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BOOKS

SEVENTH STREET: AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS FROM LES DEUX MEGOTS, ed. by Don Katzman. New York: Hesperidian Press, 1961. 68 pp. \$.75.

What do young poets of our 1960's write about?

Are they preoccupied with sex or politics or war? Are talented young artists—the conscience of our age—harrowed by the Bomb, disturbed by racial and religious bigotry, obsessed with religion, oppressed by corrosive materialism, grieved by conformity? Are they the voice of the New Conservatism or of the Old Radicalism? Is it a politically stirred generation like the Auden spirit of the 1930's, a bedevilled generation like the 1940's, or a formalistic generation like the 1950's? Are young poets today stricken by human poverty and injustice or cool, detached, skeptical? Are they all fire or all gas?

Yes, it's an interesting and important question. *What* is in the heart and mind of the sensitive and articulate young?

This anthology can help us to know. Here are forty-seven poems by seventeen poets. Their ages apparently range from twenty-one to forty-two; five are women, twelve are men. They read their poems at two coffee houses in New York City. The foreword to this volume reports that the readings, held every Wednesday evening, were democratic and non-selective: "all poets, irrespective of genre, content, point of view or degree of competence, are free to read from their work." Surely, then, this collection can be considered representative of the mood and concern of our time.

And yet one is surprised to find that, after all, there is one major theme, there is one specific matter, which appears and reappears throughout these poems. Not in all, of course, but astonishingly frequent. Somehow one might think that a disparate set of writers would record a disparate set of sentiments, that the only consistent element would be inconsistency. Not/so. Over and over again these poems sound a similar note. In Chekhov's play "The Cherry Orchard" he assembles a group of men and women. They sit plunged in thought. "Suddenly there is a sound in the distance, as it were from the sky—the sound of a breaking harp-string, mournfully dying away." That sound, so strange, so sad, so haunting. As one reads the poems of this collection, in the beginning, the middle, the end of them, there is a haunting note too, its sound echoing and re-echoing; and a random, sporadic collection suddenly becomes a statement, a cry, and a unit.

It is proper, however, first to acknowledge the variety within the unit—other rhythms amid the one over-riding major theme. Richard Barker, for instance, realizes the impending Bomb:

The city caught fire in a moment
the child became a 'star-burst
at the burning breast.

He understands too the epiphany which rises from human love:

in your hair bright flowers
whisper great butterflies into the sun.

Marguerite Harris faces the brutish urban world:

bestiality
artifice
the sell . . .

But moving monumentally between and through these and other subjects comes the one prevailing theme. These poets, symbols of our decade, return always to it.

They are in pell-mell flight from the present world. In desperation or in yearning they flee from the here and now. By dream, fantasy, or anguished acts of the imagination they turn in headlong rush away from a world they consider drab and brummagem. In imagination, if nowhere else, they locate a world of color, vividness, and quality. By dwelling in what Mary E. Mayo calls "never-lands" a good number of these men and women are enabled to survive and write.

Without visions a people perish, they say, or at least without illusions. "I need all my phantoms," Howard Ant cries. Writing about drunks, Don Katzman observes their exemplary need for adventure, for vitality, for hopes which the world does not waste and destroy:

All men have come through a bar-room door
To down a leopard in a glass of beer,
Trample snakes hissing in spittoons,
And to see each old lady young enough
To ride pink horses to the park.

We need fidelities and surcease, and none remain about us in a dull and tawdry civilization. "All my illusions of the world are gone," John Keys mourns. "What would I give to turn my heart to the rose again!" Bob Nichols personifies that rose of warmth and succour as a "Miss Taylor" to whom a whole community appeals for comfort, but Miss Taylor, like the rose, is dead and unavailing. Then in a world of the sterile and unfruitful, these poets affirm, through imagination we must create viable and fertile convictions and dreams. The present world is uninhabitable; it can not be made habitable; by a powerful impulse of imagination we can fabricate something possible. Diane Wakoski puts it this way: "Inventing means to see you, I stay awake." The real world is undeserving of our affection; we can invent better.

