

A Poet in Translation

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what an effort of the dog to be a swallow,
what an effort of the sal-
low to be a bee,
what an effort of the bee
to be a horse.

Lorca identified himself with Walt Whitman, the old "priest who breathes divine breath."

Not for one moment hand-
some old Walt Whitman,
have I left off seeing your
beard filled with butter-
flies,

nor your shoulders of cor-
duroy wasted by the
moon,
nor your virginal thighs of
Apollo,

nor your voice like a
column of ashes,
handsome old man like the
mist

who trembles like a bird
with its sex pierced by a
needle,

enemy of the satyr,
enemy of the vine,
and lover of the bodies be-
neath the coarse cloth.

The landscape of New York was an immense experience for Lorca and it is reflected in *Poeta en Nueva York*. Lorca was forced to penetrate the coldness of the big city and reinterpret his experience with greater intuition and deeper thought. *Poeta en Nueva York* reveals a mature poet who combines meters such as the alexandrine, octosyllabic, endecasylables, and at time free verse. It reveals a poet who is able to create poetic collages by reverting to surrealism and thereby presenting, with heterogeneous poetic fragments, images such as "the shores of the horse's eye," the "croaking (like frogs at twilight), of the tender stars," or the "combat between roots and far-seeing solitude."

There exists some evi-
dences that new influences
were making appeals to
Lorca during his stay in
New York. He may have
read at this time, Whit-
man, Lautremont, Blake,
and a Spanish translation of
T. S. Eliot's *The Waste
Land*. Just how far Lorca
would have developed un-
der his new influences will
never be known. The im-
portant point to remember
upon reading *Poeta en
Nueva York*, however, is
the great reaction of Lor-
ca's sensibility in penetrat-
ing a landscape entirely dif-
ferent from his own.

The essence of Lorca's
poetry rests in his ability
to capture the living word
and image and transform
them by his own personal-
ity. Unlike the father of
"pure poetry," Juan Ramon
Jimenez, who found and de-
veloped his poetic style in
the intimacy of himself,
Lorca found the essence of
his poetry in the outside

world, in his live for Anda-
lusia, in the Spanish tradi-
tion, and in the literary ten-
dencies of Spain of the
twenties. Lorca's universal-
ity lies in the fact that he
is a synthesis of the past
and the present. He realized
that he could not escape
tradition, so he went back
to unite the old with the
new to give fresh emphasis
to a poetry that was within
reach of the masses and
wasn't below intellectual
taste.

Lorca is universal even
though regional. The people
of Spain recognize in him
the intimacy of themselves
as Spaniards. The people of
Latin America recognize
through his language, their
roots with the Hispanic
world. People of the non-
Hispanic world admire his
creative imagination, the
richness of his language and
the native sentiments he
expressed, which are the
sentiments of all poetry
born of the people.

Federico Garcia Lorca,
poet, without any particular
interest in politics, was shot
as a communist in 1936,
after it was rumored that
the communists had shot in
Madrid, Nobel prize-winning
dramatist, Jacinto Bena-
vente. His grave has never
been found. Jacinto Bena-
vente died more than a decade
after the close of the
Spanish Civil War.

Music . . .

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becomes mind lulling, more
mind lulling than any dream
ballad. In a so-called old
standard, one is supposed
to listen to and understand
the words, not become mes-
merized by the beat.

It is the great amount of
money that we have in our
pockets ready to spend cou-
pled with the profit motives
of the phonograph record and
radio industries that have
kept musical stand-
ards down. What can we
do about it? Not too terrifi-
cally much. I don't advo-
cate less spending money
and I don't advocate a gov-
ernment board of standards;
these are out of the ques-
tion for, I hope, very ob-
vious reasons. What we can
do is listen to and buy only
the types of music that we
really enjoy. If we would
do less spur of the moment
buying and buy only that
which we think will last we
would have more money to
spend on other things, the
same or more satisfaction
from the records we do buy,
and at the same time will
have given a small but
meaningful cue to the re-
cord manufacturer on the
types of music we truly
appreciate, no matter what
they may be.

an evening of jazz

(Continued from Page Three)

be reproduced from a sheet
of music by someone who
hasn't the feeling for it
which would make him cap-
able of using his own crea-
tive imagination. The inten-
sity, the strain, and the con-
stant searching for expres-
sion which are characteris-
tic of jazz cannot be writ-
ten down. These qualities
must be seething within the
musician when he takes up
his instrument to play. Thus
every jazz musician is a
living expression within
himself hundreds of which
are born each time he plays
a number. These expres-
sions die as soon as they
are born and are retained
only for a short time in the
memory of the listener, but
there are as many expres-
sions of sorrow and happi-
ness, agony and ecstasy,
hope and frustration as there
are people in the world and
they will never be complet-
ely told.

Since jazz depends so
much upon the emotional
sympathy of the listener,
the musicians begin slowly
after their break and gradu-
ally increase the tempo
and intensity as they
establish the required rap-
port in the listeners. Your
attention is drawn more and
more toward the music un-
til you are aware of noth-
ing else. Finally even the
musicians and their instru-
ments become like a scene
projected in empty black
space, and you lose interest
even in them as you lower
your eyes to the table top
and your own hands. Your
hands—the things which
gave man the ability to cre-
ate and, with his superior
intelligence, raised him be-
yond the lower animals. Now
they seem to have greater
significance as the penetra-
ting dischord and primitive
rhythm peel off, one by one,
the layers of veneer with
which society and all its
training, its complicated
system of punishment and
reward, has covered and
contained the primeval
beast. For a brief moment
you are completely caught
up in the sound and you
feel as if you were dissolv-
ing and becoming one with
Nature, or should it be
called Existence? But the
feeling passes in an instant;
and after it is over, you find
yourself wondering wheth-
er it came from the effect

of the music or from some
hidden corner in your own
being. You will be fortunate
indeed if you even catch
this fleeting moment again.
You have learned some-
thing, though, or at least a
new door was opened and
shut in the instant, and you
feel as if you would like to
spend the rest of your life
trying to open that door
again. The music is sub-
siding in intensity now and the
spell has faded. As you
look again at the musicians
you see that they are sweat-
ing and flushed. You look
around you at the other pa-
trons. Some of them are in
deep concentration, some
are merely listening silent-
ly, and a few others are
carrying on low conversa-
tion. Jazz does not effect
all listeners in the same
way.

Your glass is empty so
you order another drink,
and as you nurse it you
study the music through
several more numbers and
observe the people around
you and their reactions.
Each one is different. There
is nothing about true jazz
which demands conformity,
even the reverse conformity
of the non-conformist
groups.

Reluctantly, you drain the
last sip from your glass and
get up to leave. You feel
a little depressed as you
make your way between the
tables toward the steps
leading up to the door. After
a glance back as you reach
the top of the steps, you
open the door and step out.
Not until the cool night air
hits your face and neck do
you realize how warm it
was inside. The sound is
heard indistinctly now from
behind the door as you
mount the three steps lead-
ing to the sidewalk. With
the first breath of fresh,
cool air your head clears a
great deal and you feel like
you have stepped out of a

fantasy-land into the real
world. You are a little re-
lieved. Yet, a strange feel-
ing of aloneness accompan-
ies you as you walk slowly
toward your apartment.

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