, bar, wherever people congregate. The theater group often arrives with little or no advance notice, encountering a surprised audience for whom they put on short skits keyed to social and political issues: the grape boycott, racism, high prices, economic exploitation.

Guerrilla theater, with exponents in Mexico (Los Mascarones and Grupo Libertad among others) and the United States (the San Francisco Mime Troupe and New York's Bread and Puppet Theater), is committed to social revolution. It is more interested in the message (protest) than in the medium (theater). Its skits or playlets are usually written or improvised by the entire company. They are not “literary works” expected to bring fame or gain to authors or actors. In content and theme, they are at sharp variance with the psychological theater of Tennessee Williams, the social realism of Arthur Miller, and the metaphysical anguish of absurdists Samuel Beckett and Eugene Ionesco.

In November, 1965, Luis Valdez, a 25-year old Chicano who had grown up in a depressed Delano, California barrio, joined Cesar Chavez’ struggle for overall advancement by Chicanos. At Delano he founded El Teatro Campesino as a vehicle to dramatize the issues at stake in the farm workers’ strike. He hoped to win over workers to the cause and to buoy up morale. With eight strikers-turned-actors, Valdez put on short skits, each running up to fifteen minutes, on the lives of farm workers and their regular exploitation by growers. On his characters he hung cardboard signs: “Patron,” “Di Giorgio Company,” “Farm Worker.” Their roles were immediately recognized by people with little or no experience with theater.
Coyote and Grower
The Boss and the Scab
Out of these original skits has grown the Chicano propaganda theater presented at strikers' headquarters, at churches, or off the back of a small van at rest stops during protest marches. The language is Pocho Spanish, a mixture of Spanish and English as spoken by Chicanos, plus *Pachuquismos*, a "made-in-U.S.-Spanish" such as *vato loco* (wild guy), *troquita* (little truck), and *la placa* (the police).

**ACTOS**

Short skits, soon termed *Actos*, have become the standard repertory of *El Teatro Campesino* as well as other Chicano theater groups. *Actos* focus on a broad spectrum of Chicano conditions and problems: discrimination in school, housing and employment; police brutality; the drug scene; and the Chicano struggle to avoid being "homogenized" into American culture.

Some *Actos*, accompanied by Mexican revolutionary ballads, have reached back into Mexican history, the pre-Chicano roots of the current movement. They dramatize a Chicano version of scenes from the Spanish Conquest, with the Spaniards represented as today's *Gavacho* (White) Establishment oppressing the Mexican Indians, who are comparable to the contemporary "Brown" Chicanos.

In technique, *Actos* combine the *Commedia dell'Arte* with its stock characters performing comic, satiric, and allegorical works improvised around basic plot outlines; the slapstick humor of Cantinflas, the Mexican Charlie Chaplin; the multi-media effects of slides or motion picture projections on walls or sets, if such exist; and a modified Brechtian "alienation effect" whereby the announcer, in introducing an *Acto*, alerts the audience to the fact that they are to witness a theatrical performance, one meant to tell them something about themselves, their world, their oppressors. In this way, the audience limits its emotional identification with the characters and pays close attention to the "message" for themselves in these modern morality plays.

In appeal, *Actos* are completely popular. They are not meant for the scrutiny of critics. Their success is measured by the effect they have in tapping sentiments and feelings, in dramatizing the Chicano cause, and in pointing toward "solutions." Clearly, their purpose is more didactic than aesthetic.

Over the years Valdez and aides have set up guidelines for creating *Actos*:

Inspire the audience to social action. Illuminate a specific point about social problems. Satirize the opposition. Show or hint at a solution. Express what people are feeling . . . The major emphasis is on the social vision as opposed to the individual artist's or the playwright's vision.

In performance, *Actos* achieve the effect of "cartoons for adults." Actions are often wildly exaggerated, gestures are broad, make-up is conventionalized: the pig mask means "cop"; the character in painted white face, often with an
Uncle Sam hat, is a gavacho representing the “Establishment” as a lawyer, judge, boss or politician; the brown-white mask singles out a coco (coconut), a “sell-out” or “Uncle Tom” (i.e. a Chicano who is “brown” on the outside but “white” — acculturated to the white Anglo system — on the inside).

In theater terms, the Actos are agit-prop (agitational propaganda):

Don’t buy grapes! Support the Boycott! Our Raza is starving in the barrios and slaving in the fields for starvation wages! We’ve got to drive the gavacho out of the barrios! Viva la Causa! Viva la Raza! Viva la Revolucion!
The Banda Calavera (Skull-Mask Band) performs before an Acto.
Integral to the *Actos* are a rough-hewn vitality, a free-flowing exuberance, a spirit of fun, yet a sense of commitment. Between actors and audiences flows a stream of sympathetic vibrations. Not for passive consumption, these skits constitute carnival-like spectacles from which Chicanos derive pleasure while absorbing lessons in self-help. Registering deep inside the Chicano is a message that goes like this:

This is our condition as an exploited minority, mimed on stage, and entertaining, but real in daily life, and painful.

**ARCHETYPAL CHARACTERS**

Just as the Italian *Commedia dell'Arte* in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries employed stock characters — Arlecchino, Colombina, Pantalone, and Pulcinella — the *Actos* have developed their own stable of characters who are readily recognized by most members sitting out front. They are stock figures raised to the level of archetypes by the frequency with which Chicanos encounter them in their own lives — and now, in the *Actos*. They include “Super Sam,” the arrogant white “cop” who mistreats Chicanos, sometimes shoots first, then yells “Stop, Mexican!”; the *Patron* (Grower) who exploits his workers while pretending to be their friend; the *Vendidos*, the “sell-outs” who play down their Mexican descent and are out for themselves with little regard for *La Causa* (“I made it in this society, why can’t you?”). Frequently seen *Vendido* types include “Honest Jess,” the salesman, and *Coyote*, the farm labor contractor. Other archetypes are the *Esquirol* (Scab), a farm worker from another state or from Mexico, who works for lower wages than the Chicano himself; the *Huelguistas* (Strikers), well-meaning Chicanos willing to sacrifice now for long-range improvements in working conditions; *Juanito Raza* (also known as *Johnny Pachucho* or *Juan Corazon*), the typical young Chicano concerned with his *machismo* (masculinity), who previously was likely to be drafted early into the Army or become a drug addict; and the *Campesinos* (Farm Workers), humble, poor, unlettered and regularly victimized.

Joining these figures are a passel of abstract characters — *Death, Churches, General Defense, Union, Winter* — and a smattering of “general” characters needed to flesh out the cast: Secretary, Teacher, Armed Guard.

As the characters interact on stage, Chicanos view them with close attention but without the emotional involvement they give to a film or television drama. Chicanos consider them as prototypes who have emerged from the often-fearful experience, memory, or imagination of *La Raza*. Now, exposed to the light of day on stage, these characters are burlesqued and parodied, often leading to belly laughs. The rationale behind this approach to theater has been well expressed by French playwright Eugene Ionesco:
To become conscious of what is horrifying and laugh at it, is to become master of what is horrifying. The comic alone is capable of giving us the strength to bear the tragedy of existence.

Through such a process, Actos serve as a catharsis for Chicanos who, after a performance, leave behind some of their fear and helplessness in the face of a gavacho world.

**PERSPECTIVE ON LA RAZA**

From the Actos, Chicanos are coming to discover their own identity as a subculture which, after a century of subservience, is now protesting against injustice. They are acquiring an image of themselves as a bilingual and bicultural people who have spiritual affinities with the Mexican Indian groups which suffered at the hands of the Spaniards, and with the downtrodden Mexican masses for whom, centuries after the Spanish Conquest, Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata fought valiantly in the Mexican Revolution (1911-1917). They also take away a heightened awareness of both positive and negative traits: their pride in not allowing themselves to be integrated into the "American Melting Pot"; their exaggerated machismo which is expressed in a concern for the sexual conquest of many women; their touchiness on the point of personal or family honor, which sometimes leads to bloodshed or to death; the third-class role of the Chicano woman who is often forced to put up with untoward treatment by her mate "because my children need a father"; the Chicano tendency to believe in carnalismo, a type of collective working for the common good of La Raza; and the legitimacy of exalting their Indian descent instead of trying to pass for "Spaniards born in Mexico."

**TOWARD TOMORROW**

Inspired by El Teatro Campesino, other Chicano theater groups have sprung up — in Fresno, San Jose, Berkeley, San Diego, East Los Angeles, San Fernando, Long Beach, El Paso, San Antonio, and other cities. Today, it is estimated that there are fourteen major Chicano teatros in California, eight in Texas, and others in Colorado, Washington, Arizona, and New Mexico. These teatros invariably include skits on the grower-laborer conflict, such as Luis Valdez' The Fifth Season, which underscores the sinister role of the Coyote, the Chicano labor contractor who rounds up stoop laborers for the Patron. Over the past four years the teatros have been increasingly concerned with topics of immediate concern to urban Chicanos. Typical of this phase of Chicano theater is Court Scene developed by the Teatro Aztlan of San Diego. This skit underscores the racist generalization of an Anglo judge who brands a teenage Chicano accused of incest as "an animal. Mexican people after age
Mundo (World) cries out, "My own children are killing me!"
A Mito etched in "brown."
thirteen think it is all right to do these things... Maybe Hitler was right, that the animals of our society ought to be destroyed."

As the guiding spirit of the Chicano theatre movement, Luis Valdez envisions a gradual development of dramatic fare beyond the current Actos. Of prime importance is a developing series of Mitos (Myths), ritual-like dramas involving the plastic representation of deeply felt common bonds between Chicanos, with little verbalizing. The Mitos attempt to open up a field of relationships between audience and actors, to lead to a community of sharing, feeling, loving and being aware of love. They stimulate Chicano psyches through theater exercises as a form of in-group therapy. Explains Valdez:

A teatro of ritual, of music, of beauty and spiritual sensitivity... a teatro of legends and myths... a teatro of religious strength. This type of theater will require real dedication; it may, indeed, require a couple of generations of Chicanos devoted to the use of the theater as an instrument in the evolution of our people.

For the Mitos, the conceptual framework is often drawn from the metaphysical worlds of the Aztecs and Mayas, as seen in Fin del Mundo (End of the World), a recent work in the new mode. The protagonist is Mundo, a type of Everyman who, surrounded by mythological figures, walks the "road of death." By means of music and dance, with comic routines, this Mito projects a phantasmagoric atmosphere climaxed by a ritual scene leading to Mundo's agony, in which he cries out against the "poisons that are poured into the water and the sky." Mundo dies, but is soon reborn, and the regenerative cycle continues. For its audience, Fin del Mundo serves to create, or tap, the wellsprings of Chicano mythic consciousness.

To gain wider exposure for the Actos and the Mitos, Valdez has proposed a national touring aggregation, the "Aztlan Theater Company" to carry the message of La Raza into Latin America, Europe, Japan and Africa. It would be independent and self-supporting. Says Valdez:

The corazon de La Raza (heart of the people) cannot be revolutionized on a grant from Uncle Sam.

The new Company would also remain independent of any political organization in order to ensure objectivity, artistic competence, and survival as a group.

A ritual Theater and a National Theater Company — these are the goals Valdez sets for tomorrow. In view of the long upward struggle by Valdez and aides since 1965, they are not utopian.
Dear Marianne,

Your letter came this morning in a fog so dense the postman moved about on foot. One cannot see to drive. I think the mail is brought by unseen hands. What a sense of self that man must have to go about at all on days like these: I'm sure I should dissolve!

All winter we seem to live in fog like sea lions off the coast, and I often feel that Jack and Shell and I are all alone. Your letter is assurance of a world that isn't all familial. Shell says sadness is a long tunnel, but I think winter is, and I am glad of light your letter brings.

It is an eerie time.
Last night Jack took me dancing – some people from the college asked us – and this morning I am lost. It isn’t just the fog. You used to say I maintained my continuity with schedules, and I admit I’m plugged in always, like an electric clock, to time. Not last night.

Abruptly – I recall no prelude – I found myself seated in a dark, bare crowded room, where country rock blared loud and stereophonically. A strange man sat beside me, shouting in my ear. Jack was not there. I was very cold.

“What are they playing now?” I remember shouting at the man.

“Old favorites.” He rose and took my hand. “Like to twist?”

“Why not?” On that dark and teeming floor, he’d never know what ancient dance I danced. (In truth it was the Burbank, which was, if you’ll remember, the Balboa with that extra little kick). But I lost him, and then I disappeared myself, somewhere between a writhing Elvis and The Who; I woke at home this morning with fog pushing at the windows, muffling sound, and the postman with your letter at the door.

You’ll say I drank too much and lost the evening in some vaporous dream, but what I’ve lost is music of two decades by never having heard it then at all! In high school we knew the records everybody made and went on to have reunions to play Glenn Miller records every year, commemoratively. Somehow, I never learned the music after that. Perhaps I only left the record player home when Jack and I were married; perhaps I went, like Rip Van Winkle, sound asleep.

The trouble, now, is that all those twisting, middle-aged adults are none of mine. Their youth, a few years later, was not my youth. For one thing, we are a war apart. Last night I danced but could not take up a pattern; there are memory-threads I never had. Today I’m lucky to be home in bed, musing about continuity and postmen with strong, substantial souls.

Mrs. Weaver is another one whose substantial soul amazes me. I wrote you that she hurt her knee and had to be a week in hospital. Now she’s home again, aching to be out working in her yard. What youth that straight old lady has!

By comparison, Ponce de Leon only had a youth-hook. He’d have felt as set apart as I, caught with my Glenn Miller records, when fountain hunting went out of style. As you once said, Mrs. Weaver belongs to all our generations.

Schedules. You told me once that for Shell I am carefully substituting a schedule for a mother, and that when I shall have succeeded, she may leave home. Well, I have succeeded so completely that she loves nothing better than abrupt change, and she’s liable to leave home only partly programmed.

When you write, tell me how you adjust to Eddie’s going off to college. Were you ready for the break in the flow of days together? Was it easy to give up responsibility for his life, not just to him, but perhaps to casual others?

Love,
Emily

50
January 12

Dear Marianne,

You did respond, and I still need your letters, for fog does sap my soul. I'm sure you remember what this weather's like. These days, our morning paper is delivered when I am energetic enough to telephone, and it is not delivered if I don't. Morning delivery is surely for the young, who find adventure in the dark, but still, I wish they'd come without reminders.

Yes, I am sure Eddie made it clear his childhood is over and done with. Men know instinctively that they must thoroughly dispose. Had, for instance, the Pied Piper been a woman, she'd have left some rats — a few — and offered a regular weekly service. But man thoroughly disposes.

