SONGS AS ACTIONS
a scene from a verse play
by Peter Viereck

HANNIBAL & THE BONES OF ART
a stroll in Mark Twain’s pastures
by Winfield Townley Scott

LOVE ON THE ROAD
a story by Edsel Ford

MY AUNT DOMINGA
a story of Chihuahua
by Amado Muro

SHORT LONG STORY
by Robert A. Knudsen

NINETEEN POEMS
Lucille Adler, Barwyn Browne, Stanley Cooperman
Eiku, Antoni Gronowicz, Atiya Hasan, Peter Jackson
Virginia Scott Miner, Marion Montgomery
Georgia C. Nicholas, Barbara Harr Overmyer
Rosalee G. Porter, Paul Roche, Larry Rubin
Martha Shaw, Sue Smart, Marvin Solomon
Milton Speiser, Sanford V. Sternlicht

BOOK REVIEWS INDEX TO VOLUME XXX

75 cents
New Mexico Quarterly

VOLUME XXX  NUMBER 4  WINTER 1960-61

ARTICLES

Mother Memory. Sue Smart. 367

The Ghost Dance. Barwyn Browne. 368

The Lions. Milton Speiser. 370

At Last. Eiku. 371

HANNIBAL & THE BONES OF ART.
Winfield Townley Scott. 338

SHORT LONG STORY.
Robert A. Knudsen. 358

My Aunt Dominga. Amado Muro. 359

Love on the Road. Edsel Ford. 377

STORIES

HANNIBAL & THE BONES OF ART.
Winfield Townley Scott. 338

NEW YORK BIRTH. Larry Rubin. 373

THE LIONS. Milton Speiser. 370

AT LAST. Eiku. 371

HANNIBAL & THE BONES OF ART.
Winfield Townley Scott. 338

WINNER BIRTH. Larry Rubin. 373

SHORT LONG STORY.
Robert A. Knudsen. 358

DRAMA

Triptych. Stanley Cooperman. 372

HYMN TO CERES. Martha Shaw. 372

EVENING WATCH. Sanford Sternlicht. 372

WINTER BIRTH. Larry Rubin. 373

DRY MESA. Peter Jackson. 373

INVOCATION. Georgia C. Nicholas. 373

JOY. Antoni Gronowicz. 374

POETRY

BLUE-BLACK SHELL, BLUE FEATHER.
Marvin Solomon. 375

NEW YORK BLIZZARD.
Paul Roche. 376

CEREMONY. Lucile Adler. 365

THE MODERNS. Atiya Hasan. 365

STRANGE PIPING. Virginia Scott Miner. 366

Our Garden in Haiku.
Rosalee G. Porter. 366

A LETTER HOME.
Marion Montgomery. 366

THERE IS A KIND OF LOVE.
Barbara Harr Overmyer. 367

DEPARTMENTS

Books. Thirty-five reviews. 385

PAPERBACK REVIEWS. 389

HEAD NOTES. Contributors. 427

INDEX TO VOLUME XXX. 429

PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO

© UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, 1961. PUBLISHED QUARTERLY. MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRINTING PLANT IN ALBUQUERQUE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, FEBRUARY 6, 1931, AT THE POST OFFICE AT ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. OPINIONS EXPRESSED OR IMPLIED BY CONTRIBUTORS DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEW OF THE EDITORS OR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS NOT ACCOMPANIED BY SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE AND SUFFICIENT POSTAGE CANNOT BE RETURNED. SUBSCRIPTIONS: ONE YEAR, $3.00; TWO YEARS, $5.50; THREE YEARS, $7.50. SINGLE COPY, 75 CENTS; BACK ISSUES, $1.00 EACH. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, ONE YEAR, $3.00, POSTPAID. ADDRESS: NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, MARRON HALL, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, U. S. A.
there ain't anything that is so interesting to look at as a place that a book has talked about.

—Huckleberry Finn in *Tom Sawyer Abroad*

I have yet to see more than one of the places in which he lived—including that most important of all, his boyhood village on the Mississippi River, Hannibal, Mo. But no doubt thousands of his readers feel exactly as I do: I feel that I have been in Hannibal. Not perhaps Hannibal as it is today, but Hannibal as it is forever.

—W. T. Scott in *The Providence Journal*, 1952
IT WAS A HOT AFTERNOON in mid-July when I took a cab from the airport in Quincy, Illinois, to cover the twenty miles to Hannibal, Missouri. The rural Illinois landscape, now no longer quilted country below me, seemed familiar: without the stone walls or the occasional abruptness of New England, yet like New England in its barns and farmhouse and its fields of brown-eyed Susans and Queen Anne's lace. But then within half an hour we came to the great river and sight of the town on the other side and with, for me, a tremendous sense of adventure we crossed, so it seemed, from midwestern America to the south, from the present to (as I supposed) the past, from a lifetime of anticipation to a complex of two days' experience which was bewilderingly riddled with both past and present. I longed for the sentimental surge of feeling that I had been in Hannibal before, that in some blood-stirring way I "remembered" it. No, the two days were instead a kind of rambling amongst an archeology of toys, a blundering grasp to equate the everyday reality of streets and houses with the towering reality of art.

So I arrived at the town which Dixon Wecter called Mark Twain's "predestined great good place." One hundred and twenty years ago the Clemens family had moved there from the village of Florida, Missouri, where Mark was born. At the time of their moving he was four years old. For fourteen years he grew up there, acquiring the material of his most enduring work. After 1853 he returned only as a visitor—from his tramp printing days, from his gaudy years as a pilot, later from his western mining and newspaper-writing sojourns, but always on the move; and still later there were infrequent visits over the many years of his titanic fame, last of all as a white-haired man in 1902, eight years before his death. But of course he had the town with him all his life. He was obsessed with his childhood. It is testimony to the world-altering changes of the nineteenth...
century that in so young a country the greatest of our writers should be also the most nostalgic.

I had planned my stay of two nights and days because I wanted the sense of being there—unhurried, loafing. This is not customary. That July afternoon Hill Street, where the Clemens—or Tom Sawyer—house stands, was thronged with a continual replenishment of tourists; they parked their luggage-topped cars; they got out—fathers and mothers and children, everybody in shorts and cameras—and did the house and the Mark Twain Museum adjacent to it, the Becky Thatcher house across the street; they bought souvenirs, they took photographs, then they drove away: many, no doubt, two miles south to the Mark Twain Cave, but all of them in and out of town in a couple of hours. According to that excellent newspaper, the Hannibal Chronicle, which runs a daily box score, over 1400 had registered at the museum on the previous day. And so it goes all summer, the mass invasion of a little town of 20,000 population.

The winter months must be quiet. But winter? There is no winter in the St. Petersburg of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn; nor in the Dawson's Landing of Pudd'nhead Wilson; nor in the Hadleyburg that got corrupted. Whatever its names in literature, Hannibal drowses always in the summer sun athwart the river. Not until the last transformation does snow fall upon it, when it becomes the Austrian Eseldorf in The Mysterious Stranger and when we are deep in the winter of Mark Twain's discontent. And even then, we are told, the town "was a paradise for us boys." But how interesting it is that Hannibal in its own locale exists in the unsuccessful drafts of the Stranger: as though Mark Twain had to move the town from the idyllic pastures of his childhood before he could focus and perfect that bitter, final masterpiece of renunciation of all life's values excepting only death. As Mark Twain declared, Tom Sawyer is a hymn, and although it shares with Huckleberry Finn a God's plenty of fright and horror, of murder and mayhem, it nonetheless remains a preserve of amber in that summer sun. This is Hannibal as it is forever.

In a way it is there. I climbed Cardiff Hill—Holliday's Hill—at the north end of Main Street and sat for an hour on the ground at the foot of the lighthouse where I could look steeply down at the town and the river. This hill of course is the world of the boys' Robin Hood play and other adventures, and the edge of it, where I sat, the site of the Widow Douglas' house. There are
houses here and there, but the hill is fairly wooded still. A wild rabbit hopped past me, descendant of those that ran the forest when Sam Clemens rushed by in his shirt-tail. Nobody but myself came there that afternoon. There were the silence and the sense I wanted. I would have welcomed only a doodlebug—and a few young ghosts.

In the town, as abruptly below one as though at the foot of a long flight of stairs—as in fact it is: there are wooden steps built all the way up the hillside—the streets were crowded with traffic, the sidewalks with shoppers; it was any American town busy in its shirtsleeves on a hot Monday afternoon. Nevertheless a size is recapturable from the past: only ten blocks or so south, Main Street comes abreast of Lovers' Leap, an even more sudden bluff than Cardiff Hill. Westward the town slopes up hill to more shops and a residential district, but this is no matter to the Twain enthusiast; his town is all there within a small compass by the river, all there within one lift of the eyes. Although a literary map of it has in many instances to note only "the site of" this and that vanished structure—Huck Finn's house, Joe Harper's, the jail where Muff Potter was held—this is the heartland.

Over toward Lovers' Leap, Bear Creek still runs into the Mississippi. Close by the foot of Cardiff, I could see the roof of the Clemens house. Of course, moving past it all as always, the broad, magnificent river, and out on the river the silent islands: Jackson's Island and others, wooded, mysterious. It was unimportant on Cardiff Hill that the ascending whistles were not from steamboats but from the incessant shifting, siding, shunting and bucking of freight trains on the tracks which now make a wide iron belt between the streets and the river bank; it was even amusing that the only activity on the simmering water that afternoon was one wildly swerving skier at the tail of a zippy motorboat off the Illinois shore. What seemed to happen was a rise of essence, from the river most powerfully, from the remainders of Tom Sawyer's village, that was held in a suspension of dream within a heat-misted, lovely stillness. And I think the hill itself was the compellent agent. So much there below had vanished, was altered, was buried beneath a century of paving. But on Cardiff Hill the trees smelled thickly of summer, caught the odors of the everlasting river; and here against my hands was the earth where boys race barefoot through an eternal summer.

There were a few comparable moments, the others having to do with darkness, one of them in the Mark Twain Cave.

HANNIBAL & THE BONES OF ART
I cannot care for caves, whether in Bermuda or New Mexico or wherever. They are freaks, and freaks are not seriously interesting. No mere oddity is seriously interesting. (I am not forgetting that Mark Twain seemed incapable of recovering from a fascination with Siamese twins; but he was prone to a lifelong, Tom Sawyer-ish beguilement by anything weird in the line of medicine or invention, or just some natural outcropping of rock which resembled Napoleon. Mark's era, after all, was also P. T. Barnum's.) Even to lovers of caves, the famous one in Hannibal cannot rate highly. It is unbeautiful. Its narrow passages of murky limestone open to no breathtaking palaces and towers. The walls are smoky from the candles of the past and are scratched with uncounted names—among them Laura Hawkins (the original of Becky Thatcher) and Mark's one grandchild, Nina Gabrilowitsch. No Sam Clemens.

But you have to go there. The interest of the cave is altogether literary, and that is vibrant enough. Along the electric-lighted, guided tour, half the "attractions" are blobs of limestone alleged to "look like" an ape, an Indian, an old man, Adam's footprint, and similar stupidities. Yet the cave is one of the stagesets in a great book and it has its authenticity. Here Tom and Becky were lost. Here (though filled in) was the dip where Tom reached to find a way out and saw Injun Joe. Here, that book aside, Sam Clemens and his chums played and hid and hollered, and many a generation of Hannibal youngsters after them. Simply—as Huck is made to say in that observation which alone demonstrates how literary a man, after all, Mark Twain was—it is "a place that a book has talked about."

The guide did an imaginative, fetching thing. In one of the wider passages, first warning us of his intent, he doused the electric lights, and our tourist group stood speechless in black darkness, utter darkness, unmitigated darkness. That is how it is to be lightless in an underground cave. And then the guide lit a candle, and we knew what it was to be so faintly, so closely lighted by one candle in an underground cave. Specifically, in that cave. Pages in literature that we all knew and loved (I suppose) had been suddenly personified, ourselves—no less—within the drama. I wondered what stage director manqué first thought of intruding into the shallow world of tourism so deeply graceful a gesture as momentarily to bless it.

Outside the cave the land is unchanged. There too is a nearness with the past if you sight above the souvenir stand and the parked cars to the old en-
trance in the hillside and over it all the woods that range the sky. There is a quietness, as though it were the past.

One touches the limestone in the cave—touches the balustrade in the house at 206 Hill Street—because one has to. The determined chastity of our contemporary literary criticism, however admirable for scholarship and the classroom, cannot obviate the passionate concern of the common reader for the biographical associations of the authors he reveres.

The Clemens house has a pretty setting, for down the hill between it and Main Street other structures have been removed and the lot planted with a rose garden. The white-clapboarded house is such a little house, so frail and thin-walled and inward-leaning, with its tiny ell to the rear, that all-important ell where Sam and his brother Henry slept—Henry doing the bulk of the sleeping, and Sam skinning out into the night. Mark Twain in 1902, like any old man returned to his childhood home, thought it astonishingly small and that, if he should return again after ten years, it might by then have shrunk to a bird house. The cat and the pain-killer, the spilled sugar and the whack with the thimble, Aunt Polly and Joe Harper's mother tearfully talking by the bedside when they thought their boys were drowned in the river: these scenes throng in the head. Here is the stage, but it is an empty stage: touching, if one imagines it to be so, and yet incomparably diminished beside what came of it.

Mark himself is all around one in the museum, a stone building which serves also as entrance to the house. (The whole thing, by the way, is maintained by the City of Hannibal, is noncommercial and thus has a memorial dignity. Souvenir sales go on at Becky Thatcher's house, opposite.) The museum contains a typical proportion of extraneous exhibits: era stuff; stills from various Twain movies which were better filed; a loan exhibit of Norman Rockwell's paintings for *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* which are shallow shadows of the true depth of Mark Twain's prose. Nevertheless, and overwhelmingly, hundreds of priceless mementos: photographs, newspapers, letters; one of Mark's pipes, and his high-backed cane chair; a cast of his right hand, wrinkled, delicately tapered, not large; startlingly, a death-mask of his 'baby son' Langdon; a white jacket from one of those suits; his gray and scarlet Oxford gown which he flagrantly wore at his daughter Clara's wedding to Ossip Gabrilowitsch; the table he used at Quarry Farm while writing much
of *Tom Sawyer*; his antique typewriter; the fantastic orchestrelle which he so expensively had lugged from New York to New Hampshire to Connecticut, and the three rolls of music, which Albert Bigelow Paine played on the orchestrelle that last Christmas night at Stormfield while Mark at an upper window watched through lantern light in falling snow his daughter Jean's body being taken away to Elmira.

Although it was for me a secondary question as I walked back and forth on Main Street or tried to find a patch of shade in the baking hot park by the river's edge, I found myself wondering what it is like to live in Hannibal. That is, what is it like to live always in the glare of a great memory? I had just spent a day in Springfield, Illinois, but despite the supreme greatness of Lincoln with whom a visitor is bound to be preoccupied, a visitor is aware that Springfield is a big modern city with infinite preoccupations of its own. But Hannibal is a small town, looking like thousands of its size all over America. Yet it is known for one reason, mobbed by tourists for one reason; and besides the actual shrines it has a statue of Mark Twain in Riverview Park, a statue of Tom and Huck at the foot of Cardiff Hill; and there are the Tom Sawyer Movie Theater, the Mark Twain Produce Company, the Mark Twain Beauty Shop, the Mark Twain Hotel; the bridge linking its shore with Illinois is the Free Mark Twain Memorial Bridge, and the bridge sweeps west into Route 36/61, Mark Twain Avenue. I omit a few samples, but these are testimony enough that here is no ordinary city—it bears the scar of greatness, it has been injured with immortality.

Maybe the inhabitants, if not sometimes bored by this or even resentful of it, can ignore it. Bankers, lawyers, newspapermen, teachers, shopkeepers and clerks, waitresses, housewives, gas station attendants have their own lives to lead. And the children—let's not forget—have theirs. And everybody looks like their own kind all over America. But to the visiting spy they dwell, all the same, in a special light; and when assembling Rotarians fill the hotel lobby right after twelve noon and they greet each other with "Good evening!", the visiting spy—no matter what *they* are thinking—thinks, "Ah, just as people do in the book."

The Mark Twain Hotel stamps its drinking glasses "America's Stratford-on-Avon." That is all right with me as far as hotel business is concerned. But the comparison is totally erroneous. The thing about Hannibal, to Mark Twain's readers, is that it is deeply involved in his work. There is no such
association in Stratford, where one goes because Shakespeare was born and grew up there and after a life elsewhere returned, died and is buried there. But Stratford is not the locale of his plays. Here in Hannibal, on the contrary, are the river and its islands, the woods and streets and alleyways and, even, three or four still standing houses which figure in our greatest literature.

Hannibal was for decades in my mind the place above all others in America that I most wanted to see. At last to be there was a contentment, more vivid at moments (as on Cardiff Hill) than at others, but still a sort of completion; to touch the (substitute) white-washed fence, the (I suppose original) doorways in the Clemens house, to walk its little rooms.

I was not as moved as I had expected to be.

Here was the town. It was not the village. Yet it contained artifacts, reminders, the very bones of art. Then that was it: the bones of art. A closet of some of the actual costumes, some of the actual props. But such actuality is not the play. I had walked head-on into untheorised proof that the reality of art transcends the reality of everyday life. My two days, however beautiful, were vague shadows on the river water of the thing that had mattered: the thing of imagination. What else could cause the dimness I felt? I had been closer when I was not here. To be in Hannibal made for both a nearness and a new distance. Here change and emptiness puzzled me, with interpenetrations of resemblance to what I had long known. This town has been used and it exists elsewhere, on a higher dimension than here. So in a sense it cannot be here. It died into art: It is immortal in the one great good place capable of perpetual renewal.

I walked the streets again at night. There is so much night in *Tom Sawyer*. And the streets were quiet, the lamplight dim on the side streets such as Hill. On the corner of Hill Street and Main is the Levering house which, with its elegance of Greek pilasters, little Sam Clemens thought the loveliest house he had ever seen. It is being restored now as an old-fashioned apothecary shop, such as occupied it when Sam was a boy. It is an important building, among our props: on that ground floor Uncle Sam Smarr breathed his last, shot down in the street outside just as it was all to be described years later when Colonel Sherburn shot down old Boggs in *Huckleberry Finn*. Upstairs, the Clemenses, in their most impecunious straits, had lived for a while; and Mark Twain's father died there and Sam witnessed through a keyhole a secret postmortem and did his nightmarish sleepwalking and also, by his father's
coffin, took his pledge to his mother to try to be a better boy. It is an important house.

Behind it is the tiny building which was John Clemens' law office. A short way above that, Becky Thatcher's house. I crossed the street to walk once more past the museum, past the little white-clapboarded house. Thus in real life do we settle for coffins, whether in the snow upon Stormfield or as tourists on a literary pilgrimage—touching the doorknob, touching the cold stone. The smell of the river dampened the night air on Hill Street. Off in the night a dog howled—I had seen many complacent mongrels, sleeping by day in shady doorways, under parked cars: throwbacks to the town I had always known and used to feel I had been in. He howled, so far away as to sound lonesome. And then, somewhere toward the riverbank, just for a moment, a whip-poor-will called. Those two haunted sounds—miraculously, like a cry to me from a century past—of dog and bird, so dread with fatal portent to Tom and Huck. I thought, without thinking how I knew what to think: Who's going to die?
SONGS AS ACTIONS

A scene from Peter Viereck's Verse-Play

THE TREE WITCH

WHAT WENT BEFORE: This singing contest of Scene 5 is the fifth of a series of maneuvers for which our three guardian-aunts (the THEY whose secret names are Alecto, Megaera, Tisiphone) are using the modern machine-age WE against our captured dryad (the SHE) in a collision of values: the mechanical and adjusted against the organic and spontaneous.

SCENE 5. THE COLLISION CONTEST

[Curtain remains down—we in front of it—during our opening speech to each other.]

WE: Gloatings on death and autumn but renew her. We’ve rubbed her face in; she sang twice as strong.
Let the grand plan unwind the Fifth Maneuver,
A duel fought with her own weapon: song.
By our own sweepstakes we are swept along
And cannot stop the wheel, whose turnings prove her
Each time a more unfathomable mover.

Now we, she, they—as gong collides with gong—
Sing out our prayers in contrapuntal throng.

© Peter Viereck 1961. American and world copyright and all dramatic rights retained by the author. The play is being published in 1961 by Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York, and is being staged in Harvard’s Loeb Drama Center by the Poets Theater of Cambridge, Mass.
Curtain rises. Stage in three partitions, aunts in one, dryad in another, we in third. All kneel for our respective creed-songs; aunts beside human-size bird cage; dryad beside tree, with Greek lyre hanging from it; we beside tractor. Contest opens with "THE AUNT CREED."

1st Aunt: Decode by force the mixed-up hint of things, Extort this truth which every scalpel brings:

All 3 Aunts: Cages teach useful lessons to daft wings.

2nd Aunt: At times we ogle a trapeze that swings With plagues of foolish, feathered carolings; We rescue it with rocks that soundness flings;

All 3: Cages teach useful lessons to daft wings.

3rd Aunt: Catch childhood young with rings Round its imaginings; Dry up those springs. Pull it with dazzling strings; Pelt it, with Fact that pings Whatever sings. Because rash necks invite the fist that wrings,

All 3: Cages teach useful lessons to daft wings.

1st Aunt: And yet, though brows are stuffed with parrottings,

Some traitor-pulse unkings (In brows beyond our stings, In songs beyond our slings) Wisdom with wonderings, Soundness with flutterings;

All 3: In vain, in vain do cages preach to wings.

PETER VIERECK
[Spotlight shifts to dryad, speaking "THE TREE PRAYER":]

SHE: You high ones, old ones, watching two by two
Wherever shrineless gods are exiled to,
Send down your lightning. But your olive too.
Cool whisper of the ages, not the age,
Expand the shallows of men’s anchorage,
Apprentice them to more than they can hear.
You earth-deep resonance they dare not hear,
Be everywhere, like fragrance of the orange,
Yet single and sonorous as its root,
Till lives are sweet and inward as an orange,
And every death a quilt of leaves on root.

[Spotlight shifts to We; Aunts temporarily enter "We" partition.]

1ST AUNT [to us, with melting voice:]
Now your turn; crow a credo we’ll be proud of.
[To 2ND AUNT, with crisp military voice:]
You check for deviators,
[To 3RD AUNT:]

WE: We want life horizontal; what
Is vertical we roll down flat.
Our strength is as the strength of ten
Because we are replaceable men.
Replaced from infinite supplies,
What’s duplicated never dies.
Jam-packed and yet frictionless
On the oil of civic bliss,
Perpetual motion standing pat,
We look like humans but we’re not.
We are ball-bearings in disguise.

[Looking satisfied by our recited credo, aunts return to their own partition.]

WE [furtive voice, to each other:]
It never happened again, it was like this;
Just once, at snooze of aunts, when sap kicked out,
We were backsliders. That hour, pride in size
(Near dinky vines)
Seemed but a piling up of what won’t grow.

SONGS AS ACTIONS
Drunk in the grapeless reel and strut of splurge,
We sagged like puffballs belched by their own bulge.
(Now near her vine
Our fit returns.)
Now when, guffawing in cahoots with wheels,
We boil whole countrysides in eight-lane tar,
What goat-foot smears lewd shapes on it at night?
Our smooch with mammon sulks in paradise
Because of some bleached moon we hanker after,
Some glassblower's lost algebra of shimmer.

[AUNTS re-enter grim-faced; WE snap to attention, eager-voiced again.]

WE: But quick rebounding, bland and pink as ever,
From that last wobble of that backslide hour,
Let's all intone the modern litany,
The positive-edited digest of Great Books.

