NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW

This issue illustrated by JOHN SLOAN

John Sloan by WALTER PACH

Joseph Warren Beach  Baroque: The Poetry of Edith Sitwell
Ramon J. Sender  Faustian Germany and Thomas Mann
Dexter H. Reynolds  Can New Mexico Be Industrialized?

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IN COMING ISSUES OF THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW

ROSS CALVIN — Some Southwestern Naturalists
WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE — The Writer as a Reporter and Vice Versa
W. P. ALBRECHT — Time As Unity in Thomas Wolfe
ERNA FERGUSON — The New New Mexican
HARDEEN BRADY — The Primitive in Gertrude Stein
FRAY ANGELICO CHAVEZ — A Romeo and Juliet Story in Early New Mexico
VERNON YOUNG — Frank Waters: Problems of the Regional Imperative
KENNETH LASH — Captain Ahab and King Lear
LINCOLN LAGAZ — Meteoritics in the Southwest

POET SIGNATURE: II — Miles White

STORIES, POEMS, BOOKS AND COMMENT

The Autumn issue will be illustrated by KENNETH M. ADAMS, with critique by LLOYD LÓZES GOFF

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Contents

ARTICLES

Can New Mexico Be Industrialized? 149 DEXTER H. REYNOLDS
Baroque: The Poetry of Edith Sitwell 163 JOSEPH WARREN BEACH
Faustian Germany and Thomas Mann 193 RAMÓN J. SENDER
To a European Man of Letters 221 EDWIN HONIG

STORIES

The Hunted 182 E. W. TEDLOCK, JR.
And Exile 214 JUSTINE KRUG

THE GUEST ARTIST: JOHN SLOAN

John Sloan 177 WALTER PACH

POET SIGNATURE:

ERNEST KROLL 207

BOOKS AND COMMENT

Manifest Destiny Muddles Through 228 LUCY LOCKWOOD HAZARD
Anthropology Flexes Its Muscles 232 PAUL WALTER, JR.
The Power and the Glory of the Sky 234 LYLE SAUNDERS
Other Reviews 242

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST, XXIX 263 LYLE SAUNDERS and FRANK L. BAIRD

THE EDITOR'S CORNER 148, 276
POET SIGNATURE.
Under this title we inaugurate a section which will appear uninterruptedly. It is the belief of the editors that poetry should be presented in its own right as an important contribution to the magazine. To prepare "Poet's Signature," the poets approached have been requested to submit all their unpublished work, and from it those individual poems have been chosen that best represent esthetic tenets and accomplishment. Each monographic section will be preceded by a critical introduction written by Edwin Honig.

Ernest Kroll, 34, born in New York City, B.A. Columbia, 1936, has been a newspaper reporter with Brooklyn Daily Eagle, copy writer for advertising agencies, and editorial assistant for newspaper syndicates and a trade journal. He spent five years in the Pacific with the U.S. Navy as a Japanese language officer, and for the last three years has been on the staff of the Public Affairs Overseas Program of the Department of State specializing in Japan and Korea. Since 1945 he has contributed verse to Atlantic Monthly, New Yorker, Southwest Review, Poetry, Furioso, Tomorrow, Prairie Schooner, Golden Goose, Poetry Chap-Book, NMQR, and other magazines. He writes to the Editor: "I know that I am interested in all aspects of every place I find myself in, that I am as much attracted by factories as by flowers, by salesmen as by birds. I believe unshakably that art is a preparation, or 'rehearsal' for the business of living and that the artist has a social responsibility to communicate the universal, recurrent aspects of life, and shun the private, accidental ones. Where such universals are unfamiliar the burden of responsibility falls upon the audience to improve its education. Too much modern poetry is private, reads like clinical reports."

Besides "Poet's Signature" we expect to carry in as many issues as possible another section of poetry by various authors under the caption "NMQR Poetry Selections."

ART SERIES. John Sloan, our second guest artist, Pennsylvanian by birth and New Yorker by adoption, is a painter of figure and landscape, and etcher of city-life subjects. He has illustrated for Harper's, Collier's, Everybody's, Scribner's, etc., and made etchings for Of Human Bondage and other books. His pictures and prints are to be found in most American museums and private collections, and he has received important awards in his long career. All the drawings in this issue have been done expressly for the Quarterly. The design on the cover, also reproduced elsewhere in the magazine, is based on an Indian pottery motif.

A man of creative power and ex-

Continued on page 276
**Dexter H. Reynolds**

**CAN NEW MEXICO BE INDUSTRIALIZED?**

**NEW MEXICO** is a rich state in its endowment of natural resources. At the same time it is probably the best example extant of "economics in reverse." Every year products valued in hundreds of millions of dollars are won from the land, but the per capita income is among the lowest in the nation, barely two thirds of the general average. Most of the produce of mines, forests, farms and ranches is shipped from the state in almost unaltered form; almost all needs for manufactured goods are met by importations from other areas. The wages and profits representing the increase in value of the manufactured goods over that of the raw materials accrue to other people in other places, creating here a situation which jeopardizes the present and future welfare and security of home people.

At this stage of New Mexico's development an attempt to explore in an objective manner the adverse economic situation to learn why it exists, why it continues, and to suggest what may be done about it, is legitimate. It is time to study ways and means of bringing the state into economic harmony with itself, its neighbors, the nation, and the world at large.

New Mexico abounds in natural resources which are valuable commodities in the world's commerce. The value of potash, copper, zinc, lead, coal, petroleum, pumice, and other minerals extracted from New Mexico in 1948 was over 200 million dollars. The value of farm and ranch products reached nearly the same figure. The 1948 production of lumber—ponderosa pine,
spruce, and fir—was about 150 million board feet, valued at over 10 million dollars. The feasibility of utilizing New Mexico's unique desert plants economically remains to be learned, but they may prove to be valuable resources.

New Mexico's greatest potential resource is its people. Coal, petroleum, minerals, forests, and sunshine are wonderful things. New Mexico is abundantly supplied with all of these; but they will not develop themselves. They cannot contribute to better living of the people unless they are made to do so by the people. It is only through actions and efforts of the people of New Mexico that the state may realize its full economic importance, its full capacity for supporting adequately the people themselves.

The population of New Mexico is growing rapidly. In the past the increase has been about 25 per cent every ten years. By reliable estimates the increase has been 27 per cent in the eight years since the 1940 census, and people are still coming into the state at a rapid rate. Most of the increase has been since 1945.

According to recent estimates New Mexico now has 676,000 people. At the time of the last census, nearly one third of the people were supported by agriculture, compared with less than one fifth for the United States as a whole. Nearly one fourth the people of the United States were supported by manufacturing, but this was true of less than one sixteenth of New Mexico's population. At the present time only one thirtieth of New Mexico's people obtain their livelihood directly from manufacturing. The wide discrepancies between New Mexico and the country as a whole in agriculture and manufacturing probably explain the state's low per capita income. They also suggest a necessary measure to improve the state's economic condition.

New Mexico needs manufacturing industries. It is the prevalent opinion of those who have thought seriously about the state's future that increased manufacturing is the principal hope for alleviating existing economic ills. A detailed and extended
analysis by a leading businessman shows unmistakably that of all the ways of economic support of a people—agriculture, mining, manufacturing, construction, trade, finance, utilities, professions, and services—only manufacturing offers the promise of sufficient expansion to raise economic standards in New Mexico.

There are beginnings of a manufacturing industry in New Mexico. In 1948 there were 546 factories which employed one person or more. These employed altogether an average of 10,350 people during the year, about 1.5 per cent of the total population. Sixty per cent of the employees were engaged in four kinds of manufacturing as follows: (1) in foods; by bakeries, beverage bottlers, and dairy product makers; (2) in forest products, by logging camps, sawmills, and planing mills; (3) in printing, by newspapers and commercial printers; and (4) in chemicals, by three potash refineries near Carlsbad. The remaining 4,100 employees were distributed in 58 other kinds of manufacturing, ranging from the hand weaving of neckties and fabrication of Indian type jewelry to production of lightweight building blocks of pumice and the smelting and refining of copper.

It is natural to ask why New Mexico with all its natural riches is not already an industrial empire, why its manufacturing should make no more than the slender showing indicated above. Among the many reasons that have been advanced are statements that New Mexico does not have a skilled labor supply, cheap hydroelectric power, low cost water transportation, enough water, accessibility to large markets, and many another of the things necessary for large scale development of manufacturing. These factors, and others unfavorable to industrial development, will be considered in some detail.

In addition to abundant raw materials a manufacturing industry must have adequate markets. New Mexico is a long way from large population centers, but there are now nearly three

quarters of a million people in the state. Established trade channels reach about that many more. The rapid rate of population increase has already been mentioned. The home market would seem to present ample opportunities for manufacturing on a considerable scale. Still the industry of New Mexico is mostly extractive. Local factories using local raw materials and local labor furnish but a small fraction of the hundreds of millions of dollars worth of manufactured goods needed and used within the state's natural trade area every year. New Mexico imported nearly 90 million dollars worth of manufactured materials for use in building construction during 1948.

Within a circle of 700 miles radius centered in Belen, New Mexico, live nearly 19 million people, about 13 per cent of the population of the United States. This does not include the portion of Mexico which is within the circle. Although the industrial centers of Los Angeles, Denver, Kansas City, Ft. Worth, and Dallas fall within that one and one-half million square mile area, it is probable that many types of goods could be made in New Mexico which could compete even in those markets. This possibility has already been demonstrated for at least two items manufactured in New Mexico. One of these items, heavy highway transportation equipment, reaches even further and commands a world-wide market.

Manufacturing requires a skilled labor supply. New Mexico is generally considered a cheap labor reservoir. Cheap labor in the United States is unskilled labor. Experiences of the war years, however, indicated that New Mexico's supply of cheap, unskilled labor is potentially a source of highly skilled technicians. It was demonstrated that the native Spanish American and Indian may acquire the skilled arts easily and quickly. Given a greater amount of vocational training and guidance in the Indian and public schools of New Mexico, a manufacturer will require little additional time to train people from any of the ethnic groups to the particular skilled tasks of his process.
CAN NEW MEXICO BE INDUSTRIALIZED? 153

Manufacturing also needs scientific and technical "know-how." New Mexico has a considerable amount in its state-supported colleges. These schools have many fairly well-developed science and engineering departments, whose growing facilities for research and development are readily available to new or to already established industries. Their faculties are eager to act as consultants on scientific and engineering matters. They are producing an annual crop of well-trained scientists and engineers who can immediately assume responsible positions in industry. But, of course, most of these, like the other valuable resources of New Mexico, are "exported," must leave the state to receive adequate recognition.

Lack of cheap hydroelectric power has been cited as a major deterrent to industrial development in New Mexico. This situation may change with new projects now being discussed, but even without hydroelectric developments, New Mexico is a most favored state in its power resources. It has huge, almost untouched, reserves of coal. Production of petroleum and natural gas is a major portion of its mining industry. Most of American industry is powered by fuels, not water. Coal, petroleum, and natural gas supply over 95 per cent of the energy used in the United States. With Diesel motors and internal combustion turbines as prime movers, New Mexico should be able to hold its own with any section of the country.

Adequate transportation is essential to industry. New Mexico is served by railroads, highways, airways, and pipeline. Only water transport is missing. The transportation situation is no worse for New Mexico than for many of its inland neighbors who are well along already in their development of manufacturing. It has been mentioned that a relatively large potential market is within reach of New Mexico. Already existing railroads and highways make this market accessible. Shipment to most of this market will be less than half the distance a great many manufactured goods now travel to reach New Mexico.
There are, of course, some matters of differential and even discriminatory freight rates to be considered, but these can be cared for by proper study and action.

The water requirements of industry are enormous. Since water is a limited natural resource of New Mexico, many manufacturing processes are prohibited under present practices of water use. Just how much water may be available for industrial use is not known. The surface waters have been studied for years and the records show what may be expected of them. How much of these waters may be used industrially, and where, remains to be determined. The extent of New Mexico's ground water supply has not yet been fully learned. It is known, however, that underground sources in some sections will permit much greater use than at present, but in a few places the water table is already being lowered at an alarming rate.

There are many things New Mexico can do to solve the problems raised by its apparent inadequate water supply. The shortage of water is created not so much by lack of water as by the almost complete absence of sensible engineering and conservative practices of water use. The more than 30 billion gallons wasted every year in the San Marcial area alone would supply ten cities like Albuquerque. In other words, New Mexico is throwing away enough water in one swamp to support a modern community of a million people, or to meet the water needs of any one of the largest manufacturing plants in the United States. The San Marcial swamp is not the only place in New Mexico where enormous quantities of water are literally thrown away without being allowed to make any contribution to the state and national economy. It is vital to the future of New Mexico, and to the entire United States, that such wasteful practices be eliminated.

There are other things the scientist and engineer can do to alleviate New Mexico's water shortage. In addition to eliminating waste, they can direct a better and more efficient use of the
water now available. Adequate flood, silt, and erosion control is needed badly. The engineer can teach industry to operate with lower water requirements. Many cases are on record in which this has been done, and others are in the making. Use and re-use of water can be encouraged, keeping in mind its ultimate agricultural utilization. Present day experimentation indicates the scientist may even be able to increase the available supply, but this is not expected to be proved practicable for a long time to come.

Manufacturing industries cannot be developed without adequate financing. It is axiomatic that money will go where it can make sufficient profits. Great investments have already been made in New Mexico's mining, agriculture, trades, and service industries, and in exploration and development of potash, petroleum and gas resources. The effect of the economic activities thus promoted has been to triple the per capita income of New Mexico in the eight years since 1940. But capital is not rushing in to take advantage of the seemingly unlimited opportunities for manufacturing.

A recent analysis points out a variety of factors unfavorable to obtaining capital for manufacturing enterprises in the Western States.* Among these may be listed: (1) inadequate development of investment markets in the West; (2) small amounts of free surplus capital locally, because owners reinvest their profits to expand their own businesses; (3) dearth of venture capital, caused partly by absorption by banks, insurance companies, and other agencies whose investment policies are closely regulated by law; (4) general ignorance and distrust of corporate financing through security sales; (5) strong preference for the traditional partnership method of obtaining permanent capital; (6) traditional opposition to the separation of ownership and management, which results from corporate financing; (7)

* Ralph L. Edgel, "Investment Opportunities in the West." a paper read before the Pacific Coast Economic Association, Los Angeles, December 30, 1948.
lack of a banking system geared to long-term financing; and (8) little attention in eastern money markets to western enterprises which are generally small and little known except locally. These factors show why it is necessary to "go back East" for money to develop New Mexico economically, and explain in large measure the absentee ownership of so much of New Mexico's industry. Absentee owners leave little more than a payroll and a minimum of taxes to New Mexico in return for exploiting its resources. Real progress will be made only when financing of industry can be done locally from the West's own investment markets.

Most of the barriers to obtaining capital for manufacturing in the West can be surmounted only by proving conclusively that there is opportunity for the money to make a sufficient profit. It must be shown that the opportunities are real and well-based in fact with the chance element at a minimum. To do this, however, will in most cases require more basic knowledge of New Mexico's resources and economic climate than is now available.

It has been suggested that tax laws should be altered to encourage industry to come to New Mexico. This course has been tried in several states, apparently with some success. There is, however, nothing in New Mexico's tax structure that would discourage an industry. Since many manufacturing enterprises are flourishing here now, the tax picture appears to present no barrier to further industrialization.

The factors discussed up to now are those usually considered in estimating the probable success of a manufacturing venture. None of them appears to constitute an insurmountable barrier. Why then is New Mexico so far behind with its industrialization? The real reasons must be more deeply hidden. Among others, the important ones appear to be: (1) the strongly established habit of an extractive economy; (2) the absence of an industrial tradition, and as a result a shortage of industrial
managerial experience; (3) the lack of appreciation and use of the scientific method, and, consequently, insufficient research and developmental facilities; (4) the need for detailed information about the human and natural resources and the economic climate; (5) the effect of past failures of manufacturing ventures; and (6) ultraconservative and anti-industrial influences. Those retardants of greatest importance are founded on ignorance and absence of understanding and appreciation. Until something is done about the need for dependable and detailed information about New Mexico, not much progress can be made toward attracting new or expanding existing industries, and still less toward developing a manufacturing tradition. Given appreciation and opportunity modern science and engineering can alter the picture completely. Ignorance and distrust may be dispelled, the discouraging influence of past failures may be destroyed, arguments of the ultraconservatives who resist any change will be nullified, and New Mexico can begin to realize its full potentialities.

In the postwar world no one should fail to understand science and the methods which have made it a predominant force in modern life. The people have been bombarded with a constant stream of information about the tremendous contributions of science, and, of course, the exalted claims have been supported by almost unbelievable demonstrations. The impression has,
become general that anything human nature may desire can be achieved through scientific research. There is no magic in scientific research, but it is giving man an ever increasing control over nature. Unfortunately, the accomplishment is "news," but not the methods and means by which achievement is made.

Far too few people understand what is implied by the word, research. To most of the people of New Mexico it is a mysterious and secret activity occurring within high-fenced enclosures surrounded by armed guards. Few appear to realize that scientific research may be made a profound influence for good in their own businesses, and that it is the real key to the sound economic development of the resources of New Mexico.

Simply stated, research is a method of gaining experience. Without exception, every successful business enterprise is based on research. In many cases it has been done in a painful, blundering sort of way with each success accompanied by many failures. Scientific research is a controlled, systematic procedure for gaining experience in the shortest time at the lowest cost. It is the use of methodical common sense, based on a wide knowledge of the world's accumulated experience. Controlled experiments are carried out on a small scale and in a logical sequence. The facts learned in one experiment are used to direct the next. Mistakes and unprofitable experiments, if any, are made on a small inexpensive scale: Findings are checked and cross-checked at every step. Progress may appear slow, but the final conclusions are certain, can command complete confidence, and are derived in the least possible time consistent with elimination of guesswork and uncertainty. The factory is not built until the process is understood and completely under control.

It is easy, then, to understand why a successful modern industry has extensive research facilities and why it spends a considerable part of its income in maintaining, operating, and extending its laboratories. Safe business management in the modern world is built on continuous, ever expanding scientific research.
One may also see the reasons for failure of so many of the efforts to establish manufacturing in New Mexico. The fiasco last year of a project to produce and market on a large scale an "antifreeze" made from magnesium chloride and water is a good example. The factory was established in spite of advice by competent chemists that an extended testing program should be carried out first. Chemists of the United States Bureau of Standards did make the tests, and, after the New Mexico project failed, published a bulletin presenting proof that an antifreeze based on any water-salt solution was impractical. Many similar examples could be listed, all of them failures because of ignorance of or disregard for the sound, scientific method of founding an industry.

It is not to be inferred that all attempts to establish manufacturing in New Mexico have been made with no regard for scientific research. There are many stable and flourishing factories, some of them large enterprises which are a real credit to New Mexico. These show conclusively that successful industrialization is possible here, provided sound methods of business promotion and management are used. An outstanding example is the manufacture of specialized bristle brushes for industrial use throughout the United States. Each of the many successful factories took the time and trouble, and willingly stood the expense of the necessary research and development before starting their operations.

A great deal can be done to encourage the growth of manufacturing in the state. Most important and necessary is extensive and intensive scientific research and engineering development on material resources and economic possibilities. Most of the scientific and engineering problems are too big for New Mexico's present research capacity, even though facilities now available are not being used to their full extent. The lack of sufficient laboratory facilities will be a strong restraint to wise exploitation of resources. This situation somehow must be
remedied. Research equipment is generally expensive. New Mexico's present small industries cannot afford great research laboratories for themselves. The obvious solution to the difficulty is a co-operative effort, the establishment of a centralized research and testing organization.

One way of realizing an effective research effort is exemplified by Armour Research Foundation, the Midwest Institute, and others throughout the country. A team of scientists and engineers in a well-equipped central laboratory is made available for a combined assault on problems of industry. The projects are financed at cost by private concerns or corporations. Industries benefit by having their research done through the co-operative efforts of professional researchers at a very small fraction of the cost of building and operating an adequate laboratory for themselves.

Another way of bringing large-scale, co-operative research to New Mexico is to enlarge and improve the scientific research facilities of the state-supported colleges, through state appropriations augmented by private and corporate contributions. The professional researchers are already assembled. A million dollars spent to provide them with adequate facilities would undoubtedly give a higher research potential than the same amount expended in building a new, fully equipped and staffed research institute. A smoothly working liaison must, of course, be established and maintained to avoid overlapping of effort, to prevent too great duplication of facilities, and to assure proper distribution of projects and parts of projects to give most rapid progress. Dollars spent in either of the ways suggested will come back eventually as tens, hundreds, even thousands of dollars, to be made to contribute richly to New Mexico's income and to the national economy.

The other major obstacle to rapid industrialization of New Mexico is the general lack of detailed knowledge of the state, its resources, and the varied aspects of its economy. A great deal of
information about the state is in existence, but for the most part it is widely scattered in books, bulletins, magazines and journal articles, and deeply buried in the records of departments of the state and federal governments. The collection of even the general information upon which this article is based was a tedious, time-consuming operation. To be useful in directing wise industrialization of New Mexico, all existing knowledge of the state must be brought into one place where it may be ex-

pertly catalogued and correlated, the blank spaces found and filled in, and the whole studied and interpreted in terms of possibilities for economic development. The recently published study of Albuquerque* is an example of the kind of analysis that should be done for every section of New Mexico. The job of making a comprehensive “economic survey” is a big one, but it will have to be done before the state can make any great progress toward its needed industrialization.

Effective obstacles to extensive industrialization to be considered also are the ultraconservative and anti-industrial influences. These stem from two fairly small but highly influential segments of the population. The first group comprises the long established, extremely conservative business men who fear they or their businesses may lose some present advantages and privileges. New Mexico has been very good to them, and they see

* The Economy of Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1949, compiled and published by the Federal Reserve Bank, Kansas City, Mo., and the Bureau of Business Research, University of New Mexico.
nothing but evil in any proposed change. Large scale manufacturing may raise the cost of labor, and so increase their cost of doing business. The action of a chamber of commerce in preventing the establishment during wartime of a large airplane factory in New Mexico is a case illustrating this attitude. Industrialization will undoubtedly raise wage rates, and so raise the economic level of the entire state, but the ultraconservative can see only his own loss, and is blind to improvement of the overall situation, and even to the fact that an expanded purchasing power will react most favorably to his own business. The federal government's huge payroll in the larger populated areas of New Mexico, however, has already destroyed most of the things they wished to retain. This, coupled with the rapid influx of new business people, is rapidly diminishing their influence on New Mexico's future.

The second anti-industrial group includes the artists, writers, and others who find New Mexico as it is now to be a near-ideal place for their life and work. It is not surprising that these people abhor the idea of an industrial New Mexico. This writer sympathizes completely with their feelings when he visualizes the hurry and bustle, the smoke and smog, the slums and acute traffic problems, and the many other unpleasant things so often associated with industrial communities. But the need for industrialization is apparent. Is not a wise industrial program to be preferred over the retention of the present subsistence level of livelihood of a large portion of the people? Also, is it impossible to have industrial development without bringing with it the unpleasant things visualized? New Mexico is lucky that its development has been delayed. It can avoid the industrial ill-practices of the past. Proper state and community planning, good engineering, and sensible community regulation of nuisances can prevent most of them. Those who love the peace, quietness, and solitude of New Mexico must join the scientists, engineers, and industrialists to plan an enlightened economic development.
Joseph Warren Beach

BAROQUE: THE POETRY OF EDITH SITWELL

The most grateful task of the critic is the discovery and bringing to light of merits in work not well appreciated because not understood. Such was the task of F. R. Leavis in regard to the poetry of Ezra Pound, of F. O. Matthiessen for the work of Eliot, and R. P. Blackmur for that of Wallace Stevens. The most ungrateful task for the critic is the exposure of shoddy or ill-judged work in the arts. And the critic of true vocation is only too happy to leave such work to the obscurity that time will bring. Unfortunately one does not always have his choice in the matter. For there are artists of limited talents who, for one reason or another, have such command of the organs of publicity that they will not let themselves find their level in the course of nature. They force themselves, or they are forced, on the attention of any one seriously concerned with excellence in the arts, so constantly and with such fanfare, that the self-respecting critic feels obliged to put in his caveat, as the meekest of men feels obliged in the drawing room to state his position when challenged by some particularly dogmatic assertion of obscurantist views in politics.

Thus with the poetry of the three Sitwells, one would be glad to grant it its not dishonorable, if distinctly minor, place in the vast diversified output of this century. One would be happy to exclaim over the appearance of three poets in one family, and to signalize the strong individual quality of each one of the three.
In the case of Sacheverell, one might even be inclined to make a point of his special charm and individuality, his stimulating modernism, in view of the present tendency to underrate him in comparison with his sister Edith. But the tendency to underrate Sacheverell is not shared by his sister, who in her *Aspects of Modern Poetry*, devotes a whole chapter of extravagant and unilluminating praise to her brother's poetry, placing him squarely with Hopkins, Yeats, Eliot and Pound as one of the most distinguished of modern poets. And in general, the vogue of the Sitwells since Megroż published his "critical study" of them in 1927, has been so inflated, so honey-tongued and undiscriminating, and so much confused, one feels, by snobbish and irrelevant considerations; that any one sincerely concerned with evaluation in esthetic matters is virtually driven to register some measure of dissent.

