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New Mexico Quarterly

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by Victor H. Regener

DEATH IN AFRICA
a study of culture patterns
by Margot Astrov

THE DANCER AND THE DANCE
a story by Joel Nugent

SALAMI FOR SUNDAY
a story by Lawrence Sturhahn

A GALLERY OF MODERN VERSE
George Abbe, John S. Berry, Edward Dorn,
Thomas J. Carlisle, Barbara FitzGerald
Richard A. George, Edwin Honig, Sister Mary Honora,
Ernest Kroll, John Nist, Elizabeth Shafer,
D. M. Pettinella, Charles Tomlinson

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DEATH is the supreme frustration of man. The certainty of mortality seems forever to be thwarting his most basic expectation, life unending.

Each frustration is a challenge; and each challenge demands answer, if not combat. Death is an ever-present threat which must be undone for survival's sake.

As cultures differ from group to group, so differ the patterns by which men have tried, and still do try, to answer death. With some groups, mere verbalization of fear or of grief seems to provide the necessary curative response; with others death is answered by making it subservient to life through the tool, the lasting word, the monument of art; and again with others death is tried to be undone by integrating it closely into the social and economic organization of the living.

The history of the cultural achievements of man, viewed from the angle of the expectation of death, is an impressive spectacle indeed. For the deadly sting of death has often become the mere shock that precedes birth rather than the finality of death.

In no culture has death ever been attempted to be overcome by one single "formula." Patterns of response and defense intermingle; strategies of combat seem to be fluid. And yet, one or two themes of response usually stand out, determining in tone, color and emphasis all other themes.

Variegated as the many cultures of Africa may be, from the Sahel to the Cape, from Coast to Coast, and from the jungle of the Congo to the rolling plains of the Veldt, we shall recognize easily the recurring echoes of the dominating leitmotif that seem to run through all the culture. Practical-minded as are all the people we may encounter the length and the width of the continent, they all seem to have harnessed death and transformed its rod into a practical instrument, useful to the living. They have made a tool out of death without which the hunter could not quarry his game or the farmer till his acres or the husbandman tend to his cattle. Without death, to most of these groups, the social organization of the community would fall apart,
law would lose its binding power, business would slump and deity collapse.

Death, in other words, is the fertilizing and organizing principle that, in many ways, controls and directs life. The living live and toil to serve the dead so that the dead, in turn, may serve the living. This is the dominating theme that runs through most of the African cultures, regardless of tribal and linguistic differences.

Physiologists have defined life as the totality of functions that resist death. This definition has been criticized by those who consider it misleading to define life in relation to death. But we think it to be justified to go even a step further and to circumscribe life as all those processes which aim at integrating death and at making it a very function of life.

The aborigine of Africa, according to Junod, has no verbal expression that would clearly define the concept of infinity. To the Thonga it is merely that “which does not reach the point where it ends.”

With most of the Bantu-speaking tribes it is believed that as soon as a person dies the departed will become a god, for he has entered the realm of the infinite. And the “infinite” is all around us; consequently the dead are all around us always. For those who have met death, there is no longer such a thing as distance, impenetrability or limitation of space. The infinite is also the unknown. And since the unknown looms in the life of the natives in frightful proportions, the living could not exist without the constant guidance of the dead who are familiar with all the roads and trails that lead through the jungle of the unknown.

The native of Africa conceives of the power of death as a diffused form of energy that permeates every material thing, that floats around hut and corral, that hums in bush and tree, that gives meaning to shadow, reflection and dream.

These ubiquitous energies, made up of all the souls of the dead, are also thought of as being concentrated in the supreme deity.

The highest god of the Bushongo (Bantu) is but the sum of all the spirit, so is Bumba of the Bambala.

Death does not discontinue but rather upholds continuity. The supreme deity, as the native of Africa experiences it, is but a center of energy in which all the streams of souls are gathered up and transformed. They vaguely personalize these centers and call them Mulungu or Bamba or Leza. We may call it Mneme.
It is one of the tenets of biology that the human being, as well as all living organisms, may exist only by receiving, transforming, and releasing the energy of the cosmos, that is, the energy embedded in our entire past. And what is our past but the experiences of the dead who form an endless file back to the beginning of all things? The law of the conservation of energy is a living law, and the phenomenon of metabolism seems to be reflected in the attitude of many peoples toward death. Destructive processes have to join constructive forces, and vice versa, to provide the energy for the activities of growth and renewal.

The belief that the dead are very much alive and indispensable to the promotion of life is shared by almost all tribes inhabiting the continent.

The Pygmies, hunters of the Congo, have played another variation upon the theme of death and life. They scorn the idea of any form of personal immortality. They accept death as the irrevocable end. Unlike the surrounding Bantu tribes, with whom they live in an economic symbiosis, they have not developed a ritualized relationship with the individual ancestor. But their faith in the indestructability of life as such is firm and ever present. Man passes never to return. After the night, the day; after the tree, another tree; after one cloud, another cloud; after one man, another man—he will say and shrug his shoulder.

Death is inevitable, but life never dies. This is the underlying idea of all the dances and mimetic rituals of the Pygmies. Trilles, the French ethnologist, made an interesting study of the Bambuti Pygmies, and he gave us a vivid description of one of these dramatic performances. In its course, the natives of the jungles enact with great skill, Trilles says, the endless succession of decay and renewal. While a dancer mimics the dying of an animal, or the falling of a tree, or the coming of the night, the chorus chants:

O Sun, O Sun!
Death comes, the end is near,
The tree falls and dies.
O Sun, O Sun!
The child is born in the womb of his mother,
The dead lives,
    Man lives,
    The Sun lives.

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Contradiction is a sign of life, Thibon once said. And so is paradox. If life cannot be reduced to a clear-cut formula, so death cannot be explained without leaving room for ambivalence. As life never will be quite understood, so will death always remain a mystery of separation—and the supreme frustration. In faith, in ritual and in symbol, we may have accepted death as the ultimate maker of life. Yet there may be sorrow and pain unbearable at the time of actual death. Verbalization is an ancient means of overcoming pain and sorrow. The keening, the formal lament, the dirge are verbal means—if highly patterned ones—to localize and to remove the pain of separation.

Among many of the African tribes we find poetic masterpieces of the mourning-song, verbal classics, and it is difficult to understand why the African dirge is so little known abroad and has not yet found its way into the great anthologies of poetry.

There is no return; there is no resurrection. Once death has struck, the individual will sink back into the dark night, even though the strength that was his life will not perish. It is for this reason that the mourning of the African native can be so passionate, his despair so profound, his lament so desperate. The wailing melodies of the dirge never cease to ring across veldt and steppe in shrill cries of desolation, to rise above jungle and forest in dismal voices of violent protest.

The Ewe, a Negro people of the West Coast, hunters and farmers, and outstanding in the arts of carving, basketry, weaving, and pottery-making, entertain the belief that the souls of the departed warriors live on in the sun. They also share the belief of other tribes living in that area that the life-essence of a deceased person can be captured in his stool. But the concept of personal immortality has no appeal to them. Their pessimistic, and yet stoic, disposition found a moving expression in one of their dirges:

MARGOT ASTROV
The realm of the dead is a large city.
Kings traveled there,
And they never returned.
Stop crying, O mother of an only child!
Mother of an only child, cease crying.
Never yet an only child
Has been born to be immortal.
The world of the dead is a large city;
Kings traveled there,
And they never returned,
Therefore, stop weeping, O mother ...

It appears to be part of the instinctual endowment of man to expand himself not only into the future, beyond death, but also back into the past, where death was not yet. This may be perhaps the reason we find so often the contemplation of death linked to the contemplation of the beginning, to creation.

Thus the Fang, a tribe living in the jungle of the Congo, in narrating the myth of creation, punctuate the story of the beginning with Songs of Mourning, heartrending outcries of sheer despair:

Cold and death, death and cold,
I would close my ears,
Cold and death, death and cold,
Misery, O my mother, misery.

And another outbreak:

The star above,
The fire below,
The embers on the hearth,
The soul in the eye,
Cloud, smoke, and death.

The body—Gnoul—is bound to die and to perish. But the soul, Nsissim, will live on in the fire of the funeral pyre, from which the people will take brands home and kindle anew their hearth fires. And in the glow of the hearth the soul of the departed will live on, a blessing to the living. Fire, with the Fang, is, as with other tribes, the symbol of life undying. And in another dirge the thought of death creating life in its smoking trail reaches an almost abstract level, for fire is conceived as the seat of life, but also as a purifying agency.
Fire, fire, fire,
From the hearth below,
From the hearth on high,
Light that shines in the moon,
Light that shines in the sun,
Star that gleams at night . . .
Spirit of the thunder . . .
Fire of the sun,
I call thee for expiation, fire, o, fire!
Fire that passes,
And all things die behind thy track . . .
The trees are burned, ashes upon ashes,
The grass grows, the plants bring forth fruits,
Fire, I call upon thee;
Fire of expiation.

Life and death are mutually in need of each other. The fire passes, and
death follows its smouldering trail. The fire passes again, and out of the
ashes the green grass grows, and new roots strike into the fertile ground of
destruction.

As the Fang, so are the Mountain Dama—a vanishing tribe of Southwest
Africa—convinced of constantly being surrounded by the invisible armies of
the dead. Like clouds, the souls of the departed are hovering about them, and
they feel their guiding or retarding presences wherever their hunting and
agricultural activities lead them. The Dama, likewise, consider the fire as the
source and the preserver of all life; it is their altar, their place of sacrifice; it
also represents their conscience, for it is the voices of the departed that become
audible in the crackling of the burning wood.

This mountain tribe believed in an after-life and in a “Paradise,” where
death was unknown. Gamamb, the creator, was believed to preside over the
realms both of the dead and of the living. He was considered very powerful
but not all-benign, because he created not only life and good medicine, but
also bad medicine and death.

The mourning ceremonies of the Dama were elaborate, and the funeral
song with them was a highly developed art which showed a tendency toward
drama. Vedder, in his classic on the Mountain Dama, has provided us with
a fine description of one of their death-rituals.

The precentor, says Vedder, opens the mourning ceremony by heartrend-
ing wails, followed by brief exclamations of sorrow and despair, uttered in a high monotone pitch. Whereupon the chorus of mourners responds by relating the biography of the deceased. And by describing the past life in such exuberant colors the mourners endeavor to entice the dead to arise and to return to this life so beautiful. Seeing their hopes thwarted, the grief-stricken relatives and friends change the tenor of their chant. From the tone of gentle persuasion, they lift their voices up to a violent clamor of self-accusations, urging the scorpion, the snake, and all the dead of the past, to fall upon the living and make an end with them all, for life is no more worth living.

The following dirge\(^6\) may stand as one example for the highly patterned mourning songs of the Dama:

The desperate wife addresses her departed husband:

Listen, hunter, elephants passed by the wharf!
You, who never missed an arrow-shot,
Don’t you see the men take up their bows?
Do you wish to stay back alone?
Arise, my husband, arise
And follow the hunters . . .
And carry home the game,
That the fire of the hearth may burn again!
But, alas! you do not hear my words!
Death may take me, for I wish to die . . .
A weeping woman am I.

After having invoked the snake to kill her, she once more implores her husband to return and to rekindle the dying embers of the hearth:

Many roads you walked,
And you always returned.
But on walking this one road
You became silent . . .
You are slumbering upon extinguished embers.
Man, arise! and kindle the fire
That the child may drink
While the fire lightens the hut . . .
Come,
And tell me of those things
You beheld in the darkness.

DEATH IN AFRICA
The biographical moment is even more conspicuous in other funeral songs of the Dama as well as of other African tribes. To relate an event that has happened means to rise above time and death. The transient has become permanent through the word. The word will never perish. And not only that. It is by the word that man often has taken the sting out of death. Or at least the hurt out of the sting. And thus it is that the dirge not only expresses sorrow or despair but heals sorrow and despair. As all high literature should.

The center of gravity around which the social organizations of the Dahomeans (West Coast) revolve is the cult of their ancestors. The continuance of life in general, and of family and sib in particular, is warranted only when the dead are ceremonially remembered at the proper time and the proper place. And the dead are thought of not only in strictly patterned rite and dirge but in all the activities of everyday life. The architectural set-up of the Dahomean village is another expression of the native's attitude toward the dead. No compound is complete without a temple-like structure where the ancestral spirits are believed to abide and where they are worshipped and cared for. And death has been made the cornerstone among these people not because they are enamored with death, but for reasons of security and because they love life and the very real joys of this earth.
The climax of the ceremonial year is reached by the performance of the ancestral dances from March until early May. During these rites the ancestors are believed to be reincarnated in the dancers. To the “primitive” mind nothing is simple, but everything is ambivalent and complex. One and the same ceremony may serve two purposes. It may be staged, on the one side, to speed the deceased on his journey and to separate him safely from the living; and on the other side, to keep him in a beneficial relationship with the community of the living.

A sequence of songs, chanted by the priest in charge of the great annual ceremony for the dead, reveals plainly this twofold relationship of the quick to the dead. In these songs which terminate the last section of the rite, the priest imparts his injunctions to the spirits, who are about to return to the place where the souls abide. In the first song, the chief chanter explains that it is the duty of the dead to aid the living in the difficult task of being alive. But in the next song, the priest asks the departed to visit the compound only if summoned. Furthermore, they are reminded to take along only what is rightfully theirs, “to take away with them the songs, but not the voices of the singers; to take the drum-rhythms, but not the hands of the drummers.” In the final song, Dombada Hwedo, the deity which is made up of the souls of all the unknown dead, is implored to increase the power of the priest favorably.

The Dahomean ceremony of the ancestral dances, as observed and described by Melville J. Herskovits, clearly is designed to balance the power radiated by the dead. And since all power may be good medicine and at the same time bad medicine, it has to be directed and to be dosed carefully by way of ceremonial.

Furthermore, these rites are meant to “establish” not only the dead but also the living. The dead have to get adjusted to their new environment and their new tasks; the living, having been in contact with death, have to be purified and balanced back into life. To achieve this, the “power,” released by death, has to be put under control and distributed appropriately. But the soul, and all that goes with it—the unknown, the dark, the invisible—is as complex and dangerous as the jungle. It needs elaborate attention, proper treatment and even ritual compulsion and guidance. But even control must be controlled. Thus, the ceremony of mourning provides the stricken community with the necessary emotional outlet by way of the dirge.
Among the people of Dahomey the "friend" occupies a socially important position, in fact, the art of friendship, within this culture, has developed almost into an institution. It is the friend who laments the death of the friend. And the friend sings:

My friend is dead.
Would that my friend were still in life,
Would that something might be found
To bring my friend back to life.

The group of mourners responds:

Behold what death has done!
What death has done to a family.
Friend and friend were united,
The death of one leaves the other in grief.

The friend and all the other mourners sing together:

I went to drink with my friend,
And I did not find him.
O death! thou killest without trial....

The friend, while covering the body of the dead with a piece of cloth, sings:

Death, thou spoilest the good things....
A great thing has all at once become small.

The sting of death does sting. And as in anger and defiance, the priest rises during the final ceremonies, admonishing the people to forget about the bitterness of death and to enjoy life as long as they may. Eat while you can eat, drink while you can drink:

I see it,
There is no enjoying beyond death,
And I say to you all, I say,
That which your senses taste of life
Goes with you.
I say to you, say,
The pipes you smoke,
The quiet they bring,
Goes with you.

I say to you, say,
The wives you have,
The love you know of them,
Goes with you.

Come then,
Dance,
For a lover of pleasure,
Now dead.

After the burial has taken place, the mourners, we are told, are permitted to abandon all restraint. At the rim of the grave tales are told of frank sexual innuendo. And while the sorrowful strains of the dirges still seem to echo through the forests, the challenging tunes of erotic songs flare up and mingle with those of mourning and despair.

The Dahomeans stand not alone in their practice of linking ceremonies of mourning with rites of procreation. Junod encountered this custom among the Ba-Ronga, and it also has been observed among the Ila-speaking people of Northern Rhodesia.

E. W. Smith, in speaking of the Ba-ila, advances the theory that, while in normal times the abnormal is tabu, in abnormal times—that is when the secret and nocturnal forces are powerfully in evidence—the “abnormal” things are done to restore the normal conditions. This appears to be a very plausible interpretation.

But are rites of fertility, performed in the face of death, really abnormal? These rites might be considered crude, but interpreted in the terms of the culture in which they are observed, they are not. The observance of procreational rites at the rim of a grave seems to present but one of the many variations rung on this world-wide theme of death the maker of life renewed.

Similarly, the Afahye ceremony held by the Ashanti of the West Coast in connection with the solemn eating of the first new yams, is closely linked up with the veneration of the dead. It is a distinct New Year’s celebration, performed toward the end of October. The ceremony is inaugurated by a
libation offered to the Stools which are believed to be the receptacles of the ancestral spirits. And after the Stools have been taken to the river, the following prayer is addressed to the dead:

```
Life to me;
Life to the chief ... 
Life to the bearers of children;
Life to the hunters.
May they be able to kill meat;
May the men beget children;
Do not let any bad sickness come.
We are giving you new yams.
That you may eat.
```

The intimate symbiosis of processes pertaining to death with those of growth and general fecundity is the very soil out of which many of the African concepts of the supreme being have developed. To give but one example: Leza, the high god of the Ila-speaking people, once came to the conclusion, myth has it, that he, as the creator of death, ought to be subject to death himself. Thus, he surrendered to the powers of death each year once. When the rains begin to fall he will die. He will descend with the clouds, for he is the rain himself. And, in dying, he will fructify the earth. But with the unfolding verdure, the god will be reborn, and he will ascend—a new creation—up to the celestial precincts of his remote domain: death the maker of life.

Love while a gentle sort of trap, is an infinitely ornate and delicate affair, a maze of concentric circles, where one goes from chamber to chamber without ever being aware that the one he has just passed out of has been locked away from him forever. But looking backward one can often detect the very moment, and the very place, when a particular door closed quietly behind him.

The first room was the one we entered when we first began to find that boys' society didn't totally satisfy. We didn't have anything against boys (still don't, as a matter of fact)—indeed found them a great deal more ingenious and daring than girls. Around boys there was always excitement: with boys one short-circuited the housemother's toaster, or went out with some bootleggers to import a load of whiskey, or drove all night to Pecos just to play pool, and while the experience was booming along one felt that this was really living. It was only when, red-eyed and tousled, one returned to the dormitory room that the old black ennui settled down again.

And contrariwise one found very little in the girls' way of living that was endurable for a second. All that girls ever did was talk. Life to them was a vast conversation-piece that one stitched away at all through the day. Like a dialogue from a Jane Austen novel their talk was grave, common-sensical, and touched with acid; and we could no more get a girl to drive to Pecos to play pool than we could get her to do another thing that frequently popped into our thoughts. No, all the girls wanted to do was sit around and play their little game of oracular chess.

So that's why it was all a paradox when we suddenly began to want to be with girls—or, to state it more exactly—when we didn't always want to be with boys. For trips to Pecos or tricks on the housemother were infrequent, and while we played tennis or baseball in the intervals, to siphon off part
of the ebullience, there began to arrive that moment, regularly at the end of the day, when going out with the fellows was hardly more exciting than staying home with the biology text. Or when, having gone out with them, one found the whole evening a sort of neutral waste, and half the time one ended up quarreling with somebody, getting into a fight, or—more likely this—going out and looking for girls.

The first year or two after we started dating, all we wanted was a sort of mechanized group hysteria. To be together in a car, packed hip to hip with so many couples that the springs sagged, bowling along past the cottonfields late at night—one such evening could flavor several subsequent weeks of loneliness. Mere group consanguinity was enough. If we could ever corner enough people at one time, and if the night was fine and nobody was mad—there was nothing else we could ask for. The wit and laughter took care of itself, and while sooner or later there was always a bit of catch-as-catch-can, there were usually too many bodies in the back seat to allow any real success. There might be an awkward, half-hit of a kiss, but it was usually followed by screams and giggling, and could no more be compared with love’s true talisman than a game of marbles can with international diplomacy.

But during this first season of let’s-be-with-everybody the trapdoors were silently on the move. For one thing, there soon arose the problem of whom one should be with. At first it didn’t particularly matter—one girl was about as good as another, and often we mortified our mothers by telephoning down a list, rather like an encyclopedia salesman, not at all disheartened when Jewel refused us, and even while the amenities were being conducted rifling through the book to find Helen’s number.

But we began to learn that free-lancing in love has its drawbacks, chiefly man’s adhesive nature. Love, we found, resembled a game of musical chairs, and unless one were careful he found that he was dancing so hard when the music stopped that he had no place to sit down. So circumspection taught us foresight, taught us to call Jewel early, before somebody else got around to her. And as sequel to that discovery (one of the doors clanged quietly to behind us), we discovered that, since catch-as-catch-can meant that occasionally we ended up with no catch at all, things were more secure if we removed Jewel, or Helen, or Marie, from the communal plot and staked her out for our own.

So there followed several years during which we went from one girl to
another, driven about more by the winds of convenience than by those of desire.

The first girl I remember staking out a claim on was Pearl. It’s odd how memory catches the past—it’s always a still picture, never a movie—and I always remember Pearl in a red knit dress in one of the more abandoned poses struck from the middle of a rhumba. I had tried for Jewel, as I remember, for Jewel, a small, good-natured, easy-laughing girl, was the one we all called up first; but Jewel had been snared by someone else, and Pearl’s name being next in the datebook, I spent several tempestuous memory-years doing the rhumba with her. Perhaps because of Pearl I’ve always had mixed emotions about knit dresses. It seems to me that they have the reputation of being voluptuous but are chiefly, in practice, bulbous, with a certain flavor of home-cooking about them; and as Pearl did the rhumba the yarn stretched and contracted, yielded and flexed, and couples passing on the dance floor registered a sort of flare in their eyes at the sight.

I wasn’t, as I remember, very good at the rhumba, but Pearl had what we all called “lots of spizzerinktum,” which meant that on the dance floor she went her way and I rocked along somewhere within her orbit. Pearl had a good time. The moment the band started up, Pearl did too. She began hiccuping her way out onto the floor while everybody else sat entranced. Pearl’s rhumba was like a mechanical toy I once had as a child—a marvelous affair of springs and wheels that curled itself up rhythmically, drew itself up into a ball and then sprang up and out, clicking and purring away, and started to draw itself into a ball again for another revolution. Similarly Pearl started off making herself compact—head down, arms in, legs close together; then as the music ticked away toward an explosion Pearl did too; and at the moment of detonation the drum exploded and so did Pearl: everything flew upward and out, while at the next moment Pearl began rhythmically and cooingly to draw everything back together again, to have things in order for the next firing. As I say, I moved along in the slipstream somewhere, often matching her movements vaguely, especially at the moment of crisis, but otherwise providing a sort of neutral accompaniment.

But of course, once I really peer into my memory, I see more of Pearl than a knit-dress and the rhumba. We had an awfully good time together. Pearl was known for being a girl with whom one had a good time, and while I don’t remember a thing she ever said nor, off the dance-floor, a thing she ever
did, Pearl was credited among us with great originality and as far as I know nobody ever tried to draw on the account. I do remember that Pearl had an interesting eyebrow. One of her eyebrows was retractable: it could go up, for a quizzical look, down, for a challenging look, or snake itself into an S-curve, for a problematical look; and a witty remark by anyone in the car usually sent it off on its little tour. It was a well-shaped eyebrow, and Pearl made the most of it by being the first girl in our crowd to use eyebrow pencil and mascara, and consequently I was the first boy in our crowd to come home with black on his collar instead of red.

So I spent several memory-years with Pearl. Memory-years are different from calendar-years, and I discovered in an old letter the other day that Pearl and I had gone together only a couple of months when (another of Pearl’s firsts) she suddenly had to get married, and an attendant at the Conoco station turned out to be bridegroom. So I found myself back in the dating market, wearily trudging from stall to stall.

At the time I was abandoned by Pearl the event didn’t have any especial significance. If she had to get married that was her business, though I remember thinking ruefully that if I had known what was in the offing, Pearl and I wouldn’t have spent quite so much time on the dance-floor. At any rate finding myself alone again wasn’t particularly heartbreaking, and I didn’t even realize (what I realize now) that going with Pearl was but one part of a total pattern I was to trace out for several years.

This pattern was to be the Search for One Particular Girl, and though I didn’t know it at the time, Pearl cut away one of the edges, and narrowed down the total area to be searched. Experience has that negative virtue, that while it can’t teach the things that should be done it can exhaust those that shouldn’t; and my brief flight with Pearl taught me that out of all the potential dates on earth, I would never again choose one in a red knit dress, or one that loved to do the rhumba, or one that had a retractable eyebrow.

IN ITS SWING from side to side, the pendulum always passed through the norm, which was Jewel, and for a couple of weeks or so after Pearl foreclosed on the Conoco attendant I dated Jewel. I don’t remember much about the interval. Jewel and I had a good time together; she was the pattern against which all the other girls were held, and perhaps for that very reason those few dates have fled from memory. She was fun to be with (but not for Pearl’s
reasons), and often we left the crowd to go out and date alone. Our dates were happy, relaxed affairs, and I would no doubt have kept on, but hardly had we started when Jewel's own love-life hit a rapids, and through no fault of my own I was left again. I was pretty well in the dark about what was going on, and discovered only in later years that my best friend had proposed to her, and while not accepting the proposal she had at least agreed to go steady. So Jewel dropped away and the pendulum continued on its swing carrying me to the other extreme from Pearl, to Minnie Marie and her sweetness and light.

Since Pearl had exhausted my taste for the vigorous, all-out-for-the-beach type, I found rest and solace in Minnie Marie (such names are common in Texas), for Minnie Marie was gentleness and ladylikeness and softness, and made one think of cottages with primroses beside the path, or boxes of chocolate all gussied up in pastel and silk. In the first place, Minnie Marie had the reputation among us of being beautiful. She wore soft things, dainty things, white-and-pink things; things that flared around the collar or flared out around the wrist, and often one turned around to find Minnie Marie looking exactly like a valentine. Those were the moments we cherished, the gifts (like Pearl's eyebrow) for which Minnie Marie was known; and at such times we moved about the dance-floor pointing it out to each other. "Look at Minnie Marie. Isn't she a picture?" Then we'd all hover together and look, much as if we were at a window admiring the sunset. These epiphanies tended to come at odd moments, in the half-light of a door or in the oblique shadows of a half-darkened cafe, but they were somehow more scintillating for their unpredictability. Whenever we actually scheduled a showing of Minnie Marie, she looked just like everybody else.