[Now comes "THE MODERN LITANY"; tone of incantation; instead of enjambement,
WE-SPOKESMAN pauses solemnly after every verse-line, regardless of punctuation.]

Aunts, guardians, toilet-trainers, lend us your deafness
To prejudice and make us nonconformists
Like everybody else. Tell Sparta
These truths we hold to be semantic blurs.
For we are alone among mankind
In combining free individualism' (that is, personalized stationery)
With sense of community (our folk-dance classes).
Lead us not into deviation, but
Make us feel guilty near No Trespass signs
As we make guilt-ridden those who trespass against us.
Give us this day our daily treadmill
Of keeping up with those who keep more up,
But deliver us from psychosomatic heart-attack
By granting free parking to customers. For thine is
The working-hypothesis that moves the sun and the other stars.

SHE: The air clogs thick with creeds; that was
[pointing to where our litany came from]

All rise like incense: crookedly—
We [looking upward:] —and twining
Their incompatibles (ours hers, theirs hers, theirs ours)
Into collision songs. Each song two voices.

They: Each song not pause nor dream but song-as-action;
We all as rhythms and those rhythms wars.

[The separating stage-partitions drop and thereby re-unite actors for song-duels that follow,
each time with new backdrop. Now comes first collision song, entitled “LINE AGAINST
CIRCLE”; backdrop of big barred windows opening onto vista of stars and clouds.]

We Spokesman:
Solidity rushes on.
We move in a moving maze.
Vertigo—praise it—alone
Stays. Cling to it tight.
Man is a flare-up of clay;
Shall he wait to be snuffed, shall he run?
“Run!” the windows invite;
Express, expand while we may.
Man is a skidding of light
Bogging in clouds, a daze
Of longings and fruit, a stone
Thrown by thrower unknown.
Praise elation of flight.

She:
Solidity rushes on—
Brittle ghost at play—
Onto the window bars.
“Stand, wait!” they invite;
Compress to the core while you may.
Center and farthest sun,
Thrower and throw are one;
Pattern stays.
Alternate heart-beat of light
Grooms and dishevels stars.
Rest in that heart. Praise
Repose of flight.
[Now second collision song, called "GOLDEN BANALITY, PRO AND CON." Backdrop of paper sun, swinging back and forth between alternate speakers, who look up and address it during first four quatrains. Each of the three "We" quatrains is spoken singly by different one of us.]

She:
Who here's afraid to gawk at lilacs?
Who won't stand up and praise the moon.
Who doubts that skies still ache for skylarks
And waves are lace upon the dune?

We:
But flowering grave-dust, flowerlike snow-dust,
But tinkling dew, but fun of hay,
But soothing buzz and scent of sawdust
Have all been seen, been said—we say.

She:
BANALITY, our saint, our silly:
The sun's your adverb, named "Again";
You wake us with it willy-nilly
And westward wait to tuck us in.

We:
Trite flame, we try so hard to flout you,
But even to shock you is cliché.
O catastrophe-ically dowdy!
O tedium of gold each day!

She:
Who's new enough, most now, most youngest
Enough to eye you most again?
Who'll love the rose that love wore longest,
Yet say it fresher than quick rain?

We:
You'll see. You'll say. You'll find the word.
Even we must lilt then, willy-nilly,
TRAPt by one banal triple-chord
Of woman, sun, and waterlily.

She: And here's the magnet
[touches lyre] to compel that trap,
Eking out essences you lost in you.
We: Being so compelled, our old lost self wakes up,  
Lost childhood of the hour before the aunts.

THEY [to each other:]  
Step in to save the singing-contest from her;  
Snuff their lost self; she fires it up in them.

[Now third collision song, called "THE LOST SELF." It has only two speakers, both fussing with tea pots: young child (i.e., WE-SPOKESMAN in child costume) and AUNT SPOKESMAN.]

CHILD: Underground-rivers ripple.  
Ripples are sometimes heard.

AUNT: Child, don't hear them.  
Sit down, tea is served.

CHILD: People get used to each other.  
Sometimes this leads to harm.

AUNT: Elsewhere. Here's a Potful; cover it warm.

CHILD: Younger, were years more under?  
Later, less haunted by blue?

AUNT: Patience; soon now  
You will be deaf to them too.

CHILD: Once in a lifetime, buried  
Rivers fountain and call.

AUNT: Child, child, hear the Daily kettle boil.

CHILD: Once; and who follows, touches Sand? Or gods? Or—tell!

AUNT: Child, stop trembling;  
Porcelain cups may spill.

CHILD: Children whom tides have altered,  
Live fierce and far. And drown?

AUNT: Quick, move nearer.  
Tea is served, sit down.

SONGS AS ACTIONS
[We sit down at tea table with air of wallowing in total submission to Aunts.]

We: Things being so, let them be with gusto so,
The lost self fevered off, the clambakes coming.

[Now fourth collision song, "QUESTION AND ANSWER," accompanied by moon, made of green cheese, careening from ceiling just out of our reach.]

She: What do you see in the holy dread of the moonlight?
(Is it fire-lures dawdling on treacherous bogs?
Or a goat-leap you cannot quite glimpse through the fogs?
Or some slut of a goddess with red-eyed dogs
Hunting her lover, the moon?)

We: Clambakes, clambakes on cranberry bogs;
Cans piled up to the moon.

She: What do you hear in the holy dread of the moonlight?
(Some stalker whose reverent pouncing Yes
Affirms new unicorns of delicate loveliness?
When he kills, is it true that his beautiful claws caress
A painting, a poem, a moon?)

We: Clambakes, clambakes on cranberry bogs;
Hamburgers dimming the moon.

She: What do you feel in the holy dread of the moonlight?
(Are you drunk—till the hush of it chills your hair—
With the wager of man and his gay-tragic dare
To be moon of his own inner tide down here?
O pronounce me the wine of the moon!)

We: It's clambakes, clambakes on cranberry bogs;
Gumdrops all over the moon.

[We leave stage, re-appear wearing—for this song only—gray flannel suits, placarded "MADISON AVENUE."]

We: We're not successful only but reeened.
As proved by our new song, "THE CULTURE-HUG BLUES."

[This fifth collision song is begun by three "we" and resumed by Aunts. Only one speaker at a time, but chorus at refrains. Night-club backdrop and orchestra. Actor intonation, and accompanying night-club orchestra, alternate between a vulgarly sentimentalized wail and an offensively raucous gloating, a marriage between old-fashioned spirituals and modern advertising jingles.]
We:
We no longer starve culture; we SWITCH *
And hug it to death; the new PITCH
Is to croon antiquarian love-that-librarian CULTure-hug blues.
When Status Quo feels safe enough to ITCH
For scripts that let it laugh at its own TWITCH,
What's big bold “beat” bohemia but Babbitt's latest NICHE?
When “liberal” is but a stance and “Tory” but a pout
And “radical” a tease to get still more for selling out,
When suburbs shriek with tongue-in-chic,
When ads for fads ape art-technique,
They all croon the CULTure-hug blues.

If she isn't culture-snoopy, there's a cooty on your cutie;
It's the duty of a beauty to be arty at a party,
Smarty with CULTural booze.
For Madison Avenue's guilt at its revenues,
What is the medicine? BLUES!
Not your mass-culture muse but our SENSitive muse,
Our anti-vulgarian, NEO-vulgarian, culture-hug blues.

If genius is an infinite capacity for faking PAINS,
Our Weltschmalz tears erase our huckster STAINS.
Art is an exorcism better than bell, book, and COUCH;
We're three blind Sensitive Plants, see how we wince, ouch ouch OUCH.
We've got to play with boors by day in order to stock the LARDer;
We put to flight that guilt at night by hugging culture HARDer;
A cultural ouch does more than the couch to purge that guilty ARdor.
From cash's clink aghast we shrink, to prove we can afford it;
With snoot held high we pass it by, because we've already STOREd it;
High sen-ti-ment plus six per cent need never hug the STARD:—
Except in office HOURS, except in office HOURS.
Culture is like a FOREIGN rug; we hate its looks but need its hug
To prove we can afford it, to prove we can afford it.

We're crisp executives at dawn, poètes maudits at dusk,
But even a sensitive weed must feed its HUSK;
The culture we hug is a culture for dusk, an afterthought culture, a rarefied musk
And not for office HOURS.

* Each capitalizing of a whole syllable is stage direction for exaggerated loudness and vowel-linger-
ing; all non-capitalized syllables of such a line, even those normally accented, get chanted in unaccented
monotone.

SONGS AS ACTIONS
That's why, no matter how soulful we wince,
Our culture-hug muse and your mass-culture muse
Are identical sisters under their skins:
Both whore with who can afford it.

[MUSIC stops; AUNTS take over stage, addressing audience and us.]

THEY: That's local culture. True folkways now are global.
Though tiffs replaced a toast two sages drank
Inside a tech-tech-techniculture kitchen,*
What counts is their shared faith: in gadget-fidgets.
Forget all dreams outside that common faith;
Keep parroting, "Relax all global tension."
Knife out the gray stuff in the frontal lobe;
It spreads contagious dreams and won't relax.

Take lower cultures: Greek or Britons. They
Had tension: at Thermopylae, at Dunkirk.
Relax—here come "THE GLOBAL LOBAL BLUES."

[MUSIC resumes in night-club background for Aunt-song that now follows. At "plastic bag," Aun ts play catch with plastic earth-globe; at "snip," with surgeon-scissors.]

THEY: Now when dacha nouveau-riche and hot-cha profit itch
Merge brands,
When brain-wash sociology and sublim-ad psychology
Join hands,
When Folksi-Cola toasts unite vulgarions of all LANDS
And "peace" means the homogenizing global churn of kitsch,
You'll be FORCED to croon the global lobal blues.
First they toasted, THEN they tiffed; yet—through summit OR through rift—
Here's a truth will never shift while any bureaucrat comMANDS:
Human heads will get short shrift from RObot hands.

So strike up all rotarian proletarian pan-barbarian BANDS.
Progress is a PLASTic bag;
Come stick in your head and what AILS you will gag.
Gasping the BLUE-in-the-face blues.
When our propaganda spasms turn your isms into wasms,
We'll bag the earth in a PLASTic globe and disconnect your frontal lobe
With our gadget-pop Agitprop air-jet-hop think-no-more blues.

* Dispatch of July 27, 1959: "Today two of the world's leading statesmen and rivals—a vice-president, a dictator—exchanged Pepsi-Cola toasts in Moscow, at an American kitchen-exhibit dedicated to their common aim of industrial progress."
In the oldfashioned day, to make citizens stay reliable pals of big BROther,
There were salt mine and whip, but now we just snip the gray stuff that causes the BOther.
That snip is metaphorical, its blade a doctored word;
For the pen of the rhetorical is mightier than the sword;
And the blanker the grin, the blander within,
When a tranquillized planet must spin to the din
Of the world-lobotomy blues.

Let justice wobble sloppily in monolith monopoly;
Forget about Thermopylae; let Hungary bleed properly;
Cringe happily, vox populi, and dream it saves your skin—
   While your culture-hug muse, when she muses on booze,
   Keeps keening these meaningless Mother Goose blues: . . .
   "Little boy Geiger, come blow your horn;
   There's beep in the meadow, there's borsht in the corn.
   Rockabye fallout, on top of the show;
   When the wind blows you, the tuna will glow;
   When the nerve BREAKS, Humpty Dumpty will fall;
   Down will come baby, CULTure and all."

[Now scene's concluding song, "IN THE MONTH OF MARCH THE SNAILS CLIMB TENDER TREES"; rendered by dryad casually, slowly, undramatically; alone on dimmed stage:]—

In the month of March the snails climb tender trees
To be nearer the Pleiades.
Grass fingers nab heat.
The fish jump for the fun of it.
Later the roses are willing to fall.
The wasted thistle-fluff isn't sorry at all.
A vineyard, met while walking, is a shelter
Good to hold to in that helter-skelter.
For fun — or food? or hooks? — life likes to twitch;
After the ice, it will not matter which.
After the ice, the feathers — once all throat —
Are shushed; the paraplegic lakes can not reach out.
And so, from hooked exuberance to numbed retreat,
The gamuts have no meaning; or, what they have of it
Encysts in chunky particulars, —
The specific timothy-grass, the ungeneralized tears,
The vineyard met while walking, a lifebuoy of Here,
Good to hold, in wave on wave of Anywhere.

SONGS AS ACTIONS
"I WANT IT ... I want it ... Mommy, make her give it to me ... she's got the other two and I want to see it."

"Blah-blah, ga-ga, mooey nyah-nyah ... all you do is spill 'em all over anyway, stupid."

"All right, all right! ... can't you be near each other for half a second without starting in? Mary, let him have that box of cereal."

"What does it say about those soldiers, Mommy?"

"They're toy soldiers. It says you can get them for a quarter and a box top."

"Can I have a quarter?"

"If you're a good boy today and tomorrow you can have a quarter on Saturday."

"And will you send it for me so I can get the soldiers?"

"I might, if you're a very good boy."

"Mommy, what's this one holding in his hand?"

"A hand-grenade."

"What's a hangernay?"

"She said hangrenade, stupid ... I know what a hangrenade is ... it's like a bomb ... you throw it and it goes off and pieces of steel fly around all over and kill people. Billy Endland's cousin's father was hit by a hangrenade in the war ... some pieces of it went through his eyes and made him blind and crazy so he has to stay in the hospital all the time ... Billy's cousin couldn't even go and see his father when he was little. Mommy, why do they have things that do that to people?"

"Oh, you're not old enough to understand ... just eat your cereal."

—Robert A. Knudsen
My AUNT DOMINGA MURO did a land office business selling atole, tamales and hot champurrado on the streets of Parral, Chihuahua. She did so much business she needed a helper. So when I was eight I got the kind of a job many Mexican boys dream about. The job paid a peso a night as well as all the tamales I could eat and all the atole and champurrado I could drink. Besides that the work wasn't hard.

My work day began at five o'clock in the afternoon when I hauled an iron-wheeled cart loaded with my aunt’s wares down to Doblado Street where she set up shop by the curb. Then I filled an aluminum pail with hot water and began washing clay jars and enameled plates just as fast as customers finishing using them.

My aunt worked much harder than I did. She sat on a camp chair ladling out atole and champurrado and peeling corn-husks off tamales as fast as she could. She served all her customers from two square oil cans filled with sugar and chile tamales, a ten-gallon kettle brimming with thick syrupy champurrado, and a smaller pot of vanilla atole.

Doblado Street, noisy, narrow and always crowded, was the headquarters for Parral’s poquiteros, poor venders, in those days. They pitched camp on the sidewalks making it hard for anyone to get by. Chihuahuans without money to spend in cafes always ate at Doblado Street’s outdoor food stands.

It was a street where shabbily dressed men and women, made timid and fearful by poverty, always asked venders how much their wares were—sometimes even twice to make sure.

To poor Mexicans this street was a tentless carnival where nobody paid to see shows the city’s bit actors put on. The mariachi shows were the most popular. These musicians wearing charro suits and sombreros big as bullrings
plodded up and down the street all night long carrying guitars, guitarrones, violins and trumpets.

When they went into cantinas to sing songs like "Train 501" for miners and short-card gamblers, ragged men and poorly dressed women with babies in their arms crowded outside to hear them. They shouted with the singers and smiled at each other enjoying a concert none of them ever could have paid for. Strangers became friends and laughter filled the rutted street every time the mariachis sang there.

Then, too, the street's many roasting ear vendors also made people laugh and enjoy themselves. These men stood like sentinels beside galvanized iron tubs filled with roasting ears floating in boiling water. They laughed and joked with everyone who went by making women blush with their rough compliments.

One I remember especially. This was Don Concepción Lara, a short, stocky man with a roughly weathered face set on a thick equine neck. He always wore a blue cap bunched over a shock of black hair so thick it spilled over his temples like licorice whips.

Don Chon berated everyone who didn't buy roasting ears from him. "Ay, countrymen," he bawled when wary men stopped to look at his wares. "Don't stand with your mouths open like Englishmen gaping at Chihuahua City's cathedral. Buy some roasting ears or move on."

He tipped his crumpled cap and bowed to people who hurried by without paying attention to him. "Good-day and good-night and each hog to his pen, why waste more time talking?" he said.

When he wasn't hawking his wares at the top of his lungs, he told street loafers why Mexico's revolution was fought.

"Panchito Madero started a revolution so poor Mexicans could walk these streets of God without having dogs bark at them," he said. Most of his listeners nodded their heads. This put him in such good humor he nearly always gave them free roasting ears.

He did everything, even scratching himself, with a flourish. When he scratched himself, he always grimaced and moaned. "Ay, Señora Santa," he bawled. "These Zamora, Michoacán fleas, the kind that have seven lives, have no respect for Christian hides."

When business was bad, he always blamed the heat. "Ay, Mama Carlota,
when men die in Parral they have to come back for their blankets because they get cold in hell,” he complained.

But when customers bought his wares he did a jig while he sprinkled salt and red chile powder on their roasting ears. Then he crossed his muscular arms over his swelling chest and watched them eat, smiling beatifically.

“Ay, mamacita,” he murmured happily when customers raised roasting ears to their lips as though they were playing mouth organs. “Now we’re all eating with butter.”

In between diatribes he fanned roasting ears with wadded newspapers to keep the flies off and when pretty girls passed always offered to give all his wares away.

Vender’s cries filled the clamorous street all night long. This made Chihuahuans say Doblado Street was so noisy the rich couldn’t hear the voice of their conscience nor the poor their empty bellies’ lament.

My aunt Dominga, prim, delicate and refined, always seemed out of place on this boisterous street. But her tamal cart with La ZACATECANA painted proudly upon it was just as much a part of Doblado Street’s raucous life as the Friend of the Poor Cantina was.

Then, too, my aunt Dominga, quiet and shy with almost everyone, did far more business than any other street vender. This was because she sold her wares at low prices and never turned hungry men or women down.

So popular was she that men and women crowded around the curb waiting for her to arrive every day. The beggar women who sat in the carved stone doorway of Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church all day long were always among them. So were blind street singers, cripples, aged women who sold chewing gum and many others who made their living on Parral’s streets.

“God’s good evening to you, Doña ‘Minga,” they chorused when she came to work every day. My aunt nodded her head and smiled faintly, so moved by their warm welcome that she couldn’t speak.

But her confusion never lasted very long. It ended when customers jostled around her cart, all shouting their orders at once. My aunt hurried as fast as she could. She worked feverishly handing out jars of atole, plates of tamales, and making sure everyone got the right change. But she never worked fast enough to keep up with her bawling customers, all anxious for something to eat.

/ MY AUNT DOMINGA /
After my aunt served them, most customers carried their jars and plates to the curb and sat down. Others stood with their backs against the Lady of the Bridges fruit store building eating and watching the sun go down behind the Hill of the Brunette.

The champurrado was always sold out in two hours. So was the atole. The three hundred tamales my aunt made every day took longer to sell. But they, too, were always gone when I started sweeping the gutter with a rush broom at nine o'clock every night.

The last hour was always the best for me. Night turned the broken-down street into a mysterious and eerie place. Flaming pitch-pine sticks and oil lanterns with colored chimneys dappled it with ghostly shadows. Glowing braziers lighted the faces of miners who sat at board tables supported by sawbucks drinking small jars of coffee laced with sotol or tequila.

The clean smoke of burning mesquite wood drifted from the braziers like incense mixing with the hot vapors rising from steaming cornmeal dough. Business was always slack then and my aunt and I had time to watch women venders pat and turn tortillas with their fingers spread wide apart.

Penniless men and women, broken by suffering, came to my aunt on those nights. She never turned them away. “With much pleasure, countrymen,” she said, handing them jars of atole and plates of tamales. “It’s you today and me tomorrow.”

Her customers called her La Chaparrita de Oro, the Golden Shorty, because she was so small and good natured. She gave so many tamales and so much atole away that beggar women worried about her. “Ay, Doña ’Minga, not today you can’t afford it,” they said when she tried to give them something to eat. Sometimes she had to beg them to take it.

Other venders lectured her about this. So did gossipy women customers from the Segunda de Raya neighborhood nearby. Often their lectures took effect. When they did my aunt glared at men who came to her asking for something to eat.

“No, señores,” she said. “I don’t give my tamales away.”

But her harsh moods never lasted long. When the dispirited men began shambling away, my aunt Dominga always called them back. “Ay, countrymen, how delicate you are,” she murmured, motioning for them to return. Then she filled jars and plates for them just as she always did. “It’s you today and me tomorrow,” she said, smiling and waving their thanks away.

AMADO MURO
A tall, lanky young man everyone called "Crazy Juan" came to my aunt's stand just before we went home every night. Two oil-stained felt hats were telescoped on his head. His slatty torso was bare under a torn suitcoat. A frayed peso note was secured to his coat lapel with a huge safety pin. An orange always bulged out from one of his pockets, an oil can from the other. He came to my aunt's stand crying "Deme un viente"—give me twenty centavos. But instead she always gave him the six tamales she had saved for him.

Sometimes children taunted him while he ate them. This made him so mad he threw stones at them. Watching him throw stones at the children always made my aunt feel bad. She said this was because he threw them like a girl or a boy who never had a childhood.

Along about nine o'clock my aunt and I headed for our homes in the Zaragoza neighborhood. We talked of many things on the way.

On the way home, my aunt told me about her girlhood in the Huarache neighborhood of Zacatecas. She and my father were orphans who lived with my great-grandmother Soledad Jiménez. My aunt said this made them closer than most brothers and sisters are. She told me she had once wanted to be a Sister of Charity. But that was before my father came to Chihuahua State to fight for General Francisco Villa.

This made my aunt change her plans. So instead of going into a convent she came to Parral where she waited for my father to come back from the Madero revolution. She worked as a seamstress in those days. But working in bad light weakened her eyes so much she had to give it up. She weakened her eyes still further by reading books about Mexico's great composers and poets late at night.

But she was too proud to let anyone help her. So after my father died she went out on the street to make her living as a vender.

On those nights I always stopped at her home, no matter how late, to hear *Over the Waves* and *Harp of Gold* on her battered Victrola. Listening to these songs was my aunt's greatest pleasure. She played them over and over. While we listened she told me about the men who wrote them. Talking about Juventino Rosas and Abundio Martínez always made my aunt beam with pride.

"Ay, Amadito," she murmured, happy and excited as a girl. "What a wonderful thing that our great countrymen brought glory to Mexico with songs famous all over the world."

MY AUNT DOMINGA
On those nights, she also told me about the Mexican poet Leonardo R. Pardo who never could go by a beggar without giving all his money away. She always looked radiant when she spoke of him.

Only once did I ever see my aunt Dominga get mad. This was when we went out to the Dolores cemetery together on a blistering summer day. Weeds had overrun my father’s grave. My aunt berated the caretaker. “Ay shameless one, do we pay you twenty pesos a year to let weeds grow on the grave of my brother Jesús?” she shouted.

I liked working for my aunt Dominga so much that I never wanted to leave her. But my job lasted less than a year. It ended when my family moved to El Paso. My aunt stayed in Mexico. Over the years I wrote to her every week.

I asked her to come to see me graduate from the American high school, but she wrote: “You and your sisters all speak such good English. You’d be ashamed of your old Mexican aunt.”

When I went to work on the ice docks, she sent me many letters filled with good advice. “Son, be a good workman like your father was,” she counseled me. From my first paycheck I sent her some money for eyeglasses. My aunt sent it back. “Use it to get a sport coat like the Americans wear.”

