



# The Brown Decades

By LEWIS MUMFORD

The years between 1865 and 1893, flashy and sordid as they were on the surface, contained the germ of renaissance. Mr. Mumford, in this article, the first of several, paints in the high lights of this almost neglected period and suggests how all the germinal activity connects with the fresh and significant work of our own day.

THE commonest axiom of history is that every generation revolts against its fathers and makes friends with its grandfathers. This reason alone might perhaps account for the fact that the generation which flourished after the Civil War now has a claim upon our interest. In the modern paintings of Burchfield and Hopper, the most awkward buildings of The Awkward Age come to us with a certain sentimental charm: those mansard roofs, those tall, ill-proportioned windows, those dingy façades which concealed the contorted walnut furniture and the ever-dusty carpets no longer afflict us like an inappropriate joke told too frequently by a tiresome uncle.

Beneath the foreign decorations of the seventies and eighties we have become conscious of a life not unlike our own. Like our grandfathers, we face the aftermath of a war which has undermined Western Civilization as completely as the Civil War undermined the older institutions of our country; the dilemmas, the hopes, the mistakes of the earlier period are so near to our own that, for the first time, we begin to see its achievements clearly, too. But we need a fresh name for this period, if we are to see it freshly. Let us call it the Brown Decades.

If the title is vague, it is, as I shall show, not inappropriate.

## II

There are occasional years when, after spring has leafed and blossomed, a long series of storms and rains destroys one's sense of the summer. Suddenly one raises one's eyes to the trees and discovers that autumn is already here: the leaves are sere, the goldenrod stands brown and threadbare in the fields, the branches of the maples are stripped, and only the red berries of the black alder, or the dull persistent green of the buttonwoods or poplars reminds one of the summer that never came.

There was such a violent stormy summer, and such a sudden push of autumn, in the period of American history that began with the Civil War. The long winter of the seventeenth century, a sturdy battle with the elements, had given way to the slow spring of the eighteenth; it was then that the ground was plowed and the country made ready for a new political system and a new relationship to the institutions and customs of the past. Then, in the few warm weeks that elapsed between 1830 and 1860, there had come a quick leafing and efflorescence: in the literary works of

Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, Melville, Hawthorne, new modes of thought and a fresh sense of the human adventure became apparent; and if there were few early fruits, the flowers were delectable, their promise abundant. The Civil War shook down the blossoms and blasted the promise of spring. The colors of American civilization abruptly changed. By the time the war was over brown had spread everywhere: mediocre drabs, dingy chocolate browns, sooty browns that merged into black. Autumn had come.

The people who had fought through the Civil War were chiefly conscious of the political issues that were decided, or temporarily silenced, by the conflict; our recent histories have shown in detail all the industrial and financial transformations that were either brought on or hastened by the war: the growth of steel mills, the mechanization of agriculture, the substitution of petroleum for whale oil, and the concentration of great fortunes, built up by graft, speculation, or war-profits. While these changes were no doubt as important in their total consequences as the abolition of chattel slavery, the most visible transformation of all has been forgotten. The nation not merely worked differently after the Civil War: the country *looked* different—darker, sadder, soberer. The Brown Decades had begun.

The change was dramatically signaled by the death of Lincoln; it made the deep note of mourning universal, touching even those who had stood outside the conflict. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet who was to emerge from the war as a Wall Street broker, has left a memorable description of that event. "You know," he wrote, "that a *vulgar* woman appears a lady *in mourning*; and that a lady is never so elegant as when in black. Something of the same effect has been produced on our superb but bizarre and

inharmonious city. It looks like an immense black and white flower, with leaves and petals spreading grandly and in perfect keeping, to every point of the compass. Such an effect I never saw, or dreamed of. It is overwhelming, sombre, sublime." That note did not die out; though the white of the original decorations soon was, in effect, spattered and muddied. In part the change lay on the outside; society was adapting its coloration to the visible smut of early industrialism: but even more the Brown Decades were created by the brown spectacles every sensitive mind wore, the sign of renounced ambitions, defeated hopes. The inner world colored the outer world. The mood was sometimes less than tragic; but at bottom it was never gay.