The distinction of the Sitwells does not depend on overvaluation of their poetry. The series of autobiographical books by Sir Osbert, of which the most recent is *Laughter in the Next Room*, is among the most readable of such chronicles. It reveals the man of taste, of an individual cast of mind, and capable of penetrating psychological insights; and it does constitute, as he intended, a highly significant exhibit of English social life in his time, though it does not exactly prove his point that the democratic levelling down of today is an end to civilization and culture. The long fight which the young Sitwells had to put up against the philistinism of the aristocracy, as well as the *bourgeoisie*, of England, set as they were against artists and intellectuals, is enough to throw doubt on his conclusion. And the character drawn of his father, Sir George, which is as good in its way as anything in Dickens or Meredith, is not precisely a recommendation of aristocratic individualism. In numerous essays, short stories and novels, Sir Osbert has explored many odd corners of the arts, of manners and human nature, with the independent spirit of one not committed to the standards of the mar-
THE POETRY OF EDITH SITWELL 165

ket. In the whimsical terms of his biographical sketch in Who's Who, he.

For the past thirty years has conducted, in conjunction with his brother and sister, a series of skirmishes and hand-to-hand battles with the Philistine. While out-numbered, has occasionally succeeded in denting the line, though not without damage to himself. Advocates compulsory Freedom everywhere, the suppression of Public Opinion in the interest of Free Speech, and the rationing of brains without which innovation there can be no true democracy.

The father of the Sitwells, Sir George, was a notable antiquarian, who located the first use of the word "gentleman" as a class designation, author of a learned and charming book On the Making of Gardens, who spent vast sums on his own gardens and in making fancy additions to his several houses in England and his Italian castle. He was certainly a "case," and the younger Sitwells had to fight him at every turn in order to establish themselves in their chosen vocations. But the label that most neatly applies to all three of the present generation is the same that would apply to their father. They are all remarkable specimens of the species, English Eccentric.

This was in their case a fortunate circumstance; for in their reaction against the stodginess of the social set into which they were born, they were among the first in England to champion the work of modern painters, composers, and showmen—like Diaghilev of the Russian ballet—artists in all fields who seemed contemptible to their more timid contemporaries but have since established themselves as classics. In the case of Sacheverell, in particular, this independent spirit took the form of extensive research into relatively neglected provinces of art, resulting in many delightful and informative volumes, such as Southern Baroque Art and The Romantic Ballet from Contemporary Prints. If these are not always to be classified as "standard" treat-
ises on their several subjects, it is simply because the technical features of, say, baroque are given so elaborate a setting of manners, psychology and history, and often so smothered in lush passages descriptive of seascapes, cloudscapes, and gardens drowned in moonlight and nightingales.

The sister Edith is also in her way an antiquarian and exploiter of “period” subjects, mainly from the eighteenth century. In literary criticism she is the English counterpart of Amy Lowell, shrill marshaller of the cohorts of modernism and slapdash propagandist of a school of poetry. She has, in addition, the gift of Vachel Lindsay for putting across to public audiences poetry strong in accentual beat and somewhat lurid in coloring and imagery. During the present season she has brought to America her special technique for reciting poems from her Façade, more than once tried out in London with some success in the twenties, when the Sitwells were fighting hardest for recognition by an indifferent English public. It would indeed be fortunate for poetry in our day if it might have the benefit of public presentation, as the epics of Homer had at the Panathenaic festivals. Unhappily the best poetry of our day is of so fine a grain and close-wrought texture, and so lacking in dramatic outline, that it cannot be taken in by the ear by audiences not thoroughly familiar with it through previous reading. It is true that the poetry of Façade has little of this subtlety, though it is given a kind of surface sophistication by the note of irony, as in “I do like to be beside the seaside,” or in the piece beginning

WHEN
Sir
Beelzebub called for his syllabub in the hotel in Hell.

Altogether, the three Sitwells make up a constellation of great interest and justified eminence in the world of taste, providing, in the words of a subtitle to one of Sacheverell’s volumes, many a
notable "entertainment of the Imagination." It is mainly in
regard to their reputation as poets that one is inclined to indi-
cate reservations.

Sir Osbert, like his sister and brother, has written many lyric
poems featuring satyrs, fauns, dolphins, pierrots, fountains,
joyous ecstasies and the "dim valleys of sleep." Sometimes he sug-
gests the earlier imagism of John Gould Fletcher; in "Nursery
Rhyme" there are echoes of Eliot's "Burbank with a Baedeker." 
His lyrical vein is perhaps adequately suggested by the following
from his "Song of the Fauns," in which I have ventured to itali-
cize a few of the less original phrases:

When the woods are white beneath the moon
And grass is wet with crystal dew,
When in the pool so clear and cool
The moon reflects itself anew,
We raise ourselves from daylight's swoon

But the poetical reputation of Sir Osbert rests mainly on satir-
cical poems from his first volume, *Argonaut and Juggernaut*, in
which he registers his protest against the unchristian butchery
of the first World War and against the complacency of business
men who profited by the war and allowed other people's sons
(and even their own) to become the victims of Juggernaut.
These satires had a certain journalistic effectiveness in their day,
though they show no particular refinement or originality of im-
agery or verse form, and the wit is not of a quality to stand up,
with Dryden's or Byron's, against the fading effects of time. The
Church comes in for its share of blame for supporting the War.
In "Armchair" the poet refers, in an ingenious pun, to those
who lost their legs on the field while the Church favored their
arms and so brought them to their knees.

And our great Church would work as heretofore,
To bring this poor old nation to its knees.
Throughout his writing Sir Osbert has never ceased to re­proach the Western World for the two devastating wars. He sometimes seems to imply that they were undertaken by "dem­ocracy" with the express purpose of levelling down all distinc­tions of caste and merit and bringing about the vulgarity of mob rule. But he never, that I can find, suggests what the western powers could have done, short of fighting, to stop the fires started by imperialistic and totalitarian Germany. So that, however much one may sympathize with his liberal and pacific sentiments, one is left with the feeling that his pacifism is but another expression of his dominant passion for setting himself against the spirit of his age.

Literary opinion has undoubtedly been right in putting a higher valuation on the poetic output of Edith Sitwell. But even here, the fantastic exaggeration of her merits, culminating in Louise Bogan's surprising testimonial in the New Yorker and the bringing out of a Celebration for Edith Sitwell by the usually more discriminating New Directions Press, suggests nothing short of a conspiracy of critical infatuation.*

It would be invidious to dwell long on the poetry that ap­peared in her first four or five volumes, between 1915 and the early twenties, including Bucolic Comedies (1923). Miss Sitwell has retained in The Song of the Cold, as representative poems from this unripe period, "Said King Pompey" and five of the "Twelve Early Poems." Here one may get a notion of the dig­gerel measures, based on nursery rhymes, which prevail in the earlier poems, and which often recur in later and more ambio­tious pieces such as "Gold Coast Customs." There are also the burlesque rhymes and whimsies proper to children's poetry,

*Miss Sitwell has been indefatigable in the republication of her poems. In Poems New and Old (1940), 26 out of the 72 pages of verse were actually new, and the rest were devoted to poems reprinted from at least seven earlier volumes. In The Song of the Cold, which heralded her coming to the United States this season, nearly fifty percent of the pages of verse represent pieces already published several times in earlier volumes. The unwary reader is likely to hail as representative of her latest phase verse that goes back to the 1920's.
along with the exotic and period touches, and the touch of ironic disillusion, that are supposed to lend their "modernism" to these poems through the introduction of dissonance, as in the French poetry of the late symbolists, Jules Laforgue and Tristan Corbière, or in some of the early poems of T. S. Eliot. "By the Lake" is in obvious imitation of a famous lyric of Verlaine's, but lacking the evocative power of Verlaine, and "modernized" by the intrusion of inappropriate features such as Midas-asses' ears, Lowellesque pagodas, and (mere rhyme-word) codas. As a general clue to the effect sought in much of the early poetry of the Sitwells, we should have in mind their extreme fondness for clowns and pantaloons; with the wise and melancholy humor of the circus spotlight. Perhaps they thought the mere assumption of motley an excuse for any amount of clowning.

It was in The Sleeping Beauty (1924) that Miss Sitwell brought to her esoteric reputation for modernism the support of a poem of considerable length and pretentiousness. For kernel of her story she employs the opening episodes of Perrault's famous fairy tale. But the story is badly told, with none of the simplicity attaching to proper folk tales; and while Megroz finds occasion to compare Miss Sitwell's effects to those of De la Mare, her work has really nothing of the imaginative consistency of that poet, none of the rightness and sureness of tone and pitch which in his poetry lead any reader, of whatever age, to take his offering with "willing suspension of disbelief." For Miss Sitwell Perrault's tale is the slightest of frameworks on which to hang flowers of fancy of the most assorted and incongruous species. Childhood memories account for the peculiar aspect of the chief characters, of the "palaces," dairies, the orchards, pools, and forests that form such a tangled and jangled Raphaellesque pattern. And the noble grandmother and great-grandmother who sit as models for the Queen Mother and the evil fairy of the tale—and who are often so hard to tell apart—
are bizarrely fitted out with every grotesque appurtenance of Queen-Anne chinoiserie. The "classic" satyrs, Pans, and naiads and the Gothick unicorns are as much in evidence as the standard equipment of fairies (real fairies often indistinguishable from the figural kind invoked for the animation of trees and flowers), all stewed together in a characteristic Sitwellian olla-podrida.

There is also plentiful provision of vague and impenetrable allegory. The warning of the old gardener against the allurements of the imagination (of poetry?) would seem at first to convey the moral of the poem. But later on we are led to think that the poem is either (a) a lament over the inevitable loss in maturity of childhood faiths and insights (against the indulgence of which the gardener has warned), or (b) some more profound intimation of the corrupting and withering effects of Evil. At one point the thought protrudes in the baldest of abstract words.

And there are terrible and quick drum-taps
That seem the anguished beat of our own heart
Making an endless battle without hope
Against materialism and the world.

Unhappily there is nowhere any "objective correlative" for this particular thought, or rather perhaps there are too many obscure leads in too many directions. Indeed the story is very ill-adapted to bear so heavy a weight of spiritual meaning as the author seems to intend.

As for the "texture" of the verse (to use a favorite word of Miss Sitwell's), one may say—to be brief—that, apart from a lavish indulgence in assonance and rhyme, often desperately forced and brash, Miss Sitwell does not show a fine ear for verse music. Except in the "songs," the Mother Goose rhythms have largely given place to joggy anapests, of which the following (descriptive of a stuffed parrot) is a fair example:
And therefore the bird was stuffed and restored
To lifeless immortality; bored
It seemed, but yet it remained her own;
And she never knew the bird's soul had flown.

After The Sleeping Beauty, the chief milestones in Miss Sitwell's poetic pilgrimage are Gold Coast Customs (1929), Five Variations on a Theme (1933), and Green Song and Other Poems (1946)—all but the latter well represented in The Song of the Cold (1948). It was probably with Gold Coast Customs that she first came to be thought of in certain quarters as a major poet. And this was probably more because of the religious strain and the "social consciousness," which here began to make their appearance, than for anything in the poetical technique or imaginative quality of the piece. The technique, however, is peculiarly modern. It is a good guess that this poem, like Crane's The Bridge and Ronald Bottrall's "Festivals of Fire," was inspired by the brilliant success of Eliot's The Waste Land. All of them make large use of Eliot's method of abstract composition, in which contemporary and realistic material is arranged, in a contrapuntal pattern of contrast and correspondence, with themes from primitive legend and other traditional poetic matter, which serve to give it a symbolic background and a broad representative character.

In the title poem of Gold Coast Customs Ashantee cannibalism, as described in Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa and interpreted by Hegel in his Philosophy of History, corresponds (in Eliot) to the Grail legends of the Waste Land as interpreted by Jessie Weston, and (in Bottrall) to the myth of Baldur as interpreted by Frazer in The Golden Bough. Lady Bamburgher's London slumming parties parallel the savage orgies of African Negroes; her decayed visage corresponds to the painted skin-and-bones scarecrow fetish which presides over the cannibal rites; her sentimental love affairs (mere twitchings of a dead
soul) are inspired by the same cruel god of Death and Sin; and the prostitutes and starving men of the sailors’ quarter underline the fact that social misery and vice are the fruit of commercial exploitation by the heartless rich.

This interpretation is arrived at only after strenuous study of the poem; for the symbolical parallelisms are in many points so confused and forced that only the most resolute of scholars can work out their intention. In certain passages, it is true, the poet compensates for the confusion of her image-patterns with the baldest of abstract statement.

For Africa is the unhistorical
Unremembering, un rhetorical,
Undeveloped spirit involved
In the conditions of nature.

In some places the indebtedness to Eliot is particularly obvious, as in the theme of purgation by fire and in the list of fallen or falling cities:

Bahunda, Banbangala, Barumbe, Bonge,
And London fall.

In a final concluding passage, added in the new volume, a touching tribute is paid to American hymnology:

For the fires of God go marching on.

The way in which Mrs. Howe’s figure has here been stretched and mutilated may serve as reminder of the frequently misfire modernism of Miss Sitwell’s rhetoric. One imagines that Mr. Eliot would not be too well pleased with this example of the working of his system. Miss Sitwell’s images are too often daubs of garish paint where a finer art would give us an inner shining and translucency. To the ear they are often the flat tones of percussion instruments where we expect the resonance and overtones of woodwinds or stings. The comparison with Bottrall is
all to his advantage. "Festivals of Fire" is not among the finest of his poems; it is a little too obviously an exercise in Eliot's manner. But his work is often of high distinction. And even here he has something of Pound in his style as well as of Eliot—their extension of poetic measures with the discreet use of prose rhythms, and their enrichment of poetic style with locutions and tonalities borrowed from good colloquial prose. Miss Sitwell has certainly a flair for theatrical effect, but she can hardly be said to have a sense for style. The movement of "Gold Coast Customs" is lively and effective in a popular way. The irregularity and spasmodic jerkiness of the verse may be said to have an appropriateness to the theme; but it should also be said that she seems rather to have surrendered to the Ashantee tone than to have assimilated it to the finer uses of poetry.

The Five Variations may conveniently be discussed along with Green Song. The theme is the same—the passing of Love and Beauty, with all the "anguish of the skeleton," into Death—with, sometimes, the sudden unexpected emergence (like an afterthought) of Christ, the immortal spirit, out of the eternal vitality of nature.

So, out of the dark, see our great Spring begins
—Our Christ, the new Song, breaking out in the fields
and hedgerows,

The heart of Man! O the new temper of Christ, in veins
and branches.

The main difference between the two volumes is that in the long poems of the earlier one the basic measure is the heroic couplet, whereas the poems in the later volume are shorter, conceived more as songs, and with loose irregular meters. In the Five Variations Miss Sitwell practices the smoothness of iambic pentameters, but her couplets lack the witty definition of Pope's usage. They are strung together at great length and with more of the romantic enjambement; and with the constant repetition of
images and adjectives of musical suggestiveness, they do have a certain languorous elaboration of musical effect.

It is indeed a rather sleepy music, with the constant marimba-tinkling of the jeweled sounds that have always been favorites with Miss Sitwell. She is always lavish with precious stones and metals; and here there are plenty of rubies, garnets, topazes, diamonds, sapphires, and gold, amber, coral and porphyry. To sustain the suavity of her iambics she is extremely fond of attaching to each noun vaguely suggestive stock attributives such as rich and deep, strange, gold, vast and dim. Within a very few pages you will find each of these adjectives applied innumerable times to a great variety of objects. Rich is applied to rose, heat, splendor, trees, and light; deep to heaven, tears, horizon, seas; green to rains, heat, world, century, fingers, shade. Often she requires two of these adjectives to make her effect: rich gold leaves, vast universal night, hyacinthine waves profound. She is extremely devoted to plumes, and to pomp in all combinations: pomp and splendor, pomp and pleasure, pomp and empery—everything but pomp and circumstance. Poets have used these words before. One remembers that rich is a Keats word ("Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows"). But this stands out with startling distinctness in Keats, whereas nothing very much stands out in the iterative monotony of verse like this:

Then you, my gardener, with green fingers stroked my leaves,
Till all the gold drops turned to honey. Grieves
This empire of green shade when honeyed rains
And amber blood flush all the sharp green veins
Of the rich rose?

Green is still dominant in Green Song, and cold becomes the key word of the following volume, to suggest the frigidity of Sin and Death. But the later poems are less purely descriptive and elegiac. There is a marked disposition to dramatize the religious theme by means of personified abstractions that carry on
dialogues with one another. The personifications are not very distinctly made. Thus in the title poem of Green Song, we have now the "lovers" speaking and now "the youth of the world." Opposed to them is "an envious ghost in the woods," who turns into a "naked Knight in a coat of mail." And none of these keeps to his part or speaks in character. The voice of the poet drowns out that of her dramatis personae, as where the ghost in armor remarks to the young lovers:

My frost despoils the day's young darling.
For the young heart like the spring wind grows cold
And the dust, the shining racer, is overtaking.
The laughing young people who are running like fillies...

In one poem we have a man addressing his dead wife. These two are supposed to be actual persons; but it is often impossible to tell whether the poet is referring to an actual dead woman or to personified Death.

This is a radical defect of imagination with both Edith and Sacheverell Sitwell. The figurative counterpart of a person, an object or an idea is more vividly realized than the thing it stands for; and often neither figure nor thing has enough substance for the mind to rest upon. So that they tend to nullify one another and vanish together into thin air.

To Edith's phrasing there still clings a whiff of the cliché and derivative, even in these later poems. There is a good deal of this sort of thing: "spring in the heart's deep core," "the young orchards' emerald lore," "immortal things in their poor earthly dress." The strength of her later poems is in the impression they convey of the pain and ignominy of growing old. To persons of a certain bent they appeal as being deeply "mystical" and even "metaphysical." They certainly have little of the sound of the seventeenth-century religious poets. They are too conventionally rhetorical for that, and too loose-knit in thought. Her religious conclusions do not seem, to the non-mystical reader, to
follow from her premises. They are more like rabbits pulled out of a hat. There is too little suggestion of what would be the ethical content of the "spirituality" to which she is driven by her sense of the vanity of life and the imminence of death.

The basic fault of her work would seem to be a lack of structural design adequate to support the load of superimposed decoration. One is reminded of the important work done by the Sitwells—and above all Sacheverell—in bringing into repute the baroque and rococo in architecture and generally in the fine arts. It is not customary now as formerly to use these terms in an indiscriminately pejorative sense. But it can hardly be denied that, however much fine and impressive work was done in these styles, there was a frequent tendency in them to overlay the functional in structure with irrelevant elaborations of surface detail, to confuse effects with strained mixtures of incongruous thematic material, and to bring the secondary into greater prominence than the primary in architectural and decorative schemes. In any case, the odds are always against the craftsman who undertakes to secure in one art the effects appropriate to another medium—the poet who attempts to make words perform the office of legs in dancing, oils in painting, or vibrating strings in music.

Sacheverell Sitwell is, in my opinion, a much more original poet than his sister, an artist of genuinely poetic endowment. But there is something in his method that results in his having impressed the reading public far less than his sister. If I were to attempt to trace the causes of his failure to produce notable classics of poetry, I would pursue the analogy here suggested. I would suggest that his failure is in part due to an ill-judged attempt to apply in poetry the principles of rococo, that extension or exaggeration of baroque art. When it comes to Edith Sitwell, it might not be too fanciful to suggest that her faults mainly derive from esthetic tendencies for which the most approximate term is baroque.
IT WAS a great day for John Sloan when he discovered New Mexico. But it was also a great day for New Mexico; each year, for exactly three decades, the artist has returned there and, prolonging his stay continually, has offered such an expression of the fascinating character of the country as had never before been produced. The great skies, health-giving with the clean dryness of the air, the finely drawn hills, and the colorful capital are shown by a man for whom they were a uniquely arresting experience, after over forty years in the cities of the East. He had created a collective image of New York, its streets, its people, its drama and its beauty, but nothing in all this offered even a hint of his reactions before seeing the spectacle of New Mexico and its wealth of living tradition among the Indians. Of the latter unique asset to our country, we needed the testi-
mony of an important artist. And in John Sloan, New Mexico has found such an interpreter and historian.

If the foregoing lines offer justification of what was said at the outset as to the state’s debt to the painter, an explanation of the complementing statement—of what New Mexico has meant to John Sloan—is perhaps more difficult to reach. By far the finest work of his career dates from those thirty years since he began to go to Santa Fe. And I say this with full recognition of the fact that many people still prefer those Sidewalks-of-New York pictures belonging to the time before he saw the Southwest. Disagreeing with such an opinion, I still would assert that many an etching of that earlier time retains all the splendid character, humorous or tragic, that makes of Sloan’s graphic work one of the permanently valuable achievements of American art.

But, six years before the painter’s discovery of New Mexico, this country had had a great exhibition of modern art, the Armory Show. It taught us, among other things, that there is more to art—ancient as well as modern—than a rendering of the human aspects of a scene. Sloan had dealt with such matters again and again, as in his etching of the city-dwellers who swelter on the roof tops in New York’s torrid nights, or the one of the organ-grinder who himself turns monkey to draw his pennies and nickels from the crowd, and all the numerous other plates where the artist’s quick eye and vigorous hand have worked together in a masterly technique. The work was still, however, in the nineteenth-century idiom—and the twentieth century was already speaking another language.

Sloan had, to be sure, grown to maturity in the former period, and it was not surprising if it took a while for him to realize the importance of the change in ideas that was being so forcibly brought about by modern art. Its masters were recognized by him as such, from his first contact with their work, at the Armory Show. But far from accepting the procedure of so many
Americans who—to get on the new band wagon—rushed to Paris and turned one somersault after another in their eagerness for a modern technique (and, as a rule, they got no further than a technique) Sloan went on doggedly with his own work, willing to wait for an inner necessity to dictate such changes as might appear, with time, to be desirable.

Changes have indeed come about in his work, enormous changes, though it is easy to see that they do not affect the fundamental unity of his production, for that is based on one man’s seeing of the world, and is only to a degree affected by things outside of his mind. To what extent has his experience of New Mexico influenced his later work? Considerably, I should answer; though at once we must observe that not the whole of his evolution in the last thirty years, is to be connected with his sojourns in Santa-Fe.

Still, for the sensitive mind of an artist, several factors in his new environment could not fail to have results. There is the splendor of the landscape, so different from anything in the East; and, from work that was predominantly indoor painting (of sights remembered, or noted in rapid pencil sketches) he has been led out of doors to paint his broad stretches of country directly from nature; and he does so with a sureness of observation that scarcely appears in his former production. With that is connected an added feeling for the element of light, so mysterious even while so overwhelming in the transparent atmosphere of the high altitudes. That carried with it more intensive study of the effect that color has in rendering luminosity; and the change from his earlier painting, where light was obtained, above all, by contrast with dark, even blackish tones, is attributable, quite certainly, to what he has been seeing in New Mexico.

Yet here again, one asks if one is not going too far in saying as much. For if the incentive to more colorful and luminous painting came from seeing the splendid pageantry of the desert and the hills, the means for responding to that stimulus—the
thoughtful analysis of the tones—might perfectly have evolved in his New York studio, where nude or portrait models made their own demands on his palette. Indeed, the cross hatching or line work with color which marks much of Sloan's progress in the later years, seems to me primarily directed to statements about form. They have a fullness of effect, a suppleness in following the undulations of a surface, that the painter would not, most probably, have attained by his earlier use of solid color.

But enough has been said as to technical matters, and we may return to a point referred to before: Sloan's response to modern art. He has more than once said that its importance resides in its having freed us from that servitude to merely optical effects which casts its stigma of decay on nineteenth century naturalism; and, to state the matter on its positive side, the modern period has returned the artist to his age-old problem of preserving an idea of reality by means far deeper than those of the copyist's eye. The sense of touch, the sense of movement, the conviction we have about the sizes of things—no matter how they diminish under the influence of photographic perspective: all these and many others are elements that the decadent realist was unable to deal with, and that modern art has revitalized with success. Such matters do not fall under the heading of technique: they are essentials of expression, and have been so for the greatest periods and the greatest races.

And this brings us back to New Mexico and its people, which is to say those representatives of its ancient people who still continue to give to the Southwest its deepest expression, through their pottery, their rug weaving, their sand painting and their dances. French artists had had their reminders of the original purposes of art as they looked on the great things of Egypt and Chaldea in their museums or, travelling to Morocco, Tahiti and other places, they found people who continued the ancient principles of the Louvre in contemporary work.