Not really with revulsion do these men and women reject the civilization of the

1960's. It is more with a sigh. Few are angry or quarrelsome. It is their direct, unemotional conclusion that the actual world of our time lacks sustenance for the imagination and the heart. There is little protest; there is the quiet certainty that the 1960's about us are tired, unworthy, and unbeautiful.

It is well for everyone to contemplate what we are doing to ourselves when we manufacture a world which the fine spirits of our time simply consider unlivable.

—Willis D. Jacobs

Dr. Jacobs is a professor of English at the University of New Mexico. His reviews frequently appear in *New Mexico Quarterly*.

PROBABILITY AND THE LOGIC OF RATIONAL BELIEF, by Henry E. Kyburg, Jr. Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1961. 350 pp. \$10.00.

As explained in the introduction to this knotty work, the logic of rational belief is the yardstick by which one determines conclusions relative to a certain situation, which are warranted (rationally) by the evidence at hand. Professor Kyburg's book is an attempt to formulate an interpretation of probability in such a way that

we can answer *all* of the questions which arise with respect to rationality (of the ordinary, non-transcendental variety) by the single answer: it is rational to believe what is highly probable, irrational not to believe it; and it is irrational to believe what is highly improbable, and rational not to believe it.

The reader who is not equipped with a reading knowledge of mathematical logic, especially the protosyntax of Quine's *Mathematical Logic*, will have considerable difficulty understanding the author's definition of probability, stated quasi-symbolically.

Very roughly speaking, Dr. Kyburg defines the probability of x relative to known (accepted) empirical facts or data with a specified degree of precision by a pair of fractions. The fractions determine the interval, so to speak, in which the probability lies. As the degree of precision is increased, the interval decreases. The definition is stated in terms of randomness, biconditional connection, and the like. Even a reader who comprehends the definition, and he will not be a layman, will find only scanty justification for this as *the* interpretation which will answer *all* questions of rationality.

An application of the logic of rational belief would run something like this: Suppose Mr. A believes that event E is quite likely to occur. One can test the strength of Mr. A's conviction by finding the betting odds, which he is willing to give, concerning the occurrence of E . These odds, of course, are determined by Mr. A's knowledge of the conditions, facts, and data which are pertinent to E . Professor Kyburg maintains that the given facts can be symbolized in his logic of rational belief and that one can then determine, to a given accuracy on purely logical grounds, the probability of event E . Should the numerical correlate of Mr. A's degree of belief fall in the interval between Kyburg's fractions, Mr. A's belief is rational, i.e., his degree of belief is supported by the facts known to him which

relate to E. It very well may be that Mr. A doesn't know all that there is to know about E. and that a more enlightened individual would have a different degree of confidence in E. None the less, Mr. A may believe quite rationally on the basis of his slight knowledge of the facts relevant to E.

Mathematicians, logicians and philosophers (especially philosophers of science) should find it rewarding to inspect Dr. Kyburg's efforts first hand. There are interesting insights in the philosophical "problems" of induction, randomness and probability in this book. There is also an excellent bibliography of over 300 entries.

Although the stated method of ascertaining the rationality of a belief may be valuable to the scientist, it is very probable that the logic of rational belief—as set forth in this book—will not be used by the average citizen (whoever *he* may be) to determine the rationality of his separate beliefs. The many pages of symbolic manipulation, which are the crux of Kyburg's argument, would render it impossible.

For those mathematically trained who may wish to pursue the matter a little farther the argument can be stated with greater accuracy as follows:

To say that the probability of the expression x , relative to the rational corpora of level γ_1 and basis F , is the pair of expressions $(y; y')$, in symbols $x \gamma_1 \text{Prob}_F (y; y')$, is simply to say that there are expressions x' , w' and z' , such that x and $x' e z$ are biconditionally connected in the rational corpora of level γ_1 and basis F , x' is a random member of w' with respect to z' in the rational corpora of level γ_1 and basis F , and that $\text{pct} (w', z', (y; y'))$ is a strongest statement about w' and z' in the rational corpora of this basis.