Jack is off to teach his morning classes, and Shell is off to school, and I am back in bed. Such luxury is a winter thing. In summer, I should iron and weed and water all the morning long.

Yesterday was vaguely sunny, and I took the dogs to walk along the road behind the cemetery. Two black crows stalked about the lawns like gentry, and a workman edged the turf around a marker with his spade. He did not resemble men who work in streetside gardens, for he was soft and dim, absorbing earth, not light. He hangs his clothing there behind some door, I thought, and puts it on, unwashed, each morning.

I looked at him and thought I, too, absorbed: friends, I hope, and work, and habits of listening and taking care. My earth.

What do you absorb in your classroom? Chalk? Love?

Affectionately,
Em

January 16

Dear Marianne,

You are patient with my rash of letters. Could it be that you, the mover, the perpetual pioneer, would like to share my moss?

Well, my life isn't all fog and moss and memories. Sometimes I have the most exciting visual images. Right now I see the January me, this stolid self transformed; I am drifting, a gray gull feather, lonely in vast loneliness, gray in an amberlighted world.

That's to make you feel poetic. A dream I had last night should make you sad. First, Dante appeared in his Hell where all the misers and the spenders push heavy weights about and squabble; then I appeared in mine. Perched on some height, I could look down and see myself, pushed about and pushing, in the middle of an infinitely regressing discount store.

You know, I've fought these city battles far too long! Remember the sweet and smiling woman we met on a day we took Eddie and Shell to the zoo? She sat on a bench and told us, harassed mothers that we were, that she lived in a bubble high above the earth where she could see and hear but never could be touched. Well, as fast as I could make a bubble, someone else could make a pin, or are there plastic bubbles now? I know there are small towns, like yours.

51
I may be merely aging. Yesterday our new neighbor came in, traumatized. She had a formal letter addressed To The Parents of Jennifer Love. "This is to inform you that your daughter has been three times tardy to her Yoga class." I could not tell her what to do.

Back to images. Jack was half-insanely planning works for the art show at the college. For example, Freud, a huge profile in black paper, could be laid on a sea of punch cards. "Last of the Great Romantics." The same profile in front of two punch card houses of equal size could be called "Today and Tomorrow." The same Freud on a light, bright punch card background could be "Night and Day."

Well, the last of the cynics has a child who says to me, "Mother," she says most seriously, "Mother, my jeans are so short I look like I'm waiting for a flood."

Mrs. Weaver still must rest most of the time on her couch. She was very pleased to have your note. This confinement is so hard for her. Last fall she was outside one day raking her lawn, and she energetically raked two neighbors' lawns as well. "Those women enjoy poor health," she explained. "Saint Peter is saving you a crown in Heaven; I am sure of it." "He can keep his crown," she said. "All I'll need is a rake."

Young Shell and old Mrs. Weaver do a lot for my middling years. But perhaps not so much as old friends who've shared a lot of steps along the way.

Love,
Em

January 25

Dear Marianne,

Thank you for wondering about Shell's future plans. It seems I've been so busy preserving schedules and other continuities that I had failed to ask! Perhaps I thought she'd stay forever at the college and forever home with us. But no, she announces that she wants to go to seminary and become a priest.

It all started, she says, when she was about ten and came in from playing to find me in the kitchen, with my long red apron on, preparing dinner. "What are we having?" she asked. "TV dinners." She looked at my apron and was right to laugh.

Since then, she says, she's questioned women's roles. I told her Mrs. Weaver refused the offered solace of a nursing home because she wasn't "ready to be boxed and standardized." Shell said she felt the same about herself.

"I live in fine, neat rooms," she told me. "But, all around are walls. I'm all shut in by plane geometry."

"We can open windows."

"No," she said. "I've got to open doors."

Well, I've told her all the ways we used to keep the flame. How many of our young years we spent running rummage sales and tending the playground
and the school library! We thought we took on power and even shared it as lavishly as we dared, but Shell says that we were only mediators. "No one alive ever gave a bit of power away."

Shell thinks the real source of power, the only source, is in oneself. Mrs. Weaver would agree. She was in her kitchen window, waving, as Jack drove off this morning. I'm sure she'll be out raking in the spring.

Love,
Emily

January 31

Dear Marianne,

I don't know if I shall ever understand the young, but you are on the right track as usual. Yes, there was one time, in all these adult years, that even I did seriously think of breaking out. I've been so busy making my schedules and my neat and loving prison that I did not remember. But there was a time. One time.

We were camping in the Tetons the year that Shell was seven, and we'd hiked one day up the mountain above Jenny Lake. Jack and Shell stopped at the viewpoint, and I went on alone into the U-shaped valley.

I heard the sounds of rushing water and wind in aspen trees; a pika in a cleft of granite peered out at me with brown, bright eyes. Nature was alive and did not depend at all on me. Suddenly, I did not ever want to leave that valley, or turn back from cliffs, far up the trail, that I could almost touch in that light air.

But I was no bird; my watch ticked on; and back I had to go, to Jack and Shell, in tears.

That night, as we slept in our tent, I dreamed about a pilgrimage. A large group of us straggled through a rough terrain, and problems of the pilgrims were as numerous as hazards of the trail. In the dream I was the leader, and none could have made the journey without my steadying hand — not even Jack, who's strong.

Next day we broke our camp and started home. There's never been another hour I could have chosen to go very far alone. Now Shell is setting out herself, and she says she can make it on her own.

When she says she doesn't need us, I hope she knows I love her all the same.

There was wind last night, and I see bare trees against a pale blue sky. Mrs. Weaver is outside walking with her cane. I'm indoors cleaning cupboards, but I'll be glad when winter ends and I can take my neatness out-of-doors, where we all seem to work together on our street, and I can be a member of the neighborhood.

Meanwhile — and always — I am glad you are my friend.

Love,
Emily

* * *
POETRY
MANDALA

Where you see maybe a dog’s eye
or moist amber lens leading directly
back to simple devotion,
I see always an alien sphere
opening onto a solitude
God only knows, if He wants to.

Deep in seeing, behind the very light
that obstructs it, something immense
awaits to be blindly accepted.

SIMPLES

God must have been simple
to have included the dandelion
with old age and gladness
in His catalogue.

Neither are there weeds
in the random garden
of small children, only
brief wonders to kneel at.

When the yellow fool in the grass
turns gray, one breath
can seed the air with messages
transparent as angels.
REFLECTION

(after Stramm)

He'd break her
because he's stone
and she's glass.

If time hadn't stopped cold
at 3:20 PM
two years back on the stairs
she'd be a handful of red slivers.

But he's locked still
loving in his hardness
as she flashes faithfully
from far off.

SELLING

My persuasion
is a shoe size,
bifocals, a dislike
for persimmons and foreigners.

I know just
where the shoe pinches,
the eye blurs,
the stomach turns.

I can adjust up,
I can adjust down,
I can be the spitting image.
Believe me.
THE LITURGY

for Seamus Heaney

When as a boy
the Irish poet stood
in the hollow of a tree
he thought he was the tongue
for its innocent roots and the earth
that reared them.

Many terrors
and burials later
he stands in the hollow
of his nation reciting roots
and an earth that never refuses
a human offering.

This is my nation,
he sings in that hollow,
the gaping mouth of his people,
this is the tongue that's rooted still
in the earth and this the forgiveness
offered up by the dead.
Provenance

I was outside and heard it coming, fast,
A rushing of air, an approaching roar.
And there it was: a jet, hurtling past,
Over the sugar pines, a metaphor
Of antecedents grown precise with fact.
I turned and watched it boom toward the west,
Almost losing it among the abstract
Miles of dark distance rising to the crest
Of Bald Mountain. I saw it clear the peak,
Arcing over the horizon. All this
Required only seconds.

Sometimes oblique,
That jet had come all the way, in premise,
From the Enlightenment, and by degrees,
Over my house that day. I turned to go.
And smiling, thought of the *philosophes*,
Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot.

Dialogue

Maybe she really meant it when she said,
"Of course I believe in the rights of man."
Maybe it was just a Byzantine pose.

Who in all of Europe but Diderot
Would grasp the knee of Catherine the Great
To make her listen to an argument?
My daughter and her family are away for the holidays visiting her husband’s relatives in Bireath, Texas. They left Bluebonnet the collie to look after the house and me to look after Bluebonnet. They have not left me alone before. I don’t like being here all alone, but I suppose I can get used to it with all the practice I’ve had getting used to things I don’t especially like.

It started before dark and rained right through the night. The lots in this section of Lone Star are low and water stands under old houses like ours, not the best thing for old people. The pools under the houses dry up and leave bottomless cracks wide enough for a man to drop down – or something wide as a man to come up.

Something woke me up. Probably the Ranger hitting the front porch. What I can see of the outside is gray and misty. My room is at the back of the house. My room, the roomer’s, and the back bath all open onto an L-shaped porch. In better times, the porch was glassed-in by somebody.

I am sure, or was anyway, they told me the roomer had gone home over vacation. However, he is out there on the porch holding Bluebonnet’s tail with one hand and rubbing her in a private spot with the other. This is hard to believe of a city-bred boy his age. But I do hear Bluebonnet whining and the wicker chair creaking.

The roomer is a student at Goodhue College, a quiet, neat blond boy, very shy, or thought to be. My daughter is very thankful to have him, not only for the money which is always in short supply and not only because the student is so little trouble. She would like for something to develop between him and my granddaughter, who goes out with oil refinery workers. My daughter
herself is married to one. That was a step up from a farmer she says. Now she
would like to see her daughter move up from a refinery worker. When the
student came, my daughter let me know in no uncertain terms I was not to
bore him with my tales of the past or pry into his affairs. My daughter likes
to keep up with the times. She said there is the Generation Gap between me
and young people that I cannot bridge. My daughter did say this is not my
fault, but just the way things are. A fact. My daughter loves facts.

Once when I was sunning on the seawall, the student strode by, face to the
wind, blue windbreaker billowing behind. He would have made a wonderful
picture of the wind on an old map. He laughed right at me without seeing me
I think. I did not speak. Another day he was seated on a bench in the sun in
City Park #2 right across the street. His long legs V-ed into the path. He was
deep in a book and seemed to be unaware that he had pulled up his T-shirt
and was massaging his golden-haired stomach, his hand swirling down
down between his legs at regular intervals. Well, I guessed what kind of book he was
reading. The student looked up at me with the eyes of a statue as I passed. I
have felt embarrassed about not speaking. However, I can see that the thing
for me is to speak when spoken to. That is what I have done here at home.
When the student turns his head to the side and says "Hi," which is all he has
ever said to me, I say "Hello." I missed my guess about that book. It turned
out to be something called Locke's Second Treatise on Civil Government.

Now he holds Bluebonnet with his knees. The collie switches around
moaning. The boy's thick sun-streaked hair bounces on his forehead. He tugs
at the sash of his robe. Now he is bent over the collie. With her ruff, the collie
looks like Queen Elizabeth, the one Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his cloak
for. The robe curtains the student's activity.

Now Bluebonnet is lying down cleansing her skirts. The blond boy draws
his robe about himself, ties the sash, and walks into his room.

I lie back on my bed. Yes, I am awake and have been. What should I do?
What can I do? How can I tell my daughter what I have witnessed? The sound
of my old voice and the grating flow of my speech irritate my daughter and
arouse her suspicion of what I have to say. My daughter is convinced I lie. Oh,
she doesn't say so. She says, "That's something you've imagined." Her look
says, "The old man's making up things again." Furthermore, my daughter
cannot tolerate anything off color.

As for my son-in-law, he doesn't listen to me — politely.

If I do tell my daughter, what will she do? She won't take it up with her
husband, because what she considers my senility is a bad reflection on her.
Her usual way is to go to the person in such a case and say her old father has
gotten something into his head that she knows cannot be true, but ought to
be cleared up for his sake. Then she makes me either face the person or back
down. And my daughter takes the person's word against mine. Of course, I
have to apologize and my daughter apologizes for me. I try my best to avoid
this kind of thing. My daughter says she has had just about all of it she can
take.
Really though she hasn’t had very much in my estimation and believes the incidents are more serious and more numerous than they have been. But some things have been pretty close to home. Before my son-in-law got Bluebonnet, we had a German shepherd that barked as much as any dog I have ever heard. I have a chair out in the garage where I sometimes sit to be out of the way. The garage is a weathered frame structure with a good many knot holes and cracks. I happened to see our neighbor scrape scraps over the fence for the German shepherd. She often did that, but not behind the garage at the back of the yard out of sight of our house. The next day the dog died a horrible death — and I was imagining things, because I wouldn’t confront the neighbor. And because the collie is alive, I ought to be ashamed of myself for what I said about the neighbor.

I help around the house — get in the way is another way of saying it. I used to keep up the yard and make a garden, but the state of my health doesn’t allow that any more. Anyway, part of my housework is the cleaning of my granddaughter’s room. For awhile she worked at a drug store that stays open quite late and she almost always had a date after work. I mean she got in late and she got up late and rushed out. I can’t help but notice things, like the piles of pills and capsules and tablets and such. Well, my granddaughter having less patience with me than my daughter — because of the Generation Gap — I got my daughter to look at the stuff. She gave me one royal upbraiding for messing in other people’s closets.

Then when my granddaughter got into some kind of trouble — arrested, served with a notice to appear in court and so forth — all through getting the lawyer, I was supposed to know nothing at all about what was going on. When I mentioned the affair one day, my daughter let me know in no uncertain terms I had the whole thing confused, that my granddaughter had been subpoenaed as a witness for the State of Texas. My granddaughter burst into my room and screamed that anything whatsoever that concerned her was in no way a concern of mine. She said that I have always thought the worst of people. That my illness has made me worse. That she couldn’t stand old people and sick people and people with evil minds. Later she said she was sorry for the way she had acted.

Now, neither in the case of the German shepherd nor of my granddaughter did I have absolute proof. The Ranger item I took to refer to my granddaughter could have referred to some other minor. So far as I could discover, there was no account of the hearing or whatever it was in the paper. And in the case of the German shepherd, I had no proof I could swear to. I mean I could have been mistaken in both cases — and in other cases I suppose. Yes, others. Most others.

You see my intentions in such cases may not be exactly what I think they are. This disease that has weakened and whitened me may have travelled to my mind. I think I want to do what is best for the family, but at the same time I think I don’t want to do anything that’ll cause my family to send me away. I want to be with familiar people, among familiar things, in familiar
places to the end if possible. I think maybe I'd rather be dead than end up at the Bowieville funny farm.

Now what has happened with the roomer is very disturbing. He's there in his room. I know he is, even though there is no light and not a sound. But what if he isn't? Anyway, what I saw is certainly a thing I can in no way let my daughter know about. She would see it as a product of my filthy mind. She would believe I had made it up in the bathroom.