Like all such historical changes, the color had manifested itself, as a leaf turns here and there on a maple early in July, before the causes of the change itself had become dramatically apparent. Brownstone began to be used in New York, just on the eve of the war, as a facing for brick houses and monumental buildings; and with this alteration came dark walnut furniture, instead of rosewood and mahogany, sombre wall papers and interiors whose dark tones swallowed up the light introduced slightly later by the fashionable bay window. By 1880 brown was the predominating note. Mary Cassatt escaped these colors and tones in her painting by living in Paris; but Ryder, lyricist that he was, worked within the prevailing palette, and Eakins, inspired partly by Rembrandt, as well as by the contemporary mood, ran most easily through the gamut from yellow brown to dark sienna. In the best work of the period, these sober autumnal colors took on a new loveliness: a warm russet brown, touched off by a lichen green and the red of red oak leaves in the winter, marked Richard-

son's treatment of the shingled house: at the very end of his career he produced cottages that, for the first time in America, brought the landscape and the architecture and the mood of the time in harmonious relation. Even in Stanford White's excellent Newport Casino, designed while he was still under the influence of Richardson, the grave note prevailed, deepening to black.

No period, of course, is uniform in its color any more than in its morals or manners; there are always gradations; there are likewise always leftovers and intrusions, reminders of a dead past that is not yet dead, or promises of a venture into a future still unborn. But the Brown Decades mark a period, a period we have yet to explore intimately and to reckon with. If it began with the mourning note of Lincoln's funeral, it ended, like a sun thrusting through the clouds, in the golden portal of Sullivan's Transportation Building at the World's Fair in 1893; and between the first black and that final brilliance, a whole range of tones and colors was explored and embodied in permanent works of art and thought.

### III

It is impossible to see one's own period in perspective; but on the surface, the points of resemblance between our own post-war difficulties and those which followed the Civil War are so numerous that, in going through the records and memoirs of the earlier period, one has the sense of following our own history, told in a slightly foreign language. There was, to begin with, a sudden absence of youth. Even those who were left, even those who had in one way or another run away from the war, had a doubled sense of responsibility: one sees their grave, anguished faces, their bleak troubled eyes, in the portraits of the time and

one reads with astonishment the subject's age: it is not fifty but thirty. The younger generation had aged; and during the decade that followed the war, cynicism and disillusion were uppermost. Sometimes these qualities were consciously present; but they were equally revealing when they were unconsciously expressed, as one finds them in the diary of a contemporary poet:

Nov. 8, 1864. Stood two hours in the rain and voted for Old Abe. Realized on stocks and made \$1375.

Nov. 9. Yesterday a great triumph for the National Cause. Thank God! The future of America is now secure.

Nov. 10. Fall in gold. I make on everything I manage for myself and lose on the operations of my agents.

The dual motives that ran through the period could not be better expressed.

"When Johnny came marching home," wrote one of his feminine contemporaries, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, "he was a very disorganized member of society, and hard to deal with. You cannot take a man away from his work in life . . . and set him to march and fight for five years, without turning his ideas and himself topsyturvy. The older men fell back into the grooves more rapidly than the lads, who had been fighting."

All the hopes that had underlain the gallantry and heroism of the war had been suddenly punctured, partly by their fulfillment and partly by their denial. No abstract ideal can be translated into an actual condition or institution without seeming to undergo a blight: this does not prove that abstract ideals are either unnecessary or delusive: it merely means that one should be acquainted with their natural history and not expect perfection to arise in a situation where, to achieve perfection, all the necessary details and qualifications of history would have to be left out. The preservation of the Union, the freeing of

the slaves, were slogans used by the community to rationalize its tragic difficulties; but such shibboleths could not serve, once they had passed into action, instead of humane and intelligent plans; and those who had been lured into the conflict by such easy verbal promises felt cheated and abused. The slaves were freed; the union was preserved: what of it?

Moreover, as Mrs. Davis suggests, there was a wide gap between the patriotic fulfillment of a high duty, which so warmed the hearts of Emerson and Alcott, and the actual conditions of the battle-field she herself had observed in Virginia: under the mere stress of changed conditions, some of the loyal adventurous fellows turned into thieves and rascals: the very method of warfare upset, as it always does, the ideals and rational purposes for which it was fought, leaving greed, arrogance, and vindictiveness piled up behind the bodies of the dead heroes who often enough did not even get their due six feet of earth. Occasionally, some high purpose conceived on sentry post under the stars, like Professor Burgess's scheme for an Institute of Politics, to probe into the causes of war and learn to remove them, might eventually find a place; but Emerson discovered speedily enough how badly most of his hopes had foundered in the backwash of war. "We hoped," he wrote, "that in the peace, after such a war, a great expansion would follow in the mind of the country; grand views in every direction—true freedom in politics, in religion, in social science, in thought. But the energy of the nation seems to have expended itself in the war." That was an old story: in fact, war leaves no other; but some day the fatal forgetfulness of Western Civilization may occur once too often, and all its possibilities may be exhausted, even that for material gain.