For oddly enough Minnie Marie wasn't particularly good-looking. She had the slightest hint of buck-teeth, and during much of our dating had trouble with her complexion. So it happened more than once that she was dressed like a heroine from a Civil-War romance, and came into the car like a breath of lilac on a spring night, but then as we drove off down the road we had the disquietening suspicion that she had a pimple just beside her nose. In retrospect I sometimes feel that Minnie Marie's beauty was given her by her audience. Like certain movie queens or popular singers she was a creation of her admirers, and sometimes the creating took a good-deal of single-mindedness. One had to catch her, for one thing, with her mouth closed, and in a

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particular crossfire of light and shadow that masked her pimple and revealed her cheekline. For the line of her cheek, we all agreed, was superb. Again, it too had to be caught only at transient moments: if one stood too close the buckteeth came into view, and if he stood too far all he saw was her ear, and Minnie Marie’s ear (if one looked closely enough) had a delicate brushwork of hair all along the upper conch.

Of course certain types of beauty, like certain types of clothes, fabricate the being beneath. With her looks Minnie Marie had to be soft, pliant, and demure, and there was nothing conflicting in the total syndrome for her to seem the least bit stupid. I have no reason to think that she was any less bright than the other girls, but just as one wouldn’t expect rock-'n-roll in a rose-covered cottage, or curry in a box of chocolates, her creamy exterior predisposed her to a rather bland inner being. She always reminds me of the girl in Fitzgerald’s story whose chief conversational opening is the observation that it gets hotter in St. Paul than it does in Eau Claire. Actually I don’t remember talking to Minnie Marie at all; memory (no doubt a liar here) tells me she simply sat by my side looking pretty, or potentially so, though a friend of mine says she always started off the evening telling us what kind of weather we were having, and never omitted, on getting out when the date was ended, thanking everybody for such a marvelous time.

I remember being proud of Minnie Marie, especially when the little thrill of beauty arrived; but at the same time I found a certain draughtiness in our courtship. For one thing we had nothing to say to each other. I always knew what the weather was, and, moreover, was at the age where whatever went on outside the car was irrelevant. Generally this fact—that in Minnie Marie I had drawn a conversational blank—didn’t matter, since I would never have thought about going out with her alone; but during the time I went with her there were a few mishaps (the other couple failed to show, one evening) that forced on me several hours of Minnie Marie alone, and even if I managed to catch a moment of the full glory of her cheekline at its most breathtaking, the thrill was followed by whole stretches of unsweetened boredom.

Another drawback to Minnie Marie: no sex. There had been no sex with Pearl either, at least for me—she was much too active—but as the memory-years passed by, sex began to drum more loudly in our ears. Or, to be more truthful, the boys in our group were beginning to long for an occasional kiss and a squeeze or two, which was about all we could hope for with the girls
we took out—though apparently some of the other boys (the Conoco attendant, to pick an example) had reached a learning plateau the rest of us didn’t as yet suspect. But even the mildly wicked delights of a kiss or a squeeze were impossible with Minnie Marie. As a matter of fact I think I did kiss her once, partly out of desperation and partly out of boredom, but unlike the prince in the story the kiss didn’t bring her to life. Her kiss, like her conversation, was smooth, cool, bland and antiseptic; there was none of the tarry lipsticked messes that I got into with other girls later.

So while I’ve always agreed that a thing of beauty is a joy forever, in practice I dropped Minnie Marie after a couple of months too, and went back to Jewel. My, it was just like old home week. We had a tremendous time. Jewel looked pretty nice too, and one didn’t have to squint the eyes or tamper with the lighting to bring out the effect; Jewel’s was just a sort of pleasant-looking prettiness, not a rich enough heritage to warrant her investing a lot of time and effort on it. Jewel was having a temporary break-up with Carl, the boy who had proposed to her, and I think part of the fun was that both of us felt that we were playing hookey. We even tried a bit of necking, and I at least found it very agreeable; but within a couple of weeks Carl came back contrite and swept her away again. So I got out the address book, sat down by the telephone, and started off the next chapter, this time with Marguerite.

IT MIGHT BE SUITABLE here to add a little warning about what might seem to be ego. As a matter of fact I had no looks to speak of, and in conversation and general musk didn’t stand out from the crowd. But I’ve always found it a sign of the general benevolence of the universe that love is equally available at all levels, from the penthouse to the bargain-basement. Sometimes I see love as an ocean containing (if the ladies will forgive a rather predatory figure) countless varieties of gaudily colored male fish swimming past countless varieties of gaudily colored female anemones. And while the biggest and brightest fish can be caught only by the most brilliant and highly enameled anemones, there are enough of the smaller, paler flowers paving the ocean floor to make the progress of the rest of us an exciting and dangerous affair. Occasionally ambition made me try for one of the larger specimens, but I always got so mauled in the process that I soon fled back to my own stratum. And (another evidence that in some ways the universe sheathes its claws) somehow the range and angle of my eyes became adjusted so that only my

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own stratum mattered, and while I saw and admired the great big beautiful flowers I ignored them just as, even if I wandered inadvertently into the reach of their tentacles, they ignored me.

I’ve mentioned before that sex was crescendo, all during my caprices with Pearl and Minnie Marie, and while I certainly didn’t go out and choose Marguerite for sensual reasons, I’ve often wondered if some sort of subconscious sexual selection didn’t direct my finger to her number on the dial. Not, I want to state for Marguerite’s sake, that we ever did (as Mother used to phrase it) anything that any nice upright young girl wouldn’t do—in fact we were so busy with preliminaries that we never got around to anything else—but there was a certain paradox in Marguerite that I haven’t resolved even to this day.

The night I first went out with Marguerite was almost like releasing a catch I didn’t know existed. Marguerite was a sweet, pretty, low-voiced girl, and has since made a fine mother to eight children; she was as modest and virtuous as could be, and had a soft retiring manner that made no one suspect the lava that simmered below—but when Marguerite went out with a boy she suddenly enveloped him. It was strange, and I was almost stunned, for while I’d always thought necking and an occasional kiss great fun, I was hardly prepared for the overpowering, cohesive invasion-action that took place almost as soon as we had pulled away from Marguerite’s door. She was all over the front seat. Had my senses not been reft by the attack I might have wondered that, as I remembered, the male was supposed to be the aggressor, but we hadn’t even turned the corner by the post office before I was so busy, trying to accommodate Marguerite and still keep some remnants of my own control and the control of the car, that the matter of who attacked and who defended was a muted, distant issue, like the phlogiston theory or Ptolemaic astronomy. We were somehow one great interlocked entity, a living jigsaw puzzle, and O great rooted blossomer (I was tempted to quote from Yeats), how can we know the dancer from the dancer? Again, I want to emphasize that Marguerite was a nice girl, but she was also a very loving girl, and she had the straightforward idea that it was good to love one another and good heavens she set to as soon as she could.

My dates with Marguerite never lasted more than a couple of hours; like the Medea anything started at such a pitch can’t last for long, and Marguerite
had no time for prolegomena. By the same token, the entire period of dating Marguerite was brief, in conformity with the principle that anything starting about two seconds before the climax will find itself in the denouement shortly.

I had adopted the policy of having another couple in the car on the first date (Minnie Marie’s influence), and I seem to remember making a pleasant remark to the crowd as we pulled away from the door, and then totally losing awareness of anybody else from then on. For the presence of others made no difference to Marguerite. She encroached, she enfolded, she needled, she nibbled—at a moment when I thought it physically impossible for us to get closer together, by an adroit movement Marguerite got closer still—and from time to time we drove along in second gear simply because I was too busy to change. She embayed one in a sort of amatory atmosphere, like smog. And she was endlessly inventive. The game of love, she made me realize, is rather like ladies’ poker: the rules are so marvelously elastic that one is not always sure what game he is playing. Every evening there was a new approach, a new caprice, a new delight. I suspect Shakespeare had gone out with somebody like Marguerite before he wrote those lines about Cleopatra. Marguerite’s ingenuity was astounding, and sometimes the couple in the back seat merely watched the bout, with the fixity of attention of the spectators at Wimbledon. Little kisses in new and exciting places, interesting little nuzzlings in places one had never been nuzzled before (but it was all very decent), odd little tremolo effects as the lips parted—one had never suspected that the human body was so latent with potentiality. One never knew what a kiss could develop into, or how infallibly Marguerite could press an unsuspected synapse that would make every hair on the head rise in delight.

But as might be expected, a date with Marguerite was hard on the constitution. She was an expert on timing. When we had had amorous hors d’oeuvres, antipasto, the opening course—when we had stroked and kissed and pressed and caressed, and when nothing seemed to lie before us but the main course . . . Marguerite sat up, rolled down the window, straightened her hair and began to apply new lipstick. And then, like a comedian in a comic strip, stars and flares and meteors exploded in my brain, and I could hardly keep hold of the steering wheel. I’ve often wondered if Marguerite knew her own power, for once or twice when I raved and roared like a lion whose meal had just been reft from the cage, she looked across with great mis-
understanding, and tried to console just as a mother would a recalcitrant child. And I must say that at that moment, to console in Marguerite’s way was like trying to put down a rebellion by arming the populace.

The exact length of my involvement with Marguerite is unclear even to this day. I seem to have gone into a sort of coma about the time we passed the post office that first evening, and I came out of it only gradually, some time later, like an amnesia patient finding his way out of an attack. I must have walked about dazed for several months. My work in Dad’s store was even less distinguished during that period than it was most of the time, my schoolwork didn’t merely suffer but disintegrate, and most of my daytime hours were spent either reliving what had gone on the night before or anticipating what might go on the night to come. Marguerite moved away, one weekend in an indeterminate month, and for a couple of weeks after that I made my way back to the daylight world, rather as a stunned fish slowly circles up to the top of the water.

It was true, she had gone. Oddly enough I felt no particular sorrow—in a way my harried nerves felt it restful merely to lie back and enjoy the sun—and I suppose it must have been after several weeks of rest and recuperation that I was “well” enough to be conscious again of the outside world. I remember the moment when that consciousness awoke: one afternoon while carrying a sack of flour to a farmer’s car, it suddenly dawned on me that I didn’t have the least idea what Marguerite was like. She was sweet and malleable and had a pleasant voice, but as to what sort of person she was, I had no more idea than (this came as an especial shock) I did of the color of her eyes. We might as well have made love in a sack. Since we never did anything but head straight out of town and start necking I had no idea how she felt about movies, friends, or anything else. When she climbed into the car she and I got our backs up, rather like a fakir and his cobra, and for the rest of the time there was a sort of intensity of fixation, as if we were maintaining a fine invisible thread between us which took every ounce of energy in our bodies to keep taut.

I was sometimes embarrassed by this realization. One time a year or two later, when an acquaintance asked me what Marguerite was like, I could hardly answer. There was no way to tell him about the little nuzzling kisses, or the areas of frisson she knew to find so unerringly; but at the same time it seemed stupid to have gone with a girl so cohesively that the town thought we were engaged and then to reply, as I’m afraid I did before realizing how it

JOEL NUGENT
sounded: "Marguerite? She's the only girl I ever knew who could pop your ear-drums in the middle of a kiss."

I TOOK TIME OUT from love, for a couple of months after Marguerite, and let my exacerbated nerves heal up. Of course I had a date or so with Jewel, who, like me, seemed to have gone through a superheated period and was anxious for quiet and undemanding companionship. We were both recuperating, and often we merely drove, side by side, letting the night wind blow off the cottonfields onto our perfervid foreheads. There was a new and deepened sympathy between us, as between escapees from a tropical island or a penal colony; we saw a perspective, we thought, the rest of the world didn't know existed. Not that we discussed it; we didn't need to. Our whole constitution had been reshaped by the experience, and we revealed the new configuration in our every attitude.

Jewel and I went together for quite a while, during that period. We never broke up, indeed; about that time the war came along and I went into the Army. Jewel came down to the bus station to see me off, I remember, and laughingly told me to be careful of my field of fire. Her warning wasn't really necessary, however, for while I continued my amatory education while in service, I don't think any girl I went with subsequently contributed quite as much to my learning process as had Pearl, Minnie Marie, and Marguerite.

I seem to remember that educational theory tells us as much: the initial experiences are the steep ones: the curve rises sharply, thrillingly—so much so that one may be tempted into the delusion that the slope will continue indefinitely, leading up to who could predict what heights. But after that initial sweep there's a leveling off, one begins to glean in the corners, to change the figure, and while one may pick up a rag of information here and another there, the greatest accumulation has already been made.

So it turned out that the girls I went with in the Army merely gave variation to a by now familiar set of themes. There were good-time dates like Pearl, there were tableaux vivants like Minnie Marie, there were unsuspected cores of magma like Marguerite. And there were others of as yet undeciphered categories. Many of the girls were combinations—some had, say, Minnie Marie's cheekline and Pearl's eyebrow, or Pearl's knit dress and Marguerite's precise flight to the supersensitive nodule. But having gone over the terrain once gave me a certain adroitness: I knew just how often to take a Minnie

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Marie out, just what moves to make with a Marguerite, just how to fortify myself for an evening with another Pearl. But of course one pays the price; learning maketh a man to sorrow, and while there was nothing else to do but take the ladies out, seeking the treasure not yet found, one was surprised at how frequently he pulled at the slot-machine handle and found himself faced with the same three old lemons.

For the trap gates were closing behind him. Unhearing, unsuspecting, one had gone from circle to inner circle, slowly approaching that little floor at the heart where he would turn and face his mate. Each girl locked off a bit of area, cut down the total to be covered. One found that beauty alone wasn’t quite enough, or a good time, or sex. One found that, in that area at the center, there must be a being who combined a myriad of ineffable qualities, whose total configuration was closest to what one had been looking for. Not, of course, that that configuration would be any more perfect, in this world, than was one’s own—and in that imperfection lay a certain risk of strife. Nor, of course, that only one girl possessed it. The target area was fairly large, and various girls could fall within it, but most of one’s amorous adventures had worked toward eliminating those who wouldn’t. Of course they were all working their way through their little traps too, marching slowly closer to the center where the one they needed lurked; but that was their problem, and mine was mine.

So the day approached when the maze had been traversed. Other things than dating hastened it: being far from home, being lonely, being bored, the passage of years. This girl and that girl one tried and discarded. Like Goldilocks in the bears’ house one found this porridge too hot, that porridge too cold; this chair too hard, that chair too soft....

And the final day arrived. The day came when going out with another girl wasn’t worth it; one wanted to stay in with the girl. One was tired of shopping; one was ready for home. So one turned, with what shouldn’t have been surprise, to find who was there, at the center of the maze—to find the one who had threaded her way, as you had yours, to the heart of the labyrinth. One turned to see who was there.

And there she was. There, of course, was Jewel.
Dear Ev, Dear Everybody

(A letter found on a Maine country road)

My boyfriend was mugged by hoodlums near Union last night.
It happened so fast he hadn’t a chance to get out
Of his car that was parked in the woods on the way to the graveyard.
One guy came up with a knife, another one came
From behind and rapped on my boyfriend’s head like a drum
With his knuckles. I guess it was awfully hard for my boyfriend
To take sitting down. The third guy spit in the face
Of whoever it was was sitting in front by his side.
This friend of my boyfriend (he writes me) was terribly bright,
Bent down in a flash, switched on a revolving light,
And that was attached to a siren that right away started in
Screaming like millions of cats in the night. I’m so glad
He was able to back up the car in all that confusion
And get back to town before those hoodlums got wise.
I’m so glad my boyfriend (he writes me) saved his allowance
For years to buy those gimmicks he put on his car.

But Ev, I’ve a favor to ask you. You live near Union,
Know the kids, and have been to so many parties this summer.
Maybe by now you know of my boyfriend’s new friend.
I’ve lived all my life in Union—excepting this summer
I’m here at this camp as a junior lifeguard instructor—
And the only hoodlums anyone’s seen in Union
Have been in the Saturday movie; besides, it’s a mile
Off the road to the woods near the graveyard, and any old time
After dark in the summer the cars are so thick there with kids
Parking out, you couldn’t back up if you tried without busting
Somebody’s fender behind. Did he back up a mile?
Well, Ev, I know being mugged must be something awful,
But who in the world is my boyfriend’s friend who’s so bright
In a pinch with a siren, and maybe you’ll tell me, dear Ev,
If my boyfriend was mugged (like he writes me) by hoodlums near Union,
Or was he just hugged in the moonbeams last night by a siren?

—Edwin Honig
Lullaby

dust
slowly
dust slowly
dust slowly gathers
gathers grows grips
the surface
gleamless
grayly spurns sunlight
spurns wonder
copies color
claims top more than sides
more than under
dust slowly
slowly dust
gathers grows gleamless
slowly slowly
dust

—Thomas John Carlisle

Aqueduct

Let it stand
A stone guest
In an unhospitable land,
Its speech, the well’s speech,
The unsealed source’s,
Carrying thence
Its own sustenance. Its grace
Must be the match
Of the stream’s strength,
And let the tone
Of the waters’ flute
Brim with its gentle admonitions the conduit stone.

—Charles Tomlinson

October Pantomime

Fall has set the stage with Dionysus for a tragedy. Behind the wings, a crippled russet leafing the calendar, swings a pendulum—the play begins. Winds limp about to cue the cast.

First on fragile strings, a dragonfly planing amber air in quest of acorns, trapezes under the glare of autumn. One twang, and fractured is a brittle prow; on the proscenium lies a splinted hull.

Act two opens. A crusty bow, and upstage tumble mummied weed and panicle of goldenrod, until the tangled strands of the corymb s crouch into a guise of sculptured vermicule.

Next hoary hands, for a macabre role, phlebotomize the hollyhocks; a whispering campaign in leaves, and the oakred curtain-drop asphyxiates love-lies-bleeding. Wild geese by honking the denouement.

From the top Melpomene weeps; with thaumaturgy, flings on the properties confetti flakes. All hibernate while the isochronic rehearsals pulse a new tragedy.

—Sister Mary Honora, O.S.F.
Sconset

I have never been
To Sconset, but the gleam
Of painted houses
Adding a snow-tone
To the sea-tone in the mind’s
Folder of the principal views
With the courthouse
Seen from the harbour, the harbour
Obscured by the whiteness
Of the church, crouched
Behind a dark shrub
Whose serrated leaves
Hang mounted (as it were)
On the spine of a feather—
These have invaded
All I shall ever hear
To their contrary.

—Charles Tomlinson

The Sea and the Rock

by Fëdor Tyutchev

The sea, that leveller
Would have it down. Rebellion
Roars in the water now
That seethes and climbs, hisses
Against the untaken height.
Here, devils’ fires
Bubble Gehenna’s cauldron, then
Upend it, streaming.

Incessant on rock and shore
This bestial, bawling
Sibilance of the risen waves.
Mountain serenity, creation’s
Sole giant contemporary
Stands over them, contained
In its pride of patience.

Mocked, they mass to regain,
Reclamber the granite sides
And howl their hopes
Into the teeth of stone, already torn
Turned by it backward
And the enfeebled onrush
Peters to turbid foam.

That space is small, measured
Against your waiting strength,
In which the sea must sicken
And the worn rollers, tamed
Make way for the spreading calm
And, uncomplaining, steal
Downwards to lick in peace your granite heel.

—translated by Charles Tomlinson

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The Invaders

The birches slash at the shadow with the pure white of joy; the dark fir pour upward to stain the mountain.

Out of the rocks come shouting, immense, hospitable people, hands like slabs of laughter, hearts as gentle as moss.

To right and left they shower all the coin in the world; it lies like slag in the foothills, like lustreless ash.

Up icy streams they stride, breaking trout in their fists, bugling to thrush and sparrow: “No money! Not ever again!”

And out of the village doorways, drunken and blazing with mirth, shining like metal with glory, the people pour to greet them, no purse, no past, no guile; only an open tumbling caught and buried in bigness illimitable.

—George Abbe

Ledyard: The Exhaustion of Sheer Distance

“I give up. I give up”—John Ledyard.

Around the Horn

with Cooke, in the swell of the summer tides, all the trickery one could ask for, of onslaught one could ask for nothing more and of course, the journals were suppressed, though all marked was the tenor of the passing earth,
On the ghostly coast, indolent Spaniards thought Mary could possess by flags, the squatter's occupation had not yet come. Still the dreamy hurrying, Vitus Behring, and the trip back to Petersburg for fresh supplies, to be yoked by scientists, those curious argumentative people who took seven years returning to Kamchatka, one way. Meanwhile the blood of the Aleuts ran in Norton Sound, and Ledyard regardless of the date left for Europe.

Where Jefferson said in Paris and Jones agreed, "Go to Kamchatka and thence across," and Ledyard went although not a one of them had any money because due to some complicated unfixing sojourners could travel broke, tramping as he did from Stockholm to Petersburg around the Sea of Bothnia, but they don't say he stopped in taverns or what condition his shoes, the point of destination was the Pacific coast of Russia. This was a way to get to the other side of America. And that must have been no irony then. Walking is what I associate with Ledyard, distance as sheer urge, not satellite and its utilitarianism.

A wild, thousand mile walk in the cold to Petersburg, thence to Barnaul, midway with Dr. William Brown. People were everywhere then looking at flowers, exhibitions came long after there was no place to go.

Where, when he got to Yakutsk and met an old mate who had been also with Cooke he went to Irkutsk where Catherine's cossacks jogged up redfaced and seized him in in a confusion of towns named Yakutsk and Irkutsk and carried him on a horse six thousand miles back where they set him down just inside the Polish border, from where probably he walked at least part of the way back to London, which is where he said I Give Up.

But what I wonder at times, being only from Illinois is did you count the stretching corridors of spruce on that trek coming back as we used to count telephone poles going home from my aunt's on an endless rainy Sunday afternoon, where shortly after the beginning of an american siberia, but the mystery: when did our Poland occur?

Like your spirit and bones to dust then set out for the African Society to discover the sources of the Nile a mad Mark Anthony the legions of the weather of the earth at your back and on the way out, fell.

Mystic sheer distance was in thine eye, that beautiful abstract reckoning, the feet, walking: for no other reason the world.

—Edward Dorn
The Seventh Annual U.N.M. Research Lecture

BY VICTOR H. REGENER

The Seventh Annual University of New Mexico Research Lecture was delivered on April 22, 1960, by Dr. Victor H. Regener, Research Professor of Physics. A native of Berlin, Germany, Victor Regener studied at the University of Munich and at the Technische Hochschule, Stuttgart, Germany, from which he earned the degree of Dr.-Ing. (1938). His early publications appeared in such European scientific journals as Physikalische Zeitschrift, Nature, and Ricerca Scientifica. After a period as instructor at the University of Chicago (1942-46), Dr. Regener became a member of the faculty of the University of New Mexico in 1947. Associate Professor and later Professor of Physics and Chairman of the Department of Physics, he was elevated to the Research Professorship in 1957.

Internationally known for his work in cosmic rays, atmospheric physics, zodiacal light, and electronic devices, Dr. Regener is a Fellow of the American Physical Society (1950) and of the New York Academy of Sciences (1958), and is a member of the American Geophysical Union, of the International Ozone Commission of the International Union of Geophysics and Geodesy, and of Sigma Xi. Recently, he was named Honorary Professor of the Universidad Mayor de San Andres, Bolivia, a commendation which recognized Dr. Regener’s work in 1957 when he was engaged in cosmic-ray studies for the International Geophysical Year in Bolivia, at the world’s highest research center, the Chalcataya Laboratory of Cosmic Physics.


During the past few years, Dr. Regener has obtained, administered and completed at the University numerous research projects in fields of nuclear effects in cosmic radiation, atmospheric physics, and astrophysics for the U.S. Air Force, National Science Foundation, U.S. Weather Bureau, International Geophysical Year, and the Research Corporation.
THE CONTEMPLATION of the heavens has stimulated man’s imagination and inspiration throughout the ages. The first recorded scientific efforts consisted of the observation and prediction of celestial phenomena. With the improvement of techniques of observation by means of telescopes and spectrometers the universe became charted and diagnosed in ever greater detail. But as of today no man has entered upon space beyond the realm of the Earth’s gravitational attraction or even beyond the realm of the Earth’s atmosphere. Astronomy has remained the only physical science which must deal exclusively with things so far removed that they cannot be touched to be closely examined or influenced by artificial means to have their properties revealed.

We are now witness to a change in this situation and it is appropriate at first to consider the depth of insight into the nature of our surroundings which astronomers and astrophysicists have obtained in spite of having had to work so far away from their objects of study. The observation of the apparent motion of the Sun in the sky and of the paths of the planets led Kepler in the early seventeenth century to a correct description of the planetary system. Galileo occupied himself with the description of the motion of objects under the influence of the Earth’s gravitational attraction. Newton stated quantitatively the phenomenon of gravitation and established the laws of motion bearing his name. An astronomer made the first determination of the speed of light.

We have accurate knowledge of the chemical elements constituting the Sun and the stars. We know exactly how much the Sun and the Moon and the planets weigh. We know what influence the gravitational attraction of the planet Mars would have upon a space ship approaching it. We know that the solar system with its planets is itself only a tiny component of a larger system of stars and we know that our particular galaxy is only one of millions of similar galaxies. Some of these are so far away that their radiation which reaches us today was emitted billions of years ago. We know enough to conclude that even these distant systems of stars contain the same chemical elements which we encounter here on Earth and we know enough to conclude
that physical processes occur in the same manner there as they do here. And in recent years the radio telescope quite unexpectedly made possible the study of interstellar gases and of the farthest reaches of space.

Just as we have gained insight into the geometric depths of outer space we have obtained a time table by which we date cosmic events. Using the clocks provided by the slow radioactive decay of naturally occurring unstable elements we find that the crust of the Earth was formed some four billion years ago. We know how to date early life on Earth because the Cosmic Radiation in colliding with Nitrogen of the Earth's atmosphere forms a radioactive type of Carbon which is eventually built into living organisms. At the time of death this process stops and the Carbon which was absorbed during life decays radioactively to form Nitrogen again. This Carbon clock furnishes an estimate of the time span which elapsed since the organism died.

With so much information in hand we may ask why we should now wish to spend our lives in an effort to send up automatic space laboratories loaded with instrumentation and why we should contemplate the risks of space travel. The reasons become clear when we proceed from the consideration of what we know to the inquiry into what we do not know. We are still so far from having acquired an exhaustive knowledge of our physical surroundings in space that a host of unsolved problems springs up whenever a new discovery is made in Earth-bound space exploration. A case in point is the progress made since 1946 in the field of Cosmic Radiation. A large number of then unknown elementary sub-atomic particles was found to be created whenever an atomic nucleus was disrupted by a cosmic ray endowed with a large energy of motion. This discovery has had a profound effect upon the subsequent study of the nucleus and it is an example of how investigations which are seemingly foreign to anything of practical value bring forth insights of immense usefulness.

Among the questions awaiting solution through direct exploration of space at stations removed from the Earth are many of the most fundamental kind. Is there life on other planets? At what stage of development is this life? Shall we encounter the predecessors of man-like creatures or shall we find the remains of ravaged civilizations long extinct? In view of the relatively short time span during which the evolution of homo sapiens occurred as compared to the age of life as such on Earth we should not expect to find on another planet creatures with whom we could communicate. But it seems probable...
that we shall encounter living organisms on Mars and it is certain that we shall obtain through direct exploration exceedingly useful data which we could perhaps never acquire by other means.