Now that is possible. But why should I imagine a thing like that about the boy? That is very disturbing. Say he was only petting Bluebonnet and I saw that as the other? Keeping an eye on him will serve no purpose, if I am seeing such things. And I don't want to see any more such things, real or not. If the boy does any more of that, my daughter will have to see for herself. However, is it likely that he would do such things when the family is here? I don't count. The best thing for everybody I suppose is for me to be imagining things and to keep them to myself.

Still if I were back on the farm, I wouldn't have around a hired hand that student's age who messed with animals. I will say this for the young fellow, he does leave this bathroom spotless. Look at me. Everyday I get whiter and my vessels get bluer. My nails are thin as a child's and my body hair is as fine as a baby's. My eyelids, my nostrils, my hands are like parchment. The last time I bought trousers, I was back into a boy's size. A little guy am I and getting littler all the time.

And here he is, the young student, stepping out of his room. So he was in there. Now I really am embarrassed. Too late to retreat back to the bathroom. His hands are in his pockets. He is looking down and nodding deep in thought. He could not have done what I thought I saw. I can't just pass him by as if he's not there and I have not wronged him. I am ashamed.

I sound guilty. He covers me with a look like a gas burner going on and puts heavy hands on my shoulders. He smiles down on me as if we are conspirators. I feel myself turning red. His smile says that my watching him with Bluebonnet was part of the thing he was doing. We were doing. Bringing his face down so close to mine that I can't breathe, he laughs, "And how's my clean old man?"
WHAT makes Joan Didion's portrait of Maria Wyeth in *Play It As It Lays* fascinating, compelling, and ultimately dangerous? Dangerous in the sense that all finely written stories are dangerous, insinuating themselves as they do into our consciousness and convincing us momentarily of things we would not choose to believe. Reading this story, as critic Peter Prescott said, is like driving a Maserati flat out. The taut, understated energy of the style compels and drives the reader at its own rhythm. Didion is a great writer because she first of all tells her tale—because the story is first. Because this writer puts her character first and refrains from judging, interpretation of her point of view is challenging.

First there is the creation of Maria's voice—laconic, always tending to understatement, insistent on the facts, persuading us by its bluntness that what she relates is factual: "There are only certain facts, I say, trying again to be an agreeable player of the game. . . . My name is Maria Wyeth. That is pronounced Mar-eye-ah, to get it straight at the outset. Some people here call me Mrs. Lang, but I never did. Age, 31. Married. Divorced. One daughter, age four."¹ From the fast-paced, low-key narrative of events we learn eventually all Didion would have us know if we read too easily, and we are left to infer some important omissions. Maria was born in Silver Wells, Nevada, of a gambler father and a neurotic mother, both now dead. Her looks and some family encouragement send her to New York, to acting lessons, to modeling, to late nights and rich boy friends and finally to Carter Lang, who marries her and becomes famous using her face and her life as subjects for a documentary film on a model's existence. Carter becomes successful and moves on to other women; Maria becomes more and more depressed, unable to relate consistently even to her daughter Kate. Her difficulty is compounded and complicated by the fact that Kate is retarded. There are other men for her, and late nights, and an abortion forced on her by Carter who threatens to take Kate away if she refuses to have it. Finally Maria is losing her mind; she lies quietly on the bed in a motel in Nevada while BZ, the man who understands her best of all,

Alienation
and Games of Chance

Lynne Howard Goodhart

commits suicide. And then she is committed to an asylum. Those are the facts of the narrative.

And the facts are told to us so plainly and so skillfully that we do not at first feel any need to examine what might lie beyond them and between the lines. But the book’s moral impact becomes clear only when that effort is made. Unquestionably, this work is a finely told tale of horror, the brutal portrait of a woman alienated from herself, from other people, and from the world. She is alienated beyond recall, beyond repair, and beyond hope; there is no redemption possible in the world as she conceives of it. All seems predetermined and we are immersed in what seems at first reading to be a naturalist view of life.

In order to make Maria’s case believable, Joan Didion must make her title ring true: Maria’s world is governed by a brooding fatality expressed in the title *Play It As It Lays* and in all the references to games of chance throughout the book. Daughter of a gambling man, Maria talks of games and how to play them. Describing her childhood in Nevada, she says: “I was raised to believe that what came in on the next roll would always be better than what went out on the last.” (p.3). At her mother’s death, her father writes, “This is a bad hand but God if there is one and Honey I sincerely believe there must be ‘something,’ never meant it to set you back in your plans. Don’t let them bluff you back there because you’re holding all the aces.” (p.7). When BZ is dead and Maria is accused of complicity in the suicide, she observes “One thing in my defense, not that it matters. I know something Carter never knew . . . or maybe you. I know what ‘Nothing’ means, and keep on playing. Why, BZ would say. ‘Why not, I say.’” (p.213).

In the closed circle of this game, only certain moves seem possible, and, so Maria thinks, one must make do with the hand one has at the moment. But are we sure the player knows all the moves and does it matter that she is not always skillful? There is never any question of winning. Didion’s character conceives of herself as a loser, and so do the people around her. She sees herself as powerless and threatened, and acts accordingly.

There is the matter of the snakes. Maria is obsessed by them. At the beginning of her story, she asks, “Why should a coral snake need two glands of neurotoxic poison to survive, while a king snake, so similarly marked, needs none? Where is the Darwinian logic there?” (p.1). But we are not
speaking with a scientist who would treat the subject in a disinterested manner. Our interlocuter is a woman terrified of snakes, especially rattlers, as emissaries of death, as personifications of the nameless evil she senses all around her. In the closing pages of the book, snakes appear again twice. In that motel on the desert in Nevada where BZ will die and where the book ends, Maria asks Carter about a man who went out into the desert for a walk in order to talk to God and was killed by a rattler. Did God answer the man, she wonders. Carter is silent. And after BZ dies, Maria remembers the two lessons her father taught her: the first, that you must play your hand easily as it lays, and the second, that under a rock you lift there may be a rattler. Or, to paraphrase her father's lessons: Don't try to alter the way things are, don't be curious, and don't lift a rock from your path.

This advice amounts to an injunction against independent judgment and action. It leads to the feeling that something unseen controls our destinies. We can only be observers. But an observer must maintain a certain distance from the action; as Maria plays out her hand, it is increasingly obvious that she lacks a belief in her own abilities, and this lack leads to moral inertia.

In one of the most memorable sections of the book, Maria is frantically active; as her marriage disintegrates along with her sanity, she looks for something to occupy her mind and all her reflexes. She decides to ride the Los Angeles freeways every day in her Corvair. Negotiating from the Hollywood onto the Harbor freeway without braking becomes her goal. If she can do it, she will sleep dreamlessly. In one month, she puts seven thousand miles on her car. What is the significance of all this? The sprawling lines the freeway traces, the intense speed, the concrete and neon landscapes, are well chosen symbols of alienation and escape. There is no deep human contact possible as long as one circulates out in that landscape, and no time for contemplation of one's life. Yet if Maria is to come out of her sickness, she will have to make the long and harrowing journey inward, will have to ask fierce questions of herself, will have to face herself first, and then other people. But she is close to no one and the journey she undertakes is frantic and aimless. The freeways, the cars, the exhaust fumes, the cement pillars, the cyclone fences, the noise — all so many barriers between the self and the land, the self and others, the self and the self. Her journey is a flight from self and a flight from responsibility. As such, her travels on the freeway are outward signs of moral decay and inertia.

The brutal juxtaposition of human flesh, steel and concrete present in the freeway scenes is echoed in another leitmotiv: plumbing pipes as disposers of human flesh. Maria's abortion haunts her. She moves from her house to an apartment when the drains clog. When the shower drain in the apartment backs up one morning, she vomits and moves back to her house. In her dreams, she sees grey water bubbling up from stopped up sinks: "Of course she could not call a plumber, because she had known all along what would be found in the pipes, what hacked pieces of human flesh." (p.96).

In Didion's book, human flesh is forever threatened; Maria's mother's
body is eaten by coyotes; Kate’s spine is pierced by needles; Maria’s uterus is
scraped; the blazing heat of the desert closes threateningly around BZ; the
noise of the freeways obliterates conversation and consciousness; the forest
fires encroach on settlements in the hills, and a rattlesnake deals death to an
old man who wanted to talk to God.

It is the world of a victim, seen through the victim’s eyes. We are led to ask
what makes a victim. Maria would say luck makes the difference. There is
nothing to done about a bad hand. The circumstances make the difference.
As if these “circumstances” had all the independent, unarguable reality of
some immutable, eternal law. In this view, if a freeway is there you drive on
it; if the plumbing stops it was meant to, and if your husband threatens you,
you give in, even if you pay with your sanity and your self respect. Because
everything and everyone outside the self is seen as more powerful than the
self.

So Maria, quivering, afraid, defeated, beaten and brutalized, cowes before
the force of circumstance, before the “facts” she has made into gods. Her
malaise is well known to us. We have been there. It is a fact that sometimes in
our world human flesh is cheap, and some of our species hover like birds of
prey ready to pounce on the first sign of weakness. In our world and in
Maria’s, evil wears such plain garb — appearing on freeways, in drive-ins, at
lunch counters, standing in the checkout line at the supermarket with us — that
sometimes some of us have difficulty believing something so ordinary in
appearance could possibly call for all-out heroic resistance. We live with Maria
in a world where facts as numbers and percentages and judgments are often
more convincing than any argument for those shifty-slippery things called
values. If only thirty-eight percent of the voters polled this week like the
President, what must he be doing wrong? If twelve one-hundredths of a
second separate the fastest from the next-fastest skier in the giant slalom,
dare you argue the merits of form and style? If the box-office take on Maria’s
films is rapidly declining, has not the public judged her inadequate as an
actress? Aren’t they right?

Maria is Joan Didion’s creation, and Joan Didion is an immensely gifted
writer. She has adhered closely to the dictum that a writer must either remain
outside or inside the character she creates, never switching from one point of
view to the other. So Didion is never omniscient. She starts from inside
Maria’s world and for the most part remains there, showing us only what
Maria sees and being careful to refrain from judging or manipulating her
character. Maria simply is, and her portrait is a memorable study of
encroaching alienation and madness. Only occasionally in this bleak landscape
does there flash a gleam of light from what might be called the world beyond
the game.

Late at night in her home in Beverly Hills, Maria dreams of a house by the
sea where she could live with Kate: “She knew even where the linens were
kept, the plates . . . knew how the wild grass ran down to the beach, and
where the rocks made tidal pools. . . . Every day in that house she would
cook while Kate did her lessons. . . . Kate would sit in a shaft of sunlight, her head bent over a pine table, and later when the tide ran out they would gather mussels together. . . ." (p.113). But on waking, "She was always back in the house in Beverly Hills, uneasy in the queer light . . . the still center of the daylight world was never a house by the sea but the corner of Sunset and LaBrea. In that empty world Kate could do no lessons, and the mussels on any shore Maria knew were toxic." (p.114).

From inside the institution where she is an inmate as the story closes, Maria thinks again of living with Kate: "My plans for the future are these: 1) Get Kate, 2) Live with Kate alone, 3) do some canning. Damson plums, apricot preserves. Sweet India relish and pickled peaches. Apple Chutney. . . ." (p.209). "On the whole I talk to no one. I concentrate on the way light would strike filled Mason jars on a kitchen window sill . . . I lie here in the sunlight, watch the hummingbird." (p.213).

These rays of light come from a world of dreams, from Maria's own spirit and her view of the way things might be. Didion's sparing use of these dreams in the narrative leads to a question: are the dreams there to serve as mocking testimony to her character's wish to escape, her refusal to deal with reality? Or are they there to act as tragic testimony to that part of herself she has denied? She has been defeated because she never believed in herself or in her dreams enough to act on them. She has also been defeated by her environment. The strong implications of other characters' views of her, though never verbalized so crudely, would be as follows: From her husband: Maria your sex goddess image made me a success but I don't need you now. From her agent: Maria, you are a commodity that is harder and harder to sell. From her lover Ivan: Maria, you are a whore. From her Mother: Maria, you must escape from the every day world, you're too pretty to have to deal with it. From her Father: Baby, life is a crap game and you've got to play your hand easy as it lays. As one builds up an increasing sense of Didion's skill in creating these harsh realities around her character, one is also aware that there is no correspondingly strong message created and emanating from Maria to counter these outside judgments. She believes in nothing, least of all in her own dreams and in her own power. Are dreams not real, then? Of course they are. But Didion's Maria never considered their importance in the realm of the "facts" she had to deal with. Dreams and the voice of the spirit never counted enough, and still don't in a world gone mad with the palpable presence of things that can be weighed, measured, and counted.

And now it is clear why Play It As It Lays, which is an excellent book, can be called dangerous. It is dangerous only if we read it as Maria would, on the surface, believing in the power of all that oppresses us and never believing in our own power. Didion does not moralize; she doesn't preach and force a message. But her story has tremendous moral impact. Maria's brutalized life, by its very despair and bleakness, cries out for all it has lacked: a sense of self-worth, a belief in self and the courage to act on that belief. It is these qualities, these values, and not the facts, that distinguish victims from survivors and, sometimes, victors. It is a question of the reality and power of the human spirit.
ARTICLES
Lolita and Little Nell

Elsie Leach
IF parody is understood to be the exaggerated imitation of another work in order to expose sentimentality, eccentricity, pedantry, and self-importance (among other ridiculous attitudes), then parody is clearly a central concern of Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*. This approach to the novel has been followed by several critics who maintain that the works and authors Nabokov alludes to, because they supply him with subjects for parody, are the keys to understanding *Lolita*. Thus Nabokov's many echoes of Edgar Allan Poe force awareness of the parallels between Humbert's guilty confession and that of the demented narrator in "The Black Cat," for instance. Similarly, allusions to Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen* remind the reader that it, like *Lolita*, chronicles a man's obsessive, jealous love. And references to Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* help reveal the function of Quilty as Humbert's double.1 *Lolita* brings together these subjects and modes, but in a grotesque manner that implies ridicule of the earlier writers' romanticism. Yet an even more important source of parody in *Lolita* has not been recognized: Charles Dickens' *The Old Curiosity Shop*. The many parallels between these two novels lead me to conclude that Nabokov has provided a modern parody version of Dickens' story about the mutual devotion of an elderly gentleman and his youthful ward, their hounding by a monster strangely attracted to Nell, their flight through the country, their separation through death, and the protracted, retributive death of the villain. Leslie Fiedler remarks that, "At every turn of its complications, the perverse theme of *Lolita* parodies some myth of the Sentimental Love Religion and the cult of the child."2 And certainly Little Nell was the most popular nineteenth-century exemplar of childhood innocence.
As an “English child,”3 Nabokov knew Dickens’ work: his mother read Dickens aloud in English, and his father “was an authority on Dickens.” Dickens was one of the authors who brought lumps to the child Vladimir’s throat. Evidence that Nabokov remembers the misshapen Quilp, almost invariably referred to as a dwarf, may be found in Speak Memory, where he describes visions which come when his eyes are closed: “I am pestered by roguish profiles, by some coarse-featured and florid dwarf with a swelling nostril or ear.”4 One clue within Lolita is the information that the prison library used by Humbert while writing his narrative contains a set of Dickens (Pt. 1, Ch. 8). But even without these references, the case for Nabokov’s parody of The Old Curiosity Shop is strong.

