



Schooling of Richard Orr

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

DANGER that the river held,
Danger that the forest hid,
Five hundred miles of pinewoods came
Right to the doors of Pemaquid.

A row of lamps and in behind
The catamount's cold moonstone eyes,
The voices of some threescore men
And back of these the bob-cat's cries.

Richard Orr in cut-me-downs
Of homespun that his father wore
Brought buttermilk in earthen jugs,
His ten-year heart sang at its core.

Four men with legs set far apart
Ate their way through bearded wheat
With shining scythes like pendulums
And dewdrops on their shuffling feet.

Smoke above the cabin roof,
The maples stood all soundless fire,
A hawk drew circles on the blue,
And death was coming nigh and nigher.

Richard's father far ahead
In his swath stood up and tipped
The buttermilk down his brown throat
Until his chin with whiteness dripped.

Jug on high, he spun about
And coughed a quiet, dreadful way,
A stream of scarlet from his mouth
Made a trickle through the whey.

"What now! what now!" he cried, and Dick
First saw the goose quills on a stick
That stood two hand-breadths out behind
His father's shoulders wide and thick.

And then his father put both knees
Upon the ground and could not rise
And tried to speak but only said
Something frightful with his eyes.

Richard saw Tom Bolling run
And go down suddenly like lead,
Thresh out sidewise with his heels,
And clap both hands upon his head.

And Jonas Nye was on all fours
Staring hard upon each hand,
But William Crockthrope lay as flat
And heavy as a sack of sand.

Then Richard ran but ran on legs
As heavy as the legs in dreams,
The sunlight burned upon his hair,
His throat was torn with silent screams.

Flames above his father's house,
Thick black smoke on neighbor Lee's,
Every house stood in its smoke,
The blue-jay screamed behind the trees.

Dick veered and raced another way,
And saw three painted faces rise
Dead and red as maple leaves
At the corners of his eyes.

He veered again, and still a smile
That never changed a line of glee
Cut across his sight and grew
So huge there was no sun to see.

Two maple saplings round his waist,
Two adder's eyes upon his own,
A drumhead burst inside his brain,
And he was lying trussed and blown.

Not a shout had Richard heard
Till now as on his back he lay
A gunshot cracked, and thin, short cries
Faded distantly away.

Voices guttural and quick
Burst about him everywhere,
The Devil bent as head peeled bald
Save for a knot of horse's hair.

And Dick was jerked upon his feet
And led past where his father lay,
His head too terrible to see
Glistening darkly on the hay.

Other devils joined the march,
Dick saw his mother where she walked
With his younger brother John
Clutched to her bosom tomahawked.

He tried to reach her, but a hand
Reached and made his chin drip pain;
Dick saw her go another way,
And never looked on her again.

The sun was blue upon the waves,
The chickadees chirped overhead,
All was at peace save where tall flames
Behind the trees stood ugly red.

They pushed off in a birch canoe,
And northward on an amber way
They sped along, and Richard's eyes
Stared up till stars burned through the day.

One star on another slid
Overhead and down from sight
Until Dick's brain was agony
And the stars' far, helpless light.

The east was like a spreading fire
When they grated on the sands;
They cut the thongs on Richard's wrists,
He stood and could not feel his hands.

A dozen tents spewed out a crowd,
The dawn was ripped apart with yells,
A wall of faces shut Dick in,
A wall of faces that were Hell's.

Squaws with mouths like oven-holes
Pulled his hair out by the roots,
Gaunt children spat upon his clothes,
Gaunt dogs set teeth into his boots.

They thrust live coals into his hands
And howled to see him hop and skip,
They ran their knives beneath his nails
And roared to see the fingers drip.

Then Dick stood still and felt himself
Grow taller by a dozen years,
The cry could not come past his teeth,
And he was grown beyond all tears.

They struck him in the face and chest
Till face and chest were black-and-blue,
They singed his eyelashes and brows
And slit one of his nostrils through.

When Dick could see no more for pain
A man burst through the ring of wives
And sent them sprawling with his fist
And running howling for their lives.

He set the boy beside his fire
And fed him chunks of charred, sweet meat;
And Dick forgot his mother's face
And like a wolf fell to to eat.