That was the greatest of Sloan's discoveries in New Mexico.
CHAMA RUNNING RED. Oil on canvas. Painted 1927.
The river is running like pink tomato soup down to the Rio Grande
and the Gulf of Mexico, carrying all the good red earth. Courtesy of
Kraushaar Galleries.
LITTLE RANCH HOUSE. Oil on canvas. Painted 1926. A
expanse of grooved gravel and soil stretching off toward the Rio Grande
The little native casita whose owner, when not working in the fields, is found
seated on the shady side in summer, on the sunny side in winter. Courtesy
of Kraushaar Galleries.
Here, as in the Old World, one was impressed by the superb shapes of ceramic objects and their vitally inventive decoration, by the textiles whose beautiful color is due to no aesthetic scheme but to the expression of ideas: they are exactly stated in words by the Indians as their religious chant accompanies the flow of colored sand when they paint on the ground. All this, for an American, is doubly precious, because it is of our own soil, and our own time. It is therefore modern art. Needless to say, Sloan did not attempt to enter the field of Indian ceramics, weaving or sand painting, such things belonging uniquely to those among our compatriots who inherited them with their blood. But the white artist could see with complete sympathy and enjoyment the great ritual dances of his neighbors, and he could enter into the spirit of them in his painting. These invocations to rain and corn are local in their form, but universal in their meaning. Respected and admired by John Sloan, they gave a new value to his art. And so I come back to my first affirmation about the great day it was for him when he discovered this part of his country; and, since no one else has given so important a record of its character and meaning, I could say that it was a great day for New Mexico when the painter arrived there.
WHERE BEFORE had been only a narrow, unwindowed hallway giving access to the house, there was now a spacious, sunlit room. The hall had been extended some fifteen feet, and at the far end a large window admitted the brilliance of the unshadowed mesa. On the window ledge were half-a-dozen jars of delicate, blue petunias, their bells lifted in a splash of color before the steel-bright glass. At one wall stood a round table and chairs that looked carelessly pushed back, as if some laughing group had just risen and departed.

For four years, on his visits during the war, John Melden had but passed through the dark hallway. Now suddenly this part of the house had opened, as if it had flowered from within, to sunlight, and space, and color.
Melden sat in a cushioned chair near the window, his face keen in enjoyment of the room and the moment. The drive to Taos through the early morning hours had filled his mind with strongly colored images, of wind-eroded pinnacle and tesselation, of water-carved caves thrown open to the sun, of sky-sown sage and piñon borne mountainward. Gradually his habitual abstraction had been replaced by an acute awareness, a sense of being an indivisible, microcosmic part of day and landscape. He even felt that here, in the great depth of the sky, electric, blue, and in the free sweep of mesa, there was no possibility of suffering and death. These could not exist in such eternally vibrating openness.

So Melden sat at peace with himself and his universe. He could hear, from the kitchen, the sounds that promised coffee in a few minutes with his hostess, the widow of a famous writer, to whose house here so far within the continent came, as if on pilgrimage, writers and painters and scholars from the reaches of the Western world—now that the war was over, in increasing numbers and from greater distances. He looked again at the room's beauty. He anticipated the stimulus of conversation with the woman whose seventy years were so rich with experience outside the comfortable defences of conformity. And he said to himself, "Yes, the shadow has lifted. The war was a thing of walls and dusty corners shutting out the sun, but here the walls are broken and the corners opened."

At this moment the universe was peaceful, even kindly and creative. He felt a reaching, growing activity within himself, in the room, in the huge illumination of the untroubled sky, in the unshadowed vastness of mesa and mountain. One had only to be. Being was everything, unceasingly.

Just then the telephone rang. Melden could hear his hostess' voice and the bang of the receiver; then she called to him. He found her gazing intently out the kitchen window.
"John, you must see this," she said. "Few people ever get to see it. The Indians are coming to hunt rabbits on our land." With quick steps she led him out into the full sunlight at the back of the house.

At first Melden was dazzled and numbed by the sudden glare. A fenced road ran past the house some fifty feet away. Beyond it a field of sage, bright gray-green in the sun, swept off in rhythmic rise and fall to the dark blue mountains in the west. Nowhere was there shadow, and nowhere perceptible movement. All rose and fell to perfect distance under an infinite sky.

At first there was no sound. The immense landscape merely had being, with a tremor that was like the flow of blood. Yet, gradually, Melden thought he could detect a rising penetration of sound, as though he heard the very movement within the cells of living matter. His senses heightened into a kinetic participation in that whole scene:

Then he heard, from out of sight behind them, the soft thud of hoofs on the road. By ones and twos, in little groups, the Indians moved out in front of them, the first riders stopping not far away. On and on they came, men and boys, occasionally a boy mounted with a man. Melden was fascinated by the color, the movement, and the silence. They did not ride like white men on a holiday. There was no bravado, no laughter. They simply gathered, those who came first waiting, no one in visible command.

Sometimes a rider wore a little crown of green twigs and leaves on his head, and Melden, from his habit of analogy, thought of ancient Greeks. He spoke of this only to make conversation, conscious that it was fraudulent, that he really felt no desire to analyze. For the same reason, he asked, "Do they hunt them just for sport?"

"They will have a great feast tonight at the pueblo," she answered, and his attention went back to this gathering army of men.
Slowly the hoofs kept coming on the soft dirt of the road, the silent, waiting riders shifting imperceptibly to make room. Most of them carried clubs; a few, riding double and carrying sacks, dismounted to go on foot.

Then, when it seemed the road would overflow, there was a sudden stirring and acceleration. A voice, clear and mellow, called out, and the edges of the group began to melt away. Before Melden could see where the command came from, two files of riders had encompassed half the field, and were lengthening out and out to the rim of the horizon. The undulating lines reached toward each other's tips until they met. The circle was complete, the trap set.

Now all along that great perimeter shouts broke toward the two who were alien to the hunt. The circle began to close inward. The real work had begun.

It was at this point that Melden first realized what was about to happen out there under the sun. Dogs had been turned loose, and he could see them leaping back and forth through the sage as the circle constricted. "I won't hear any screams from this distance," he thought, "but a few might escape the first rush and come this way."

He remembered how, when he was a boy, he had shot a rabbit and run up to find it still quivering and jerking with life. He had beat it with the butt of the rifle until the hard wood splintered and he was hysterical. He remembered how a dog once started a rabbit near him in an open field and followed it closely into some bushes. A moment later there was a scream, a single, child-like scream, of pain and terror and death. Suddenly he was afraid that the circle might reach its tightest near the road. But that side too went inward rapidly so that the killing took place in cover of the gray-green sage, so shadowless, so refugeless, under the sun.

Here and there riders detached themselves to race back, dismount, and stoop, their arms flailing up and down. In the
distance it was all silhouette and movement. No rabbits, no pursuers, came. The circle tightened to a last flurry of dismounted men.

At once most of the riders began to stream away out of sight to the next field. Only a few lingered, stooping, filling sacks. Then they too were gone, without trace upon the illuminated surface of the field.

Melden's momentary fear went with them. He found again only the great panorama and distance, the perfection of the day's movement, his mood not really broken.

Melden's detachment continued through the morning. The conversation turned upon things far away from the mid-continent Indian world. She told him of plans to sell some of her husband's manuscripts and to send the money to relatives in Germany. She had an older sister there, to whom she had been very near as a girl and young woman, and now, fearful of conditions, she hoped to bring her to America.

After lunch he planned an early start homeward so that he might fish for a while from the highway where it ran beside the Rio Grande. But she said to him, "You must come back to tea. A Max Allaman is coming, a German writer, an anti-Nazi. He will be interesting. Go fishing, and come back." So he agreed to return late that afternoon.

A half-hour later he took a winding road west of Taos to the
green spot where the Pueblo River, running high at this season, would back up into pools. Overhead, as he drove, he could see patches of cloud floating slowly in from the north. They were not big, but along their edges and bottoms they were hazily dark with the ominousness of thunderclouds. But Melden was not afraid of a little rain. In that air one dried quickly after a brief shower.

Where the stream passed under the road and went away down a line of willows, he parked, put on his boots, set up his rod, and started out. The water was high and murky, and here it shot through continuous riffles. Melden moved downstream, searching for the idyllic place he remembered from another trip. He passed a swollen smaller stream bringing in much silt from the high mountains, rounded a bend, and entered the grassy area that lay like an oasis in the drabness of the unwatered mesa.

Here meadows sloped down to the water. At the far end horses and cattle grazed, sorrel and black and cream and white against the grass. The ground was soft, in low places quite marshy and deep where, like a bowl, it received the drainage from above. A few houses stood on the high ground, holding the clean, light-brown of dobe up against the sky. From a chimney blue-gray woodsmoke curled faintly to vanish.

Melden had looked forward to seeing this richly grown place, but instead of the sensuous pleasure he had anticipated, he felt a strange uneasiness. The ground was not cultivated and produced only lush wild grass. Around the houses there was no human movement, as though all the people had deserted them at midday. The horses and cattle had bunched themselves, facing the north, grazing only now and then. Whatever the garden of his fancy, here was a green loneliness exposed to the sky.

Among the grasses of the gentler slopes were pools, and he began to search these with his hook. He concentrated, vaguely aware of a murmur of thunder now and then, and a few cold,
raindrops in his face. But no matter how carefully he worked, the pools which once under identical conditions had been full of feeding trout, now seemed lifeless.

For a long time he fished thus with bent head, until all his attention was in the rushing water and the eddying pools. A cold flurry of rain struck his neck and arms. He looked up.

Directly over him hovered a great dark cloud. All around it were patches of the same blue sky he had known that morning, but now it seemed that all the electric quality he had felt had been drawn into the one dark mass. The air about him quivered, heavy and charged. Thunder murmured high up as he looked.

He glanced at his watch. Already it was midafternoon. He resolved to walk straight back to the car, somehow fearful, and remembering his promise to come to tea. For some minutes, walking rapidly, he kept to his resolve. Then he came to a place he had not fished before, where the stream broadened after a swift riffle so that near his bank the current was not very swift. He felt the intense desire to find life beneath that moving surface. At the upper end he waded out and let his bait drift far down the current. The line jerked, and he felt the thrób of a fighting trout. Four times, as Melden brought him in, the fish thrust back and fought savagely. At the end he made one last flurry and slash at escape, whipping the water. But Melden held him prisoned until he lay exhausted, then lifted him out.

Melden saw at once that the fish was hurt. The hook was far down in him, out of sight. Gently he tried to twist the shank to withdraw it without tearing; but the bright, red fish's blood welled from one gill. Finally, with distaste, he pulled and tore the hook out, put the fish without looking at it into his creel, and bent to wash from his hands the thick, bright blood.

At that instant, just as he thrust his hands into the water, a great crash sounded. Sideways into his eyes flashed the swift white glare and heat of the lightning. He crouched, stunned, for
some moments, the air still quivering about him. Then he slowly stood up.

He looked at the cloud above him, and suddenly knew it in all its terrible force. There came upon him the destroying weakness and fear of the hunted. He knew that he stood under a sky that might any second hurl death in the form of devastating, searing light and heat, and that he was the moving victim in innocent fields of grass and water.

He wanted to run blindly, and combatted the feeling with all his strength. There was another lighter crackle nearby, and he thought of the rod with its metal tip and of the conductivity of the water in which he stood. He waded to the bank, let the rod fall, and hurried to a boulder high up on the bank. He tried to crouch under it, but the crevice was small, and he remembered that lightning was apt to strike prominent objects. He looked around, and in all that meadow there was no shelter. It stood open and helpless to the superior force above.

He tried to reason. "There is no shelter here. You are safest in the car. Get the rod and walk back slowly, for they say that movement makes a target of you. Come now. Do it calmly."

It was no good. He was frightened, and hunted. He said to himself what all the fatalistic hunted must say to themselves. "It is out of your hands. If you are to be killed, you will be killed. Accept it; take your chance."

So, in fear, he retrieved his rod and began to walk slowly back toward the car. All the way, the dark cloud threatened overhead, but it did not strike so near again. The rain fell heavily, and silt blackened the stream. Melden went straight past it to the car. He took down his rod and removed his boots while sitting in the protection of the seat. Then he looked at his watch. He was a half-hour late for tea. He had promised to be there at four-thirty, and it was almost five o'clock.

Taking a little-used, rough road as a short cut, he drove as fast as he dared on the treacherous wet surface. As he reached the
paved highway that led to the house, the rain came down in torrents, its cool flooding a relief from the electric heat and tension of the afternoon.

Max Allaman was still there. A car stood drenched and gleaming in front of the house. Melden straightened his clothes, and with his fingernail scraped a bit of clotted blood from the back of one hand.

The room was subdued now in the twilight of the rainy late afternoon. Its corners were shadowed, and the petunias lifted darkly purple before the glass. The air was chill with the breath of wet earth and advancing night.

Two people sat over coffee at the round table. Melden's friend greeted him and turned to the man whose face was bent indistinctly toward the window. He rose and extended his hand, and Melden looked first into his eyes. They were good eyes that spoke two things. Their warm blue was living and direct, and in that very quality vulnerability, with a rather terrible vulnerability that Melden thought must have been pierced again and again. The forehead was broad, the hair thin and gray with remaining touches of fairness. The upper part of the head might have been German; the nose curved with the mark of another people. But Melden noticed most, after the eyes, the cheeks and mouth and chin. They were full enough but somewhat slack as if with too long suffering, as if, without breaking, the strong lines of endurance had been assailed too often and had learned to relax in pain itself. The voice, speaking slow English, was gentle.

Melden, as he sat down to the coffee his friend brought, felt greatly attracted to this man but also strangely ill-at-ease. He knew that Allaman must regard him as native, with all the assurance of the native, but the storm of the afternoon had shaken him, had struck him loose from assurance into fearful singleness.
As he gratefully turned to the stimulation of the coffee, Allaman and their hostess conversed rapidly in German. Here, through a medium ancient to them, they obviously met in a joy of recognition. But soon Allaman turned to Melden and asked in his slow but quite good English, "Do you speak German?"

"Only a little." Melden well knew that his German was weak, not nearly as good as Allaman's spoken English.

Allaman began to explain what they had been talking about in German. On the table beside him lay a slim volume of German poetry by Albrecht Hauser, a book of sonnets. Albrecht had been the brother of Karl, the theorist of the Nazi "heart-land." He wrote the sonnets in a Nazi prison, and not long afterward they took him out and shot him in the head. Allaman spoke gently and simply of the terrible irony of the two brothers, one the theorist of bloody empire, the other the poet who awaited without loss of faith the death prepared by his brother.

Suddenly Melden realized that Allaman himself could have written sonnets as the executioner approached.

Their hostess spoke now of the future. She told Allaman of an English writer who, too, had fled to America. He had lived out the first transition at her ranch high up in the Sangre de Cristos, and she had seen the great loss of the uprooted, the struggle to understand the new, as he went away from her among the trees, walking the mountain paths alone. But there, alone with himself, he had won out to a new life. Allaman asked how old he was. They were nearly the same age.

Melden could feel him considering, the future, the career, America. He wrote only in German. He must be translated. They spoke of the difficulties of catching the rhythms and meanings and beauties of one language in another. And they mentioned with hope Thomas Mann and his successes. Melden thought of Mario, the magician, and the obscene power Mann had portrayed in him, and he shivered in the cool, damp air.

It was late. Already the color of the mesa had lapsed into the
double darkness of storm and near night. Allaman was speaking of America. It was, he felt, very generous and free. Then, with one of the few lapses of his English, he said, “It is not envious.”

For a moment Melden was lost. He could not find the meaning, and the insecurity of the afternoon returned upon him with double force. He knew envy, in himself and others. He knew it shamedly and sick.

Allaman saw his puzzlement. “You do not feel it necessary,” he said, “always to lock your doors and windows, to guard everything. You leave your car unlocked, for example.”

So Melden saw what he meant by “envy.” It was something like “lawlessness,” the constant fear of loss by theft, of being plundered. He wanted to say that it was only a matter of degree, but he saw that Allaman needed to think this in his rootlessness and loss, with the future gaping all about him. So he did not speak, but a great fear pushed within him, a triple fear distilled of morning, afternoon, and evening.

The leavetaking was strange, ironic. Allaman was all gentleness and quietness. His pleasure from the visit showed in the warmth of his blue eyes. Together they rose and passed to the entry and stood outside, their faces lifted to the sky. At that moment the sun pierced through in the west, and there arched against the receding clouds the glowing prism of a rainbow. Just above it glowed another, lesser one. To Melden it was as if some clever stage manager had arranged a spectacular effect for Allaman’s departure. And yet he wondered, and was not sure.

The gentle man turned slowly, smiling, and Melden saw in his face infinite patience. He took his hostess’ hand and thanked her. He took Melden’s hand, and Melden wished to say a blessing over him. Then Allaman walked alone to his car. At the driver’s side he stood silhouetted against the west, his arm raised in a gesture of farewell. A few moments later he was gone down the gleaming ribbon of the road.
Ramon J. Sender

FAUSTIAN GERMANY AND
THOMAS MANN

In 1938 when the breezes of Europe were most propitious to the white and black flags of the Third Reich, a German writer exiled in Switzerland, Thomas Mann, continued in his review Mass und Wurt his admirable work. It was the epoch when Benedetto Croce tempered his old age in the resistance to Italian fascism, when André Gide foreseeing the catastrophe was preparing his literary quarters in North Africa, and when Miguel de Unamuno was dead in Spain. It was then, more than ten years ago, when the author of Mario and the Magician and of so many other subtle narratives came to America. With him came the myth of persecuted German liberalism. Liberalism means generosity. Thomas Mann, of conservative and conformist tradition, is liberal in the manner that the Renaissance humanists were liberals. Free from class and group interests, he saw the problems of our times sub species eternitatis, which is the only practical and realistic way of seeing them. That is why his testimony on the phenomena of German culture or barbarism is especially eloquent, and in this sense his last book, Doctor Faustus (Alfred A. Knopf, 1948), assumes an enormous significance.

Those of us who have lived in Europe the first thirty-five years of this century harbor a certain feeling of culpability. Through commission or omission, the sins of each one assume in retrospect the value of determining acts in the catastrophe, and in a larger or lesser measure each feels himself responsible. Writers have perhaps an advantage over the rest; they can try to liberate
themselves through the written confession. When the time comes to confess, most of us do it in a direct and crude manner, without subterfuges, and above all without preoccupations of sumptuosity. Thomas Mann's case is different, however. The author of *The Magic Mountain*, out of reverence for culture and rhetoric, gives the impression of subordinating easily the needs of confession and confidence to preoccupations of prestige. The election of themes and myths and the formal concern with style dominate his "confessions" and impart to them the tone that in letters corresponds to what in painting is called "decorative." Is that a vice? Is that vice affectation? The German, granting that he has a rigid and stiff-collared attitude towards culture, cannot be said to be affected, because what in others may be affectation in the German character is natural. The cult of *Kultur* in Germany is part of the national pattern.

In the Spanish language we have a common term, *fausto*, faust, rarely used in English, which means *happy, lucky*. There is another word, *fasto*, that is to say *pomp*, and *external greatness*, though the word has no exact counterpart in English. Such word comes to mind by sympathy with the word that connotes the angular concept of German culture and which has its exact equivalent in English: *faustico*—Faustian—from Faust, the mediaeval hero of so many German and English authors, consecrated by Goethe and now resuscitated by Thomas Mann. Here is a myth treated with the concern for prestige. This type of literature is being left behind as a survival of times when the cultivation of "the prestigious" was easier because it had a foundation lacking today: a minimum of stability in the social conditions upon which culture rests. For writers like Mann this lack of stability must be especially dramatic. Such literature, aside from its interest per se, which can be a true one, fulfills a mission: it maintains and strengthens the respect of the *bourgeoisie* for literature. Whether or not that is an interesting fact when estimating true culture is a different problem.
It is customary for typical bourgeois men to distrust poetry, fiction, and in general all the arts of their times, in which they see imponderable dangers; though they regain their calm before a certain genre of books. I am sure that they consider themselves more enlightened with books like Doctor Faustus under their arms. Thomas Mann is contributing, then, to the formation or rather the consolidation of an atmosphere of respect for culture among the bourgeoisie.

In countries like Germany, however, the task of awakening this respect must be a difficult one. Not because the German bourgeoisie might be said to despise culture, but their natural attitude towards it is not really that of respect. It is an attitude of superstition. The danger of that superstitious attitude is that it does not suppose comprehension or identification, and that the occasional reactions of the superstitious man against the object of his superstition are wont to be heretical and blasphemous. In other countries where a natural respect for culture exists—France, for instance—the exceptions, when there are any, are usually only of indifference and atony. Whether in the history of civilization blasphemy is preferable to indifference is also a problem to be solved. A Faustian problem.

Who has not loved Germany and who does not love her still for one reason or another? I was there long before the Second World War. The Nazi sickness had not yet assumed epidemic proportions. In the country and in the cities I found an ingenious, sentimental, epicurean, and sensitive Germany, though the superstition of culture was present everywhere. For the moment superstition showed its idyllic side, but in any form of superstition—including this—there are dangers, and those dangers can develop and take on sinister proportions. I saw, or thought I saw, a vigorous and noble people, rich in imagination and will, though not rich in that capacity of comprehension which the Greeks and Latins identified with love. I also thought I saw in the Germans a lack of harmony between their emotional
life and their moral and mental life. This seemed to be no accident but, as the professors say, a "constant" in the Germanic character. They have evidently suffered from that weakness always and when it is most critical and threatening they try to conjure it away with aprioristic schemes. In the political field Nazism has been the most recent. One could say, nevertheless, that their fondness for such schemes keeps them from having a philosophy; that the superstition of culture keeps them from having a culture; and that the passion for the humanities—in no country is so much Latin and Greek studied as in Germany—keeps them from being simply and deeply human. Just as the delirium of aggression and conquest has kept them from having an empire throughout history.

They know this very well. Perhaps from the knowledge of that weakness is derived in part the feeling of inferiority attributed to them, and which seems to me justified. There is nothing easier to verify in a trip through Germany, either now or in normal conditions. And here is the latest proof. Germany fears criticism and endures it with difficulty. France, co-participant of the victory, is invading the world with sombre books in which she presents her own people in an awkward light, without hesitating at mockery or sarcasm. Georges Bernanos in his last years wrote terrible pages about the "debasement" of France. And nevertheless the conduct of France is easily defensible. Victorious England is losing her empire, and English authors are not wanting who in the midst of crisis devote themselves unblushingly to the pathetic confession of guilt. The American hero, whose glory no one disputes, occasionally writes bitter books filled with arguments against any form of Americanistic sentiment. On the other hand the Germans, guilty of everything, have not had a single voice recognizing that fact, or at least I have not heard it. There is not a German writer of importance who sheds any light on Germany's wretched state. At best, they decide to present the German case as a problem of high specula-
tion through the attenuating filters of Kultur. After reading Doctor Faustus some reader will say to himself: “How dramatic and moving the problem of a people who, unable to impose a new order on the cosmos, pushes it towards chaos, unafraid of also being imprisoned in the ruins.” Yet the curious thing is that they themselves have never known in what their “new order” consists, because of their inability to discern between dogma and notion, superstition and conviction, and because of their incorrect attitude towards civilization. It is strange how an error of conception, an initial error of attitude, can break up the best constructed systems and lead them to ruin.

If we could fall for easy syntheses we would say that the Germans are the great sophists of blood. The dose of contradiction in their attitude is astonishing, and to a great degree it can be seen in Thomas Mann’s book, which is more interesting as the confession of a distinguished Germanic mentality than as a novel, since the values of an emotional world projected or objectified do not exist there, or are secondary. Thomas Mann presents his Germany to us through two types: a musician and a humanistic philologist (the two “neutral” types who represent the most prestigious branches of knowledge in which Germany has distinguished herself). Here then is a summons favorable to “Germanism” and essentially reassuring for the Germans. The problem embodied in Adrian Leverkühn, the musician, is that of purity allied to genius and persecuted by fatality. All of this propitiated by a mysterious development with two culminating scenes, one near the middle of the book with the apparition of the devil, and the other towards the end with Adrian’s madness, a transcendent and metaphysical madness. As for Leverkühn’s biographer, Professor Zeitblom, he is a man who is fond of saying that philosophy is the queen of sciences and theology the queen of philosophy, but his theology infallibly tends toward demonology. With the devil appears the Germanic Faustus on whose back Thomas Mann hangs the vices, wretch-
edness, and shames of the German bourgeoise. But that denouement does not convince and reminds us of the conventional happy endings of Hollywood. The two heroes, the musician and the professor, have in reality a very similar superstitious attitude towards culture, and they try to produce in the reader a confused state of mind to substitute or at least to compensate for reasoning and judgment, when reasoning and judgment are unfavorable to their designs. That intoxication—if one may speak thus—we find in the head of all Germans when they assume the attitude of cultivated human beings. The attitude of the German towards culture—and pardon this vulgar comparison—is that of the gypsy who wanted to learn to play the guitar and could not because, as he said, the “desire to learn went up to his head.”