Many years later when I was twenty-one I went back to Parral for the first time since my family had left there. It was night when the bus nosed into the Red Arrow station near the Hidalgo market. I got out and hurried toward the Francisco Villa Bridge walking as fast as I could. When I got there, I turned into Maclovio Herrera Street and began jogging down to Doblado hoping my aunt was still at her stand.

She was, and I wanted to look at her. So I huddled back in the shadows. The pale glow of the arclight at the Julián Carrillo Street intersection powdered her oval face. She looked just the same as she had in my boyhood, only a little grayer, a little more tired perhaps.

While I stood there a frail man with a heavy black beard stepped up to my aunt. He fingered his sombrero nervously and looked down the street furtively. Then he spoke so softly that I couldn’t hear what he said.

My aunt nodded her head. She filled a jar with atole and loaded a plate with tamales. When she handed them to him she said: “With much pleasure countryman. It’s you today and me tomorrow.”
Ceremony

When the gentle snow falls slow
As white moths to cold candles
Of a stony ground, we watch

The dark altars whose flame is darkness
Glowing over cold linen and dark roses
That were holy once. Now ice

Crackles like bells in the long darkness
And the white moths wheel in slow
Benediction over our silent watch

In a waxes dark. The gentle snow
Falls through the guttering wind to grace
All the slow prayers of the stony ground,

Drawing the slow moths into darkness
Where passion that is patience rises,
Dark-tipped, from all the cold candles.

—the moderns

We translate experience
into rhyme and form,
chant and stone,
and then stand back
with bedeviled eyes
to view what hath been wrought
mirrored in the Consciousness
of a myriad opaque minds—
declaiming, acclaiming, ignoring—
and we are crucified
in sentences,
immortalized by customers;
and proud and broken,
and hungry and drunken

—we return
to the starting point...
and translate
experience
into rhyme and form
chant and stone
in widening arcs,
tendrilling the universe
in hope, in truth
and
tongue
in
cheek.

—Lucile Adler

—Atiya Hasan
Strange Piping

The ponderous feet of Jupiter
have left no footprints here. Proserpina
has plucked no blossoms from a fatal bush
nor rusty lichens turned to flame
the pillars of old gods. Only, at sunset,
I heard strange piping—first, accustomed frogs,
and then a solo flute
making such music as no one may hear
and be again the same.

Far are the wine-dark seas, the sacred temples bare:
only the ancient frogs, only the sighing reeds,
only a distant flute, sang in the dying light
of things more old than Time.
If I should look tomorrow and not see
small cloven prints along the water's edge,
I still have heard what no one lives to hear
without some assent from far-distant lips,
some whisper from dark shores.

—Virginia Scott Miner

Our Garden in Haiku

Branches are still bare,
No bulb shows stem or flower—
Earth and I feel Spring.

Mountain shadow falls,
Sweetly cools the wilting grass,
Insects sing all night.

Reds and golds fade fast,
Cold the sky and chill the breeze,
Dancing leaves seek rest.

Hard wind herds snowflakes
Into rows against the fence,
Huddled there they freeze.

Seasons flee with Time,
Disillusioned they return.
Patiently I wait. . .

—Rosalee G. Porter

A Letter Home

I am wondering, friend a thousand miles off,
About the morning glory we discussed last August,
Whether the tendril reversed its curl after we bent
it wrong way round the cord it climbed.

It has been fall and winter since and we have not met
And neither of us looked at it again to see.

—Marion Montgomery
There is a kind of love
as silent as a dream
of butterflies alone

or spider-silk wisps

oh the terror at the spoken,
the destroyed!

—Barbara Harr Overmyer

Mother Memory

I

Come soft Helice and rub against my knee,
No little girl will pull your willow tail.
That's right, leap up and curl in my warm lap.
But do not claw. I am not Thalia
Who bears your playful mark upon her brow.
Attention getter, she is sleeping now.
I wish Urania could sleep like that;
She dreams in school and star gazes at night
Without remembering to pull the shade
Or wear a robe no matter how I scold.
I know the neighbors think her manner cold,
Unreachable, but that is just as well.
Errato is much too affectionate.
She suffers from an excess of belief
In boys, her arms are always bruised.
It seems the children who most try to please
Are scratched by alley cats and stung by bees!
The cast-off wife of an important man,
This is the time of night I like to knit

And lift the shades upon my private thoughts.
Nine girls to rear and each as intricate
As some blue print detailed by Daedalus.
No wonder that my husband was alarmed
And never felt at ease within this house.
Men are direct. They live simply to act
And think in an assembly line of fact.
If they are men subject to male laws,
Then they are arrogant. It always was
Against the probabilities that I
Could bear such arrogance. For I am not.
I am the one translator of men's needs,
My past is cluttered with the false
Dismembered pieces of their daily facts,
In my embrace the giant voice of sin
Falls silently as a small common pin
And only with my aid can the new born
Fact join its older sisters and belong
To history, to science or to song.

II

We must help our mother now
For she is too old to learn.
Teased by psychoanalysts,
Bullied by the comintern,
She retains her cool demeanor
And correctly feigned compliance,
All those feline contradictions
Unacceptable to science

Like the snapshot of a shah's wife
Economic change has frightened
Clinging to her ancient veil
Trying not to act enlightened.

—Sue Smart
The Ghost Dance

The dusty bluecoat
uneasy-grinning soldiers
did not know
what they were watching
where many chanted in the sun-red dust.

The solemn agents,
bitter mouths, and kind eyes,
neither knew
what they were watching
where many chanted in the pine-clean wind.

The saddle-hard
wolf-eyed cowboys
did not know
what they were watching
where many chanted in the rain-damp gloom.

The curious plowmen
in sweat-dark denim
could not know
what they were watching
where many chanted in the dust-red sun.

And the dark faced dancers:
feathered painted buckskinned beaded buffalo-lanced,
blanket hooded;
numbed by three-days drums
and three-days dreaming;
these
only dreamt they knew.
The old winds knew;
The tragic mountains;
The beaten hills;
The moaning pines;
The whitened great-horned skulls in the grass-striped prairies knew;
And the grass knew—
What grass there was.

What they were watching was
a people dying.
Lance knife bullet arrowhead
Arms legs hearts bones blood
had failed.
What is a people?
Only their flesh and their gods.
If both fail,
they are last year's rain.

Great Spirit, have pity
they chanted in the sun-red dust,
Great Spirit, help us
they chanted in the pine-clean wind,
Great Spirit, take away the white man
they chanted in the rain-damp gloom,
Great Spirit, show us the trail
they chanted in the dust-red sun
the sun of day's end.

Then they stopped.
Then they waited.
With a dying ember's last warm heat of hope,
With anguished eyes
wishing the white man vanished with a wondrous wind—

Somewhere a farmer shot a raven off his barn.

—Barwyn Browne
The Lions

We have become shrewd here among the houses, reliable;
Sitting in safe gray feelings, have not made any mistakes for
six months.
We do not fear, but only expect.
Our shoes know what to do,
Good manners are not difficult. Among the brass andirons and
cut hedges,
We arrange the suburbs of our thought. The future is sure.
And the clean youngsters who once walked in our veins?
Are blown away like so many mists and shadows, vanished into
the world's maw.

A hawk wheels over dark waters.
Somewhere a hawser buck in a wet wind and birds' wild cries
fly up the night.
The lions were only sleeping: night's bandages are open and I
hurtle back
To fires and origins. A skiff breasts blue water, leans almost
to capsizing,
My heart races to a lake's end and young man's hair prickles on
my scalp.
I shiver again in fire and ice under my well-fitting suit.
Now what shall I do with all this storm and wet?
How knit eagles up to nice nest and forget blue eyrie;
Grasped in ineluctable tide, float?

No answer.
None but in these lines to live, to wrest out of my mud and man
The expressive voice, to fly up syllables of air, wrestle
conscience,
And heal the dream.

—Milton Speiser
At Last

At last
I am lovely.

My face has become
A place of pleasant features
And I find
It is my neck
That kindly
Inclines my head.

I can feel
A smile
Is really
The smooth
Continuum
Of countenance.

When I walk now, nowadays,
My feet spring from the earth
And my steps are raised
By the geysers of mineraled waters.
And the hot moving masses
Of gases deep beneath these
Frosty autumn leaves
(So noisy,
So mischievously noisy)
At this somber season.

And the sun
Is such a startling sun,
Whiting the hawthorns
In the woods,
Though
There is no snow.

And the dry grasses
Turn gold and pink and red
As the minutes pass—
And then the whole world
Is torrentially
Orange.

And I, spare on apparel,
And pressed for time,
Often drably dressed,
Suddenly see,
Some of the spectrum
Complementing me.

I am illuminated;
No longer a subject of shadows—
I am a person of parts,
I possess arms and legs
And it has been noted
That my fingers and toes
And also my nose,
Have a tendency
Toward coldness.

I require radiance
And I want to watch my weight.

Under strain
The painful twitch
In my damaged eye
Is shied away
By fond remembrances
Which propel
My heart to happiness—
Can you tell?

—Eiku

371
Triptych

My love wore laughter for her gown,
Berries of the heart’s delight;
The heavy ladies of the town
When love wore laughter for her gown
Brocaded firmly in a frown,
And buttoned out of sight.

My love was honey to the hand
And knew the bird of touch that sings;
When barnyard ladies would demand
That love cast honey from the hand
Against that foul reprimand
She wore my kisses for her rings.

My love embraced a wild thorn.
It tore the petals from her hair.
When crops were in that I had sown
My love embraced a wild thorn,
Cursed the day that I was born
And withered into prayer.

—Stanley Cooperman

Hymn to Ceres

Mother of all that moves,
Mother of all,
Earth follows accustomed grooves
And they are small.

The harvest of your hands,
The ripening grain,
Is parched in rainless lands,
Is lost in pain.

The men you bore in other days
Were strong in might.
I sow my seed in alien ways.
Soon comes the night.

The ewe at lambing season
I sacrifice,
But ancient blind unreason
Looks from your eyes.

—Martha Shaw

Evening Watch

The last, sad shreds of sunset mark
The Evening Watch. Eight bells are struck
The Second Dog departs below
And I am left to discourse with
The wheel and glass in service to
The mistress and her mother-sea.
The minutes march like tired boots
In sand, across an endless beach.
Four bells and time as in despair

No longer tolls the passing night.
The day’s last weightless thoughts are cast
Away to drift off soundlessly
Until the silence softly tops
The plimsoll of my voided soul.
And then at midnight I descend
From silvered night to mindless black
Within the roaring, sleep filled hold.

—Sanford Sternlicht
Winter Birth

Night drizzle sounds like scratching among
The cankered leaves—noisy field mice nuzzling,
Foraging deep in the rotting layers of forest
Where winter grinds cold humus. Sing

The night song now—there’s birth out there,
Cracking the fog, but drizzle shrouds decay
For all your stagnant inner-ear canals
Can tell you. Trim the lamp and flog the fire—

Bar the door, poor Tom’s a-cold. Breath
Of oak-rot seeps beneath the cracks. Sing
The night song now—drum time to the drizzle.
By dawn the leaves will breed new earth.

—Larry Rubin

Invocation

Moon of the lost season, linger near
Moon of returning autumn, heed again
The soul’s cry over the lonely weir
The heart’s shadow, dark upon the plain
See how the hare is furtive in the grasses
The cricket’s song is stilled, the plaintive loon
Withholds his call. Time trembles as he passes
The rose will droop, its petals fall too soon
Moon of remembrance, turn, but not for long
Mirror past rapture, delicate and brief
Moon of the lost season, be my song
My comfort in the night of disbelief.

—Georgia C. Nicholas

Dry Mesa

Have you come back, Señor?
Or is this the dream
That haunts you,
The clinging dust
Of yellowed faces
Cracked by the sun,
The dry well
Where the flies cling.

Have you come back, Señor,
Expecting to see a soul,
A bright shawl of surprises,
The dark hills
Rain fresh with green?

We are poets too, Señor.
We move in a world
That is dust.
And dream
Other dreams.
Never certain
How foolish we are
Or how brave.

It is different for lovers, Señor.

—Peter Jackson
joy

the plains rise
on the wild bird
whirring
across the sky our chargers plunge foamed breath
outstreaming
the hedges woke—
the vibrant thicket spins
where butterflies new-stirring clop the miraculous night
with rainbowed wings.

no inns shall
harbor us
no crosses threaten
who see but our own hearts in this sweet sod
nor grope
for better faith
that this togetherness
wherein belief has scope sufficing

on heavenly steeds we gallop
stables of cloud behind us
stallions of heaven our mounts.

outrunning time we are ourselves infinity
who with our love all-reaching from two beings
take
beauty
to make
divinity!

—Antoni Gronowicz
Blue-Black Shell, Blue Feather

Blue of the sea and blue of the sky
Meet on this horizon measured by our breath;
Then merge in depth
Of our leisured eye,

Plumb fathoms of air wreathing our
Foreheads like tides of hair, settle to suck
Of deeps where the flounder mark
Of our vestigial feet stirs

With seep. This shingle and feather, this reef
And leaf—air-plucked, sea-struck discard
Of bivalve and bird—
I strike here out of time’s swift

Swim, side by side, preened from will to shut
Or fly. Disuse of blue jay dropped
This feather: tides snapped
And sprung the intaglioed locket

Of the clam. Finding them, found us in blue gardens
On blue shores, banked in heightened shrubberies
Of words, alone at the sea’s
Last azure stroll. We can

Outfly the jay with this feather, and smuggle a hearthside
Snugger than the clam; because the clam flies such cobalts
Of flag, and the jay shoals
In such pure tide, he’s dyed

With the strand of it. We have the gain of loss:
The sky drops, gulled of one blue gill;
The sea soars, one quill
Of its gorgeous plumage less.

—Marvin Solomon
New York Blizzard

High Queen attacked
Who cuts her shadows deep
In sapphire clefts
And splits her sun
In yellow shiver ed lengths,
What white assault
Corruscates and whips
Your frigid flanks?

The veil is rent
Above your quiet head
All perfume snatched
Blown by steam whose cold
Cauldrons lacerate
And burn your thighs:
O incandescent Queen
Leaner on the night.

Your subjects stagger slow
Or with his zero-breath
Some hoary god
Puffs them tiptoe.
Your streets are cushioned deaf.
The small car sidles
To his deadstop, stuck.
The bull truck strains

Whose rubber muscles heave
And virgin schools of snow
In flying lace
Mock his scudding,
Tombs along the road
Are sheeted cars
With breezes twindling foam
From their coffins.

Your javelin sun collapsed
His golden splinters gone
In shade or mist
How can the eider sky’s
Breast be lanced?
Whose flecks are spawned
And swarm white hives
About your throat.

Queen your world is quiet
Carcasses are covered
A ghosted sea
Airy feline licks
(Hardly wounding whines)
And laps its tongue unseen
To draw white blood
Delicate from you:
Oozing crystal.

—Paul Roche
The summer I was twelve years old, my father said, "Why don’t you run away from home, like other boys do?"

I said, "I don’t know of any place to go, sir."

"Well," he said irritably, "where do boys go when they run away from home?"

"To a cave," I said.

My mother was putting supper on the table. For two. She said, "Isn’t any caves around here, Love. You know that."

"Down the river on a raft," I said.

"What river," said my mother, picking up a potato which had rolled on the floor. She gave me the potato and I put it in my shirt pocket.

"You ought to watch the pictures better," my father said crossly, "they must tell you where to run away to when there’s no caves and no river."

"I never thought I would need to know," I told him apologetically.

"Well, you don’t have to go tonight, Love," said my mother. "Just go to bed. You don’t get any supper."

"It was yesterday I was bad," I reminded her.

"Yesterday there was enough for three," she said.

"Go to bed, son," said my father, "you might decide you want to get an early start."

"Where to?" I said.

"Wherever it is boys run away to!" he bellowed.

I knew it was time to leave.

"Goodnight, Love," said my mother, helping her plate.

I went upstairs and sat on the bed and tried to think where I could run
away to. Ollie Maxstead had hopped the Frisco one summer and gone all the way to Burnt Springs and they had to bring him home in an ambulance because he skint his hind-end on a tie when he got off. And Boris Looney mailed himself in a big package collect to his Aunt Teena in Santa Barbara and it made her so mad that she called Boris’s father collect and that made Mister Looney mad and it was all very expensive. In fact, all my friends had made very expensive runaways and their parents got together at P-TA to try to figure out something cheaper, but it ended up in a big fight and finally they passed the buck to us and told us we were on the honor system.

My father wasn’t a bit of help. Maybe he thought it would be cheating to help me out after all the parents had put us on the honor system. My mother was neutral because she was Swiss.

I got out my suitcase and put some things in it. Two pairs of socks, my winter pajamas (I might end up going North), my other jeans, a T-shirt, a map of the Western Hemisphere, seven books by Stacy Cromwell which I got the Christmas before (autographed by my Aunt Mertie Roebuck), and the potato. There was still a lot of room so I threw in my old Monopoly set and my coin collection. If I ever got to Canada or Mexico I wouldn’t have to worry much about money.

The suitcase was pretty heavy, so I took out two of the Stacy Cromwell books and one pair of socks.

I was practicing thumbing a ride when my father came in and I poked him right in the breadbasket. I said I was sorry, which I kind of was, and he said that was all right and hefted my suitcase and scowled at me.

"Too heavy," he said, "let’s see what you’re taking."

I put the suitcase on the bed and opened it up. My father turned everything upside down and when he found the books he picked one up and said, "What’s this?"

"Stacy Cromwell," I said.
"What does it mean?" said my father.
"Aunt Mertie gave them to me last Christmas," I told him. "I thought I could keep up with my reading during the summer. She always sends educational books."

"You coming back in time for school?" my father wanted to know, taking a bite out of the potato.
"I hadn't thought that far ahead," I said, "sir."

"Just as well," he said, and took out three of the Stacy Cromwells. "What's this for?" he said, holding up my winter pajamas.

"I thought I might go North," I said, blushing.

"Fah," said my father, throwing the bottoms on the floor. He spread the tops out on the bed and started putting things on them. One pair of socks, my other jeans, the T-shirt, and two books by Stacy Cromwell. He threw out the map of the Western Hemisphere and the Monopoly and the coin collection and finished eating the potato. Then he went over to the window and took out the stick that was holding it up and tied everything up in the pajama tops in a bundle and poked the stick through the knot.

"I'm not a hobo," I said.

"Nobody is going to know," said my father, "as long as you don't start shaving and get a growth of beard." It's a good thing he didn't laugh, or I would have belted him, even if he was my father. I was getting pretty sensitive along about that time. But he didn't laugh. He just patted me on the shoulder and said good luck and good night and that I musn't tell anyone he helped me on account of the honor system thing and went out and closed the door before I could get around to explaining that I didn't want to run away from home.

But after I went to bed and got to wiggling around from thinking about all the exciting possibilities ahead of me, I decided I did want to run away and by the time I heard the television go off I just couldn't stand it any longer so I got up and dressed and tiptoed downstairs and got some things out of the ice-box and put them in my pockets for breakfast. One egg, one grapefruit, and one slice of cold buttered toast. Then I tiptoed out the front door and closed it quietly behind me and started out.

Suddenly a light went on up in my parents' room and they leaned out the window shouting, "Goodbye, son! Goodbye, Love! We're so proud of you!"

And I swallowed hard, because they had never said anything like that before. I waved back at them and shifted my parcel and heard the egg crack in my shirt pocket. Lights came on all along the street. I heard somebody say, "Well, there he goes finally. First time in twelve years, can you imagine a kid that backward?"
I DIDN'T KNOW where else to go so I headed for the freight-yard, thinking it was pretty clumsy of me not to have figured something out beforehand. But there had been too much pressure and too little time so I would have to lay low for a while and work it out. It was a nice night but it was awfully dark and seventeen dogs barked at me that I probably knew the names of but I couldn't tell who was who in the dark. When I got to the freight-yard I crawled under the dock and another one barked at me. He yipped and my hair stood on end and then he gurgled in his throat like somebody was holding him back.

"Who's that?" somebody said, and I could tell from the sound of his voice that his hair was standing on end too.

"Who's that?" I said. He didn't say anything. The dog gurgled again.

"Who is it?" the other guy blubbered. "You better tell me or I'll sic Fifi on you!"

"Potsy?" I said.

There was an awful silence there in the dark. I could almost see his eyeballs popping out to see who I was. Then: "Love? Love? Love Bodley? Is that you, Love Bodley? Is that you? Is it?"

I couldn't keep from laughing, and when I did Potsy hit me like a bull, clawing and beating me and screaming and finally, when he knew it was me, just plain hugging me and blubbing like a baby. Fifi wailed and got in

EDSEL FORD
between us and leaped on us and finally knocked herself cold on a beam. I got Potsy McLean off of me just as a nightwatchman came running down the gravel siding with a lantern and chucked him over the hump of dirt under the dock out of sight. The man came up in front of us and flashed the light right at us. I pushed Potsy's head down out of sight. I could hear him spitting out the siftings that had come down through the cracks for forty years. When the light flashed away, we looked over the hump and saw him dragging Fifi away as limp as an old tow sack. Potsy started to holler but I popped a hand over his mouth and told him we could get her back somehow. Potsy put his face down in the cinders and bawled.

I crept out and looked up the freight-yard just in time to see the nightwatchman drop Fifi into a trash barrel. Then he put the lid on it. At five A.M. Fifi would be a French fried poodle if we didn't get her out of there. I crawled back under the dock and gave Potsy an easy rabbit punch and he stopped crying. I said, "What were you doing down here, anyway?"

"You'd squeal if I told you," Potsy said. "You never run away from home."

"You were running away from home," I said.

"How'd you know?" Potsy said.

"Where were you going?" I said, "and with a dog!"

"I was taking Fifi on a pilgrimage," he said. "We was going to Paris, France, where her grandmother came from. What was you doing down here? spying on me?"

"Running away from home," I said proudly.

"Ha!" was all Potsy said.

"That's right," I said, "I'm running away from home. I'm going North."

"Ha!" said Potsy. "How far north? Elmdale?" Elmdale was a suburb and that wasn't very funny.

"All the way North," I said. "As far North as you can go without going South."

"Boy," said Potsy. "Anyway, you think big."

"I have Canadian money," I said, and when I remembered that my father had thrown it out of the parcel, it was too late to mention it.

"I've got to go after Fifi," Potsy said, changing the subject. "She might end up in the pound, and I haven't got enough money to get her out."

"She won't go to the pound," I said. "She's going to the dump."

"Don't you say that," Potsy said, putting his fist against my nose.

LOVE ON THE ROAD
I pushed his fist away and it didn't come back. "I saw him put her in the
trash barrel."

Potsy wept.

"Don't worry," I said. "Soon as he's settled down, I'll go after her."

"She won't let you pick her up!" Potsy hollered. "Just me. Show me where
and I'll go after her."

"You're too fat," I said. I hated to be rough with him, but he was such a
kid at times. "You might have to run like blazes. I'll go." It sounded just like
John Wayne.

Potsy hugged me. Potsy was always hugging somebody to show his grati­
tude. I gave him a small nosebleed.

We settled down to wait. We split the piece of cold buttered toast and
waited. My shirt was all clammy from the egg and Potsy hugging me didn't
help matters. Then the 2:05 came bounding past and shook us out from
under the dock and when I hit the gravel I knew just how Ollie Maxstead
must have felt. We crawled under the dock again and waited a while longer.

Then I told Potsy to keep still and I crept down the freight-yard trying to
find a shadow to creep in but there wasn't one because of the floodlight at
the corner of the depot. Between me and the light was the trash barrel. Fog
and miller moths swirled around the light. Once I heard footsteps up on the
dock and I ducked underneath until they turned around and went back. Then
I edged my way along until I was even with the trash barrel. It was twenty feet
out from the dock on a brick runway and it was flooded with light from the
corner of the depot.