—J. Dalton Tarwater

Like the author of the book reviewed, Dalton Tarwater has prepared in the disciplines of both mathematics and philosophy. A science graduate of Texas Technological College, Mr. Tarwater was awarded the degree of M.A. in philosophy at the University of New Mexico where he was vice-president of the philosophy honorary association and is presently an instructor in mathematics. His thesis subject bore on the philosophy of decision procedures for the propositional calculus.

THE LABYRINTH OF SOLITUDE: LIFE AND THOUGHT IN MEXICO. by Octavio Paz, tr. by Ly-sander Kemp. New York: Grove Press, 1962. 205 pp. \$3.95.

Octavio Paz is a poet and this is a highly individual and impressionistic interpretation of life and thought in Mexico. Moreover, the book was published in Spanish more than a decade ago, and, one suspects, not thoroughly edited for this new American edition before translation. Much has happened in the last ten years that is not reflected in the book. In spite of the author's patriotism, erudition, and historic perspective, in presuming to speak for *todo* Mexico, or even for all Mexican intellectuals, he presumes too much.

It is debatable, for example, how many Mexicans including intellectuals would choose as symbolic and typical of the Mexican, the so-called *Pachuco* or displaced, urban, ill-assimilated Latin beatnik of Southern California. Of art, Señor Paz writes of the *meagerness* of the creative output. As a Mexican artist, he is overly modest. Only on the basis of a ridiculously high idealism, possibly comparing Mexican art with the Italian at the peak of the Renaissance, could this meagerness be substantiated. So conscious is he of the ancient Indian history that he perhaps ignores the fact that in its present mestizo-democratic complex, Mexico is a comparatively new country. It is strange that Paz apparently does not admire this vigorous adolescent, growing up rapidly with attendant growing pains certainly, but also with great promise.

Perhaps the most glaring flaw is the author's naïve nationalistic penchant for confusing his Mexicanism with the human predicament. Here is a sample from a footnote.

When I arrived in France in 1945, I was amazed to find that the young men and women of certain quarters, especially students and "artists," wore clothing reminiscent of the *pachucos*. . . . Was this a quick, imaginative adaptation of what these young people, after years of isolation, thought was the fashion in . . . America? I questioned a number of people about it and almost all of them told me it was a strictly French phenomenon.

Cultural patterns which are temporal and non-nationalistic he would preempt as Mexican. Again he states, "Reality . . . was not invented by man as it was in the United States. . . . The history of Mexico is a man seeking his parentage, his origins." For a scholar of Marx, and he demonstrates aptitude in the school, it is strange his historical perspective did not permit him to see only a lesser degree of concern with origins in the feared Colossus of the North of which he is so conscious.

Contrasting the American and Mexican, Paz writes, "We are sorrowful and sarcastic and they are happy and full of jokes." This large assumption contrasts strangely with another made by a big, jolly American in this reviewer's presence in Mazatlán recently—a man Paz, I am sure, would erroneously characterize as "happy and full of jokes." This man has known Sinaloa for many years and thinks it is a place where the good people go when they die.

"I have never known anyone like the Sinaloenses," he mused. "Everything is a big joke here. Lose your money? Who cares—it's screamingly funny! Your aunt died? How jolly! My wife ran away with the *lechero*, you say? Ha, ha, ha—Ah that *puta* is the cute one!"

Paz writes of Mexican masks and what the American remarks as the character of the people of admittedly a single state may be one of them. However the author does not make the connection nor does he admit any but Mexican masks. The tradition of the clown laughing with tears in his eyes, Pagliacci, Andreyev's *He*, is not a picture of the Mexican Paz gives us. Instead we get a picture of a sad formalist, indulgent toward homosexuality, regarding woman as a chattel, yet showing the wounds of his love. The Mexican is psychoanalyzed in the light of his Indian heritage, stigmatized with a "servant mentality" and bitterly denounced as a son of the violated. Unlike the European,

he is genuinely religious, but we do not learn from Paz whether this is good or bad, nor does he say, uncharacteristically, that his own lacerating self-castigation is a purely Mexican trait.