A fundamental problem is that of the evolution of the solar system and that of the origin of the universe. Is the solar system the result of a condensation of tenuous matter brought about by turbulence and by gravitation? What is the nature of gravitation in terms of its dependence upon time or distance? What is the origin of the Cosmic Radiation and how is its origin perhaps connected with the life cycle of the stars? What is the role played by interplanetary and interstellar magnetism in connection with the origin of planets and stars? What is the detailed nature of the thermonuclear processes on the Sun?

I. THE ATMOSPHERE

The question of existence of life elsewhere is closely related to the nature of the atmospheres surrounding other planets. The higher forms of life on Earth could not subsist on Mars or Venus. Spectroscopic observations show that Oxygen must be very scarce on both planets. The atmosphere of Mars appears to consist of ninety-nine per cent Nitrogen with traces of water vapor and carbon dioxide. The atmosphere of Venus is not known as well but it seems to contain at least eighty per cent carbon dioxide.

To the physicist and astrophysicist the atmosphere of the Earth is of interest chiefly because it furnishes in its upper layers a natural example of the most tenuous state of matter under the influence of strong radiation from the Sun. The study of those properties of our atmosphere which are a result of radiation allows a number of conclusions as to what we may expect under the corresponding conditions on other planets. In this connection speculations have been made on the manner in which life-sustaining Oxygen was originally introduced into a planetary atmosphere.

According to one theory the formation of Oxygen has its beginnings with the evaporation of water vapor from the planet's surface as a result of solar heating. The subsequent exposure of the water vapor to ultraviolet solar radiation in the upper layers of the atmosphere leads to a dissociation of water molecules into Hydrogen and Oxygen. The Hydrogen atoms are light in weight and escape into space at a rate depending on the temperature of the
uppermost layers of the atmosphere. The Oxygen atoms remain behind and combine with other Oxygen atoms to form Oxygen molecules $O_2$ and also a few ozone molecules $O_3$. The ozone thus formed has the peculiar property of being opaque to dangerous ultraviolet solar radiation and thus serves as an effective shield over the planet’s surface which allows plant life to develop. Once vegetation has gotten under way it furthers on its own the production of more Oxygen through the assimilation of carbon dioxide in the presence of sunlight. In the view of this theory the scarcity of Oxygen on Mars may be the result of a low temperature in the atmosphere near the surface of this planet. A low temperature there would prevent a sufficient quantity of water vapor to rise from the surface into the upper atmosphere to get the Oxygen started. Speculations of this type are based entirely upon what one knows about the photochemical processes in the Earth’s own upper atmosphere. A good example is the study of the mentioned formation of ozone from Oxygen.

In the Earth’s atmosphere the ordinary Oxygen molecule $O_2$ is plentiful. When it is exposed to intense ultraviolet solar radiation high above the Earth’s surface it is split into its two Oxygen atoms. This is a photochemical dissociation process much like that of the water molecule mentioned above. It is safe to assume that our atmosphere at heights above one hundred miles contains Oxygen almost exclusively in the atomic form. Below that level and down to fifteen miles the simultaneous existence of Oxygen atoms and Oxygen molecules leads to the formation of small but important amounts of ozone $O_3$.

It was mentioned that atmospheric ozone shields a planet’s surface from the biologically destructive portion of the ultraviolet solar radiation. The amount of ozone contained in the Earth’s atmosphere is minute and would amount to a layer of only one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness if it were all compressed to atmospheric pressure. This compares to a thickness of five miles for the rest of the atmosphere when similarly compressed. But dangerous burns of the skin would result if a person were exposed to sunlight for a few seconds without this thin and invisible shield of ozone.

This small amount of ozone is embedded in the stratosphere in such small concentration that it forms a layer which is some ten miles high and whose center is usually found at an elevation of fourteen miles above the surface. Our measurements and those of others have shown that the vertical distribution of this atmospheric constituent is subject to strong fluctuations with time. A very small amount of ozone even filters down to the ground.
where it disappears through its own strong oxidizing action upon objects on the Earth's surface. The monitoring of the ozone concentration at all elevations from the ground up to the highest altitudes attainable with sounding balloons allows conclusions as to the mechanism which controls the vertical exchange of air masses between the stratosphere and the surface.

The most direct influence of the Sun upon the atmosphere near the top of the ozone layer stems again from the shielding effect of ozone. If the solar energy in the far ultraviolet region of the spectrum is withheld from the Earth's surface by atmospheric ozone then it must heat the upper atmosphere instead. This idea is borne out by a measured temperature rise in the stratosphere from an average value of about minus eighty degrees Fahrenheit at a height of ten miles to an average value of plus forty degrees at thirty-two miles above ground. So much heat at this height must lead to turbulent mixing of the lighter heated air with the colder air above. This is in sharp contrast to the situation in the lower stratosphere at elevations between eight and thirty miles where the stable stratification of cold and dense air below the warmer and thinner air above does not permit the occurrence of such a violent mixing process.

At heights above fifty miles and into the hundreds of miles above the Earth's surface still another and quite different influence of solar radiation upon the atmosphere is known to exist. Energetic radiation from the Sun dissociates at these levels some of the electrically neutral atoms and molecules of the atmosphere into their charged constituents. Electrically positive ions and electrically negative electrons are present in various layers throughout this uppermost portion of the atmosphere. The number of Oxygen atoms and Nitrogen molecules which are ionized in this manner is very small as compared to those which remain in their original electrically neutral state. But their presence is sufficient to alter the electrical properties of the upper atmosphere in such a way that radio waves are reflected back to the ground much in the same manner in which they would be reflected from a metallic mirror. Without this ionosphere it would be difficult to communicate by radio between remote stations on the Earth.

Once more we find that the solar radiation which is responsible for the ionosphere also leads to high temperatures of the uppermost layers of the atmosphere. Rocket and satellite data give indications of atmospheric temperatures as high as two thousand to four thousand degrees Fahrenheit at altitudes
above one hundred miles. The higher temperatures are measured at high latitudes in the zones where aurorae are observed frequently. Such a latitude dependence of the temperature could mean that not only energetic ultraviolet radiation but also charged-particle radiation from the Sun is responsible for these high temperatures. Charged particles arrive preferentially at high latitudes because of the Earth’s magnetism.

The temperature of the outermost atmospheric layers is of great interest in connection with the already mentioned possibility that atmospheric gases escape into space. The higher the temperature the higher is the thermal velocity of a gas and the better is the chance for an atom or a molecule to overcome the action of gravity. Since Hydrogen is the lightest gas it moves the fastest and is the first to escape into space. It is not considered certain that the Earth continuously loses Hydrogen from its atmosphere by this process. The quoted temperatures fortunately are now high enough to allow the escape of substantial quantities of Oxygen atoms. A hotter Sun or a closer Sun would clearly have important biological consequences.

II. THE SPACE BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE MOON

As we ascend through the ionospheric layers of the upper atmosphere we gradually enter upon outer space. At a height of one hundred miles the density of the air is already as small as we can make it with our best vacuum apparatus in the laboratory. But the space above that height is by no means empty. There is radiation and matter as well as magnetism and electricity. Nothing is standing still. Matter and rays are busily moving about at cosmic speeds ranging from five miles per second to the speed of light of one-hundred eighty-six thousand miles per second.

An inventory of what we may find in a spherical test volume which has the Earth at its center and which is large enough to contain the orbit of the Moon discloses a variety of contents. In daily life we often evaluate that with which we come into physical contact by its weight. Let us imagine in a similar way that we stuff the things we find in our test volume into separate bottles and that we bring these to the Earth for weighing. As long as we keep in mind that such a procedure is not practical in the first place we might as well stipulate additional impossible but ideal conditions.

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Let us see to it that the walls of our bottles are thick enough to confine even the most penetrating radiation so well that there be no leakage. Let us see to it that the walls are also perfect reflectors for anything we might wish to weigh. In this manner objects moving in space would be bouncing back and forth between the walls of the weighing bottles without losing their energy of motion. This is important because the theory of relativity teaches us that all energy has mass and weighs something. A good example for this far-reaching statement is the energy carried by light waves. This is energy of motion and it fills the space pervaded by the waves with mass.

Very similar is the energy or mass contained in so-called empty space when this space is magnetized so as to deflect a compass needle or when it is electrified so as to attract or repel particles carrying electric charge. In this case there is no energy of motion. But work is performed and energy is expended in rotating a magnetized needle or in moving electric charges whenever such an opportunity arises. We speak of potential energy of an electric or magnetic field. This energy also fills space with mass.

Among these intangible occupants of our test sphere the most prominent one is the solar radiation. In round numbers we compute that there are some ten tons of sunshine present at any one time in that amount of space. We should realize that the energy weighing this much is actually moving at the speed of light and that it is therefore arriving and leaving continuously. In the course of one day some four hundred thousand tons of sunshine are pervading our test sphere in this manner.

The magnetism of the Earth also fills the space around us with energy. This magnetic energy in our test volume corresponds to a mass which would weigh some twenty pounds if it could be bottled and put on our scales. This is not such a small amount when we consider that this magnetism drops off to a very small value within a few Earth’s radii. The distance to the Moon amounts to roughly fifty Earth’s radii.

Now we should consider matter and particle radiation in our test sphere. Material objects and most particles have a mass while standing still. This is called the rest mass of an object. In this respect material particles are different from the light radiation just discussed. When they are moving at a large speed their mass is increased over and above their rest mass by an amount which stands in direct proportion to their energy of motion. One of the surprising results of the theory of relativity is that this energy of motion and
Thus the mass of a moving object grows larger very rapidly as the speed approaches that of light. It turns out that any object which moves at a speed which is eighty-seven per cent of that of light has a mass which is double its rest mass. At ninety-nine per cent of the speed of light the mass is already enlarged seven times. At speeds even closer to that of light the mass and the energy of motion grow toward infinity.

Some particles observed in the Cosmic Radiation arrive at the Earth from outer space with so much energy of motion that their masses are millions of times enlarged. Their speeds are so close to that of light that the difference is not detectable. There are not many of these cosmic rays and our test volume contains no more than a small fraction of an ounce at any one time. The radiation passing through in one day amounts to some twenty pounds. This corresponds just about to the energy coming to us in the form of light from all the stars in the sky.

A much more formidable amount arrives daily in the form of meteoritic material consisting of meteors and cosmic dust. Most of the mass which is involved here is in the form of many small dust particles. The speed with which they arrive is of the order of twenty miles per second. Some two thousand tons of meteoritic material are contained in our test sphere at any one time and some two hundred thousand tons arrive and leave daily.

Particle radiation coming directly from the Sun has received much attention in recent years. As a result of the high temperature of the immediate surroundings of the Sun the upper layers of the solar atmosphere are observed to eject particles into space at speeds of three hundred miles per second. These streams of gas consist mostly of Hydrogen nuclei together with free electrons. They appear to blow past the Earth irregularly and they appropriately have come to be called solar wind. Streams which happen to aim directly at the Earth are deflected to the polar regions by the Earth's magnetism. As they enter the upper atmosphere they may cause an aurora polaris and by disturbing the ionosphere they may cause sudden changes in the propagation of radio waves. The particles of the solar wind appear to contribute substantially to the mass in our test sphere. Depending on the amount of solar activity some one hundred thousand tons may be present at any one time and millions of tons may blow through in one day.

The recently discovered radiation belts around the Earth contain charged-particle radiation which is held in place by the Earth's magnetism. An esti-
mate shows that each of the two belts might contain twenty pounds of particles. The belts are fairly close to the Earth and represent a volume which is very small compared to our test volume. The twenty pounds of captive radiation thus represent a formidable amount of energy which is equal to that passing in a whole day through all of the test volume in form of transient Cosmic Radiation.

Finally there is the elusive neutrino. This is a particle which moves through space in large numbers at the speed of light. Among the thermo-nuclear processes which continuously release energy on the Sun there are some nuclear disintegrations in which neutrinos are emitted as a by-product. These particles are electrically neutral and they have a much higher penetrating power than any other known radiation. They emerge from the deepest interior of the Sun without difficulty and they penetrate the Earth quite freely. Their number is large and their energy of motion is alone responsible for their mass. Our test volume might harbor at any time some three tons of neutrinos. This corresponds to about one hundred tons of them passing through daily. Yet these are certainly the most innocuous invaders of our surroundings. Just as a material object is quite powerless to interfere with their ghostly course of travel they pass through matter without doing any damage.

The space around the Earth to the distance of the Moon is also the habitat of man’s artificial satellites. Even a very simple-minded satellite carrying no instruments furnishes data of great value if the satellite is large enough to be detected in the sky by optical means.

Such an outpost in space can be used as a triangulation station from widely separated locations on the Earth for purposes of refining existing geodetic data. Exact observations of the satellite’s course of travel furnish information on the density and temperature of the highest regions of the Earth’s atmosphere. Similar measurements yield data on the extent to which the Earth’s shape deviates from that of a perfect sphere and on irregularities of the density of the Earth’s crust. This is so because the orbit of any celestial object is afflicted with peculiar perturbations when the object travels through a region of space where the gravity is the result of a non-spherical mass distribution.

Into the same class of observations belong those which can be made to test the validity of various theories of gravitation in connection with cosmological hypotheses. Does the gravitational attraction between two masses change with time? Does it perhaps depend a little upon the orientation of the
masses with respect to the Milky Way? Does it depend on the speed at which the masses are moving with respect to the rest of the universe?

Satellites carrying instruments can furnish a multitude of additional items of information. Astronomical observations can be made without hindrance from atmospheric disturbances. The impact of meteoritic dust can be recorded. The Earth's ionosphere can be surveyed from the outside. Radio noise from other celestial objects can be observed at low frequencies which cannot reach ground stations because of absorption in the ionosphere. Meteorological observations of the cloud cover and of cyclonic phenomena are already in progress. Measurements of temperature and atmospheric composition at high altitude are of great interest. Solar radiation in the far ultraviolet part of the spectrum and in the X-ray region can be measured only from satellites orbiting above the opaque atmosphere.

The study of the Cosmic Radiation with satellites and space probes led to the discovery of the radiation belts around the Earth. In this case energetic particles of the Cosmic Radiation and probably also charged particles from the Sun are caught up in the Earth's magnetism and are held captive by it. The radiation is strong and the manned space ships of the future must carry shielding against its deadly effects. If this is not feasible they must circumnavigate the belts entirely. The possible existence of similar radiation belts around the Sun and around other planets has already received attention in the literature.

III. THE MOON — PLANETS — DUST

The Moon is an intriguing object in connection with the problem of the evolution of the solar system. The lunar surface has not suffered the fate of the Earth in having its surface oxidized by an atmosphere or eroded by running water. A study of the surface of the Moon would therefore render much insight into the formative and post-formative history of a solid surface in direct contact with space. Are the smooth areas on the Moon the result of lava formation in collisions with other objects or are they made of lava which rose from the interior of the Moon? Are they perhaps vast depositories of cosmic dust which behaves under the weak gravitational force on the Moon much like a fluid?
The Moon is different from the Earth in other respects. Its density is only two-thirds that of Earth. There appear to be no volcanoes. This may mean that the Moon does not have a heavy and hot core like the Earth. It is known that the Moon bulges considerably toward the Earth. This deviation from the spherical shape is more pronounced than one would expect from the Earth's tidal pull alone. This fact and the known existence of high mountains may point to a crust of high strength and perhaps also to wide variations of the density of lunar matter. A landing on the Moon would permit the direct study of the surface. The Moon may consist throughout of meteoritic material typically interlaced with ferrous metals. Studies of the natural radioactivity of lunar matter would give a clue to the problem as to how long ago the surface of the Moon became solidified. Seismic studies and measurements of gravity would render data on the structure of the Moon's interior.

The first manned circumnavigation of the Moon is not far off. We need only consider for a moment that a commercial airplane with jet propulsion already has many features of a space ship. There is the pressurization of the cabin which is quite adequate for space travel in the highest vacuum. There is already an emergency supply of liquid Oxygen which could be enlarged to sustain the life of a small crew for some time. There are the jet engines which need air for combustion of fuel but not for propulsion in the manner of propeller-driven craft. It should be realized that once a ship reaches a speed of five miles per second parallel to the Earth's surface above the atmosphere it can shut off its power without falling to the ground. Further power is needed only for navigation. Once a speed of slightly above seven miles per second is reached the pull of the Earth is defeated and escape into outer space is possible. This speed compares to one-fifth of one mile per second of a jet-driven passenger plane which still travels well within the atmosphere. At this speed it would take one month to travel to the Moon in a straight line. At the speed of seven miles per second it would take about one day along the same course.

Travel to Mars or to Venus is a different problem chiefly because of the much longer journey. The most intriguing goal is the planet Mars. Conditions there are in many respects similar to those on Earth. The ice caps on the polar regions of this planet are evidence of water. Venus may be too hot to have water in liquid form. But little is known about this planet because its atmosphere is opaque. The presence of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere of
Venus is taken to indicate a lack of an erosion of silicate rocks by running water. This process continuously exposes the silicates and leads to the removal of carbon dioxide from the Earth's atmosphere through the formation of carbonates. Thus one of two opposite assumptions is believed valid: Either the surface of Venus is completely dry or conversely it is all covered by oceans.

In the case of Mars the absence of carbon dioxide may be considered an indication of rock erosion by the same reasoning. One idea regarding the lack of substantial amounts of Oxygen on Mars is discussed in Chapter I. Seasonal changes of the color of the Martian surface are observed. This is often interpreted as an indication of the existence of some form of life. Another peculiarity of this planet has to do with its shape. The diameter across the equator is larger than the diameter across the poles by an amount which is surprisingly large and not in agreement with what one would expect from the irregularities in the motion of the two natural satellites of Mars. This peculiar shape of Mars has led to speculation that the equatorial bulge of this planet consists of light-weight rubble left behind by glaciers of polar origin.

Short of actual landings on Mars or Venus it would be of great interest just to circumnavigate these planets. Their surface features could be recorded and one could probe into their ionospheres. The density and the chemical composition of their outer atmospheres could be investigated at close range. Magnetism and radiation belts could be searched for.

The other planets are still more difficult to study because of their larger distance from the Earth and because physical conditions on these planets are bound to be quite different from those in which we are living. But there are many other problems to be solved closer to home. One of these has to do with the presence in the Earth's vicinity of electrically charged particles originating on the Sun and their interaction with magnetism in interplanetary space. This phenomenon is discussed in the next chapter.

Another problem has to do with interplanetary dust. Some cosmic dust is known to infiltrate the upper atmosphere from the space around the Earth. This was mentioned in Chapter III and an estimate of the amount of mass involved was given. It is thought that this interplanetary dust may be meteoritic in its composition and that it may be also related to the tenuous material of the comets. Its distribution around the Sun is peculiar. On a clear March evening some two hours after sunset the western sky shows a faint glow of a characteristic shape. In New Mexico with its low latitude and clear atmos-
phere this luminescence of the sky is quite striking to the dark-adapted eye. Near the horizon the glow is brightest and it is fairly extensive in the horizontal direction. From this base it reaches into the sky with lessening brightness and in the form of a narrowing cone which is somewhat inclined against the vertical. The angle of inclination is identical to that of the zodiac or ecliptic. Hence the name zodiacal light.

Since 1948 we have made automatic photoelectric recordings of this phenomenon on numerous occasions. The Capillo Peak Observatory of the University's Physics Department is in a good location for this work and for similar studies. It is located near the town of Manzano some sixty miles by road to the southeast of Albuquerque. Our first equipment was improvised and consisted essentially of a large searchlight mirror of surplus origin. This mirror was used as a light-gathering device which illuminated a photoelectric tube. It was made to sweep continuously over a large portion of the night sky with electric motors. At the same time another automatic device plotted a map of the sky on which the amount of light received by the mirror could later be studied. A more professional instrument of the same type is now being prepared for installation at a still better location in the Bolivian Andes.

Astronomical studies of this kind make slow progress. Not all four seasons are equally suitable and the sky has to be exceptionally clear for quantitative work. A space station would be the ideal zodiacal-light observatory. Our work so far shows that the brightness of the zodiacal light remains remarkably constant from year to year and that the axis of the pyramid coincides with the direction of the ecliptic with a precision better than one degree of arc. Both of these results are significant in connection with the question as to the origin of the zodiacal light. It is a well-established fact that the glow consists of sunlight which is reflected from some kind of finely divided and widely distributed matter in interplanetary space around the Sun and to a distance beyond the orbit of the Earth. The fact that the intensity of this reflected sunlight changes so little with time makes it appear probable that the reflecting particles do not form a part of the streams of electrically charged particles which are emitted somewhat sporadically by the Sun. Thus it also is unlikely that a substantial portion of the zodiacal light is scattered by electrons which are certainly present in these solar streams. If this conclusion is borne out by future measurements it would conflict with previous views in the matter of the electronic contribution to the glow. The luminosity could then
be considered as being caused by sunlight reflected from dust alone. In order to explain the concentration of the dust so near the average plane of the planetary orbits it would seem reasonable to say that the dust particles circulate about the Sun in orbits much as the planets do. Dust particles with diameters in the vicinity of a few ten-thousandths of an inch would seem to account for the observed variation of the intensity along the ecliptic with increasing distance from the Sun.

Nothing must be feared from these particles as far as space ships are concerned. They are small and they are far apart. In the immediate vicinity of the Earth their concentration is probably enhanced as a result of gravitational accretion and of capture in the upper atmosphere. Studies of the sandblasting effects of this dust upon satellites and space probes are in progress.

IV. COSMIC MAGNETISM — COSMIC RADIATION

Not long ago it was thought that the magnetized condition of space was to be found only in the vicinity of planets and stars. It is known now that magnetism exists throughout interplanetary and interstellar space. The intensity of this magnetism is small and it would be difficult to detect it out in space even with a very good compass needle. We may compare the intensity of the magnetic field in space to that measured on the Earth by saying that it is ten thousand to one hundred thousand times larger on the Earth than between the stars and the planets.

During the past decade it has become clear that there exists an important interaction between the weak magnetism in a region of space and the electrically charged particles pervading the same region. There are on the average about one million Hydrogen nuclei per cubic yard of empty space even in regions remote from stars. These protons and an equal number of electrons are free to move about and they are sufficiently numerous to turn the space which they occupy into a good conductor of electricity.

The stated interaction between the magnetic fields in space and the electrically charged particles is a result of this electrical conductivity. Perhaps it is easiest to visualize this phenomenon by considering an electric motor. The rotating part of a motor consists of a good conductor of electricity which is dragged around by a magnetic field. This rotating magnetism is set up by
the stationary part of the motor and it always rotates somewhat ahead of the rotating part. Thus there exists a tendency for an electrical conductor to maintain its orientation in space with respect to a magnetic field in motion. There also is the inverse action of an electrical conductor upon a magnetic field. Consider again the part of the motor which follows in the wake of a rotating magnetic field. Let us now perform an experiment by first holding on to the shaft of the motor and by stopping it while the magnetic field still rotates. We experience the torque which would make the motor rotate if we let go. Now let us stop the rotation of the magnetism without removing the magnetism itself. If we now rotate the shaft of the motor by hand we are attempting to drag the magnetic field around just as the magnetic field dragged the motor around before. If the part of the motor which we are now trying to rotate were made of a non-existent material of much better electrical conductivity we would actually be winding up the magnetic lines of force like the main spring of a clock.

This illustrates just what happens between magnetism in space and the charged particles embedded in this space which make it conducting. One may describe the interaction between the two by saying that the magnetic field holds the charged particles captive or one may say conversely that charged particles in motion drag the magnetic field with them. We speak of magnetic fields which are frozen into a cloud or into a stream of charged particles. There is evidence that we find in space a number of revealing variations of this phenomenon.

The theory of the origin of the Cosmic Radiation pronounced by Fermi in 1949 is a famous early example. Cosmic rays consist predominantly of positively charged Hydrogen nuclei endowed with a very high energy of motion and coming from deep space. Some of the particles formed when such a cosmic ray causes a nucleus in the atmosphere to explode have enough penetrating power to bore deep into the Earth’s surface before being stopped. This theory assumes that interstellar magnetism is frozen into vast regions of space which contain a tenuous distribution of electrically charged particles. These regions can be described as magnetized clouds which have a large mass as a result of their size. They move through space randomly at cosmic speeds of some twenty miles per second. Individual charged particles cruising through space collide with these clouds and are reflected from them because of the clouds’ magnetism and mass. Such collisions lead on the average to a
gain in the energy of motion of the particles. Throughout the ages a single charged particle such as a Hydrogen nucleus might undergo enough collisions of this type to become a high-energy cosmic ray. Other theories of the origin of the Cosmic Radiation have been proposed. Most of them contain Fermi’s mechanism in one form or another.

The interaction between magnetism in space and electrically charged particles also may have had a profound influence upon the formation of stellar and planetary systems. Wherever matter is in a highly ionized state containing many charged particles in the presence of a magnetic field the motion of this matter is controlled by the magnetism. Processes of gravitational accretion of matter as a step in the formation of dense astronomical objects would be profoundly affected by the presence of magnetism. We need only note in this connection that a magnetic field can be described in terms of lines of force which have the peculiar property of showing a lengthwise pull like a stretched rubber band while at the same time repelling a neighboring line of force in a crosswise direction.

The radiation belts around the Earth were mentioned before. They are another example of the interaction between magnetic fields and charged particles. These regions of high particle concentration were discovered during cosmic-ray experiments by Van Allen on the occasion of satellite and space-probe flights. Both belts encircle the Earth above the geomagnetic equator. The inner belt is situated two thousand miles above the surface and it probably consists of debris originating from the encounters of the Cosmic Radiation with the upper atmosphere. The much higher outer belt is often assumed to be the result of the capture of charged particles from especially intense streams of solar origin. The particle density in the outer belt is subject to strong fluctuations. Both belts are an example of how magnetized space may hold captive electrically charged particles.

The streams of charged particles which are emitted as solar wind by the Sun are still another example. These streams carry their frozen magnetic fields of solar origin with them. When they impinge upon the magnetic field around the Earth they disturb the outer regions of the field. The lines of force of the geomagnetic field which are forcibly displaced from their normal position by this action of the solar wind touch upon the Earth at high latitude. The gusty character of this solar wind is frequently recorded there with sensitive instruments.