The Faustian is confusion, a confusion that is not an impediment when creating lyric poetry. To seek it however as an argument with which to defend—even timidly—Germany’s recent crimes is very risky. Faust is subsequent to Greek clarity and prior to the Renaissance. The bourgeoise (the concept of bourgeois, as well as the word which expresses it, originated in Germany) of the old Hanseatic cities now abhors the world of reason, understanding, and tolerance of the Renaissance. It tries to find refuge in mediaeval demonology. Perhaps this movement has no other value than that of a snobbish tic. Adrian Leverkühn was educated like a young prince in a city called Kaiseraschen and he is full of those tics. He hates the expressions “art,” “artistic,” “inspiration,” “beauty.” Especially “beauty,” but when he describes his music, the music of which he dreams, it is difficult to follow him in his exaltation of a coloristic and vulgarly expressionistic romanticism. That is “artistic” in the worst sense. Another tic may be found in the cult for Albrecht Dürer, of whom a nationalist leader—with that also recognizable virtuosity so much in fashion in the European interval between the two wars—says that he establishes a kind of “knighthood between Death and Devil.” Adrian believes that music is a wedding of theology
and mathematics. As for religion, he worships the church in itself—the dogmatic and ritualistic ecclesiastical system—and distrusts inspiration, mysticism, which he regards as utter madness. All these attitudes were found generalized among the German and Austrian “artistic” groups who were devoured and digested by Nazism and who disappeared without leaving a trace—no other trace than the blood of their victims; or, in a few of the best cases, a secretly accusing passivity. At the end of all this a teleological and fatalistic attitude is to be expected. To put there the devil instead of God is only to try to apologize for the pig in the garden of Epicurus—a Greek pig without theology or theodicy.

The musician Adrian Leverkühn abandons himself joyfully to mediaeval suggestions in spite of his specious Lutheranism. His father is a rich farmer fascinated by the mysteries of cosmic life. The superstition of learning leads both of them to the threshold of poetry where they remain, without entering. They lack that communicative quality given only by love—intellectual amor. The father collects sea shells on which he sometimes reads prophecies or other magical messages, and is further obsessed by the mysterious nature of sound. He puts fine sand on a glass disc and observes the geometric figures formed by the vibration of the disc affected by a sound wave. The Goethian preoccupation with clarity in discovery becomes demonic superstitition in the world of Adrian. To make the atmosphere more suggestive of mediaevalism, the musician becomes a recluse in a Bavarian farmhouse that had been a monastery, in whose refectory he has his metaphysical-acoustical orgies. Finally, the devil appears to Adrian, while he is in Italy reading an essay by Kierkegaard on Mozart's Don Juan. (Kierkegaard, Mozart, Don Juan—exalted myths.) Of course the devil is a German nationalist, and confesses it with a certain pride: “I am German. German to the core.” In this declaration, the terms of which we might be permitted to invert, I hear the good German bourgeois
saying, self-satisfied: “I am diabolical. Diabolical to the core.” Maybe he succeeds in maintaining his pride, feeding it with a confusion of “cosmic symphonies,” theology, gas chambers, crematories, and urban ruins under which he afterward makes his people perish in ignominy. But none of that helps us to understand. And what we would all like is for them to explain to us and to convince us, if that is possible—since the German case continues to be an enigma whose shadows vilify us all to some extent. Its rationalization on any plane would help restore our calm. The “poetical solution” that the author sometimes seems to be looking for, despairing perhaps of finding another, does not crystallize either, as we said before, and there lingers the sensation of malaise that accompanies idle effort.

The mystery is not where Thomas Mann seeks it. Neither blood, nor ruins, nor the devil, nor the nacre shells with cabalistic messages, nor the glass disc covered with sand, nor Leverkühn’s madness are needed to propitiate true mystery. All the mystery of creation is found whole in the newborn child. So was it seen by those two Germans whom we love, Goethe and Schiller. Some will say that Goethe and Schiller are not genuine Germans. It is true that they did not dream of imposing “Germanic order” on the world, but until today German universality is represented by them. They are two of the few Germans who have conquered something worthwhile and lasting outside Germany.

In a newborn child all mystery is to be found. In a being brought—condemned, if one prefers—to the temporality of living, and saved at last from that temporality. Condemned and saved naturally—since Leverkühn speaks of theology—and natural salvation is the very essence of divinity. But divinity is not the antithesis of the devil, rather the impartial arbitrator without shadows or antithesis, of eternal struggle against nothingness in which we all participate willingly or unwillingly. One of the elements of that nothingness is silence—absolute silence
—the basis of all music, in the notion of which poor Adrian Leverkühn could have easily saved himself, and with no mystery. It would have been better for us as readers, and perhaps for German prestige, to see a Germany which can and must save itself, and see also the other Germany buried forever in the very chaos it unleashed. The perspective of the salvation of Germany would thus have been the same one the rest of us see in ourselves as the aftermath of our sins. Without any fatalism. And at bottom there would have been an attitude, or a possibility at least of some kind of solidary attitude.

But the sweet German bourgeoisie rejects the heritage of the Renaissance wherefrom such an attitude could come to them. It is a pity, for with it they would better understand that the homo Dei is not the flower of evil, as Adrian says, but an animal that can profane good and evil at will. Why do the cultured German people—essentially bourgeois and of the Renaissance—go back to mediaevalism? There must be some original error in it all. That error, perhaps, lies in the fact that the only German revolution, Lutheranism, came “too soon,” before the era of dark superstitions had been outgrown, when the white horses of their gods were still neighing in the forest of Silesia. Hence the superstitious attitude held by the German today when he deals with religion, with art, with law; that is, with culture and the state. For the Germans culture is an abstraction far away and high above them, which they venerate in their own way. The state and their dreamed superstructure, the empire, is also for them a similar abstraction. Just as a Frenchman knows that culture is he himself and that it lives in his manner of expressing an opinion or greeting a neighbor, and the Englishman knows that the empire resides in the ability and responsibility with which he carries on his big or little business, the German believes that the concepts of culture and empire are two other mysterious and distant deities that must be served with discipline and heroism, that is, militarily and bloodily. This men-
tality reveals an intrinsic incapacity for civilization—for social life in the modern city, which is at the same time the origin and the product of modern culture.

Tacitus says that German women love marriage more than their own husbands. He also says that the Germans fight for victory heedless of gain and that they are so sensitive to prestige that the fame, superiority, and grandeur of a neighboring prince can provoke war without any other concrete stimuli—not even the hope of loot. It is the same attitude they have today regarding myths: the myths of grandeur, of authority, and of glory. The objective of the German nationalists in the last two wars was to impose a "Germanic era" on the world, a "Germanic century," as Professor Zeitblom says. But to create a Germanic era—which no one would oppose if it were justified in itself as no one opposed the Latin, the Spanish, the French or the English—it is more necessary to develop a sympathetic understanding of the world than a war machine. For understanding, love and creation are inseparable. There are in our history great examples of cultural eras founded without arms (the Christian era), but neither eras nor empires have been founded and consolidated without a moral structure. A moral structure that reflects humanity better than it was before, a structure which offers us the clear perspective of a goal closer to what culture recognizes as ideal reality—a stage nearer those values consecrated as supreme by innate human notions, especially the absolute notion of good.

The Germans of Tacitus were the only people in Europe who did not reckon their time by days but by nights, which seems symptomatic. And it is also significant that they held as shameful and deserving of scorn the obtaining by sweat and peaceful work what could be obtained by danger and the spilling of blood. Blood and night, two myths of "Germanic culture" still present. Why must they be diabolically fatal as Thomas Mann seems to pretend in his Doctor Faustus?

It is certainly true that the crimes of Thomas Mann's heroes...
are not easily definable. They are "the crime of culture." But, what culture? The musician as well as the professor—and even the satanic violinist assassinated by his former lover—are types not incorporated into culture, types capable of excusing and understanding Rotterdam, Dachau and Guernica, and so many other barbaric deeds. They are superstitious and blasphemous beings, although they would protest if they heard themselves so called. They have around them a world of dogmas but they lack faith when they see those dogmas splitting and crashing by peripetias of history. They constantly speak of time and of eternity, forgetting that every moment of our existence we are faced with the necessity of choosing one or the other, and that this choice depends on us, on our simple and inalienable will. All the problems of our physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and spiritual life hinge on the interdependence of those two realities. The devil works in the temporal, his dominion, and in that sense Professor Zeitblom is more diabolical than the "bedevilled musician." When the musician says that the homo Dei is the fleur du mal, he refers to that homo Dei perceptible in time, whose only reality is the temporal, and he is right. But God—the metaphysical proprietor of man—is the very essence of the salvation of that flower of the relative which laboriously, but joyfully, tries to incorporate itself in absolute reality, in the perception and knowledge of which the last and highest aspiration of culture doubtless rests. We all know that in Germany there are professors and musicians and workers and peasants who sense this truth. And Stefan George and Alfred Mombert, the persecuted poets who died in exile, knew it better than we. And so did Ernest Wiechert, the admirable chronicler of the Totenwald.

Professor Zeitblom says that Germanism is implicit satanism, but Germanism is no more satanic than aggressive Britainism, Hispanism or Americanism. The Germans can never come to realize that when they attack their neighbors in order to impose
the "German century" on the world (the ten thousand Germanic years, as that poor devil Hitler used to say), the rest of the world resists them and counterattacks, but not in the name of the "American century" or the French or the English. The world resists and counterattacks for the sake of a peace which will allow the preservation of a spirit necessary to maintain a minimum of that sympathetic understanding through which lies the only approach to the absolute notion of good wherein God is found. Adrian or Professor Zeitblom would say "Germanically" that that is pharisaical idealism. But speaking thus they would reveal first that they are still trapped in the cage of words that symbolizes the Charlottenburg cafés (that is, Stalinism, Hitlerism, and a little bit of Machiavellianism in pocket editions)—a dead end that leaves them incapable of finding the mystery in the constant presence of the newborn child. Naturally in that mystery the desperate need of Faustian and demoniacal evasion cannot be satisfied. Perhaps Leverkuhn and his biographer need to go on reckoning time by nights, the future by the rings in the trees of the sacred forest, and the value of achievement by blood instead of by intelligent effort and sweat. But all of this can bring only a pseudo-prestige, a despair and a delirium of mismedad (self-centrism). Such an attitude does not merit being considered except as a morbid accident of civilization. We are not proud of our civilization—as Professor Zeitblom is proud of the German "robot" who destroys London—but we prefer to use it as best we can in those intervals of our lives when it is possible for us to perceive from time to time something of the miracle of absolute reality. Because we also believe in miracles neither more nor less—perhaps more—than Adrian and Zeitblom, we expect enough light to avoid the apparition of the devil or, if he does appear, to see him as an intellectual reagent subordinated to our need of action and creation.

In Doctor Faustus there is talk of the sacred German soil, of the sacred heritage, and of many other sacred things, but the
only thing sacred in Germany, in Australia, in England, and Ethiopia is man. Respecting other men we respect ourselves, and destroying them we destroy ourselves. The recognition of Germanic barbarism and of Germany's retrogression to the dark ages would be more convincing if Professor Zeitblom did not express it with the accent of an immense resentment. He mixes in that hatred—in that sadness at the happiness of others—the most eloquent religious texts: Ezekiel, Jeremiah, St. Paul. He exalts the Middle Ages even though he knows that the return to that age will solve no problem, and he loves it only because in it—as he says—man could better exercise his imagination. (In demonology? In magic? In the delicious and rich theodicy?) Adrian declares to his friends that he has "wedded Satan"—a Faustian madness—and Professor Zeitblom says that he has dreamed of a "Ninth Symphony" by Adrian Leverkühn to celebrate a liberated Germany, but Leverkühn insists that the Germans will only have the Lamentation of Doctor Faustus—a work of the bedevilled musician, the "lamentation of the Son of Hell." A De Profundis in which Faust rejects salvation, not only out of loyalty to the diabolic pact and because it is too late for him to back down, but also because he scorns the positivism of the world—a reaction of the superstitious man of culture. The last note of the Lamentation abides alone and high on the violoncello "as a light in the night."

It is interesting to note that Professor Zeitblom says he could believe in Russia where man presents the same emotional, moral, and mental confusion and the same imperialistic delirium. For Zeitblom, enamored of the Middle Ages, Russia has the sad advantage of mediaeval misery, slavery, and ignorance. If we substitute for the cathedrals "eternally in construction" the factories eternally in the process of organization around which a humanity also suffering and without hope moves, the spectacle offers the same desolation. And yet in the Middle Ages there were forms of individual liberty impossible to find in Russia,
which gave birth to a Maimonides, a Raymond Lully or an Arcipreste de Hita. For Professor Zeitblom to incline toward Russia is to keep being faithful to the Faustian confusion and to the dark sophism of blood. The Russians of today, like the Germans, sacrifice their victims by the thousands on the abstract altar of a "form of culture" above men, and of an "imperial state" above culture.

Throughout that entire Faustian world the only thing left—with or without demonology, and theology, and music—is a concrete residuum of historical resentment. God grant that "world order" may keep the Germans from again staging the same resentment, and oblige them to withdraw unto themselves and to think about the true miracle that resumes all miracles, that of the interdependence of the temporal and the eternal, envisioned with a creative intellectual attitude. The best thing that could be done with the German people, if they are as presented by Thomas Mann, would be to compel them to remain enclosed in their narrow spaces for three or four generations, without any other possibility than contemplating themselves in the mirror of their actions until they succeed in tolerating themselves, in devouring themselves, in digesting themselves, and in reconciling themselves with themselves. This is indispensable if they are to find afterward some form of identification with the rest of the world. Watching over them, if necessary, so as to save them every time they wish to pact with the devil or the pig, who are wont to go together, as we see in Doctor Faustus.

By this time the reader will have realized that Doctor Faustus is not the book the Germans need at this moment to try to survive, or the one we need to try to understand. It is true that, as we all know, surviving and understanding are becoming more and more difficult. It is only with a natural disposition towards love—a disposition without extreme benignity or Pharisaism, capable of sacrifice and even of bloody miracles—that we can attempt to survive and understand.
Significant poetry may be recognized by at least two developments in the poet's talent: the ability to make imagery and symbols act consonantly with a dominant theme, and the ability to grasp the perfect validity of the trivial when it pulses with the implications of everything our most tenable abstractions can yield. When these signs begin to appear, as they already do in the work of Ernest Kroll, they give us the uncommon feel of dimension in language: a condition which comes of imprisoning real objects in the landscape of the imagination, the only space where objects, controlled in their interrelation, can gain the moral reality lacking in all other ways of identifying or relating them.

It is hard to say how such a quality, such a condition, gets itself into a poem. But we know it is there, as in the poem "At the Adams Memorial," when something haphazard, like the recurring holly leaf, unexpectedly begins to share in the importance of the death against which it is being measured, so that by the time we last hear of it, it has become the concrete symbol for the order and agelessness of death itself. The same condition is present in "On the Beach at Night," where the notions of light and dark, the fluidity of flame and sea, are suddenly sanctified by the ironical perception of "our little fire" outshining "the off-shore stars." A new sense of order connects the inconceivably immortal with the triumphant symbol of diminutive mortality.
This awareness of dimension increases as the poet pursues it in all the directions of his experience, until it becomes the very rhythm and religion of his perception. Then, if he is humble and masterful, his dominant theme will emerge. If you look closely you will find the glimmering of such a theme in these poems by Ernest Kroll. You will find it in “the men in denim” who become “dark minions of a burning god” before “a fiery hearth”; or in the “rock’s unmoving eye” which, though it “mirrors the enormous sky,” may die any day like an eternity; it is in the salesman-as-knight whose quest is not the lady but her purchase of a pan; it is in the existence of a stillness punctuating “the augur wind” after “the thrush with its six notes”; and it is in the consciousness of the fixed order that exists “intact above the town,” which like leaves, “might” (but of course, won’t) be “showered on the night.”

A handful of poems, however rigorously selected, can never adequately define a practicing poet’s direction—though often our greatest poets are not remembered by more than half a dozen. Mr. Kroll may well belie this or any other sober-faced tribute in the way that poets with a gift for mischief and magnificence often do. In that case, when he comes to us with his best work, we will be refreshed again by the swift-bodied illusion of a living art escaping the claws which seek to trap it in a word-littered, critical cage.—E. H.

**AT THE ADAMS MEMORIAL**

(Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D. C.)

Here where the holly drops its spiny leaf
In the triennial spring, I linger by
The bronze in which Saint-Gaudens caught
The other side of silence, turned
For a moment to the world.
The third year, and everywhere the vines,
Gripping their hosts for love,
Go up, coloring the air.
But spring, like a wave around a rock,
Rides past this spot with muffled figure
Seated on granite, mystical, holy,
While the holly, slowly,
Falls to the earth with brittle sound.
Pondering the body, drained of breath and will,
The hooded calm, the hands' unspeakable repose,
Here Adams sat whose heavy spirit
Broods yet in the daylight almost palpably.
And now he, too, is gone beyond
The monument of his own mourning,
Fastened in silence. This was the meaning
That, for lack of speech, he trusted to the artist's sense
To catch by divination, and Saint-Gaudens wrought
In rough materials of time. And now, too, in time's flow,
I who stand here in this season,
When the glass inclines to dry,
And ice in the garden drops from the dial,
And all the northern seas astir
Glitter from pole to belt,
Ponder the mystery; and here,
Amid the spring's aspiring green,
Observe the holly leaf come down
In death's immortal counterpoint.

THE SALESMAN
(A Courtly Idyl)

Descends from his bright car
The last adventurer, antique and picareseque,
To sing below milady's sill,
Or through the door ajar,
The beauty of some metal pans.
He comes unbidden,
And for her the question is:
How shall he be received, as guest,
Or errant knight arrived at last
To do her honor; or shall he be
Chidden from the door as dust,
Or as dishonored lover?

In her delay
He flowers into piquant speech
Most musical. He has his way
With her, her heart is in his reach:
She buys a pan—
And wonders is her husband such a man
Abroad in the heroic day,
Unarmed except for pointed things to say.
His bravery compels her as the man departs.
It's only then she starts
From her distraction, when,
Detecting in her hand the thing unwanted,
She turns it over as in error,
Hangs it in the closet, disenchanted.
She lapses into her life's pallor,
Falls to her old kitchen cares
To feed the mouth of someone miles away
Who will turn home at dusk
From singing, door to door,
The praises of his own fine wares.

THE ROCK POOL

It is the rock's unmoving eye,
Confirming that vast deadness.
Minuscule, it mirrors the enormous sky.
Noon glitters in it
Like sunlight in the water of a dish.
It harbors no fish,
Though barnacles grip the snail
There, rooting in shell,
While sea lice pry the chamber door
To feed upon sweet flesh.
The seaweed sends its tendrils
Wending through the walling rock.
It leaks through secret fissures, fed
By, no springs. Water that the tide adds
Dries up in the sun. It suffers
Summer danger: great heat may
Render the pool extinct,
Its life a stain upon the rock.

OCTOBER

October, weary of her leaves,
Showers them upon her sheaves,
And whom it matters to may see
Orion burning in a tree.

Heaven only, now that leaves are down,
Remains intact above the town,
Unweary of its stars that might,
Like leaves, be showered on the night.
FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL
(New York to Washington)

Going this swift electric voyage through
The smoky sections of packed cities,
Past the sumac-girdled factories, gliding by
Banked windows rising; and the stacks
Still souring, after five, the sky,

You gather to your speeding view
The hard facts of the landscape. Night shuts
Down on men in denim going home
To dine in shirtsleeves under a naked bulb:
You see them in their tenements among
The darkened foundries. The scene repeats,
Juxtaposing boiler room and parlor,
High power lines and late flying wash;
Backyards and freight car sidings.
That domesticity among machines,
So starved for space in such a wide domain,
Puts forth its small pinched flowers
Like moss between cold flagstones.
The day shift turns along the way to iron beds.
The figures of the night shift stand,
In Baltimore about the fiery hearth,
Dark minions of a burning god.

DEUS EX MACHINA

Climbing aboard, the quiet man becomes
Transfigured at the wheel,
His will weaponed, a threat
To the unarmored, his heart
Driving through vein and artery
The high octane of joy.
The brain in the cockpit sends
A wider body through diminished space,
Shot on by knockless power,
Knee action skimming him
Over bumps, to land him where,
Without a lurch,
He steps out commonplace.

ON THE BEACH AT NIGHT

Dark water, luminous in breaking, comes up the sand
Below us, under the thick night crossed by summer airs,
Puts forth a tongue of foam to drown our flame
And fails, retiring.
An inland wind that cut the odor from the rose
Attempts the same with flame.

The beach grass blaze is
Stiff as a flag in the wind. The firmament
Above the floor looks down, the surf
Joins hands for miles and breaks once more.
Our little fire outshines the offshore stars.

THE AUGUR WIND

And then the augur wind that
Blew the leaves all silversides,
That swept the fallow field until
The quartz outcroppings shone,
Stopped. The thrush with its six notes
Sang in the flashing forest dry as bone.
The calm
spread like a stain—
and nothing stirred
In all the silent summer.
Justine Krug

AND EXILE

WHEN EVE brought him the Fruit, he had already chosen to eat it. Not because he yearned after the taste, as she. Indeed, he was not surprised that it tasted bitter and stung his mouth; he had expected it would. For curiosity had not compelled him. It was a far deeper need, even a kind of duty.

There were no duties for Adam, and in the Garden time brought no changes. The days together were like one single day, and if the nights differed by reason of darkness, that was all. He was not surprised any longer by anything. He knew exactly where the Tree stood, and carefully avoided it as God had instructed. He knew where the river ran and where fruit could be picked. Everywhere there were flowers, blooming and reblooming, and their perfumes were long familiar. No beast or bird crossed Adam's path that he could not remember having seen before, and named. And he knew Eve, or thought he did, by
heart. She, who had been given him in his solitude to complete the pattern of his world, she was always there within call. And in that world where nothing ever changed, Adam sometimes wished just for the removal of a clump of trees, or the addition of a species of flower.

In the beginning there had been discoveries. That of his own life had been splendid enough. When he had looked upon the world of green grass and full branches he had not known at first that he saw because his eyes were open; and when a breeze blew leaves against each other, making a sound, he had no idea his ears permitted him to hear it. He did not say, "Where am I?" because he did not know who he was. Even his own body had seemed an exterior thing, to be examined and pursued with other moving creatures. And when he understood that he controlled it from the inside, he supposed all things belonged to it and could be controlled. He commanded a tree to be still, and a turtle to turn its head, but neither obeyed him. And so he learned that he was divided from all except himself by the very condition of his being.

Then God had descended upon him, close and comforting, and said, "Adam, my son, all these things are for you. I have put the sun in motion for your sake, and hung the stars in the night to keep watch over you. Out of my manifold powers I created the world, and out of my labor divided the sea from the land, not for my sake but yours. The beasts of the field will be your companions. Fruit will ripen for your eating, and water run from the ground to quench your thirst. You will know only contentment and peace." And God had walked with him through the Garden like a father with his child. Adam ate of fruit and found it sweet, and lay down on his belly to drink from the river, and the water was cool and clean. He stretched out his hand to touch other living creatures, and they rubbed against him, with confidence. He spoke, for the joy of hearing his voice ring out in the drowsy air, and laughed in the fullness of his
being. They had come to a Tree that grew more profusely than the rest, and was more beautiful. "Of this Tree," said God, "you must not eat. Its Fruit conceals the knowledge of good and evil, which alone you may not share with me." Adam had not minded then having such a small piece of the world refused him. There was much newness to be greeted still, and he had forgotten about the Tree for a long time. Soon after God had brought Eve to him, and she had been new and strange and more beautiful than any tree or beast or fowl of the air. She had looked at him with eyes that were mirrors of his own, and yet seemed to contain secrets he could not solve. She came at his calling, and listened to him talk, and he was no longer alone.

She was different from Adam, and not merely in body. She herself called the difference to his attention, causing him some dismay. "God made you first," she said, "and me second. You stand between me and God." Because of this separation she did not love God as Adam did, nor did she fear Him. She wandered away at His coming, and spoke of Him flippantly to Adam, so that he rebuked her. "All we have we owe to God," he said, "even our life." But she only threw back her head, saying, "There is more than this, much more. I know." And at first Adam refused to listen to her, and held up his hand for silence.

But now, for longer than he could remember, nothing was new to him. The previous day's shadow weighed heavily on the day at hand, and if all fruits did not taste the same, there were only so many; he had counted them. He had taken flowers apart, petal by petal, peeled them down to the root where their origins were. He knew each bird by its note, every animal by the prints it left on the river sand. He had walked and walked and never come to the end of the Garden, proving to himself that it contained the whole world. And finally he could find no further purpose for the energy that lived in him, no use for the intelligence that made him different from other creatures. There was nothing to do from dawn to nightfall but talk to Eve, whose
presence was no longer startling, and wait for the visits of God.  

God came every day, lavishing love on him, and asking him if he was happy. "I want for nothing," said Adam, letting God's nearness run over him like water until he was made anew. If only he could bring Eve to understand that love, kneel with her beneath it! But she would not stay to be convinced, and always escaped what Adam had no will to escape. Sometimes she went so far as to eavesdrop on him and God, and snicker at Adam's confidences, dashing off through the bushes when he turned around. "Oh, My Father," Adam said, "forgive her. She resists You only because she does not know You." And God said, "To be vanquished by me is to know peace. To flee me is to seek my sorrow, and the evil that is not yet born." And Adam hung his head out of shame for Eve, and brought God's words back to her.