The long, essentially unconnected, middle part of the book concerns Mexican history and prehistory—a rather brilliant, if biased, interpretation. The pernicious influence of North American exploitation is exposed. In a final chapter on the present day, Cárdenas and Toledano emerge as heroes of the Left. The word *bourgeoisie* used frequently and disparagingly rather dates the work. “The banker is replacing the revolutionary general.” The Soviet Union comes out better than the United States while he spoon-feeds us with warmed-over *Communist Manifesto*:

As we know, there is a method whose efficacy has been proved. Capital, after all is simply accumulated human labor, and the extraordinary development of the Soviet Union is nothing but an application of the formula. By means of a controlled economy which avoids the waste and confusion inherent in the capitalist system . . . the Soviet Union [etc.] . . .

But enough. He voices a more modern truism when he writes, “Backward countries share two ideas that once seemed irreconcilable: nationalism and the revolutionary aspirations of the masses.” While admitting that his country lacks capital, he is not in favor, of course, of foreign private investment on the stated basis, not of his prejudices, but that profits will be taken out of the country and that “the result is bound to be economic dependence and, in the long run, political interference in our domestic affairs.” In saying which, Señor Paz parts company with the current national trend and economic policy of his country.

This book is no bomb; it is merely one intellectual’s opinion, however orotund and oracular, of various Mexican facets; but it lacks a successful attempt at coalescence. The picture, brilliant in patches, seems distorted almost beyond recognition.

—Richard C. Angell

CHRISTMAS ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER, 1800-1900, by John E. Baur. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1961. 299 pp. \$5.00.

Although this is primarily a seasonal offering, the book can be read with pleasure and profit at any time of the year owing to the historical framework in which the author projects the expansion and colonization of the frontier. Letters, diaries, and historical records not only yield documented evidence in regard to the cultural impact made on American life through the importation of European traditions, but also present a focus on the diverse pioneer racial qualities

of courage, endurance and resourcefulness. Combined with an historical objectivity in treatment and style is a sincere subjective attitude on the part of Mr. Baur towards his subject. He prepares the reader for this approach in the Foreword:

Christmas on the frontier should be interesting and important to us all, for most of us will agree that the first Christmas was the greatest frontier in history. The Shepherds and the Wise Men were trail-blazing pioneers in the wilderness that was the ancient world.

Structurally, a chronological pattern for narrating and describing frontier Yuletide

customs and traditions is followed, some of which may be familiar to the reader; slaves dragging in the Yule log in the great mansions of Virginia, a traditional midwinter ritual followed by the druids of ancient Britain; German settlers in Pennsylvania importing the Christmas tree tradition; "Noel" first sung by French trappers in far-off unmapped valleys—the song that subsequently echoed down the years at Christmastide in every part of our land.

The spiritual significance of Christmas is, of course, most apparent in the imprint of Spanish exploration and colonization in the Southwest. Integrated Spanish and Indian religious ceremonies have for centuries formed the core of this season in many areas of New Mexico. In the chapter "Spanish and Pueblo Navidad," the author unifies this perspective by describing the Indian Christmas dances, performed prior to midnight masses, in many Rio Grande mission churches, notably at San Felipe, Acoma, and Isleta. Summaries are given of the religious folk dramas, *Los Pastores*, and *Las Posadas*, so zealously produced for centuries in Arizona and New Mexico.

According to the author, the amount of homesickness that the thoughts of Christmas aroused among the mountain men and other early adventurers can never be measured. Our heart goes out to Ross Cox among the Flatheads in the northern Rockies at Yuletide in 1821:

I thought of my preceding Christmas off Cape Horn and was puzzled to decide which was the most enviable—a tempestuous storm in the high southern altitude, after losing a couple of men—or a half inundated island without fire, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains covered with sheets of snow.

Happiness on Christmas day in far-flung

army posts was conditioned by the temperament of the individual. Consider the egg-head of that era, one Phillippe Regis de Tobriand, stationed at Fort Stevenson in Dakota who wrote that "although the holiday food was plentiful, the conversation was banal and uninteresting." One could always count on the cowboy, symbol of the romantic West, to stir up some kind of excitement. Here we see him making that Christmas puddin' regardless of the fact that he had neither baking powder nor raisins; taking up a collection for a young widow and her threadbare children; making "whoopie" at the Christmas dance he organized.