Some people never learn to get around quietly but I knew how from
watching the television. I ran on tiptoe and darted into the shadow of the
barrel, crouching there not hardly breathing to hear if the move had aroused
anybody. But it hadn't. I tapped the barrel with my knuckles and the sound
rushed out like forty amplified bongo drums. I muffled it with my hands, but
I couldn't muffle the sound of my own heart. It was just like Edgar Allen Poe.

I heard Fifi inside then. She whimpered. I hoped she wouldn't howl.
I peered over the top of the barrel. The floodlight blinded me. I couldn't see
past the corner of the depot and somebody could be right on top of me before
I would know it.

I picked the lid up carefully and leaned it against the barrel. My knees
popped when I squatted down and I thought I had been shot. I looked in the
barrel. All I could see was Fifi's teeth bared at me and she was gurgling again in her throat.

"Nice Fifi," I said. Fifi was a spoiled brat, just like Potsy was. "Nice Fifi." I put my hand in and Fifi put a crimp in three fingers. "I'm just trying to help!" I hissed at her. Fifi hissed back and got up on her hind legs and scratched noisily at the side of the barrel but she was too far down to get out by herself. I ducked into the shadow hoping she would get quieter. When I did, the lid fell flat on the brick runway and spun crazily around clanging like a cheap fire-engine. I headed for the dock like a bat out of Joplin and hid there waiting for the worst. But nothing happened. All I could hear was Potsy blubbering all the way down at the other end of the dock.

Fine hero I turned out to be, I thought. I had to rescue Fifi or I would never live it down with Potsy. If I just had some chloroform! or a bone (not counting my finger bones). I hated myself for passing out the buttered toast—that would have been just the ticket for a poodle. A grapefruit? Never. Nothing was left but the egg and it wasn't recognizable any more. What would Mike Hammer do?

I put my hand in my shirt pocket and it came out slick and sickening. Maybe Fifi's grandmother had been an egg-sucker from way back. It was worth a try. I ran to the barrel again and looked in at Fifi's fine white teeth. I put my dripping hand cautiously down to her, making sweet pleading sounds. Fifi clamped down on it and I didn't holler, though I wanted to. I pretended I was John Wayne and Fifi was an alligator. She felt like it. Then she pulled her teeth back and licked my hand. It was the sweetest feeling I ever felt. I leaned over the barrel and let my pocket empty itself into Fifi's face. She licked like crazy so she wouldn't miss a drop and then tried to climb the side of the barrel. I helped her up a little bit and she came up obligingly, licking at my shirt.

"Hurray!" Potsy screamed from the other end of the dock.

I took one look into the floodlight and wrapped my arms around Fifi and ran wild, my footsteps echoing like a locomotive across the brick runway. Somebody shouted behind me but I didn't stop. I overshot Potsy by a good twenty feet and Fifi grunted as we rolled under the dock and tumbled out on the other side. I told her I was sorry. She accepted my apology and licked my ears as we lay there and Potsy crawled down to join us. We kept low, for the lantern was flashing around on the other side of the hump. The night-
watchman hefted himself up on the dock and jumped down on our side. We scooted over the mound to the other side. He leaped back up on the dock and nearly landed on us. This time he crawled under the dock right after us. We went over the top. We could hear him huffing and puffing. When we went below again, the watchman thundered off down the platform and we didn’t have to put our heads together to know it was time to move on.

We hit the alley and we hit it fast.

“I wasn’t leaving for Paris till morning, anyway,” Potsy said.

“Me neither,” I said, meaning I wanted to go back home and get my pajama bottoms. But of course I couldn’t tell Potsy that. We said good night and good luck and I lit out for home.

A party was in full swing when I got there, so I shinnied up the drainpipe and finally got the window open that my father had taken the stick out from under. I didn’t want to spoil the party. I knew who was there, anyway. It was all of the P-TA mothers and fathers who got together every time one of their children ran away from home and celebrated. Maybe tomorrow I would have a little more time to plan my runaway, now that I had broken the ice. Then they could have another party, and instead of being blamed, I might hear my mother and father say for the second time in twelve years, “We’re proud of you, son!”

There are many Fruitlands in the world today: the Cold War has made us increasingly aware of whole continents "in transition," but it is still difficult to envision the enormous problems involved in the urgent social changes of this age.

Just as I was finishing Tom's book, headlines in The Wall Street Journal were saying: NATIVE CUSTOMS WILL MAKE DEVELOPMENT A LONG, DIFFICULT JOB ... TRIBAL RIGHT TO LIVE OFF KIN SPURS LOAFING; WITCHCRAFT INCREASES ABSENTEEISM ... DOLLAR'S POWER IS LIMITED.

Tom's book concerns New Mexico, and The Journal's article was about Ghana, but the same headlines—and problems—apply in each area and in many other nations where Western technology is being introduced into aboriginal or peasant communities.

New ideas don't sell themselves. Substituting steel axes for stone implements may disrupt a well-balanced society. A tractor for every farmer in India may not be the answer to that nation's problems. Complications that financial writers and Peace Corps people are now beginning to ponder have long been anticipated, however, by anthropologists. One program aimed at studying the impact of technology was initiated by Cornell University in 1948, and this book is one of the results of that research. Its author is now assistant professor of sociology at the University of New Mexico.

With the ever-loving aid of the Carnegie Corporation, Cornell started study projects in Peru, India, Siam and the Navajo Reservation. Tom Sasaki and other anthropologists came to Fruitland, New Mexico, to study 191 Navajo families as they tried to adjust to a life of farming in a newly-established irrigation district. Drouth and a rapidly expanding population had forced these Navajos away from their accustomed livestock economy and its nomadic way of life. Settling down on a small farm required new skills, new attitudes, and a whole succession of other challenges dimly perceived by the Navajos or the government officials in charge.
At first, the Indians were promised 20-acre farms. Then, as population pressures mounted, the farms were reduced to ten acres. It was intended that the farms be intensively cultivated to meet each family's subsistence needs. But the reduced acreage—further reduced by alkaline deposits—could not support a family; the farmers were forced to seek off-reservation jobs and use their acres for one or two easy crops that could be sold for cash. This upset traditional family roles and led to a chain of social changes and tensions.

Tom arrived in this unhappy community during a feud between the Navajos and the local supervisor, and he found antagonisms among the Indians themselves, especially between the oldtimers and newcomers of the District's three units. His reasons for studying the community were never fully understood, and to top everything, Tom was suspected at first of being a Japanese spy intent on learning the Navajo language for military purposes.

But he and his fellow researchers eventually won the confidence of both Indians and government workers. As good neighbors, they drove expectant mothers to the hospital, filled out mail-order blanks, helped clean ditches, and took medicine men to seek herbs.

Whenever I read about the proposed Peace Corps, I think of my visit to Tom during the winter of 1951. He was living in an abandoned Fruitland hogan, a style of life described as "achieving rapport" but actually related to the size of a graduate student's stipend. He heated the hogan by feeding corncobs into a tiny stove. All that I learned from that visit was the fact that a corncob in a stove lasts about 40 seconds; then you have to throw in another cob. Tom was depressed about the formal side of his research and community acceptance, but was reassured when a Navajo neighbor brought him a gift of venison.

Now the book shows us that he was getting meaty research, too. We read about a succession of administrative errors, suspicions and unhappy adjustments. The wisdom of the top Indian Service people often failed to filter down to the personnel in the field. The job of teaching farm techniques was underestimated. Knowledge of insecticides, for example, was limited: some farmers called in a medicine man to discourage grasshoppers, and one Navajo used mothballs. The book analyzes the problems, then details their ever-widening effects on the community and in the lives of specific individuals. In all this, there is much charity in the anthropologist's understanding grasp of the very human problems of Navajo and bureaucrat alike.

In addition to suffering the great transition from herding to farming, the Fruitlanders also suddenly had to adjust from a subsistence economy to a cash-and-credit way of life when the construction of a gas pipeline offered well-paid jobs to all. The impact of the cash economy on family life, religious and health practices, and traditional attitudes is well detailed.

The author also points out that construction of Navajo Dam will mean moving 1,900 more families to irrigated farms.

One wonders if the mistakes of Fruitland will be repeated. Or if not in Fruitland, perhaps in the Congo and Guatemala?
An understanding of what took place in Fruitland will make the headlines about Africa much more meaningful. As the financial writer admitted, "The dollar’s power is limited." There are never enough dollars anyway. We hope the ugly Americans moving to communities in transition will be equipped with a few anthropological insights, and perhaps a large supply of corncocks.

—Arch Napier

Mr. Napier is New Mexico correspondent for Time, Life and Fortune magazines. He lives in an adobe house on the outskirts of Albuquerque, with his wife Vera, a small dachshund, and a teletype.


Picture a young man so proper and indistinguishable that even people who like him forget to invite him to their parties—Vangel Griffin. Reflect, however, that this innocuous young man of the middle middle-class has been mass produced and blended into the social equivalent of processed cheese. But assume also that by the time he reaches twenty-nine and finds himself educated, selective-serviced, married and employed there is enough doubt and wonder in him to question the sense of it all.

At this point Vangel Griffin settles for suicide, but he is too completely restrained by the habits of years to do anything impulsive or flamboyant. He shrinks from a messy public demise, and he considers the action too final for imprudent haste. Vangel gives himself a year until the day when he will prop himself against a rock at the beach with a bottle of brandy and another of sleeping pills and make a comfortable end. He finds even the thought of death soothing; he looks forward to it.

There is a Chinese proverb about the folly of travel: "Wherever I go, I find myself." Vangel Griffin goes to Spain and finds a young man so accustomed to the useful employment of his time that he decides to live off his GI checks, enroll in the University of Madrid, and learn Spanish while he waits. Then he meets a girl.

It takes Vangel Griffin about five months to grow into manhood and abandon his luxurious dream of suicide, though he almost gets killed in the process. Satry Cordero and her brother Alonso are the chief instruments of his redemption, and both of them do get killed in the process. The relation between Vangel and Satry is no boy-meets-girl flowering of romance. Satry Cordero is so rapacious, promiscuous and demanding in love that she frightens Vangel at first. She learns at last that there is more depth to Vangel than she had supposed; Vangel learns there is tenderness and understanding in Satry that he at first couldn’t imagine. It is a complex relation, and it flourishes too brief a time; but through it Vangel Griffin learns to live.

He learns to live into responsibility, not self-indulgence; into relations with people, not withdrawal into himself; into reason, not into emotion—Satry sees what is happening, and she thinks of an ant trapped in a sugar bowl, perpetually falling on its back and beginning its futile climb again. She thinks that someday, however, the ant will climb out of the sugar bowl and go wherever it wants. "Vangel," she says, "promise me one thing. If you
ever do climb out, carry me on your back.” He never can, for it takes the loss of Satry to free Vangel from his sugar bowl.

The city is Madrid, the regime is Franco’s facism, and although *Vangel Griffin* is not a political novel, student opposition to the Falangists affects it decisively. Satry’s crusading brother Alonso is a modern Don Quixote, and in his follower Telluriano he has his Sancho Panza. One remembers, however, that although the knight of La Mancha involved himself in ridiculous situations he was a figure of pathetic dignity. Alonso is no more a funny-man than Don Quixote, though he embroils himself in exploits which equal the scrapes of the addle-headed old gentleman.

Mr. Lobseinz’ humor shows best in the exploits of Alonso, who is at times a gentle crackpot, at times a valiant fighter for good causes, at times a murderous agent of his own brand of justice. At his most simple-minded he can be robbed by casual acquaintances he takes for secret agents, or mistake an innocent German art-historian for a spy pursuing him even into the Prado. At his most deluded, he can believe that his sister Satry is an innocent and virtuous maiden, with no more perception of truth than Don Quixote exercised in discovering the virtues of Dulcinea del Toboso. Disillusioned, Alonso becomes murderer and victim both, beyond all humor, the visionary who alone may have perceived a way out of modern madness more deadly than any of his own aberrations. Defeated and destroyed, he yet teaches Vangel Griffin some of the values Vangel is to live by.

One important scene involves Vangel, Satry, Alonso and others with a mob of nameless children and sets the pattern of the novel. Opposite the cafe where Vangel has met Satry and her brother the children are at play in the American style they have learned from movies: cowboys and Indians. Presently they find a victim, a Mongoloid child whom they take captive. Now they are all Indians about to torture their victim at the stake. And then suddenly they have fired the newspapers they have piled up around him; the play has become a terrible reality; the innocence of childhood in which fire doesn’t burn and pistols don’t wound is shattered for them forever.

This is the pattern of Vangel’s experience and of Mr. Lobseinz’ novel. Vangel is forced to grow up; when he realizes there is no place on earth where he won’t be involved with people, he goes home to be where he can do some good. Mr. Lobseinz’ novel begins with light-hearted mock-heroic episodes until, through the experiences of his characters, the play has become serious and meaningful and nothing can be taken as a joke.

A first novel which took this year’s Harper Prize, *Vangel Griffin* makes one conscious of the new author behind the work, as one senses the personality of a stranger behind his conversation. With Mr. Lobseinz, one looks forward to better acquaintance. He can characterize his people, he has an ear for their talk, his humor is without bitterness, and he can move his reader to sympathy and understanding. Behind this, as what one seizes of Mr. Lobseinz himself, is the alert perception and insight, the play of mind and the humor, the seriousness without pomposity.

—Donald Emerson

Dr. Emerson is Assistant Dean of the College of Letters and Science of the University of Wisconsin. The above review is a revision of a lecture on the book which he delivered over an educational television channel in Milwaukee.
BOUND IN PAPER

BIOGRAPHY & AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Boswell's London Journal, ed. by Frederick A. Pottle. New York: New American Library, A Signet Book, 1960. $0.95. In 1930, Professor Claude Colleer Abbott, at Fettercaim House near Aberdeen, Scotland, turned up some 1600 letters and miscellaneous ms. to, from and by Samuel Johnson, James Boswell and their friends. Among them was the London Journal, kept by Boswell, aged 22, which is now in the Yale collection. All who have smiled at Samuel Johnson's comment, "Sir, you have but two topics: yourself and me. I am heartily sick of both," should discover Boswell in this frank account and analysis of his own affairs and activities. Christopher Morley, in the preface to this edition, calls the journal a "clinic on the prenatal care of biography."

A Goodly Fellowship, by Mary Ellen Chase. New York: Macmillan Co., 1960. $1.25. Miss Chase, a fine New England author and teacher, has recorded her experiences in this book, and the reader follows her through early teaching positions in Wisconsin, Chicago, and Montana, and her studies in Germany and Minnesota. Miss Chase has the gift of permitting humor to creep into her work—her observations on the "odd fish" in graduate school who wanted to write his doctoral dissertation on the influence of women's tresses up on literature, and her adventures while instructing an evening class in creative writing are memorable.

The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by Robert Halsband. New York: Oxford University Press, A Galaxy Book, 1960. $2.25. Lady Mary's letters, on which rest her fame, were full of quotable comments on manners and morals of the eighteenth century. Pope and Walpole described her as a dissolute and profligate woman. Halsband presents her objectively as a witty and energetic woman, as feminist and essayist and patroness.

The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, selected by Pamela Taylor. New York: New American Library of World Literature, A Mentor Classic, 1961. $0.75. A new arrangement of selections from da Vinci's notebooks reveals the architect, the engineer, the inventor, and the naturalist as well as the artist. Most interesting is the section of diaries and memoranda, titled "The Whole Man."

Michele Barbi's Life of Dante, trans. and ed. by Paul G. Ruggiers. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1960. $1.25. First published in Florence in 1933, this analysis of Dante from biographical, historical and critical standpoints incorporates the wide periphery of influences—jurisdictional quarrels in the papal courts, Aristotelian philosophy—which, as part of Dante's

BOOKS
sphere, no doubt molded his thinking and writing.

**End of Track**, by James H. Kyner. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, A Bison Book, 1960. $1.60. Primarily valuable to those interested in the history of western railroad construction, Kyner's memoirs are also a history of a man who pulled himself up by his bootstraps: after serving in the Civil War, he tried to educate himself, worked on the railroad when all he had "was my nerve and that new wooden leg."


**Criticism**

**The Sublime**, by Samuel H. Monk. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor Paperback, 1960. $1.95. The concept of the sublime, appearing and reappearing like a subterranean river in the history of Western thought, reached its apex in the eighteenth century and paved the way for the Romantic Revolution. Here is an evaluation of the concept, as it was developed by Hume, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and their contemporaries.

**The Art of the Mystery Story**, by Howard Haycraft. New York: Grosset's Universal Library, 1960. This is a book for readers and relishers of the genre of mystery fiction. Among the essays praising and panning the craft are a whimsical one by Vincent Starrett entitled "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes"; a detailed historical view by Willard Huntington Wright (S. S. Van Dine), "The Great Detective Stories"; and Edmund Wilson on "Who Cares Who Killed Roger Ackroyd?". General readers will be attracted principally by the sections on "Care and Feeding of the Whodunit" and "The Lighter Side of Crime," with Rex Stout's solemnly presented case for "Watson Was a Woman," and Ben Hecht's parody of the cliches of mystery fiction, "The Whistling Corpse." This is an excellent anthology; the forewords to each selection by Mr. Haycraft are engaging and to-the-point. The only regret to be felt is a slight pang that more recent articles were not included to make the volume current.

**Shakespeare: Modern Essays in Criticism**, ed. by Leonard F. Dean. New York: Oxford University Press, A Galaxy Book, 1961. $2.25. Twenty-eight critical articles on Shakespeare have been reprinted in this collection, including essays by such distinguished modern critics as H. Granville-Barker, Caroline Spurgeon, G. Wilson Knight and Mark Van Doren.

crucial transition which took place during the eighteenth century in European conceptions of the character, justification, and aims of art.

**Hubris, A Study of Pride**, by Robert Payne. Foreword by Sir Herbert Read. New York: A Harper Torchbook, 1960. $2.35. This is "a short history of the European soul as it shows itself in its pride." Robert Payne has produced a remarkable summoning of voices from all sorts of sources, from the Greeks who nurtured the legend of the nymph with the "honey-sounding name," Hubris, through the peoples who recognized, honored and feared pride: Romans, Italians, Germans, French, Spanish, and English. Sampling sources as diverse as the plays of the York cycle and Don Quixote, Mr. Payne leaves the impression that he has mastered a tantalizing field, a necromancer who has distilled nostrums of legerdemain out of literature. There is something akin to wizardry in the way Payne points to pride. Ahab, in Melville's *Moby Dick*, speaks: "I'd strike the sun if it insulted me." In a remarkable summary, Payne discusses the modern implications of pride: "the most deadly instrument placed in the hands of men remains the mirror."

**The Problem of Style**, by J. Middleton Murry. London: Oxford University Press, 1960. $1.25. In this series of six lectures delivered at Oxford almost forty years ago, Middleton Murry isolates and analyzes the meaning and the psychology and the process of creative style. Murry is deft and persuasive, and his dicta as to what style is (crystallization) and is not (ornamentation, etc.) will long be standard in the areas where the stylist attempts to stave off the jargonist.

**The Paradox of George Orwell**, by Richard J. Voorhees. Lafayette, Ind.: Purdue University, 1961. $1.95. In this rewriting of his doctoral dissertation, Voorhees explores the three main streams of paradox which flowed in Orwell. He discusses Orwell as the rebel with a strong sense of conscience and responsibility, the man who at first attacked the evils of imperialistic power and who later was preoccupied with the evils of totalitarian power, the crusader for a socialistic society who was displeased with many of its corollaries and regretted the passage from a world of innocence to a world of sophistication.

**The Scholar Adventurers**, by Richard D. Altick. New York: A Macmillan Paperback, 1960. $1.45. The tales of how Leslie Hotson reconstructed the last days of Christopher Marlowe, how original Boswell papers were turned up in croquet boxes and ebony cabinets, how Fannie Ratchford painstakingly tracked down the miniature books the Brontës wrote (scaled to the size of toy soldiers) and deciphered the minuscule handwriting, how Hope Emily Allan located the complete *Book of Margery Kempe*, are exciting detective stories starring the scholar as sleuth. Forgers, rare book dealers with an eye to ready profit, destructive elements, ignorance and reluctance of descendants to let "professors" look at family papers, are discussed by Dr. Altick with precision and flair. The incidents are related with such immediacy that the reader is thunderstruck along with Victorian scholar Howard Lowry when a banker acquaintance tells him, "Just three weeks ago
in that very fireplace I burned some seventy-five of Meredith's letters—they took up room, you know. Anyhow, they would not have interested you very much, for they were just personal letters!"


**The Figure of Beatrice, A Study in Dante**, by Charles Williams. New York: The Noonday Press, 1961. $1.45. The figure of the Florentine Beatrice provoked in Dante a noble awe and a noble curiosity, and Williams' thesis is that all his subsequent work consisted in an increase of that worship and that knowledge. Williams traces the development of the image to its climax in the *Paradiso*: the parallel and inexorable movement of mortal to divine love.

**Don Quixote**, by Salvador de Madrigal. New York: Oxford University Press, 1961. $1.50. An exploration of the subtleties of the knight of La Mancha by a distinguished scholar of Spanish literature and history. Chapters on Cervantes and chivalry books and on the dualism of Don Quixote provide an insight into the author: "For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him; he knew how to act, and I how to write; we both alone are like two in one."

**Novels of the Eighteen-Forties**, by Kathleen Tillotson. New York: Oxford Paperbacks, 1961. $2.25. In writing a study that focuses in quadruplicate on the novels *Dombey and Son*, *Mary Barton*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Jane Eyre*, Miss Tillotson draws into her periphery information about the public for whom novelists wrote. Also, the "multiform and multitudinous novel" was becoming the dominant form of literary expression, and Miss Tillotson examines and enlarges upon the areas of exploration allowed and forbidden to the novelists.

**In Praise of Love**, by Maurice Valency. New York: A Macmillan Paperback, 1961. $1.75. After 1100, the troubadours in the Midi of France developed a lyrical strain in which the theme was the adoration of woman and the accompaniment was the ennoblement of man through love. It was knightly in character. It began with the enshrinement of Our Lady and it flourished with earthly love (desire and respect often waged unruly battles in the admirer's breast). Monsieur Valency's thesis is that true love returned to its point of departure. "If in the ideal love of another man's wife there still lingered some trace of troubadour sensuality, certainly it was blameless to love the beauty of a disembodied spirit." Dante's Beatrice furnished the pattern, and "in terms of the stilnovist conceit, obviously, the best thing a lady could do for her lover was to die."

**Editor to Author**, ed. by John Hall Wheelock. New York: Grosset & Dunlap's Universal Library, $1.45. This well-edited volume contains the selected letters of Maxwell E. Perkins, who was for thirty-seven years connected with Charles Scribner's Sons publishing house, and served as its head editor during the last twenty. Van Wyck Brooks, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ring Lardner, Ernest Hemingway, Nancy Hale and James Jones worked under his direc-
tion and advice. And of course, Thomas Wolfe. Although it might be more honestly said that Perkins worked for Wolfe, rather than Wolfe for Perkins. He placated Wolfe's creditors, soothed Wolfe over deductions of charges from his royalties for author's corrections on proof, and tried to elicit Wolfe's meaning from the great mass of material put before him. A coolness developed between the two, but before Wolfe died he wrote that he "had seen the dark man very close," and wanted to assure Perkins of his deep feeling for him.


SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH LITERATURE, by C. V. Wedgwood. New York: Oxford, Galaxy Books, 1961. $1.25. The subjects covered in the important Grierson study originally formed a series of lectures delivered at Cornell University in 1926, but the increasing interest in the seventeenth century and its parallels with our own age has led the publishers to re-issue it in paper format. The seventeenth century found itself confronted by the battle between Christianity and Humanism, with new concepts of Christianity itself, new philosophies—and these matters were reflected in its literature: many of these same problems in both new and familiar guises confront contemporary writers as well. Proportionate amounts of space are devoted to Spenser, Donne, Milton, Dryden, the drama, the religious battles, and the background of the Civil War. A well-rounded idea of the complexity of the period is developed through particular attention paid to the problems with which the literature deals. C. V. Wedgwood, whose many studies in seventeenth-century literature have made her one of the most outstanding authorities in the field, approaches her subject in a somewhat different vein from Sir Herbert Grierson and with more attention to specifically literary matters. She explores the literature of the period briefly and lucidly, presenting a great deal of thought-provoking material in a small space. Both books will repay careful study.

VICTORIAN LITERATURE, Modern Essays in Criticism, ed. by Austin Wright. New York: Oxford University Press: A Galaxy Book, 1961. $2.25. Another volume in the extremely useful Galaxy series of essays on the great periods of English literature, this study of the Victorians brings together twenty-eight essays on them and their works. Four general essays study the major trends in the long Victorian period and its literature, and the remainder of the book is devoted to essays on specific authors and their works. The current revaluation of Victorian literature is reflected in many of the essays chosen for re-publication; and among the writers are such scholars as F. L. Lucas, Virginia Woolf, Austin Warren, T. S. Eliot, and Coleanth Brooks.

DRAMA

SHAKUNTALA, AND OTHER WRITINGS, by Kalidasa. Trans. with an intro. by Arthur W. Ryder. New York: A Dutton Everyman Paperback, 1959. $1.25. For fifteen hundred years, Kalidasa has been acknowledged India's greatest poet and dramatist. Shakuntala, a play, is derived from an old legend, and its Cinderella overtones show why it has been popular for so many centuries.
SEVEN PLAYS BY AUGUST STRINDBERG. Trans. by Arvid Paulson. New York: Bantam Books, 1960. $ .75. The plays of August Strindberg have evoked favorable comment from Sean O’Casey, Eugene O’Neill, George Bernard Shaw, and Thornton Wilder. The precursor of the moderns, Strindberg was a master of grim naturalism, as evidenced by “Miss Julie” and of expressionism, as revealed in “Easter.” The introduction by John Gassner is an excellent critique of Strindberg and his work.

THEATRE STREET, by Tamara Karsavina. New York: A Dutton Everyman Paperback, 1961. $1.45. Tamara Karsavina was one of the members of the legendary troupe of Russian dancers (that included Nijinsky and Pavlova) which Sergei Diaghilev first introduced to Western Europe in 1909. From her early training in the Imperial Ballet School in St. Petersburg to her triumphs in the capitals of Europe, with side-lights on the Revolution in Russia, Karsavina’s memoirs leave the impression of a small chamber of theatrical history crowded with glittering souvenirs.

FICTION


DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCES, by Choderlos de Laclos. Trans. by Richard Aldington. New York: New Directions Paperback, 1960. $1.55. A novel in epistolary form, this satirizes intrigue and war between the sexes waged in the fashionable Paris of 1780. A petulant and vicious marquise persuades a vicomte to seduce and demoralize a young girl. The vicomte agrees, with the condition that the marquise will become his lover once again. In their letters to each other, they doff the masks that have served them in their relationships with other people.

DANIEL DERONDA, by George Eliot. Intro. by F. R. Leavis. New York: A Harper Torchbook, 1961. $2.25. F. R. Leavis in his perceptive introduction offers no apology for Daniel Deronda, George Eliot’s last novel, which, even in paperback, is overwhelming in its thickness. He calls it Tolstoyan, and points out that Deronda, with his decision to go East and stir up the race feeling of the Jews, is not the hero: “Too often we have had to comment that Deronda, insofar as he is anything, is a prig.” Leavis feels the book belongs to Gwendolen Harleth: “… she is capable of being made, as an individual study, the focus of a study of a whole society.”

THE FANCHER TRAIN, by Amelia Bean. New York: Doubleday & Co., A Dolphin Book, 1961. $ .95. Opening with a brief preface describing a massacre of Mormons by Gentiles (meaning non-Mormons) in Missouri, Amelia Bean goes on to describe the bitterness of the Mormons, a bitterness which endured even after Brigham Young led them into Utah. In 1857 the Fancher wagon train is jolting across the plains to California, its adventures seen through the eyes of young Melissa Fancher, when it is attacked by Mormons and Indians. Defended by Jed Smith, a mountain man, and by
Crazy Horse (of Little Big Horn fame), Melissa escapes the slaughter. Thoroughly researched, possessing a swift narrative, *The Fancher Train* fully deserves its 1959 award from the Western Writers of America as the year’s best Western historical novel.


**HISTORY & SOCIETY**

**The Arabs in History**, by Bernard Lewis. New York: A Harper Torchbook, 1960. $1.35. “Whoever lives in our country, speaks our language, is brought up in our culture and takes pride in our glory is one of us,” stated a group of Arab leaders, seeking an adequate definition of the ethnic and historical factors that came to bear on the sphere of the “Arab.” Lewis takes up these issues, seeking satisfactory answers and boundaries for the country, the language, the cultural characteristics, and the past of this fluctuating group of people.

**Primitive Peoples Today**, by Edward Weyer, Jr. New York: Doubleday & Co., A Dolphin Book, 1961. $.95. A description of fourteen archaic cultures, ranging from the Eskimos, the Jivaros, the Aleuts, the Australian Aruntas, to the American Navajos. It is unfortunate that the photographs mentioned in the introduction were omitted from this edition.

**England Before Elizabeth**, by Helen Cam. New York: A Harper Torchbook, 1960. $1.35. Here is the evolution of the English nation and the Englishman—whom Defoe called “A man that’s kin to all the universe.” Under the stress of competition for power, the disciplinary influence of Christianity, the stimulus of foreign trade, the welding of skills into professions, the forging of a common law and a common language, England emerged. Miss Cam’s study is an excellent handbook for the background of early English literature.

**The England of Elizabeth**, by A. L. Rowse. New York: A Macmillan Paperback, 1961. $2.25. This first volume of Rowse’s study shows the ticking of society in Elizabethan England. He has knit the Reformation, the dark years before Elizabeth’s accession, and the rise of the gentry into the small details of the age—the jewelry, the architecture, the literature, the credulities and superstitions, the language, and the music. As Rowse hopes in his introduction, the book coaxes, evokes, and describes Elizabethan society better than any explanation would have done.

**Man on His Past**, by Herbert Butterfield. Boston: Beacon Press, 1960. $1.65. The historical mentality, as Butterfield says, is a complicated affair, and to understand it he sifts the ways in which man’s knowledge of history and his attitude toward the past influenced the course of future events. His purpose is to describe and illustrate the rise, the scope, the methods and the objectives of the history of historiography.

**Books**
THE FREMANTLE DIARY, ed with commentary by Walter Lord. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, A Capricorn Book, 1960. $1.35. The young English lieutenant colonel, Arthur James Lyon Fremantle of the Coldstream Guards, visited one famous Confederate leader after another, traveling in 1863 from Texas to Gettysburg. The republication of Fremantle's journal was no doubt spurred by the Civil War Centennial. However, long after 1965, historians will refer to it to round out their mosaic of the frontier and its hardships, and students of Western literature will find fresh insight in this journal kept by an educated young Britisher making his tour of the provincial United States before settling down to brass tacks.

THE LIFE OF SCIENCE, Essays in the History of Civilization, by George Sarton. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, A Midland Book, 1960. $1.50. In these essays treating pioneers of science (Harvey, Napier, Comte, da Vinci, Galois, Renan and others), George Sarton is concerned with evolution of science and the scientific personality, but he takes care to piece out the general historical background. A chapter proposing an Institute for the History of Science and Civilization is an exciting blueprint for the establishment of such an institution which would foster the principle of kinship between science and the other branches of learning.

MARCO POLO, by Maurice Collis. New York: New Directions, 1961. $1.35. Mr. Collis has summarized the main events of The Book of Marco Polo and has interwoven his own commentary to provide a modern perspective. It is a good, general study of the merchant's son who left Venice at the age of seventeen and for twenty years thereafter roved the opposite side of the globe.


THE PEOPLE OF THE SIERRA, by J. A. Pitt-Rivers. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, A Phoenix Book, 1961. $1.65. An anthropological examination of the social structure of a rural community of 3,000 inhabitants located in the mountains of southern Spain. Customs and values, history and political structures, industry and agriculture, sayings and witchlore, are analyzed in a readable manner. There is a discerning conclusion on the tensions that exist between the local government and the national one.

Scotland. A masterful introduction discusses the personality of Froissart, a gallant figure somewhat shadowed by the intervening centuries, but whose zest for life has endured in the sunshine of the chivalric events he wrote “To encourage all valorous hearts and to show them honourable examples.”

**Garrets and Pretenders, A History of Bohemianism in America**, by Albert Parry. New York: Dover Publications. 1961. $1.95. Unwittingly, Edgar Allen Poe started the tradition of Bohemianism in America. Poe initiated the literary hoax, the vitriolic remark intended as criticism, the adoption of taverns as rendezvous of artists, and of dying drunk and delirious—preferably in a damp gutter, a seedy attic, or a saloon. The book is studded with names—Ada Clare, one-time Queen of Bohemia; Ben Hecht; Margaret Anderson, who first published James Joyce in the *Little Review*; Robert McAlmon; Maxwell Bodenheim; and Hart Crane. Bohemians have cropped up in Greenwich Village, Provincetown, Carmel, Chicago, Cincinnati, Santa Fe and Taos. Mr. Parry traces these peregrinations as well as their literary sallies. Professor Harry T. Moore has added a chapter on the latest Bohemians, the beatniks.

**The Age of the Despots, The Renaissance in Italy**, by John Addington Symonds. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons, A Capricorn Book, 1960. $1.65. The first volume of John Addington Symonds’ monumental study of the Italian Renaissance, this book was preceded by the second volume, *The Revival of Learning*, earlier this year. This volume includes Symonds’ famous definition of the word “Renaissance” and traces the phenomenon to its classical and medieval roots. The book has long been outstanding for its treatment of the great Italian historians and of the other major political, religious and artistic figures of the period.

**The Origins of Oriental Civilization**, by Walter A. Fairservis, Jr. New York: New American Library, A Mentor Classic, 1959. $1.50. In general, an excellent scholarly account of the early history of man in eastern Asia—particularly in China, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Mongolia and Siberia. Dr. Fairservis surveys Asian prehistory from early man to the dynastic period. An otherwise useful compilation of material from scattered sources is marred by the placement of notes at the end of the text.

**Natural History**


**Molluscs, An Introduction to Their Form and Functions**, by J. E. Morton. New York: A Harper Torchbook, 1960. $1.40. Dr. Morton discusses the essential characteristics of molluscs, the five classes and the relationships between them. The emphasis, however, is on the evolution of the various functions of the molluscan body and the organs responsible for them. Many excellent line drawings accompany the text.
PHILOSOPHY

Education, by Immanuel Kant. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor Paperback, 1960. $1.35. Views on education which mark a turning point in Western thought toward the liberal and democratic ideals that guide educational thought and theory today.


The Tragic Finale, by Wilfrid Desan. New York: A Harper Torchbook, 1960. $1.60. Sartre is the name everyone is ready to blurt out whenever the talk turns to existentialism. His name is known in at least three fields: philosophy, literature, and drama. Desan takes up Sartre as philosopher in this study, restricting his investigation to Sartre’s phenomenological ontology.


Les Philosophes, ed. by Norman L. Torrey. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons, A Capricorn Book, 1961. $1.65. This is the kind of anthology which whets the reader’s appetite for the complete works from which the excerpts were taken. The ideas of liberalism and democracy that flourished in France in the eighteenth century are illustrated with piecemeal examples from the work of Voltaire, Bayle, Fénelon, Rousseau, Diderot, Montesquieu, and La Mettrie.

POETRY

Madonna of the Cello, by Robert Bagg. Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1961. $1.25. Robert Bagg, who is a student of balladry, William Butler Yeats, John Keats, and Robert Bridges, manages a collection of poetry that is that rare thing: both derivative and personal. The second “Ballad from Nausicaa” with its refrain of “The crow lies over the cornfield,/ The sun flies over the crow” is an excellent example of ballad adaptation. “The Tandem Ride,” with its modern, Smith College-educated Faery Child, ribs “Willie Yeats” and the traditions of St. Agnes’ Eve. A long poem, it is novelesque in its story of the college girl who dreams of being an actress, a witch, inamorata of the devil, of whom she says: “He dries away like sweat. / All morning what’s left of him makes me wince,” even though “Nothing can spook him the way feline dorms/ Do.”

Ecstasy Is a Number, poems by Margaret Randall. Drawings by Elaine de Kooning. New York: Orion Press, 1961. $1.00. A former Albuquerquean, Miss Randall takes the title for her second volume of poems from “Squibs” by Charles Baudelaire: “All is Number. Number is in all. Number is in the individual. Ecstasy is a Number.” Elaine de Kooning, visiting professor of art at The University of New Mexico in 1958-
59, has provided several illustrations for the collection. Among the most interesting are a portrait of Miss Randall and the depiction of "St. Margaret Stepping from the Belly of the Dragon."

The Opening of the Field, poems by Robert Duncan. New York: Grove Press, 1960. $1.45. Duncan is a contemporary of Robert Creeley and a member of the group responsible for the now-famous "San Francisco" renaissance of the mid-Fifties. The series of thirteen poems called "The Structure of Rime" reveals Duncan absorbed in a Whitman-like self-evaluation: "Lying in the grass, the world was all of the field, and I saw a kite on its string, tugging, bounding, far away as my grandmother—dance against the blue from its tie of invisible delight."

Words for the Wind, The Collected Verse of Theodore Roethke. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1961. $1.75. Mr. Roethke's work has won the 1958 National Book Award for poetry and the 1953 Pulitzer Prize. Adder-tongued orchids, a diocese of mice, a web of appleworms, the great squashy shadows of the sea, and the wind, are but a few of the images that cluster on every limb-line of these poems. The wind becomes the symbol of universal knowing; on a more literal level it refers to breath. "I live in air; the long light is my home," Mr. Roethke says, and later, "A light wind rises: I become the wind."

Archive of Recorded Poetry and Literature: A Checklist. Washington 25, D.C.: Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, 1961. $.70. A check-list of the sound recordings of poetry and literature in the Library of Congress collections, this inventory is arranged alphabetically by the name of the person or group recorded. An index serves as a key to those authors whose work has been recorded by persons other than themselves. Serial numbers at the side of the title of a poem indicate that the Library has made pressings of it which are available for general purchase. A random sampling turns up the names and titles of works by John Berryman, Maxwell Bodenheim, Robert Frost, Ted Hughes, Marianne Moore, John Crowe Ransom, Winfield Townley Scott, and Eudora Welty.

50 Poems, by e. e. cummings. New York: Grosset's, The Universal Library, 1960. $.95. A collection from the 1939-40 period with such variety and charm that all fifty poems may be pleasantly read at one sitting. Almost every verse form which e. e. cummings has perfected, from the verbal puzzle to the split word and the dangling punctuation mark is here, and to trace each through its paces is as engaging and rewarding as digging for truffles or tracking wild bees to the nest. Advice for poets from Mr. c.: "Poetry and every other art was and is and forever will be strictly and distinctly a question of individuality. . . . If poetry is your goal, you've got to forget all about punishments and all about rewards and all about self-styled obligations and duties and responsibilities etcetera ad infinitum and remember one thing only: that it's you—nobody else—who determine your destiny and decide your fate."

Paterson Society was named in honor of Paterson, William Carlos Williams' major work, and as a tribute to Dr. Williams for his steady encouragement and support of young poets. It is a non-profit organization which arranges readings by contemporary poets at colleges and universities, makes grants to small presses and distributes their books. Edward Dorn, a resident of Santa Fe, has published in several small literary magazines, including the New Mexico Quarterly. His idiom and cadence are memorable, witness the poems "Geranium" and "Like a Message on Sunday." He masters audacity in these lines from the poem "Sousa": "John/ you child, you drumhead, there is no silence/ you can't decapitate. 

. . . ." A small mimeographed "credo" accompanies the volume; in it Dorn states, "My poems usually deal with things that are difficult for me to arrive at by any other means than the poem."

—Ramona Maher Weeks & Staff


All biographers of the Brontës have devoted a liberal share of attention to the one boy of the family. Most, following Mrs. Gaskell's lead, have pictured him as a gifted and lovable youth who early degenerated into an alcoholic and an opium addict. Others have taken their cue from Grundy and Leyland to exalt him at the expense of his sisters, who, they indicate, profited by his greater genius but denied him part in their acclaim.

Miss Du Maurier is the first, however, to essay a full biography of Patrick Branwell Bronte. Since both her startling title and her thesis are anticipated in my own study, The Brontë's Web of Childhood (pp. 159, 189-90), I have a peculiar interest in and admiration for her skill in expanding mere factual statements into an exciting psychological drama developing the thesis that Branwell Bronte's deterioration, if not caused by self-identification with Alexander Percy, his hero of the Glasstown-Angrian saga, was closely accompanied by delusions of grandeur marked by that hero's satanic pride. Her argument loses force, however, by failure to trace Percy's obvious derivation from Milton's and Byron's Lucifer.

To her work Miss Du Maurier brings the psychological understanding of a competent novelist. Adroitly she weaves together in plot fashion cause and effect: circumstances and events, and brings to bear upon the pattern a persuasive force of style which carries her triumphantly over frequent patches of purely hypothetical possibility. What is more surprising, she shows a remarkable gift for ferreting out sources of information. First of all, be it said in wonder and admiration, she at least scanned a sizeable group of Branwell's own well-nigh limitless mass of dull, tedious, and repetitious manuscripts. Her study of local Freemasonry, as practiced in Branwell's own Lodge of the Three Graces, highlights one step in his downward course, and a search of the Robinson Deed

2. Pictures of the Past: Memories of Men I have met and Places I have seen, by Francis H. Grundy, 1879.
3. The Brontë Family, with special reference to Patrick Branwell Brontë, by Francis A. Leyland, 1886.
Box yielded information which leads her to believe that Branwell's story of his affair with Mrs. Robinson was originally invented by him to cover up the more reprehensible real reason of his dismissal as tutor at Thorpe Green. This story, once invented, she thinks, became the dominating delusion of his tortured mind.

Up to this point her portrait of Branwell Brontë, though frequently departing from fact in points of sequence and relation, is yet so true in spirit and effect as to merit the popularity it is sure to have. Avoiding the usual mistakes of Branwell's partisans, she does not attempt to shield him nor to minimize his faults. Neither does she shift the blame for his ruin upon his sisters. She pictures him so convincingly as a victim of his own nature and circumstances as to change the censure of hardened readers to pity.

Here, however, she seems to lose grip on her subject, and from this time on to be fumbling in the dark. Unable to distinguish, one from another, the youthful minute handprintings of the four young Brontës, she falls into far-reaching errors of attribution which cry out for correction. On p. 41, she asserts, "... though most of the manuscripts are signed with Charlotte's name, much of the handwriting [handprinting] is Branwell's," and on p. 217, she states in reference to Branwell's manuscripts, "Others had become muddled with Charlotte's in the days when they had written in turn, chapter by chapter, an Angrian tale."

These and other sentences of similar import make the informed reader gasp, for more than twenty years ago, C. W. Hatfield, in his long study of virtually all the extant Brontë manuscripts, established beyond question the following facts:

1. Though the manuscripts of the four young Brontës have a general similarity of appearance, the minute handprintings of the several children have distinguishing characteristics which make recognition certain.

2. The literary styles of the children are so distinctive that, even without the help of the manuscripts, the production of one is not likely to be mistaken for that of another.

3. The Brontë children, after Emily's defection, together with Anne, from Branwell's leadership, no longer played as one group, but in pairs: Charlotte and Branwell evolving the Angrian saga; Emily and Anne building the Gondal-Gaeldine world, but each wrote separately and independently, dating his manuscript and signing it with his name, initials, or a familiar pseudonym. There is no evidence that either pair or any single individual ever broke across this line of separation, and it is highly improbable that manuscripts signed by Charlotte but written by Branwell exist. Nor is it more probable that Charlotte and Branwell ever "wrote in turn, chapter by chapter, an Angrian tale."

Again, on p. 65, we read "there can be no doubt that Branwell and Emily ... collaborated in ideas, if not in actual incidents or verse. One of the earlier Angrian tales, 'A Leaf from an Unopened Volume,' attributed to Charlotte, ... may indeed be a contribution by the younger sister [Emily] to the Angrian series." A facsimile of this little book lies before me at the present moment, the gift of its former owner, A. Edward Newton. Its ten pages of text, totaling about 2,000 words per page, are in Charlotte's unmistakable minute printing, while its title page in her equally familiar script proclaims that it was written by Lord Charles Albert Florian Wellesley (her pseudonym as a novelist) and published.

BOOKS
by Sergeant Tree (her pseudonym as a publisher). At the end it is signed in script "Charlotte Brontë, January 17, 1834."

So far as I know there does not exist a shred of evidence, aside from Dearden's discredited testimony, to connect Branwell and Emily in their writing. There are, rather, indications, too involved to detail here, that Emily did not find her brother a congenial companion in her creative life.

It is to be hoped that the charm and romance of Miss Du Maurier's book will not entice its readers so far from the stern facts as to confuse their critical judgments.

—Fannie Ratchford

A resident of Austin, Texas, Miss Ratchford is the author of two illuminating studies on the early years of the Bronte's: Legends of Angria compiled with the help of William Clyde DeVane (Yale University Press), and The Bronte's Web of Childhood (Columbia University Press).
the native and naturalized woody plants of the southwestern United States.” The naturalized woody plants (introduced plants which have escaped cultivation) are identified as such in this book and the time of their introduction into cultivation is indicated.

The author points out that, in the course of his investigations, extensive field work was required and that he traveled more than 250,000 miles by automobile as well as an undisclosed amount on foot and by horseback in the less accessible areas. Specimens from several herbaria were also studied.

Each species treated here is considered separately but grouped according to family with each family representing a separate chapter. There are 102 chapters in all which include somewhat more than 1,200 species in slightly over 1,100 pages. As one might expect, some of these chapters, such as those covering the families Rosaceae, Leguminosae and Compositae, are quite long, while others may include no more than one or two pages.

This book is well supplied with illustrative material; each species is portrayed by a drawing or set of drawings showing vegetative characteristics as well as flower and fruit characteristics much of the time. The illustrations are very well done; apparently great care was taken with them and, as far as can be determined, are also accurately made.

Each species seems to be described adequately and each description is broken down into several sections with a paragraph usually given to each section. First to be considered is a unit on field identification giving information such as whether the plant is a tree, shrub or vine, whether it is evergreen or deciduous, an idea of the over-all shape, the ultimate height, and maximum diameter of the stem and other pointers useful in field identification. This unit is followed by separate descriptions of the flower, the fruit, the leaves, the twigs, the bark and the wood. Discussion of wood characteristics is of general interest and features such items as color, weight, strength as well as a list of uses.

A short discussion of range is also included. It is presented in regard to the states in which the species is found or in some instances more specific information is given, however, maps are not used. The principal habitat of each species is also given here.