His master grunted at the sight
And set a bowl upon Dick's knees
With swollen kernels of the corn
Smoking in a red-hot grease.

And so Dick got his belly full;
And then his head was closely shorn,
And he was given ears to rub
And strip them bare of yellow corn.

When the leaves were off the trees
They taught Dick how to shin the oak
And creep out where two red coals glowed
And bring the 'coon down with one stroke.

When the sky was spitting snow
They showed him how to string the gut
And make the shoes that could outstrip
The whitened rabbit's flying scut.

When the January stars
Blazed and panted like blown coals
They taught him how to keep alive
By gnawing at his rawhide soles.

They taught him how to dodge the ice
And push the upset craft ashore,
They taught him how to stand and go
On hunger pangs and nothing more.

Dick learned to be a creeping snake,
A patient madness, and a knife,
To lie in wait, to strike and tear,
To be a hawk above all life.

He learned to eat his tongue and be
Silent hour on long hour
And feel a brotherhood with trees,
Rocks, and rivers white with power.

He knew the wisdom of the winds,
The life-and-death affair of weather;
He moved inevitable as moons
And knit his mind and night together.

He grew above the reach of pain,
Beyond all pity, grief, or love.
He had a heart that burned aloof
As any star that blazed above.

Sometimes he saw his mother's face,
But it grew dim as years went by,
At last it was the gentle look
In the slain deer's open eye.

And all that he recalled of God
Whom once he prayed to on his knees
Seemed eyes of lynxes as they crept
Without a sound beneath the trees.

He mated, but his heart was whole
As frost that nips the early bud;
Sons he had but knew his life
Would run out with his own spilt blood.

His feet and hands were all he had,
His eye was dearer than the sun;
He knew the world would turn to mist
When his latest hunt was done.

Words were nothing but the sound
Of water lapping on the stones,
The stricken leaves that rustled down
Said as much as men's last groans.

You slew and took the strength things had
To be your own until your stroke
Missed one day, and other things
Took the bread your body broke.

Richard lost the track of years,
He measured manhood by the moon,
The flight of geese, the swollen buds,
The leaves beneath the maples strewn.

Each snow that flew meant one blaze more
On the trail that led to gloom,
Each mating of the bluebirds said
One notch nearer to his doom.

And Richard went like thistledown
And sunlight on a running stream,
Brought the thundering moose to earth,
And never had a dream to dream.

Then Richard woke one night and found
A white-man's muzzle at his head,
His village and his tent ablaze,
His redskin allies sprawling dead.

Soldiers of his Majesty,
Laying waste an Indian town,
Were most amazed to take alive
An Indian whose hair was brown.

He proved to be a captured white,
Sole relict of old Pemaquid.
They brought him home to his own kind,
Though he seemed careless what they did.

They gave him house and land to till,
They hemmed him round with sympathy;
But they as well might try to make
Friends with some tall maple tree.

He stood apart, beyond their words,
He seemed to listen for a sound
Beyond their hammers and their saws,
Beyond their ploughshares in the ground.

He grew uneasy towards the night
When the whippoorwills began;
Folks grew shy of him and said
He was a ruin of a man.

One day he vanished. No one saw
His blank, brown visage any more.
After that men shunned the woods
More than they had done before.

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

A Baedeker to "Ulysses"
JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES. By STUART GILBERT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. \$5.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

"ULYSSES" is, with "Remembrance of Things Past," the most influential imaginative work of our time. Complete comprehension of it is more difficult than complete comprehension of "Remembrance of Things Past," for an epic is more difficult than a chronicle, and besides, on almost every page of "Ulysses" there are allusions which need to be explained. Also there is a strange locale for the narrative, a strange system of ideas underlying it, and a strange technique in the building up of it. For all these reasons a copious comment on "Ulysses" is in order.