VICTOR H. REGENER
The solar wind also appears to have an interesting effect upon the Cosmic Radiation. The magnetic fields frozen into the solar wind are not strong enough to deflect appreciably those cosmic rays which have already reached the vicinity of the Earth. But let us consider the fact that the particles in the solar wind seem to come in the form of individual streamers rather than in a monotonous breeze. Let us also visualize these streamers as breaking up eventually into disorganized and magnetized gusts and bubbles at some distance from the Sun. In that case it is possible that the solar wind sweeps low-energy cosmic rays before it. Solar wind blowing outward from the Sun and past the Earth would in this manner decrease the number of cosmic rays arriving on the Earth from outer space. Such a decrease has been observed to exist in the low-energy portion of the Cosmic Radiation during periods of high solar activity.

A similar effect would be observed if the solar wind participated to some extent in the rotation of the Sun about its own axis at a distance as far as the Earth and beyond. If that were the case the solar wind would have an easterly component with respect to the Earth–Sun direction. The sweeping action of the magnetic gusts in the solar wind should then lead to a small increase of the observed cosmic-ray intensity in the late afternoon. Such an effect would not be easy to verify because the Earth's magnetism changes the direction of the incoming cosmic-ray particles of the low energy kind for which the increase would be large. The equipment should therefore be placed underground where only the effects of high-energy cosmic rays are felt. It is also desirable to measure this diurnal variation in the tropics and at high altitude where atmospheric conditions are so regular from day to day that the necessary atmospheric corrections to the data might be diagnosed and applied more easily.

Since 1958 we have made such measurements at the Chacaltaya Observatory near La Paz in Bolivia. The elevation there is above seventeen thousand feet and the equipment is located in a nearby mine shaft.

Data of the type we are seeking accumulate slowly and it is probable that we shall obtain conclusive experimental evidence only after years of additional work. Whether the results can then be interpreted in terms of a solar wind or in terms of some other process does not matter at the moment. As long as we keep being devoted and humble students we are bound to make progress.
"You people have got it made," Corporal Tate said after they had finished GI-ing the barracks on Saturday night and there was enough time to see the last half of the picture at Theatre No. 4. Outside the PX two paratroopers, waiting for shipment to Germany, dressed in their tight, tailored ODs, their trousers tucked into their gleaming jump boots, stopped them and told them to take their pants out of their boots. One grabbed Savastein by the front of his ill-fitted, bulky Eisenhower jacket and asked him whether he wanted to make something out of it, recruits wearing their trousers bloused. So the three of them had gone into the movie with their pants flapping over the tops of their new, stiff, unshined, russet combat boots.

"Yes-oh! You have got it made," the Corporal had said. "Tomorrow is Sunday and you can stay in the sack until 0700 hours. I am feeling big tonight so go out and have a big time, but this place looks like a pig-house still, not fit fo' sojers to live in."

"Man," Roosevelt Wilson had said when the Corporal had gone, "he is one nasty man."

"You want to come with us?"

"No," Wilson said, "thank you, no. I figure I'll just lay up here on my bunk and enjoy not working."

"Can I do anything for you?" Savastein asked guiltily. "C'mon with us."

"Man, I don't feel like it."

At 2 P.M. on Sunday afternoon he was waiting in the doorway to the service club. A bitter, grey wind swept between the yellow buildings and there was a rim of ice on puddles of water in the street. A car turned at the corner and came slowly down the street, bouncing over the ruts, faces pressed against the mud-covered windshield and side windows. In front of the service club the car stopped and a girl, a woman, and two children got out, came up the

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concrete path, holding their coats against the icy wind whipping at them, and carrying a package, wrapped in greasy delicatessen paper. The car drove around the corner to park in the lot behind the big, yellow building which had a sign on the front: WELCOME TO CAMP KILMER.

Savastein stood in the doorway, sheltered from the wind, stamping his feet, and when he saw the black Plymouth with the New York license plate make the same cautious turn he ran out, down towards the street, waving his arms. When the car stopped he jerked open the door and then his wife had her arms around him, hugging him, her lips searching over his face and he whimpered softly, the cold and loneliness for the moment gone.

Finally calm, he held her away, seeing the tears in her eyes, and the way her black hair fell across her forehead and he asked gently, “Where’s Poppa and Momma, they didn’t want to come?”

“They said that we would be better off alone.” She was crying openly and with his two hands he folded the collar of her black, thick wool coat down away from her face.

“It’s all right now,” he whispered. “But we have to take the car around in back because you can’t park here.”

“Do we have to stay here at all?” She looked around and shivered. “Couldn’t we just drive some place where it’s warm. Suppose I just kidnapped you, what could they do?”

“Oh,” he said, “they could do quite a lot. Besides I am not sure there is any place warm left in the world.” He thought of the squad room in his barracks where fifty men slept on double-decker bunks, one above the other and side by side, one man’s head and another man’s feet, alternately. There were six toilets in the latrine and for the five days they had been there three of them had been stopped up. But if the barracks was so cold with a rim of frost in the corners of the windows inside day and night, then inside of the service club it was colder.

The families of the inductees sat around on leatherette covered, aluminum chairs with their coats on, mothers and wives holding tightly to the hands of their soldier sons and husbands with blue, cold fingers. They talked intently, looking into their faces, afraid to be silent. They had unwrapped the papers and opened the boxes which they had carried in and the food was scattered around them, on the floor by the chairs, or on the scarred, formica-topped tables in front of the couches. There were half sandwiches and wet
dill pickles cut longways into slices and open jars of jam and gefüllte fish, and salamis chopped into hunks, but nobody was eating. The younger children ran around the enormous room with their coats and hats and gloves on, shouting to each other. Three boys crouched behind the door, pointing imaginary rifles into the room and yelling, “Bang! Bang! Bang! You’re dead, you gook!”

Savastein and his wife came in the back. He held the door for her but when she saw the bare room with all the people crowded into it she stopped, putting her hand to her mouth. “Oh,” she gasped.

“It’s pretty awful, isn’t it?” He looked around for it was the first time he had been in the building himself. “But it’s just a temporary place. Nobody stays at this post so they don’t make it very nice.”

“But it’s so cold,” she said. “It’s so awful and cold.”

“I won’t be here long,” he said, “Sylvie, don’t worry, for Christ’s sake.” She looked at him. “Have you got the orders yet?”

“No,” he lied, “not yet. They still say it will be Monday.” They had posted the orders on the bulletin board between the orderly room and the first barracks on Friday night just after he had come back from the phone center where it had taken him two hours to call New York thirty-five miles away. There had been at least fifteen men in line for each operator and after he had placed it he had to sit and wait for the loudspeaker—afraid he would not hear his own name in the noise—to announce his call. When he had finally gotten through he heard her father’s voice.

“Poppa! Is Sylvia there?”

“Is that you?” his father-in-law asked.

“For God’s sake, who else, the-stop-the-music-man?”

“Why didn’t you call? Momma and Sylvia have worried. Are you all right?”

“I’m all right, Poppa. I didn’t call because the—because it’s the first god-dammed time I have been able to get out of the barracks, is why. Is she there?”

“Do they treat you all right?”

“It is a hotel here. I never had it so good. For God’s sake!”

“So, all right, all right,” he said. “Do you have to take the Lord’s name in vain with every other word?”

“I’m sorry, Poppa,” he said and then he heard her voice.

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“Darling, why didn’t you call? It’s been five days and I just got the postcard. Could you have called?”

“Honey, I’m sorry but I couldn’t get out of the company. We have—you have to understand until I can tell you about it. I’ll explain it all when I see you. Are you coming down on Sunday?” There was a mechanical clicking in the line and the operator’s voice broke in. “Your the-ree minutes are up—pu-lease signal when through.”

“Operator, I’ll signal—are you still there? Are you coming down?”

“You should have called collect,” she said. “Yes, we’re all coming on Sunday at two. Do you know where you’re going? Have you got the orders yet?”

“Not yet,” he said. “Rumor has it that it will be tomorrow, orders Saturday and shipping Monday. Most everybody from here has been going to Dix, to the infantry.”

“The infantry?” she asked.

He had just come back from speaking to her when the inductee came running into the barracks, yelling, “The orders! The orders are up!” They had been posted, one sheet on top of the other, in the cold darkness and the whole company crowded around the bulletin board, each pushing to get close enough to find his own name, one of four hundred. The freezing wind blew through the area, swirling loose, dry dirt in it, rattling the sheets of paper; a loose door on the mop shack in back of the first barracks slammed back and forth. The inductees held cigarette lighters and matches against the wind, trying to read the names. Savastein saw his own over the shoulders of another man who kept saying, “Goddam it, let me see. Let me see . . . There, Fort Dix, the infantry—sixteen weeks of basic and then Korea, that’s to die.”

“Heh, Heinmann, you going to Dix? Heh—mail, that’s where I’m going too.”

Savastein was down for the Signal Corps, Camp Gordon, Georgia.

In the service club on Sunday Sylvia looked at him and said, “Oh, I hope it’s Fort Dix. That’s so close I could come and see you every weekend.”

“Sylvie,” he explained, “that’s the infantry. Those guys are in Korea on the line inside twenty weeks. They call it the happy peninsula. Korea, that’s the war.”

SALAMI FOR SUNDAY

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"Oh, I don't want you to get shot at."
"I don't want to be shot at," he said smiling. "So maybe it's better that I go someplace else. Maybe, like Camp Gordon in Georgia."
"That's not infantry?"
"That's Signal Corps. That's for people with brains like me."
"But Georgia," she said. "I could never come and see you all the way to Georgia. Oh, Jesus, why does it have to be so awful?" She bowed her head.
"Let's not talk about it now," he said. "When the orders are up I'll call you. And if I can't call you before I leave I'll call you when I arrive. It will be a surprise." She looked at him and smiled sadly.
"Oh, darling," she said.
"We have to sit down," he said stiffly. He took her hand and led her across the room where they could sit on half a couch, next to a woman with a fur jacket and an inductee who was sitting, looking at a piece of cake. Blessed are the rich, Savastein thought, for they shall inherit the earth. But there's only one army.
"Are there many Negroes here?" she asked, looking around and seeing the family opposite them.
"There are all kinds, black, white, striped, what did you think?"
"I just asked."
"It's the same for all of us—lousy."

On Friday night when Wilson came back from seeing the orders he was silent, climbing up in the bunk above Savastein, lying there.
"Well?" Savastein asked.
"I reckon I'll just stay here. I have become attached here with strings that are gold and fine, man."
"Cut it out."
"I reckon old Corporal Tate has fixed me just right. He fix it so I spend my two years right here. I am gonna be fireman and keep the water hot and the barracks warm for my brothers who is moving out to fight."
"Jesus Christ, Roosevelt. They can't even keep you in the damn army. It's bad enough the draft board sent you because they have to fill a quota. Now they have to discharge you."
"I mention that to the Corporal," Wilson said, "and he allowed as how that's not quite the way it is. He say it to me at the top of his voice which is
considerable. He say, *nigger*, you will be assigned to my company and you and me is gonna have a great old time together."

"But he can’t do that."

"He can’t do it," Wilson agreed.

"I'll go to the captain," Savastein said angrily.

"The captain done signed the orders."

"But it's not right. It's against the law."

"You say it's against the law but Corporal Tate, he is the law. Man, I hate him. If I was to get drunk I might take out my hate on the white man on him specific."

"Roosevelt, you can’t really read or write?" Savastein asked, and Wilson rolled over on his side and looked at him. "I'll go to the captain. I swear to hell I will."

"You won’t do nothing, Savastein," he said quietly. "You understand one thing about this army, man—I come on knowing all about it—there ain’t no right or wrong. A man does not go contrary to the law because it’s been this way since long ago. It don’t matter to you whether I can read or write because you not going against them now."

Savastein looked out the black window. He ran his finger down the glass, feeling the grit of dirt under it, and the cold outside. He thought of two years on this barren post, with Tate and his combat infantry badge, his combat infantry talk, his combat infantry swagger stick, telling each new group of soldiers, scared and sick with cold in winter and heat in summer, *You people got it made 'cause I'm feeling big today.* Already Savastein knew enough to know that he would do nothing, right now there was only himself.

"At least you won’t have to go to Korea," he said finally.

"Man, that's why I like a white man," Wilson said. "You always looking on the brighter side. You right, you absolutely right." And then his face changed, hardened, became cruel. "Unless by chance he push me and I have to kill him."

"Do you want me to write you another letter?" Savastein had asked.

"No, man, let me be," he had answered.

"Honey," Sylvia said, "it's four o'clock."

"There's one sleeps in the bunk above me," he said.

"One what?"
“A Negro.”

“Oh,” she said. “What time do you have to go back?”

“At five,” he said, slowly, looking at his watch. “There’s a formation at five and then we go to chow.”

“You have to?”

“I have to.”

“Is it good food?”

“It’s awful. It’s terrible, rotten food.” Then he laughed. “But you know, the second night I was here I was on KP. Like in all the movies soldiers are on KP, peeling potatoes. Only now it is done in a machine: you just trim them, take out the eyes after the machine is done. All night we sat there, and everybody is talking, telling about their wives and girls and where they come from, and what they’re gonna do after the war is over. You know it was all night but I don’t remember it was bad, all of us together.”

“All night,” she said, horrified. “But the food is edible, I mean, you won’t get sick.”

“For Christ’s sake, I’m a big boy. I’m sorry, Sylvie,” he said, seeing her face. “I’m sorry.” He realized then, or thought and knew it finally now, that she would not understand and he should not tell her because she would just worry. He felt protective of her, but very lonely because there was nobody to whom he could tell it. There was nobody who would understand. He looked at her, seeing her dark blue eyes, the way her face was square and the precise line of her lipstick on her beautiful mouth. She looked like she would understand the whole world and she understood nothing and it made them separate for the first time. Impulsively wanting to touch her, he reached out to take her hand.

“You seem changed,” she said softly. “I don’t know. Can I go by and see where you live before I go?”

“No,” he said. “I don’t want everybody seeing you, you’re so pretty it would just upset them.” He smiled but she did not return it. “I have to go back,” he said finally. There was nothing he had to say to her; they were from separate worlds and civilians did not understand. He felt rushed now to go back to the company. He looked at his watch again.

“Now?”

“Yes.”

“But it’s early.”
“It’s almost four-thirty and it’s a fifteen minute walk.”
“I can’t even kiss you here.”
“In the car,” he said. He stood up and walked with her, past the families who were still sitting, past others who were getting up and beginning to fold the food away into the paper and boxes before they went. Outside the wind cut at them. They half ran down to the car and he opened the door for her, then ran around and got in himself.
“Don’t worry about me, Sylvie,” he said. “It isn’t bad here, and look I am losing weight. Won’t it be nice for you when I am thin again. You won’t be able to bug me anymore.”
“Don’t change,” she said. “You can’t because you’re honest and kind and they can’t hurt you no matter what they do. You won’t change, will you?”
“No,” he said. “I am honest and unafraid.”
“Why are you laughing?” she asked angrily. “Is it funny?”
“Oh, Sylvie, you wouldn’t understand, we are three-thousand miles from the Grand Concourse and 174th Street.”
“I would try to understand,” she said, sadly.
“I can’t explain it now. There’s no time. I will write you a long letter and tell you then.” He wanted to look at his watch again and he wanted her to go. It was terrible, but he wanted her to go because he wanted to go back to the company. “I promise I will,” he said.
“Look, I forgot,” she said and she handed him a package. He felt it with his fingers. “It’s food, do you want some of it now? We could have taken it inside and had it together with all those other people.”
“No now.”
“We could have had it together,” she said sadly. He saw in her face that she was going to cry and he didn’t want her to because he didn’t want to see it. “But you can have it later tonight, by yourself.”
He opened the door, holding the package in his hand, feeling through the paper, the hard shapes of little jars, the rounded, pulled together end of a salami, and wrapped pieces of rye bread which he knew she had buttered. “Kiss me,” she said and he leaned forward across the wide front seat and kissed her.
“Don’t let them hurt you. If they say for you to do something then you do it, Poppa said, and don’t volunteer.”
“I won’t,” he said.

SALAMI FOR SUNDAY
“And you’ll write and tell me about it?”
“I’ll call you as soon as I know anything.”
“I love you,” she said quickly, looking away, starting the car and jerking it into gear. He slammed the door and she backed out, turned the car away from him. He watched as she drove out, and just before she turned the corner around the building, he waved goodbye. She was gone and he stood in the freezing dusk, seeing that the light was already dropping, feeling the night wind blowing at him.
Savastein started back to the company, carrying the package like an offering to his buddies. He had to pack tonight because he was shipping in the morning at 0500 hours. He would share what she had brought him with the others; right now, alone, he wasn’t hungry at all.

Sunny Island

by Rafael Heliodoro Valle

In Capri,
island of sun.
Near, far, in all things
lies love.
The bluest sea
and in the voice
a thin
trembling.
In these belvederes
Virgil dreamed.
Dream Capri
of yesterday and today.

—translated by D. M. Pettinella
Fireworks

People in a field with light and noise
Startle the dark, and savage boys
Scramble among tall legs for rocket sticks.
Showers of the pyrotechnics
Wink in smoke, trailing a storm
Above the trees, against the warm
Moon. Burnt powder and burnt hay.
A railroad flare makes hellish day
On scattered faces. Sparklers in the gloom,
Like candles in an attic room,
Wander in ghostly conclave. It's the Fourth.
Aurora borealis from the north
Moves down above the field and thunders
Finale. The sky shuts up those fiery wonders,
And heals without a sign of scars.
The old and slow explosion of the stars.

—Ernest Kroll

Eros in the Orchard

The plums, red spheres against the naked sky,
Shake in the broken heat like rising fire;
The orchard shudders, as the wind comes high.

I come not quickly down in golden rain
When the plum tree is black against the sky
But leap forth, brute, from deep within the brain

And fade, not as seducer nor as sin,
But mindless sense, and as with golden rain
The air is sweeter where a god has been.

—John Stevens Berry
Sing Willow

Swaying and shaking its silver leaves, 
The willow bends to the running stream; 
Lunary canticles, echoes of antiphons Snatched from the millrace, tremble 
The edge of a wicker dream.

What is a wedding that it must end? 
"A long sleep in a rocking boat." 
What is a man that he must die? 
"A man is windle, weight, and whisper."

"Fire, breath, love, death: 
Forever is time without a home," 
Sang the willow to the running stream; 
Swaying and shaking its silver leaves, 
Weaving a wicker dream.

Why does the rain fall, blood on the ground? 
Why do mountains splinter and break? 
"The moon that mothers unquiet doves Dances while wicker baskets burn."

Swaying and shaking its silver leaves, 
The willow bends to the running stream. 
These parables pleasure a witch’s child; 
Mourning desire that whisded the wind, 
Peering from deep in wicker dream.

—Barbara FitzGerald
Ponte Vecchio

Proud legions lingered here
High riding, spanning wide,
Paused, flecked in shadow,
Saw crevassed fern and shook
The torrent's spray wind-driven from the plume,
Heard tumbling water rolling boulders round
Down thudding ravine to the thundering pool,
Beating the bulwarks of their sturdy frame.
They carried standards gravely to their world
Across unbroken bastions into time.

Now pause we here two thousand years from then
Hearing the stream cascading over shale,
The bridge is useless halfway linked with air
The fallen fragments pounded by the flow.
Here in the ruts the swift wheels cut through stone
This purple thyme has outlived Tyrian dye
Wild birds can only span where chariots rolled.

Yet legions lingered here
Deep in the shade leaned to the grass
And crushed the fragrant herb,
Shared moment such as these
That swirl below
As broken ages grind to boundless sea.

—Richard A. George
Here lies the Sun
Who created the dawn
And gave light to the day
And pastured the afternoon.

The magic shepherd
Of luminous hands
Who impregnated the roses
And stripped them of their petals.

Here lies the Sun
The hermaphrodite gentle
And violent, who
Possessed the shape
Of all the women
And died in the sea.

—translated by John Nist

Old Woman Gathering Withered Apples

This tree and I once both were young.
Its blossoms were a buoyancy upon the bough,
Its trunk and limbs were sheathed in satin,
The sweetness of its fruit tore at the throat.
But it grows late. The sun burns down,
And I pick withered apples from the ground.

—Elizabeth Shafer
Head Notes

Resident poet and novelist at Russell Sage College in Troy, New York, GEORGE ABBE has published poems in *Atlantic, Yale Review, Saturday Review, Southwest Review, Accent,* and *Colorado Quarterly.* He serves on the editorial board of Book-Club-for-Poetry.

Study at the universities of Berlin, Freiburg im Breisgau, Munich, Berne, Zurich, and New Mexico preceded MARGOT ASTROV's field work among the Navajo, Apache, and Pueblo Indians in New Mexico. In 1946 John Day Co. published her anthology of American Indian prose and poetry, *The Winged Serpent.* She lives in Santa Fe.

Grandson of the historian, John Stevens, JOHN STEVENS BERRY received his B.A. in English literature from Stanford University this spring. He has twice received the Academy of American Poets Award: in 1958 and again in 1959.

Pastor of Stone Street Presbyterian Church in Watertown, New York, THOMAS JOHN CARLISLE is the father of four sons and author of more than 190 published poems. In 1957 he won the Chapbook Award at the University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference.

EDWARD DORN attended the University of Illinois, and finished school at Black Mountain College. After leaving school, he traveled about the United States for two years. Prior to moving to Santa Fe, he lived in the Pacific Northwest, working as a logger, fisherman and laborer. He has three children.

A graduate of the University of Nebraska, BARBARA FITZGERALD lives in Iowa City, Iowa, with her husband and two-year-old daughter.

RICHARD GEORGE was born in England and was educated at Burderop College, Wiltshire. He served in World War II at Dunkirk and then in the Burma Campaign. While in the South-East Asia Command he was awarded the Viceroy's prize for poetry granted by Field Marshal Earl Wavell. The poem on page 173 was included in the *World's Classics: Modern Verse 1900-1950,* by Oxford University Press. Mr. George first came to America under the exchange teacher program of the Fulbright Commission. He returned to America in 1954, and lives in East Orange, New Jersey.

SISTEr MARY HONORA, O.S.F., teaches English at St. Mary's School in Cascade, Iowa. Her poems have appeared in over thirty periodicals, among them *Commonweal, Chicago Review,* and *InscapE.*
EDWIN HONIG’S most recent publications include *Dark Conceit: The Making of Allegory* and *The Gazabos: 41 Poems*. Former poetry editor of *NMQ*, he is professor of English at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island.

Intelligence Officer in the Department of State, Washington, D. C., ERNEST KROLL is the author of two collections of poems published by E. P. Dutton & Co. His description of something unusual in his career or experience: “I don’t want to write a novel.”

From July 1958, to July 1959, JOHN NIST was a Fulbright Lecturer in American literature to the University of São Paulo. During the course of his stay, Mr. Nist became acquainted with Vinicius de Morais, whom he calls “one of the brightest lights of modern Brazilian poetry.” A government diplomat, currently first secretary of the Brazilian Embassy in Montevideo, Uruguay, Senhor de Morais wrote the film script *Orfeu Negro* which won the Gold Medal in the 1959 Cannes Film Festival. Following his sojourn in Brazil, Mr. Nist is teaching in the Department of English and Speech of East Michigan College. His critical commentaries on Brazilian literature have appeared in *Beloit Poetry Journal, Approach*, and *Arizona Quarterly*.

The author of “The Dancer and the Dance” teaches English at the University of Utah. JOEL NUGENT is a pen-name.

ELIZABETH SHAFER is a free-lance writer for adult and juvenile publications, living in Colorado Springs, Colorado. This is her third appearance in *NMQ*.

DORA M. PETTINELLA is a writer and translator for a New York advertising firm. She has traveled in South America and Italy and has published poems in Italian periodicals as well as in magazines in this country.

Educated at Queens’ College, Cambridge, and Bedford College, London, CHARLES TOMLINSON is lecturer in English Literature at the University of Bristol. During 1959-60, Mr. Tomlinson received a traveling artist’s fellowship from the Institute of International Education, and managed visits to Albuquerque, Santa Fe, and Taos. He has published widely, both in British and U.S. publications. This fall, Oxford University Press will issue a volume of his verse translations, *Versions From Tyutchev*.

In 1954, following a stint in the army, LAWRENCE STURHAHN returned to New York and looked for a job. He found one that is “perhaps a little too fascinating because it has kept me from writing as much as I want—I work in motion picture production here in New York.” Mr. Sturhahn has published in *Mutiny, Paris Review*, and *Quixote*, and at present is writing a novel.

Artist and resident of Corrales, N. M., PAUL WRIGHT is completing a mural for Sandia Base on the theme of space flight.
SOME YEARS AGO, over coffee (before that term came expressly to mean espresso), Roland Dickey (now editor of NMQ, but not then); Edward Lueders, an English professor with a piquant penchant for jazz; and I had a discussion about paperbooks, which began over a brochure Dr. Lueders was carrying advertising Puffin Books. With side admonishments to buy Pelicans and Penguins. ("What a marvelous bird is the pelly-can, his beak can hold more than his belly can!") And is there anyone who has not heard of the marvelous Pelican Shakespeares or Keats—a beaker brimming with pure Hippocrene?

The conversation continued, and we began to speculate on other possibilities of paperbooks named after birds whose names open with a "p" with which publishers could feather their nests. I believe the phoenix was mentioned, and I’m sure all three of us felt somewhat smug when the University of Chicago Press launched a series of paperbounds under that imprint.

Names such as partridge, peacock and parrot were tossed out. Phoebe and pheasant. And how about a Pigeon Press? Unlimited possibilities bask there! For the younger set, paperbound stool pigeons. The travel book department could utilize the passenger pigeon as its colophon. And surely the murder department could use a line of sulky pouter pigeons. Parakeets Press could specialize in two-volume editions of romantic poets. Phalaropes come too late to review. And so on, far into the morning. I think the speculation ended with the Ptarmigan Series (published, of course, by old grouses) and the Pterodactyls—which didn’t really qualify, and they’re extinct now anyway.

I doubt that anyone will rush to register any of these names as trademarks. But it’s a game that’s fun to play. Has anyone stormed the Citadel paperback publisher yet? Has Grove started a new line of Firs? And surely, someone must be undertaking a line of paperbacks for farmers under the aegis of the Wiseacre Press.

A flock of fiction has come out recently. Capricorn Books reissued Robert M. Coates’ The Eater of Darkness ($1.15), originally published by Contact Editions in 1926. It is
a surrealist murder tale of a man who kills with X-ray bullets, but memorable mostly because it is the first novel of a distinguished art critic and writer. In connection with this, read the University of Nebraska paperback, ROBERT McALMON, EXPATRIATE PUBLISHER AND WRITER ($1.50). McAlmon was the publisher of Contact Editions, and he belonged to that charmed circle of lost souls of the Twenties whose magic ring has vanished leaving a silver after-image on the retina of literature. Kerouac's THE DHARMA BUMS (Signet, $.50) and his first novel THE TOWN AND THE CITY (Grosset's Universal Library, $1.45) are good books with which to stock the shelves of a pad.