At first, one may shrink from regarding Little Nell as a nymphet; after all, Dickens calls her a “child” again and again. But the narrator at the beginning (Master Humphrey, who shares the first syllable of his name with Humbert) concedes it is likely “that her very small and delicate frame imparted a peculiar youthfulness to her appearance” (Ch.1). Nell is nearly fourteen (Ch.7), thus just within the upper age limit of the nymphet (Lolita, Pt. 1, Ch. 5). Both are brown-haired. The purity and innocence of Nell is obvious to all and revered by the “good” characters; throughout the novel, she draws toward death to join the other angels — and to remain virginal. Lolita, too, is more-or-less than human: “Between the age limits of nine and fourteen there occur maidens who, to certain bewitched travelers, twice or many times older than they, reveal their true nature which is not human, but nymphic (that is, demonic); and these chosen creatures I propose to designate as ‘nymphets’.” (Pt. 1, Ch. 5; italics mine) Angel or demon, neither character is permitted by her creator to remain an ordinary girl or to become an ordinary woman. Lolita dies at seventeen, in childbirth — killed by marriage?

But it is their relationships with their older “protectors” that more clearly define both Nell and Lolita. Very early in The Old Curiosity Shop Nell’s grandfather exclaims, “Why, who ever loved a child as I love Nell?” (Ch.1), and Humbert’s confession of his love for Lolita which begins with the first paragraph and concludes only with the last paragraph, repeats this claim with the mocking twist of sexual obsession. For both girls are the victims of obsessed father figures. Nell’s mother died in Nell’s infancy, leaving her to her grandfather’s care. Young Fred Trent describes them in terms easily applicable to Humbert and Lolita: they live together in “a secret, stealthy, hugger-muggering kind of way” (Ch.2). Mr. Trent’s one thought is to restore the family fortunes dissipated by Nell’s father. Though the keeper of a store of antiques and bric-a-brac, he relies more and more on gambling in a futile attempt to recoup. Nell is oppressed by worry over the old man’s growing madness; she fears that he will be locked up in some asylum and hence they will be parted. Though dispossessed by Quilp because of his debts, Trent goes out to wander through the world because Nell believes he can thus shake off his gambling mania or at least his gambling partners. And as they travel, she is constantly on guard lest he be tempted.
Lolita's readers know how Humbert gains possession of Dolores Haze after her mother's fatal accident. It may not be as apparent that Humbert's account of Charlotte Haze's house makes it seem something like a junk shop; one of their neighbors is named Junk, which reinforces this skewed similarity with the Trent household. Humbert's first impression is of "a kind of horrible hybridization between the comedy of so-called 'functional modern furniture' and the tragedy of decrepit rockers and rickety lamp tables with dead lamps." (Pt.1, Ch.10). Humbert early informs us that he has served time in a mental institution, and fearing Lolita's escape from his care, he supposes he may be losing his mind (Pt.2, Ch.19). Like Nell's grandfather, he flees his old haunts to avoid being caught out in his weakness, and he plays on Lolita's fears of what will happen then: "So I go to jail. Okay. I go to jail. But what happens to you, my orphan? Well, you are luckier. You become the ward of the Department of Public Welfare — which I am afraid sounds a little bleak..." (Pt.2, Ch.1)

But there is a significant difference in the nature of the two men's weaknesses: Trent's concerns money, Humbert's is sexual. At points, Nabokov seems to go out of his way to hint at Dickens' Victorian cover-up of the true reason old men vex little women. A heightened scene in The Old Curiosity Shop, which Dickens extends beyond narrative demands, begins with Nell and her grandfather taking refuge at a public-house, The Valiant Soldier, where the old man is tempted once more by a card game: "The child saw with astonishment and alarm that his whole appearance had undergone a complete change. His face was flushed and eager, his eyes were strained, his teeth set, his breath came short and thick, and the hand he laid upon her arm trembled so violently that she shook beneath its grasp." (Ch.29). Surely this description suggests another passion besides gambling-mania. Though Nell implores him to resist temptation, Mr. Trent demands money from her and seizes her purse. As in some Hollywood seduction scene, the storm rages outside while the old man burns in his "desperate passion," his "savage thirst for gain." After he loses her money, they go to bed in their separate rooms, Nell having paid the landlord with a hoarded gold coin, hidden from her grandfather, and received change from it. Then follows a protracted account of her catching sight of someone spying on her in the passageway, her alarm, her falling asleep and awakening to see that same figure in her room:

there, between the foot of the bed and the dark casement, it crouched and slunk along, groping its way with noiseless hands, and stealing round the bed. She had no voice to cry for help, no power to move, but lay still, watching it.

On it came — on, silently and stealthily, to the bed's head. The breath so near her pillow, that she shrank back into it, lest those wandering hands should light upon her face. . . . (Ch.30)
The object of all the stealthy creeping is her money. She cautiously seeks safety in her grandfather’s room, only to discover that the creeper is her grandfather.

The grey-headed old man gliding like a ghost into her room and acting the thief while he supposed her fast asleep, then bearing off his prize and hanging over it with the ghastly exultation she had witnessed, was worse — immeasurably worse, and far more dreadful, for the moment, to reflect upon — than anything her wildest fancy could have suggested. . . . She had no fear of the dear old grandfather, in whose love for her this disease of the brain had been engendered; but the man she had seen that night, wrapt in the game of chance, lurking in her room, and counting the money by the glimmering light, seemed like another creature in his shape, a monstrous distortion of his image, a something to recoil from, and be the more afraid of, because it bore a likeness to him, and kept close about her, as he did. (Ch.31)

But once asleep, he is tranquil, her good old grandfather again.

Obviously, the corresponding scene in Lolita, also halfway through the novel, is the seduction scene, on a rainy night at the Enchanted Hunters hotel, a scene protracted in Humbert’s account of his anticipation-apprehension. Only Lolita is far less disturbed by the sex act than Nell is by the loss of her money. The joke is on the seducer who naively supposes a twelve-year-old-girl is as innocent as Nell. “Suffice it to say that not a trace of modesty did I perceive in this beautiful hardly formed young girl whom modern co-education, juvenile mores, the campfire racket and so forth had utterly and hopelessly depraved.” (Pt.1, Ch.29). Before and after this scene, Nabokov underscores the money-sex transposition. While still in the Haze house with Charlotte still alive, Humbert masturbated once as Lolita lolled on his lap: “The conjurer had poured milk, molasses, foaming champagne into a young lady’s new white purse; and lo, the purse was intact.” (Pt.1, Ch.14). At the Enchanted Hunters the morning after the seduction, he gives Lolita “a lovely new purse of simulated calf” (Pt.1, Ch.32).5

Lolita uses sex and gambling, instead of disguising sexual obsession as gambling. Like some other Nabokov heroes, Humbert is “especially susceptible to the magic of games” (Pt.2, Ch.20). He plays chess with his old friend Gaston and teaches Lolita to play tennis. The sinister playing in this novel is Quilty’s “demoniacal game” with Humbert: popping up behind him all over America until he “captures” Lolita. Humbert’s reflections on Quilty’s pursuit suggest another parallel with The Old Curiosity Shop: he senses a malign fate, whom he personifies as Aubrey McFate first in Pt.1, Ch.12, and refers to often thereafter. In Dickens’ novel, it is a character in a sub-plot, Dick Swiveller (briefly put forward as prospective husband of Nell), who explains events by blaming “his fate or destiny, whom, as we learn by the precedents, it is the custom of heroes to taunt in a very bitter and ironical manner when
they find themselves in situations of an unpleasant nature" (Ch.34). With a reversal of the usual tonalities of the two books, what is treated lightly by Dickens, in his sub-plot parody of heroic literature, gains somberness in Nabokov's parody romance. And although plans of the arch-manipulator Quilp are thwarted again and again in main plot and sub-plots of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, Quilty in *Lolita* is a much more successful agent of fate.

The most striking similarity between *Lolita* and *Old Curiosity Shop* is the Quilty-Quilp characterizations. (Note the similarity of the names; also the fact that both characters deal in plots — Quilp's against the good characters, Quilty's plays.) Though a grotesque dwarf, Quilp has a seemingly unaccountable way with women. His pretty little wife assures her friends that if she were to die, Quilp could marry anyone he liked, and she herself continues to welcome him after his absences despite his ill treatment of her. He, in turn, is curiously fascinated by Nell, proposes that she be his "number two," "Mrs. Quilp the second, when Mrs. Quilp the first is dead," in perhaps four or five years, when Nell will be just the right age (Ch.6). He relishes Trent's goodnight kiss to Nell, appraises her "with an admiring leer" as "'Such a fresh, blooming, modest little bud . . . such a chubby, rosy, cosy, little Nell! . . . so small, so compact, so beautifully modelled, so fair, with such blue veins and such a transparent skin, and such little feet, and such winning ways....'" Ostensibly, Quilp is tormenting Trent, who burns to know whether Quilp has brought him any money, by not coming to the point (Ch.9). We are told that Quilp suspects the old man of having a secret store of wealth; that is why he advances Trent money and hopes when he takes over the Curiosity Shop for debts that he will find the hoard. But Quilp's greed for the grandfather's supposed hoard is quite inadequate to explain his obsession with the Trents, especially Nell. When he takes possession of the Shop, he promptly establishes himself in Nell's own room, her "bower" — he throws himself upon her bed (Ch.11). Though Nell has always shrunk from him, Quilp is unctuously affectionate with her and pretends to believe that Nell is fond of him. Beyond this, Dickens can go no further to suggest Quilp's sexual threat. The reader is aware, of course, that Trent has no secret treasure, that Nell is his real treasure, and that the menace of Quilp vaguely, but powerfully, promises the disruption of their relationship. In short, Quilp represents as much a menace to the Trent family as Quilty to Humbert-Lolita, only Nell as a proper Victorian girl is keenly aware of the dwarf's menace and always shrinks from him.

"Quilp indeed was a perpetual nightmare to the child, who was constantly haunted by a vision of his ugly face and stunted figure" (Ch.29). And no wonder, for he is constantly popping up in unexpected places and at unexpected times. True, after the Trents leave London, Quilp busies himself scheming against Kit, whom he hates for his devotion to Nell. Characteristically he drops into Kit's life and elicits a familiar reaction: "great was his surprise when he [Kit] saw, leering over the coachman's shoulder like some familiar demon invisible to all eyes but his, the well-known face of Quilp."
And Quilp’s grinning response to his wife applies to all his other victims too: “I’ll be a Will o’ the Wisp, now here, now there, dancing about you always, starting up when you least expect me, and keeping you in a constant state of restlessness and irritation.” (Ch.50). But his assuming of various roles - disinterested observer or kindly friend - his unpredictable appearances and stealthy eavesdropping, and his relentless pursuit of the “good” characters are all tactics in the campaign of his implacable enmity against “that old dotard and his darling child” (Ch.67). Even as Nell finds shelter in the Jarley wax works, she glimpses him lurking in the street. When Trent’s brother goes in search of Nell and her grandfather, he finds Quilp “dogging” his footsteps and asks him, “‘In the name of all that’s calculated to drive one crazy, man . . . have you not, for some reason of your own, taken upon yourself my errand?’” (Ch.48). Quilp’s last words concern the Trents, expressing his determination to “be their evil genius yet” (Ch.67).

In fact, both Quilp and Quilty are evil incarnate in their respective worlds. In both, evil releases or manifests great energy. Quilp’s devouring of eggs - shell and all — and prawns with heads and tails, and gulping boiling liquids cause observers to doubt that he is human. And just as Quilp’s sinister schemes require him to be busy everywhere at once, so Quilty never once seems to lose sight of Humbert. “A veritable Proteus of the highway, with bewildering ease he switched from one vehicle to another.” (Pt.2, Ch.19). The reader is tempted to dismiss him as nothing but a hallucination of a grinning mask, a phantasm of mad Humbert’s mind. We hardly need to be told that Quilty is a man of Humbert’s age, “somewhat resembling” a second cousin, to suspect that Quilty is Humbert’s double and thus in one more respect functions in Lolita as Quilp does in The Old Curiosity Shop. And at the last, what Dickens writes of Quilp fits Quilty just as well: “retribution, which often travels slowly — especially when heaviest, had tracked his footsteps with a sure and certain scent and was gaining on him fast.” (Ch.66). But in Lolita, one character, Humbert, appoints himself special agent of retribution, and Quilty yields so reluctantly to death that his final spurs of energy are almost comically incredible. It seems as though Nabokov were intent on meeting the objections of those early readers of The Old Curiosity Shop who complained that Quilp died too easily and too fast.

In both particular situations and fundamental plot movement, the novels are similar. Early in The Old Curiosity Shop a traveller met on the westward journey asks, “‘Have you seen how anxious the old man is to get on — always wanting to be furder away — furder away. Have you seen that?’” (Ch.18). And Mrs. Jarley asks Nell, “‘You don’t mean to say that you’re travelling about the country without knowing where you’re going to?’” (Ch.27). Both pairs are driven by fears of jails and orphanages, and both journeys are stopped at last by the heroine’s illness. Quilty takes Lolita away from the hospital in Elphinestone where Humbert is prevented from guarding her twenty-four hours a day. Death, rather than Quilp, finally separates Nell and her grandfather. Yet the parting is just as irreversible in Lolita: the nymphet
vanishes as the girl enters Quilty's world and then into marriage. Grandfather Trent refuses to accept Nell's death, waiting at her grave for her to reappear. Humbert cannot believe that Lolita will not rejoin him after he tracks her down. In Lolita death is treated comically or kept offstage, but all are dead by the end. The upshot is curiously the same as in Dickens' novel: this Nell is dead, her persecutor is also dead, and her "protector" has died shortly after completing his manuscript confession. Humbert concludes with a lament for Lolita's lost childhood which may be read as not only a retraction of his delusion that the prepubescent girl is a demon temptress, but also a corrective to the apotheosis of Nell as angel. Perhaps it could be said that he comes to his senses, whereas Trent — and Dickens — never do.

