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Books

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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 paperbacks, 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 Hippocrerne?

The conversation continued, and we began to speculate on other possibilities of paperbacks 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, paperback 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. Phalacropes 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 groupes) 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 picaraque 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,
Emptyed 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.” Ramón Guthrie, David Galler, Katherine Hoskins, Hayden Carruth, Reed Whittenmore 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 Lawrance 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 New Mexico Quarterly, Vol. 30 [1960], Iss. 2, Art. 23*
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 Eithne 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

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 Perly 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, $.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.”

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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 Tremblay 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 1650 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 THÉRÈSE 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 loomed 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 Zinssser. "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 *mot* 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:

\[
\text{Arrojar la cara importa que el espejo no hay por qué.}
\]

(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

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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.


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 it 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 visuality.

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 J. 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.

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That "intolerable wrestle with words and meanings" of which Eliot speaks acutely in Four Quarters 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 mind. 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 perception which 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 recognized: 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:

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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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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 kitiwakes,
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-blacked 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 ineffectual 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 in 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; of Lena Grove, Byron Bunch, and Joe Christmas in Light in August; of the elaborate verbal network in Absalom, Absalom both profound and enlightening.

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...
“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 camp near Fort Lyon until a decision was reached by department headquarters; that Black Kettle had been ordered by Wynkoop’s successor, Major S. J. Anthony, 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

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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 irrationally defended obsessive systems—in all cases better adapted to handling internal anxieties of men than to grasping or modifying external realities. Rituals are both atropopaic, 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 more 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 "prelogical 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

Published by UNM Digital Repository, 1960
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 Leeving (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 corner 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
Maria 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 foreshadowed here. The editors have identified elaborately all people and places mentioned and given a biographical commentary. Amidst 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 myth-making 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, she 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.

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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 sunbather 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 glade'ning ray.
Like eastern pilgrims bending to pray.
Towering above the traveller's head
As he guides his horse thro' each clustering bed—
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
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
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 “Charleton”)? The attempt to make Denham’s language, prosody, and structure examples of concordia discord or 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 infused 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 communed 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
armed 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


Born in Tientsin, China, Dr. Yi-Fu Tuan attended grade schools in Shanghai, Kunming, and Chungking; high school in Australia and the Philippines; and college and graduate school at the University of Oxford in England and at the University of California, Berkeley. He has been an instructor in geography at Indiana University and a post-doctoral fellow in statistics at the University of Chicago. At the present time he is assistant professor of geography at the University of New Mexico. His hobbies are China and the climate of New Mexico.