Alan Swallow, a man in Denver who has devoted most of his publishing efforts to poetry, issues a line of Swallow paperbacks. (I'm sure no aviary connotations were intended.) MORNING RED by Frederick Manfred ($1.95) is a mammoth novel by the author of The Golden Bowl. THE WIFE OF MARTIN GUERRE by Janet Lewis ($1.25) is the story of Bertrande de Rols and the trial of Martin Guerre, based on the case in Famous Cases of Circumstantial Evidence.

Three of Joseph Conrad's sea stories have been edited and published with an introduction by Morton Dauwen Zabel as THE SHADOW-LINE AND TWO OTHER TALES (Double-day Anchor Books, $.95). John Berryman, proficient poet and critic, has edited THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELER, the picaresque rambles of Jack Wilton, by Thomas Nashe (Capricorn, $1.15), often considered to be the first novel in English.

Grosset's Universal Library has come out with THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, thirty-six thingamajigs by James Thurber. It's $1.25, and well worth it, if for the Thurber line drawings alone.

For the reader with a purpose, Noonday has published an anthology of GREAT STORIES BY NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS ($1.95). East and West do meet; the twenty-six authors include Kipling, Tagore, Yeats, Mann, Lewis, Hamsun and Pasternak. Editors Leo Hamalian and Edmond L. Volpe have supplied an introduction (which is somewhat disappointing in its sparseness) and thumbnail sketches of the Prize winners.

Two anthologies of stories by Irish writers have been edited by Devin A. Garrity and published by New American Library of World Literature under the Signet imprint. Twenty-eight modern Irish stories appear in THE IRISH GENIUS ($.50) and Liam O'Flaherty's lyrical talent is evident in THE SELECTED STORIES OF LIAM O'FLAHERTY ($.35).

THE LOVELY LADY is a Signet anthology of stories by D. H. Lawrence ($.35). The seven chosen include the title piece, the too-often reprinted "Rocking-Horse Winner," the happily bawdy "Rawdon's Roof," and "Blue Moccasins" which begins with this bon mot: "The fashion in women changes nowadays even faster than women's fashions." A collection of short stories in the comic vein by Anton Chekhov-ST. PETER'S DAY AND OTHER TALES (Capricorn, $1.25) reminds us that 1960 is the Chekhov centennial year. It attests to the fact that the Russians have a sense of humor. There is a parody on Jules Verne, called "The Flying Island," and a gossipy item entitled "Sketches from the Theatre." The translation by Frances Jones is excellent.

Six of Feodor Dostoevsky's early stories have been published by Grove Press under the title WHITE NIGHTS AND OTHER STORIES (An Evergreen Book, $1.75) and NOTES
FROM UNDERGROUND and the excerpt from The Brothers Karamazov known as The Grand Inquisitor appear as a Dutton Everyman Paperback ($1.45).

Dylan Thomas's reminiscences, stories and essays comprise the New Directions volume Quite Early One Morning ($1.35). The title sketch presages his later play for voices, Under Milk Wood, and the memorable "A Child's Christmas in Wales" is here.

Breakfast at Tiffany's by Truman Capote (Signet, $.50) contains four charmers. Holly Golightly, eighteen-year-old call girl, originally from Tulip, Texas, is the most ingratiating character to come along in a long while. "House of Flowers" was a Broadway musical some years ago. "A Diamond Guitar" is the somewhat overdone plot of the convict musician. "A Christmas Memory," the last item, is as rich with memories as a whiskey-wetted fruitcake, and the boy in it recalls the one who made The Grass Harp so pleasant.

Alfred A. Knopf publishes a series of paperbacks known as Vintage Books. Eighteen stories and a preface by the author are printed in Stories by Elizabeth Bowen ($1.25). Miss Bowen writes well, particularly of horror ("The Demon Lover") and of children ("Coming Home" and "Mysterious Kôr"). Her preface is delightful, and I quote: "Literature is a compost to which we are each contributing what we have."

Another bird in the business, Bantam, has issued two volumes in a series called Bantam Dual-Language Books. They are French Stories, or Contes Français ($.75) and Spanish Stories, or Cuentos Españoles. The French volume contains ten stories presented in the French language with the corresponding English translation on the facing page. Wallace Fowlie has provided an essay and biographical-critical introductions to each story. Included are Voltaire, Balzac, Flaubert, Baudelaire, de Maupassant, Claudel, Gide, Mauriac, Aymé, and Camus. A scrupulous vocabulary at the end makes this an ideal volume for students. The Spanish stories collection contains thirteen stories, with an introduction and notes by Angel Flores. Some of these selections are commonplace, but Cela and Goytisolo have not been over-exploited with translation, and it is pleasant to find stories by them here.

To conclude this discussion of fiction in paperbacks, we'd like to mention Signet Classics—the latest publishing program of the New American Library of World Literature. The new series, with volumes priced at fifty cents, provides readable (larger type!) and attractively bound editions of outstanding nineteenth- and twentieth-century novels. The books are unabridged and supplemented with commentaries by scholars such as Horace Gregory, Albert J. Guerard, George P. Elliott and C. M. Woodhouse. The first ten titles include Return of the Native by Thomas Hardy, Heart of Darkness and The Secret Sharer by Joseph Conrad, The Unvanquished by William Faulkner, The Scarlet Letter by Nathaniel Hawthorne, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain, Animal Farm by George Orwell, Adolphe and The Red Note-Book by Benjamin Constant, and Kidnapped by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Donald Hall, William Meredith, and Norman Holmes Pearson are members of the poetry board of Wesleyan University Press, which last year launched a program of publishing original works of poetry simultaneously in cloth and paperbound editions. The
first four are SAINT JUDAS by James Wright, LIGHT AND DARK by Barbara Howes, A DREAM OF GOVERNORS by Louis Simpson, and APPLES FROM SHINAR by Hyam Plutzik. Each in paperback is $1.65.

James Wright, former Yale Younger Poet, evokes the most responsive chord:

She's gone. She was my love, my moon or more.
She chased the chickens out and swept the floor,
Emptied the bones and nut-shells after feasts,
And smacked the kids for leaping up like beasts.

"The grave's gash festers" in Mr. Wright's consciousness. In "American Twilights, 1957," a poem dedicated to Caryl Chessman, we have this epitaph:

Tall on the earth I would have sung
Heroes of hell, could I have learned
Their names to marvel on my tongue;
The land is dark where they have turned,
And now their very names are burned.

There is a preoccupation with the condemned (and Wright sees all mankind condemned) as he muses "At the Executed Murderer's Grave":

Order be damned, I do not want to die
Even to keep Belaire, Ohio, safe.
The hackles on my neck are fear, not grief.

This is as good a place as any to mention the other evidences of interest in poetry at Wesleyan. One is a small volume, POETS AT WESLEYAN, based on a reading of poems at the University by six poets on the faculty there. The six are Willis Barnstone, Reuel Denney, George Garrett, Wilbert Snow, Ruth Stone, and Richard Wilbur. Also, this spring a Poetry Festival was held on the campus. Sixteen visiting poets (among them Robert Frost, Salvatore Quasimodo and Theodore Roethke), six undergraduate poets, and the faculty poets mentioned above, were honored. A small, handsomely printed volume titled FESTIVAL includes poems by several of them.

The Macmillan Company has inaugurated a schedule of poetry in paperbacks "in the belief that our poetic heritage can endure and thrive only if the poets of today are widely read." Ramon Guthrie, David Galler, Katherine Hoskins, Hayden Carruth, Reed Whittemore are among the first poets represented. Winfield Townley Scott's volume in this series, SCRIMSHAW, was reviewed in the Spring NMQ. SALT-WATER POEMS AND BALLADS, John Masefield's first published poems, is a Macmillan paperback ($1.25) nostalgically reminding us to read the poets of yesterday, as well.

While dwelling in the house of paperback poetry, let us mention that it is good to have Hugh Kenner's Rinehart volume THE ART OF POETRY ($2.50). The book expresses acknowledgements to Ezra Pound "who convinced writers and readers of two generations that as the love of a thing consists in the understanding of its perfections, so the most
detailed knowledge of what it is that a poet has done will minister to the most enduring poetic pleasure.” The Art of Poetry is primarily a book for the student, and it is a wise tutor, keeping dissection and critical dissonance at a minimum and gently stressing the poem—“where the answers to all questions lie.” Over 150 poems are included. Another valuable Rinehart classroom aid is Jacob Korg’s An Introduction to Poetry ($1.00).

An exciting innovation in the field of paperbound critical literature is the appearance of the University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American writers, small booklets designed to show which way the grain of American literature is running. The first three are Ernest Hemingway by Philip Young, Robert Frost by Lawrence Thompson, and William Faulkner by William Van O’Connor. Each provides a brief biographical sketch, a critical summary of the major works of each, and a selected bibliography. The price is $1.00 per book. Forthcoming subjects include Henry James, Eugene O’Neill, Mark Twain, and Thomas Wolfe.

From April, 1919, to December, 1920, Katherine Mansfield regularly reviewed fiction for The Athenaeum. John Middleton Murry edited and Beacon Press has published a collection of these reviews, Novels and Novelists ($1.65), and it is fun to roam through these literary crumpets—comments on Virginia Woolf’s Kew Gardens, Somerset Maugham’s The Moon and Sixpence, Edith Wharton’s Age of Innocence—and does anyone here remember Daisy Ashford (more precocious than Françoise Sagan) or Mrs. Humphrey Ward?

Oxford University Press’s Galaxy Books has issued a collection of modern essays on eighteenth-century English literature under the editorship of James L. Clifford ($2.45). Scholars of the rank of Northrop Frye and Rufus Putney are among the contributors, but there appears to be an imbalance of emphasis—two or three items apiece on Pope and Johnson, while the British, at least, would notice the omission of Smollett. In the same series, M. H. Abrams has edited a useful anthology of modern critical essays on the English Romantic Poets ($2.65), which covers the major figures of the Romantic Movement in England. The major emphasis is placed on criticism rather than on biographical and historical materials, and the essayists represented include such critics as T. S. Eliot, C. S. Lewis, Lionel Trilling, and Carlos Baker.

Putnam’s Capricorn Books series includes in its recent release John Addington Symonds’ The Revival of Learning, The Renaissance in Italy ($1.45), which can be read in conjunction with Mentor’s edition of The Renaissance, by Walter Pater ($5.00).
Besides being classic studies of a turbulent period in their own right, the two books are classics of nineteenth-century English prose by two master stylists.

Mention must also be made of the Indiana University Press Midland Books edition of Mark Van Doren's *John Dryden, A Study of His Poetry* ($1.75). First published in 1920, this remains one of the best and most well balanced studies of Dryden's poetry, taking into account both its strength and its weakness. Van Doren's painstaking examination of the currents of seventeenth-century thought serves not only to facilitate the understanding of Dryden's work, but also illuminates the poetic theories of the Augustans who followed him.

R. W. B. Lewis in *The American Adam* (Phoenix, $1.35) traces innocence, tragedy and tradition in the nineteenth century, the emergent and collective American myth which he pieces together from the work of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Henry James, and even from Scott Fitzgerald's *Jay Gatsby*: "... the American hero as Adam takes his start outside the world, remote or on the verges; its power, its fashions, and its history are precisely the forces he must learn, must master or be mastered by. Oedipus, approaching the strange city-world of Thebes, was in fact coming home; the hero of the new world has no home to begin with, but he seeks one to come."

*The American Mind*, by Henry Steele Commager (Yale, $1.45) discusses American thought and character since the 1880's. Yale University Press, another of the presses to foster a paperbound book program, has a sizeable list to its credit, with only a year of operation under its belt. Titles tend toward philosophy and literature: García Lorca by Roy Campbell, *The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth-Century Philosophers* by Carl L. Becker, and Maxim Gorky's *The Lower Depths*.

Yvor Winters, a "maverick" of literary criticism because he views the creative act as an exercise in moral judgment and evaluates it as such, has had six essays collected by Meridian Books and published as *On Modern Poets* ($1.35). The six authors judged are Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot, John Crowe Ransom, Hart Crane, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and Robert Frost.

*The Modern Ibsen* by Hermann J. Weigand (Dutton Everyman Paperback, $1.75) contains twelve essays, first published in 1925, which probe the recesses of Henrik Ibsen's social dramas.

The flights of angels admonished to sing the sweet prince to his rest failed miserably. Hamlet, Shakespeare's mournful Dane, has been psychoanalyzed and reconstructed and portrayed on a revolving proscenium of criticism, of which the latest is Bernard Grebanier's *The Heart of Hamlet*, issued by Thomas Y. Crowell in a mammoth paperback selling for an elephantine $3.75. The volume contains a text of the play as edited by Professor Grebanier, but perhaps it will be most useful for the comprehensive chapter on the nature of tragedy. Eric Partridge's *Shakespeare's Bawdy*, a scholarly, fully documented examination of Shakespeare's sexual allusions from the literary, psychological and lexicographical standpoints, has been released as a Dutton Everyman Paperback ($1.35).

Noonday Press has published *A Reader's Guide to William Butler Yeats* by John Unterecker ($1.65); Oxford Press has issued F. O. Matthiessen's *The Achievement of
T. S. Eliot as a Galaxy Book ($1.95); and Mark Schorer's interpretation of William Blake is a new Vintage volume ($1.45). Evergreen has released an edition of Walt Whitman's Poems, together with clarification studies of his work, edited by Gay Wilson Allen and Charles T. Davis ($1.95). This last volume, together with Dr. Allen's biography of Walt Whitman, The Solitary Singer (Grove Press, $2.95), plus a volume of Leaves of Grass would pave the way to a basic understanding of Whitman.

Evergreen has published The Selected Poems of Bertolt Brecht in a bilingual edition with English translation and introduction by H. R. Hays ($1.95). Known for his raffish work in The Threepenny Opera, Brecht is primarily a social poet who discovered esthetic values in functionalism.

The Year of My Life (University of California Press, $1.25) is the autobiographical record of a year—1819—in the life of Issa, one of the three greatest writers of Japanese haiku. Translated by Nobuyuki Yuasa from Issa's Oraga Haru, it is an adventure in haibun—a mixed form of haiku and prose. The quality of “slenderness,” so prized in Japanese poetry, is evident; witness this written on the night his daughter was buried:

Let the crane cry as he may
In the darkness of the night
No blanket can ever
Cover her now.

The Bedbug and Selected Poetry (Meridian Books, $1.55) contains a drama which is a political satire and many poems by Vladimir Mayakovsky, who was canonized by Stalin as a Soviet poet laureate after his suicide in 1930. Characterized by a steely lyricism, the poems span Mayakovsky's entire career. One of the most remarkable is "The Backbone Flute," a passionate, distraught lover's lament:

It seems
I shall plunge head first from the scaffolding of days.
Over the abyss I've stretched my soul in a tightrope
and juggling with words, totter above it.

Sheed & Ward, a New York Catholic publisher, has three volumes of poems available in paperback at $.95 each. They are Testament and Other Poems by John Fandel, former Quarterly contributor; Discovery and Other Poems by Samuel Hazo; and The Cliff's Edge, Songs of a Psychotic by Ethne Tabor.

Many small printing agencies in America subsist, it would appear, by printing small editions of works of poets seeking an ear and an audience, and who feel that type will plead their cause.

The Bread & Wine Press, appropriately enough, is one of these poetry publishers. 21 Carlisle is a first collection of poetry by Blake Reed, showing a nervy and epileptic grasp of language, and occasionally—in “My Grandfather’s House in Springfield” and “My Father is My Father”—a sincere pattern of words and thought. Giant of Tears and Other Poems by Margaret Randall, former Albuquerquean, was published at the Tejon Books.

Alfred Dorn is the author of two recent works: WINE IN STONE issued by the New Athenaeum Press: the other, FLAMENCO DANCER, published by New Orlando Publications in Greenwich Village, New York. There is a mature grace in his poems. "To One Who Envied a Swan," a sonnet, has for its final couplet:

The eye creates each world it looks upon
Only in the beholder moves the swan.

And it is a poet who grasps the image of "Cat-o-nine-tails of cold rain." Mr. Dorn has a special feeling for the sonnet, and in a time of meager meter, it is pleasant to find a poet who knows it and uses it.

Some writers have kept journals full of anguished phrases about their struggles with writing ("It was with many misgivings that I killed my own friend Mrs. Proudie"—Anthony Trollope, Autobiography) and maxims about how to write ("Whatever one wishes to say, there is one noun only by which to express it, one verb only to give it life, one adjective only which will describe it"—Guy de Maupassant, Preface to Pierre et Jean) and why ("I write as I walk because I want to get somewhere and I write as straight as I can, just as I walk as straight as I can, because that is the best way to get there"—H. G. Wells, Experiment in Autobiography). The Dutton Everyman Paperback, WRITERS ON WRITING ($1.45) is a sampler of quotations from almost seventy "eminent practitioners," their rules and revelations.

Two volumes in the genre of self-examination are TURGENEV'S LITERARY REMINISCENCES, supplied with a prefatory essay by Edmund Wilson (Grove Press, An Evergreen Book, $1.95) and Leo Tolstoy's Last Diaries, newly edited and introduced by Leon Stilman (Capricorn, $1.35).

Books dealing with American history and heritage are prominent among new releases. On the shelf with the colonial pewter are Perky Miller's ORTHODOXY IN MASSACHUSETTS, 1630-1650 (Beacon Press, $1.95), an analysis of the colonial structure through the stringencies of thought of the age, and REBELS AND REDCOATS by George F. Scheer and Hugh F. Rankin (Mentor, $1.75), a book full as grapeshot with eyewitness accounts of the American Revolution taken directly from letters, diaries, journals and battlefield reports. OUR EARLIEST COLONIAL SETTLEMENTS by Charles M. Andrews (Cornell University's Great Seal Books, $1.75) presents a picture of the diversities of origin and later characteristics of seventeenth-century English colonies in Virginia, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Maryland.

An understanding of the major themes in American diplomacy through significant documents is provided by AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, edited by Robert A. Divine ($1.45). As one of Meridian Books' series of Documents of American History, it successfully fulfills the aim of the editors to show in supplementary readers the American past as it was recorded by those who lived it. The present volume includes speeches by Henry Clay on the demands of the frontier, the planks in the Democratic platform on the issue of
expansion which boosted James K. Polk into office, Roosevelt's letters to Churchill, all showing the inner workings of American foreign policy.

*Politics in America* by D. W. Brogan (Doubleday Anchor Books, $1.45) is a picture of the bastard art of politics from the days of Jefferson to the current term of Eisenhower, illuminating the best and worst features of American political life. Getting a second look is *Profiles in Courage*, by Senator John F. Kennedy (Pocket Books, Cardinal Edition, $.35), studies in courageous political suicide, including Edmund G. Ross, upon whose vote hung the failure to impeach President Andrew Johnson. Thereby disgraced as a Kansas Senator, Ross served honorably as Territorial Governor of New Mexico, 1885-89.

Two of the most dissimilar wars in history are topics of two recent paperbacks. Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War* has been edited in translation by Sir Richard Livingstone (Galaxy, $1.85) and *The Reason Why* by Cecil Woodham-Smith (Dutton Everyman Paperbook, $1.55) is a re-creation of men and events behind the immortal and ill-fated Charge of the Light Brigade during the Crimean War.

"Philosophy," says Roscoe Pound, "has been a powerful instrument in the legal armory and the times are ripe for restoring it to its old place therein." Pound's *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Law* (Yale, $95), first published in 1922, treats the function of legal philosophy, the ends and applications of law, and contains chapters on "Liability," "Property," and "Contract." *The Moral Decision* by Edmond Cahn (Midland Books, $1.75) differentiates between right and wrong in the light of American law and presents some fascinating case histories.

In 1610, Galileo with his telescope was the first man to see a heavenly body as it really was. In 1633, before the Inquisition, he was forced to recant his theories: "I must altogether abandon the false opinion that the Sun is the center of the world and immovable and that the Earth is not the center of the world and moves. . . ." The story of *The Crime of Galileo* is told with verve and meticulous care by Giorgio de Santillana (Phoenix, $1.75), a book which *Time* called "a masterly intellectual whodunit."
IN THE MAKING (Pocket Books, $.50) by Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin dramatizes the evolution and degeneration of the stars. AND THERE WAS LIGHT by Rudolf Thiel (Mentor, $.75) relates the stories of the astronomers who theorized, dreamed and studied the stars in quest of truth and natural law.

Accounting for persons, we have GREY Eminence by Aldous Huxley (Meridian, $1.45), the full-length biography of François Leclerc du Trembley known to religion as Father Joseph of Paris and to anecdotal history as l'Eminence Grise, friend and collaborator of Richelieu. Elizabeth Jenkins’ biography of JANE AUSTEN is a blend of warmth and scholarship. “The occult power of creating human personality” for which Miss Jenkins praises the author of *Emma, Pride and Prejudice, Sense and Sensibility*, is a quality which the biographer herself possesses. The book is available in Grosset’s Universal Library at $1.45.

Speaking at Oxford in 1864, Benjamin Disraeli propounded: “The question is this—Is man an ape or an angel? My Lord, I am on the side of the angels.” William Irvine’s APES, ANGELS, AND VICTORIANS (Meridian, $1.45) is a mirror up to nature for Darwin, Huxley, and the theory of evolution.

There are paperbacks for almost every interest and pocketbook. Marshall Stearns’ basic THE STORY OF JAZZ (Mentor, $.50) will delight the record collector, folklorist and musician; THE STORY OF LANGUAGE by Mario Pei (Mentor, $.75) is a verbal icon of an oral tradition; APPROACH TO GREEK ART by Charles Seltman (Dutton Everyman Paperback, $1.65) covers the subject from 1600 B.C. to A.D. 850, and the text is supplemented by more than two hundred illustrations. Indiana University Press’s Midland Books contains A BOOK ABOUT BEES, by Edwin Way Teale ($1.95). George Bernard Shaw’s THE ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK GIRL IN HER SEARCH FOR GOD is available in a Capricorn edition ($.95) with the fifteen woodcut illustrations by John Farleigh which enhanced the first edition. MAN, CULTURE AND SOCIETY, edited by Harry L. Shapiro (Galaxy, $2.25), is “a collection of essays by many eminent authorities on fields of anthropology and offers a stimulating introduction to a complex study.

Under the crowing rooster of the Bantam Classics one meets the international set of old friends, and friends of old friends. At admission prices of thirty-five, fifty, and ninety-five cents, one can cultivate the world’s garden with CANDIDE, converse with Shaw in MAN AND SUPERMAN (“Talk politics, you idiots: nothing sounds more respectable”), gossip about MADAME BOVARY, relive the Revolution with CITIZEN TOM Paine, and lead a LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI with Mark Twain.

One encounters on the Bantam shelf a great choice of great novels. Some offer friendly introductions (Carlos Baker on JOSEPH ANDREWS; Malcolm Cowley on ANNA KARENINA; Edward Weeks on Conrad’s THREE SHORT NOVELS—*Heart of Darkness, Youth, and Typhoon*. One meets the fresh and standard endeavors in that most delicate of arts—translation. Competent and versatile among today’s literary linguists, Willard R. Trask translates and introduces Zola’s THERÈSE RAQUIN, “a study in crime, adultery and retribution.” Lowell Bair translates Stendahl’s THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA, with an introduction by Harry Levin. THE AGE OF REASON, first of Jean Paul Sartre’s trilogy, trans-
lated by Eric Sutton, could well afford a foreword of critical opinion since 1945. Alexandra Tolstoy stamps her approval on Barbara Makanowitzky’s translation of Fathers & Sons, Turgenev’s 1861 novel of college men (“Art, love of nature, love for a woman—all this romantic stuff must give way to physiology, chemistry and other useful sciences”). And there is Sienkiewicz’ Quo Vadis, which Jeremiah Curtin rendered from the Polish in 1896.

The Czech, Karel Capek (credited with inventing in 1923 the word robot, from the Slavonic root for “to drudge”), in his novel War with the Newts (1936), created magnificent satire. Capek uses a theme of humanized Salamanders, who learn Basic English, specialize in underwater demolition, are the subject of a worldwide S-Trade, undergo endless Nazilike scientific tests (Jewish doctors are forbidden to participate), and one fine day conquer the world. Its style a travesty on the scholarly treatise, with learned footnotes including Japanese and “an unknown tongue . . . therefore untranslatable,” the book is alternately hilarious and horrifying. As a companion volume, from the gentle voice of a people sometimes treated like Newts, the autobiography of Booker T. Washington, Up from Slavery, needs to be heard again and again.

One novel is great for having 1045 pages, with “Not one word cut!” Hervey Allen’s Anthony Adverse appeared in the pre-TV, voracious-reading Depression days of 1933, went through forty printings in its first edition, was kept alive in four other editions, and went into fourteen languages including Finnish and Japanese.

Invited to this Bantam party are the generations of living memory. Taking a cue from literary revivals, one may begin with Henry James’ Washington Square (1881). Next try William Dean Howells’ A Hazard of New Fortunes, of which introducer Van Wyck Brooks quotes James as writing to Howells: “You are less big than Zola, but you are ever so much less clumsy and really more various.” This pre-Madison Avenue novel of New York features the staff of Every Other Week magazine—“The missing link; the long-felt tie between the Arts and the Dollars.” Booth Tarkington seems almost forgotten, but pre-Beatnik generations may take pleasure in recalling William Sylvanus Baxter (not unlike comic-strip Freckles) when he was Seventeen. Totally different Americana is Robert Penn Warren’s All the King’s Men:

The second day I was in Texas. I was traveling through the part where the flat-footed, bilious, frog-sticker-toting Baptist biscuit-eaters live. Then I was traveling through the part where crook-legged, high-heeled, gun-wearing, spick-killing, callous-rumped sons of the range live and crowd the drugstore on Saturday night and then go round the corner to see episode three of “Vengeance in Vinegar Creek,” starring Gene Autry as Borax Pete. But over both parts, the sky was tall hot brass by day and black velvet by night, and Coca Cola is all a man needs to live on. Then I was traveling through New Mexico, which is a land of total and magnificent emptiness—with a little white filling station flung down on the sand like a sun-bleached cow skull by the trail, with far to the north a valiant remnant of the heroes of the Battle of Montmartre in a vast bivouac wearing huaraches and hammered silver and trying to strike up conversations with Hopis on street corners. Then Arizona, which is grandeur and the slow incredulous stare of sheep, until you hit the Mojave. You cross the Mojave at night and even at night your breath rasps your gullet as though you were a sword swallow who had got hold of a hack-saw blade by mistake, and in the darkness the hunched rock and towering cactus loom at you with the shapes of a visceral, Freudian nightmare.
After the hors d’oeuvres of fiction have been sampled, one may attack a pièce de résistance at the Bantam board. While the stomach is strong, pick up Rats, Lice & History, a fascinating and beautifully written pre-World War II history of typhus fever and similarly-communicated diseases. “Typhus is not dead,” warns Hans Zinsser. “It will live on for centuries, and it will continue to break into the open whenever human stupidity and brutality give it a chance, as most likely they occasionally will.”