She was not ashamed to hear them. She only smiled a secret, unexplained smile that provoked Adam, and said, "He asks our allegiance, but He will not give us the Tree."

They spoke of the Tree now continually. She had not relinquished the subject since Adam had told her of God's warning. "It means death," he said, "and death is the end of all we know." But she thought otherwise. During Adam's talks with God she consulted the Serpent. It alone of all other beasts could speak, or so she told Adam. It never came near him, so he did not know. He disliked its spangled, indolent look which Eve found charming. But if his admonitions to her were tutored with the word of God, her persuasions were undertoned with those of the Serpent, and she used its name to reinforce all her arguments, beginning and ending them with, "The Serpent told me." Adam tried to discourage her restlessness, but it was only another form of his own, and he shared it in spite of himself. She urged him to sit with her under the Tree while she described to him the beauty of the Fruit that did not need description. It shone like globes of night in the midst of day, and in the darkness glimmered with its own light. "It is evil," he told her,
but the word meant nothing to him or to her, and she laughed at him. "What is evil?" she asked. "Isn't God your Father? And yet He denies you this one possession. Surely He would not blame you if you took it. He loves you so." But Adam fell back on that love to restrain him. "He trusts me," he said, and would say no more.

But his own mind persisted in thoughts of the Tree, and even God's visits began to oppress him. Sometimes when he wanted solitude God would come and inclose him, so that Adam no longer felt strong with his own weakness, but weak with God's strength. He struggled against it, saying, "You have given me life; You have prepared for me the fruits of Your labor. What can I do for You?" And God answered, "Love me!" Then Adam had no wish to be alone and strong again, but only to be gratified and upheld. Afterwards, when God had left, he would stand up and stretch himself, as though to free himself from sleep. And so it was that gradually Adam came to the decision that he must eat of the Fruit of the Tree.

Still he delayed. "Not yet," he told himself, "not just yet." And he did not tell Eve, but met her urging in silence, saying only, "He trusts me." It was not the Fruit he wanted; that he could admit when she tried to tempt him. He even abhorred the thought of biting into that shimmering unnatural skin, and he knew the taste would be bitter. "It will be sweet," she said, "with the sweetness of things we cannot imagine. The Serpent told me." And she looked at the Tree with desire in her face.

So Adam was neither surprised nor angry when she brought the Fruit to him. He had been waiting for it. He could not have picked it, but it had to be picked, and he was grateful to Eve. He had chosen to eat it, whatever the taste. But he took it and said nothing as she held it eagerly to him. "It is sweet," she said. He took a bite next to the small white gap her teeth had left, and the taste was more bitter than he had supposed. As he chewed and swallowed he wept, but he bit into it again before he re-
turned it to Eve. His tongue burned, and his head spun, and his blood beat loudly against his skin. He sank to the ground, pulling Eve with him. She entwined her body with his, and kissed him on the mouth. It seemed that until then he had never known what it was to desire, or to possess. He was filled with a desperation he could not believe, and as he possessed, something was taken unaccountably away. When he looked at Eve again he saw that she was not his after all. He had wanted to lose himself with her, but he had come back returned utterly to himself. There were words he wanted to say that he could not tell her now. By her face he knew it was the same with her, and each turned away from the other and stood up, alone.

As Adam stood up, he knew he was naked, and the nakedness was more entire than that of body. Protection seemed to have been stripped away till he was bare to the core of his being. He felt as if any moment he might fall off the earth, so unbound was he. The bare sunlight struck him, and the wind blew, and he was defenseless and afraid. Eve wept now, and he resolved to show her he was not afraid. He pulled some leaves off a fig tree and she wove them together and made herself a covering. Adam made one for himself, and again they faced each other. "Adam," she said, as if she did not know where to find him. "Eve," he answered, speaking with the wind. Their separateness was between them forever, and they took each other’s hand.

The light faded and the wind blew cool, and Adam heard God calling to him. He hid with Eve behind a bush and hoped God would not find them. "Adam, where are you?" rang the voice of God. He rose then, with Eve, but their heads were bowed.

"Adam," said God, and His presence was not a circle of comfort now, "Adam, you disobeyed me. I trusted you."

"It was the woman," stammered Adam. "She gave me to eat of the Fruit."
“It was the Serpent,” whispered Eve. “I was beguiled by the Serpent.”

“Lies!” cried God. “Lies the Tree has taught you. You wanted the knowledge that should have belonged only to me. From now on you will be cursed with cowardice and pain and lust. Oh, how will you overcome them?” And now it was God who wept, as a father weeps when his child runs from him into the arms of danger.

But Adam stood up straight and looked at God. “Lord,” he said, “we have chosen. You gave us the world for our pleasure, and not for our pain. You satisfied us beyond satisfaction. We were Your children and nothing more. You trusted us, but not to do Your work as well as to accept Your love. Now we have sinned, but only to be free.”

God looked at Adam, and He beheld Himself, unaccomplished and unproved, but determined to be. “I should have given you my knowledge from the start,” He said. He made Eve and Adam coats of skin, and clothed them. “You cannot stay here now,” He said. “This Garden is no longer for you, or the fruit of these trees, or the peace of this quiet grass. For you is the toil of the stony ground, and weariness and fear and anguish, even death.” But Adam faced the presence of God and said, “And freedom.”

God sent Adam and Eve out of the Garden that had seemed until then to have no boundaries, but as He sent them out He blessed them, for He was blessing the token of Himself. “I will not speak with you again,” He said. “You will call me and I will not answer.”

So Adam took his freedom upon him, the incomparable obligation of it, and walked into the solitude from which he would again and again seek to escape, holding Eve by the hand.
Edwin Honig

TO A EUROPEAN MAN
OF LETTERS

First I must apologize for two things; for the way in which you are anonymized in my title, and then for the appellation "man of letters," which usually suggests the starch of over-respectability or an excessively indiscriminate powdering of academic approval, neither of which I intend.

As to the note of anonymity: though I spent a few days with you recently, when we were thrown together by circumstances neither of us could avoid, what we accidentally exchanged then did not seem to be sufficiently stamped with the uniqueness of personal opinion to warrant so intimate a form of address as your name here would imply. Further, and perhaps more to the point, it struck me after you left that a good deal of what you had to say, both publicly in lectures, and privately to me, reflected an attitude more general than personal, and one with which I had already come, both sympathetically and exasperatedly, to identify with other European writers I have met. It seems fairer, therefore, and less restricting to my purpose, to consider your remarks for their typicality than to delineate them under a name with which they can only be partially and perhaps not quite so meaningfully connected.

I do not find myself apologizing for using the term "European," though I do wish there were a better one than "man of letters" (litterateur is even more odious!) to complete the description. Though you pride yourself on your insular nationality, you have lived many years in various European countries
where your name is perhaps as well known as in your own land. You have a considerable reputation as a poet in all of Europe and America, and you have also written drama, fiction, and books of social and literary commentary. The most important of these are seriously concerned with political and cultural matters. Yours is the tradition of the great European poets and humanists, and one which I deeply respect. It is not necessarily, if at all, the tradition of American writers and teachers. Which brings me to my point.

We in America are "writers" and/or "teachers" first; "poets" (novelists, critics, biographers) and "humanists"—with the appropriate and insistent reservations always made—only later. Walt Whitman is the only man who is universally called "poet" here without a snicker. The rest were and still are "brain trusters," "mad geniuses," "drunkards," and "screwballs." Where it began or when, I don't know. With Poe weaving down the streets of Baltimore? With Hawthorne writing brittle allegories in an attic? With Brook Farm? With Thoreau showing the world a thing or two alone at Walden? With Melville in a customs house mumbling away the best years of his life? Whitman somehow got away with it: he had a love-like beard and school children were reminded of Moses or God. He wrote "Captain, My Captain!" about Lincoln, and "Song of Myself," all about himself. He has always embarrassed us, but in college the professors get around it all by making us read dissertations and contemporary opinions about him, proving why he was such a good American. School children, of course, still recite him, and below graduate school level he is still read as a poet. That means that in most places in America you can safely put Leaves of Grass beside the Bible and the porcelain pincushion on the bookshelf.

The intellectuals here are perplexed by Whitman: not only by his illiterate appeal, but by the fact that together with Poe
he is still one of the most widely respected American poets abroad. Of course, if it were not for Poe's drunkenness, he too could be called a poet here without a snicker. His name itself shows how close he came to making it. But the man who wrote "The Raven" is not always identified with the mystery story writer who wrote "The Gold Bug" or "The Fall of the House of Usher"—Poe is read, as a double man, almost as much, if not as much, as Whitman; but he had a weak chin and looked like a villain, and worst of all, he drank (critics and biographers still apologize). So, of course, if we call him poet, we must wink or snicker.

And so you say that the trouble with American poetry is that it is too self-conscious, too specialized, too isolated from the lives of people; that it is written by university teachers, insurance men, medical doctors, spinsters, shoe clerks, and drunkards. At any rate, by amateurs. Then, on the other hand, and seeming to excuse American poetry, you say that the people here are not mentalized enough, that the landscape is too gigantic, too various to be understood, that topographically, deserts and tremendous mountain ranges, badlands and congested cities offer none of the spiritual assurances which vineyards, for instance, have always given to poets. (The only Americans you can appreciate are T. S. Eliot and Henry James, whom you question as "Americans." In this way your opinion is very much like a good many literary Americans' with "non-American" tastes.) Is there any hope for American letters? Yes, but not immediately perhaps. In three or four hundred years—perhaps: with a changed and more intimate topography, with several hundred million American skeletons insulating and enriching the earth, with a wider and more personal history of deprivation and suffering, with a sense of being able to die meaningfully for ideals as immediate as a new Ford, though more intrinsic to human dignity than that. In other words, we have, as Matthew Arnold
and any number of seasoned European men of letters visiting America during the past 175 years were impelled to observe, a long way to go.

Finally, you say, in all fairness to America, that Europe today is decadent, though not necessarily physically: it has lost the vigor of the old ideals and is eating its own entrails, spiritually and psychologically. The muscular energy towards which it looks admiringly is displayed by America. (America's cultural "adolescence" is thereby compensated for!) America must assume the role of responsible spokesman and protector of European culture, the culture out of which it has itself developed. To do this, America must un-isolate itself first; must understand how Europeans think; must be ready to sacrifice immediate domestic necessities for more comprehensive and urgent international ones.

To begin, let me say that the distinctions you have been making about Europe and America do not exist, have never in fact existed. It seems to me that what you mean, or should mean, to hypothesize is Europe and Europe-in-America. Americans who have been to Europe recently—especially that majority who were coerced into going—may recognize a third entity which you do not consider: America-in-Europe. Perhaps the truth is (apologizing to "truth" itself, which should never be provincial) that few of us who speak of "the international idea" dare to mean more than Europe-America. And occasionally, when we speak of "international understanding" in such terms, we speak ideally of one who first understands his own land from having lived in other countries and then having returned to his native country. And not everybody: not the indiscriminating civilian-soldier, vacationing schoolteacher, globetrotter, playboy, international divorcée, or the foreign representative or business agent who sees only his narrow national interests abroad. We really speak of a handful of reflective men of sensibility who come or are driven to America and are in a position to partici-
pate disinterestedly on different levels of society. For a Frenchman or Spaniard or Englishman to understand America, he must first understand his own nation, and then the European conglomerate of which his nation is part; then he must live long enough in America in order not to be deceived by his own preconceptions about this country or by the superficial differences he notices in a week, a month, a year; then he must return to re-estimate his own country and the European conglomerate. Of course, all the way there is the temptation of curious audiences, demanding that their own illusions be preserved, who instigate premature statements from foreign visitors. And so the men of letters reply solemnly or breezily, or in both ways, to the old unanswerable questions, with which replies one is often forced to sympathize and disagree simultaneously.

The serious and uncommercialized writers in America (hiding behind their various professional aliases) are usually bookish people, rather sentimentally enamored of European things—what makes Eliot and James, and all of us so “typically” American! But you hit them in a weak spot when you tell American writers that they are “self-conscious” or “specialized” or “isolated” and when you call them “amateurs.” Because it is the same cry they have been contending with here, the philistine cry, for a century, and because they, and you too, share the fabulous heart’s desire that it is different in Europe. Most of them are not men and women of independent means, nor are they willing to commercialize their talents to meet the economic criterion for the successful writer. (Indeed, most of them, if they did try, would find themselves unable.) Nor are they usually subsidized long enough to forget the need of finding some economic prop by which to continue writing. If they make a niche in the community or if they succumb to drink or live on their friends, they are quite aware of their “unprofessional” status as writers, or of their dependence on other means than their writing for survival. But the best American, like the best Euro-
pean, writers have spent a considerable part of their lives as economic time-servers—the "amateurs" whom you disparage. (And the "amateur" condition, of course, determines, and is determined by, the "self-consciousness" and "isolation" of their production, quite often to the degree of neglect which their role of "unprofessional writers," "writers in disguise," elicits from the community.) Their being amateur is no measure of their responsibility as writers, which I rather think you question by insisting on that curious term so prominent in American sports talk.

For the life of me, I can't understand the old-bones-and-vineyard philosophy as anything more than a romantic yarn. One knows that with the wine of southern France and northern Italy came the sweetness of Provençal song, and out of the millennial rocks of Wessex, the acrid tragedies of Hardy. One also knows that the open roads leading out of New Orleans, Brooklyn, and Washington gave Whitman his vision of America. But it is not love of place, of section, or of country which you stress; it is a mentalized receptivity in the average reader, an interhuman understanding. In southern France one is reminded of the grape country around the Mohawk Valley; in the Black Forest of Germany one thinks of innumerable north American woods; over the Alps one thinks of the Sierra Nevada. The bones underly the earth in all these places are as numerous and as indistinguishable culturally as the topography of such places. The interhuman understanding is found there, under the earth, and those who observe its existence are poets like you, men who have always observed here and elsewhere. There cannot be many differences between Europe and Europe-in-America. Maybe if that were better understood, we could really get somewhere "internationally."

But of course, that is just the trouble. There really are differences—only the ones you point out are not those that really matter. There are the differences between each of us having a
brainpan in which to warm over an old prejudice; there are the differences between each of us having something to sell who wishes something unsalable in return; and there are all the other differences which the interpreters of the psychologists, the economists, and the statisticians, whose business it is to deal in differences, are everywhere caging and refrigerating for our better misunderstanding of each other. There are all those differences—real and imagined. But we are getting tired of being waylaid and misinformed about them. So that when we hear a poet, a man of letters, a distinguished European writer, who comes here to embroider on those differences, we suddenly realize that such a man has stepped out of role, is not speaking to us as a poet, but as the shadow of stooped statisticians.

We would like poets to come here and stand up and be poets undisguised, poets who don't fear the wink or the snicker. To be a poet is to sing and heal the lacerations of spirit in men who believe only in the differences; to be a poet is to live on the differences in order to reconcile them. We are willing to be called amateurs, poets mumbling to ourselves, because there are enough of us, part-time and full-time, who still believe in the validity of the poet's role, who struggle to sing as Whitman and Homer sang, about the grass-blades and spears which we turn into separately and in our togetherness, in our typical strength and aimlessness. Instead of making fetishes of the differences between our bones, our deserts and our vineyards, let us learn to celebrate what the statisticians have never envisioned: the variety of elbow room inside and out of every person, place and thing throwing its shade on earth, and through such variety, the samenesses in all of us which show through and eventually overcome the ticklish differences.

This is what I would have said to you had there been time between the lectures and the parties and the time for driving to the airport to catch the next plane to arrive on time in the next city for the lectures, the parties, etc.
Lucy Lockwood Hazard

MANIFEST DESTINY
MUDDLES THROUGH

STANLEY VESTAL (less generally known as Walter Stanley Campbell, Professor of English at the University of Oklahoma) has added one more expedition to his many fascinating forays on the American frontier. If this record of Indian warfare from the farcical Treaty of Laramie in 1851 to the macabre Ghost Dance War of 1891 has less unity than had the less ambitious narratives in which Vestal followed Kit Carson (“Happy Warrior of the Old West”), Espirit Radisson (“King of the Fur Traders”), Jim Bridger, and the Mountain Men along the Missouri, through the Grass Country, over the Old Santa Fe Trail, the episodic nature of his present subject offers at least partial extenuation. Even so, the reader may feel that Vestal has made an exaggerated effort to keep his old friends, Kit Carson and Sitting Bull, rigorously subordinated to an irrepressible conflict greater than any participant on either side.

Vestal has chosen to unify his narrative, not by dramatizing belligerents and battles, but by establishing a parallelism between Indian affairs of the past and international affairs of the present. To assure his intention, he presents the story of the Indian wars as “a little mirror of ourselves and of our government at work in international affairs,” and in his preface indi-
icates that the reader should not become more intrigued by the "warpath" than by the "council fires." Vestal reminds us that "Three times the United States has emerged from a major war as a first-rate power only to behave after the war like a third-rate nation." From this study of forty years' bungling relations with the Plains tribes, as a lesson in how not to do it in Weltpolitik, Vestal's Warpath and Council Fire* becomes an ironic indictment of the characteristic American vacillation which prevents the United States from formulating and pursuing a consistent and firm policy, with either Plains Indians or Palestinian Jews, against either Sitting Bull or Stalin.

In handling a subject which invites partisanship Vestal writes as a realist, keeping steadfastly to the overall picture of manifest destiny, despite the meddlings and muddlings of sentimental "friends of the Indians"—an inexorable drive to expansion, attended by the usual graft, marked on both sides by the usual atrocities. He is not unmindful of the plight of displaced persons. Occasionally he allows one of the Indian negotiators to take the stand and voice the pathos of his position:

You wanted to put us upon a reservation, to build us houses, and to make us Medicine Lodges. I do not want them. I was born upon the prairie, where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures, and where everything drew a free breath. I want to die there, and not within walls. I know every stream and every wood between the Rio Grande and the Arkansas. . . . Why do you ask us to leave the rivers and the sun and the wind to live in houses? Do not ask us to give up the buffalo for the sheep . . . . The white man has the country which we loved, and we only wish to wander on the prairie until we die.

But Vestal accepts the displacement of the Indian by the acquisitive entrepreneur as an ineluctable concomitant of "prog-

ress" and views contemptuously the futile delaying process of unrealistic negotiations. Every treaty, Vestal remarks, is only a "scrap of paper" unless and until it represents a genuine community of interests. For the United States, bankrupt after the Civil War, the paramount interest lay in keeping open the roads to the gold fields. If the road to newly discovered Idaho and Montana gold lay through the Powder River Hunting Grounds previously guaranteed to the Indians—well, that was just the Indians' hard luck.

In spite of this cynical recognition that the only unbroken international law is that of opportunism, Vestal somewhat perfunctorily lists arguments defending the American side of American-Indian diplomacy. Evidently Mr. Vestal himself isn't too much impressed by the case for infiltration, for having enumerated the best that can be pleaded for the defense, he abandons the argument and focuses on the blunders arising out of division of powers. "In handling the Indians, our government created the Indian Bureau to be 'soft' and mother them and laid upon the War Department the duty to 'get tough' in the manner of a careful father." This divided authority would have been bad enough at best; but to make a bad matter worse, the Indian Bureau under the spoils system "was far too corrupt to create and maintain good-will," while the Army, as usual depleted by premature demobilization, "was so weakened and reduced that it could rarely do more than start trouble which it could not finish." To cap the confusion, the "Grandfather at Washington" permitted the Peace Commissioners to present the Indians with firearms; "thus the Department of the Interior kept us busy arming the hostiles so that they could shoot down officers and men sent out by the War Department."

If a cyclical interpretation of history is valid, Vestal is right in his contention that this chronicle of appeasement has meaning for the present. Believing themselves confronted with a "Feed them or fight them" alternative, the Marshall-planners of the Indian Bureau for seven years at a cost of thirteen million
dollars tried to placate the Sioux—and all to no purpose. As Vestal shrewdly remarks: “Full bellies only make warlike men.” Finally even the Commissioner of Indian Affairs had to admit that, treaty or no treaty, it was “utterly impracticable” to keep Americans out of the gold fields. Not that we repudiated the treaty; Americans would never do anything so dishonorable. We merely “interpreted” its terms. Unfortunately the Indians could interpret the interpretation. The Sioux stubbornly refused to sell their Sacred Mountains. The immediate result was Sitting Bull’s War; the ultimate result was the capitulation of the last Indian chieftain. “The old trails are choked with sand; they are covered with grass. . . . I call on you to travel the only trail now open—the White Man’s Trail”—that trail of the master race which Vestal calls “The Thieves’ Road.”

_Warpath and Council Fire_ recalls a poetic presentation of the same hopeless struggle of the Plains Indians to salvage their country—Neihardt’s _Song of the Indian Wars_. In keeping with the more imaginative intention, Neihardt presented more dramatically than Vestal such episodes as the fight on Beecher’s Island, dwelt more poignantly on the passing of a great race before “the ancient and compelling Aryan urge.” Neihardt differs from Vestal in emphasis as well as in style; he sees the railroad as the villain of the piece: _The Song of the Indian Wars_ is the saga of the “iron snake” which “cleft the ancient bison world.” More matter-of-factly, Vestal sees the conflict as one between nomads and nesters. The Indian, he tells us, had understanding and admiration for the American soldiers—they too were great warriors. The Indian had affection and reverence for the missionaries—they too worshipped the Great Spirit and attuned their lives to Beauty. But the nester was alien to all Indian values. “They all hated the settler, the man who fenced and plowed, cut down the timber, burned the grass, and destroyed the game. . . . The plow that broke the Plains broke also everything the Indian knew and loved.”

Only those who are enthusiastic for Western history will fol-
low in all detail Vestal's possibly overdetailed record of confused skirmishes, confused settlements. The average reader will very probably wish for more melodrama, less analysis. And yet for this same average reader the analysis should prove the most valuable part of a sound and dispassionate study. Before the American reader takes a too self-righteous attitude toward the aggressor nation of 1949, it might be a salutary exercise in humility to remember that not so long ago we were an aggressor nation; before carrying our faith in a system of checks and balances to the extreme of setting departments of our government to work at cross-purposes, it might be prudent to reflect that it is the generals who have to do the fighting when the diplomats fail; before indulging in visions of universal and permanent peace, it might be intelligent to recognize the fallacy to which pacifists are prone, whether dealing with Indians or with Russians—the fatal fallacy of believing "that peace can be assured by agreements neatly typed on foolscap and signed with a pen."

Paul Walter, Jr.

ANTHROPOLOGY FLEXES ITS MUSCLES

Ten years ago Edgar L. Hewett, a leading anthropologist, wrote in his Ancient Andean Life (Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1939, p. 297):

The science of man has waited long for its place in the scheme of liberal education. This is largely due to the incompetence of anthropologists. When one ventures to speak for the scientific study of man, one enters a field so vast, so little explored—for
that reason so inviting—that an overwhelming sense of inadequacy is the first problem to be faced.

In the intervening time there has been a war which has changed many things, among them the outlook and tone of anthropology. The "science of man" has not only achieved a respected place in liberal education, but it bids fair to become chief among the social sciences, and the first of them to gain the respect of the older and more secure physical and biological sciences. War is a disturber and upsetter of the old and fixed patterns, and thus, often, the obstetrician of the new. The new pattern, not yet entirely born, appears to have in it an enviable place for the anthropologist, but his position at the moment is still conjectural and calls for careful self-evaluation of his own present position.

We Americans went into the war rather blindly, but intent upon using everything we had. That we possessed vast resources of many kinds we vaguely realized; but we had no systematic catalog of them. We experimented and explored, and in that process were established an Office of Strategic Services and other comparable hush-hush projects. Into these were called some of the best "brains" of the country; and to a surprising extent the projects worked—brought concrete and measurable results. When we unraveled it all after the crisis had passed we had discovered a new national resource—our anthropologists.

The better ones among them were very soundly educated and field-trained. They knew languages, places, peoples, customs, anatomy, psychology, and a lot of other things our over-specialized scientists in other fields did not. In some areas of activity they were almost indispensable men and women. My reference is, of course, to the outstanding few. The mine-run of anthropologists were about as useful as the mine-run of anything else.

What now confronts anthropologists, with their newly won prestige, is the task of consolidating their position in the per-
spective of peacetime, and of fulfilling their promise of bold new advancements across the present frontiers of knowledge and understanding. To do this they must first seriously consider the problems involved in the scope of their science, and its proper relations to other sciences. This is indicated, not simply to fit them into a neat academic organizational formula, but to reduce the feuds within their own ranks, to bring coherence to their theoretical structure, and for practical methodological reasons.

They must reach, as well, a working balance between their necessary scientific detachment, and the temptation to hasten emphasis upon applied phases which appear to be opening before them. The longer view appears to call for patient and systematic filling in of the numerous gaps in their knowledge at the expense of yielding to the apparent urgency of the world’s immediate practical issues.