For Humbert reminds the reader of certain aspects of Dickens himself, not only the Dickens in thrall to child-women, but also the Dickens who wrote American Notes, traveled extensively in this country, viewed its cities and its country scenes, visited prisons and other public institutions, and criticized its culture. And he reminds us of the Dickens who in portraying Trent's grief for Nell put himself into his novel in a manner Nabokov would think unwarranted (as he makes clear in the afterword, "on a book entitled Lolita"). Humbert is merely Nabokov's "creature" who in turn transforms the insignificant Dolores Haze into a love goddess, Lolita. Humbert is a parody of Dickens as an old fool about young girls, whose "submerged, but fierce, sensuality"7 winds deviously through The Old Curiosity Shop. In part, Dickens' unsatisfied passion for young girls was displaced upon Quilp and in part, transposed into gambling, whose devotees are insatiable. The many similarities between Lolita and Nell, between Humbert and Trent (and Dickens), show that Lolita is more than just an outrageous parody of sentimental fiction. Making explicit Dickens' latent sexual meaning, it re-works in modern terms the morbid or sinister emotional involvements, the pursuit by and flight from evil, and the experience of loss, which are the core of The Old Curiosity Shop.8

Notes


3 Appel, "An Interview with Vladimir Nabokov," in Dembo, p. 34.


5 On the sexual implications of "purse," see Proffer, pp. 112-113.


8 A recently released movie musical, “Mr. Quilp,” alters *The Old Curiosity Shop* so that Quilp’s real intention is to marry Nell. The actress playing Nell is described as “the potentially innocent Lolita to [Anthony] Newley’s Humbert Humbert.” (William Hogan, “Dickens ‘Old Curiosity Shop’ Is Overrun With Newley,” *San Francisco Chronicle*, 27 Nov. 1975, p. 78). But the equivalence should really be Quilp = Quilty.
Some individuals interest the historian not because their lives have had a clear and measurable impact on events but because they have lived extraordinary lives. Such an individual was George Davis Herron — Congregationalist minister, Socialist Party member, and unofficial propagandist for Woodrow Wilson. A man of nervous intellectual and moral sensibility, Herron traversed in his lifetime some of the great political movements and ideals of the modern era. His political odyssey was therefore not only a personal and sometimes tragic political and spiritual venture; it was also, in the clash of relentless hope and profound disillusionment, expressive of his age.

"... After the long and awful night the morning cometh — a brighter morning than humanity has ever known. In that faith we must live — and create."¹ These words written to a friend a few years before his death in 1925 epitomize the inveterate optimism that made Herron a tireless crusader for human betterment. As such he was esteemed by some as "a great social prophet"² and "one of the truly great and noble souls of his age."³ Others, however, were less kind. To Romain Rolland, French writer and wartime pacifist, Herron was "a virtuous hypocrite" and "a gigantic idiot."⁴ A recent work on the leftist tradition describes him as "an eternally confused youthful enthusiast... steeped in deepest ignorance and drunk with words."⁵ In all, he was, in the view of the same critic "a fantastic person."⁶ And fantastic was the political odyssey that carried Herron from prominence among Christian social evangelists to a leadership position in the American Socialist Party. Thence, breaking formal ties with the party over the war issue, he rose to international fame as America's foremost Wilsonian crusader in Europe. Finally and paradoxically, his quest for mankind's uplift, which was the motive force of his odyssey, made him an apologist for Mussolini's fascist regime. As we shall see, Herron's intellectual baggage was such that, though frayed, it survived this seemingly errant journey.
Herron’s sojourn in the American social gospel movement was both dramatic and controversial. Born in Indiana in 1862 to poor and devout Scottish parents, endowed from childhood “with a daily deepening sense of a divine call,” the largely self-educated Herron entered the Congregational ministry in 1883. “Intense, inspired, emotional, sincere and to a degree messianic,” he soon established his ability as a preacher. “The Message of Jesus to Men of Wealth,” a sermon delivered in 1890 to the Minnesota Congregational Club in Minneapolis, catapulted him into prominence as a social prophet in an American West wracked by populist unrest. Although he would later move along secular paths of social reform, this sermon contained the important seminal ideas of his political career. In it Herron unconditionally rejected modern capitalist civilization with its basis of material self interest as tending toward “the enslavement of society and the smothering of its highest life.” As the way towards a nobler civilization, Herron offered the cross, for the cross was for Herron not merely an historic act; it was a summons to self sacrifice, “the law by which God acts, and expects men to act.” Herron’s appeal to personal and national self sacrifice, his rejection of materialist and egoistic capitalism would remain basic and constant themes in his political odyssey. So too would other ideas expressed in this phase of his life: a belief in the essential unity of life, of spirit and matter; a manicheistic view of the world as a struggle between good and evil in their manifold forms; a fervent and prophetic confidence in human progress that would one day culminate in a truly libertarian cooperative commonwealth.

From his pastorate at the First Congregational Church of Burlington, Iowa, where he enjoyed the support of wealthy Mrs. E. D. Rand and her daughter, Carrie, Herron and his family moved to Grinnell College (then Iowa College) in the fall of 1893, where he occupied the Chair of Applied Christianity, endowed by Mrs. Rand. “I go,” said Herron, “to witness to the righteousness of Christ as the righteousness of society and the nation. . . . I go to suffer for the truth and the name of Christ.” With Herron’s energetic and inspiring presence Grinnell bustled with social gospel activity. His classes were so large they had to be held in the college chapel; The Kingdom, a weekly journal founded in 1894, became an important vehicle for the expression of his ideas as was the American Institute of Christian Sociology, which he helped found at Chautauqua in 1893. In wide demand as a lecturer on college and university campuses Herron was dogged by increasing controversy as his social gospel teachings took on more radical tones and as his relationship with Carrie Rand made him more vulnerable to moral censure. At the University of Nebraska where he delivered the commencement address in 1894, Herron was followed to the podium and denounced by the governor as a firebrand and anarchist; the next year his visit to California brewed a tempest of condemnation and defense. Through the last decade of the century Herron had prodded and challenged the church to reconstruct society according to Jesus’ standards, to assume a sacrificial and redemptive role for the salvation of society. By the turn of the century, however, he was coming
to the unhappy conclusion that the renaissance for which he labored was unlikely to be achieved through religious institutions: "Religion is being discredited and ought to be discredited because it is chiefly owned by a great capitalist system." Herron's radicalism and his personal life bred such controversy that he resigned his position at Grinnell in October 1899. In early 1901 he joined J. Stitt Wilson's "Social Crusade," whose journal The Social Crusader hailed him "the Isaiah of our times." But his divorce from Mrs. Herron in March of that year and his subsequent marriage to Carrie Rand shortly after in an unorthodox ceremony precipitated the collapse of the "Social Crusade." Herron himself was expelled from the Congregational Church in Iowa for "immoral and unChristian conduct" and branded by foes as an advocate of free love. Thus ended tragically the social gospel phase of his political odyssey.

Even earlier, Herron had openly committed himself to political socialism believing that the socialist movement was the better vehicle for renovating society. In its turn the American Socialist Party welcomed into its ranks the widely controversial professor from Grinnell. Cutting short a trip to Europe and the Near East, Herron returned to help Eugene Debs launch the party's 1900 presidential campaign. "Why I am a Socialist," Herron's address to the party convention, was an effort to blend American and European traditions, materialist and non-materialist philosophies into a distinctive, messianic American socialism. Herron perceived in such a socialism a confluence of three main elements: the principle of class consciousness and struggle, which European Marxists had elevated to a creed; an individualism harking back to Rousseau and Jefferson; and, most important, a new religious sense emerging from beneath the economic struggle.

Herron's great and self appointed task in the American socialist movement was to transform it into an instrument of social redemption expressive of his own non-materialistic and religious outlook; in a word, to do for socialism on its spiritual side what Marx had done on its economic. "When deeply and analytically read," asserted Herron, "materialistic socialism postulates itself on an interpretation of history that is profoundly spiritual." Although couched in materialist-scientific terminology, Marxian socialism represented the same spiritual forces that Jesus revealed. Matter and spirit were in truth not distinct entities, for "nature and economic things have a value just to the extent that they are the materials by which the human soul may freely express itself. All material things are intrinsically spiritual values; they are on the coin of the spiritual realm."

The socialist movement was for Herron, then, essentially a religious revival inspiring his prophetic vision. In that vision socialism was but one stage in a progressively unfolding evolution, one step beyond the present jungle world. After socialism, which was "the rough attempt to give man according to the value of his labor," Herron foresaw the stage where "each man shall at last do work he likes to do and helps himself to what he wants, because there will be no reason to anything else." For Herron what most profoundly motivated the
human struggle, what lay behind the desire for accumulation under capitalism or for economic security under socialism was "a release from the attention to economic things," a desire to be free in order that each may "give himself in the way he wants to give himself."\textsuperscript{21} Herron's vision was in the tradition of John Stuart Mill and Mazzini; it was a vision of each man individualizing nature and truth for himself and living an original life of his own.\textsuperscript{22} In a word it was the vision of a libertarian cooperative commonwealth. There will come a day, Herron rhapsodized in one of his many lectures on behalf of socialism, "in which the life of each man, and in which the ransomed love shall spring out of the ransomed labor that shall make the earth a diviner home than any kingdom of heaven the prophets or mystics ever dreamed of. That is the ultimate, the bloom, the goal, the solution of economic emancipation. That is the ultimate and the good and the gladness and the glory that shall spring out of the soil of the cooperative commonwealth, which the socialist movement has come to prepare."\textsuperscript{23}

From 1900 to 1905 Herron put his speaking and writing talents behind the socialist cause. He worked for party unity, serving as presiding officer of the party's unity convention in Indianapolis in 1901.\textsuperscript{24} In 1904 he gave the nominating speech for Debs and served as chairman of the important Platform Committee. In the internal struggle between conservatives and radicals, minimalists and maximalists, Herron most often stood with the latter, warning against subordinating the movement's highest ideals to matters of wages, hours, and working conditions.\textsuperscript{25} Although he increasingly made use of Marxian terminology he was, as we have seen, anything but an orthodox Marxist. Yet, so diverse was the American Socialist Party that Herron's ideas, if not widely accepted, could at least be tolerated and he himself accorded a significant place in the party leadership.

Harried by the continuing notoriety surrounding his recent marriage, Herron, his wife, and wealthy mother-in-law left the United States for Italy in 1905. Except for two visits to America he would remain abroad permanently in a kind of self-imposed exile. Although he maintained an active interest in the American movement and particularly in the Rand School of Social Science,\textsuperscript{26} his geographical remoteness diminished his influence in America. His life became more cosmopolitan and his Florentine villa, La Primola, a sixteenth century palace overlooking the Arno valley, served as the unlikely setting for his labor on behalf of the international socialist cause. To La Primola (The Primrose Palace) came many European and American visitors, and Herron became well known in European socialist and intellectual circles. "We see a considerable number of European comrades off and on, as the ends of the earth pass this way. One day it may be a Hungarian, another day a Russian, another day a German, and another day a Frenchman. They come and go spending the dinner hour and evening with us generally. . . . In this way we keep in touch with the outside world, even though we do live very quiet and uneventful lives ourselves."\textsuperscript{27}
But a quiet and uneventful life was alien to Herron's nature. Soon ominous international events combined with a prophetic sense of urgency in his life to raise him to new heights of impatient expectation. In a series of articles for *Metropolitan Magazine* in 1913, Herron foretold of unthinkable travail immediately ahead heralding the death of capitalism, the triumph of the working class, and "a really ecstatic human society, wholly fruitful and with pathways leading to the stars."

The following year the Great War began. The prophesied time of travail and opportunity had come. Now Herron saw the socialist movement, from which he had expected man's redemption, fall into sorry disarray. The Stuttgart Resolution of 1907 had proclaimed the anti-war resolve of the organized proletariat, but the passions of war and the appeal of patriotism proved too strong and seductive. Only a few maintained doctrinal purity and resolve. The Italian Socialist Party remained uncompromisingly neutralist, and Herron's own American Socialist Party issued a manifesto in December 1914 denying working class interest in the capitalist war. But Herron could not share his party's view.

The economic interpretation of the war, he wrote, was only "superficially true," for economic and social forms as well as conflicts engendered by them were "but the objectification of man's inner mind and manner." In essence the war was a conflict between rival principles of collective life — the autocratic and democratic. The Allies, however flawed, were "unconsciously ranged on the side of the eventual evolution and establishment of the Christhood of our humanity" while Germany was warring to establish the "beasthood of humanity." International socialism had bared its incapacity. It had neither prevented the bloodshed nor created a socialist commonwealth. Marxian Social Democracy in Germany, rallying to the national banner, had shown itself to be but another face of the autocratic principle embedded in the German way of life. The neutralism of Italian and American socialism was false and ignorant. For Herron the conclusion was both ineluctable and tragic: "It is a moral disgrace to be a socialist. When the great day of our opportunity came, we who ought to have witnessed for our faith by a united and supreme heroism proved ourselves to be the cowards of history." The socialist movement, he feared, was "dead beyond redemption."

So ended the socialist phase of Herron's political odyssey, although to the end of his days he would remain committed to what he believed to be true socialist ideals. Herron's break with his party on the war issue was, of course, not an isolated event. Many American socialists, especially after the United States entry in 1917, rallied to Wilson and the war effort. Herron's zeal for the allied cause expectedly disappointed many friends and associates. "I am sorry, more sorry than I can express," wrote a close European friend, "that you either have not tried to or, if so, have not found it possible to arrive at a standpoint between and above the two contending parties. ..." Still, Herron's friendships were such that they generally survived the ideological rift. With no one was this more apparent than with Eugene Debs. In spite of
Debs’ commitment to the party’s neutralist position, Herron contributed to his congressional campaign in 1916. On behalf of himself and his brother Gene, Theodore Debs wrote to Herron: “You stand differently to us and you mean something more and different to us than does any other comrade in the world.” Appalled by what he called the “reign of terror” at home in America, Herron would consider Debs’ imprisonment under the Espionage Act the single major blight of Wilson’s domestic record and would try unsuccessfully to secure Debs’ release.