As lagniappe, there are many choices. The Complete Works of François Villon, 181 pages of verse in French, interleaved with Anthony Bonner’s translations, has an introduction by William Carlos Williams, who affirms Villon’s Frenchness, and says “We can still learn from him how to write a poem.” Four Great Elizabethan Plays offers Doctor Faustus, The Duchess of Malfi, The Shoemaker’s Holiday, and Volpone. Moments of charm and derision are held by The Finest Stories of Sean O’Faolain and Aldous Huxley’s Collected Short Stories, and there is that detective story by Mark Twain: Pudd’nhead Wilson. When the eyes are tired of print (and this is less true than it used to be in the paperbacks), one may look at the 112 pictures (16 in color) from Giotto to Picasso in 50 Great Artists, by Bernard Myers.

It is pleasant to find paperback books as a visible factor in the great American “Mass Market,” and to encounter the bright, sometimes over-painted faces of literary heroes and heroines in every dimestore and supermarket. Even the youngsters may meet our own childhood friends, for The Wizard of Oz, with its well-remembered drawings of the Tin Woodman and the Cowardly Lion in color, is available on the stands for thirty-five cents, as a Crest paperback.

—Ramona Maher Weeks & Staff

“One has to withdraw into a very real solitude, and lie low there,” Lawrence wrote in 1916 (April 16). “Then the [old] world gradually ceases to exist, and a new world is discovered, where there are as yet no people”—with the exception of his wife, Frieda. And now he has hundreds of thousands of people, and their number increases daily. Most of them, of course, only dart in and out of Lawrence-land. But many, like the authors or editors of these four books (all well worth owning) have learned that large sections of it are exciting to live in and are filling up the bogs and chasing away the will-o’-the-wisps in the darker areas.

Look! We Have Come Through!—from an old world into a new—has never been printed in its entirety till now. The 1917 publishers deleted several of the poems. Warren Roberts has not only restored them but has contributed a foreword which makes one wish he would write more about Lawrence. And the introduction by Frieda is charming and heartening.

As for the poems themselves, they are a great, naked experience—provided one does not judge Lawrence and Frieda by society’s standards. Theirs was not the marriage of a gentleman and a lady, or of two solid, middle-class citizens. The language of mysticism is most appropriate for what they were: a coincidentia oppositorum, a yang and a yin resulting in many a tao-time (“Moonrise,” for instance) but always swinging around again to what Lawrence called “the Fight.” And they both felt they needed the Fight, in order to become themselves. Can anybody say they were wrong? Look at the works of art which flew forth from them. Those are the answers.

And look at such a byproduct as Start With the Sun (a phrase of Lawrence’s), by three teachers at the University of Nebraska. There’s a beautiful Fight at the center of this book. It’s between

- the New Puritanism ... [the] Eliot tradition ... with its intellectual complexity, its concentration into cubicles of wit, its wasteland derogation of possibilities, its lack of physical joy ... [and]
- the Whitman tradition ... [of] D. H. Lawrence, Hart Crane, and Dylan Thomas ... Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, William Carlos Williams ... [and] Henry Miller ... religious, physical, passionate, incantatory ... [full of] pagan joy and wonder in the natural world, the living cosmos.

In nearly half the book, the three authors go strolling through Lawrence-land, completely at home: James Miller striding straight forward, without pomposity or jargon; Bernice Slote breaking into an occasional hop-skip-and-jump (the above passage is adapted from her opening essay); and Karl Shapiro turning cartwheels (and sometimes col-
lapsing). They are delightful people, proofs of what a solar influence Lawrence can be, in comparison with Eliot.

_A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany_ is a similar pleasure. It comprises thirty-one examples of criticism, reminiscence, and research, plus an early version of Lawrence's "The Fox," the music he wrote for his play, "David," and other items. Criticism predominates, and nearly all of it is free from the so-called "New Criticism," so hostile to Lawrence. These critics have what he wants them to have, "a sense of life." Perhaps the outstanding ones (alphabetically) are: Nancy Abolin (only an undergraduate at the time), A. Alvarez (who experiences Lawrence's poetry to the full), Angelo Bertocci (who does the same with _Women In Love_), Harold Bloom (who disposes of one of Lawrence's smuggest enemies, R. P. Blackmur), R. E. Gajdusek (the first person to give _The White Peacock_ a real reading), Jascha Kessler (who has an original approach to _The Plumed Serpent_), Harry T. Moore (who not only understands editing but can write criticism as good as anybody's when he finds the time), and Mark Schorer (a scholar who is not afraid to write with emotion). But all the other contributors are also valuable. Moore has blended them into a vibrant book.

Armin Arnold's book is a kind of airplane view of the American aspects of Lawrence-land. More of the adventure of Lawrence's love-and-hate affair with America—the "thought-adventure," as he would call it—can be found in an unpublished University of Southern California thesis by E. W. Tedlock, Jr. Arnold's book, however (they have the same titles), is more thorough and more critical. And since it has long been needed, every Lawrence student should have it.

"Would you say America has been discovered? I would say it has merely been detected." Oscar Wilde's notion could have been made by Lawrence, too. As Arnold points out, the last book Lawrence was reading on his deathbed was a life of Columbus. Coincidence? Or—

_Dexter Martin_

_The D. H. Lawrence News and Notes_ is edited at the University of Alabama by Dexter Martin, who suggests these questions to ask oneself before writing about Lawrence: 1. Have I ever ridden a horse into the English Department? 2. Have I ever shot off a shotgun in class? 3. Have I ever danced on the desk? 4. Have I ever revived the codpiece? 5. In short, what have I done to amuse the possible God today? (And what has He-She-It done to amuse me?)


Goytisolo is a young author, unlikely as it may seem, since his novel _Fiestas_ is a work of maturity.

This is a novel without plot or "suspense," without any of the characteristics required of the usual novel in the repertory of editorial prejudices. It shows us life at the very bottom in Barcelona, which is not in the "Chinese district" nor in the Paralelo but in the slums where peasants from the province of Murcia arrived in search of the daily wages of industrial cities.
The Murcians nevertheless are too low even to enter the ranks of the industrial proletariat. And in Barcelona they are looked upon with suspicion and disdain. To say "Murcians" is worse than saying nomadic "gypsies" or other despised minorities.

They can be, however, honest, industrious, sometimes excellent citizens (if given the opportunity to prove it). In the suburbs of Barcelona these migratory workers try to build their shacks, pitch small tents and make their poor camps as best they can. Exactly how many there are no one knows. Tens of thousands. The authorities send sanitary inspectors and from time to time force the entire population to vacate their encampment, considering it a shameful spectacle for visitors from abroad.

In Goytisolo's novel these visitors happen to be Catholic delegates—for the most part priests or members of the church hierarchy—to the Eucharistic Congress celebrated in Barcelona two years ago. The author limits himself to showing us who the Murcians are and how they live. And why, finally, they are obliged to abandon their camp (with their wretched belongings) and are deported in long lines of trucks "nowhere in particular," and some of them sent to prison on the most frivolous pretexts.

Their crime is being poor and an "uncomfortable spectacle." One cannot help recalling the world of Jesus in Galilee and that of his disciples and apostles. The Eucharistic Congress was doubtless in the cathedral of Barcelona, but if Jesus was somewhere he was "with the Murcians" in all probability. The reflection is all the more somber when the reader remembers that the Congress delegates had the enthusiastic sponsorship and assistance of a Fascist regime like Franco's, with more than a million violent deaths on its conscience.

Yet the novel contains not a single allusion, polemical or conciliatory, to any kind of social or political problem. It presents the facts. As the Spanish classic writer would say, referring to a lady who throws her mirror out of the window for revealing her to be ugly: 

Antrojar la cara importa
que el espejo no hay por qué.

(Getting rid of one’s face is the right thing to do, there’s no reason for throwing the mirror away.)

It is unquestionably odd that the Falangist organ Pueblo should have recently accused Goytisolo of being a "Marxist" writer. Reality—truth—is apparently Marxist for the Falangists. Such a declaration in all its absurdity cannot fail to be profoundly noxious to Fascists of any color (brown, black or blue).

All sorts of characters are present in the novel, most of them typical of the Spain of today. The professor dismissed from his university for being a liberal, the adolescent girl-dreamer who refuses to accept the death of her exiled republican father and who believes that he is rich and lives in a palace and will send for her, the successful rogues and the frustrated ones, the “decent” women and those who make of a certain kind of decency a two-edged arm for the dreadful struggle. An insect’s struggle, for the petty success which permits living one more week. Or one more day.

Fiestas is more impressive because of the serene coldness with which the author discloses the facts without thinking about producing a predetermined effect. Not even an
effect of pity and terror like the ancient tragedians. With the coldness of vision there is an honest objectivity.

There have been cases of masterpieces in the early youth of an author, like Dostoevski’s Poor People, for instance. But in such cases we are dealing with masterpieces of emotion, early explosions of hate, love or compassion, or simple amazement before the promises or threats of life.

We find nothing like this in Goytisolo’s Fiestas. From beginning to end the emotion is controlled and subordinated to the expression of the truth, which can be a nude truth but is not a scandalous nudity. With the psychology of the individual and the well-selected anecdote the novelist goes weaving his fabric, from which a certain lyrical quality emerges. The lyricism is in the facts themselves and in their interdependence, under a real light which is, however, no ordinary light.

Fiestas is a fine novel in which there are no “promises,” as one is wont to say of the works of the young, but realities of which any mature author would be proud. Nor are there crude satirical purposes. There is only love, in different shades and planes. And it is a Christian love. If Christian love and grace have no need to be intelligent because they are a reality superior to those of the intellect, in the case of the poet and the writer of novels a really gifted mind is everything. Goytisolo, in addition to such a mind, has sensibility and a truly human heart. His Fiestas is excellent and time will increase and enhance the readers’ appreciation.

—Ramón Sender

One of the most distinguished writers Spain has produced, Dr. Sender lives in Albuquerque, where he is professor of Spanish at the University of New Mexico. With reference to his trilogy of a boy growing up in Spain, Before Noon, Sender is completing the fourth part of that work and putting the finishing touches on seven novellas, one of which will appear in a forthcoming issue of Partisan Review and another in NMQ.

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Nineteen Sixty marks the third centenary of the death of the Spanish painter Velazquez. Lafuente Ferrari’s book is a reminder for the forgetful if not a work of sufficient substance and essence for specialists. But these have no need of reminders.

Velazquez is the last painter reflecting the greatness of the Italian Renaissance. Although he is not a Renaissance painter. The final splendor of Titian, Leonardo and Michelangelo illuminate a baroque future in the canvases of Velazquez. The last great pictures in which Velazquez’ legacy is implicit—“The Tapestry Weavers” and “The Maids of Honor”—are masterpieces of the baroque in which Spain will express itself for two more centuries.

According to the idea generally held regarding Spain and Spaniards, Velazquez should not be Spanish. Cold, exact and serene, he reduces painting to visuality as Descartes reduces thought to rationality. This was said of Velazquez by Ortega y
Gasset. The same thing could be said of the modern composers who reduce music to a problem or a series of problems in acoustics. If ever the ideas of art and science have been able to blend it is in Velazquez, the most expert, indifferent, objective and precise of painters.

From the very beginning of his career one does not know where painting ends and life begins in the great canvases.

As for the artist's life, it is the least dramatic in the world. He was born in Sevilla, and as a boy of eleven began his apprenticeship in the studio of the painter Pacheco. At nineteen he married his master's daughter. He painted and kept on painting. The king saw his work and appointed him court painter. With his wife Velazquez moved to Madrid where he worked without recess and died relatively young in full production.

He left a vast amount of work although is quantity he is not to be compared with some modern Spanish painters who appear to be flooding the world.

For me "academic" painting and "classic imitation of nature" are distasteful. My favorite painters are quite the opposite: El Greco, Goya and today, Picasso. Men of imagination and invention capable of extracting something from nothingness. A relative nothingness, I mean, as is everything in the world of images.

"Pure vision," says the author of this book, "is the image, in an inaccessible space, that a mirror gives us. In a mirror, vision takes on the character of a concept..." No painted canvas has ever given so clear an impression of "the back of a mirror" as those of Velazquez. Incidentally, in the inventory of his house after his death, ten large mirrors appear. On the other hand, "Las Meninas" is painted just as the author saw it in a mirror embracing the entire room.

Velazquez was charmed by mirrors like most painters of the period. Seeing his work in those fictitious spaces was like seeing it in his own imagination and the ambition of the plastic artist has always been to translate the dreamed-of to the visible, faithfully, accurately.

The author recalls that Berenson accuses some painters of abusing tactile values. And Lafuente Ferrari also states that in his first period this was true of Velazquez. Later he liberated himself and gives us that mixture and promiscuity of the seen and dreamed-of where one does not know what is alive and real and what is imagined by the artist. We only know that it is great painting.

Velazquez has remained in Spanish painting as the great technician, the master of tones and depths as well as of incongruities and miracles. These miracles, like those of "Las Meninas," begin and end inside the neutral field of technique, in other words, of the logical reflection of visibility.

That is to say, of the mirror.

In a time like ours when nobody cares about painting according to established norms, or even learning to draw, Velazquez must impress many painters as a monster of knowledge. A prodigy of "technique."

To those of us who are merely Sunday painters and just for ourselves, he seems an intellectual and cadaverously cold painter. As Titian said, "painting is something of the head." The painting of Velazquez more than any other. Beside him all painters, including Rubens, Van Dyck and Tintoretto, in the end appear to be affected, heavy, conventional, impure.

Otherwise nothing happened in the life
of Velazquez aside from his work. A biography of Velazquez could be reduced to the description of his silent and secret battle with mirrors. A battle he apparently won, but which may have cost him his life, inasmuch as he died before reaching old age.

—Ramón Sender


Few writers have been able to write convincingly about young people. Even when the young people are in their twenties and have taken on some traces of emotional maturity and depth, as the characters of James Chace’s The Rules of the Game have done, the job is usually too much. In spite of the achievements of Salinger, Maugham, Dreiser, Hemingway, and Joyce, the novels offered us each year from the publishers’ lists are rarely adequate. Each year we have attempted explorations into the brooding young minds of our times—but the authors disappoint us and we are left to speculate again whether or not anyone is going to capture the spirit of the post-World War II age in the way the lost generation writers captured it for their time.

James Chace can’t manage it. He can’t manage it because his characters are obviously too young for the emotional complexities he attempts and because he lacks the skill to fuse youth and depth of feeling and dramatic crisis.

Rebecca and Peter are good examples of young people vexed but not in real desperation, roused, but not passionate. Their decisions revolve around whether to leave Paris or to stay, whether or not to develop their talents, and many other such questions which are ultimately trivial because their conception and feeling for life are not mature enough to make them tread that literary tightrope between tragedy and pathos.

So far as the writing of the book goes, Mr. Chace has several faults to be mentioned in passing: he is too conscious of travelogue, his mainly pointless dialogue results in scenes lacking in dramatic tension, and too much is told about his characters and not enough shown to us about them in the dramatic context of the book.

As an example of this last, Mr. Chace can give us such a sentence as, “Caroline had grown suddenly quite serious, and her smile was almost forced.” The book is full of this. We are never shown dramatically what the characters do. Instead, we are told, on one level, that they feel pretty bad about things and are shown on the other level that they talk and move in a world of good wines, interesting beach houses, and atmosphere-ridden cafes. That is, the depth of feeling he wants us to believe his characters have is never justified with any sort of desperate, inevitable action.

I have a young writer friend who says that all good books must necessarily be about sex, death, or ambition. Mr. Chace’s book has all three, but in such diluted form that we would scarcely miss them if they weren’t there. There is no real dramatic resolution of either these elements or the characters. At the same time, he wants us to believe in them as youthful symbols for a meaningless and blown-out world where sophistication substitutes for deep stoic endurance and where the old verities are still desperately important though elusive. Somehow he can’t manage to pull things together. And I suspect the book he wanted to write will go unwritten until he finds characters important enough (and maybe
old enough) to bear the themes he suggests.

—William Harrison

Possessor of a brand-new doctorate from Vanderbilt University, Mr. Harrison is completing a novel and has published poetry in several "little" magazines. Associated at one time with the Vanderbilt University Press, Mr. Harrison teaches this fall in the English Department of Atlantic Christian College.


Somehow one feels surprised to find a woman writing a novel based on the violent and bloody Graham-Tewkesbury feud which raged in Arizona's Tonto Basin during the late 1880's and telling a corking good story too.

The feud was the most vicious, cruelest little war ever fought in the Southwest, and this is saying a good deal when one remembers the Lincoln County War in New Mexico and the Earps-Clantons-McLowry feud in Tombstone. It was a vendetta between the sheep-raising Tewkesburys who drove their flock over the Mogollon Rim into the lush cattle ranges of Pleasant Valley and the cattle-raising Grahams. The blood feud lasted five years and before it was over it involved almost every family in the valley to some degree.

The basic facts of the war were thoroughly reported in 1936 by Earle R. Forrest, who wrote *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*. Mr. Forrest's research was deep and wide and his factual writing was completely adequate. But it was simply impossible that this dramatic struggle would not someday be made into a novel, and now Amelia Bean has done it.

No lately arrived lady novelist, Amelia Bean knows the Southwest and this fact coupled with her respect for history and an appreciation of how much romance could safely be introduced makes *The Feud* one of the best Western novels to come to the stands in a long time. Already printed serially in the *Saturday Evening Post* and showing indications of having been written with the motion picture camera in mind, this is no Western "Bang-Bang-Bang" tale.

If the expression will be pardoned, this book has guts. When men are hit by .45 slugs from a heavy six-gun, or high-power bullets from deadly rifles, you feel the hot lead tear through them, and you suffer vicariously with both Tewkesburys and Grahams as they weep above the bodies of their dead and swear to a war of extermination.

Amelia Bean's characters are not finely etched but seem embossed so that they stand out boldly. Some of her success here is due to the strong characters with whom she dealt and some to her own skill.

Although some historians dread historical novels, many good ones have been written. Here one must stop and make an honest bow to Amelia Bean because she knew she had great drama awaiting her and she did not ruin it with gross exaggeration.

As a novelist the author is entitled to her interpretation of facts over which some doubt still exists and to weave a ribbon of romance through her pages.

If Hollywood and TV would show an equal restraint when they present Western history we would have better movies and better shows.

—Douglas D. Martin

In commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the University of Arizona, Douglas Martin, Professor of Journalism and a former Pulitzer Prize winner, has written a history of the school, *The Lamp in the Desert*. He is also the author of *Tombstone's Epitaph* and *Yuma Crossing*.
32 pp. $3.95. A FORM OF WOMEN, by Robert Creeley. New York: Jargon Books/Corinth 
Books, 1959. 32 pp. $1.50. PORTRAIT OF YOUR NIECE AND OTHER POEMS, by Carol Hall. 
Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1959. 55 pp. $2.75. THE OTHER JOURNEY: 
Poems New and Selected, by Katherine Garrison Chapin. Minneapolis: University of 
88 pp. $4.00.

That “intolerable wrestle with words and meanings” of which Eliot speaks acutely 
in Four Quartets is so central to the poetic act that we cannot read poems ourselves without 
testing them against whatever inner sense we have of the writer’s struggle. Poetry at its 
best usually shows the signs of this struggle with the intractable material of experience; 
only in rare cases does a poem drop whole and complete from its author’s struggle. More 
often it emerges between the pressure of a certain vision of life to realize itself and the 
contrary pressure of words to force that vision into set molds. Clearly then, the poet needs 
both the ability to manipulate words and an interior state or a particular arrangement of language will bring into being. If one or the other of these elements 
is lacking, the poem will suffer from imbalance. All of the poets considered here, with 
the possible exception of Robert Creeley, have linguistic gifts. But in regard to what is 
conveyed by language, the substance of meaning and vision, we shall have, in some 
instances, serious reservations.

Robert Clayton Casto, we are told on the dust cover of A Strange and Fitful Land, is 
just twenty-seven, and his output appears to be small as yet. His talents are easily recog-
nized: a good sense of rhythm; feeling for the texture of words; an ear for the melody of 
language. However, he has little or nothing to communicate in his verse; and we strain 
to see any point in many of the poems other than a vague emotion which poses as the 
equivalent of profound experience:
Now who has held the harp aloft
And whispered from the summernight
Words to the shadows of that soft
And boneless land of stifled light?

This experience is actually a literary experience; it derives from the study of poetry as the vehicle of inarticulate and unclear feelings about things. Like so many recent academic poets, Casto writes out of his reading, and little more. But a few pieces, such as “Like fingers crawling” and “Ah, princess,” do succeed. Mr. Casto could do worse than heed the “contents” of the Baudelaire and Catullus poems he translates so well.

In reading A Form of Women, we can discover all sorts of literary antecedents for the method employed by Robert Creeley. There are echoes of e. e. cummings, William Carlos Williams, and Kenneth Patchen here, but their influence is not always beneficial. Williams has of course proven over and over his capacity for transforming a flat, prosaic speech into poetry, yet Creeley is too frequently incapable of the feat:

Cat bird singing
makes music like sounds coming
at night. The trees, goddam them,
are huge eyes. They
watch, certainly, what
else should they do?

Further, we are not always sure of the reality which Creeley wishes to make explicit in the poems. Sometimes the situations from which the verses arise seem to have vanished entirely; the reader is left amidst a tangle of words without reference. Most of the “characters” (the majority of them are women, as the title indicates) are more than anonymous; they are nebulous, devoid of any concrete or discernible features. This creates a confusing atmosphere, for the poems do not stand out in relation to an ascertainable context and they are generally too slim to fashion their own. Patchen, by contrast, assembles a world for himself: a world the reader enters; a world of autonomous rules he must respect. The humorous poems work out the best of any in Creeley’s book. His sense of ironic-comic fantasy is occasionally sharp, but this doesn’t outweigh the flippancy and carelessness of composition, the unsupported vagueness of poetic events that are wanting in material and technique. Creeley, no doubt, has plenty of experience to get into his work, though he is far from willing to reveal it to us. Somehow, he keeps it as distant as he can in the act of writing.

The two volumes of lyrics by Mrs. Hall and Miss Chapin illustrate two directions that can be taken by poets with distinct but limited talents. The first path, unfortunately chosen by Carol Hall, leads to the corruption and dispersal of most of her gifts. The whole effect of the modern revolution in poetry has been rather like the impact of an enormous tidal wave, and the accompanying revolution in critical theory, excellent though it was, unavoidably established certain literary standards that are, at times, taken as an official language for poetry. Mrs. Hall’s verse is caught halfway between a tight,
coldly ironic style and the word play of Dylan Thomas. The result is something like disastrous: a pinched, crabbed line; a learned but artificial posture; a view of the poem as a linguistic game, and assuredly not a very serious enterprise. Her facility with words allows Mrs. Hall to manufacture tricky surfaces without ever feeling the matter she renders. However, she betrays herself through a lack of judgment which permits a metaphorical design and a pun like the following to get by:

A savior raved, swam toward the truth,  
Slicing the loves and fishes when  
Neural apprentices had known  
Odd reckonings.

Frankly, this is nonsense: a shabby and meaningless pastiche of early William Empson and Dylan Thomas. Indeed, titles and phrases from Thomas's verse are so freely scattered about the book that we can legitimately wonder how this manuscript got into print, especially through a university press! In a few poems, however, Mrs. Hall redeems herself and appears to come as close as she can to a voice of her own; the result has a peculiar charm:

When I was a child I bought the beach,  
I blessed the boats and tamed the sand.  
Toy castles tried spires for my hand.  
I owned the creatures, two of each:  
When I was a child I bought the beach.

Whatever the slight merits of this may be, they are, at least, indicative of genuine feeling and not of fabricated, bookish experience.

Katherine Garrison Chapin's The Other Journey is a selection of verse by a writer who has now reached her maturity. She is a more natural poet than Mrs. Hall and writes with rhythmic grace and ease. Nowhere do we find a forced "modernity," the contrivance of an obscure speech for the sake of fashion. These are feminine poems, in the best sense of that word; imagery, diction, and music contain that indefinable quality we recognize in a woman's writing:

How like a maiden is the tall tower  
Poised, with a glance lifted in air.  
About her thighs a vine falls as a garment,  
Sun gleams on crenellated turrets,  
As on a bright shape of hair.

Many of the pieces collected here are travel poems, gathered under the heading of "Landscapes and Figures." Together with the group called "Late Song," they comprise her most fully achieved work. Miss Chapin (who is the wife of former Attorney General Francis Biddle) has journeyed extensively, and what she has seen, what has touched her deeper sympathies and pleased her senses become the subjects of her art. Florence, Provence, Greece, Maine—in these places she observes something to commemorate, perhaps just some precise details which fondly evoke an atmosphere like that of "Florentine Afternoons":

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Published by UNM Digital Repository, 1960
A black cat sits in the branches of a pale olive tree,
The monks' intoning fills the convent chapel,
A trickle of water drips into the sunlit valley,
The smell of burnt coffee rises from the alley.

This is, then, a very personal kind of lyric poetry, which accounts both for its appeal and its limitations. Miss Chapin has no persistent theme to follow; and though there are some fine passages in the long, meditative title poem, it does not show her abilities to advantage. She is endowed with the sort of literary mind that perceives scenes or situations and clarifies them with conciseness. Hers is not the visionary imagination transforming reality but the quiet, steady heart and mind recording what is beloved. Frequently, her poems reach toward a perfect fusion of experience and style:

This is no night to sleep, the dark
Enters the casement; lemon and rose
In warm scents prick the heart.
Beneath, the quick stream flows
Against the wall in a delicate foam and goes
Under the sculptured leaves.

Space will not allow further quotation, but the book, modest and unpretentious in its claims, fulfills the author's intentions. It concludes with a pleasant, short prose note on "The Poetic Image."

The most original volume in this miscellany is, it seems to me, The Crooked Lines of God. Nothing could be less like the generally accepted poetic idiom of the day than the long, ragged, incantatory lines of Brother Antoninus. A day laborer, California fruit farmer, pacifist, member of the Catholic Worker movement, he wrote poetry under his real name, William Everson, for a number of years. Now he brings together, in a beautifully designed and printed book, the poems of his conversion and his new religious life. Once a disciple of Robinson Jeffers, he shares that poet's concern for the harsh details of nature, but he reads in them a raw scripture of praise for creation.

Clack your beaks you cormorants and kittiwakes,
North on those rock-croppings finger-jutted into the rough Pacific surge . . .