CLYDE KLUCKHOHN has been forging steadily toward leadership among anthropologists. As professor of anthropology at Harvard and a former president of the American Anthropological Association, he is probably entitled, as much as any other, to speak for his colleagues. This he presumes to do in his new book, Mirror for Man,* winner of the $10,000 annual award of Whittlesey House and Science Illustrated for the best book on science for the layman.

Kluckhohn is essentially a New Mexico product. His first publication, At the Foot of the Rainbow, a travel book published in 1928, told of a journey from Ramah into the Navajo country. He served his academic apprenticeship at the University of New Mexico, and his field of major interest remains in

New Mexico, with the Navajo Indians. But he has always seen the wider implications of the work he is doing—in physical anthropology, in languages, in studies of rituals and social organization. His breadth of knowledge in combination with detailed technical competence has been a matter of wonder to those who know him. One might say, "Clyde Kluckhohn is a scholar's scholar."

*Mirror for Man* is intended as an interpretation of anthropology for the layman, and as such it is a reasonably good job. It tells, in terms which are usually, but not always, within the grasp of the uninitiated, the history of the science, from its beginnings and early development as the dilettante pursuit of the unusual and unique, through the stage of systematic comparative study of preliterate folk, to its present more mature shift of emphasis to modern, complex, "civilized" peoples. The book describes, without unnecessary technical detail, the methods of anthropologists, and the background of various types of knowledge they find useful and necessary in field investigations. It describes the various branches of anthropology—physical and cultural or social anthropology, and archaeology. It tells of the services of anthropologists during the war, and their various "advisory" capacities since; and of the dream of an applied anthropology, with answers for many human problems. For laymen and professionals who are not versed in anthropology, it is a book to be read for a relatively simple, compact, and interesting summary of the answer to the question, just what is anthropology?

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Returning now to the critical juncture in the affairs of anthropology which coincides with the emergence of Kluckhohn as a spokesman for the science, he raises a number of questions...
by his major thesis. Holding, as he appears to do, that anthropology should encompass all spheres and orders of knowledge relating to man, he recalls to mind the pioneers of sociology, Comte, Spencer, and Ward, who held similar dreams for their science, only to reveal the impracticability of them.

Suppose we grant the logic of having such an overall study, taking in all the present social sciences, economics, history, political science, psychology, and sociology, as well as the present various domains of anthropology; bridging the gaps between the biological and social sciences, and drawing into its orbit geography and phases of such physical sciences as geology; and allying itself with the applied fields of medicine, psychiatry, and public administration; where, then, will we find the super-scientists who, in a brief lifetime, can sufficiently master these fields? If anthropology is to be all-embracing, where recruit and train the faculties to teach it? Would it be sufficient for each anthropologist to have a smattering of learning in some fields, with intensive concentration in one or two? If so, would that not be the road back to specialization?

Anthropology already contains a wide variety of techniques for research, including those of classifying the designs of potsherds, of measuring the bones of the human skeleton, of developing chronology from the study of tree rings, of deciphering cuneiform inscriptions, of interviewing primitive tribesmen and transcribing their charts; yet it would have to add many more if it were to assume wider spheres within its scope. What sort of coherent theoretical structure could embrace all the diverse aspects of man's total life experience?

In brief, if anthropology were to become the master science of man and his affairs, would we not have to have specialized branches of anthropology corresponding closely to the present disciplines which struggle with various aspects of the problem? And could we, simply by shifting labels, avoid the confusions and conflicts we now have?
There is much to support the view that there would be a general benefit from a closer integration, especially among the logically related social sciences, whose data are of much the same order, but before a plea for a super-science can be considered seriously, answers to such questions as are listed above need answers. The basic implication of the book needs re-thinking in terms of what is possible and practical; and with due regard for the earnest work of thousands of scientists and scholars who do not consider themselves anthropologists.

Lyle Saunders

THE POWER AND THE GLORY
OF THE SKY

A good many years ago I read, on a series of warm summer afternoons, a book which had a considerable influence upon my subsequent behavior. The threads of cause and effect being tangled as they are, I cannot say with certainty that the book caused me to do this or that, but it certainly had much to do in determining the direction in which I moved and probably was not the least of a number of causes which resulted in my moving at all.

It was while I was mulling over the relative merits and attractions of one university and another that, purely by accident, I ran across and read the book which was to make my choice easy, if not indeed inevitable. It was a book about New Mexico\(^1\) which told in leisurely and frequently almost poetic prose the attractions of a land of beauty and mystery where the destinies

LYLE SAUNDERS

of man are determined by the sky, a country of mesa, mountain, and desert where yesterday and tomorrow meet and are at peace with one another. I read and was convinced that this was the land for me. I put my few affairs in order, burned my bridges, and in a 1928 Chevrolet, recently painted red, set out for Cibola.

It was with vast ignorance and great expectations, therefore, that I came to New Mexico, sustained by the bright promise of a book which proclaimed and illustrated the thesis that in the beauties and simplicities of the world of roots and clouds and wings is man's peace most likely to be found. I was not disappointed. From the moment when I first saw the sky and earth of New Mexico from the top of Raton Pass late on a September afternoon (which is the way all-newcomers should see it first), I have known that my decision was right and that Calvin had written with under- and not over-statement. There have been many things which have since confirmed my judgment: the smell of piñon smoke that hangs over Santa Fe on winter afternoons; the sudden lights of Albuquerque as one approaches over the west mesa at night; the valley of Acoma seen from a low-flying plane; the incredible peacefulness of a summer evening at Nambé; the jagged sunrise silhouette of the Organs at Mesilla; a flash flood in an arroyo below Cloudcroft; and the unbelievable light that Joaquin Ortega and I saw on the houses and fields of Tierra Amarilla one snowy February dusk. The New Mexico I found was, as Dr. Calvin had promised, "a poor place to make a living—but what a place to live in!"

I have just finished reading Sky Determines in a handsome new edition and I am full of the book and of the memories it evokes. In the years since I first encountered Sky Determines, I have read many books about the Southwest in general and New Mexico in particular, but I know of none that has quite the flavor or gives quite the satisfaction of Calvin's work. And yet,

when I think of it, I have difficulty in deciding what it is that accounts for the unique appeal of *Sky Determines*. Certainly Haniel Long\(^3\) tells New Mexican stories equally as well, if not better. Certainly Charles F. Lummis\(^4\) had more detailed historic and ethnological information on specific places, wrote in a more sensational and controversial style, had a deft hand for sharp description, and was equally aware of the role of aridity in the ecology of the Southwest. Certainly the Fergussons\(^5\) know the state fully as well, have deep sympathies for the people of all ethnic groups, and write with a superb talent. Certainly Mary Austin\(^6\) could hold her own in any literary company and yields to no one in her ability to penetrate deeply into and to reveal the essence of life and culture in the Southwest. And certainly any one of fifty other books on one or another of the many facets of life in New Mexico\(^7\) has merit and enduring interest.

But the main reason for the particular appeal of *Sky Determines* lies, I think, in the fact that where the other writers of general books on the area have chosen to focus on the people and the drama of human events and have allowed the country to be mainly a stage upon which the players enact their roles, Dr. Calvin has emphasized the land and the forces of nature and has relegated man to his proper subordinate position as a detail on the landscape. It is not of man the earth-moving conqueror that Calvin writes, but of man the adapter, passive and yielding before the power and the glory of the sky. In a single line, which, so far as I know, no reviewer has thought important enough to call attention to, Calvin reveals the secret of the spell that New Mexico casts over her true sons and daughters, a

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\(^5\) Harvey Fergusson, *Rio Grande*, 1933; Erna Fergusson, *Our Southwest*, 1940.

\(^6\) Mary Austin, *The Land of Journey's Ending*, 1924.

spell that makes them babbling, homesick provincials whenever they stand, in Keats' phrase, "amid the alien corn." "The chiefest loveliness," he wrote, "remains forever distant from the beholder." There is, I submit, in all the writings about New Mexico, no other line (or no other paragraph or page, for that matter) which gives so precise an insight into the secret of the magic of this land. Beauty there is in abundance, but beauty that is always shifting, always elusive and always a little out of reach. It can be seen, but not touched; striven for, but not attained; experienced, but not encompassed. Here, if anywhere, man's reach does exceed his grasp. Here, after a time, one begins to wonder whether the beauty is in the landscape or in himself, and that is a very pleasant and uplifting kind of wonder indeed.

I should not like anyone to think that I am so enamoured of Sky Determines that I cannot see its faults. It is true that I have not much sympathy for the point of view of those reviewers of the 1934 edition who pointed out that the idea of sky determining wasn't anything new, but just a fancy name for geographic determinism which they and everybody else had known for a long time. I like "sky determines" better. Nor do I share the viewpoint of those who complained of the lack of an adequate map in the earlier edition (they won't be any more pleased with the later one; there isn't any map in it either!). For in one sense the whole book is a map; and how anyway could one indicate on a map the thorns of cactus, the tracks of a coyote, or "a scarp, wine-red and remote, which viewed through the clear medium turns delicately to the aerial hue of lilac petals"? But there is merit in the objection raised by Erna Fergusson in her reviews in the New Mexico Quarterly and the New York Herald Tribune that Dr. Calvin has rendered something less than justice to the Spanish-Americans. And there are also the possible objections that, although Dr. Calvin may have written what Eugene Rhodes said was "the only book that I have seen about
New Mexico which admits that the world does not end suddenly just south of Albuquerque," he still doesn't say much about the country east of the Rio Grande, except as a setting for the exploits of Billy the Kid and the Lincoln County War; that the book thins out a little toward the end and culminates in an "afterthought" which comes very close to advocating that a public relations campaign be undertaken to thump the tub for the state; that, as several reviewers have pointed out, the role of climate as a determinant of culture is oversimplified and many pertinent factors have been excluded from consideration. But these are minor matters and to try to make anything of them is like complaining about a bottle of milk on the grounds that it isn't beer. *Sky Determines*, like all books, should be evaluated in accordance with what it is and what it aspires to be, not in terms of what it is not. Dr. Calvin set out to demonstrate what is true by virtue of the fact that, as he says, history in New Mexico did not take place under a roof. And anyone who reads must admit that he did very well at his task.

I have purposely avoided saying anything about the content and organization of *Sky Determines* because most of that was rather thoroughly set forth in the series of reviews—nearly all of them favorable—which appeared soon after the publication of the original edition in 1934. I have seen and read all these reviews, and it pleases me to know that most of the reviewers found in the book much, that they approved of, and almost nothing they did not. I think the one that impressed me most was that of Eugene Rhodes, whose last written words, penned on the morning of his death, were contained in a letter to Dr. Calvin congratulating him on *Sky Determines* and enclosing a copy of his review from the *San Diego Union* of June 24, 1934. What Calvin "wrote with joy," Rhodes said, "we may read with pleasure. He has given us a primer of beauty, with no taint of any chamber of commerce, no invitation from the spider to any fly to walk into any parlor, . . . Speaking as one who claims to
know, let me say that there is not one over-statement in these pages." To which I say, "Amen."

Charles F. Lummis, at his best no mean describer of the New Mexican scene, once pointed out that New Mexico cannot be adequately photographed ("One cannot focus upon sunlight and silence; and without them adobe is a clod.") and that "description of the atmospheric effects of the Southwest is the most hopeless wall against which language ever butted its ineffectual head." Lummis was probably right, but every once in a while the language of Sky Determines opens a small breach in that wall, a breach through which the entranced onlooker can see as if he were there an "unforgettable land of beauty, its arid mesas; canyons; and deserts lying perpetually beneath an ocean of pure light, and its Sky Gods still pouring frugally from their ollas the violet-soft rain."

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OTHER REVIEWS

_The Green Child_, by Herbert Read. New Directions, 1948 (reissue): 

_There_ are no purple or ponderous passages in this "novel." It is to be read (preferably at one sitting, I should think) without the marking pencil: one does not mark off the separate elements of a dream, for the meaning lies in the totality. And this book is a dream fantasy. It has at the last the undifferentiated unity which underlies the episodic dream. It has as well the subconscious energizing factor which impels the persistent emotional waves that vibrate long after the experiential details have glimmered and gone.

Told in terms of such quiet fantasy that it seems fact, written in language wonderfully pure, it is a dream which the western world has either abandoned or consigned to the realm of nightmare—a dream of the potential beauty of man-as-plant, as a literal "thinking reed." What is involved is not so much a compromise between the
polarities of soul and animal as a blending of the fruitful qualities of both, a blending which seals up the eternal dichotomy and leads man back to the timeless world where things grow and fall without pain and without frustration.

On another level what is represented is a personality reintegration which is the basic theme of countless myths ranging all the way from Buddha through the dryads and into King Arthur's court. Man finds his way beyond animal and spiritual ego and becomes so much a part of the great chain of Being that he becomes in some sense a protector of it. In these myths the cool greens of life and death merge into a universal tone which is gentle to the eyes and sustaining to the heart.

It is that way with this book.

KENNETH LASH


By their favorite words we can know a nation and an age. Every era hugs its characteristic epithets. Today man is encompassed by the impatient sounds of war and factory: tanks and trucks, racket and rivet, bullet and bulletin, kill and sell. The man of the nineteenth century lived with the words utility and philistine, France of the seventeenth century had its words too. The literature of Malherbe, Boileau, Corneille, Molière, and Racine—the literature, that is, of a remarkable century—introduces time and again bon sens, grâce, pureté, clarté.

Wearied and chagrined by three generations of religious and political carnage, France of the Grand Siècle found in reason, dignity, moderation, order, harmony the happy names of blessed virtues. It proposed to erect an ideal comity and a universal literature upon such qualities: the first failed; the second succeeded perpendicularly. Here is a paradox too; for despite the worship of moderation and control, the three splendid playwrights of the age created passionate figures and tremendous emotions, made ecumenical, however, precisely because they are expressed in a language of perception, grace, purity, and clarity.

Among the nations of the world France is nonpareil. Since the sixteenth century France has been the brain of the world. In its literature four notes have constantly been renewed. The first is critical insight, the glory of Molière as of Rabelais and Montaigne before him. The second is power of reasoning, as true of Corneille as of Stendhal and Sartre and all Frenchmen whoever. The third is
an acute sense and enjoyment of form, whether manifested in Racine or Camus. The fourth is individualism, so that even a stage servant, as with Molière's irrepressible Dorine, remains wholly the human being; the profession does not swallow the person.

Mr. Turnell's book is admirably conceived and composed. It speaks again for the people of France who, despite defeat by war, despite whatever may be, insist upon these four great nobilities of humankind.

WILLIS D. JACOBS


NOW THAT WE can reflect a little, after the shocks of recent years, interpretation becomes more important than shuddering at mere survival or sudden death, and we look at writers like Hawthorne with new interest. For Hawthorne worked steadily with the enigmas of moral conflict, and his characters, while they might succumb to evil, never simply disintegrated without an inner struggle. In this, and in his symbolism, he is more clearly aligned with such moderns as James, Eliot, Kafka, and from a different metaphysic Lawrence, than with the reporters of sensation who now weary some of us. The almost simultaneous appearance of two studies of his life is symptomatic of this new interest.

Stewart's biography is the logical culmination of editorship of the American and English notebooks, and much other research. While he makes no preliminary statement of intent; he remarks at the end that "in the light of the world today ... no one is likely to impugn Hawthorne's central moral," the need of sympathy "based upon the honest recognition of the good and evil in our common nature." One might have expected the editor of the notebooks to make extensive use of Hawthorne's day-to-day experience and reflections; actually he gives his reader a sound compendium. Much detail is synthesized by skillful organization, and the style is nicely calculated to maintain narrative flow. The book is placid, unified and thoughtful. It might be objected that some parts are not given full enough treatment, the Brook Farm year, for example, receiving only three pages. It is obvious, however, that Stewart would not presume to have given exhaustive treatment of his subject in 265 pages.

Cantwell, under the pressure of life as a war-correspondent in
England, reread *Our Old Home* and wondered at Hawthorne's "power of observation" and "the close application of his insights"; this interest grew into a desire to portray him as a man actively participating in life, to correct the stock figure of the somber recluse. He it is who draws heavily on the notebooks, and other sources, for detail and color to fill out his portrait. But he is always in danger of losing himself in detail not thoroughly related, or in following his reporter's zest, newly stimulated in research, for an exciting if subsidiary story. An example of this is his extended account of Gilley's duel. More disturbing is his style. The continuous use of short, simple sentences, probably intended to have an evocative, cumulative effect, may have served the reporter well in shorter things, but here it tends to set up an irritating jog that goes nowhere. Cantwell has worked hard at research; curiously, perhaps indicative of self-consciousness in a new field, he documents while Stewart does not. Despite its faults, his book is more provocative than Stewart's; and his conjectures, while perhaps overbold, are interesting. An enormous amount of detail from the life to 1850, the year of completion of *The Scarlet Letter*, is crowded into 442 pages.

The student and the scholar will find Stewart's book a sound, compact narrative of the life. The general reader, too, should find it an interesting means to further knowledge. Cantwell's book may be irritating at times, but there are fresh, vigorous passages in it. A glance at Hawthorne biography reminds one of the earlier work of Woodberry and Arvin, not entirely superseded, and the fruitful discussion of Hawthorne's art in F. O. Matthiessen's *American Renaissance*, something neither Stewart nor Cantwell attempts.

E. W. TEDLOCK, JR.


Ortega y Gasset, in these fairly remarkable essays, first published in Madrid in 1925, suggests:

1. That the purpose of modern art is to furnish a criterion distinguishing between "the illustrious and the vulgar. . . . If this subject were broached in politics," he goes on, "the passions aroused would run too high to make oneself understood." (Nevertheless he wrote *The Revolt of the Masses.*)

2. That "it will not be easy to interest a person under thirty in a book that under the pretext of art reports on the doings of some men and women." (But on the other hand he reports that the
OTHER REVIEWS

novel’s continued existence depends on the finding of “novel” characters.)

3. That the new art cares less for positive achievement than for successful breaking away from the “human aspect” destroyed. (Yet he credits those who so break away, with a divine irony regarding their human limitations.)

4. That “the new art has so far produced nothing worth while,” that non-objectivism “has failed signally,” and that the novel is dying. (Still he dictates rules for all these.)

If Ortega y Gasset’s comments appear neither consistent nor complete, he has admitted as much in these essays. Meanwhile he has provided—in addition to some fifty passages that tempt indignant scribbling in margins—a number of most telling insights. Of these I would recommend in particular his passages on the varieties of aesthetic pleasure, on the metaphor as man’s closest approach to creating, on Dostoevski, on Proust, and especially on modern man’s sense of outrage before whatever he does not understand. There is stimulation here aplenty.

ROBERT BUNKER


IT IS DOUBTFUL whether reprinting Turgenev today will incite a full-scale revival of interest in his art. Though recent world tremors or the slackness of publishing have sometimes helped to rekindle the smouldering monuments of Tolstoi, Chekhov and Dostoevski, admiration for Turgenev seems limited only to the fineness of his sifted ashes. His best qualities, surviving the poverty of translation, are perhaps better felt in these shorter novels (First Love, The Diary of a Superfluous Man, and Acia) than in his more famous longer works. Like all the Russian masters, he could not help but sting his characters into life, and like most of them, he wrote naturally and affectionately a humble poetry of landscape and heartbreak. But these are precisely the things which date him for us. For his chief characters turn in their soft benighted crucifixions with all the agonies of the Goethean romantic hero, and in situations plagued by all the ironies of that fatal romantic executioner, Chance. It is the machinery in Turgenev, as so often in Tolstoi, that disturbs us; but whereas we may skip chapters in Tolstoi and still keep his char-
acters vividly intact, we cannot practice so bluntly on Turgenev without losing all of him.

The essay by Henry James on Turgenev is the most valuable part of the book. It gives us a warmly judicious portrait of the man and his work by a novelist who could appreciate and even use the virtues of a manner alien to his own. It also gives us a doubly perceptive and rarely manageable situation: that of looking back with James into the middle of the nineteenth century, the milieu of Turgenev's art, as into a still-living environment, and then forward into the twentieth century, into the artistic problems of our own time which we have only just begun fully to recognize as a result of James' own art and critical observations.

EDWIN HONIG


This book attempts a general survey of the relationships between literature and music "from the standpoint of the media, techniques, combinations, forms and mutual influence of the two arts, rather than their historical parallelism."

There are four sections in the book. The first section discusses points in common (Rhythm, Pitch, Timbre, Harmony, and Counterpoint). The second deals with their union in vocal music. The third treats of Repetition and Variation, Balance and Contrast, and other structural principles in both arts, and then takes up the influence of music on literature and the attempts of writers to model their work on musical forms and techniques. The fourth and final section discusses the influence of literature on music with especial reference to program music.

As the first book of its kind in English it is particularly welcome, although not without reservations. As would appear to be inevitable in such an undertaking, the author is considerably more at home in his own field, literature, than in music. There is much evidence that Mr. Brown could have afforded closer collaboration with a musician. Mr. Glen Haydon, in his review of this book for the Music Library Association "Notes" (December 1948), has already pointed out "the utter failure to grasp one of the fundamental aspects of musical rhythm" in Brown's discussion of the opening horn passage in Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel."

To illustrate just a few other over-simplifications and downright misstatements: the author picks out the third movement of Chopin's B flat minor Sonata (the famous Funeral March) as a "typical"
example of the principle of repetition in music (p. 109). This is patently absurd since the basic musical idea in this movement is the effect achieved through the unvarying repetition of two chords. The situation is further aggravated when on the next page we read, "Certainly there is no reason to believe that the Funeral March is at all unusual in its use of repetition." Further on, the author speaks of "forms like the prelude, nocturne, bagatelle and impromptu..." when, properly speaking, these are musical styles used mainly in connection with the nineteenth century character piece, rather than musical forms.

Despite its shortcomings, the book is stimulating and well worth reading by anyone interested in the relationships between music and literature.

MORTON SCHOENFELD


HENRY ADAMS is a fascinating figure in American history. And it was by way of studying and evaluating this same history that he became a figure in it. As a young man, Adams lived intensely in the contemporary scene; in middle age he sought its relationship with earlier periods—one in particular; and in later life even his excursions into mysticism were an attempt at a kind of synthesis in this direction.

Ernest Samuels has probed and defined the sources and influences at work in this career so well that the reader has the feeling he has known the whole Henry Adams; for the basis even of his final period, following the death of his wife, is plainly laid. The study begins with the schoolboy's rebellion mentioned in The Education, "put down by the Jovian intervention of Grandfather John Quincy Adams," and ends with the completion of the History of the United States during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison. It carries him, therefore, to the age of fifty-three—which might raise the question as to how long a man is "young." It is, however, an appropriate terminal point.

Henry Adams was an intellectual in the best sense of the word. He had a brilliant mind, intense creative energy, critical tastes, and complete intellectual integrity. With this kind of equipment he fell heir to a family tradition of political activity, living through a period of political upheaval and scientific revolution. Unlike some of his brothers, he could not give himself completely to business or to politics. He could write savagely as a reformer, could even...
lobby and scheme, but he never got into the rough-and-tumble of politics, never, in fact, got completely into the business of being a faculty member at Harvard. Tradition imposed a moral obligation towards his country's welfare and an idealistic position with respect to the struggle going on between the Puritan theology of his forefathers and the new science of his own day. At the same time, his inherent independence of thought rejected doctrinal orthodoxy. The true intellectual by his very nature is under compulsion to seek answers to human problems; yet, with more knowledge than the average man, he knows that all those answers must be, in a measure, tentative. It was part of the tragedy of Henry Adams' life that his background, while full of moral and religious dogmatism, demanded broad-minded cognizance of all great intellectual crises.

The author brings to this work a thorough knowledge of Adams' life, his works, and his times. He writes objectively, annotates thoroughly, and he writes well; he is a craftsman. (After all, the student of Henry Adams could hardly be insensitive to style in language.) But that which makes The Young Henry Adams an outstanding piece of work is its clear reflection of the problems of a critical historical period in the life of one man strategically situated to receive the full intellectual impact of its conflicts. It is an achievement of no mean proportions.

Jay C. KnodE


From the title of this book one may well suppose that its author was able to give full-bodied substance to the theory of C. Vorel'sch and Gaston Paris (mentioned on page 96 of the French Precursors) that there were epics earlier than the Chanson de Roland. In reality the French Precursors of Professor Pei's book are the earliest lives of the saints (Eulalie, Léger, and Alexis) plus the tenth-century Passion, which is explained on the first page of the Foreword, where the author makes clear that he has investigated the element of Old French religious poetry "which contributed to the creation of the epic. . . ." The evidence in favor of this contribution "has never been systematically arranged, though portions of it have been repeatedly presented. . . ." The author's originality lies, therefore, in the itemization and the classification of evidence.

The evidence is complete and oftenest unimpeachable. It falls under four main headings, each one of which constitutes a chapter of the book: "Versification," "Syntactical Constructions and Vocab-
In each chapter appropriate similarities or identical features are shown to exist between the three early lives of the saints and the Passion on the one hand and the Roland on the other.