Having broken with official political socialism, Herron forsook the difficult task of justifying and spiritualizing Marx. Marxian socialism, he now asserted, was based on the idea of dominion: “the dominion of the many instead of the few; the dominion of the social totality over the social units.” Marx himself had “no feeling, mental or moral for the things that are fraternal and federal.” His socialism and that of the German Social Democrats was really anti-socialist “in principle, in practice, in results.” Karl Marx and “his drill sergeants” had drawn the “spiritual impulses, also democracy, from socialist doctrine and propaganda.” Just as Herron had rediscovered mankind’s hope in the socialist movement following his disillusionment with organized religion, so now did he find in Woodrow Wilson and the impending American crusade against “the principalities of darkness” a new road leading to society’s renaissance and the cooperative commonwealth.

“More than any other man now living,” wrote Herron on the occasion of Wilson’s reelection, “Woodrow Wilson is likely to receive and hold the world’s attention.” Not only was he “the greatest statesman” to appear in the world for many years but he was also “a determined and tremendous radical . . . a redeemer of democracy.” The Federal Reserve and other legislation were to Herron’s mind conscious efforts on the part of Wilson to undermine the foundations of modern capitalism while preparing the basis of “truly cooperative society.” Indeed, compared with Wilson many socialists were “Bourbon in their understanding and sympathy.” In Wilson’s commitment to mutual service as the basis of society and the foundation of international peace, Herron found a leader in the ethical tradition of Milton, John Stuart Mill and Mazzini.

Through Herron’s writings Europeans were introduced to a Wilson, who “cunningly hopes” and “divinely schemes” to make America a “colossal apostle shepherding the world into the kingdom of God.”

In Geneva where he would live out the years of war and peacemaking, Herron assumed the self appointed role of propagandist and apologist for Wilson and Wilson’s foreign policy. It was a role made easy by the ideological affinity between the visionary Herron and the messianic Wilson. To the allied nations disheartened over prospects of American aid came Herron’s fervent assurances that Wilson would eventually bring American might to their side. But they had to understand the formidable power arrayed against Wilson. His reelection had been waged, Herron told them, against the alliance of the “world’s boldest financial organizations,” “the whole German race, from
Potsdam to San Francisco," and the "Roman Catholic hierarchy." With such opposition and with the sentiment of Middle America strongly neutralist, Wilson was preparing the American people psychologically for the great crusade to organize Europe on the basis of the consent of the governed. "Compared with what it now is, Europe would become a different and well nigh Edenic continent." With events turning in 1917 as he had predicted, it is not surprising that many Europeans came to look upon Herron as "Wilson's man of confidence" in Europe.

With the involvement of Wilson and America, the war in Herron's eyes was more clearly than ever the conflict between light and darkness manifested in Americanism and Germanism. The one represented "the worship and practice of material might as the Supreme Power, the regard for material efficiency as the Supreme Good." The other stood for the belief that "the Sermon on the Mount is practicable, that Christ is the Actual Lord of the earth." The war was in truth a crusade against the "principalities of darkness," against a diabolic religion that would deny self determination and self ownership to the human soul. In America's involvement Herron saw a sublime example of the operation of the law of self sacrifice, which he had illumined years earlier in "The Message of Jesus to Men of Wealth;" for America had entered the war not in pursuit of selfish ends but "for the purpose of cleaning up the world, and of ridding it of war and Germanism forever."

A war of such principle could never be resolved by compromise. In the curiously entitled and widely disseminated The Menace of Peace, Herron warned that the peace favored by pacifists and others would be more terrible than the war itself since it would leave nations where they were and frustrate the triumph of right. The real moving faces behind such a peace, Herron believed, were the Vatican, international finance, and the German Empire—all committed to the victory of the autocratic idea. The true man of God, therefore, was not the pacifist who shrank from the conflict but he "who enters the war's encircling hell most deeply and redemptively."

Herron's reputation as an unofficial spokesman for Wilson in Europe and his many contacts and sources of information enabled him to embark in late 1917 on a diplomatic venture. Through Ambassador Sharp in Paris, Herron was asked to keep the American government informed of matters he deemed useful. (The British through the War and Foreign Offices made similar requests, which he obliged.) For Herron, here was additional opportunity to help make possible a peace based upon Wilson's doctrine. In many of the peace feelers of 1917 and 1918 Herron acted as medium between the Germans and Austrians and the Allied and American governments. His visitors in Geneva, generally intellectual and spiritual leaders in their homelands, believed that through Herron they were communicating their thoughts to Washington and at the same time discovering Washington's. Probably his most important negotiations were conducted with the liberal Austrian professor Heinrich Lammasch in early 1918 when the Allies believed that the detachment of Austria was key to the successful resolution of the war against
Germany. Herron’s own antipathy toward Germany and his sympathy with the Slavic peoples of the Austro-Hungarian Empire made him an unlikely negotiator. For various reasons the many unofficial and official contacts and talks had no fruition, although Herron contributed to the view that the United States was determined to make a Wilsonian peace, a view that probably hastened the war’s end in 1918.

Through the last years of the war and the years of peacemaking, Herron was himself besieged by a multitude of spokesmen for the nationalities of Eastern Europe — Czechs, Serbs, Macedonians, Rumanians, Albanians and others — beseeching him to intercede on their behalf with Wilson and the Allied leaders. His home in Geneva was “a sort of cross-roads for the peoples from all nations,” and he himself fulfilled “a sort of queer international priesthood, administering last unction to the despairing messengers of the peoples.”

Never, not in his social gospel and socialist endeavors, had Herron engaged his energies and hopes with such intensity as he had in the Wilsonian crusade. Looking back a few months before his death in 1925 he recalled spending “very exhausting years in connection with President Wilson and his program . . . with the faith of an early Christian apostle.” He believed that Wilson’s program would be carried out, that America would really become a messianic nation creating a new world without war and a new human life approaching the kingdom of heaven. But instead of the kingdom of heaven, he saw the approach of the kingdom of hell.

By the end of 1919 Herron knew he was witness not to a new dawn but to “the most catastrophic failure . . . of human history.” Out of the Paris Peace Conference had come no community of free and democratic nations, no redeemed Germany. Instead, the treaties laboriously formulated in Paris had invested “primitive revenge with capitalist modernity” and represented “the shabbiest dissemblances that shabby minds ever essayed to impose upon or between nations.” As a result of the Paris debacle, mankind had been debased in its own estimation and the trust of peoples in each other destroyed. The war that had been waged above all for the redemption of Germany, to save the Germans from Germanism, had not issued in a redeeming peace but in “squalid controversies, bestial greed, and an idiotic revenge.” Not only had Germany not been morally renovated; her hate had turned to hatefulness. And the most sorrowful irony was this: that “We who thought ourselves the victors have suffered the saddest and most predestinative defeat that has come to mortals in the course of their recorded history. In all that really matters, and regardless of what now becomes of Germany, the Prussians have won the war.” Postwar French diplomacy, British imperial greed and reaction in America all were testimony to this irony. Not even Wilson’s own assurance to Herron that “We have been able to keep tolerably close to the lines laid down at the outset” could assuage his grief over the opportunity lost at Paris.
Such monumental disillusionment Herron would not attribute to his own foolishly exaggerated hope. Instead he looked for and found the culpable. From the beginning, the Paris Peace Conference had not been in the hands of the peoples but “under the control, occult but conclusive, of Europe’s hoary masters – the money lenders,” whose interest was not the souls of men or nations but oil, iron, coal, and gold. Against these forces and their representatives, Wilson, “the Prometheus of Paris,” fumbled. In Paris, where “avarice and revenge” ruled and where he was surrounded by men who belonged to a world different from his own, Wilson retreated and compromised. Thus, Herron argued, was mankind’s opportunity lost. Wilson should not have gone to Paris “except uncompromisingly” and should have been prepared “to denounce the Conference, even to destroy it, the moment he found it false to its contractual principles. . . .” Yet Herron was not willing to deny Wilson his essential greatness. One day the American people would realize that it was he who had “summoned America to planetary shepherdship.” And the despairing Herron still believed that the world faith that Wilson had summoned forth would “persist, and persist unfailingly, until it fulfill itself in the nations, healed and wedded, walking together toward the descending City of God.”

That great day Herron would not live to see. The months and years from 1919 to his death in October 1925 were filled with physical pain and a spiritual distress, relieved occasionally by what he thought were glimpses of man’s redemptive force. The intense work in the Wilsonian crusade and the enormous hope and faith expended for what seemed naught had, he wrote to a friend, broken his heart and his health. Suffering from a neuralgia that afflicted the whole of his nervous system he described his life as a purgatory and sometimes an inferno. Much of his last years he had to spend bed ridden or in quest of cures for what he facetiously but sorrowfully referred to as “malignant Wilsonitis.” But though debilitated and in pain, he would not relent in his lifelong struggle against the forces of evil, now newly strengthened in the world. These forces took many forms, some seemingly contradictory, but under whatever guise they were in essence what he had always perceived them to be, the forces of materialism and autocratic power.

Most sinister and occult was international finance. It was international finance that had dominated the Peace Conference, that now governed France, that was working for a German recovery, and that looked benignly upon the Bolshevik regime as a destroyer of democracy. “The peoples see only the diplomatic and military moves,” he wrote, “the marionettes performing upon the stage.” Along with international finance there was still Germanism. The Weimar republic was, he believed, the same Germany against which the Wilsonian crusade had been unleashed; the regime of Ebert was but “the militarist regime masquerading.” And what made Herron the enemy of Germanism made him also the enemy of Bolshevism: “I am unalterably opposed to every kind of dictatorship, to every sort of conscript society.”

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Bolshevism was merely Prussianism inverted, i.e., a social order based upon might but "might proceeding from the bottom instead of from the top." It was "logical Marxism . . . amplified militarism . . . the apotheosis of materialism" and the very antithesis of essential socialism. Bolshevism was alluringly insidious since it sprang from a just impulse: the yearning for social deliverance. "The Bolshevist movement is but the rude and red John Baptist, crying to our democracy out of the wilderness the war has wrought. 'Repent ye or Perish!' — This is the menace and message of Bolshevism. . . ."69

As Herron surveyed the power and depredations of these forces, he predicted the complete collapse of western civilization. But, he insisted, "I am still an incorrigible optimist," for the dissolution of civilization "will be the divine preparing of the way to a fairer and braver world."70

Indeed, amidst the chaos, ruin, and despair of his last years, he sometimes thought he perceived new signs of hope for mankind. Out of the Paris Peace Conference had come one flawed but potentially redemptive institution, the League of Nations, for which he assumed no small responsibility: "...When I was much in the president's confidence . . . I probably had more to do with getting him to start the League of Nations than anyone else. I was also responsible for getting the League to Geneva."71 He now thought it crucial to enlist wide support for the League, especially in America. To that end, as late as a few months before his death, Herron was making plans to come to America to persuade key men of its value and was enlisting the aid of others to help found a school for training gifted young men in international service.72

More perplexing perhaps was the redemptive role he was willing to ascribe to postwar Italy. His Revival of Italy, published in 1922, before Mussolini's seizure of power, was a lyrical description of an Italy in which others saw only anarchy and disintegration. In the labor unrest and government's efforts to deal with it, in Italy's foreign policy, in its cultural affairs, and even in the fascist movement, Herron thought he perceived not only signs of renewal not evident elsewhere, but also a renewal for mankind generally, a middle way between "a demented international finance" and "the strong delusions of Moscow."73 Italy was "the citadel, assaulted and mayhap stricken of civilization's last hope."74 Herron's love of Italy had been long standing; Mazzini had, he said, been one of the two or three most important formative influences in his life.75 The thrust of Italian history and the goal of her noblest spirits had, he believed, been a universal apostleship, the quest for the unity of mankind.

Shortly after Mussolini's "march on Rome," Herron angrily rejected a comparison of the Fascists with the Ku Klux Klan. The latter represented what was "primitive, ignorant and vulgar" while the former represented "the flower of Italy" and constituted "a profound regenerative movement."76 Up to his death in October 1925, Herron rarely expressed misgivings about the Italian regime. The Corfu affair of 1923, which betrayed fascism's international lawlessness, and the Matteotti murder of 1924, which reaffirmed its
persistent brutality, apparently failed to disillusion Herron. He lamented the bad press that the fascist regime received at the hands of liberals in the United States. Fascism, he insisted, was not a reactionary, anti-labor movement but was making its way between the extreme left and super capitalism. In a letter to his friend John Davis, Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1924, Herron urged relief for Italy's wartime debt obligations to the United States. Mussolini's government had, he argued, brought stability and prosperity to Italy and when the balance sheet was struck between its good and bad results "the balance is overwhelmingly on the side of good." Herron had great admiration for the duce of fascism, "a devout and titanic patriot." And he saw in Mussolini's own experience a kindred one. Mussolini was "anti-materialist in every respect," the more so since he had passed through "the Marxian disease and recovered." He too had become aware of the utter ruin implicit in Bolshevism and by his seizure of power had determined not only to save Italy, but to make Italy a citadel of European salvation.

For one who dreamt of a libertarian commonwealth, the apologia for fascism seemed strangely discordant, especially since by mid-1925 it was transforming Italy into a conscript society. Yet Herron had little reason to regret the demise of the Italian socialist movement and parliamentary institutions; and fascism was new, refreshing, and anti-materialist in outlook. It was also, especially in these earlier years, a disparate and confusing phenomenon. At least, one can say that Herron's relationship to fascism was a mere flirtation compared with his earlier fervent crusades. It was a flirtation largely attributable to a perception of the world flawed in his last years by suffering and disillusion.

In Munich, Germany in October 1925, George Herron died of heart failure. His remarkable political odyssey had been that of an American romantic leftist adrift in an increasingly alien world. His ideals of individual liberty, cooperative society, and spiritual rebirth were couched in the language of midwestern revivalism and proclaimed to a world far more congenial to supercapitalism, materialism, and totalitarian order. A social prophet, who considered himself "most American of the Americans" as well as a citizen of the world, he was without a single major success in America or the world at large. His ideals and his fervent idealism were his imponderable legacy. They were also, as even he, the inveterate optimist, sometimes perceived, the source of his heart-breaking disappointment. "Our lives," he wrote of those like himself who were committed uncompromisingly to their ideals, "so far as we are able to perceive them, are naught else than one changeless fool's errand, one continuous collision and futility. We are never able to adjust ourselves to the hateful facts of a world so surcharged as ours is with anointed lies and blood-lusts and rapine. We are never cured of our curious childhood and its helpless naivete. We never conceive that the world will believe and speak and do the evil that it really does believe and speak and do. Whence we have nothing to show but failure added to failure. So it may
be that ours are the wasted lives, the lost opportunities, and that our earthly careers count only in God's great scrap heap." 8

Notes

1 Herron Papers, Miscellaneous, Box 12, Herron to William Badé, August 23, 1922. Other than his many published works, the most important source for the study of George Herron is the collection of his papers at the Hoover Library on the Stanford University Campus. They fall into two main categories: fourteen bound volumes of Herron Papers dealing with his war and postwar activities in Geneva (hereafter cited as HP) and eleven boxes (numbered 10 through 20) of miscellaneous papers including much personal correspondence (hereafter cited as HP Misc.).