No sooner had the war itself come to a close than, as a writer in *Harper's Weekly* promptly remarked, the reaction from the tension of war showed itself "in a certain public frenzy. Enormous speculations, losses, and consequent frauds; an increase of crime, a curious and tragical recklessness in the management of railroads and steamers; a fury of extravagance in public watering places are all observable." These results were not temporary. The social life of the country became a swamp. The decade that saw the Centennial Exhibition, bravely arrayed in cast-iron façades with cast-iron statuary, crowing over the triumphs of industrialism, saw also the corruption of Grant's administration and the exposure of the Tweed ring in New York; in the eighties that followed, hard upon the guerilla warfare of the Molly Maguires in the coal fields, industrialism became militarized: barbed wire and armed thugs guarded the big industrial plants against striking workers. While energy and human life swept into the construction of gigantic new enterprises, oil, railroads, steel, our civilization as a whole ran steadily down grade, the cities becoming dingier, the landscapes bleaker, as the second and third growths of timber were cut down, and our soils began to run poor. In architecture, the scroll saw and the lathe produced a perverse ornament: vulgar art took the form of the Rogers Group, and popular literature was the dime novel. Need I emphasize all the parallels? Here is our own post-war decade in the germ. There was even the same illusion of prosperity.

#### IV

In their negative and disheartening manifestations one might indeed work out an even closer comparison between the two post-war generations. There was the same faith in the Machine Age and

the same interest in adult education that we are now so aware of: in the seventies this took the form of using iron instead of stone or brick for the columns and cornices of office buildings; and even of offering for sale—I have no definite proof that they were ever bought or used—collars and cuffs, to be worn by men, made of painted sheet iron. As for adult education, it was promoted in the Mechanics Institutes, now so often empty melancholy shells, that sprang up over the country in imitation of the workingman's colleges of England. Do we look askance at the use of prominent names for the advertisement of sundry wares from cigarettes to bedsheets? The beginnings of it all, if I am not mistaken, can be found in an advertisement in 1867 which proclaimed that Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn, after using the Ivory Eye Cups, ordered a pair for the wife of the Reverend Charles Beecher of Georgetown, Mass.

It was in the seventies, too, that Colonial Architecture, which had been neglected and contemptuously set aside in the various fashionable adaptations of Gothic churches and Swiss chalets, was first reappraised, and then reinstated as a movement: going out as a habit in the older parts of the country, it slowly re-entered as a fashion, although it never really took on until the nineties. The methods of James Gordon Bennett's personal columns foreshadowed the larger abuses of our tabloids. If Mr. Stuart Chase, contemplating the last war, has depicted a tangible nightmarish future in his *Two Hour War*, a cartoonist in 1866 showed the progress of the art of war from primitive arms to the needle gun, which reduced the thirty years' war to thirty days, and from then on to the "electric organ gun" of 1880, the steam gun of 1890, and finally the "surprise bomb" (asphyxiating gases) of 1900, with its promise of a three-minute

war, both armies annihilated—and universal peace. If Mr. Chase's prediction approximates reality as closely as that of the Harper satirist, the world may well tremble.

The expansion that Emerson had hoped for had indeed taken place; but its dominant effect was on the utilitarian plane. Charles Francis Adams, who had served in the battle-fields, now took command of railroads and stock-yards: in him the old Adams tradition of public service was limited to the little town of Quincy and to such work as he did in later years on the Metropolitan Park Board of Boston. Mark Twain wasted endless time and energy that should have gone into literary activity, trying to make a fortune out of various inventions that took his fancy; while Henry Adams, typical of those who refused to accept the crass outward scene, after surveying the politics of Washington, retreated to the South Seas, to Europe, to the Middle Ages, one of that large group of bewildered and disoriented Americans, Henry James, Raphael Pumpelly, Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte, William Story who could find no sufficient nourishment in the soil where their roots spread, and even before the war wandered uneasily about Europe. Ten years ago Mr. Harold Stearns wrote an article in *The Freeman*, "What Shall a Young Man Do?" in which the doubts and dilemmas of this generation were curiously re-echoed. Living itself in post-Civil War America was an uphill job; living well, living with integrity, living for the sake of ideas—these things required exceptional stamina and intellectual hardihood.