In the freedom and unconventionality of his style, there are resemblances to Whitman and Lawrence, but these are incidental. He is first of all a Catholic poet involved in the tough contrarities of his position. The book is divided into three sections, "Out of the Depths," "In the Crucible," "Out of the Ash," which apparently correspond to phases in the author's religious development. However, the poems seem altogether cut from the same cloth. The opening part treats significant portions of the story of Christ in lengthy, powerful poems that make these events take on a contemporaneousness we seldom feel about them. The language is rough-hewn; words chisel out their meanings on the face of the page as if it were granite. Unlike a majority of the finest modern poems, these are neither oblique nor essentially symbolic. Instead, they are built up out of tor-
tuous and forthright meditations on personal experiences or sacred writings and legends. It is impossible to give an impression of Brother Antoninus’s poetry by quotation, for the real effect is a cumulative one and, as such, is nearly overwhelming. Here is part of a stanza from “Gethsemani”; the “we” are the disciples and, by implication, all men:

Hillward we slept.
In the earth beneath our head
The gopher shuddered
And drilled on, impervious.
Let the fist be knuckled,
Let mobs make hubbub,
And in the listening hills
The desert foxes
Lift their brigand-visaged muzzles
To a sun-blackened sky.
The choice, here-taken,
May not, here after,
Ever be denied.

Orthodox religious poetry has become increasingly difficult to write in the present age; only a terrible honesty of belief, strong personality, and resourcefulness in theme and technique can carry it through. Brother Antoninus possesses these virtues; though he still has a way to go to reach them, he may make a bid for comparison with Dame Edith Sitwell, Robert Lowell, or Pierre Emmanuel.

—Ralph J. Mills, Jr.

During the past few years, Dr. Mills has published a number of essays and reviews on modern poets and poetry in Accent, Gemini, English Journal, Christian Century and Chicago Review. He teaches English at the University of Chicago.


No modern novelist sets his critics and commentators a more difficult task than William Faulkner; the simultaneity of all experience which Mr. Waggoner remarks as characteristic of the novelist’s style is so overwhelming that it renders comprehensive study nearly impossible. Faulkner’s art at its best catches the reader up in a rushing flood of experience and casts him off, exhausted, at the finish; the effect is similar to that of reading The Idiot and The Possessed. No matter how sensitive or intelligent the critic, commentary seems ineffective or incomplete in the face of these works.

I do not mean to slight Mr. Waggoner’s efforts by this opening; his book is, in fact, the most substantial one I have yet read on Faulkner’s work (I have still to read Olga Vickery’s new study). Mr. Waggoner does what is probably all that can be done under the circumstances; he pursues through the novels and certain of the stories the development of Faulkner’s novelistic techniques and the moral vision embodied in them. The concerns which Mr. Waggoner brings to bear as a critic on Faulkner’s writing are Christian ones; he measures off Faulkner’s
religious conceptions against those of traditional orthodox Christianity. This itself would make Mr. Waggoner's study an original one, for it is the first, so far as I know, to be written from a Christian viewpoint. His findings are more than interesting. Those novels which superficially appear to be the least orthodox, the least religious in their resolutions are the ones that turn out under Mr. Waggoner's close reading to be most nearly allied to the Christian position. *The Sound and the Fury; Light in August; As I Lay Dying,* and *Absalom, Absalom* are the most prominent among them.

The approach used in the book is a chronological one. The early novels are given just treatment, and the developing themes and fictional devices are uncovered. From *Soldier's Pay, Mosquitoes,* and *Sartoris,* Mr. Waggoner follows Faulkner's amazing leap into the period of his richest production. Here I find the analyses of Quentin, and of Benjy's function in *The Sound and the Fury; Light in August; As I Lay Dying,* and *Absalom, Absalom* arc the most prominent among them.

In Faulkner's later work, Mr. Waggoner sees an impatience on the author's part with his fictional characters and their attitudes; the novelist wishes to become a clearly understood voice in his own imaginary world. Gavin Stevens and, in *A Fable,* the Generalissimo are seen as Faulkner's mouthpieces. With the interpretation of Stevens I agree, but I think Mr. Waggoner's handling of *A Fable* a low point in the book. Space does not allow me to argue his misreading of that remarkable work here, but I shall say Mr. Waggoner seems to overlook crucial notions about the Generalissimo and the Corporal, which leads him to view *A Fable* as a botched-up theological exposition instead of a lengthy moral tale. He neither understands the Corporal's role nor elucidates the major themes of the novel that revolve about the Corporal's actions.

However, these reservations are minor ones when compared to the study's assets. The final chapters in which some critical conclusions are reached in relation to Faulkner's virtues and weaknesses as a novelist are honest, searching, and fair. Mr. Waggoner's tone is tempered throughout with the deepest admiration for Faulkner's genius. It is a solid and useful critical book.

—Ralph J. Mills, Jr.


In his conclusion to *Stendhal: Notes on a Novelist,* Mr. Adams comments on his own perversity in rejoicing that Stendhal eludes all critical categories, including his own. Yet this short critical appreciation manages to capture the elusive Baron in all his complexity.

Mr. Adams comes at his quarry from a multitude of angles. Beginning with the love life of M. Beyle, he slips almost imperceptibly from the real women to their reincarnations as Stendhal's heroines. Similarly, Beyle's interest in such figures as the "ideologue" Tracy and the eccentric Conte de Montlosier is used to explain certain characteristics—and characters—of *Le Rouge et le Noir* and *La Chartreuse de Parme.* Stendhal's dandyism, his love of the

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"Roman spirit," his passion for Italy, all appear inextricably woven in between life and fiction. Finally, with a twist worthy of Stendhal himself, Mr. Adams introduces Mme. Roland, dead fifty years when the novels appeared, as the apotheosis of "Beylism" and the perfect representative of the "Happy Few."

"Beylism" itself is "the art of creating a man named Beyle, who shall in turn be capable of creating men named Julien Sorel and Fabrizio del Dongo." Before he could invent his masterpieces Stendhal had first to invent himself, through scores of pseudonyms, by irony piled on irony, by a double vision which reflects itself like a hall of mirrors. His first two books were mainly unabashed plagiarism; he defended his own work in articles written under a different name; and he had a passion for revealing matters which he claimed to be hiding by the use of childish and transparent puns and "alphabet soup" initials. Like his heroes, he confronted a hypocritical and corrupt society with a deception even deeper than its own. And yet, again like Julien and Fabrizio, he achieved by an equilibrium of reason and passion a certain brilliantly dark honesty.

Even the two great novels, as Mr. Adams points out, are full of flaws: a slipshod attention to dates, ages of characters, and the very existence of minor figures; a limitation of range which excludes both pathos and mysticism; a paucity of ideas (there are perhaps half-a-dozen basic ones) that leads to repetition. But these defects go unnoticed in the dramatic sweep and the magnificent vitality of the novels.

Mr. Adams, with wit and sublery, captures the essence both of the books and of their author. To the "Happy Few," and to the general reader as well, his commentary should prove an illumination and a delight.

A relatively unknown aspect of Stendhal's genius is presented in Stendhal: Selected Journalism, in which Geoffrey Strickland brings together for the first time in English articles and essays written between 1822 and 1829 for such periodicals as the London Magazine, the Athenaeum, and the Paris Monthly Review. Stendhal ranges over the literature, music, and politics of his day with his usual wit and perception, and most of his critical judgments are still valid. If he rates Béranger too high, he compensates by his accurate verdict on Lamartine: "always and only a tender heart in despair at the death of his mistress." Chateaubriand is damned with faint praise as "the least mediocre of our prose writers," and the judgment on Victor Hugo seems to anticipate that of posterity: "he knows how to write very good French verse. Unfortunately he is soporific."

Of particular interest are the criticisms of Sir Walter Scott and the account of the meetings with Byron. Stendhal claims that Scott cannot depict love, which he knows only from books; more justly, he castigates the Scottish writer for describing the appearance and dress of his characters rather than their passions and sentiments. The description of Lord Byron is both admiring and ironic. Stendhal saw him as a man who expected to be treated as an aristocrat and admired as a poet, two pretensions which were incompatible. There is also a slight tinge of envy about the portrait; after all, Byron had invented himself before Stendhal had the opportunity to do it.

Many of Stendhal's little tricks appear in these articles: he writes notes contradicting himself and deprecates his own writing.
in comparison with essays written under a different pseudonym. And in a review of Kant's philosophy he expresses ideas which anticipate Julien and Fabrizio years before their actual creation. Young men can succeed, he says, by learning two sciences: the knowledge of men's true motives, so that you can cultivate in them motives leading to action that will benefit you; and logic, which is the art of not going astray in the pursuit of happiness.

—Edith H. Peterson

Part-time visiting lecturer for the Department of English at the University of New Mexico, Dr. Peterson formerly taught French at the Academy for Boys in Albuquerque. She and her husband and two children plan to embark for Japan sometime this year.


Reappraisals of controversial historical figures after the fires of partisanship have cooled are a contribution when made objectively, utilizing newly-discovered or overlooked evidence. When undertaken primarily either to vindicate or condemn, they usually succeed only in fanning nearly extinct embers into flame. This study is quite frankly an attempt to emphasize the importance of Colonel Chivington in the western Civil War campaign and to vindicate his attack on the Cheyenne Indians at Sand Creek, Colorado. The author is an attorney, which in itself is no deterrent to historical accuracy, as William A. Keleher has shown in Turmoil in New Mexico (Rydal Press, 1952), which covers some of the same events, and of which Mr. Craig was apparently unaware. Unlike Keleher, however, Chivington's biographer assumes the role of an advocate, especially in his plea for the acquittal of "the Fighting Parson" in the Sand Creek tragedy.

The work contains valuable information concerning Chivington's life as a Methodist minister, particularly his fearlessness in espousing the unpopular free-soil cause in Missouri and his reform of lawlessness in Nebraska City and Denver before his military career, as well as his activities as freighter, newspaperman, farmer and deputy sheriff after the Indian campaign. This, however, is but background for the chief topics, namely, Chivington's role in the New Mexico Civil War struggle in 1862 and his action against the Cheyenne Indians in 1864.

The account of the exploits of the First Colorado Regiment of Volunteers, in which Chivington served as major under Colonel John P. Slough at Glorieta and later as colonel, while lucid in style, is weakened by sporadic and incidental documentation based almost entirely on the accounts of Chivington, O. J. Hollister (History of the First Regiment of Colorado Volunteers, 1863) and William C. Whitford (Colorado Volunteers in the Civil War, 1906), with occasional references to the War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies. The author would have done well to have consulted the respectable assortment of primary sources cited by Robert L. Kerby (The Confederate Invasion of Arizona and New Mexico 1861-1862), also published by the Westernlore Press in 1959, which he lists in the bibliography but shows no evidence of having used. His analysis of the importance of Chivington's capture of the Confederate supply train at Johnson's Ranch during the battle of Glorieta is borne out by Lieutenant
Kerby, as well as by Ray C. Colton (The Civil War in Western Territories, 1959), but the stressing of the Coloradoan's contribution here, and later at Peralta and in the pursuit of the Confederates, would have been more effective if attacks upon Slough, Lieutenant Colonel S. F. Tappan, Colonel Marshall S. Howe and Colonel Edward R. S. Canby had been omitted.

The biography is even less objective in the attempted justification of Chivington's Indian policy as Commander of the District of Colorado, especially his attack of November 29, 1864, on the Cheyennes at Sand Creek. The account, including the appendix “The Legal Analysis of the Sand Creek Hearings,” is actually the brief of the attorney for the defense, with the imputing of ulterior motives to all those who testified against the colonel. The author adds no new evidence to that previously covered by such historians as LeRoy Hafen and Lynn Perrigo. Nor does he contradict certain facts: that the Cheyennes under Black Kettle had been told by Major E. W. Wynkoop to leave the post and join the Arapahoes at Sand Creek; that the Indians in doing so had every reason to believe that they were complying with the Army's instructions; that Chivington without any warning struck the camp giving the Indians no chance to meet additional terms; that the officers had little control over their men; that women and children were slain indiscriminately; and that the volunteers mutilated some of the bodies. The most apropos summary, therefore, of the massacre is made by LeRoy R. and Ann Hafen (The Colorado Story, 1954, p. 205), “All in all it was an unfortunate affair which we might well wish had never occurred.” The claim that “Most of the people of Colorado have been convinced of the fact that Colonel Chivington was fully justified in his attack on the Cheyenne at Sand Creek, and that the affair was a hard fought battle greatly to the credit of the Colonel and his Colorado volunteers” (p. 10) is subject to question. When an attempt was made several years ago to rename Speer Boulevard, Denver's historic arterial route designated in honor of a pioneer mayor, “Chivington Boulevard,” public protest was so vehement that the project was quickly abandoned.

—Myra Ellen Jenkins
Chief Archivist for the newly organized State Records Center in Santa Fe and former archivist for the State Historical Society, Myra Ellen Jenkins holds the Ph.D. in History from the University of New Mexico.


It is unaccountable why Les rites de passage has remained so long untranslated into English, inasmuch as it has been a classic for some time in Europe, and the phrase “the rites of passage” is well established in the anthropological usage of English-speaking countries. Perhaps this lack is associated with the general neglect of religion by American ethnologists of the last quarter-century. But with Sir E. B. Tylor, Arnold van Gennep was one of the notable early secularists in the study of religion, who sought to see this aspect of human behavior in a positivistic functional context, The influence of this essay, nevertheless, has
been considerable, notably upon Malinowski in his famous contrast of easy lagoon fishing (rite-less) and more dangerous (ritual-encrusted) deep-sea fishing in the Trobriands, ceremonies in general tending to be associated with the contingent and the "aleatic" elements in life (Sumner).

Like all scientists, van Gennep is a conceptual taxonomist. Ceremonies in the life crises of individuals van Gennep regards as being of three kinds, those of separation (e.g. death), transition (puberty), and incorporation (marriage and initiation), although all peoples do not emphasize all of these equally—for instance Americans have poorly institutionalized puberty rituals (which add to the turmoil of adolescence?) but a rich set of ceremonies for other status changes such as marriage and initiation into new group-memberships.

All change is dangerous, psychologically, hence the rites of passage ease anxiety through public dramatization of the individual's change of status and his transition to new roles. Of all schools of psychology psychoanalysis, perhaps, has best accepted van Gennep's basic insights. Indeed, it may be that all ceremonies are varieties of compulsive ritual with group institutionalization, much as theology and etiological myth are irrational defences of obsessive systems—in all cases better adapted to handling internal anxieties of men than to grasping or modifying external realities. Rituals are both atropopatic, to ward off supernatural dangers, and an as-if means of magically accomplishing desired ends. Perhaps the anxiety-level of secularized modern man has risen because the individual is now often left alone ritually in these dangerous "sacred" (anxiety-laden) crises of his life, and forced to seek his psychic security through the symbols of private neurosis.

In his emphasis on the vicissitudes of the individual, van Gennep, in fact, even represents a more modern viewpoint than that of other French sociologists (Le Bon, Durkheim, Lévy-Bruhl) who emphasized the group almost to the exclusion of the individual. With his approach it may be clearly seen that group institutions ultimately borrow their significance from psychological forces within the individual, and hence the mysteries of "prological mentality" and the "group mind" are avoided by him. In separate chapters, van Gennep examines the Territorial Passage, Individuals and Groups, Pregnancy and Childbirth, Birth and Childhood, Initiation Rites, Betrothal and Marriage, and Funerals, as well as other types of rites of passage.

While there are occasional approaches to the old "cultural evolutionist" cataloguing methods, many of van Gennep's insights remain valid today. Not all rituals, probably, are threshold phenomena; and specific interpretations such as that of circumcision might find rebuttal now. But van Gennep was one of the first firmly to reject alleged "survivals" of marriage by capture, and the myth of "primitive promiscuity." All anthropologists and others interested in the psychological meaning of customs, and sociologists preoccupied with "small group theory," could well profit from a reading of this little classic now made available for the first time in English.

—WESTON LA BARRE

Professor of Anthropology at Duke University and Visiting Clinical Professor of Anthropology at the University of North Carolina Medical School, Dr. La Barre has been a Guggenheim Fellow and a Sterling Fellow of Yale University. He is the author of The Peyote Cult, The Human Animal, and Aymara Indians of Titicaca Plateau.

BOOKS
drawings by Sam Smith
from *Roots in Adobe*

The forty sketches in this book are integrated by a traditional way of life, centuries old. Several of the sketches revolve around the Indian pattern, the remainder the Spanish American. The setting for the latter is Tenorio Flat, Santa Fe, New Mexico, “just a stone’s throw” from the Little Adobe House of the author, who in two previous books Adobe Doorways and No High Adobe, introduced us to her friends and neighbors.

In the recent volume, the residents along Tenorio way are immersed in the complexities of the new age, particularly those in relation to domestic traditions and customs. Skillfully, Mrs. Pillsbury unfolds personality remain apparent in spite of the fluting and embroidery of the Space Age.

Mrs. Apodaca, the dominant and unforgettable character in the book, realistically views her teen-age Carmencita’s acceptance of modern advertising appeals to Gracie-us Leewing (Gracious Living):

“And now,” groaned Mrs. Apodaca, wringing her small brown hands, “that Carmencita gives her papa no peace. He must take crowbar and knock out whole side of wall so Carmencita can have what she call picture window.” Mrs. Apodaca peered anxiously through the small panes of the deep-set window. “I can see no picture, Señora, only my clothesline weeth papa’s underwear on eet, and a comer of the Segura-goat-yard.”

The happy integration of the author’s life with that of her neighbors is one of the fine aspects of the book. And the charming situations of concentrated high comedy, and colorful little dramas involving such aspects of life as las máquinas de votar (voting machines), monthly payments on modern furniture, electrical equipment, and the automóvil.

The reader might anticipate a ripping of the old pattern, but compromises are made, conflicts and frustrations are ironed out, and the old designs in character and illustrations by Sam Smith, associate professor of art at the University of New Mexico, greatly enhance its value.

In the opinion of this reviewer, however, Roots in Adobe lacks structural unity owing to the inclusion of the Indian material, particularly the chapter “Mysteries of Learning.” One wishes, too, for more focus on the deep-down roots inherent in the Spanish people, beautifully illustrated in

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María Lupita, "tired mother of seven." Upon returning from a little vacation in her native village she had two angelitos with her. "They are the muchachos of my brother," she said. "Now they have no mamá. I bring them home to live with us."

—Julia M. Keleher

For many years professor of English at the University of New Mexico, Miss Keleher is fondly remembered on the campus for her courses in Southwest Literature and in Creative Writing. Now retired, she lives in Albuquerque.


Few major writers spend their brilliance in correspondence. Such energy conservation is good sense and honorable, especially when the letter-writer is more concerned with satisfying the demands of an immediate recipient than, decades later, those of literary researchers. Stephen Crane wrote his letters to declare his love; to make promises to his editors, or to air his almost constant financial worries, not as a substitute for a journal or as a casebook in the development of literary theories.

Still, this collection holds some artistic pronouncements, more honest because they are not self conscious. When he was convinced that any great art, unfortunately, had to be the "child of pain," he spoke from a long acquaintance with discomfort. He was the fourteenth child of a New Jersey minister, but, more important, a journalist who consistently denounced any preaching in his art in favor of a concise statement of the facts.

Crane himself praised brevity in writing and life and underlined that best by the pace of his own twenty-nine years. In the letters about these years there are high points like his first (and only) public speech before Elbert Hubbard's Society of the Philistines, his meeting with Cora Crane at the Hotel de Dream in Jacksonville on his way to the "Open Boat" shipwreck, and his last Christmas party at Brede Place with three dozen guests including Henry James.

This good-looking book was edited by Professor R. W. Stallman, of the University of Connecticut English Department, and Lillian Gilkes, whose forthcoming biography of Cora Crane is temptingly fore-shadowed here. The editors have identified elaborately all people and places mentioned and given a biographical commentary. Among the almost four hundred items are fifty-six new letters by Crane and fifty, also new, by Cora Crane, but the most graceful writing in the book appears in Joseph Conrad's messages to the Cranes.

An appendix includes letters or essays about Crane written by his boyhood friend, fraternity brother, Latin teacher at Syracuse, and fellow newspapermen, as well as by Irving Bacheller, Hamlin Garland, William Dean Howells, and H. G. Wells. Some of these were sent to Cora Crane, Thomas Beer, and Louis Senger when they were collecting materials for Crane biographies. (Only Beer completed this task.) They reinforce all the paradoxes that the author's own letters suggest and leave the reader to create his own picture of Crane: self-willed, comic, conceited, prudish, courageous, sensitive to criticism, a party-giver, a fastidious worker, a soldier of fortune, an athlete, and a would-be aristocrat.

—Nancy A. J. Potter

Dr. Potter teaches, in various semesters, creative writing, world literature, American and English literature, and literary criticism at the University of Rhode Island in Providence.
When American literature first received grudging recognition in universities, it had to be justified through often extravagantly forced comparison with English movements and models. More recently, critics have distinguished direct imitation from naturalization of imported influence. Just such an awareness of American adaptability, the development of cultural independence through accommodation of foreign symbolizations to a different human environment, has impressed Leon Howard. And the experience of lecturing abroad in diverse countries has reinforced his desire to formulate succinctly the national character of American accomplishments.

He explains how their will to survive in a new land forced New England Puritans to compromise their concept of a closed society. Even the damned proved good citizens and artisans, on whom the elect depended. Later, migrant Romantic attitudes underwent similar transformation. The drudgery of wilderness chores, the dangers of primitive life, modified Wordsworthian rapport with nature. For com-

memoration of pasts already repudiated, dreams of an alabaster future were substituted. And excessive leveling made responsible citizens fear mobocracy, not tyrant kings.

Had the study multiplied such examples of accommodation, however commonplace, until through comparative analyses of several national literatures mutations were discovered, unaccountable through inheritance and therefore genuinely native, a fresh estimate of American growth might have been achieved. Instead, the emphasis in Howard's book is allowed to shift from discrimination of cultural origins to measurement of the degree to which intuition, reason, or empiricism dominated any single author or period. Far from being precise, such attempts become increasingly incoherent, partly because few American writers were philosophers trained in tidy definition (Jonathan Edwards and Henry James conceivably are exceptions); but also because Howard's own use of his terms is far from systematic. Where the mind of a Lovejoy is required, to compress lucidly the complex and momentous, a kind of congenial carelessness is offered instead. "Empiricism" is expected to describe accurately and adequately the self-reliance of Cooper's Natty Bumppo, Poe's marketing acuteness, Hawthorne's skepticism, plus a multitude of other prudent faculties, in spite of mythmaking propensities, developments from allegorical precept—the usual congeries of the competitive and complementary. Thoreau is classified with the intuitionists; Twain is less realistic than Howells . . . . So untrue is such criticism-by-categories to the actual interdependence, regardless of order or proportioning, among the creative mind's powers of observation, insight, logi-
cal extrapolation, and verification through fictitious construction, that the very continuum which Howard has been trying to prove emergent collapses long before the "unsettled" twentieth century is reached.

In his final paragraphs, the author claims to have been tracing a tradition undiscoverable in his book: "belief in the creative power of the human spirit to endure and prevail and to exist in the meanest and queerest of individuals." The patent irrelevance of this summation, however disarmingly everlasting its yea, merely epitomizes a persistent critical failure caused perhaps by a preference for illustration, rather than exploration, contrary to the example set by makers of literature themselves.

—Leonard Casper
Dr. Casper, Associate Professor of English at Boston College, was visiting professor at the University of the Philippines, 1953-56; he is the author of Robert Penn Warren: the Dark and Bloody Ground. He has edited an anthology of contemporary Filipino short stories which will be published by the University of New Mexico Press.


If monarchs are symbols who bind peoples together and not plump queens who get themselves photographed from behind while bicycling, then an official biographer of a queen has a very difficult task. Reverence requires suppression of scandal and preservation of aesthetic distance. The official cannot debunk like Strachey, yet the biographer is obliged to tell the truth. James Pope-Hennessy's official biography, Queen Mary: 1867-1953, remarkably maintains reverence and preserves the emotional bond while telling the truth, partly because the royal family did not interfere, partly because he is an able writer, and partly because Queen Mary was a remarkable woman.

First, Princess May of Teck was a most unlikely candidate for Queen Consort. Indeed she had some difficulty being born because her mother "Fat Mary" weighed so much that she had trouble finding a husband. In Prince Francis, Duke of Teck, she secured a highness but not a royal highness. Hence Princess May was royal but not royal enough, which made finding a husband difficult. Moreover, when Princess May did become engaged to Queen Victoria's eventual heir, the Duke of Clarence, he died a month before the wedding. Rather handily, after a year's mourning, she wed the Duke's younger brother who became George V.

Second, though Queen Mary had only average intelligence, as the quotations from her very dull letters show, she was determined. Etiquette, languages and parental extravagance supplied only a limited education; but Queen Mary studied literature and history on her own and amazed members of the Indian government by her knowledge of Indian economics and geography when she attended, at her own insistence, the 1911 Durbar. Later she enthusiastically and painstakingly collected royal relics. Most important, she learned that the charity bazaar was an insufficient cure for poverty. Perhaps this knowledge helped George V to co-operate more easily with Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Government.

Third, Queen Mary symbolized stability. Her attitude toward her son David's marriage is well known, and Pope-Hennessy adds a little to that story. Though she was of only middle height, the inevitable
honesty and scholarship need not always destroy reverence and emotion.

—Barbara E. Wykes

After several years of teaching English at the University of New Mexico, Dr. Wykes transfers this fall to the University of Chicago. She specialized in the study of medieval literature at the University of Michigan, where she received the Ph.D.


We have long needed a thorough study of Asa Gray, botany professor and researcher at Harvard University for more than thirty years and one of nineteenth-century America's most distinguished men of science. Histories of botany regularly acknowledge his contributions to American botany as an organized discipline and histories of American thought usually mention him in passing as a leading champion of Darwinism in the United States. But surprisingly little of a precise nature has been known about Professor Gray: how he developed from a central New York farm boy into one of America's first great botanists; why, unlike so many of his fellow scientists and despite his own orthodoxy, he was so receptive to Darwin's revolutionary views; the sources of his evangelical outlook in religion and his empirical orientation in science and the means by which he kept the two in balance; the nature of his relationship to Charles Darwin and his contributions to the Darwinian movement in the Western world.

In Asa Gray, 1810-1888, A. Hunter Dupree, associate professor of history at the University of California, has at last provided us with satisfactory answers to all of these questions, and many more, about the first American Darwinist. Based upon un-
published material in the Gray Herbarium at Harvard and in other manuscript depositories in the United States and Europe, Dupree's study of Gray is a superb combination of biography, social and intellectual history, and scientific exposition. Loren Eiseley was surely correct last year in acclaiming it as one of the finest pieces of historical scholarship to appear during the Darwinian Centennial year. It is a major contribution to the history of American science and to the history of ideas in America and it is a model of what scholarly biography can be at its best.