An interesting section on remarks is found with each description. Here the author furnishes some information on such subjects as the origin of the genus name, the meaning of the species name, a list of common names in use in different localities in addition to the common name which the author has selected to best represent the species, the value of the plant as an ornamental, as wildlife cover, as a food source for wildlife, in erosion control and other items of interest. Also mentioned on occasion are the uses of certain plants and some of the products which may be derived from them.

Several other sections are also included whenever needed; these comprise notes on propagation, related species, varieties and forms, hybrids, and medicinal values.

I personally would have preferred to have seen a more extensive use of keys in this publication. There are no keys to family or to genus and in only two instances are there to be found any keys to taxa below the genus level. In one instance, there is a key to species and varieties in the genus Crataegus and in the other there are several keys to varieties in the genus Citrus. The book would be more useful if more keys were included, but such
an undertaking would have added considerably to the bulk of an already large volume.

Both common names and scientific names are to be found in the index but are placed in separate sections. An extensive bibliography is also included.

As I have mentioned previously, this book is a large one as well it would need to be for such an extensive project and is apparently not intended to be used as a field manual. Its greatest value, therefore, is that of reference and it should be useful to both the professional botanist and the amateur. It appears to be well written; the format is pleasing and, in general, the book should appeal to a wide range of interests.

—William C. Martin

Assistant Professor of Biology at the University of New Mexico, Dr. Martin has published cytotoxic studies in plants in Britannia, and studies of variation and species relationships in plants in Proceedings of the Indiana Academy of Science. He holds the B.S. degree from Purdue; and his M.A. and Ph.D. were taken at the University of Indiana.


One of the most fascinating of the minor episodes in twentieth-century American literary history is the Spectra hoax, the full story of which William Jay Smith has now made the subject of a delightful book. In 1916 Witter Bynner (who has long been a resident of Santa Fe) and Arthur Davison Ficke (who died in 1945), under the pseudonyms of Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish, respectively, published a slim volume of forty-six poems, entitled Spectra. Written as a parody of the many poetic "schools" of the time, it purported, in its sober prefatory manifesto, to be "the first compilation of the recent experiments in Spectra," a method based, for one thing, on the belief that "the theme of a poem is to be regarded as a prism, upon which the colorless white light of infinite existence falls and is broken up into glowing, beautiful, and intelligible hues." The volume was readily accepted as a serious work; Reedy's Mirror and the Little Review soon published Spectric verse; Others devoted an entire issue to the new school; Edgar Lee Masters considered it "at the core of things and imagism at the surface"; and it was, in general, the subject of serious critical discussion (including the review which Bynner himself wrote for the New Republic) for a year and a half until Bynner finally let out the secret in Detroit in April of 1918.

Smith has based his account largely on the material in the Ficke papers at Yale, but he has also had the personal advice of Bynner and others involved. This well-produced volume (with photographs of clippings and the cover of the original Spectra on the endpapers) consists of two parts: the story of the hoax (the first seventy pages) and the texts of many Spectric poems, including all in the original volume and many later ones, some previously unpublished. The narrative is divided into five short chapters, the first of which describes the hoax in a properly tongue-in-cheek manner, without revealing the names of the perpetrators, the second (and longest) section then proceeding to give the full details (a method which results occasionally in repetition of material). The third and fourth chapters deal with several other poetic hoaxes. One of these, the "Earl Roppel" hoax of
Malcolm Cowley and S. Foster Damon, was inspired by Spectra; but it is difficult to see why the Australian “Ern Malley” hoax of 1944 or James Norman Hall’s “Fern Gravel” hoax of 1940 are included in the book about Spectra. The space could have been better used to give more information about the careers of Ficke and Bynner, for instance; or the actual details of the publication of Spectra, which remain rather vague (we are told only that Mitchell Kennerley “accepted it at once” and that it came out in the fall of 1916), could have been related with more precision. This information would be especially interesting since Kennerley was one of the publishers most sympathetic to the new poetry. In the final chapter Smith, himself a poet, evaluates the Spectric poems and assesses the significance of the hoax for our own times.

The major fault of the book is its lack of a bibliography. When a book is made out of so slight a subject (which Smith realizes is a “byway” of literary history), one would expect it to be complete in every way. Smith’s readable narrativeneed not be burdened with more dates or references, but a bibliography (listing all appearances of Spectric poems, reviews of Spectra, and articles about the Spectrists) would be useful not only for reference but as a complement to the text—since it would be, in effect, a complete record of the whole episode. Smith mentions a number of periodical appearances of Spectric poems, but he does not point out (what a bibliography could easily have indicated) that a poem by Emanuel Morgan, “The Octopus,” appeared as late as May 5, 1920, in the Freeman or that some of Morgan’s Pins for Wings verses (this 1920 volume is discussed on p. 45) were published in Reddy’s Mirror (see December 25, 1919).

Smith gives a representative sample of the reviewers’ opinions, but, in the absence of a bibliography, certain others might also be included. For example, we are not told that the Los Angeles Times (January 21, 1917), after an unfavorable but serious analysis, concluded that “the Spectrists are no worse than other poetical factions”; that the Brooklyn Eagle (January 13, 1917) believed Anne Knish to have “true poetic instinct”; or that the St. Louis Much Ado (November 23, 1916) went so far as to call the work “the most unique, amusing, thought stimulating, and sometimes beautiful collection of poems we have come across in a long time.” (And there is at least one instance where Smith does not name a reviewer he quotes, when it is possible to do so—the Detroit News-Tribune review mentioned on p. 10 was written by W. K.-Kelsey.)

The information that is given, however, is thoroughly reliable—no errors are made in citing the dates of reviews or in reprinting the original text of Spectra. But one place which might cause some confusion is the plate inserted after page 102. The authorship of the poems printed beneath Ficke’s drawings is not indicated; and the names of Morgan and Knish, attached to the poems, are meant to reveal the subjects of the poems rather than the authors, since the one labeled “Morgan” (Bynner) was printed in Vanity Fair for September 1917 (p. 50), along with the drawings and with this statement by Ficke: “The pictures are dearer to me than life. The verses are my own.”

Smith is aware of the larger issues, “the question of authenticity in art,” which a literary hoax brings up, and he points out the value of common sense and humor in criticism. In the words of a Dial editorial for April 25, 1918 (not mentioned by Smith),
"One wonders whether the genesis and course of Spectrism is not the most illuminating criticism of much that is most pretentious in the new arts." Smith's entertaining volume makes clear the power of parody as a form of criticism and shows that Spectra served its purpose well.

—G. Thomas Tanselle

Instructor in English at the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Tanselle has published articles in Shakespeare Quarterly, Notes and Queries, Nineteenth-Century Fiction, Journalism Quarterly, Colby Library Quarterly, and other periodicals.


In the standard Civil War histories, the contest for New Mexico has been fortunate to rate even a brief footnote. As one happy effect of the approaching Civil War Centennial, with its attendant resurgence of interest in the bloody conflict of the 1860's, the Far Western campaign is at last assuming its rightful role in the Civil War drama.

It is only a supporting role, as Dr. Hall makes clear in this third treatment of the Sibley campaign published in recent years. Had Sibley succeeded, however, it would unquestionably have been a leading role. Although the General's instructions contemplated only the conquest of New Mexico, there can be little doubt that he hoped to extend the conquest to Colorado and California, thus bringing enormous mineral resources to the Confederate treasury and affording the Confederacy an outlet on the Pacific. "Though the evidence is overwhelming that Sibley's plan for the West had no chance of success," concludes the author, "nevertheless, like the whole Confederate adventure, it might have succeeded!"

If ever a campaign illustrated the vital importance of logistics to military operations, it was Sibley's campaign of 1862. Hall brings this out clearly. Sibley hinged success on the expectation of living off the country and captured Federal supplies. Having served in New Mexico before the war, he should have known that the country could contribute nothing. As a trained and experienced career officer, he should have known better than to rely entirely on captured supplies. He whipped Canby's Union army at Valverde, but failed to seize Fort Craig and the supply dump so vital to his plans. He took Albuquerque, but not before the Federal quartermaster destroyed the stores. He occupied Santa Fe, but not before the stores were moved to Fort Union. Then, at the decisive battle of Glorieta Pass, tactically a Confederate victory, he lost 80 wagons loaded with provisions and ammunition. This was the knockout blow, and led to the decision to call off the offensive and withdraw from New Mexico.

Hall's assessment of Sibley is not flattering. He was sick much of the time, drank too much, and lacked the ability to handle a brigade in combat. Able subordinates offset his deficiencies and actually won the victories at Valverde and Glorieta Pass. By contrast, Canby emerges as the prudent soldier portrayed by his recent biographer. Given the resources at his command, Can-
by did a good job of defending New Mexico, and showed a far better appreciation than his critics of the conditions that the land and its people imposed on the prosecution of large-scale military operations.

Hall does not soften the sorry record of the New Mexico volunteers. At Valverde they (with some of the regulars) proved entirely unreliable. After the battle, over a thousand deserted and roamed the territory in pillaging mobs. Hall does point out in partial mitigation, however, that most native New Mexicans had little interest in the issues of the war and, except for their hatred of “Tejanos,” could not have cared less which side won.

This is a good book. It is comprehensive, well organized, well presented, and marshals source materials hitherto unexploited. An appendix setting forth the complete muster rolls of the Sibley brigade adds to its value. In my opinion, Hall’s book ranks considerably above its two predecessors.

—Robert M. Utley

Historian with the National Park Service, Robert M. Utley lives in Santa Fe. He has been working recently in materials dealing with the Civil War in New Mexico.


The publication by university presses of these titles indicates a predictable phenomenon in the light of recent history in the Caribbean—a mild revival of interest in things Latin American. The fact that both titles are published by university presses shows, however, that Latin American titles are not yet commercial. Latin Americanists might be forgiven for wishing Castro enough luck to make Latin American books marketable.

Quirk’s book is a detailed study of the military-political events surrounding Emiliano Zapata, Pancho Villa, Alvaro Obregón, and Venustiano Carranza in 1914-15. The military maneuverings of Villa are treated more fully and with more respect than is customary in English while Obregón receives his due as a military figure. Quirk displays none of the sympathy for Zapata that is usual in more romantic studies of the Revolution. Zapata in this study is pictured as essentially he was—a provincial ignorant man without great ambitions: only a strong and unwavering sense of justice made him one of the immortals.

Quirk’s treatment of the Convention of Aguascalientes is unusually full for an English study and is very interesting in view of the fact that the main stream of the Revolution had gone another direction by the time the Convention assembled. As always, Carranza seems to be elusive and amorphous; as usual he turns out to be the winner—a puzzling figure in Mexican history.

Quirk’s time limit prevents his writing about the intervention of Pershing in Northern Mexico in 1917, which is a pity; it would have been interesting indeed to compare his treatment of that invasion with his handling of the Veracruz occupation. Carranza, at least, was perfectly consistent in both cases, more than can be said for Villa, Wilson, or (one suspects) Quirk.

The dust jacket declares that Quirk is first a journalist and secondly a historian.
This may explain a bibliography that relies heavily on newspapers and United States Department of State papers. The assumption that participants in the Mexican Revolution wrote prejudiced books is valid; the supposition that Mexican and American newspapers and Department of State papers are legitimate sources is correct. But to use the newspapers and State Department papers almost exclusively is questionable.

Scott's book on the Mexican government (1910-60) follows a more traditional (and more reputable) bibliographical technique. It is a thorough-going, if at times plodding, analysis of the Mexican political system as it has developed in the last fifty years. Scott has adopted a methodology taken from sociology and applied it rather vigorously to Mexican politics. He has applied generalizations that would be meaningful in most studies of politics and then collected Mexican data to illustrate the congruency (or lack of it). The result is as intriguing a collection of material on Mexican political parties, presidential politics, nominating processes, elections, and the bureaucracy as one could want. In fact, at times one feels with the little boy of the familiar joke, that this book "tells me more about Mexican government than I want to know." This is only to indicate that Scott's book could have been somewhat shorter with no loss in quality. His handling of the history of the official party in Mexico and the rise of the presidency to its present position is extremely valuable information to have compiled and in English. The student of contemporary Mexican government will find Scott's book useful and informative.

Both books are well made, indexed carefully, and are attractive. The end papers (a useful map) in Quirk's book are reversed and Scott needs to check his arithmetic on page ninety. The two volumes are useful additions to the bibliography in English on modern Mexico.

—Merrill Rippy

Dr. Rippy teaches in the Department of History at Ball State Teachers College, Muncie, Indiana. Together with his wife, he edits the college quarterly magazine, Forum.


Many books have been written about life in Mexico; for the most part they are romantic accounts of a picturesque way of life that exists only in the mind of the writer. Not so Mr. William Madsen's The Virgin's Children, an account of life among the eight hundred Nahuatl-speaking inhabitants of San Francisco Tecospa. In this small village Mr. Madsen has observed the complexities of living that constitute the total sum of existence in a Mexican-Indian pueblo. The Tecospan spends much of his time in pursuit of social recognition by fulfilling his ritual obligations to himself and the community. Religion among these people is an interesting blend of ancient Aztec and Catholic beliefs. The people love their saint, San Francisco, and at the same time fear Tlaloc, the Aztec rain god. This is perhaps one of the most valuable features of Mr. Madsen's book: his observations of pre-Spanish cultural patterns extant in twentieth-century Mexico. The people of Tecospan live and think in much the same way as their ancestors three hundred years before them. The chapter on "Witchcraft" perhaps best illustrates the ancient ways' refusal to give way to the more sophisticated superstitions of modern Catholicism. A continual process from cradle to grave are the

NMQ XXX: 4
charms, incantations, and prayers to insure life on this earth as well as after death.

Madsen's analysis of family life among these people is very informative. The author lived with the people of this village and became acquainted with many aspects of family life that the casual observer would miss entirely. The Tecospan family is the individual's security and his defense against all that is evil.

_The Virgin's Children_ represents an objective account, with conclusions left to the reader, of life among Indians in Mexico. Madsen also includes a useful glossary of Nahuatl terms helpful to all interested in the Indian culture of Mexico. The volume contains many fine photographs, as well as some drawings done by a ten-year-old boy from the village of Tecospan.

—Clarence Huff


Former Director of the Department of Cultural Affairs at the Pan-American Union in Washington and one of Brazil's foremost novelists, Erico Verissimo and his wife made a trip through Mexico; a _hegira_ from affairs of state. These musings and observations are a record of light and shadow—of a Sunday morning in Taxco riddled "with sun, bells, birds and clouds"; of the insane asylum at Cholula where the maniacs howl at certain hours, principally on gusty days; of the market where heads of roast pigs, beheaded by some Zapotec Salomé, repose on platters; of the melting watches painted by Salvador Dalí, which the author interprets for himself as a symbol of time in Mexico.

Senhor Verissimo relates his conver-
sations with José Vasconcelos, the writer, and Alfaro Siqueiros, the painter; and they give us small thought-portraits of the present-day cultured, creative person in Mexico. Verissimo is at his best, however, in capturing the past and freeing it with the present—as he does in the account of his visit to Chapultepec, where he imagines that Maximilian and his Carlotta pace and glide.

_The Plains Rifle_, by Charles E. Hanson, Jr. Harrisburg, Pa.: The Stackpole Co., $10.00.

The subject matter of the book broadly includes all rifles which might have been made with the plainsman in mind. Mr. Hanson suggests a definition: "Basically this rifle should be suitable to carry on a horse, the plainsman's prime locomotor. This would make a maximum barrel length of about 42 inches for the earliest types with the average varying from 38 to 38 inches. The caliber and intended charge should be designed for grizzly bear and buffalo, surely never less than .42 caliber and rarely more than .58. The average would be .45 to .55. The barrel would be heavy enough for service charges of 100 grains or better. The stocking would be plain with a minimum of inlays." As is true of all Stackpole books, this volume is well illustrated. While written with the gun specialist in mind, the student of Western Americana will pick up some fascinating sidelights.

which he settled by slinging lead, was shot by Dirty John Selman on August 19, 1895, in El Paso. Many years before, while in Huntsville Prison, he worked on this autobiography. He ended with high hopes to study law. But John Wesley Hardin was always to live on the wrong side of the law, a little too hot-tempered and high-gunned to be a Blackstone cowboy. This book contains the slight distortions of self-bias usually found in autobiography, but it is a valuable original source of material on Texas and Kansas in the post-Civil War, boomtown days. A Negro with whom Hardin picked a fight once stated: "... a bird never flew too high not to come to the ground," and the end of John Wesley Hardin fulfilled this prophecy.


This slim, attractively designed volume of stories obtained from old-time residents is a "must" for all devotees of New Mexican in its various forms and for collectors of Carl Hertzog’s fine printing. Ranging the country from the boomtowns of Organ and Kingston to the mines of Silver City and Mogollon, and from Las Cruces and Mesilla to Stein’s Pass, these tales cover such varied subjects as a wild burro round-up, dust storms, religious festivals, Gene Rhodes, ghosts, bear dogs, and Ben Lilly, the famous hunter.

Items which appeared in New Mexico Magazine, The Denver Post, and New Mexico Stockman and contributions to the author's column, "Folklore Corner," which ran in a number of New Mexico newspapers for several years, have provided brief glimpses of "this land in which life has never been easy," as Mr. Raynor expresses it.

—Gertrude Hill

Special Collections Librarian of the Matthews Library at Arizona State University, Gertrude Hill has published articles and reviews in the American Anthropologist, Southwestern Lore, New Mexico Magazine, Wilson Library Bulletin, and El Palacio.


The first regular trading expedition from Franklin, Missouri, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, was made by William Becknell, "the father of the Santa Fe Trail," in 1821. During succeeding years other groups embarked on highly successful commercial ventures of a similar nature. Recognizing the importance of this thriving trade in the general economy of Missouri, Governor Alexander McNair, in 1824 sought the aid of U.S. Senator Thomas Hart Benton in obtaining government funds for a survey of the route between that state and New Mexico.

Santa Fe Trail, First Reports: 1825 contains two Congressional documents issued in support of this survey, the bill for which was passed and became law in March of that year. The first is a series of twenty-two questions addressed to Augustus Storrs (later the first U.S. consul to Santa Fe) by Senator Benton and the former’s replies regarding "the origin, present state, and future prospect of trade . . . between Missouri and the Internal Provinces of Mexico." The second document, in two parts, contains a petition from residents of Mis-
souri and a letter from Alphonso Wetmore to John Scott, member of Congress, with additional information regarding trade between Missouri and New Mexico.

Long out of print, this important source material on the early history of the Santa Fe Trail is now available in a well-designed, attractively bound reprint with a brief introduction by Jack D. Rittenhouse, the publisher.

—Gertrude Hill


WANTED
Young Skinny Wiry Fellows
not over eighteen. Must be expert riders willing to risk death daily. Orphans preferred. Wages $25 per week. Apply Central Overland Express, Alta Bldg., Montgomery Street

This advertisement in the San Francisco newspapers in 1860 launched The Pony Express, which ran 1900 miles from Missouri to California, through desert terrain, tricky rivers, high mountains and country crawling with Indians and rattlesnakes. 1960 was the Centennial Year of the Pony Express, and two new books appeared to call attention to it.

The first, PONY EXPRESS—the Great Gamble by Roy Bloss, pieces together records and miscellaneous facts of this bridging of the Western frontier. It was not an easy task, because by the time the Pony Express was belatedly remembered—after the Civil War and the stress of Reconstruction—many of its ledgers, documents and participants had disappeared.

Robert West Howard's approach to the subject is more picturesque. He does a better job of seeing the Pony Express as part—and parcel—of its environment than Mr. Bloss, but the invented dialogue and the raciness of the narrative are to be read with a grain of skeptical salt. The volume contains chapters by Agnes Wright Spring, Roy E. Coy, and Frank C. Robertson. Mr. Robertson's chapter on the role of the Mormons in spreading the Pony Express through Indian country is particularly fascinating. Mr. Coy's chapter on "The Trail Today" locates the existing sites of Pony Express stations and comments on their state of preservation.

The American cowboy is the symbol of a way of life that most of the world has taken warmly for granted as standing (albeit bowlegged) for the virtues of "endurance and courage and daring and resourcefulness." Two Texans, Lon Tinkle, and Allen Maxwell, have summoned thirty-two views of the cowboy in a recent anthology published by Longmans, Green & Co., The Cowboy Reader. Selections are by oldtimers like Andy Adams, Charles Russell, Owen Wister, Emerson Hough, and by present-day Westerners, among them J. Frank Dobie, Wayne Gard, Paul Horgan, and Fred Gipson. One of the most interesting articles is Ramon F. Adams' collection of liquor-lore, "Cowboys Bendin' an Elbow." "Drunk as a Mexican Opal," many a cowboy with a crop freighted with scamper juice was given to "haulin' hell out of its shuck." On the trail, of course, the cowboy...
was bound to be "as sober as a watched Puritan."

In California, the men who did the work of the range were known as vaqueros. Last of the Vaqueros is the final volume of a trilogy by A. R. Rojas and published by the Academy Library Guild. A vaquero himself, Rojas has set down, wistfully and willynilly, lore and lingo culled from his own experience and the memories of old-timers. Vaqueros possess a feature not attributed to the cowboy. Pride: "that self-reliant, swaggering air which comes of sitting the poor man's throne, the hurricane deck of a Spanish mustang."


Thirty-five years ago artist Eric Sloane made his first trip to Taos, painting signs along the way in exchange for food and gasoline. In 1960, he and his wife made the return trip, chronicling the changes that had taken place. The sketches are charming; the text sentimental without being sticky.

The Peralta Grant, by Donald M. Powell. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1960. 200 pp. $3.75. Often, a man seeks to seed himself in history. One of these grandiose deceivers was James Addison Reavis, who in 1882 laid claim to twelve million acres (7,500 square miles) of Arizona Territory's richest land. His story is told by Donald M. Powell, head of the reference department of the University of Arizona library, in this carefully documented book. Falsifying Sophia Loreta Micaela de Maso Reavis y Peralta de la Córdoba as the sole surviving heir of the original grantee, marrying her, forging over two hundred Spanish documents and signatures, James Addison Reavis very nearly succeeded. Misspellings, and the fact that many of the documents appeared to have been written with a steel pen (when the use of steel for writing points did not become known until after 1800), caused his downfall and the discovery of his fraud. Careful in its research, the book is otherwise undistinguished. Except, perhaps, for an attractive binding and a beautiful title page.

The Lamp in the Desert, by Douglas D. Martin. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1960. 318 pp. $5.00. Published in celebration of three-quarters of a century of partnership between a frontier commonwealth and its educators and students, this surveys the growth of a college through expansion of faculty and ideas. Martin writes well, and although the volume is naturally laudatory, nothing about it smacks of the college-annual type of sentiment.

Set This House on Fire, by William Styron, New York: Random House, 1960. 519 pp. $5.95. A worthy successor to Styron's first novel, Lie Down in Darkness, Set This House on Fire deals with the complicated, twisted-root relationships between Mason Flagg and Cass Kinsolving, a self-enslaved American artist. Mason is murdered and Kinsolving, who is guilty, is given a second chance. "You sin in your guilt!" he is told. "Ask yourself whether it is not better to go free now, if only so that you may be able to strike down this other guilt of yours and learn to enjoy whatever there is left in life to enjoy."
The central problem in this novel is an original and an interesting one. A Southern woman is visiting in Florence, Italy, with her daughter, Clara, a beautiful girl of twenty-six. Because of a childhood accident, the daughter has the mentality of a child of ten. When the girl and a young Italian shopkeeper, Fabrizio, meet and are mutually attracted, the mother’s dilemma is immediately apparent. Should she let the romance take its course? Partly through apathy, induced by the “simple drift of the days” in Italy, Margaret Johnson lets the love develop to the point that either a break must be made or a marriage faced. The problem becomes intensified as Fabrizio’s family takes an interest in the match, delighted with Clara’s qualities of sweetness and shyness. Should Mrs. Johnson tell Fabrizio or his parents the truth about Clara? What should she write to her husband, a matter-of-fact businessman back in Winston-Salem?