Mr. Gilbert's study goes into 379 pages—the length of a longish novel—and the index to it takes seventeen pages. As we read it, the length does not seem to be excessive, for we find that the writer is dealing with something very substantial and very manifold. James Joyce gave us a city in a book, and a city as the citizens themselves feel and know it—through their memories and anticipations, their reverences and antipathies, and the habitual round of their lives. The knowledge of this local psychology seeps into the reader as he or she goes through "Ulysses," but it can be made deeper and more wide as can the knowledge of an actual city, an actual folk. Then James Joyce has taken a unique way of organizing his material: he makes the doings of his principals correspond to the episodes in the Odyssey. The knowledge of these correspondences, like the knowledge of the city and its folk, can be very much extended; these extensions give an enhancement of interest, an enhancement of enjoyment to readers.

The intellectual interests that belong to the younger hero of the epic need to be commented upon, too: as Stephen Dædalus walks the streets of Dublin he is attended by ghosts, Mr. Gilbert tells us; amongst these ghosts are "Thomas Aquinas and a motley collection of medieval philosophers." The theology of the Catholic Church and its secular learning, inaccessible to most readers of English, are dwelt on. Thomas Aquinas furnishes the esthetic and the dialectic which makes Stephen Dædalus's mentality so distinctive, and the medieval philosophers, Doctors of the Church and heresiarchs, have discussed the mystery which underlies the vast complex of "Ulysses"—the mystery of paternity, the relation of the son to the father and the father to the son. James Joyce has made the search of a son for a father and a father for a son a mystery in the sense in which the Catholic Church uses the word "mystery"—"a revealed truth which we cannot comprehend." "Fatherhood," declares Stephen Dædalus,

in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begotten to only begotten. On that mystery and not on the madonna which the cunning Italian intellect flung to the mob of Europe the Church is founded and founded irremovable because founded, like the world, macro-and-microcosm, upon the void. Upon incertitude, upon unlikelihood.

Only the Doctors of the Church and the great heresiarchs dealt adequately with the mystery of that relation, and their ideas are referred to again and again in the narrative of Leopold Bloom's and Stephen Dædalus's day.

In the second part of his study Mr. Gilbert takes the different episodes of "Ulysses" and shows us the technique used in building each up, its correspondence in Homer's epic, the particular idea which it is meant to illustrate. This analysis has to be thorough-going, because the very meaning of "Ulysses" is implicit, to quote Mr. Gilbert, in "the technique of the various episodes, in nuances of language, in the thousand and one correspondences and allusions with which the book is studded." He takes up each of the eighteen and shows the richness of significance that underlies each episode. Let me give an example of his way of comment. In the third episode Stephen loiters along a beach near Dublin. The uninstructed reader can get out of this narrative

a beautiful presentation of a troubled young philosopher moving amongst derelict and unsavory things. But the reader's interest is enhanced when he or she recognizes a correspondence with the Proteus episode in Homer. The Proteus whom Stephen, as he speculates and expresses himself, grapples with, is speech—ever-changing human speech. This speech is itself the symbol of nature which delights "to alter all things and present them under another form," as Marcus Aurelius observes. The episode is further enriched for the reader by Mr. Gilbert's showing that a definite Egyptian scene and material were worked up by Homer in Menelaus's encounter with the Old Man of the Sea. The reader sees, then, that the quatrain in Gypsy slang which Stephen improvises is organic ornament, and that the two cockle-gatherers who are in his view on the beach have a vital connection with the situation.

Shouldering their bags they trudged, the red Egyptians. His blue feet out of the turned-up trousers slapped the clammy sand, a dull brick muffler strangling his unshaven neck. With woman steps she followed the ruffian and his strolling mort . . . behind her lord and helpmate, bing awast, to Romeville.

So beside the sense that we get of the mutability of language and of nature there are memories of Homer and of Egypt and the sense of the sea as a drowning element bringing constantly to Stephen the memory of his mother dead. In such manner Mr. Gilbert takes us through the other episodes, giving the most extended analysis to one which deals with the disintegration of personality, the brothel scene, which corresponds with the Circe episode in Homer.