In his eagerness to allow no demonstrable point to escape, Professor Pei has sometimes overcharged the evidence. Taken alone, Chapter IV, "Themes and Incidents," would suffice to prove the thesis of the book. The reader has cordially given his assent well before the chapter ends. It might have been better to omit the theme, "Virginity and Chastity," where the author argues for Aude's "virginal death" (Roland, CCLXVII). Neither the poet nor Aude herself says that she is dying a virgin, and one can read verse 1721 in such a way as to understand that the lady was somebody quite different from Roland's innocent betrothed.

In the Conclusion Professor Pei restates his thesis—the importance of "establishing a native French literary tradition capable of turning into fully epic channels at the proper moment." In the Conclusion, too, he adds new evidence by discussing the central theme of the religious poetry and the Roland, which is always "death for a purpose." His understanding of the theme must be correct. It is set forth in a few pages of critical writing which comes as an eloquent climax to a series of arguments otherwise based on a study of minutiae.

WILLIAM F. J. DEJONGH


The Golden Land, an anthology of Latin-American folklore, is divided into five sections: The Discoverers of the New Land, The Sons of the New Land, The Creators of the Nations, Rediscovering the American Tradition, and Brazil, each with a critical, historical and explanatory introduction by the author. Mrs. De Onís has also supplied short, critical, and biographical sketches of all the writers included; among them, Bernal Díaz del Castillo, Estanislao del Campo, Domingo T. Sarmiento, Roberto Payró, Ricardo Rojas, Jorge Luis Borges and many others.

The anthology is made up of sixty-three selections and represents forty-nine writers from Mexico, Central and South America. The selections include short stories, legends, myths and narratives based on some superstition or belief and, as well, some poetry in which the
authors have made creative use of the varied folklore materials found within their own countries.

In this highly readable, informative and interesting anthology the author has set out to prove a theory—that the great writers of Latin-America have achieved greatness proportionate to their closeness and unity with their own tradition, mores and culture. Mrs. De Onís proposes, as she herself states in her introduction, to show how persistent and how great a source of inspiration has been Latin-American folklore through the centuries. This purpose she carries out very effectively and through the recurrent themes—some legendary and mythical, some religious or based on superstition of a religious or traditional nature, some historical and factual—we have a broad, panoramic view of the ideas, traditions and attitudes that have shaped the thinking and daily living of the present-day Latin-American Republics.

RUBÉN COBOS


It is for the quietly distinguished tone, the sensitive, meditative, meticulous handling, that Mr. Maxwell's novel seems to me most enjoyable.

The book is prefaced by an interesting quotation in regard to the method of painting a landscape, beginning with "The order observed...." This order—drawing the landscape first "into three or four distances or planes"—Mr. Maxwell has rather faithfully followed in his own composition in words. From another part of the quotation, he takes the title of the novel:

"If you temper the necessary quantity of pigment—or even more—with linseed or walnut oil and add enough white, you shall produce a bright tint. It must not be dark; on the contrary it must be rather on the light side because time will darken it...."

Yet to my mind the literary canvas is not bright. One of the qualities of the composition is the sense of atmosphere, derived from a pushing-back in time and setting to a period just before 1914 and to a street, then flourishing but now deteriorated, in a midwestern town. This atmosphere, although interesting in itself, making the scene a restoration rather than a primary landscape, nevertheless, for all the care with which it is done (perhaps because of that care) seems something added for the sake of artistic poignancy. The feeling which it gives is one somehow of brooding darkness, muffling and mournful, and never quite resolved throughout the story.
But it is not time which darkens the story itself, but what I feel as the need of some firm clean stroke to clear the atmosphere for a moment—as in the quotation, the painter recommends the “lightest smalt-and-white tints in the sky,” since “the ground is always darker.” In this story of a marriage—of a triangle! for that is the story’s gist, for all its complex elements—the sky is not really the lightest. The ethics of the situation are slurred and muffled; not so much through tolerance and breadth of vision, in my reading of it, as from lack of clarity in the author’s own viewpoint. These ethics hinge on the idealistic efforts of the man in the triangle to be “kind” and understanding toward an also “idealistic” young woman in love with him, which run into serious and near-tragic conflict with his own marriage and the needs and perceptions of his, presumably, “realistic” and unidealistic wife. It is in the author’s presentation of this whole supposed dilemma that this reader rather impatiently kept feeling the need of those one or two direct, lucid, unequivocal sentences, as high lights.

Because these bright strokes fail to be made, at least with firmness, the pleasure in reading is more qualified than the other merits of the novel seem to promise; and the book’s action, although interesting and, to a point, distinguished, leaves a residue of fatality not quite convincing because not quite intrinsic.

RUTH SUCKOW


NEITHER a trivial novel nor a successfully serious one, Mr. Greenhood’s book, because of its fine writing and often its fine thinking, deserves consideration. Despite the false tawdry ending and disguised sentimentality, the conception behind the work—the dishevelment of not only Stella and her love but of the whole American culture—is sound. However, the derangement of the foundations of life today, of the very earth upon which we live, is given only symbolic representation and the dramatic cohesion of symbol and idea is not provided.

Stella is emotional and intuitive, incapable of fighting “this mess she lived in . . .” which “was not her doing. It was too general, immense, and yet but a tiny part of the litter.” Her lover, Earl, in contrast, hates “. . . the disorder. It baffled him. He wanted to understand it.” But he never does understand it and remains too coldly intellectual.

The elemental, passionate love of these two has its setting in an
unkempt New York apartment, which the author keeps isolated from the teeming confusion of city life, a comparison which might have heightened the theme. Notwithstanding much intellectualized verbalization about the nature of love, their physical passion teaches them nothing. Earl is glad to leave; Stella appears to solidify and to tidy up her external life because of a very untidy fact—for our culture—of having an illegitimate child. After two years Earl inexplicably returns and they are reunited—sentimentally, romantically, impossibly—by the child.

It is, then, this illusion of all conflicts resolved which tends to negate the basic theme and to nullify many scenes otherwise superbly handled.

HELEN HAIGHT


In a period when the so-called civilized nations are much concerned over the possibly fatal results of certain physical developments of their culture, a volume covering what is known of the reactions of cultures as a whole to changes within certain of their parts is in order. Culture varies from group to group and always adds or loses certain elements during the passage of time, but the whole construct at any one place and time is so integrated that any single change brings forth compensating adaptations in its other interrelated and interdependent patterns of thought and action. The titles of the sections—(1) The Nature, (2) The Materials, (3) The Structure, (4) The Aspects of Culture, (5) Cultural Dynamics, and (6) Cultural Variation—indicate Herskovits' ordering of the wide field of specific anthropological studies as parts of a whole, which he discusses at length, chapter by chapter, and finally fits together into a neat Summary. Here the concepts of the nature, forms and functions of culture lead into a statement of the theory of culture and the place of applied anthropology in aiding problems of world society. There is a straightforward account of the contributions of various schools of thought to the whole; a survey of modern approaches in field collection of data; and an explanation of its handling by the trait-complex-area scheme for historical studies, by the culture-integration concept for basic structuralization, and by configuration analyses delineating themes of thought and action apparent throughout the integrated construct and conditioning the emotion and behavior patterns of its carriers.

To those concerned with controversial issues of the world today,
the discussion of biological, environmental, and economic determinism as seen through studies of various races and cultures reveals some of the fallacies which may confuse the thinking of persons whose experience has been limited to their own people. The relativism of social and ethical values to the overall philosophies of each group appears through cross-cultural observation.

Anthropology students will appreciate the reproduction of numerous charts concisely providing the latest data on evolution of man and the development of implements in more than one area of the ancient world, an extensive general bibliography, a list of selected titles classified by subject matter for specialized studies, and thirty-seven pages of detailed index.

Although long (655 pages), *Man and His Works* never descends to dull pedantry nor to the all-too-common attempt to awe the public with erudite terminology. The volume is easy and interesting reading, well illustrated, a science of man, for men.

**Florence Hawley**


Neither a bag of tricks nor a catalog of quaint superstitions, *The Mirror of Magic* is a “shortcut through the occult history of the Old World,” in pursuit of formulas with which man has sought to explain and control the tangible and intangible areas of his experience. The author suspends the reader’s disbelief long enough for him to understand the machinery of magic and the human needs which brought it into being.

To document *The Mirror of Magic*, Kurt Seligmann, himself a capable surrealist painter, has drawn from the archives of previous centuries. Even without clarification in the text, the two hundred fifty-five illustrations, handsomely reproduced, constitute an invaluable key to understanding psychic symbols. There are many diagrams, such as “The Universe as a Monochord,” a concept based upon the Pythagorean theory of the music of the planets. “Harmony,” says the author, “is the mystery of the universe.” The patterns of Gnostic gems and Tarot cards are of particular interest.

Of the numerous illustrations derived from engravings of the last three centuries, many, inevitably, are amusing. The schemes for delineation of character by physiognomy are delightful, as in the parallel portraits of an ox and “A Man of Bovine Nature,” “Forehead of a Man Destined to Be Drowned,” and “Noses of Vain and Lustful Men.”
The Mirror of Magic is a stimulating guide to this “hermetic wonderland.” Seligmann concludes that “Magic . . . freed man from fears, endowed him with a feeling of his power to control the world, sharpened his capacity to imagine.”

ROLAND F. DICKEY


While other sections of the United States have shown occasional opposition to the policies of the Federal Government, it was the ante-bellum South which developed sectionalism in its most extreme form. Consequently the fifth volume in this history of the South has been described by its author as “something of a case study of sectionalism.”

The period covered extends from the debates over the admission of Missouri to the close of the Mexican War. Prior to 1819 the South had been national in its point of view. By 1848 many Southerners felt that their section was a thing apart, with distinct interests of its own. In trying to discover how this intense self-consciousness developed, the author first describes what was happening in the South itself, then the relations between that section and the Federal Government.

Many changes were taking place during these thirty years which promoted both the material development and spiritual growth of the South. The Federal Government moved the Indians west of the Mississippi, and this allowed the planters of the South Atlantic States to move to the Old Southwest, taking their slaves and cotton culture with them. The development of the domestic slave trade, together with the coming of the steamboat and the railroad, and the huge demand for cotton, promoted business and promised prosperity. At the same time, the South was growing more religious, and church members were being taught that slavery was right in the eyes of God. Writers were idealizing the South and making stronger the ties of local patriotism. Thus when sectionalism developed it was not superficial but a matter of the mind and heart.

In the late twenties Southerners felt strongly that tariffs were being used to divert profits from planters to Northern manufacturers. In the thirties they were aroused by the appearance of abolitionists who constantly criticized their institutions and people. In the forties, the South became more self-conscious than ever. The Methodists split when Northern members questioned the character of a Georgia bishop whose wife owned slaves. The Baptists did likewise when the
mission board refused to approve an Indian slaveholder who wished to preach to the heathen in China. The Mexican War increased the tension. Polk was unjustly charged with waging war to add to slave territory. The North determined to keep slavery out of the conquered region. No longer the ruling section, the South was almost ready for secession.

Mr. Sydnor has written a thoughtful and understanding book. He does not condone sectionalism, but he does explain how it came about.

M A R I O N D A R G A N


One gentleman of Virginia writes of another. This is as it should be; and especially for these earlier years, in which George was a Virginian officer but by no means an American hero. Washington is further away from us than Lee, in character as well as time. That Mr. Freeman's present task is the more difficult goes without saying. That he has done it outstandingly well may be said with assurance and enthusiasm.

The sheer bulk devoted to the first twenty-seven years of Washington's life is at first glance staggering. To bring the story to the French abandonment of Fort DuQuesne takes Freeman 844 pages of text, plus 97 of appendices. The comparable material in John Marshall's authorized work covered 384 pages, including the general history of the colonies to 1758. Rupert Hughes used 441 pages for the same period, and Stephenson only 219.

The difference in dimensions is one of greater seriousness both in research and in analysis. Not only has Freeman made use of newly available manuscript sources, but he has also found much significant evidence in printed materials which previous biographers failed to note, or perhaps to appreciate. The tracing of daily travels and the assessment of character done from Washington's personal account book ("Ledger A") is wholly reasonable; but no one before Freeman seems to have attempted the reasoning.

Being a conscientious historian, Freeman practises neither adulation nor debunking. The cherry tree goes into the appendix, without mention in the text. Sally Fairfax is a sensible young matron of history, not a phantom of romance. Washington himself appears as a credible human being, though scarcely a simple one. He is a native product of colonial Virginia, with that colony's striking dualisms of tradition and freedom, of gentlemanliness and grasping.
The fourth chapter of Volume I, dealing with "Virginia in the Youth of Washington," is a brilliant sociological study, packed with precise information and thoroughly documented. In addition to this there is a 72-page appendix discussing the history of the "Northern Neck Proprietary" between the Potomac and the Rappahannock. Seeing thus the world in which Washington lived, one is the better qualified to understand the man he became.

That man was, to use Freeman's words, an "extraordinary combination of amiability and determination:" A fierce acquisitiveness made him wealthy, a driving ambition raised him to military prominence. He lacked a sense of humor, and so was self-conscious and sometimes intolerant. He was rigidly devoted to the principles he had accepted: principles which on the whole were Roman rather than Christian, thus sturdy more than generous. He took for granted the usages of aristocratic Virginia society, and no less his debt of loyalty to relatives and associates.

Washington's experiences on the frontier, and in contact with the British military, qualified him amazingly for his services of two decades later. Freeman, not belaboring that point, has made it strikingly evident. One awaits eagerly the three additional volumes which are designed to complete the story.

GEORGE HEDLEY


A thorough biography of General Thomas Gage has been long overdue. Professor Alden's book, based largely upon the voluminous Gage manuscripts deposited in the William L. Clements Library of the University of Michigan, recasts the British General in a much more favorable role. Few will deny that while the treatment he receives from Alden's pen is sympathetic and often defensive, it is nevertheless merited.

That General Gage fully supported British policy in the enactments of the several revenue acts of the 1760's is well known. But his sharp differences with his government over its vacillations has not always been understood or appreciated. He saw the key to successful policy in the repeal measures which followed the revenue acts in terms "more conclusive" and "more biting" than those of any other British official of the time. Had Gage's policy become that of the government, we are told, it would have had "a real chance of success." With this interpretation many historians would now agree.
We are shown, however, that after the enactment of the punitive measures of 1774, he doubted the chances of a successful restoration of British control, apparently sensing also the likelihood of his becoming the scapegoat of the inept government leadership. The members of the ministry “did not like the plain truths which he sent them,” and so recalled him in disgrace.

If *General Gage in America* is less than definitive, as Professor Alden modestly admits, it is, nevertheless, a very able and readable contribution to the literature of the American Revolution.

**Gale W. McGee**


Here is another of those books. One could fill a long shelf with accounts of the frontiersman who has become a stereotype as reliable, as courageous, and as invincible as Superman. He starts in the Deep South and brings a delicate sense of honor, gallant regard for ladies, charm, and a lush accent. He does not acquire education because his destiny takes him to Texas before his soft beard has begun to sprout. There he joins the Rangers, preferably lying about his age, and leaves a long trail of dead men as he moves westward, killing Mexicans along the border, Indians on the plains, and bad men in every saloon. His Mexican and Indian killings depend upon his skill as a trailer, his unerring eye, and his favored position as a Texas Ranger, quite untrammeled by law and international concord, and free to act as his own judge and jury. Bad men he shoots from the hip even as the malefactor reaches for his gun; or he may not have to kill, his compelling eye and drawling: “I'll kill you shore!” being enough to cow the baddest bad man.

Texas in time turns out to be too small for our Superman who, taking in New Mexico on the way, finally becomes a border rider from El Paso to Baja California. Naturally he puts in some years as a deputy sheriff; his trail crosses that of every man, good or bad, of his era; but he knows no women—until, of course, he marries the New England schoolma’am. He ends his days telling tales to our author.

This is a somewhat malicious summing up of Mr. Haley’s account of Jeff Milton. This account is impressive because of the author’s earnest admiration for his hero, his complete acceptance of the frontier ethic, and for the vast amount of research that kept him on Jeff Milton’s trail for eleven years. Surely no incident of that long and arduous career has eluded his devotion. Mr. Haley’s style is
brisk, with only occasional lapses into fine descriptive passages, but with little variation. At times it moves so fast that this reader got a bit confused among the names of killers and killed, a bit wearied by the staccato style.

Altogether it makes one wonder when we shall begin to evaluate our western heroes, to understand what they did to advance—or to hinder—the making of civilized living. This book of true tales of the exploits of one superman seen in the flat will be a useful authority for writers of a later and more discriminating day.

ERNA FERGUSSON


Up to a few years ago, the only important books on Latin America written in this country dealt with history and literature. Fortunately, good books are now making their appearance in the fields of the social sciences, and Taylor's is one of them. Argentina and Brazil are the countries of Ibero-America where sociological studies have been most highly developed. In the case of Argentina, her closer cultural contact with the old world and her own economic history as a country of temperate climate with a European population, have lessened the labor of these investigations. Positivism, as a guiding philosophy, has helped. There are good books on sociology, like Bunge's and Ingenieros', but Taylor's is the first serious study on Argentina made by a North American well equipped with modern sociological methods.

Attention is centered on the rural problems. The author's analysis is detailed, his presentation objective and thorough. His study of the institutions of family, the home, etc., is suggestive and interesting, as is his examination of community customs. The author, in strict scientific method, presents the facts and refrains from hasty conclusions.

It is a great pity that five years passed between the field work done by Dr. Taylor and the publication of the book. It is precisely during those five years that Argentina underwent important changes, not only politically with the advent of de facto governments, but economically and socially, with the impact of the war and postwar periods. Perón's administration is trying to change the rhythm of rural life; and the author, in a sketchy epilogue of scarcely fourteen pages, endeavors to make up for the tardiness of the publication and to bring these facts to the reader.

MIGUEL JORRÍN.

In November, 1947, the New York Herald Tribune reported the story of seven State Department employees dismissed four months earlier as “potential security risks.” They never knew the charges against them, never faced their accusers, and were not allowed to resign.

Bert Andrews, chief Washington correspondent of the Herald Tribune, wrote that original story. He is able now, in Washington Witch Hunt, to complete it. He tells how, after publicity and after protests of people, press, and radio, the seven were allowed to resign “without prejudice.” His “Mr. Blank,” that one of the seven around whom Andrews weaves his story, is then followed through the eight months in which, despite excellent technical recommendations, he could find no employment.

Washington Witch Hunt would be worth the reading if only for its complete documentation of Mr. Blank’s story, together with that of the ten Hollywood writers and of Dr. Condon before the Thomas Committee. But its real value lies in its extensive quotations from Blank’s own statements before a State Department that would neither ask nor answer questions, and in Blank’s account of his difficulties in finding work and in supporting his wife and children.

Both Andrews and Blank write unemotionally, almost matter-of-factly. But their joint account of Blank’s utter bafflement reaches thereby the exact quality of nightmare. It makes Washington Witch Hunt a memorable book, the more so as we read day after day new tales of espionage and ponder again the need for responsible investigation.

ROBERT BUNKER


In his own handwriting on the jacket flap Dee Harkey says, “I asked a friend about getting some educated person to do the writing of this book, and he said, ‘Hell, no, Dee, don’t do that! You’ll lose the flavor and tang of your story.’” My feeling is that this advice, ordinarily good, was bad in this case—not because the book needs better words or better style but because Dee Harkey’s matter-of-factness and his refusal to let his own deeds seem in any sense heroic rob an intensely dramatic story of much of its potential impact. Readers who know Dee Harkey’s record as a lawman and his reputation as “a little man without fear” will read between the lines when Dee speaks of chasing desperate men into their own dens and
then concludes, almost parenthetically, "I arrested them and brought them to jail." But readers not familiar with the disparity between the laconic speech and the heroic performance of men like Dee Harkey may, if not forewarned, miss the magnitude of this almost incredible story.

Although Dee Harkey has failed in this story to do justice to himself as its hero, he has written a fascinating and valuable personal document of some forty years (roughly, 1870 to 1911) in Texas and New Mexico when the country was "tough as a boot," when a gun was as much a part of a man's clothing as were his trousers, and when "Judge Colt" divided lawmen and outlaws alike into two classes: "the quick, and the dead!" It is a document complete with names, dates, and places, leavened with Dee Harkey's own frank and uninhibited opinions; a book not to be omitted from any shelf of Southwestern Americana.

E. B. MANN


The Araucanians of Chile offered tenacious resistance to the penetration of their lands by the Spaniards. Their heroic struggle against the invader furnished inspiration for several epic poems, the most famous of which is the *Araucana*, written by Alonso de Ercilla. A captain in the Spanish army and an eye witness to the events, Ercilla idealizes the Indians and praises their heroism and virtues above those of his countrymen. Don García Hurtado de Mendoza, the leader of the Spanish forces, is not mentioned at all—the poet's revenge for having been severely punished by the General for drawing a sword in his presence.

To exalt the exploits and virtues of Don García, so willfully neglected by Ercilla, Pedro de Oña composed his *Arauco Tamed*. Just as Ercilla, a Spaniard, idealizes the Araucanians, Oña, a native Chilean, sings the praises of the Spanish conquerors. Although the *Arauco Tamed* is not as long-winded as Ercilla's poem, its nineteen cantos comprise over fifteen thousand lines. Oña does not presume to rival Ercilla. "Who then would dare to sing of Wild Arauco / After the elaborate Araucana?" But Ercilla ignored Don García's exploits, and Oña feels compelled to correct the oversight: "Hence, this has been the point of my compunction, / Almost my sole incentive here to sing."

The *Arauco* covers mainly the period presented in the second
part of the Araucana. Ercilla dwells on the love affair of Dido and Aeneas; Oña with a defeat suffered by the English pirate Richard Hawkins. As in the older poem, Oña's cantos often begin with insipid moralizing in the style of Vergil, and are interspersed with lengthy digressions. Oña seldom reaches Ercilla's poetic heights, but, as a historical document, the Arauco Tamed is as interesting and valuable as its immediate model and shows flashes of real inspiration.

Professors Lancaster and Manchester, having undertaken the translation of the three great epic poems dealing with the early history of Chile, have now completed the first two, and there remains only the less extensive Purén indómito, by Álvarez de Toledo, to engage their scholarship. The English version of Arauco Tamed retains not only the substance of the Spanish text but also its spirit and poetic flavor. The meticulous scholarship represented by such faithful metric rendering exceeds, perhaps, the merit of the original poems themselves. In the stanza telling of Don García's departure from Peru to lead his forces against the Araucanians, and occasionally elsewhere, the English version reads as smoothly as the Spanish original.

From Lima marched the handsome youth, and leal,
And firm of gait, approached the coastline grey.
A line he scored amidst his squad's array
That marked perfection's full consummate seal.
Exalted joy did all who saw him feel,
And grief alike that he should go away.
Peru unanimously moans her loss,
And Chile gains a shield that pearls emboss.

Arauco Tamed is a true work of love which the discriminating scholar cannot fail to appreciate. Even those able to read the original Spanish text will enjoy reading this masterful English translation.
Lyle Saunders and Frank L. Baird

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST, XXIX

This bibliography, a service of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau on Latin America and Cultural Relations in the Southwest, the School of Inter-American Affairs, the Department of Sociology, and the New Mexico Quarterly Review, attempts to list, with such thoroughness as time and resources permit, current materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as here defined, includes all of New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas, and parts of Utah, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada, and California.

The symbol (F) designates fiction; (J) is used to indicate materials on the juvenile level.

Included in this issue are mainly those titles which were published or came to our attention between December 1, 1948 and March 1, 1949.

Recurring items of a general nature, indicated in this issue by a star, will be listed only once a year, in order to conserve space and avoid needless repetition.

BOOKS


263
McWilliams, Carey. *North from Mexico, the Spanish-Speaking People of the United States.* New York, Lippincott, 1949. $4.00.


Wertenbaker, G. P. *America's Heartland, the Southwest.* Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1948. $3.75. Arkansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Texas, and Louisiana.

**FICTION**


Hughes, Dorothy B. *The Big Barbecue.* New York, Random, 1949. $2.75. (F) Summer in Santa Fe, New Mexico.


Meyers, Virginia: *Angelo's Wife.* Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill, 1948. $3.00. (F) Spanish culture in old California.

**PERIODICALS**

**AGRICULTURE AND RANCHING**

Anonymous. *Land tenure in the southwestern states; a summary of significant findings of regional land tenure research project.* Fayetteville, Arkansas, Agric. Exp. Sta. bulletin 482; October 1948. Includes Oklahoma and Texas.


*The Colorado Magazine.* Bi-monthly publication of the State Historical Society of Colorado.

Crops and Markets. Quarterly publication of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, giving statistics by states.

*Current Farm Economies in Oklahoma.* Regular bi-monthly publication of the Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station, Stillwater.

*Economic News for New Mexico Farmers.* Monthly publication of New Mexico State College Extension Service.


*Farm and Ranch.* Monthly publication devoted to Southwestern farming.


Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. James R. "Rockey Ford melons." *The Colorado Magazine,* 26:26, January 1949.

Heller, V. G. and Frank B. Cross, *The Chemical Content and Nutritive Value of Oklahoma Pecans.* Stillwater, Oklahoma Agricultural Experimental
GUIDE TO LITERATURE OF SOUTHWEST 265

Station. Mimeographed circular M-176, 1948. 5 pp.


*New Mexico Magazine. Monthly publication of New Mexico, State Board of Publications.

*New Mexico Stockman. Monthly publication of the New Mexico Cattle Growers Association, New Mexico Wool Growers Association and the Southwestern New Mexico Grazing Association.

*The Texas Geographic Magazine. Bi-annual publication of the Texas Geographic Society.


ANTHROPOLOGY AND SOCIOLOGY


*Bulletins of the Texas Archaeological and Paleontological Society. Irregular publications.

*The Desert Magazine. Monthly publication of items pertinent to Southwest.

*El Palacio. Monthly publication of the Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe.


Montrose County, Colorado.


Excavations, Magdalena, New Mexico.


*The Masterkey. Bi-monthly publication of the southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California.


Published by UNM Digital Repository, 1949
1949. Petroglyphs of Galisteo Basin area, New Mexico.


*The Southwestern Journal of Anthropology*. Quarterly publication of the Laboratory of Anthropology, Santa Fe, New Mexico and the University of New Mexico.


*Tree Ring Bulletin*. Quarterly publication of the Tree Ring Society, Arizona with the cooperation of the Laboratory of Tree Ring Research, University of Arizona.


**ARTS**


**Biographical**


CONSERVATION


Mabery, Chuck. "Fishing and fishing

Published by UNM Digital Repository, 1949
Mead, Tom C. "Earthquake at Hoover Dam." Reclamation Era, 35:31-2, February 1949.
Indio, California, March 17-19.

Reclamation Era. Official monthly publication of the Bureau of Reclamation, United States Department of the Interior.


Soil Conservation. Monthly publication containing conservancy articles pertinent to the Southwest.

EDUCATION


Arizona Teacher-Parent. Regular publication of the Arizona Education Association.


California Journal of Secondary Education. Published eight times annually by the California Society of Secondary Education.


—. Journal of the Albuquerque Public Schools. Regular publication.


Montgomery, Evelyn. "Como está he-

Nevada Educational Bulletin. Published five times a year by Nevada State Department of Education, Carson City.
GUIDE TO LITERATURE OF SOUTHWEST

* New Mexico Progress. Monthly publication.
* New Mexico School Review. Monthly publication devoted to New Mexico School activities.
* New Mexico School Review. Monthly publication.


* School Activities. Monthly publication September through May of current school problems and activities.


* Texas Outlook. Regular publication of the Texas State Teachers Association.


FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL


——. "El Paso's international mining days." Mining World, 10:14, December 1948.


——. "Sunray processes 20,000 bbl of crude daily in converted refinery." Oil and Gas Journal, 47:68, February 1949. Sunday refinary, Duncan, Oklahoma.


Bradley, Thomas F. "This is where the money went." New Republic, 120:12-13, January 31, 1949. Film industry expenditures.

* Chemical and Engineering News. Weekly publication of the American Chemical Society.

* Chemical Engineering. Monthly publication dealing with chemical and metallurgical engineering. Includes Southwest.

Clinton, Bruce. "Desert dude wran-
270 LYLE SAUNDERS AND FRANK L. BAIRD


Gard, C. D. "Union oil Co., first plant to make dry ice from oil-well gas." Oil and Gas Journal, 47:56-9, January 6, 1949. Dry ice plant, Santa Maria field, California.


Hurt, Amy Passmore. "Fit to be tied." New Mexico Magazine, 26:18, December 1948. New Mexico hand-woven ties.

Lina, Bertfam F. "Truman asks tidelands rule, expanded steel facilities, continued controls." Oil and Gas Journal, 47:36, January 13, 1949.


"Texas court orders shutdown of Heyser field by vote of 7 to 2." Oil and Gas Journal, 47:92, February 24, 1949. Victoria and Calhoun counties, Texas.


Mining Engineering. Monthly publication of the American Institute of Mining Branch.


New Mexico Tax Bulletin. Monthly publication of the New Mexico Taxpayers' Association.


Petroleum Technology. Monthly publication of the Petroleum Branch of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers.


GUIDE TO LITERATURE OF SOUTHWEST 271

1949. Water supply for Texas Gulf coast industry.


• Western Construction News. Monthly publication.

FOLKLORE

• American Antiquity. Quarterly publication of the Society of American Archaeology.

Cassidy, I. S. "Taos, New Mexico." Western Folklore, 8:60, January 1949. New Mexico folklore and history.


• Southwestern Lore. Quarterly publication of the Colorado Archaeological Society.


• Western Folklore. Quarterly publication of the California Folklore Society.

GEOLOGICAL SCIENCES


• Bulletins of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists. Irregular publication.

• Bulletins of the Geological Society of America. Irregular publications.


—. "Turquoise hunters have a field day." The Desert Magazine, 12:13, March 1949. California.


• The Journal of Geography. Monthly publication of the National Council of Geography Teachers.

Lake, Mrs. Will F. "The Fort Worth Botanic Garden ... as was and is."

The American City, 64:99, January 1949.


GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS


Faber, H. A. "Rocky Mountain section meeting held in Cheyenne." Water and Sewage Works, 96:17, January 1949.


Payne, B. W. "Punched cards give all the news that fits the crime." The American City, 64:80-1, January 1949. Houston police records.

GUIDE TO LITERATURE OF SOUTHWEST 273


HEALTH

*Arizona Public Health News. Regular publication of Arizona Department of Public Health.*
*New Mexico Sunshine. Quarterly publication of the New Mexico Society for Crippled Children.*

HISTORY

*New Mexico Historical Review. Quarterly publication of the Historical Society of New Mexico and the University of New Mexico.*
*The Southwestern Historical Quarterly. Quarterly publication devoted to the furtherance of Southwestern history.*

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC PROBLEMS

LYLE SAUNDERS AND FRANK L. BAIRD

The American Indian. Published quarterly by the Association on Indian Affairs, Inc.


The Southwestern Social Science Quarterly. Quarterly publication devoted to the study of the social sciences in the Southwest.

*The Survey*. Monthly publication covering pertinent social problems.

Taylor, Bill N. "We found out what our municipal employees want." *The American City*, 64:101, March 1949. Tyler, Texas.


TRAVEL


MISCELLANEOUS

*Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce Topics*. Monthly publication.


---. "Steak for the Shamrock."
GUIDE TO LITERATURE OF SOUTHWEST 275

Newsweek, 32:73, December 13, 1948.
Houston, Texas' super-hotel.

• The Arizona Quarterly. Quarterly publication of the University of Arizona.


• Indians at Work. Monthly publication of Office of Indian Affairs; includes Southwest.


• New Mexico Alumnus. Publication of the University of New Mexico Alumni Association.

• New Mexico Transporter. Monthly publication of the New Mexico Motor Carriers’ Association.

• The Southwest Wind. Monthly publication of New Mexico Highlands University, Las Vegas.


Sunset. Monthly publication devoted to Western and Southwestern homes and gardens, etc.

• Texas a monthly magazine devoted to the welfare of the people of Texas. Publication of Texas Social Welfare Association, Austin.


• The Thunderbird. Bi-semester student publication, University of New Mexico.

• The Turquoise. Quarterly publication of the New Mexico Foundation of Business and Professional Women’s Clubs.


haustless energy, John Sloan's vast production attests to a restless mind constantly in search of new techniques and ideas. Pioneer in advanced art movements, and equally respected by young and old, his work shows the humor and the vigor of a life lived in plenitude.

As a teacher for many years in the Art Students' League, of which he was president in 1930-31, he has influenced young artists. When one reads his book *Gist of Art* (1939) and monographs *J. S. Paintings* and *J. S. Etchings* (1945), one realizes how conscious of his responsibility and how conscientious in the realization of such responsibility J. S. is. One also realizes that perhaps the only way to teach the arts is for the artist to bare his soul to the students.

John Sloan divides his time between New York and New Mexico—places which have been his main sources of inspiration. In the summers he lives north of Santa Fe with his artist wife Helen Fair in a "functional" house on top of a hill overlooking the pinon country and the distant Sangre de Cristo mountains.

The Kraushaar Galleries of New York held a large show of his paintings last February, and the *New Yorker* for May 7, 1949, devoted to him a 10-page "Profile" by Robert M. Coates. A retrospect exhibition of his life's work is being planned by the Museum of New Mexico.

We are indebted to Samuel Gold-en, Director of the American Artists Group, for permission to use the plates.

WALTER PACH, a native of New York, has won international recognition as an artist, author, and lecturer. His work has been exhibited in American and European galleries, with several one-man shows, and is represented in the Metropolitan Museum, New York Public Library, Phillips Memorial Gallery, Brooklyn Museum, and private collections. He took an important part in the organization of the Armory Show, 1913, which launched modern painting in the United States. In the New York World's Fair, 1940, he was Director of "Masterpieces of Art." The author of nine important books on art criticism and numerous articles, his is one of the voices that carry weight in American art circles.
Professor Beach on the occasion of his retirement. Poet, novelist, critic, he has written a score of important studies encompassing literature in general and individual authors—George Meredith, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, W. H. Auden, John Dos Passos, Thomas Mann, etc. Some of his critical works have been translated into Italian, German, Japanese and Korean. Slated for early publication are ‘Henry James’, The American, of which Mr. Beach is editor, and a History of English Literature to which he is a contributor (1800 to the First World War).

Mr. Beach lives at present in California and will be visiting professor at Harvard University in 1949-50. He recently sent us these interesting lines: “Contemporary poetry does not make an appeal to the general cultivated reader proportionate to the greatness of the talent lavished on it. This raises many crucial and difficult questions for criticism. For example: How far can the poet safely go in the development of a personal and ‘private’ language? Must the poet have a ‘mythology’ in order to be a poet? Most contemporary poets sit in sackcloth and ashes amid the ruins of dead faiths; is there no ‘humanism’ accessible to robust spirits from which more affirmative notes may be drawn? Isn’t it time for poetry to come to art understanding with modern science and philosophy and get over its peeve? ‘When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.’"

Ramón J. Sender, the author of “Faustian Germany and Thomas Mann,” has to his credit a series of works that place him in the forefront line of contemporary literature. Of his fifteen published novels, nine are available in English. These and others have been translated into fifteen different languages. He is a frequent contributor to magazines in the United States and Latin America. His latest novel, The Sphere, has recently been released by Hellman, Williams. Born in Spain in 1902, after studying at the University of Madrid and doing military service in Morocco, he started a literary career at the age of 22, centering his professional activity as editor and literary critic of El Sol, and winning in 1935 the National Prize of Literature with his novel Mister Witt Among the Rebels. He served as a major in the army of the Spanish Republic and in 1939 emigrated to America, spending two years in Mexico and finally settling in the United States, where he has become a citizen. He held a Guggenheim Fellowship and lived for a time in Santa Fe, later teaching at Amherst College (1944-45) and lecturing at Harvard, Denver and other institutions. Since 1947 he has been Professor of Spanish at UNM.

There has been much discussion in recent years about New Mexico’s industrial future. The tempo of enterprise in the State has quickened through research activities, civil and...
military, and the constant increase in our population. Dexter H. Reynolds in "Can New Mexico Be Industrialized?" channels this discussion towards constructive solutions. His position is an assertive one, while many citizens see dangers to our way of life in this quest for industrialization. The Editor invites an answer to his article, so that our readers may weigh the other side of the question.

Mr. Reynolds was born on a farm near Mt. Vernon, Mo. After graduating from high school he served nearly three years in the U. S. Marine Corps at Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. This period was followed by a peripatetic interlude which included playing first trombone in the big show of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus and being a sample boy in a copper mine. When 23 years old he began university studies, with a major in chemistry, earning his Ph.D., at the University of Illinois in 1936. He has been analytical chemist, assayer, and laboratory foreman with United Verde Copper Co., Arizona, technical adviser in applications of X-rays in industry with the General Electric X-Ray Corp. of Chicago, and research physicist and group leader of physical laboratories with the Monsanto Chemical Co., Dayton, Ohio. In 1947 he came to UNM as Research Professor and Technical Director of the Division of Research and Development. He has published a number of scientific articles.

In "To a European Man of Letters" Edwin Honig discusses certain statements made by a European writer on a visit to our country. Mr. Honig has taught English at various institutions; worked with the Library of Congress; being a teacher-referee of British secondary school methods at Clifton College, England; and done research and writing for the U. S. Army in Austria and France. He has published poetry, literary criticism and translations. His book Garcia Lorca (also printed in England) was republished in an enlarged edition in 1948 by New Directions. Last year he held a Guggenheim Fellowship for the writing of critical studies in comparative literature. He is teaching this summer at Pomona College, and will teach beginning next fall at Harvard University.

Stories. "And Exile" is the first published story of Justine Krug, resident of Bronxville, N. Y. since childhood. She wrote "And Exile" in the summer of 1948 at Columbia University in a course on short story writing conducted by William Owens, at whose suggestion it was sent to us. After graduating in 1943 from Mount Holyoke College, Miss Krug worked for Ann Watkins' literary agency and the G. Sumner advertising agency. In 1947 she resumed her studies at Columbia University where, specializing in Baudelaire and Verlaine, she received an M.A. in French literature. She last was employed at the Cultural Division of the French Embassy in New York City, and has been in Paris since the summer of 1948.
with a fellowship for the study of contemporary literature at the Sorbonne. She is doing research on Guillaume Apollinaire and expects to remain in France until the summer of 1950.

E. W. Tedlock, Jr., of the English Department, UNM, was born in St. Joseph, Mo. He has done graduate work at the universities of Missouri, Chicago, and Southern California. He has published verse in the Southwest Review and NMQR.

"The Hunted," his second published story, is the re-creation of an actual day's experience — man hunting down nature, nature hunting down man, and man hunting down man. The Lawrencean locale is explained by his having lived a year in Taos under a grant of the Rockefeller Foundation preparing his study of The Frieda Lawrence Collection of D. H. Lawrence Manuscripts, UNM Press, 1948.

Books and Comments

T. Lucy Lockwood Hazard, Ph.D: California (Berkeley), 1917, has taught in Hawaii and traveled in Mexico and South America. Her academic career centered for many years at Mills College with visiting appointments at other institutions. A native of New Haven, Conn., she has lived most of her life in California. In 1947 she joined the Department of English, UNM. She has published verse and articles, and books such as The Frontier in American Literature (1927) and In Search of America (1930). Mrs. Hazard traces her ancestry to the New England Puritans, and has been an exponent of the values of modern American literature. The University of Redlands, her undergraduate alma mater, bestowed upon her in 1947 the "Alumni Achievement Award."


Lyle Saunders, born in Topeka, Kans., former research associate in the School of Inter-American Affairs, UNM, is at present conducting a socio-economic survey of Spanish-speaking people at the University of Texas, under a grant of the General Education Board, and will rejoin the Department of Sociology, UNM, next fall. He is the author of A Guide to Materials Bearing on Cultural Relations in New Mexico, 1944, and since 1942 has been contributing to our Quarterly "A Guide to the Literature of the Southwest."

Other reviewers are Robert Bunke, of the Indian Service; Roland F. Dickey, who published recently New Mexico Village Arts; Erna Fergusson, Albuquerque author; George Hedley, Department of Economics and Sociology, Mills College; Edwin Honig; Jay C. Knode, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, UNM; now living at Boulder, Colo.;
THE EDITOR'S CORNER

Gale W. McGee, Department of History, University of Wyoming; E. B. Mann, Albuquerque, author of seventeen western novels; Agapito Rey, Department of Spanish, Indiana University; Ruth Suckow, novelist, now living at Tucson, Arizona; and Rubén Cobos, Marion Dargan, William F. J. De Jongh, Helen Haight, Florence Hawley, Willis D. Jacobs, Miguel Jorrín, Kenneth Lash, Morton Schoenfeld, and E. W. Tedlock, Jr., all in the faculty of UNM.

Lyle Saunders and Frank L. Baird give the 29th installment of "A Guide to the Literature of the Southwest."

With this issue we are discontinuing the short reviews run under the caption "Other Reviews," in order to devote more space to short stories, poetry, essays, and longer reviews.

FIRST CONGRESS OF HISTORIANS OF MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES. The Academy of Historical Sciences of Monterrey, the American Historical Association, and the National Institute of Anthropology and History of Mexico are sponsoring the first congress of historians of Mexico and the United States to be held September 4-9 at Monterrey, Mexico. Each session will be directed by a chairman with command of English and Spanish. The sessions are: I. The Teaching of History. II. The Frontier Provinces. III. Economic Relations of Mexico and the United States. IV. Intellectual History. V. Literary History. VI. Comparative Historical Development of Land Systems, and VII. The Preservation and Organization of Historical Source Materials. There will be excursions and other entertainment, and exhibitions of the Bonampak Murals, Books on Mexican History, and United States Books on Mexico.

An inter-American cultural activity of this kind, so well planned as to scope and participants, deserves support. Information may be obtained from the Secretary General of the Congress, Dr. Carlos Pérez Maldonado, Apartado Postal 389, Monterrey (Nuevo León), México.

NECROLOGY. Father John Montgomery Cooper (1881-1949), professor of anthropology at the Catholic University of America and visiting professor at UNM during the first semester of 1948-49, died on May 23. Perhaps his last printed writing was the review he did for us in our last issue. He had promised to write for the Quarterly an essay on "Indian Drinking (Lay and Religious)." Dr. Cooper was a man of extraordinary personal charm, keen intelligence, and genuine scholarship.

TAOS JOURNALISM. Taos, up in the mountains of northern New Mexico, with its artistic tradition, is perhaps the small town best served by newspapers in the United States. The weekly El Crepusculo, a descendant of El Taoseño, founded in 1835 by Father Martínez, is ably edited by Spud John-
son, a veteran journalist who has been associated with many publishing ventures in New Mexico and elsewhere. Last October another weekly was launched, Taos Star, under the editorship of Charles du Tant, also an experienced newspaperman. Taos Star is a first-rate publication in its field, intrinsically and extrinsically. It deals with local topics with sharpness and respectful appreciation. It has strong views, and aims to make opinion; it is a good job of physical makeup in distribution of features and attractive layouts; it dignifies photography when illustrating personal stories or reproducing works of art or pictures of the customs, types and scenery of the region. At the last annual convention of the New Mexico Press Association, the new weekly, barely three months old, won three first awards for best editorial, best newsphotograph, and best weekly display ad, and a second award for best feature photograph. At the National Editorial Association meeting in Salt Lake City, June 4, Taos Star scored again in the Better Newspapers Contests with prizes for best editorial writing, first in typographical excellence, and honorable mention for superior use of photographs. Both Taos weeklies El Crepúsculo and Taos Star carry Spanish language sections.

COTTONWOOD PRESS. The Quarterly notices the first publication just out of the Cottonwood Press, The Strange Little Man in the Chili-Red Pants, in a limited edition of 1,000 numbered copies ($2.00). It is a fine little book written by Bill Wallrich, illustrated by his wife, the former Mary Helen Grah, and carefully printed by them in their “home” press at Fort Garland, Colo. (P. O. Box 151). Another book Saints in the Kitchen is announced for early appearance. Their approach to folklore is refreshing. Spanish and Indian traditional stories selected for their significance in revealing psychological traits of the people, are retold in modern, appealing fashion. We wish the Wallrichs well in their first publishing venture.

VERDE VALLEY SCHOOL. Something a little unusual in education has happened in the Southwest with the opening last fall of the Verde Valley School, at Sedonia, Ariz., a non-profit college preparatory school founded by Hamilton Warren. Six years of practical training in world citizenship are combined with the required pre-college curriculum. Monthly field trips to the neighboring countryside, communities and Indian reservations, and Mexico (2,000 miles yearly) give boys and girls firsthand insight into such problems as basic human relations, intercultural understanding, and democratic government in action.

In accepting his appointment as trustee, Dr. Robert Ulrich of the Harvard’s Graduate School of Education said: “Verde Valley School has initiated a challenging plan to develop in children an awareness of the interdependence of all nations and a
realization that people must learn to co-operate or face the annihilation of civilization."

Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn, another trustee, Professor of Anthropology and Director of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University, stated on offering a $500 scholarship to help make it possible for an American Indian student to attend the School: "Verde Valley is using the basic principles of anthropology to educate high school students in sound human relations at the local, national, and international level. This program is 'anthropology in action' because it stresses that all human beings are products of their cultures and that no one group is superior in all points to any other."

The School has made available its facilities for a seven-week International Service Seminar, July 1 to August 19, sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, to be attended by students from 15 countries.

**Literary Albuquerque**. In an article by Howard Bryan in the Albuquerque Tribune, February 10, 1949, he quotes James P. Threlkeld, owner of the New Mexico Book Store, as saying that there may be as many as one hundred professional writers living in, and around Albuquerque, perhaps proportionally more than in any city of its size in the United States. Mr. Threlkeld explains the phenomenon by the nature of our land, its scenery, history, etc.; healthy climate conducive to relaxation; and the existence of two important publishing outlets in the University of New Mexico Press and the Merle Armitage Editions.

**Goethe Bicentennial Convocation and Music Festival.** Aspen, Colo. will be the scene from June 27 to July 16, of one of the most lush sequences of cultural events ever staged in the Rocky Mountain region: speakers drawn from the United States, Canada, Europe, Asia, and Africa: the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and numerous musical and vocal soloists; a Slalom Ski Race and a Pot Luck Rodeo; a piece of mountain landscape to add the proverbial gaspings at Nature to other gaspings produced by artistry. Praise is due to the substantial citizens who have sponsored the International Convocation and Music Festival.

What else? To say, not in a carp­ing but in a sober spirit, a few things that need be said in order to discharge our American consciences.
To say that Latin America should have been given at least a single voice to pay homage to the "world citizen, philosopher, poet." The Latin American republics, which are offshoots of western civilization, might have added a note of reverberant future. There are south of the Rio Grande men of letters who have read Goethe very intelligently indeed.

To say, also, that the auditorium facilities are inadequate; that the "package" prices and the "non-package" ones as well, are too high: that Goethe, one of the true humanists of all times, would have liked much better than "Diamond Horseshoe" audiences to have been honored by masses of people coming, some with only pennies in their pockets, others with well-lined purses, but come all who would have wanted to come. The artists and intellectuals who are participating, I am sure, would also have preferred to be acclaimed by a representative body of Americans—thousands and thousands of poor teachers, poor writers, poor artists (a whole class in themselves), children and youths, common folk—Americans exposing themselves to high manifestations of arts and letters which, at times, have the virtue to contaminate. Who knows? Radio sponsors might have been willing to pay the freight and help the contamination, perhaps by devising some clever way of putting over this particular kind of "give-away" program. Surely the newspapers, magazines, and other organs of publicity would have given much free space, and the schools and churches and other non-utilitarian tribunes might have called the faithful to a pilgrimage meant to pay respect to a clear, liberal mind in these times of general obfuscation. Yes, a huge peregrination of people, just people (our best claim to world category), to an American spot to make it vibrant with the ideas of Goethe, would have been more in consonance with the democratic spirit of this country.

There is plenty of room in these United States, there is ingenuity to build large temporary stadiums, and science is advanced enough to make sounds audible at long distances. To display rich intellectual food with such pretensions of civil service before palates unable to taste it because of lack of the price of the check is little short of cruelty. Much of the best audience for the Convocation—those rich in spirit though poor in material means—has been shut off. As it is, one feels that a great opportunity has been lost through short-sighted promotion and the usual confusion between luxury and value.

Here in UNM we did celebrate too, very modestly, the Goethe Bicentennial on March 9, 10, and 11. Two elderly professors who love Goethe (one invited from a Pacific Coast institution) discussed his life and works; poetry, and dialogues from Faust were recited, and musical selections from Beethoven, Mozart, Liszt, Schubert, and Brahms were rendered by faculty and student vocalists and musicians. The three sessions were simple, reverent, well...
attended. There was no admission charge, in spite of the fact that somebody somehow had to pay the small expenses.

REGIONALISM. Some readers tell us that the Spring issue placed too much emphasis on the region. Others will tell us that the present issue is not regional enough. It might be well to restate our position. We would like to strike a 50-50 balance between contents of universal and regional interest, but let it be well understood that our conception of "regional" partakes of universality too. Quoting from our "Editorial Statement" in the Winter 1948 issue of the Quarterly: "A region cannot be conceived of as a unit, isolated from the rest of the nation and the world. . . . Universality is found when we sink our feet in the soil around us and see our locale, our microcosm, as a mirror reflecting the light of the whole and also as a beacon casting its lights on the whole. It is in its global significance that the region realizes its larger meaning. We invite contributions upon any subject . . . that is constructive to better national and international life. It is those regional values that have a national and a universal application that we wish to emphasize—not the provincial, picturesque, and banal. . . . We want a literary-cultural review that will communicate to a maximum degree universal inflexions and meanings. . . ."
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