Professor Dupree makes it clear that if Thomas Huxley was "Darwin's bulldog" in England, Asa Gray may properly be called "Darwin's watchdog" in the United States. Less brilliant and far-ranging in interests than his English counterpart and also far less truculent in debate, Professor Gray was nonetheless as fully determined as Huxley to secure a fair hearing for Darwin's ideas even though he could never go as far as Huxley in accepting all the implications of the concept of natural selection.

A pioneer in the field of plant geography, Gray began supplying Darwin with botanical data vital to the latter's evolutionary synthesis in 1855 and he became in 1857 one of three scientists (the others were Joseph Hooker and Charles Lyell) to whom Darwin confided in some detail the development hypothesis on which he had been working for so many years. Upon the publication of Origin of Species in 1859, Gray did the first and most important review in the United States, arranged for an American edition in 1860 incorporating Darwin's additions and corrections, and, for the next two decades, in lectures, articles, and reviews, he explained and defended Darwin's views both before the American scientific community and before the general reading public. He was, as Dupree puts it, "one of the three or four general officers in Darwin's army" as well as "sole commander of the important American sector."

But Gray was a devout Christian as well as a dedicated scientist and he expended much of his later energy in trying to bridge the gap between the teleological vision of religion and the naturalistic outlook of modern science. It cannot be said that he really succeeded in this effort; and Professor Dupree's thesis that, philosophically, "Gray provided a straight highway from Paley to Chauncey Wright and William James" is unconvincing. (William James, unlike Gray, regarded the argument from design as entirely worthless as a rationalization of faith.) Still, Gray's example as "a first-rate scientist who professed himself to be a theist" was, as Dupree points out, unquestionably influential in persuading many American Christians to accommodate themselves to some form of Darwinism. And Darwin himself considered some of Gray's "metaphysical" essays "so good" that he hailed his friend as "a complex cross of Lawyer, Poet, Naturalist & Theologian" and saw to it that they were published in England.

—Paul F. Boller, Jr.

Dr. Boller is Professor of History at Southern Methodist University. An article by him concerning Asa Gray, "Darwin's American Champion," appeared in a recent issue of the Southwest Review.

Those interested in Western Americana are again indebted to Clyde and Mae Reed Porter for making available another delightful story. This book is dedicated to Clyde Porter, who participated in it, but did not live to see this work published. The collection and publication of Matt Field's writings on the Santa Fe Trail is a fitting culmination of the long and intensive searches of this couple, whose labors in this field have preserved so much that is valuable and interesting. The Porters were responsible for the collection of the material by Matt Field which the University of Oklahoma Press published in 1957 as Prairie and Mountain Sketches. The present book of Field's work is unusual in several respects. Fifty of the pages are written in verse, and delightful verse it is! He records his experiences, in 1839, on both the outgoing and the returning Santa Fe trips, going by way of Bent's Fort and Taos, and returning the Cimarron Route. The great majority record only the westerly voyage.

The return trip from Santa Fe was made, probably by choice, with a group of Mexican merchants and their military escort. Matt, in spite of the early loss of his Spanish dictionary, made a continued effort to know and understand the Mexicans. In this respect, he is certainly more successful than other writers of this era. However, the particular flavor of this book is to be found in Matt Field's unusual character.

Field, before he wrote his stories of the Trail, had had a long experience as an actor, playing supporting roles to such luminaries as Junius Booth, Charles Keen, and Edwin Forrest. He certainly must have had considerable native dramatic ability, which was naturally nurtured by his close association with such great actors. Fortunately, Matt has been able to transfer his dramatic ability to the written word.

Coming from St. Louis, the home of Thomas Hart Benton, and of the Hawken rifle, Matt was acutely conscious of the irresistible tide of manifest destiny. He sensed that there was an important passing drama occurring on the Trail. His vivid portrayal of the hardy breed of men from Missouri who were busily forging the links in the chain that would carry our country from sea to sea, and his saving of spots of pristine beauty by his pen for posterity, make us indebted to him. Matt knew that few who traveled the Trail would see in the sandhills of the Arkansas a crenelated, towered marble city; and few, if any, would record such feelings. Matt was as sensitive to beauty as the sunflower to the sun, of which he wrote in this poem:

THE FLOWERS
(Monday, August 12)
Beds of Wild Sunflower brighten the scene
Far as the eye can rove over the green.
Beautiful ever, but beautiful most
When the sun first shines on the flowering host,
And they turn their heads to the gladden ray.
Like eastern pilgrims bending to pray.
Towering above the traveller's head

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As he guides his horse thro' each clusteringbed—
With their seedy centers and radiant leaves,
Lovely as any that Flora weaves.
And the many wild flowers that intervene,
Checkering brighter the beautiful scene.
Nameless they flourish, unknown and unsung
To admire not an eye, to record not a tongue.
And the lumbering waggons drive over their beds.
Blighting their beauty and crushing their heads.

However, thanks to Matt Field, this beautiful scene, as well as many others, has been saved for us.

Human indifference affronted Matt, as he records on the Cimarron Cut-off, when his group passed the Thompson and Cordero large caravan with only a few perfunctory nods exchanged. Philip W. Thompson, whose home was near Arrow Rock, Missouri, according to Napton's "History of Saline County, Missouri," was one of the earliest and largest Santa Fe traders. Although a native of Tennessee, he came to speak Spanish more fluently than English. He and his Mexican partner are said to have had a trading house near Santa Fe.

With all the poetry and drama in the book, this reader found much new factual information, including the description of the Milk Fort, and the practice of carrying hollow reeds to suck up the last drop of precious water from the buffalo tracks.

Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, for a wealth of factual information; Susan Magoffin's *Down the Santa Fe Trail* for a record through the eyes of a wondering young woman. However, if you would wander and wonder among the unplowed, flowery blankets of the plain and vale, enter the mysterious Milk Fort, come under the enchantment of the Fairy Lake, tarry in the beautiful valley of Taos, weep with Marfa Romero, admire the attachment of Timoteo to his blind grandmother, travel the dry Jornada with the Mexican merchants, and experience a great deal of natural beauty and warm human interest, we would advise that you accompany Matt Field on the Trail. If you do so, you will find, with him, a virginal, unspoiled natural beauty, and a humanity alive and vibrant.

—Thomas B. Hall

A doctor of medicine with a practice in Kansas City, Missouri, Thomas Hall is engaged in editing the diary of Dr. Thomas Bryan Lester, a surgeon in the Mexican War who was with the Illinois Volunteers. Dr. Lester was stationed at Santa Fe and at Albuquerque, thus Dr. Hall's interest in the Santa Fe Trail.


Professor Lowie's reflections on a lifetime of ethnological research lead him from a Viennese boyhood identification with the heroes of the Leatherstocking tales, to professional field work with living prototypes of these heroes. Whatever relation there may have been between the fantasies of boyhood and the reality of the field situation, the young
The ethnologist found in field research an enriching intellectual and emotional adventure. His "personal record" is, in large measure, an account of field experience in relation to his growth as a scholar and human being. Suggestive of the significance of these experiences is the author's description of a conversation overheard between two Crow Indians, testifying to his ability to participate in Crow culture; this, he felt, was the "greatest compliment" he could have received.

The author's field work encompassed the span of his adult years, from his initial visit to the Lemhi Shoshone in Idaho at the age of twenty-three, to research in post-war Germany when he was sixty-seven. In the years between he worked with a number of American Indian tribes, but most intensively with the Crow. From the first-hand accounts of participants in this brilliant, but tragically short-lived culture, he became aware of the significance of the distinctiveness of value systems, of the clash between theory and practice, and of the variety of individual differences within the culture mold. The reader is afforded the opportunity of working through the lessons of Crow cultural behavior with the ethnologist, by means of anecdotes of personal experience and portraits of individual Crow informants and interpreters.

Lowie spent some time among the Hopi, and devotes a chapter of the book to his impressions of Hopiland; his reactions were mixed. While he considered the opportunity to observe a relatively unchanged Indian culture important for his perspective as ethnologist, he was distressed by the "glaring discrepancy" between Pueblo theory and practice, and was more comfortable among the "Dionysians" of the Plains.

For the Austrian-born, urban, bilingual Lowie, field work was also an introduction to varieties of American culture almost as foreign as the cultures of the Indians he studied. On the reservation he became acquainted with officials of the Indian service, medical officers, traders, and missionaries and, in the course of his travels, with ordinary citizens of many persuasions. Through these contacts he contrived to broaden his understanding of American life and to recast thinking narrowly molded by a middle-class intellectual background. Perhaps the source of the tolerance expressed in his book *Primitive Religion* is to be found in the respect which developed during this period through observation of religious practices among laymen and missionaries of all convictions.

A writer's assessment of his own work has a special fascination which Lowie's review of his success and failure in writing will do nothing to dispel. From the detachment of later years, he discusses the professional and financial lot of the ten books which comprise his non-specialized contribution to anthropology. Their fate, he writes: "will never cease to surprise, annoy, and bewilder me." But his bewilderment is at best partial; Lowie is too astute a student of culture to fail to note the foibles of his own society: he is well aware that the middle-of-the-road book, which can be most things to most men, is also most likely to have immediate success.

The objectivity and honesty which pervade these memoirs testify to the strength of the scientific credo which guided the author's career as research worker and teacher. In retrospect, he perceives weaknesses and blind spots in his approach to ethnology—neglect of related disciplines, such as sociology; an early, overly-narrow definition of the subject.
matter of ethnology, restricting it to the study of "primitive" society; a belated recognition of the significance of the study of acculturation—but he never swerved from his conviction that anthropology was a science, requiring the same logical and psychological procedures as the more exact sciences. This viewpoint, Lowie believed, was his major legacy to anthropology; his personal history should transmit this conviction to a wider public, which will find pleasure and profit in this book.

—Harry W. Basehart

Associate Professor of Anthropology at UNM, Dr. Harry Basehart has done field work in West Africa and among the Jicarilla Apache in New Mexico. At present he is engaged in field research in Anthropo-Psycho-Analytic techniques on the Mescalero Indian Reservation, a project sponsored by the National Institute of Mental Health. He is the author of several papers, including "Chiricahua Apache Subsistence and Socio-Political Organization." Dr. Basehart compiled the section on "Social Organization" in Biennial Review of Anthropology, published in 1959 by Stanford University Press, and he contributed several definitions to the UNESCO Social Science Dictionary which appeared in 1958.


It is no longer possible for the informed citizen to view happenings in Africa south of the Sahara as remote events lacking immediacy and meaning for the larger affairs of the world. To this extent, misconceptions about Negro Africa have been swept away by the rising tide of nationalism and the emergence of independent African political groupings. Nonetheless, the judgment that African culture had remained static until quickened by contact with progressive European powers is slow to die. Basil Davidson's chronicle effectively challenges this antiquated perspective; indeed, the author suggests that recent historical discoveries will alter prevalent views on African history as radically as nineteenth-century explorations revised earlier geographical notions.

As recounted by Davidson, the story of the rise of Iron Age civilizations in the sub-Saharan region is an exciting adventure, spiced with problems for future research. The account begins with the fabulous cities of the Kushite kingdom of the middle and upper Nile, which absorbed, transmuted, and diffused elements of Egyptian culture southward and westward. Meroë, capital of Kush, was an early center of iron working, and a major source for the dissemination of iron technology to the peoples south of the Sahara.

Behind the barrier of the desert, distinctive African civilizations arose in the savanna region watered by the Niger in the west, and in east and south-central Africa. Arabic sources of medieval times and scattered archaeological finds document the development of iron-using cultures in the Western Sudan. Ghana, controlling the gold trade with North Africa through the Sahara, was known to the Arabs as a powerful centralized state by 800 A.D. Kingdoms and empires flourished in one or another portion of the Niger area until the period of European conquest; for the most part, even the names of such states as Mali, Songhay, Kanem, and Hausa have remained unknown to Westerners.

For East Africa, the Erythraean Sea (Indian Ocean) trade provided a stimulus akin to the Saharan caravans for the west;
merchant cities and trading kingdoms dotted the coast. In the hinterland, ruins (including urban centers) extending from Ethiopia, Kenya, and Tanganyika in the north, to the Rhodesias in the south, reflect the growth of Iron Age civilizations. The abandoned site of Zimbabwe, with its impressive stone work, and the “sacred hill” of Mapungubwe, with its hoard of gold and “Hottentot”-like skeletons, are but two of the best known among a myriad of archaeological sites.

Despite many gaps, Davidson’s sketches suggest that the culture history of Africa manifests patterns of development similar to those familiar from other parts of the world. Agriculture, iron, and trade are associated with state building, social stratification, and developed civilizations of considerable complexity. Many details of this history are obscure at present, and the author’s interpretations of the evidence will not be acceptable to some specialists. However, his lively account achieves its major purpose of introducing to a larger audience a fresh perspective on the past of Africa.

—Harry W. Basehart


The double purpose of this series of essays is to explicate certain poems more completely than they generally have been and to set down methods for reading literature written before the end of the eighteenth century and after that time. The organization, purpose, and conclusions of the book constitute both its successes and its failure. Introduced by a general chapter covering the thesis of the study and emphasizing the importance of language to that thesis, three chapters attempt to “identify” three Pre-Romantic poems (that is, establish their “unique wholeness” by accuracy of meaning): Dryden’s “Epistle to Charleton,” Denham’s “Cooper’s Hill,” and Pope’s “Windsor Forest.” The almost unrelated second half, which demonstrates Wasserman’s thesis through discussion of Shelley’s “Mont Blanc,” “The Sensitive Plant,” and “Adonais,” is prefaced by a fuller explanation of this thesis. The separate discussions of the six poems allow the reader to examine and to learn from each individually; almost entirely the exegetic chapters may be read without reference to other parts of the book. But these analyses become repetitive, even in content, from one to the other, the book falls into two major parts each with four divisions, and little sense of development of an idea comes through. The individual essays (two have been previously published in virtually the same form in learned journals) would have been better placed—if they had to remain as here printed—in journals read by a highly informed and intensely interested audience. It is disturbing to this reviewer to note the recent incidence of books with a forced thread of organization which merely strings subjects together without unification. A major fault of The Subtler Language is that it remains a series of essays.

The thesis which is being expounded is that “until the end of the eighteenth century there was sufficient intellectual homogeneity for men to share certain assumptions” like the implications of a comet, the Great Chain of Being, and concordia discors (the harmony achieved through discord), and conversely that “by the end of the eighteenth century these

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communally accepted patterns had almost completely disappeared” with the establishment in a work of “meaningful ligatures among its images, statements, gestures” now being required of the author. This general philosophic change and the reasons for it are well known and certainly not new. An awareness of this change leads to important readings of literature before 1800 and, as evolved, to a re-evaluation of Shelley. By recognizing that Shelley has not simply allowed his pen to wander, but has created a whole validly discussed only as a whole, Wasserman has pointed out a method leading to fuller understanding. But basically all he suggests is that we explicate literature completely, that we not be satisfied with surface meanings, and that we take a work of literature on its own ground rather than to illustrate our preconceptions. To use prosody and structure, however, as factors of meaning is uncommon. My argument with the thesis is that it is sometimes pushed too far and assumes that what the literary scholar now knows was known by the contemporary reader (undefined). It is certainly not probable that “Pope’s audience could be counted on to detect something in the impetuosity of the nymph Lodona” (p. 134, discussing “Windsor Forest”). Why must Columbus be an image of General Monck (p. 19) or the reign of the Saxons a metaphor for the Interregnum (p. 29, discussing “Charlestown”)? The attempt to make Denham’s language, prosody, and structure examples of concordia discors is unacceptable in light of his frequently sophomoric lines—they may as easily be explained as poetic necessity of rhyme and meter and as cliché. Meaningful as his discussion of “The Sensitive Plant” is, Wasserman, as he says himself, transposes the poem “into a key not its own,” and this becomes typical of Shelley’s promise but lack of achievement. In “Adonais” not all the elements of the pastoral-elegiac tradition which are needed for a whole understanding of the poem are built into it: Shelley creates meaningful ligatures but the previously informed reader just like the informed contemporary reader of “Lycidas” knows much which is not explicit in either poem.

The main contribution of this book is to make clear the thought and planning which the poet put into his work: he is not the dreamer effervescing. Once this is realized, the reader can seek the total meaning within the work by seeking out the subtle meanings of the language and its syntax. For specific explications of certain poems this book is important (despite its difficult reading), but as a thesis to lead us to better understanding of other works its contribution is minimal.

—John T. Shawcross

Professor of English at the Newark College of Engineering in New Jersey, Mr. Shawcross received his M.A. from New York University. His literary tastes run to Milton and the seventeenth century.


The strange plants and animals and bizarre rock formations of the Southwest have a peculiar fascination even for those who realize only that these natural phenomena are different from those they have come to know in other regions. The Tucson Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum has brought to visitors and residents alike an awareness of the meaning of the odd shapes and unusual habits of the Southwest’s plants and animals.

A book of vivid pictures, with com-
mentary by the staff of this same Desert Museum, brings the natural history of the Southwest into the living room. The Southwest as here conceived is a varied land, ranging from Texas and Oklahoma to the Colorado River, and from alpine peaks to arid deserts. Its plants, birds, reptiles, and mammals are interestingly described and illustrated.

One section deals with trees, flowers, and shrubs. Fortunately, the author does not overemphasize the more grotesque desert species, but presents a balanced discussion of many life forms and their adaptation to a harsh environment. Perhaps a biologist might wish that less emphasis had been given to C. Hart Merriam’s life zones, now generally abandoned by ecologists as a scheme for vegetation classification. Merriam’s terminology gives a spurious implication of similarity between, for instance, the vegetation of the Hudsonian zone in the Sangre de Cristo Range and that of the Hudson Bay region.

The best part of the book is that on reptiles. This discussion, with its well-chosen black-and-white and color photographs, should help dispel the common irrational fear of these intriguing creatures. The section on birds is only slightly less satisfying, mostly because it is impossible to portray adequately the rich bird life of the Southwest in a few short pages.

The weakest portion is that on mammals, which is largely concerned with personal experiences and with the undesirable effects of coyote control campaigns. These are said to have eliminated the natural check on prairie dogs and other rodents, and allowed them to increase almost without limit. There are many good arguments to show that predator control has been overdone, but most animal ecologists believe that prairie dog populations are restrained by the availability of suitable food and burrow sites. Coyotes take mostly surplus dogs which cannot find a satisfactory home; the spread of prairie dogs is probably due more to grazing mismanagement than to predator control.

One wonders at the omission of geology. Surely the role of wind and water in shaping the landscape, and the story of past ages revealed in the rocks, are part of the region’s natural history. The long and rambling introduction, which sounds at times like a Chamber of Commerce blurb, might better have been given over to a fuller discussion of geology.

The qualifications of the contributors and the sponsorship of the American Museum of Natural History assure accuracy of presentation. The photographs, many in color, are almost all well reproduced. How, though, did another trite picture of Yellowstone’s tourist-cadging bears make its way into a volume on the Southwest? The book’s format is attractive and its text well-written; and best of all in this day of inflated prices and gift books is its modest price tag. It is unhesitatingly recommended to lovers of the Southwest.

—Charles F. Cooper

Author of several popular articles on conservation, Mr. Cooper is a qualified ecologist and forester. He is Assistant Professor in the Division of Natural Resources at Humboldt State College, Arcata, California.

The city and the sea—London and Cornwall, the backgrounds against which her life was ventured—dominate Virginia Woolf's writing. Appropriately, in a short and winning literary study, Dorothy Brewster has set forth the general impression of the first which arises as we traverse certain essays and novels, and the diary. Virginia Woolf's London is not just photographic, mapped, external; hers is the casual inner London of the long-time native in love with his city—the little streets, the ordinary people in prosaic activities, the persistent sameness and the subtle change. She is the perpetual observer of "the moment whole." We learn of a London no guidebook knows. Virginia Woolf's London is not only that of Jacob's Room or Mrs. Dalloway or The Years; it starts as a London of social affairs, of infusive street-haunting of beloved spots, and gives way to a London of suffrage meetings, of slums, of snows and winds. It cannot be described in a single, cogent image, and it is to Dr. Brewster's credit that she does not try to formulate such an image. Rather her method is to quote frequently, to summarize and link her primary materials, and to comment—on places, on characters, on story lines. The reader who has communted with Woolf and London will find pleasure and insight; the reader who has omitted Woolf will be moved to seek out the works here displayed in writing worthy of their subject; but the reader who does not know London may well be lost in a maze of places and characters and times. For the fluidity of the ageless sea flows also through the green elegance of this London Virginia Woolf loved so well.


In interpreting the changing role of the military in Latin America from the early 1800's to the present, Lieuwen has produced one of the most important studies in inter-American relations to appear in recent times. Using the chronological as well as the topical approach he notes the significance of the colonial fuero militar "which exempted personnel of the armed forces from the jurisdiction of the civil courts" and "tended to raise the army above the law," a tradition cherished by the army during the national period. Describing nineteenth-century conditions Lieuwen distinguishes between the Bolivars and San Martin's and the later caudillos. Then he points up the influence of the growing industrialization in this century on the creation of a different type of military leader. Whereas the landed aristocracy and the Church provided the base for the existence of military and political power in the earlier period, Juan Peron "demonstrated that political success" in the twentieth century "might be won by demagogic appeals to the aspirations of urban masses."

Today the Latin American nations may be divided into three groups: 1) those in which the armed forces dominate: Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, Paraguay, El Salvador, Haiti, Honduras and Panama; 2) those in which the armed forces are in transition from political to non-political bodies: Cuba, Guatemala, Venezuela, Peru, Ecuador, Argentina and Brazil (the author carefully noted that Fidel Castro's publicly stated goals may not be realized in practice); and 3) those countries in which the
army forces are non-political: Colombia, Chile, Mexico, Bolivia, Uruguay, and Costa Rica.

The latter part of the volume is devoted to the military aspects of the Latin American policy of the United States. Lieuwen traces the significance of our interventionist policy earlier this century, the abandonment of intervention during the 1930's, and our military aid during and since World War II.

With the skill of a surgeon the author has dissected the publicly stated reasons for our military aid to Latin America and suggested that the reason is basically political, not hemispheric military security. He contends that the type and amount of military aid afforded Latin America by the United States is totally unsuited to modern nuclear warfare. Nor is it necessary for internal security which he believes is a proper function for the local police. "Whether publicly admitted or not, the main objective of the United States has been to keep Latin America friendly and cooperative," Lieuwen states.

In the last chapter he suggests the most realistic policy for the United States would be the gradual reduction of arms shipments to our Latin American neighbors. Noting that the greatest danger to the hemisphere is the possibility that Communism will "capture control of Latin America's social revolution," Lieuwen contends that sending arms to dictators and the democracies alike is alienating the democratically minded people of Latin America which assists rather than hampers Communist purposes. Instead we should "develop a comprehensive policy that will associate us more nearly with the aspirations of the Latin American people."

This volume should be thoroughly digested by all those responsible for our Latin American policy in Washington and others interested in the political, economic, military and social realities in Latin America today.

—Edward O. Guerrant

Head of the Department of History at Los Angeles State College, Dr. Guerrant is the author of two UNM Press books: Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy and Modern American Diplomacy.


In 416 pages, with careful scholarship and a literary style of quiet charm, David Blumenstock describes the *Ocean of Air* under which man—a bottom-crawling creature—lives.

The scope of the book is immense. It includes not only the usual themes in climatology, heat and cold, wind, rain, storms, but also touches on the relations of climate to race, agriculture, industry, commerce, war and nuclear weapons. Difficult ideas are presented with clarity and imagination. To take one example, the nature of terrestrial radiation is explained to the reader by asking him to imagine first someone who, through a genetic quirk, sees only infrared light. New issues such as the discovery of radiation belts in the exosphere, and the effect of wind on fall-out after a nuclear war are taken up; but so also, and with refreshing originality, older and more basic themes like the nature of heat, water and winds. The historical approach is everywhere evident. We learn, for instance, of the discovery of the nature of heat by Count Rumford in 1794, and, in applied meteorology, of General Dyrenforth's gallant, slightly comical attempts to induce rain by...
firing cannons against hapless air in 1891 and 1892.

It is perhaps a reflection of the times that the longest sections in the book deal with the role of weather in war, especially in nuclear war, and so in the possible extermination of the human race. This finely written text is supported by thirteen maps, and one graph. The only graph shows the average concentration of strontium-90 by latitudes.

—Yi-Fu Tuan

**BOOKS RECEIVED**


POETRY


THE HOUSE AT OTOWI BRIDGE, a booklength feature by Peggy Pond Church, which was so successfully published in 1958-59 issues of NMQ that both numbers are out of print, has been released by the University of New Mexico Press as a hardbound book. The story of Edith Warner and Los Alamos has a number of additions and changes, a new chapter, the text of Miss Warner's eight Christmas letters, and her famous recipe for chocolate loaf cake. Connie Fox Boyd has added nine sketches of the San Ildefonso area to the book.

LOST FACE DEPT. In the last issue, the Editor erred in failing to give full and proper credit to his predecessors. The August 1932 NMQ carries the statement: "The Quarterly acquires a new editor." That editor, we now learn, was Dr. T. M. Pearce, who modestly did not sign his name, and this adds two more years to his substantial seniority among Quarterly founders. In the same Spring 1960 issue, the Editor, under his own name, also committed errors in an article on Theodore Van Soelen, to be corrected as follows: The Western Pacific Railroad ran between Winnemucca, Nevada, and San Francisco. The Twitchell referred to as owner of the house in Albuquerque at 1801 West Central, where Mr. Van Soelen had a studio from late 1916 to 1919, was Dr. David Twitchell, who came here from Saranac, New York. Lastly, Mrs. Van Soelen's father's name was Clark M. Carr. The Editor lays claim to haste, waste, and apology.

THE BOOK REVIEW EDITOR for New Mexico Quarterly, Ramona Maher Weeks, besides her daily stint as an editor for the University of New Mexico Press, is an author of distinction in the juvenile field, in addition to published drama and poetry. Recently John Day has released Mrs. Weeks' new book, Their Shining Hour, the story of the siege of the Alamo, written for the teenage audience around the central figure of SusannaDickenson, who was a young lady participant in that event. Told in historical novel form, the book has an appendix setting forth the main facts. Mrs. Weeks also is a winner this year in a Dodd, Mead and Co. prize competition, under which she is commissioned to write a "mystery and adventure story for young people." Naturally enough, her theme is the mystery of a lost typeface.
The University of New Mexico Press announces publication as a book

**THE HOUSE AT OTOWI BRIDGE**

*The Story of Edith Warner and Los Alamos*  
by Peggy Pond Church  
with drawings by Connie Fox Boyd  
which appeared in *New Mexico Quarterly*  
and was awarded a 1959 Longview Literary Award.

The book contains an additional 50 pages including a new chapter on Niels Bohr, the Christmas letters of Edith Warner, three poems by Peggy Pond Church and nine new drawings.

6 x 9¼ in., 160 pp. $3.50.