On through the years, and over the constantly expanding frontier the reader journeys, always aware that the heart has no boundaries. Christmas spangles of kindness, of pioneer sacrifice, of giving and sharing add a seasonal lustre to the American Frontier that will never tarnish. Dr. Baur, currently history instructor at the Los Angeles County Museum, has made a memorable contribution to Western Americana, and Charles McLaughlin, associate curator of ornithology at the same institution, adds significance to the subject by the primitive appeal of his many illustrations.

—Julia M. Keleher

Associate professor emeritus of English at University of New Mexico, Miss Keleher has contributed extensively to these columns.

GOD HAD A DOG: FOLKLORE OF THE DOG, by Maria Leach. New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1961. 550 pp. \$9.00.

In this book Maria Leach, who edited the Funk and Wagnalls two-volume *Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend* (1949, 1950), has now focused her talents on a treatment of dog lore, ancient

and modern, from all over the world. Part One presents some of the myths about dogs, told by many primitive groups as well as by ancient peoples of Western Civilization. Here are included stories of dogs associated with the creator or other deities, stories which provide justification for the somewhat startling title of the book. Part Two deals with the prehistory and world-wide diffusion of the dog, with the many functions that he has performed in man's societies, and with the beliefs which man has held about him as a creature of this world and of supernatural realms. Various types of folktales about the dog—"why" stories, legends, saints' tales, fables—are recounted in Part Three. Parts Four and Five treat of the dog as guardian, omen, and symbol, discuss his place in the law ways of western culture, and present proverbs, riddles, names, and other verbal practices involved with canine lore.

Despite the extensive information packed between its covers, this volume is more than an encyclopedic compilation. It was evidently written for the general reader as well as the specialist. The material it includes is authentic, culled from a vast range of sources. The folklorist will find here the scholarly impedimenta necessary in books useful to him: a list of narrative motifs in which the dog is featured, based upon Thompson's Motif-Index (pp. 382-98); notes and references on the text (pp. 399-440); notes on the drawings (pp. 441-51); a bibliography (pp. 453-75); and an extensive and valuable index (pp. 477-544). But this material, discreetly tucked away at the end of the book, may be ignored by readers who love dogs better than bibliographies. Furthermore, the myths and folktales have been selected rather than

merely compiled; they have been retold rather than merely reprinted. The writing is lively, even sprightly in places. There are also more than fifty excellent black and white sketches by Mamie Harmon, depicting dogs in the art of the world. In addition to the information they convey, these drawings add to the pleasure of the book. Readers who believe that the dog is man's best friend will find ample evidence in this volume that, among animal domesticates, the dog is also man's oldest and most ubiquitous friend.

—Stanley Newman

Stanley Newman, co-editor of *Southwestern Journal of Anthropology*, is a professor of Anthropology at the University of New Mexico. A specialist in American Indian linguistics and folklore, he has published widely in scholarly journals. *God Had a Dog* has been selected by the Dog Writers Association of America as the best non-technical book on dogs published in 1961.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MEXICO, by J. Patrick McHenry. New York: Doubleday-Dolphin. 240 pp. \$.95.

The author, a free-lance artist, book-seller and teacher in Mexico, has attempted with this work to present a synopsis of the history of Mexico. Of interest primarily to the layman and tourist who wishes to obtain more than a guide-book knowledge of the historical development of Mexico, this work traces the history of Mexico from its aboriginal beginnings in ten thousand B.C. to the year 1960. The emphasis upon the major figures of Mexican history results in a certain anecdotal treatment that, while adding interest to the narrative, does not illuminate the major forces operative in Mexican history. Nor does this method allow sufficient depth and perspective of subject matter to permit the author to capture

the spirit and flavor of the sweep of Mexican history. In spite of the exaggerated time span, approximately three fourths of the work concerns the republican period of Mexican history, while the pre-columbian, colonial and independence periods receive a rapid summary treatment.

This work, taken primarily from secondary sources, would be of scant interest to the serious student of Mexican history. Certainly its value is reduced measurably by the author's implying that the *encomienda* was a land grant, a fact which leads to a rather odd interpretation of the New Laws of 1542 (pp. 50 and 63). The method of presenting each chapter under a chronological heading rather than a thematic one is not the most felicitous manner of presenting historical material, lending, as it does, a certain rhetorical and pedagogical quality to a work supposedly popular in nature.