Make no doubt of it: those who stayed behind needed either a double thickness of skin, or they needed the narrow convictions and the faith in the immediate activities of the country that the industrialist exhibited. Failing such tough-

ness, most of them were forced to retreat into a private world that received little sustenance from the community immediately around them. Many of the interesting figures of the time, in fact, failed to impress their contemporaries and only now are beginning to impress us, because their activity was conducted in an almost monastic retreat. Their talents were unacknowledged; their merits unperceived; and as far as their contemporaries could see, they did not exist. The better members of this generation were forced to look before and after, and create, if not pine for, what was not: their significant work was therefore both a continuation, in other spheres, of the efforts of the Golden Day, and a prophetic reaching out toward our own age. Whitman profoundly affected Louis Sullivan, the architect, and in a less degree Eakins, the painter; Emerson was an influence in the thought of John Roebling, the engineer; and Thoreau not merely touched John Burroughs, but, what is more important, provided a rational basis for subsequent efforts to recapture the wild domain and keep the primitive sources of American life from altogether drying up. Neglected by their contemporaries for their interest in an earlier America—it was typical that Howells, who had read Thoreau's "Walden" in his youth, confessed forty years later that he had never looked at the book afterward—they were equally neglected by the generation that followed, because their interests, though at bottom so different, were identified with the sordid activities of the post-Civil War decades. Ours is perhaps the first generation that can look upon these bedraggled years with a free mind, and catch, amid the materialism, the mean ostentation, and the reckless waste of human life, the gleam of an active culture which neither the Civil War nor its consequent activities could altogether overthrow.

## V

We are still far from being able to recover the whole period with any feeling of warmth or affection, such as now, with a better understanding, is inspired by pre-Revolutionary provincial America. It is doubtful, indeed, if it will ever be possible to accept as a whole a period that so grossly caricatured human deficiencies and cut short so many fine human potentialities. There was, without doubt, something pitifully inadequate, indeed grotesque, in that post-bellum scene, and the epithets that have been applied to it, *The Gilded Age*, *The Tragic Era*, are too full of truth ever to disappear. But they do not tell the whole story. Beneath the crass surface, a new life was stirring in departments of American thought and culture that had hitherto been barren, or entirely derivative; and it is to these growths that we now turn with a feeling of kinship and understanding.

It is time that we ceased to be dominated by the negative aspects of the Brown Decades; for to dwell upon their ailments, infirmities, mischances, is to show, as in the convalescent's preoccupation with his disease, that the remains of the poison are still operating in our own systems. I fell into this pitfall myself, in treating this generation in "*The Golden Day*"; for even when one is face to face with individual talents of high merit, one is tempted to read into their story the history of American society's failure and frustration, and to belittle those aspects of their work that did not supinely reflect the miserable background. How easy it is to appreciate the weakness of William Dean Howells in literature, his reluctance to deal with human life in its totality, and to forget both his craftsmanship and his patent understanding of the characters that came within his range; how easy it is to

see in William James the father of the lower sort of American pragmatist, and to forget the richly endowed mind that wrote the classic treatise on psychology, to say nothing of the philosopher whose doctrine of radical empiricism cut the ground under the ancient philosophic debate between the empiricists and the idealists. The mere failure to publish the greater part of Charles Peirce's thought has obscured the fact that, in the very dregs of the Gilded Age, a large and universal mind quietly fulfilled itself in America, a mind whose depth and impact has still to be fathomed. If one is to condemn the Gilded Age for Peirce's lack of influence, one must equally condemn the glorious thirteenth century for the comparative obscurity of Roger Bacon. In all our past interpretations, politics and literature have served as the standard of achievement; and in neither respect, as Mr. Matthew Josephson showed in literature in his "Portrait of the Artist as American," were the Brown Decades as a whole very fortunate. The point is that the gifted minds of the period had turned to science, engineering, architecture, painting, landscape design: the pioneer work of Morgan and Sumner in anthropology, of George Perkins Marsh in human geography, of Willard Gibbs and Langley in physics, of William James and Stanley Hall in psychology, of Roebling and Olmstead and Eliot in geotechnics, re-enforced American culture at the points where it had been weakest.