Long suppressed, the mother’s dream springs to life again—the dream that her daughter might somehow be normal again. She recognizes her chance to give Clara the life of a woman, loved and rearing children, that she could never have at home. As Mrs. Johnson observes in the book, “no matter whether she could do long division or not, she was a woman.”

The reader is allowed to know the innermost thoughts only of Margaret Johnson, with even Clara and Fabrizio only vaguely characterized. A single line tells us almost all we need to know about the husband and father: “To Noel Johnson, the world was made of brass tacks, and coming down to them was his specialty.” It was he who had packed his wife and daughter off to Europe when Clara impulsively threw her arms around the grocery boy.

The author’s personal knowledge of Italy is reflected in her creation of setting and her deep understanding of the contrast between the Italian and American cultures. The self-assured Margaret Johnson feels strangely inadequate in dealing with
The reader's interest is never allowed to lag. Not only are there unresolved problems to the end, there is real suspense.

Even at the conclusion, there are unresolved problems. The ending is not of the lady-or-the-tiger ilk, however, only as problematical and unpredictable as anything concerning human behavior.

Elizabeth Spencer's ability to tell a touching story evocatively, with restraint rather than emotional embroidery, is remarkable. She uses a brilliant choice of detail and maintains an effective consistency of tone and viewpoint. A lesser novelist could have turned this plot into an agonizingly long chronicle of human tragedy. The author presents it matter-of-factly, with all the hope and the joy, the fears and subtleties of life itself. Her talent is impressive.

—Shirley Spieckerman

Now a housewife residing in Fort Worth, Texas, Mrs. Spieckerman was travel editor of the Dallas Times Herald from 1954 to 1959. During the summers of 1950-51, she studied writing at Columbia University. She holds the M.A. in English from the University of Texas.


This is the story of a uniquely American "mixed marriage," that of Meyer Davidov, an immigrant Polish Jew, and Eleanor Harper, a native-born gentile. The narrator is their middle-aged, spinster daughter, Alexandra, a highly literate college teacher. Retracing memories of her parents and their home life in turn-of-the-century Cleveland, Alexandra describes an unlikely marriage and an unhappy one, although it was blessed with love at the outset and boosted by understanding through the years.

414
The story is sympathetically told and, for all its brevity, spiced with a wealth of revealing description. Mr. Yellen does not mince words; neither does he waste them.

—Shirley Spieckerman


"The sea stretched out like a tremendous slab of onyx, marvelously green, with great white veinings, as if the huge marbled mixture had just been stirred and, still liquid, been set to solidify." This is the eye of the storm in Harvena Richter's The Human Shore, "a great green eye, the eye of some pagan god." And, thinks the heroine, Nona Reardon, extremely able seaman, "The heart should have such peace. . . ."

When the hurricane has spent its fury on the New England coast it has swept away three things from Nona's life: "her boat, her house, her husband. And of them all, the house was the most irrevocable."

Harvena Richter has used a brief span of time and space, and the exigencies of natural disaster to bring into focus and contemplation a woman's life, her strengths and capabilities. "Sandpiper House is mel" she said to her husband who is leaving her for the dry landscape of Dakota. In this house, built by her father to resist the sea, she rides out the hurricane with three of her children, her housekeeper, and the governess, "who had been warned by an angel in a dream to leave and who foolishly had stayed." This world might be called a mamacosm, for it is a female world, and in it Nona Reardon survives her most difficult trial with little aid from men. It must be said that she pays heavily for this "sin of the individual, the sin of pride." She loses
her daughter Mary, the child most like her independent self, who sailed into the storm, and of course Nona loses the house, the symbol of her father and her childhood. “You can’t live in a child’s world forever,” her husband had declared.

There are enough symbols scattered on this shore to compose a Dali landscape... a china doll, butterflies swarming on the dunes, the dunes themselves, and the relentless sea. The landscape and the symbols, and indeed the humans on the shore, Miss Richter disposes with certainty and conviction, making a splendid and engrossing novel, which calls for no apology as her first.

Harvena Richter teaches English at New York University, and her considerable writing career includes a time with the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune. Her work appeared in New Yorker, Atlantic and other magazines, and a number of her poems were printed in New Mexico Quarterly between 1933 and 1939. Her father is the celebrated novelist, Conrad Richter, who lived in Albuquerque for many years, where Miss Richter attended the University of New Mexico.

—Roland Dicke


Even more of a man’s book than The Brave Bulls and The Wonderful Country, this novel differs in many ways from its predecessors, almost as if Tom Lea had written it earlier than either, drawing upon his feelings and experiences as a war correspondent artist during World War II.

Hank Spurling, ex-Marine, returns to his native Wyoming, seeking the only balm he knows for the inner and outer wounds of war—home, and the cleanliness of the snowy peaks. Inevitably, people and their temporal needs rise between Hank and the realization of his nostalgia: his strong and certain mother, his confused and alcoholic father, their image of his dead paratrooper older brother, the opportunism of his artist kid brother, and most of all Hank’s passion for a spoiled city sophisticate, Dorothy, who carries destruction like Typhoid Mary. Like beaters in the jungle, they drive Hank to his destined and desired death, and beside him Dorothy’s indulgent father, a veteran of two wars, who also seeks surcease in the lonely peaks.

The Primal Yoke is not the single sturdy fabric of Lea’s other books, but its loose weave carries two strong, well-written themes: the recollections of war, and the life of a man in his own country.

—Roland Dicke

The Fund for the Republic, Box 4068, Santa Barbara, California, is publishing an interesting group of pamphlets in a series on “the Role of the Mass Media in the Free Society.” Single copies of the pamphlets are available upon request. A particularly useful group has come to our attention: Critics of television, take notice. “Taste and the Censor in Television,” by Charles Winick, discusses the philosophy of censorship and the problem areas of television—violence, sex, spoofing serious problems, anti-social actions or words, politics and government, religion, special interests, liquor, animals, crudity, medical and legal references, national defense, and ethnic and racial factors. The use of music and the use of films.
on television pose special problems. Subliminal advertising—projecting a visual stimulus so rapidly that the viewer is unaware of seeing it—is evaluated by Mr. Winick, along with sponsor control of program content. The television writer, the broadcaster, and the audience play a part in Mr. Winick’s final summation: “Any discussion of how censorship affects standards of taste in television must first establish an adequate definition of taste... Like the audience for any other art form, the television audience ultimately gets the content—and the censorship—that it asks for and make possible.”

Other pamphlets in the series are “To Pay or Not to Pay,” a report on subscription television by Robert W. Horton, “Who Owns the Air?” by Frank K. Kelly, and “Broadcasting and Government Regulation in a Free Society.”

“The Role of the Writer with Relation to Television” is presented with the impact of a lively panel discussion among Rod Serling, Marya Mannes, Robert Horton, and others. Several case histories of sponsor suppression are brought up which should make ad agencies and sponsors wince.


Though he seems chiefly to have English majors in mind, Hubert Creekmore compiled this anthology to correct a serious defect in the education of all undergraduate literature students: unfamiliarity with the scope and nature of the Medieval lyric. Creekmore’s remedy is probably the only collection in which Medieval lyrics from so many languages are translated into English. Medieval literature knew no strict national boundaries. Although the literature professor underlines the debt later periods owe international Medieval literature, he seldom has his students read that literature itself.

The poems are fittingly divided into four linguistic groups: Classical, Romantic, Gaelic, and Germanic; a brief introduction precedes each. The brief Classical group contains cynical epigrams, hymns, and some student songs. The Romance section includes Provençal, French, Portuguese—an especially valuable group because Portuguese poetry is known almost solely to native readers—Spanish, and Italian lyrics. The Gaelic group includes Irish songs about nature and Welsh lyrics, one by Taleisin. The Germanic section chooses poems from obvious languages like Old Norse, Danish, German, Anglo-Saxon, and Middle English; but it also chooses from the less obvious Dutch.

This volume is both useful to the student and entertaining to the poetry lover, but it is not a perfect book for the student. First, though Creekmore commendably employs translators from Crowley to Pound, he might include the original versions; even the student who knows imperfectly but one foreign language might like to make comparisons. Second, though the book contains many contemporary woodcuts, Creekmore should date and locate them. Undergraduates do hear the Wife of Bath mention theologians describing Satan as a woman. When they see woodcuts depicting Satan as a female serpent, they naturally want to know if Chaucer could have seen them.

—Barbara Wykes

Dr. Wykes teaches in the Department of English at the University of Chicago.

Howard R. Webber, Editor-in-Chief of the University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, announces that he is considering manuscripts for subsequent issue in the series. Reports are promised in eight weeks.

---


Mr. Hillyer is a man of strong character who has written an ultimately depressing book. The book is, on one hand, a brisk account of the elements of verse—meter, stanza form, and the like. All of this is pleasant if conventional. On the other hand it is a continuous diatribe against virtually all those poets of our time (and many of the past) who rise above the talents and methods of "Bridges, Frost, Robinson, Sassoon, Hodgson, and the great Irish school of Yeats, Stephens and Gogarty"—to quote his worshipful pantheon. Mr. Hillyer's love of poetry is genuine and narrow, firm and stereotyped, rigid and exclusive. He is frozen in the esthetic posture adopted by him in the year, let us say, of 1920. At a pinch 1925.

His idiosyncrasy makes his judgments of poetry pungent; alas, it can also make them uninformed. Alliteration, he remarks, is today "used sparingly"—unaware it appears of the hyper-alliterative poetry, among others, of C. Day Lewis and Auden. "Rest from loving and be living," Day Lewis urges: "Fallen is fallen past retrieving." And Auden: "Doom is dark and deeper than any sea-dingle." Mr. Hillyer says that Browning's influence today is rare.

Damn it all! all this our South stinks peace.
You whoreson dog, Papiols, come! Let's to music!

This is Browning and this is Ezra Pound. But Pound is one of Mr. Hillyer's anathemas.

There is more. The poetry of: John Donne he believes was motivated by "angry frustrations"; Milton to him is a dead whale; "The Ring and the Book" is an eye-wearying bore; Gerard Manley Hopkins is an "eloquent eccentric." Even Yeats is not, after all, secure: "I prefer, on the whole," Mr. Hillyer writes, "the lyrics of James Stephens to those of Yeats." With Pound and Eliot he is by turns caustic, impatient, and angry. Their poetry is incoherent, damaging, crippling, incomprehensible. Now, curiously, some of this language is arguable; Mr. Hillyer does not argue. He declares.

No great poem, 'D. G. Rossetti said, was ever written without fundamental brainwork. Surely a reader must be willing to apply this same fundamental brainwork to the reading of a great poem. Mr. Hillyer abhors the complex, the deeply thoughtful, and the passionately profound. Still and all,
he is a man who fights with all his prejudices tied openly to the mast, a critic who has the courage of his limitations. In a mass world one can admire a man vainly denying the tide; nonetheless the tide is here. 1925 has receded. The past thirty-five and more years have brought a literature of experiment, strength, complexity, meaning, and beauty—great beauty and meaning. And the years continue; new generations are knocking at the door. It would be a pleasure to read Mr. Hillyer on the poetry of the Beat Generation and the Evergreen Review. A wicked pleasure.

—Willis D. Jacobs

Associate Professor of English at the University of New Mexico, Dr. Jacobs has reviewed books previously for New Mexico Quarterly.


If one is of a mind for it, he reads this book with riveted interest. Impressed and awed by the breadth of reading and command of reference; delighted by the grace and humanness of the style; alerted and informed by perceptions and connections never before published—he wants to cry out here is a book, here is a man. Regrettably Mr. Beach died in 1957; fortunately this volume has been brought to press by Mr. O’Connor. The world should be grateful to both of them.

The book is as fascinating as a detective story. Throughout the pullulating poetry of twenty recent years lurk and spring certain terms: “ceremony” and “tiger,” “definition” and “frontiers,” “islands” and “hero,” and an important score more. Mr. Beach tracks the word and the impacted ideas like clues, and proves them to be revelations. An era becomes a body with structure, breath, and blood.

He finds the spoor of W. H. Auden everywhere. In this period Auden is clearly the face in the carpet and almost the one in everybody’s mirror. But Mr. Beach casts a wider net too. He will pause for five brilliant pages on Wallace Stevens—splendiferous and whimsical as poet, unrelenting as philosopher. Fearing, Patchen, Rexroth he expostulates, Cummings he chides; he moves with zest, warmth, and concern throughout this iridescent shoal of poets, weighing not only their language but their hope, fear, belief, and unbelief.

This is not a book for the superficial and weak. It is not like bathing in a tepid pond, but like standing solidly waist-deep in the sea exulting while great stimulating breakers arrive in power and race over and past.

—Willis D. Jacobs


Norman Kelvin’s A Troubled Eden is a valuable contribution to the current reassessment of the Victorian Age and a significant study of broader issues than its subtitle suggests. Meredith has suffered since his death from misconception, misinterpretation, and bias—and with reason. Much of his fiction, which too often treats of the landed aristocracy and the upper classes, seems remote and dated and occasionally repellent. His manner often offends by obscurity and preciosity which fit but ill into the canonical seven types of ambiguity. In this study of Meredith’s art and ethic,
the terms nature and society include many diverse and arresting themes, which should prove serviceable in removing much of the stigma of dated irrelevance from his name: the class struggle; the war between the sexes; the sickness of marriage and love; the supposed therapeutic values of war, including such battlefield attitudes as loyalty, courage, and stoicism; the positive merits of dueling; the charms of chivalry; the glories of imperialism and attendant military adventures; the felicity of life led according to reason, common sense, and nature; the folly of seeking the answer to the riddle of existence; work as a sovereign remedy for psychic wounds; eternal evolutionary change as the vital principle in which man must find delight; Deistic adoration of natural law and cosmic energy; hatred of egoism and of the quest for individualism, self-fulfillment, and personality; the need to substitute mass culture for individuation; the yearning of Mother Earth to be civilized, ordered, and cultivated by man to further the desirable elimination of the wild and primitive; the Carlylean doctrine of heroes; the duty of man to find joy in the simple act of being, however brief it may be; the alleged fatuity of the uniqueness of-being in the Christian concept of "soul" and personal immortality; the adoration of earth, as opposed to the myths of organized religion.

If this incomplete list of thematic concepts which Mr. Kelvin finds in Meredith's works seems bewildering and contradictory, one may take some small comfort in the reflection that, in line with his faith in evolutionary change, Meredith repudiated or significantly altered a few of these notions, including the mischievous aberrations about war, dueling, personality, and mass culture. Unfortunately he never recovered from his delusion that the death of the fox in the chase is fittingly in accord with the demands of earth to be civilized, ordered, and, perhaps, paved.

Mr. Kelvin's chief contribution in this study is his steady vision of the development and synthesis of these disparate beliefs in Meredith's prose and poetry and the coherent portrait he gives of the man and the artist. This is no small feat, for the author of Richard Feverel is exasperatingly obscure at times. His unfortunate syntax and vague allusions do not often aid the reader who is already grappling with thinly drawn intellectual concepts—especially in verse. One feels a welcome sense of direction and purpose in Mr. Kelvin's book. Especially helpful are the common-sense explanations of important but obscure passages in the poetry. Indeed, one leaves the book with a conviction that the poetry, in spite of its vagaries, will prove to be more lasting than the novels, for their matter and manner are alive and challenging. "Love in the Valley" and the almost terrifyingly incisive study of love and guilt, Modern Love, retain a freshness and immediacy that may not be found readily, say, in The Shaving of Shagpat.

If this study has defects, they are readily forgiven. Perhaps the summaries of the novels err in point of generosity, but then it may be argued that Farina is not entirely fresh in the minds of most readers. The wisdom of the chronological arrangement of a book which is largely a study of thematic ideas seems debatable, for one encounters Meredith's recantation or modification of ideas in their sequential order rather than in their logical order. But Mr. Kelvin should be commended for a sound
work of scholarship which should become one of the standard studies of Meredith.

—Norton B. Crowell

Professor of English at the University of New Mexico, Dr. Crowell is the author of Alfred Austin, Victorian, published by the University of New Mexico Press in 1953, and a forthcoming study of Robert Browning: The Triple Soul.


In our mechanized age poetry is often relegated to a dusty corner reserved for students and scholars. The modern, television-minded American knows little about the wonders of poetry and wants to learn less. Gilbert Highet's latest book, The Powers of Poetry, is capable of doing much to restore poetry to its proper place—not only among scholars, but among laymen as well.

In some 350 pages, Dr. Highet discusses the techniques a poet uses to convey his meaning and mood. He also discusses a number of well-known poems, selecting from authors ranging from Ovid and Vergil to Eliot and Thomas. Stress is not laid on historical validity of the subject matter or on scholarly criticism of a poem's construction, but rather on what the poem says and what its deeper meaning may be. Dr. Highet adds interesting facts from the poets' lives—a feature which will make the work more interesting to the layman-reader. For example, Shelley will hold one's attention more if one realizes that he died under mysterious circumstances—perhaps he was murdered.

Much modern poetry is discussed because it is an enigma to many people. Dr. Highet tries to unravel the puzzles surrounding some of the modern classics, but never in such a way as to become boring or scholarly. It is not important whether his interpretation of a work such as Eliot's "The Waste Land" is the final and true one. The importance and value of such treatment is to provide a starting place for the reader from which he may go on and arrive at his own interpretation. In addition to "The Waste Land," Dr. Highet also discusses such monumental and puzzling works as Faust, "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and the "Cantos" of Pound.

An interesting chapter on Japanese haiku poetry is included as well as one on the madness of Hamlet.

Dr. Highet, in a comparatively small book, has covered all the poems and poets which are usually regarded as noteworthy, revealing, to any conscientious and serious reader, the wonders and powers of poetry.

—Viktors Geislers

Mr. Geislers is an English major at Illinois Wesleyan University. He intends to continue into graduate work with a specialization in American literature.


The full story of the nose and of smells, this book is a curious item. The human nose, the animal nose, the mystery of smells, human reactions to certain odors, both natural and artificial, are treated. It is impossible to describe this book without evoking incredulous looks—and yes—turned-up noses. Superstitions surrounding sneezes, provocations of perfumes, prejudices toward "stinks," and attitudes elicited by smells, are all discussed in a text that is both witty and wise. The sense of smell is the most enduring of all the senses, says Mr. Bedichek. "It is the first dim twinkle breaking in upon the dark unconsciousness of
Sir to you, I would like to know what kind of a goddam government this is that discriminates between two common carriers & makes a goddam railroad charge everybody equal & lets a goddam man charge any goddam price he wants to for his goddam opera box.

At the end of Volume II is appended a calendar of the letters, a biographical directory of persons mentioned in the correspondence, a general index and an index of works by Clemens and Howells.

The Eddystone Light, by Fred Majdalany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1960. 232 pp. $4.00. To reach the harbor-sanctuary of Plymouth, English mariners of four hundred years ago had to pass the treacherous Eddystone Reef. Several sailing ships a month were wrecked on the red subterranean ridge, and it became imperative that

"You're doing the science of piloting splendidly. Every word's interesting. And don't you drop the series till you've got every bit of anecdote and reminiscence into it."

Life is interspersed with the literature. On the occasion of the birth of his daughter Jean, Clemens wrote Howells that "The new baby is thoroughly satisfactory, as far as it goes; but we did hope it was going to be twins." The Mark Twain humor flashes out like a silver minnow, and he found great sport in imagining Howells speaking like Pap Finn. Once he pretended to write a letter to the New York Times concerning the high cost of opera, and added this teasing postscript: "Howells it is an outrage the way the government is acting so I sent this complaint to N. Y. Times with your name signed because it would have more weight."

Sir to you, I would like to know what kind of a goddam government this is that discriminates between two common carriers & makes a goddam railroad charge everybody equal & lets a goddam man charge any goddam price he wants to for his goddam opera box.

At the end of Volume II is appended a calendar of the letters, a biographical directory of persons mentioned in the correspondence, a general index and an index of works by Clemens and Howells.


"Autobiography is the truest of all books; for while it inevitably consists mainly of extinctions of the truth, shirkings of the truth, partial revelations of the truth, with hardly an instance of plain straight truth, the remorseless truth is there, between the lines, where the author-cat is raking dust upon it which hides from the disinterested spectator neither it nor its smell (though I didn't use that figure)—the result being that the reader knows the author in spite of his wily diligences."

Thus Mark Twain wrote in a letter of 1904 to his editor, William Dean Howells. The Belknap Press of Harvard University has issued the correspondence of the two from 1869-1910 in a beautiful two-volume set.

William Dean Howells, as editor and critic, helped to jell the tradition of a vernacular prose in the Gilded Age. He was aware of the strength and vigor in his friend's work, and he wanted, as he told Twain, to "set myself before posterity as a friend who valued you aright in your own time."

Howells did more than value, he advised, prompted and criticized. From Cambridge, on January 24, 1875, he wrote Clemens with regard to an installment of "Old Times on the Mississippi," that
something be done. The difficulties were threefold. First, the sheer difficulty of the job itself. "Any fool could stick up a tower of sorts on land. It was a somewhat different proposition to set up a durable structure on a small wave-swept cluster of rocks. . . ." Secondly, the forbidding cost of the enterprise. Thirdly, to find an architect—or an idiot—to attempt the job. Henry Winstanley, an entrepreneur, completed the first tower. In 1703, four years after his success, his tower was windstormed and destroyed—and Winstanley along with it. The second tower burned in 1756. The third tower, built by John Smeaton, survived over one hundred years—but the sea gradually undermined the rock on which it stood. In 1882 it was replaced by the tower now in use—a flashing light of 358,000 candlepower, as compared with Smeaton's, which was lit with four six-pound candles at the beginning of its career and twenty-four at the end. It is a totally fascinating study of a maritime monument—the jacket it compels—of the historic light that has led ships to port, mariners to safety, and one mermaid to ruin.


L. A. Vigneras has proved an able pilot in guiding this handsome new edition of the Great Discoverer's log-book of his first voyage past the sandbars and shoals on which many previous translators have run aground. He has employed the Cecil Jane translation (1930) as a guide for style, the authoritative transcription by Cesare de Lollis and Julián Paz (Raccolta Colombiana, 1892) as a basis for accuracy, and has added the results of his own research in various institutions including the Museo Naval in Madrid and the Sociedade de Geografia in Lisbon.

It was Samuel Eliot Morison who first revealed the sins of omission and commission by previous editors and translators of The Journal. In an article, "Texts and Translations of the Journal of Columbus's First Voyage" (The Hispanic American Historical Review, August, 1939), Morison pointed out that by misreading of nordeste and norueste, editors from Navarrete (1825) to Jane (1930) caused pilots of the Niña and Pinta to execute startling maneuvers which were nautically impossible. He found that the most numerous errors occurred in English translations, where, in addition to confusion about directions and the omission of entire passages, certain translators made the sun set when it actually rose (salir), and by a presumption that the sixteenth-century Italian mile and the English mile were co-equal, moved caravels at a speed scarcely approached by the nineteenth-century clippers. Vigneras has given the sun its proper direction and has slowed the wayward caravel to a feasible number of leagues per hour. In adopting the Jane and de Lollis texts as his models, he has utilized what Morison described as the best of the numerous editions.