In short, this work offers, in a readable although not particularly scintillating style, a concise summary account of Mexican history useful to the layman who wants a quick introduction to major figures and events in Mexican history in chronological order.

—*Frederic W. Murray*

A Ph.D. candidate in Latin American Studies at the University of New Mexico, Mr. Murray is specializing in Latin-American literature and history.

LOVE AND BE SILENT, by Curtis Harnack. New York: Harcourt Brace & World, 1962. 246 pp. \$4.50.

This story of two unrewarding marriages is carefully etched without strong contrasts. The two love stories, both sad ones, are recited in a monotone flat as a midwestern twang, but they are skillfully told nonetheless and in their drab way achieve a certain universality.

The death of Robert's cautious, frugal, and autocratic father frees this corn farmer to marry Donna. The amicable property division favors his maiden sister, Alma, who has devoted most of her life to her father's care. Robert and Donna settle down to a humdrum pattern of babies and farm chores.

Roger, a friend of Robert's from CCC-camp days, visits the couple, is introduced to Alma, and gently coerced into marriage. This proves no solution. Alma's married life is lonelier than her former spinsterhood.

Some of the best writing depicts the little hillocks of happiness rising from the drab North Dakota plane of Alma's life—a routine of raising chickens and running a railroad cafe. As we read, we weep for her frustrations and the humdrum in our lives while marveling that Harnack can sustain our interest in these pale people without once resorting to brave color.

—*Adelaide Angell*

Mrs. Angell, who attended Vassar College, is a housewife and mother of five children. Her home is in Portland, Oregon, where she is very active in community affairs and is the professional secretary of a large Unitarian Sunday school.

A SEASON IN HELL AND THE DRUNKEN BOAT, by Arthur Rimbaud, tr. by Louise Varèse. New York: New Directions Paperbook, 1961. 108 pp. \$1.35.

In recent years Arthur Rimbaud's brief and hectic life and his briefer and, if possible, more hectic poetic output have been studied by Enid Starkie, fictionized by James Ramsey Ullman, and whitewashed by Elizabeth Hanson, to name only a few of the more notable contributors to the growing shelf of Rimbaudian biography and criticism. He was one of the few writers whose biography is as intrinsically interest-

ing as his work; and since his death in 1891, his influence has continued to grow and flourish in most contemporary literatures. To discover his work is a deeply moving experience, to study his life is to arouse one's deepest sympathies and faculties of admiration, and to re-read him is to renew one's original reactions. One's skepticism at first becoming aware of the fact that all his major work was completed by the time he reached the advanced age of nineteen soon evaporates before the display of genius and verbal pyrotechnics of his poetry and one realizes that Rimbaud was indeed a *great* poet (whatever that much-abused word may mean), adolescent or no.

Rimbaud requires no criticism. Every line of his work speaks for itself, and as should be the case with all poetry, each line evokes an immediate and lingering response in the reader's mind. This facing-page-translation edition of two of his three major works (the third, *Les Illuminations*, is also available in a New Directions edition), *Une Saison en Enfer* and *Le Bateau Ivre*, wisely devotes almost no space to criticism, but gives the barest outline of his biography and work. Louise Varèse, who has translated such modern French writers as St.-John Perse, Stendhal, and Proust, translates the poems as well as anyone could wish for. It is a thankless task, however, for anyone who wants to know Rimbaud's work to read it in any language other than his own French. Half at least of the value of Rimbaud's verse is to be found in its sounds. He was carried away by what he called *l'alchimie du verbe* to such an extent that the sound of the words and their meanings are so inextricably welded together that neither is complete without the other. Rimbaud in English is not Rimbaud. Neverthe-

less, this little book is valuable for a reader who may wish to try his hand at unraveling Rimbaud's meanings—no mean task in itself. The *Saison en Enfer*, his swan song, is easier to follow in both English and French than is the *Bateau Ivre*, which goes along its reeling way over acidulous seas of ink that are constantly being spilled in largely fruitless attempts to explicate it.