2 HP Misc., Box 15, Harry Laidler to Mrs. Herron, October 21, 1925.

3 Ibid., E.V. Debs to Mrs. Herron, November 14, 1925.


5 Ibid.

6 Ibid., p. 243.


For a general study of Herron's career a very useful work is Herbert Dieterich, Patterns of Dissent: The Reform Ideas and Activities of George D. Herron. Unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, University of New Mexico, 1957.


9 Quint, p. 127.


11 Ibid. p. 110.

12 Beardsley in Hopkins, p. 187.

13 HP Misc., Box 19, Address to the Sunset Club of Chicago, February 1901.

14 There are a large number of newspaper clippings dealing with this event in HP Misc., Box 19.

15 Hopkins, p. 199.


19 HP Misc., Box 12, Cooper Union Lecture notes.

20 Herron, Why I am a Socialist, p. 9.

21 HP Misc., Box 12. Lecture notes.

22 Herron, Why I am a Socialist, p. 9.

23 HP Misc., Box 12. Lecture notes.

24 HP Misc., Box 19. Clippings.

25 Dieterich, p. 145.

26 The Rand School of Social Science was established as result of a bequest from Herron's mother-in-law, Mrs. E. D. Rand, who died in 1905. The school was to serve as instrument for training in and propagation of socialist ideas. A sympathetic account is given in Hillquit, pp. 62-67. A critical view is Philip Crane's The Democrat's Dilemma (Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1964), pp. 195-199.

27 Dieterich, pp. 142-43.

28 A summary of the Metropolitan series is to be found in Current Opinion 55 (Aug. 1913), 116-118.

29 1904 was a year of personal tragedy for Herron with the death of his wife Carrie. The next year he married his personal secretary Frieda Schoeberle.


31 Herron's views were expressed in the British paper The Clarion. See HP, XIII, Document 1.

32 HP, XI, International Societies, Document III.

33 HP Misc., Box 10, Jasink to Herron, December 22, 1916.

34 Ibid., T. Debs to Herron, June 3, 1916.

35 George D. Herron, The Defeat in The Victory (Boston: Christopher Publishing House, 1924), p. 40. See also HP, III, Documents VI-XIV.

36 Herron, Menace of Peace, p. 57.

37 Herron, The Defeat in The Victory, p. 94.


39 Five articles were brought together in the volume Woodrow Wilson and the World's Peace. They had appeared in such journals as London's The New Age, La Semaine Litteraire of Geneva, Journal de Genève, La Tribune de Genève.


41 Ibid., p. 18.

42 Stephen Osusky, Czechoslovak Ambassador to Paris, had written a brief sketch of Herron in the Slovak language entitled “George D. Herron, Wilson's Man of Confidence.” It can be found excerpted in the Slavonic Review IV (March 1926), 657-68.


44 Ibid., p. 22.
The Menace of Peace was translated into French and Italian and serialized in such newspapers as the Philadelphia North American. For clippings and reviews see HP Misc., Box 14.

Herron, Menace of Peace, p. 108.

Herron’s varied and interesting venture into war and postwar diplomacy is amply told in Matchell Briggs’ George D. Herron and the European Settlement (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1932).

For a recent review of these negotiations see Leo Valiani, “Nuovi Documenti sui Tentativi di Pace nel 1917,” Rivista Storica Italiana, 75 (1963), 559-587.

Herron’s efforts were recognized in various ways. See, for example, the tribute to Herron in Thomas G. Masaryk’s The Making of a State (New York: Frederick Stokes, 1927), p. 304.

HP Misc., Box 11, Letter to Joseph Allen, April 15, 1925.

HP Misc., Box 10, Letter to Mr. McCutchen, December 11, 1919.

Herron, The Defeat in The Victory, pp. 2-3.

Ibid., p. 61.

Ibid., p. 72.

Briggs, p. 162.

Herron, The Defeat in The Victory, pp. 6-7.

Ibid., p. 34.

Ibid., p. 43.

HP Misc., Box 11, Letter to William Badé, March 2, 1925.

HP Misc., Box 12, Letter to William Badé, January 2, 1924.


HP Misc., Box 10, Letter to Clarence Barron, February 24, 1920. Occasionally the references to international finance took on an anti-Semitic flavor, as e.g., “German Jew financiers” (HP Misc., Box 10, letter to C.W. Barron, February 24, 1920); “Jewish finance and its occult powers” (HP Misc., Box 10, Louis Ferriere to Herron, August 7, 1916).


Herron, The Defeat in the Victory, p. 96.

Herron, The Greater War, p. 92.

Ibid., p. 98.

HP Misc., Box 12, Letter to William Badé, September 16, 1919.

HP Misc., Box 11, Letter to John Davis, April 20, 1925.

Ibid. Letter to John Davis, June 18, 1925.

74 Ibid., p. 120.
76 HP Misc., Box 11, Letter to Mrs. Charles Berry, November 10, 1922.
77 Ibid., Letter to John Davis, June 18, 1925.
78 Ibid.
79 HP, XIV, Supplement: Italy, Document X.
80 HP Misc., Box 15, Mrs. Herron to Mr. Abbott, January 12, 1926.
81 Herron, *The Defeat in the Victory*, p. 36.
In early May, 1851, the first permanent school in American California opened its doors. The place was Mission Santa Clara, located at the southern tip of the San Francisco Bay. Joseph S. Alemany, the Catholic bishop of California, had handed the Mission over to the Jesuits for conversion into a schoolhouse to meet the educational needs of his frontier diocese. The persons responsible for transforming the old Franciscan mission into Santa Clara College (now the University of Santa Clara) were two Italian Jesuits, Michael Accolti and John Nobili, both of whom had worked as Indian missionaries in Oregon before their arrival in California in 1849. Accolti, the more enterprising of the pair, was the prime mover in opening the school at Santa Clara. But when he was called back to the Indian missions of the Pacific Northwest, the task of converting the crumbling adobes of Mission Santa Clara into a Jesuit college fell to John Nobili, the school's first president.

The job which Nobili inherited was not an easy one. Teachers were hard to find in gold rush California, the mission property he had been given to administer was in ruinous condition, and Nobili had to transform the old mission to new purposes with a minimal amount of resources. More frustrating, the secularization of the California missions and the confusion that followed on the heels of the American conquest of California had left land titles in the Santa Clara Valley in such a confused state that most of Nobili's time and money were spent trying to secure legal title to mission property. This was such a difficult and costly task that at times it seemed his school would have to be closed. That it survived testified to the skill and tenacity with which Nobili administered the institution from 1851 until 1856.
Despite the obstacles which impeded Nobili’s efforts at Santa Clara, one hurdle with which he never had to contend was lack of pupils. In fact, during Nobili’s presidency more students requested admission than he could accept. On more than one occasion Nobili was forced to turn away prospective pupils from the all-male school because he lacked the facilities or the faculty to receive them.

Santa Clara enjoyed such broad popularity chiefly because its patrons had nowhere else to go. Unless a parent was willing to send his son to Europe, to Hawaii, or to the East, he was forced to fall back on California’s educational resources. Apart from Protestant and Catholic institutions, the State had little to offer, especially in higher education.

The American invasion of Mexican California had heralded considerable educational advance over what had preceded, but even the arrival of large numbers of American families did not produce sudden and spectacular changes. The first American school in California had been conducted for immigrant children in an abandoned adobe of Mission Santa Clara by Olive Mann Isbell, a niece of Horace Mann, the architect of the American system of education. But it lasted only two months. Its brevity typified scores of other attempts at instruction which surfaced suddenly and then disappeared with equal haste into the sea of unstable conditions and constant mobility which characterized California in the 1850s. During the gold rush, some public and private grammar schools opened briefly in San Francisco and other population centers, but these usually survived merely a term or two before either the schoolmaster or the families of the children he instructed abandoned the classroom for the gold mines and more lucrative employment.

The state constitution drawn up at Monterey in 1849 created a public school system for California, but its paper provisions were implemented slowly. When Accolti and Nobili stepped ashore in San Francisco later that same year, no free public school had yet opened its doors anywhere in the state.

The retarded evolution of California’s public school system is explained in part by financial factors. Monies gathered from the sale of public lands, a traditional source of educational revenue, for several years failed to yield sufficient income in California for an ample school fund. Moreover, until

Santa Clara as it appeared ca. 1856. To the right of the mission church is the “California Hotel.” Once a mission adobe, it received its name in the 1840s when it served for a few years as a wayside inn. When the school was founded in 1851 the two-story “California Hotel” became one of Santa Clara’s first classrooms.

All photographs accompanying this article are reproduced through the courtesy of the Archives of the University of Santa Clara.
1855, a large portion of this revenue was channelled into private and denominational schools. This practice, while it guaranteed the public at least some access to education, delayed the emergence of a solid system of public instruction.

Secondly, despite California's shortage of schools, legislators were reluctant to augment educational revenues by levying special taxes. They argued that the drain upon the public purse for scores of other costly public services was too great to justify burdening the population with additional taxes for education. This widely held view was long-lived, and the state of California did not finally accept a public school system supported by taxation until 1867. In the meantime, decision-makers contended that private and municipal resources were capable of satisfying the state's educational needs. In 1850, the only city in California with a system of free public schools was San Francisco, but even there many of these were only quasi-public, since they were often administered by religious denominations.

Elsewhere, the task of educating the youth of the state, especially on the college level, was left to private institutions. Chief among these were the Catholic establishments of Santa Clara College, St. Ignatius College in San Francisco, Notre Dame College in Santa Clara, the Methodists' University of the Pacific in Santa Clara, and Oakland's College of California. Even as late as 1863, legislators felt that the education provided by these private institutions would suffice for the type of instruction usually imparted in a college course since it would be a long time before the number of persons demanding a college education would be large. Dependence upon private enterprise explains why California did not acquire a state university until 1868 when the University of California was established. Prior to this date, with the exception of the efforts of the Protestant and Catholic churches, there was little general interest in the establishment of an educational system in California.

SANTA CLARA'S FIRST PATRONS

Given the scarcity of schools, Santa Clara College flourished. It attracted a variety of students from among those Californians capable of paying the yearly tuition and housing expenses of $350. Several families who had come to Mexican California prior to 1846 and whom local circumstances had obliged to neglect the education of their offspring were among the first to send their sons to the school. Included were the children and wards of such pioneers as James Alexander Forbes, Martin Murphy, Jr., Abel Stearns, Job F. Dye, William M. Keith, and Alpheus Thompson. The bulk of the student body, however, was comprised of the sons of families who had arrived subsequent to the American conquest and gold rush.

The College also enjoyed a wide patronage among native Californians. Such names as Alviso, Suñol, Píñero, Vallejo, Estudillo and Bandini appear on the earliest enrollment lists of Santa Clara. The large number of young Californios found among the student body in the 1850s and 1860s is partially
Interior of the "California Hotel": the college debating hall.
explained by the predominance of this ethnic group in the local population: in 1852 three-fourths of the 8,000 inhabitants of the Santa Clara Valley were native Californios or Mexicans. Another factor was the affinity which existed between the Mexican-American and the Catholic Church at mid-century. During the years of transition from Mexican to American rule, the native Californian “found it easier to retain his identity as a Catholic,” Leonard Pitt concludes, “than as a miner, rancher, voter, or naturalized citizen.”

Santa Clara’s willingness to offer instruction in both Spanish and English further increased the school’s attractiveness to native Californians for whom bilingual education was an urgent need. (As late as 1867, Santa Clara still published a Spanish edition of its annual bulletin, for the benefit of both its Latin American and its Californio patrons.) The parents of many Spanish-speaking students were especially concerned that their sons master English and the basic subjects crucial for success and survival in the competitive and altered world which had burst upon them with the advent of the Anglos.

Some students arrived at the College speaking only Spanish, as did José G. Estudillo, later California State Treasurer, who begged his American brother-in-law, William Heath Davis, to “overlook all my mistakes in writing because it is [a] very short time since I commenced to learn English.” To hasten the learning of English, a later rule of the school required that Spanish-speaking students not speak Spanish after their first month at the College. Estudillo’s younger brother, Jesús María, congratulated himself the day he was able to record in his diary, today “I did not speak two words in Spanish.” Lack of funds forced Estudillo to leave Santa Clara in 1864 at the age of twenty before completing his schooling. Few Californios remained long enough to take the bachelor’s degree; but, for that matter, neither did the majority of students who attended in the 1850s and 1860s.

Santa Clara’s “Catholic” label also enhanced its appeal among many Anglo-Catholic families whom vigorous California Protestantism and mid-century “Know Nothingism” had made more sensitive to religious differences. Perhaps the value which the Catholics placed on the catechism as a critical element in any educational system and the general esteem with which many of them regarded Jesuit pedagogy would alone have guaranteed the initial success of an institution like Santa Clara. At any rate, many patronized the school because it was Catholic. James Alexander Forbes, himself Jesuit-educated, informed José Antonio Aguirre that the school was “the best there is in California” because “they are concerned about the religious education of the students without which there can be no true instruction.” Likewise, Peter Burnett, California’s first American governor and a convert to Catholicism, sent his two teenage sons to the school. He also assisted Nobili as one of the College’s first lay trustees. Martin Murphy, Jr., whose father had led his large Catholic clan to abandon Missouri for California years before for religious reasons, was one of the first to support the Jesuits’ educational project and the first to enroll his progeny at Santa Clara when it opened its doors in 1851. A benefactor of the College, Murphy sent a private tutor from
Michael Accolti, Italian Jesuit and co-founder of Santa Clara University.
Rancho San Martín with his three sons when the boys enrolled at Santa Clara. The tutor joined Nobili's faculty.

Santa Clara's student body was by no means restricted to Catholics, however. In fact, the Protestant response to the institution never ceased to amaze its Italian priest-founders. "One half of the boarders are Protestants," a faculty member boasted in 1852, "their parents preferring that school to any of the Protestant schools in the country." The reasons for Protestant patronage are not difficult to surmise. Since schools were so few in California, no doubt many a parent preferred boarding his son with the Catholics at Santa Clara to shipping him to distant Hawaii or Boston for less tainted training. Besides, Santa Clara enjoyed considerable praise in the public press. "They have an enviable reputation," one non-Catholic writer observed, "and thus far have succeeded too well in drawing to them the children of Protestants." But, he added, "we do not regret the existence of these schools." "They do much good for the cause of education by provoking us to vigilance and emulation." The fact that anti-Catholic nativism never reached the level of intensity in the Far West that it manifested in other sections of the country also indirectly facilitated non-Catholic patronage of Catholic institutions.