Before analyzing the eighteen episodes Mr. Gilbert surveys the course of the narrative and discusses the technique by which the narrative is built up and the ideas which the narrative carries along. The side of Joyce's technique which has received the most attention, which has been most exploited by his followers, is the interior monologue, the free associations of ideas and impressions happening in the minds of his principals. Because this interior monologue had the sanction of psycho-analysis when writers were beginning to draw on that discovery it was taken as Joyce's main contribution to the technique of the novel. But Joyce was not at all eager to figure as an initiator as regards this device; he passed on the credit for its discovery to a French novelist of an older generation, to M. Edouard Dujardin. Mr. Stuart Gilbert claims no exceptional status for the interior monologue which Joyce on occasions makes use of; in fact, he quotes a French critic, M. Auguste Bailly, who shows that this method has no real primacy over other methods of representing an individual's mental life. Our mental life, this critic says,

is composed of a continuous monologue within, which, though it generally adjusts itself to the object of our activity or immediate preoccupation, is apt to desert this and wander far afield, to yield to other influences, to distractions, internal or external, and sometimes to be influenced by almost mechanical associations.

This continuous monologue within cannot really be represented in literature, for

The necessity of recording the flow of consciousness by means of words and phrases compels the writer to depict it as a continuous horizontal line, like a line of melody. But even a casual examination of our inner consciousness shows us that the presentation is essentially false. We do not think on one plane, but on many planes at once. It is wrong to suppose that we follow only one train of thought at a time; there are several trains of thought, one above the other. . . . At every instant of conscious life we are aware of the simultaneity and multiplicity of thought-streams.

The internal monologue, then, is but one of the many technical devices employed in "Ulysses." Joyce's main device, it seems to me, is much more complex and subtle than anything of this kind. He can describe and record as Flaubert would have the writer describe and record. And he can bring into his writing that which the symbolists sought to bring into theirs. Take the unforgettable episode in which Odysseus-Bloom encounters Nausicaa-Gerty McDowell: the scene is brought before us with more immediacy

than Flaubert could bring it, for it is brought before us in schoolgirl language, on a schoolgirl level of consciousness. But Joyce evokes as well as records: through the naturalism of the scene come "essences" (in Santayana's meaning of the term—something timeless and universal). There is schoolgirl speech and schoolgirl behavior, and there is the chapel of the Virgin who is the Star of the Sea, and the fireworks bloom and fade as the wishing Nausicaa watches the unspoken-to Odysseus take his departure. It is this combination of naturalism with symbolism, the record and the evocation, that is James Joyce's special technique.

"Ulysses" can be read without a comment; nor is it all tragedy and illumination; it is as funny as it is startling, and the comic episodes are as memorable as the tragic ones. A reader who is not a mere skipper of pages, no matter how uninstructed he may be in the background, technique, and ideas, can get much enjoyment out of "Ulysses." But, as I have suggested, this enjoyment can be enhanced by a certain amount of knowledge. Mr. Stuart Gilbert gives us this knowledge amply and finely. To be informing is but ordinary virtue in a commentator, but to be genially informing is to have the mark of exceptional performance. Mr. Gilbert is genially informing. All who are about to reread "Ulysses," and those who hope sometime to read it, should read this study of his. On almost every page there is an extract from the text that is being commented on. Those who cannot obtain "Ulysses" can get to know what the book is about by reading this extended and detailed study.

Our Double Life

DREAMS AND PERSONALITY: A Study of Our Dual Lives. By FREDERICK PIERCE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. \$3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

MR. FREDERICK PIERCE has made a systematic study of the dream-life by a method that commends itself logically and psychologically, logically because it is based on a large number of cases, some of them studied in detail, and with a sufficient sampling of the dreamer's nocturnal habits of mind to be representative; psychologically because it brings the dreaming and waking personality into relation. So the first question is whether the dream-personality continues the waking one in more dramatic, episodic, imaginative temper, or whether dream-life affords compensation for outlets denied expression in the workaday world. Is the other self of our dual lives a twin or does it play a contrasted Jekyll and Hyde role? For that comparison only the eighteen dreamers whose dream-life was intensively recorded for long periods, are available. The score is eight "alike" to ten "unlike"; but in the group of eight "alike" only two are men; and in the group of ten "unlike" there are five men and five women. So the whole dream-life for some is dominantly a compensation and for others dominantly a fulfilment.