Almost every account of the Gilded Age has suffered from one of two insidious forms of deflation. On one hand its material advances, its inventions, its technical achievements have been overpraised, or their contribution to the good life have been brashly taken for granted, without any qualifying sense of their deficiencies, as if material success could atone for an impoverished life; or

—and this is just as bad—the contemporary estimates of its literature, art, and philosophy have been accepted at face value, and its real contributions have thereby been ignored. Now many of the popular writers have turned out to be nonentities and charlatans: the metaphysical booster-psychology of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy seems to us a little less than the inspiration of divinity; the poems of Stoddard, Aldrich, and Bayard Taylor have but a minor claim to our respect; even the generous, volatile Mark Twain does not seem the great universal satirist that Howells honestly proclaimed him to be. But must we condemn the period because it hailed Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the author of the now-forgotten "Ponkapog Papers," equally minor as critic and poet, as only a little short of genius? To do that would be to forget the fact that those sterile years are redeemed for us by the silent presence of Emily Dickinson.

Granted that the brightest successes of the Brown Decades seem to us, for the most part, to be only muddy failures, it is much more important to realize that many works which were then condemned or pushed aside as inept, unpolished, ludicrous, or eccentric were in actuality genuine successes, emergent elements in a growing American tradition. What was positive and creative in this period was usually against the grain of its major activities: its best works were produced in obscurity like the paintings of Albert Pinkham Ryder, the poems of Emily Dickinson, or the philosophic reflections of Charles Peirce. It is for this reason that I have elsewhere called this era in American culture The Buried Renaissance: the laval flow of industrialism after the war had swept over all the cities of the spirit, leaving here and there only an ashen ruin standing erect in the crumbled landscape. The notion that there was anything of value

buried beneath the débris and ashes came tardily; for what our elders pointed to with generous delight was obviously not valuable. As for the impulse to excavate the ruins, it scarcely dates back any further than 1917; and it is only now that we are beginning to realize the significance and implications of the Brown Decades, and their living relationship to our own activities.

## VI

As a result of this digging up of hitherto obscure or buried materials, old reputations are now being replaced; and neglected personalities are at last coming into their own. The magisterial realism of Thomas Eakins in painting supplants the facile but shallow workmanship of Sargent; and Winslow Homer is not only smaller than Ryder, but inferior to a less copious contemporary like Homer Martin. The towering figure of H. H. Richardson again belittles the importance of his fashionable pupils, McKim and White, who so adroitly reflected the temper and taste of the richer classes in the imperial and financial régime that followed. Instead of looking upon Louis Sullivan as an unimportant eccentric, a more polished follower of Frank Furness of Philadelphia, he becomes for us the father in direct line from Richardson of the modern movement in architecture, anticipating by at least ten years the definite beginnings of such efforts in Europe, and connecting, alike through his examples, his writings, and his more famous pupil, Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright, with what is distinguished in American architecture to-day.

Even smaller figures gain in this reappraisal. The unfulfilled talent of John Root, the creator of the Monadnock building in Chicago, and the too hastily dismissed figure of George Fuller, the

last and most eminent of those travelling painters whose function was supplanted by the daguerreotype, renew their claims upon our attention. So it was not merely corporate finance and consolidated administrative control that came to birth during the Brown Decades; nor was it merely a new technology founded on the dynamo, the bessemer converter, and the internal combustion engine; nor was it simply the emergence of new social habits, dependent upon the invention of the telephone and the linotype machine. Fresh forms and symbols also appeared. The best works of art in the period not merely reflected the immediate environment: they supplemented it with a clarified and more significant reality; and they were thus prophetic of an age that is still to come; since genuine works of art are, among other things, the forecast of a possible mode of life.

## VII

In our haste to wipe out the grotesque and sordid outlines of the Brown Decades we have unfortunately already destroyed much that is precious; and unless we rapidly recover a little common sense we shall doubtless destroy much more. Some of the interesting architectural works of the period have vanished completely: the houses that Richardson built in Washington for Henry Adams and John Hay, and his even more important Marshall Field Building in Chicago, have all been torn down during the last five years; and his best residence in Chicago was saved only by being converted into the Architects' Club. The shingle houses he first established on such sound lines are in even greater danger, for they are built of wood; yet they brought an indigenous comeliness into the American suburbs of the eighties, and nothing we have done since, with the exception of Mr. Wright's

prairie houses, has touched so authentically the very color and atmosphere of the landscape. Besides these houses the best "colonial" work, which we think of as our own only because we ignore similar buildings as far apart as England and South Africa, is manifestly a foreign and unassimilated style. Just as factory buildings were once automatically called ugly, so a snobbish fashion of thought automatically called the architecture Richardson instituted "ugly," and it is condemned as a social error without being examined as an æsthetic object.