Some of the destructive energies generated by the anti-Catholic, anti-immigrant "Know Nothing" phenomenon of the 1850s and by traditional religious animosities were channelled into constructive educational competition. "Vigilance and emulation" were the watchwords with which most Protestants greeted the energetic school-building campaign of California Catholics. Believing that the Jesuits were eager to educate the youth of the state and to make their institution popular, Protestant promoters pointed to Santa Clara's success as reason for founding in 1855 the College of California, precursor of the University of California.

Catholics reciprocated the rivalry. Santa Clara's founding triumvirate (Alemany, Accolti, and Nobili) were all initially moved to establish schools in California partially as a means of offsetting growing Protestant influence in the former Mexican province. Likewise, correspondence between Santa Clara Jesuits in the 1850s reveals their determination to "counteract the bold influence" of their Methodist neighbors at nearby University of the Pacific. It is the view of historian Lewis B. Wright that sectarian rivalries such as these produced a fervor for educational supremacy among the churches in California to a degree evidenced on no previous American frontier.

LIFE IN A PIONEER BOARDING SCHOOL

One of the features which drew students to Santa Clara was its boarding facilities. If schools were scarce in California in the 1850s, institutions which boasted sufficient staff to sustain a boarding school were rarer still. "A parent whose business calls him away to the Atlantic States may leave with his mind perfectly at ease," the Alta California, San Francisco's leading newspaper,
told its readers, if he entrusts his son to the "parental superintendence" of the directors of Santa Clara College.\textsuperscript{7} Though management of a boarding school burdened its directors with a host of petty disciplinary problems more characteristic of a nursery or kindergarten than an educational establishment, the availability of dormitories did attract students into the classrooms from all over the state. Many pupils commuted daily to the College from nearby Santa Clara and San José. But the majority of those enrolled were boarders from San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. The mining camps and mountain towns of the Sierra also sent students. Providing the prospective scholar appeared at the door with sufficient bedding and clothes, an iron bedstead, and $350 to cover his annual board and tuition, his admission was guaranteed. The school is "open to all those who choose to avail themselves of its advantages," Nobili grandly announced. Upon being admitted, each student was examined and "placed in that class for which his previous attainments may adapt him."\textsuperscript{8}

Privations and inconveniences abounded in the early years, however. Hence it was advisable that the student bring with him a spartan detachment from material comforts. "The furniture and board were necessarily of a primitive kind," an early account recalls:

The pupils slept in a loft over the school rooms, made their own beds, and helped to slaughter and cut up the cattle which supplied the table, and to make the bread needed for general use... A fountain in the mission garden gave water both for cooking and washing and morning ablutions were made in the open air at all seasons.\textsuperscript{9}

Discomforted students might take satisfaction in the fact that the faculty were no better off. The staff lacked rooms of their own, and for several months after their arrival at the crowded school, two young Jesuit teachers from Italy were in the habit of carrying their mattresses at night to any available spot, often on the verandas in the open air.

If the Santa Clara boarder found the diet and dormitories deficient in the conveniences to which he was accustomed, he surely viewed the school's disciplined daily routine with even greater dislike. While Nobili's promise to treat boarders with "affectionate care" reassured parents, his guarantee that pupils would be "always day and night under the eye" of the faculty did not win their sons' approval. To the frontier lad used to the unfettered freedom of ranch life or the excitement of urban San Francisco, the restraints imposed by Santa Clara's seminary-like regimen appeared downright oppressive.

According to the stringent demands of the earliest rule of the school, older students awoke at half-past five. Before breakfast at eight o'clock they attended the liturgy and devoted an hour to preparing that day's lessons. After a two-hour respite for lunch and recreation, the remainder of the day, until five o'clock was spent in the classroom. Evenings were devoted to
"scientific conversations" and "exercises in the languages." Wednesday and Saturday-afternoon holidays broke the study routine.

Except for bi-weekly afternoon holidays when the pupils "generally take a pleasant ramble accompanied by the teachers," boarders were confined to the small campus. They were allowed, however, visits home to parents or friends "on the first Saturday of the month" provided "they can return the same evening." Nobili insisted on this regulation since he considered it "very important" that students be "exposed to as few possible distractions calculated to wean them from their books and habits of regularity."

SEARCH FOR TEACHERS

Despite its strict discipline, the wide patronage which Santa Clara received moved Nobili to strive to make his school "worthy of the confidence of parents" and "more adapted to the great work of the education of youth." The area of greatest advancement was academic.

Since the school's founding in 1851, Nobili struggled to provide instruction with the limited staff of laymen and priests which he had scraped together. But their number was inadequate. The school's co-founder, Michael Accolti, scoured Europe, Latin America, and the eastern United States in search of Jesuit teachers for Santa Clara, but the Order could not spare men for California. He felt despondent at "the sight of the great good there is to do and the scanty means we have" at our disposal, Accolti complained to Peter De Smet, the famous Jesuit missionary and explorer, in 1853. Nobili was overworked, and after two years, many of the students were "so advanced as to require something more" than the primary and secondary instruction which the understaffed institution was capable of providing.

Convinced that his lengthy letters calling for help were accomplishing "nothing at all" and fearing that without assistance it would be "impossible for us to go on," Accolti decided to travel to Rome to lay Santa Clara's manpower problem before the Superior General of the Jesuit Order. His decision proved propitious. In 1854, Accolti persuaded the Jesuits of the Turin Province, recently exiled by the Italian risorgimento from their schools and houses in the kingdom of Sardinia, to adopt California as their mission field. The arrival of the Jesuits from Turin guaranteed a supply of university-trained teachers for Santa Clara. It was a turning point in the history of the school.

By 1855 the College boasted a faculty of eighteen priests and laymen, which one chronicler claims was "unequalled in California for scholarship both literary and scientific." Now confident of the school's future and having obtained the required $20,000, this same year Nobili obtained a charter of incorporation from the state legislature. He then published a bulletin in which he announced that Santa Clara College offered "a thorough course of mercantile, scientific, and classical studies such as are pursued in the best colleges of the Union, together with a solid moral and Christian..."
Turn-of-the century photograph of the Santa Clara swimming pool, scooped out of the mission orchard in 1855 from a hollow which had once supplied adobe for building bricks. Santa Clarans proudly asserted that theirs was the first college plunge on the Pacific Coast.
education." The school also possessed a library of ten thousand volumes.\textsuperscript{15}

Santa Clara had offered instruction on the collegiate level for the first time in 1853. The arrival of professors from Italy the following year led to a further expansion of the curriculum. In 1857 the College bestowed its first degree, the Bachelor of Arts diploma, to Thomas I. Bergin, a student from San Francisco. It was the first college degree granted by any institution of higher learning in the state. But the number of students interested in a bachelor of arts diploma in the classics remained small; the studies of the majority of the student body aimed at less ambitious goals. The preparatory department continued to attract some pupils of grammar school age, but most students at Santa Clara were content with a secondary education. Though the Jesuit system of a unified, six-to-eight year classical course drew no sharp line between the conclusion of secondary studies and the beginning of collegiate instruction, many of the students attending the school throughout the nineteenth century would be classified today as high school students.

DEATH OF NOBILI

While improving Santa Clara academically, Nobili promoted the school's physical growth, too, by purchasing new property and rehabilitating the adobes of the former mission. In 1856 he adorned the campus with its first completely new building, a brick chapel. But while inspecting the construction in February, Nobili stepped on a nail; the wound seemed a trifle and a quick recovery was expected. Eleven days later however, Nobili suffered a relapse. His doctor thus discovered that he had contracted tetanus. After suffering the pains of lockjaw for two days, he died on March 3, 1856.

From "the germ only of such an institution as we should wish to make it," as Nobili described the school at its founding, Santa Clara had become at the time of his death, a well-patronized institution with an enrollment of over one hundred pupils.\textsuperscript{16} Having begun in 1851 with little or no funds, Nobili had begged and borrowed enough to expand the modest school beyond the bounds of the mission church and tiny cemetery with which he had begun to a campus embracing nearly twenty acres of real estate and a half-dozen new and remodeled buildings.

Though its physical accommodations were, at best, still primitive and though the institution was seriously handicapped by debts, Santa Clara had prospered beyond its founders' most optimistic hopes. In 1856, its directors were convinced that their young college was the best in the state. Their opinion was reinforced by the praise the school received from its critics. In a lengthy editorial describing the school at the conclusion of its third year, San Francisco's \textit{Alta California} concluded that Santa Clara College had "sustained its reputation" as California's "first educational establishment."\textsuperscript{17}
Notes


2 José Estudillo to [William H. Davis], 8 May 1859, MS, William Heath Davis Collection, California State Library (Sacramento).

3 Jesús María Estudillo, “Diary,” MS, I (1861), entry for 19 April, Bancroft Library, University of California (Berkeley).

4 Forbes to José Antonio Aguirre, 3 December 1852, MS, “Letter Book,” I (1850-1852), California State Library (Sacramento).


7 *Alta California* (San Francisco), 18 July 1854.

8 Nobili to [Anonymous], MS draft, [no date], Archives of the University of Santa Clara, hereinafter cited as AUSC. See also, *Prospectus of Santa Clara College, 1854-1855*, AUSC.


10 *Daily Evening Picayune* (San Francisco) 18 February 1852 and Nobili to Hiram Grimes. 13 April 1852, MS, AUSC.

11 Nobili, “Prospectus of Santa Clara College,” [draft], MS, June, 1855, AUSC.

12 Accolti to Peter De Smet, 15 April 1853, MS, De Smetiana, The Pius XII Memorial Library, Saint Louis University (St. Louis, Missouri).


15 *Prospectus of Santa Clara College, 1854-1855*, AUSC.

16 *Daily Evening Picayune* (San Francisco), 18 February 1852.

17 *Alta California* (San Francisco), 17 July 1855.
Notes on Contributors

Francis Donahue, Professor of Spanish at California State University, Long Beach, has written five books, the latest of which is *Alfonso Sastre: Dramaturgo y Preceptista*. Among his numerous articles published here and abroad, “The Chicano Story” has been reprinted recently in *America Since World War II*. In addition to his career in education, he has served with the U.S. Foreign Service as Cultural Attache at Havana and Caracas.

Lynne Goodhart is an Associate Professor of Languages and Philosophy at Utah State University. She has previously taught at the University of Wisconsin, La Crosse and studied as a Fulbright Scholar in France. When not immersed in the academic world of French literature and Women Studies, she and her seven-year-old son work at training their champion quarter horse.

Robert Greenwood is a partner in The Talisman Press, which specializes in books of poetry. His own poetry and fiction have been published in such journals as *The Yale Review, Paris Review, Antioch Review, Kansas Quarterly*, and *Western Humanities Review*. From 1954-59 he was General Reference Librarian at San Jose State University.

Charles Keserich, Associate Professor of History at San Jose State University, has published articles on Italian fascism in the *Journal of Contemporary History* and *The History Teacher*. He received his Ph.D. from Washington State University and taught in the public schools and at Gonzaga University before moving to San Jose.

Elsie Leach, Professor of English at San Jose State University, has eclectic interests in literary study. Her previous publications include articles on Alice in Wonderland, T. S. Eliot, John Donne, and Andrew Marvell. In her current work-in-progress, she is trying to explain why Francis Quarles’ *Emblemes* was the most popular book of English poetry in the seventeenth century (focusing on his anti-women and anti-food biases).

Marilyn M. Mantay has a diverse background in art, psychology, and writing. As Chairperson of the Docents at the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, she was involved in art research, gallery tours, and slide lectures. But her formal academic training was in psychology where she studied Rorschach with Klopfer (and others) and adopted a Jungian orientation to analysis. Recently, she has begun to write professionally.
Gerald McKeivitt, S. J., is Director of the University Archives and Research Assistant Professor of History at the University of Santa Clara. He specializes in the history of the American West and is currently researching archival material in California and Italy for his book on the history of the University of Santa Clara.

Warren C. Miller is a "writer and family manager" who dropped out of the teaching profession at age 44 (his wife agreeing) to attempt a ten year trial period as a writer. He comments, "Upstream, against rejections, forty of my stories have been accepted, of which 27 have been published to date. I have a little more than a year to go on my trial period. I do not know where I stand. My ambition is to leave behind something of significance."

Leonard Nathan, Professor of Rhetoric and South Asian Studies at the University of California, Berkeley, is a Guggenheim Fellow during 1976-77. His previous publications have received numerous awards, including a nomination for the National Book Award in 1975 (Returning Your Call) and a National Institute of Arts and Letters Award for Creative Literature in 1971. He received Creative Arts Fellowships from the University of California in 1963-64 and 1973-74.

Frederick J. Down Scott, Professor of Philosophy at San Jose State University, has published four previous articles on William James. He and his wife have joined Mrs. Catherine Porter Short, James' granddaughter, in the search for the California farm on which her grandmother lived as a child. A 1855 map has located the property in Santa Clara County in the vicinity of Route 280 and El Monte Road (the southern portion of the former Rancho La Purisima Concepcion).

Howard Shellhammer is Professor of Biological Sciences at San Jose State University. In addition to seven previous papers on harvest mice and the Douglas tree squirrel, he has written two books for the National Park Service: The Giant Sequoia of the Sierra Nevada and Giant Sequoia Ecology – Emphasizing Fire and Reproduction. He studies either marsh or coniferous forest animals because of the occupational hazards of professional biology (he contracts poison oak in the intermediate life zones).
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Announcements

CAMPUS-COMMUNITY POETRY FESTIVAL

Eight readings by nationally-known poets will be presented at San Jose State University during the Spring 1977 semester as part of the Campus-Community Poetry Festival. All readings will be held on Wednesdays from 8:15 to 9:45 p.m. in the Umunhum Room of the Student Union:

William Stafford  February 23
Sandra McPherson  March 2
N. Scott Momaday  March 16
Muriel Rukeyser  March 30
Audre Lorde  April 13
Lucha Hernandez and Abelardo Delgado  April 20
Marilyn Hacker  May 4
Robert Bly  May 11

Residencies on campus have been provided by Associated Students for four of the poets, who will conduct workshops and discussions in the Student Union (all open to the public):

William Stafford  February 22-23
N. Scott Momaday  March 15-16
Muriel Rukeyser  March 29-30
Audre Lorde  April 12-13

Courses incorporating the readings are available for credit through the English and Continuing Education Departments. For information, call (408) 277-2182.

The Festival is sponsored by the Fine Arts Commission of the City of San Jose; and the English and Continuing Education Departments, Associated Students, and Student Union of San Jose State University.
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