However, special investigation was directed to Freud's central thesis that a dream is a wish fulfilment. The thesis when weighed was found wanting. Not half the dream material could be so interpreted. On the other hand, Freud's observation that dreams are for the most part symbolic, with a deeper latent meaning as an obligato to the superficial patent narrative in which the dream incidents appear, is well substantiated.

In view of the arbitrary and fantastic interpretations which orthodox psychoanalysts give to dreams, forcing them into sexual and personally toned relations, it is well to have a more comprehensive and unprejudiced study by one who recognizes Freudian factors but does not subscribe to the entire Freudian plan of exegesis. Freud did not discover the psychological value of the freer dream material, but he gave point and currency to the use of the dream as a revelation of deeper (and ordinarily unacknowledged) motivation, and as indicative of a primary pleasure trend toward the use of fantasy. The night dream seems to come nearer to pure fantasy than to day-dreaming. Because of the deeply personal interest in dreams, and because, as is true of all introspective reports, the dreamer alone can

be a competent and adequate reporter, it is important to offset the subjective weakness of these dream-data by the objective strength of numbers gathered from all sorts of normal persons. The Freudian prism has distorted even as it has revealed the spectral hues of dreams. Mr. Pierce's contribution may prove a guide to the profitable approach to our dream biographies.

Africa Then and Now

KACHALOLA, or Mighty Hunter. By SIDNEY SPENCER BROOMFIELD. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1931. \$4.

AFRICA SPEAKS. By PAUL L. HOEFLE. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 1931. \$4.

Reviewed by C. BEVERLEY BENSON

ONE went to Africa frankly and openly in search of adventure and such profit as could be made by hunting and trading. He bought his way when he could, fought it when he had to, and troubled what authorities there were as little as possible.

The other went on a "scientific" expedition, but was not quite clear as to exactly where he was going until just before he reached Mombasa. The "scientific" part of the undertaking is still a little vague. He was supplied with servants who had to work according to contract or be jailed, with government bungalows, and with gasoline and oil sent on in advance.

Kachalola was educated to be a doctor but departed for East Africa and adventure as soon as he finished college in 1868. He followed Livingstone's route quite closely, going up the Zambesi, and then northward to the lakes. Not being troubled with Livingstone's conscience, he did not allow the Arab slave traders to interfere with his hunting or his pleasure. When they bothered him he merely organized a small war by backing some local tribe which had been badly treated by the Arabs. If any Arabs were captured as a result, they were promptly hung to the nearest tree by Kachalola's orders. Inhospitable chiefs were captured by his armed body-guard, flogged, and held as hostages until they saw the light or the value of peaceful trading for ivory. On his first expedition he tried to prevent his porters from stealing, buying, or accepting wives as gifts and absolutely refused to accept any himself. On later expeditions he was more amenable to the customs of the country. After becoming more or less involved with the Sultan of Zanzibar in 1874 for interfering with the Sultan's slave collectors, Kachalola transferred his attentions to the East Indies until 1876, where the present volume leaves us.

This yarn is frankly and engagingly, though cold-bloodedly, told. Details are plentiful. There are interesting excursions into local customs and some especially diverting comments on native ladies. The story lacks the romance of "Trader Horn" and, on the whole, is not as well written.

Kachalola shot his three or four or five elephants or lions a day from up in a tree or from behind the tree, or from whatever cover happened to be handy, with old-fashioned, muzzle-loading guns. The Denver African Expedition shot much of theirs from carefully constructed blinds with telephoto lenses. Sometimes they seem to have gone out of their way to get photographs of "wild" animals. I took some elephant photographs at least as good as theirs within sight of the very interesting elephant school at Wanda, which Mr. Hoefler dismisses with great scorn. The method of his expedition's travel on government roads and ferries, with a great oil company supplying fuel at seemingly impossible places, is in sharp contrast with Kachalola's plunging ahead into unknown forests.

The story of the Denver Expedition's trip from Mombasa to Lagos by way of the Belgian Congo and Lake Chad is a rather tiresome itinerary of camps and mud holes and bad river crossings, with a list of the animals shot for dinner. There is little "scientific" information about native tribes, animals, or geographical regions. But the book is probably worth buying for its twelve dozen very excellent photographs. It is not the story of the motion picture of the same name, although the author has to answer for both.