One trembles in Cambridge, for example, over the fate of Austin and Seaver Halls, in the face of the growing popularity of such heavy caricatures of colonial architecture as the Chemistry Building and the Widener Library, or such pasteboard imitations as the Business School—all of which inept productions are supposed to have added to the architectural harmony of Harvard University.

In other fields, however, a great deal of material remains, preserved by the inertia of attics and libraries; and our main concern must be to see that it is not permanently neglected. Some of the best wood engravings of the nineteenth century are buried in American magazines of the seventies and eighties, such as *SCRIBNER'S* and *Harper's Weekly*; and if the remains of Eakins's paintings were preserved by his widow until the taste of capable critics again caught up with him, we owe that splendid treasure to luck and piety as much as to popular understanding. The manuscripts of Emily Dickinson have been guarded with a jealous but not intelligent care: the principal custodian of them has even alluded to the possibility of destroying some of them, as if it were ethically within the province of any individual or family to exercise such discretion over the work of a writer who belongs, we

now definitely know, to the world. The same holds true of some of the letters, if not the manuscripts, of Charles Peirce, an unconventional soul, who followed his own track, and whose reflections on life and the moralities were not merely out of harmony, at times, with those of his own generation, but are equally remote from the notions held by some of the present possessors of his letters. Even the publication of Peirce's collected papers has lagged for lack of a few thousand dollars to guarantee the initial expense of publication.

But how much has already disappeared! The possibility of recovering a complete record of the life and personality of John Roebling seems to grow more and more remote; and if an engineer whose main life is lived in public can so easily disappear, the obscure inner existence of a Ryder must be even more inaccessible to us—unless we boldly gather the story from his paintings. Though Richardson was the subject of a sumptuous biography, the narrative itself was written a little too soon after his death, and the chief concern of his biographer was with his buildings; so that the man himself does not fully emerge. Since 1888 no one has, apparently, considered the possibility of going over this fascinating ground more thoroughly. When the shallow fashion of debunking comes to an end, here are obviously new figures to work upon—if only the necessary material itself is available.

As for Henry Adams, does not his own autobiography, with the long gap in the middle years, add to the enigma of his life more than it contributes to the solution? Of one or two representative figures of the Brown Decades, Ambrose Bierce, for example, we now know a little too much: the uniform edition of his works gives one a much smaller picture of the man than he would have earned by persisting in the romantic ob-

scurity of misunderstanding and neglect; and this impression has only been deepened by the recent biographies. But Bierce is almost alone. Louis Sullivan brought his "Autobiography of an Idea" to a close precisely at the point where the biographical interest had reached a critical point—where one searched for some personal clew to the wreck of what was apparently an auspiciously started career. There is a danger that both the work and days of the principal figures of this period will vanish before either has been properly evaluated or fully assimilated. This will be a

grave gap in the story of American culture, a real loss. If these artists and poets and thinkers are imperfectly remembered, our own generation may perhaps pride itself a little more completely on its "uniqueness"; but it will lose the sense of solidity that a continuous tradition, a tradition actively passed on from master to pupil or disciple, supplies. Enough perhaps if we at last recognize that The Brown Decades, with all their sordidness and weakness, are not without their contribution to our "usable past." The treasure has long been buried. It is time to open it up.



## Witch's Brew

By MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

JUICE of wild juniper  
 Yields nothing worse:  
 Brew of my bitterness,  
 This be his curse.  
 Domestic in Eden  
 May he all his life,  
 Dwell Man, not with Woman,  
 But man with his wife.  
 Let no Tree of Knowledge  
 Reveal its dark root;  
 And no Tree of Evil  
 Its poisonous fruit,  
 Dropping upon him  
 A windfall of sin,  
 Temptation without,  
 And awareness within  
 The pips at the pulp of  
 Its perilous skin.  
 Sweet-fed, let him breathe  
 No infatuate words

To be turned to a babble  
 By chittering birds,  
 Till the dew of the dusk  
 Is chilled by the fear  
 Of a passion impelling  
 A Presence so near  
 That the thickets resound with  
 The voice of the Lord.  
 Let him pasture in plenty,  
 Let no flaming sword  
 Drive him forth as an outcast  
 Upon the bleak side  
 Of a world that is barren  
 For him and his bride  
 Till they two make it fertile  
 From life multiplied.  
 Let him never partake of  
 The terrible cost  
 Of a Paradise Gained  
 By a Paradise Lost.