Vigneras' introduction presents in detail an account of the log-book, its disappearance, the Las Casas transcription, its publication by Navarrete, and a critical summary concerning subsequent editions. The Journal itself has been amply footnoted so that one may follow Columbus with comparative ease through a maze of obscure landmarks, uncommon Indian
words, and nautical terms. Appended to the main text are the (Feb. 15, 1493) letter of Columbus summarizing the voyage, an essay on medieval and early modern maps by R. A. Skelton, superintendent of the map room of the British Museum, and a full biography.

The spirit of The Journal is captured in delightful illustrations of ship types, bustling wharves, cannibals, and early maps. It is, however, regrettable that one-third of the ninety illustrations have been merely pasted on the pages. This method is apt to result in loss of some of these fine prints as many of them give evidence, already of becoming detached. It is distracting, also, that a work of otherwise fine appearance has been carelessly edited in certain respects. While there are only a few typographical, there is extreme looseness employed in the accentuation of Spanish words and proper names. To cite but a few, bahía, Roldán, Córdoba, and Martín, usually or invariably occur without accents. Vicente Yáñez appears as Vincente Yáñez (p. 162), Rodrigo de Jerez (p. 206), and Columbus is mentioned (p. xix) where the editor obviously meant Las Casas. All these, however, are minor flaws in a work which combines good taste in illustrations with scholarly emendation to a document of lasting importance and interest.

—Troy S. Floyd


Here is a collection of pen-and-ink sketches of the fishermen, cane gatherers, farmers, beach and back country of Jamaica. The drawings are pleasantly evocative of scenes seldom noted by the casual tourist, but much loved by the visitor who returns yearly to the lovely island. The drawings strain for no effect; they can be read, child-fashion, with delight in the information they convey, or the memories they recall. Mr. Kappel's gift, a combination of affection and craftsmanship, opens the visitor's eye to what he would normally ignore.

The text however is less successful. The historical data is not over-accurate, and even the inclusion of the Boston tea-party incident does not in any way enrich the drawings, in fact bears no relationship to them. The information is already available both off and on the island to anyone who is interested, and the writing is involved and pretentious, whereas the drawings have an unassuming charm. This may indeed be due to poor editorial advice. If the author, in a page note beside each drawing, had conveyed some of the color, the noise and bustle of the cheerful shouting markets, the beaches with their sea almonds and slow-waving palms, the scent of the dew-drenched cane fields at dawn, his material would have been enhanced.

There is, for instance, a drawing of the infamous Rose Hall, a picturesque and romantic hulk, now, alas, being converted to a modern hotel. It would have been pleasant to read a short sketch of the history of this property and the Great House. And a list of the names of other Great Houses (a Great House is always the central house of a plantation property). The names of the old estates spell out their story of chance and luck: Hope, Good Hope, Hopewell, Tryall, Speculation, Lottery, among many; Retirement, Ramble, Paradise, Acadia, Lethe convey the mood
of those eighteenth-century proprietors. The names of towns are as colorful, and even more Jamaican: Maggoty, Anchovy, Set and Stretch, Sign, Halfway Tree, Skibo. Or the author might have given us some insight to the island speech, Quashie it is called—an almost incomprehensible mish-mash of African-Eboe, early English, Scot and Irish, for most of the early plantation managers were from Ireland or Scotland. Or some mention of the characteristic calypso, with its often scandalous verses, fortunately not as a rule understood by the visitor.

It is perhaps unfair for a reviewer to ask that the text of a book be something quite different. But Jamaica Gallery will be purchased as a collection of pen sketches of Jamaican folk, and many will be disappointed that text and pictures bear no relationship to each other; rather as though romantic photographs accompanied a Government report.

Some of the material is already out of date. The Montego Bay airport, of which the author good-naturedly complains, was replaced two years ago by one of the largest and finest airports in the Caribbean. Likewise it is difficult nowadays to find the long strings of white humpbacked cattle; they are rapidly being superseded by mechanical haulage in the cane fields, as are the lovely old hand-fashioned canoes by motor launches.

So perhaps one of the most important functions of this charming book is to record temps perdus, scenes that will shortly vanish from the island as combined democracy and tourism replace them with more modern methods. This is the local color that the visitor comes to Jamaica to see. It is well to have some reminder of these for future visitors.

—Erick Berry

Erick Berry, who in private life is Mrs. Herbert Best, is author and co-author (with her husband) of a number of successful children's books, among them Stars in My Pocket (the life of Maria Mitchell), Sybil Ludington's Ride, and The Winged Girl of Knossos. The Bests spend many winters in Jamaica, usually returning to their home in Connecticut in the spring.

Head Notes

Lucile Adler is a Santa Fe housewife. A graduate of Bennington College, she has published poems in The Nation, Poetry, InScape and Southwest Review.

Barwyn Browne teaches English at San Fernando High School in Los Angeles. He saw rural Japan while in the U. S. Army in 1950-51. Several little magazines have accepted his work.

An editor of Folio from 1956-58, Stanley Cooperman is working toward a Ph.D. at Indiana University in Bloomington. During 1959-60 he was a Fulbright lecturer at the University of Tehran in Iran. Publications include fiction in Playboy; essays and criticism in Modern Language Quarterly, College English, The Nation; poetry in Epos, Folio, and Chicago Review.
Eiku is a poet—"starving, unknown"—who lives in Deerfield, Illinois. He is chairman of the Advisory Committee, Lake County Forest Preserve District. Eiku holds a B.A. degree in sociology and has traveled in England and Africa.

Edsel Ford ("Everybody accuses me of writing under a pen name,"”) has contributed to NMQ previously. He lives in Rogers, Arkansas, has been noted in New Yorker's "Talk of the Town," is author of a book of verse, The Manchild from Sunday Creek, and a pamphlet, One Leg Short From Climbing Hills.

Before the Second World War Antoni Gronowicz was writing in the Polish language and in 1938 he received the Polish National Literary Prize. He now lives in the U.S.—New York City—and writes only in English. Among his twelve books are biographies of Chopin, Paderewski, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, and Modjeska.

Atiya Hasan was born in Coimbatore, South India, in 1928. She has had several poems published in Pakistan Quarterly and Vision. As an artist who began painting seriously in 1956, she has had three major exhibitions, one in London and two in Karachi, the most recent a one-man show at the Arts Council Gallery in Karachi.

Peter Jackson served in the Royal Air Force for five years. At present he works as a clerk in Portsmouth, Hampshire, England.

Robert A. Knudsen has studied at the New England Conservatory and the California College of Arts and Crafts. "Right now," he tells us, "my family and I are in a nice old farmhouse up here in Maine, where I'm trying to write my first novel and teach my children how to play the piano." Short Long Story is his first published work.

Virginia Scott Miner grew up in a county in Indiana which possessed ninety-seven lakes (glacial), one within a block of her home and the other, where she spent her summers, only six miles away. "That summer cottage on Little Chapman Lake is the locale of much of my writing, even after years of living in Kansas City." For the past seventeen years Mrs. Miner has been the only woman "master" in the Upper School of Pembroke Country Day School in Kansas City, Missouri. Her poems have appeared in several national magazines.

Dry Lightning is the title of Marion Montgomery's first collection of poems, published last fall by the University of Nebraska Press. He is currently working on a novel, The Wandering of Desire, for which Harper & Brothers awarded him the Eugene Saxton Fellowship. Mr. Montgomery is an instructor of English at the University of Georgia in Athens.

Amado Muño is a laborer on the ice docks for the Pacific Fruit Express in El Paso, Texas. Born in Parral, Mexico, he has lived in El Paso since 1935. Americas magazine in Washington, D.C., published four of his short stories about Mexican people. A partner in Trainer, Nicholas Literary Agency, Georgia Nicholas is director of the New York Writers Guild. Every week, for more than ten years, she has conducted a writers' workshop. One of her most cherished possessions is a gavel, presented by her students, which is inscribed "To Ga, Friend and Guide."

A minister's wife, Barbara Harr Overmyer is a graduate student at the University of Chicago. Born in Nigeria to

Rosalee G. Porter is president of the Pikes Peak Branch of the National League of American Pen Women. An Army wife for thirty-three years, Mrs. Porter accompanied her husband on tours of duty in Hawaii and Japan. Her poems have appeared in *Chicago Tribune*, *Denver Post*, *New Mexico Magazine*, the *Indianapolis Star*, and other periodicals.

Paul Roche has just completed a novel for the New American Library of World Literature, Inc., called *Vessel of Dishonour*. His first two books, *The Rat and the Consent Dove* and *O Pale Galilean*, received enthusiastic reviews from *John o’London’s Weekly* and *The Manchester Guardian*. Folkways Records Inc. will soon be releasing his re-creations into English poetry of *Antigone* and *Oedipus at Colonus*, read by Mr. Roche. At present, he and his wife and three children live in Taxco, Mexico.

Poems by Larry Rubin appeared in the Autumn 1957 and the Autumn 1959 issues of *New Mexico Quarterly*. Widespread published in literary quarters, Dr. Rubin (who teaches English at Georgia Institute of Technology in Atlanta) recently completed a novel on Jewish family life in Miami Beach.

In 1960, Santa Fe poet and critic Winfield Townley Scott received the honorary Doctor of Education degree from Rhode Island College. Macmillan Co. published his latest volume of poetry, *Scrimshaw*, and Doubleday & Co. will release a book of his essays this year.

Martha Shaw is a medical secretary in San Gabriel, California. Her work has appeared in *New York Times*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *New York Herald Tribune*, *Desert Magazine*, and other periodicals.

Sue Smart studied poetry at Radcliffe with Edwin Honig and Archibald MacLeish. Her work has appeared in the *New Yorker* and in *Inland*. Now living in Denver, Sue Smart and her husband, an army captain, will return to Cambridge where he will do research for Harvard Medical School.

A display director for a Baltimore department store, Marvin Solomon has published previously in *NMQ*.

Milton Speiser works in New York City for the New York State Employment Service. Poems by him have been published in *New Directions 16*, *The Nation*, and *Antioch Review*.

A doctoral candidate at Syracuse University, Sanford Sternlicht is assistant professor of English at the State University of New York at Oswego. He is a widely published poet, in magazines in the U.S. and Canada. In 1959, he received first prize in a contest conducted by the Poetry Society in Norfolk, Virginia, and in 1960, that organization awarded him second prize and the *Writer* magazine designated him for its New Poets Award.

Peter Vierek refers us to *Who’s Who*, where he rates 3½ column inches. He has been professor of European and Russian History at Mt. Holyoke College since 1948. Winner of prizes for poetry, including a Pulitzer and a Tietjens, he has written ten books on various themes, with *Roots of the Nazi Mind* as a Capricorn paperback in December, 1960.
INDEX

volume xxx

FICTION

Baroja, Pío. The Madrid Ragpicker (trans. Elaine Kerrigan), 3
Bennett, Penelope Agnes. Mrs. F. Pearson-Bent, 26
Ford, Edsel. Love on the Road, 377
Knudsen, Robert A. Short Long Story, 358
Lafferty, R. A. Adam Had Three Brothers, 280
Maro, Amado. My Aunt Dominga, 359
Nugent, Joel. The Dancer and the Dance, 127
Sender, Ramón J. Delgadina (trans. Morse Manley), 226
Sturhahn, Lawrence. Salami for Sunday, 162
Tydings, Beatrice. Truck Route, 44

ARTICLES

Astrov, Margot. Death in Africa, 115
de Kooning, Elaine. Albuquerque Artists Exhibited in New York, 55
Dickey, Roland. Theodore Van Spelen, 60
Earle, Peter G. The Mexican Revolution, 269
Garman, Ed. The Jonson Gallery, 57
Head Notes, 111, 175, 334, 425
Kerrigan, Anthony. Observations on Dictionaries in Spanish and English, 65
Mulcahy, Lucille B. The Trails that Crossed: Southwestern juvenile books, 289
Ray, Terry. The Albuquerque Little Theatre, 11
Regener, Victor H. Science in Space (7th UNM Research Lecture), 144
Sánchez, Gerardo. Alfonso Reyes, 1889-1959, 63
Scott, Winfield Townley. Hannibal and the Bones of Art, 338
Sender, Ramón J. Posthumous Baroja, 6
Weeks, Ramona Maher, and Staff. A bird in the hand, 177; Bound in paper, 389 (reviews of paperback books)

DRAMA

Viereck, Peter. Songs as Actions (Scene 5 from the verse-play, The Tree Witch), 347

VERSE

Abbe, George. The Invader, 142
Adler, Lucile. Ceremony, 365
Amórguez, Octavio. The Voice, 43
Atherton, John. A Person from Porlock, 36
Baity, Elizabeth. Drawings, 3, 5, 29, 32, 33, 37, 40, 43, and cover of No. 1
Charlot, Jean. Drawing from ... and Now Miguel, 413
Clubb, Elizabeth. Drawings, 3, 5, 29, 32, 33, 37, 40, 43, and cover of No. 1
Jonson, Raymond. Self Characterization, 56
Mead, Ben Carlton. Drawings from I'll Tell You a Tale, 293, 295, 296
Moyers, William. Drawing from Crazy Horse, 289
Smith, Sam. Drawings from Roots in Adobe, 206, 207
Tedlock, Dennis. Drawing, 380
Toledo Nolasco, Francisco. Drawing, 324
Van Soelen, Theodore. Lithograph, 61
Wright, Paul Morris. Drawings of space rocket, cover of No. 2
Yunkers, Adj. Engravings, 114, 118, 122

ILLUSTRATIONS

Albuquerque Little Theatre. Programs, 14-15, 18-19; photographs, fol. p. 24
Apénes, Ola. Drawing from Flute of the Smoking Mirror, 111
Arendale, Sarah Kahlden. Drawing from Trees, Shrubs and Woody Vines of the Southwest, 402
Chappel, Warren. Drawings from Through Spain with Don Quixote, 65, 71, 76
Charlot, Jean. Drawing from ... and Now Miguel, 413
Clubb, Elizabeth. Drawings, 3, 5, 39, 32, 33, 37, 40, 43, and cover of No. 1
Jonson, Raymond. Self Characterization, 56
Mead, Ben Carlton. Drawings from I'll Tell You a Tale, 293, 295, 296
Moyers, William. Drawing from Crazy Horse, 289
Smith, Sam. Drawings from Roots in Adobe, 206, 207
Tedlock, Dennis. Drawing, 380
Toledo Nolasco, Francisco. Drawing, 324
Van Soelen, Theodore. Lithograph, 61
Wright, Paul Morris. Drawings of space rocket, cover of No. 2
Yunkers, Adj. Engravings, 114, 118, 122

INDEX
BOOK REVIEWS

Adams, Ramon F. *A Fitting Death for Billy the Kid*, 308
Adams, Robert M. *Stendahl: Notes on a Novelist*, 201
Akatagawa, Ryunosuke. *Rashomon and Other Stories*, 96
Alvarez, A. Stewards of Excellence: *Studies in Modern English and American Poets*, 94
Arnold, Armin. *D. H. Lawrence and America*, 189
Beach, Joseph Warren. *Obsessive Images: Symbolism in Poetry of the 1930's and 1940's*, 419
Bean, Amelia. *The Feud*, 195
Bedich, Evelyn. *The Sense of Smell*, 421
Bloss, Roy S. *Pony Express—The Great Gamble*, 411
Blumenstock, David I. *The Ocean of Air*, 221
Brandes, Ray. *Frontier Military Posts of Arizona*, 320
Brewster, Dorothy. *Virginia Woolf's London*, 220
Bunker, Robert, and John Adair. *The First Look at Strangers*, 80
Burckhardt, Jacob. *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*, 101
Burke, Kenneth. *Attitudes Toward History*, 104
Burns, William A., ed. *The Natural History of the Southwest*, 218
Casto, Robert Clayton. *A Strange and Fisful Land*, 196
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hanson, Charles E.</td>
<td><em>The Plains Rifle</em></td>
<td>409</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardin, John Wesley</td>
<td><em>The Life of John Wesley</em></td>
<td>409</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harris, Benjamin Butler</td>
<td><em>The Gila Trail</em></td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hight, Gilbert</td>
<td><em>The Powers of Poetry</em></td>
<td>421</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hillyer, Robert</td>
<td><em>In Pursuit of Poetry</em></td>
<td>418</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hirschl, Jack</td>
<td><em>A Correspondence of Americans</em></td>
<td>328</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honig, Edwin</td>
<td><em>The Gazapo</em></td>
<td>321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard, Leon</td>
<td><em>Literature and the American Tradition</em></td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard, Robert W.</td>
<td><em>Hoofbeats</em></td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hutchins, W. H.</td>
<td><em>A Bar Croll Liar</em></td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hutchinson, William D.</td>
<td><em>Apache, Navaho and Spaniard</em></td>
<td>315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kappel, Philip</td>
<td><em>Jamaica Gallery</em></td>
<td>424</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keeler, Clyde E.</td>
<td><em>Secrets of the Corona Earthmother</em></td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kelvin, Norman</td>
<td><em>A Troubled Eden, Nature and Society in the Works of George Meredith</em></td>
<td>419</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Klee, Joseph Wood</td>
<td><em>The Gardener's World</em></td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kubler, George, and Martin Soria</td>
<td><em>Architecture in Spain and Portugal and Their American Dominions, 1500 to 1800</em></td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawrence, D. H.</td>
<td><em>Look! We Have Come Through!</em></td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lea, Tom</td>
<td><em>The Primal Yoke</em></td>
<td>416</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leonard, Irving A.</td>
<td><em>Baroque Times in Old Mexico</em></td>
<td>313</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Levin, David</td>
<td><em>History as Romantic Art: Bancroft, Prescott, Molley, and Parkman</em></td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieuwen, Edwin</td>
<td><em>Arms and Politics in Latin America</em></td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lobserz, Herbert</td>
<td><em>Vangel Griffin</em></td>
<td>387</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lowie, Robert H.</td>
<td><em>Ethnologist: A Personal Record</em></td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Machado, Antonio</td>
<td><em>Eighty Poems</em></td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macnab, Angus</td>
<td><em>Fighting Bulls</em></td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madson, William</td>
<td><em>The Virgin's Children</em></td>
<td>408</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Majdalany, Fred</td>
<td><em>The Eddystone Light</em></td>
<td>422</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin, Douglas D.</td>
<td><em>The Lamp in the Desert</em></td>
<td>412</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin, Paul S., and John B. Rinaldo</td>
<td><em>Table Rock Pueblo, Arizona</em></td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**INDEX**
REVIEWERS

Adams, Eleanor B. 95, 311, 312
Ahlborn, Richard E. 305, 314
Basehart, Harry W. 214, 216
Bellman, Samuel I. 89
Benson, Ben. 107
Berry, Erick. 424
Boller, Paul F., Jr. 211
Casper, Leonard. 209, 316, 317
Cooper, Charles F. 218
Cowen, Louise. 318
Crowell, Norton B. 419
Delaney, Bernice M. 97
Dickey, Roland. 108, 415, 416
Dittmer, Howard J. 99
Dunlavy, Marjorie Fontaine. 85
Emerson, Donald. 387
Faruki, Zuhdi T. 301
Ferguson, Erna. 107
Feyn, J. Robert. 98, 103, 313
Floyd, Troy S. 423
Gastone, Edwin W., Jr. 310
Getchell, Robert. 79
Gibbon, Ruby. 87
Guerrant, Edward O. 220
Gunnesson, Dolores A. 315
Haase, Ynez G. 106, 301
Hall, Thomas B. 213
Harrison, William. 194
Hill, Gertrude. 410
Huff, Clarence. 96, 408
Jacobs, Willis D. 94, 418, 419
Jenkins, Myra Ellen. 203
Kelcher, Julia M. 79, 207
La Barre, Weston. 204
Landini, Richard G. 87
Lash, Kenneth. 321
Legler, Philip. 90, 328
Mann, E. B. 84
Markman, Joel. 102
Marriott, Alice. 306
Martin, Dexter. 189
Martin, Douglas D. 195
Martin, William C. 402
McNeil, Norman (Brownie). 326
McNitt, Frank. 330
Meaders, Margaret. 87
Mills, Ralph J., Jr. 196, 200
Minge, Ward Alan. 82

Napier, Arch. 385
Nolah, Edward. 324
Nolah, Frederick W. 97, 308
Petersen, Edith H. 201
Poldervaart, Arië. 299
Potter, Nancy A. J. 208
Ratchford, Fannie. 400
Reeder, Ray. 101
Rippy, Merrill. 104, 407
Sasaki, Tom T. 80
Sender, Ramón J. 190, 192
Shawcross, John T. 217
Spieckerman, Shirley. 413, 414
Tanselle, G. Thomas. 404
Tuan, Yi-Fu. 221
Utley, Robert M. 406
Weber, Robert H. 77
Weeks, Ramona Maher. 177, 389
Weeks, Tim. 101
Weems, John Edward. 298
Weinrod, Margaret. 101
Westphall, Victor. 332
Wilson, Keith C. 85, 303
Wykes, Barbara. 89, 93, 210, 417

New Mexico Quarterly
THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Editor, Roland Dickey
Assistant Editor, Virginia Manierre
Book Review Editor
Ramona Maher Weeks
Manuscript Editor, J. Robert Feyn
Editorial Assistants
Margaret Weinrod, Clarence Huff
Advisory Committee
George Arms, Lez Haas,
Lincoln LaPaz, William J. Parish,
Paul Walter, Jr., Dudley Wynn
A Southwestern Booklist

Adobe Doorways, by Dorothy L. Pillsbury. $3.50
Basket Weavers of Arizona, by Bert Robinson. $7.50
Black Sand, Arizona archaeology, by Harold S. Colton. $4.00
Cock of the Walk (Pancho Villa), by Haldeen Braddy. $2.00
Coronado, Knight of Pueblos & Plains, by Herbert E. Bolton. $4.50
Dancing Gods, Indian ceremonials, by Erna Fergusson. $5.00
George Curry, 1861-1947, ed. by Horace Hening. $6.50
Gold on the Desert, by Olga Wright Smith. $4.00
Hopi Kachina Dolls, by Harold S. Colton. Rev. Ed. $8.00
The House at Otowi Bridge, by Peggy Pond Church. $3.50
The Land of Poco Tiempo, by Charles Lummis. $3.50
Land of Room Enough & Time Enough, by Richard Klinck. $6.00
Mexican Cookbook, by Erna Fergusson. $2.50
Mexican and New Mexican Folk Dances, by Mela Sedillo. $1.50
Minerals of New Mexico, by Stuart A. Northrop. With map. $10.00
The Missions of New Mexico, 1776 (Fray Atanasio Dominguez),
   by Eleanor B. Adams and Fray Angelico Chavez. $15.00
No High Adobe, by Dorothy L. Pillsbury. $3.50
Oñate, Colonizer of New Mexico, by George P. Hammond and
   Agapito Rey. Coronado Series. 2 vols. $20.00
Practical Spoken Spanish, by F. M. Kercheville. $1.50
Richard Wetherill: Anasazi, by Frank McNitt. $10.00
Road to Santa Fe (Sibley diaries), by Kate L. Gregg. $4.50
Roots in Adobe, by Dorothy L. Pillsbury. $4.00
Saints in the Valleys, by Jose E. Espinosa. $6.50
Signature of the Sun, Southwestern Verse, 1850-1950,
   ed. by Mabel Major & T. M. Pearce. $2.50
Six-Gun and Silver Star, by Glenn Shirley. $3.00
Southwest Gardening, by Doolittle & Tiedebohl. $5.00
Ten Texas Feuds, by C. L. Sonnichsen. $5.00
Tombstone's Epitaph, by Douglas D. Martin. $5.00
Traders to the Navajos, by Gillmor & Wetherill. $3.50
Violence in Lincoln County, by William A. Keleher. $6.00
We Fed Them Cactus, by Fabiola Cabeza de Baca. $3.50

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS
New Mexico Quarterly