—J. R. Feyn

DESERT WILDLIFE, by Edmund C. Jaeger. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1961. 319 pp. \$5.95.

For many years, Mr. Jaeger, well known California science teacher and nature observer, has been exploring the North American deserts and recording his observations in a series of volumes which are pleasurable reading as well as useful guidebooks.

Based on solid scientific materials, but non-technical in style, each of the forty-two chapters of this latest book, *Desert Wildlife*, is a well-organized lecture and covers all points necessary in the identification of a given animal. About ninety percent of the book is devoted to mammals, birds, and reptiles, but smaller "denizens" such as land snails, millepedes, and common insects are not neglected. Wildlife areas included are the Great Basin, Mohave, Sonoran, and Chihuahuan deserts.

Some of the material is a revision of the author's *Our Desert Neighbors* (Stanford University Press, 1950). However, many supplementary sketches from recent field notes, a number of additional photographs and pen drawings, and eight new chapters parts of which appeared in *Desert Magazine*, virtually qualify this compilation as new work.

Always the teacher, Mr. Jaeger frequently demonstrates his field methods, stressing the importance of living "unobtrusively" with the animal studied. "At least once a week I go into the remote desert, where my roads are those made by pioneers and miners and where my companions are the birds and other animals."

In harmony with the desert, the author pictures a serene land, alive with innumerable busy creatures perfectly adapted to the rigors of the climate. From desert tortoise to mountain sheep and wildcat, silent or noisy, plodding or agile, each performs according to his inherited abilities, and each is an integral part of the desert and of nature's economy.

We see these elusive creatures absorbed in their private affairs, not in desperate flight from their worst enemy, man. We see them diligently hunting and storing food, building homes, rearing their young. We see them enduring drought, or drinking (sometimes fishing) at waterholes. We see them in hazardous situations, grappling with or outwitting their natural enemies, and signaling warnings to their own kind. Too, we see them luxuriating in dust and sun baths, or, in pure exuberance, waltzing on the sand, playing tricks, even indulging in games of leapfrog.

Sensitive as the author is to animal personalities, he never overdraws his characters. The sprightly little antelope squirrel with the birdlike call is "a decent friendly neighbor of the finest sort." The face of the ring-tailed cat, favorite pet of hermit desert prospectors, is "alert and gentle." The badger? "I especially like him because he des-

pises ease and shows so little gregariousness; for his midnight meals he is willing to dig hard and deep."

Often the author reports his "red-letter" experiences such as the discovery of a female fox homeward bound with a wood rat in her jaws. "Gracefully she trotted along with her head well up and her eyes gleaming."

The red-letter day of all days for everyone interested in ornithology was Mr. Jaeger's discovery of Nuttall's poorwill in apparent winter torpor. A series of observations and experiments, lasting over four consecutive winter seasons, confirmed his supposition and produced "the first concrete evidence of hibernation in birds."

Throughout the book, the great dependence of one group of animals on another is carefully assessed and the author repeatedly warns how "the slightest upset in the balance of nature can have wide-reaching effects on the lives of many of the smaller creatures."

Bringing an animated desert to the attention of the uninitiated is a worthy project. *Desert Wildlife* should provide a truer comprehension of our misnamed "miles of empty wastelands." An index and three pages of selected references complete this excellent and very readable guidebook.

—*Olga Wright Smith*

With her husband "Cap," Olga Wright Smith spent a year prospecting the Lechuguilla Desert, where GI's called desert warfare training "Operation Furnace." This resulted in her *Gold on the Desert*, published by the University of New Mexico Press. "All that glitters," she says, "is probably mica," but she struck it rich in contentment, coming to know and love the land and its creatures.



drawn by Harold A. Wolfenbarger, Jr.

MATADORS OF MEXICO, by Ann D. Miller. Globe, Arizona: Dale Stuart King, 1961. 312 pp., 185 photos, 75 drawings. \$6.75.

This is not just another book on bullfighting; this is a different book—a graduate study. Written by a real fan who happens to be one of the girls (and anyone who has ever attended a Dodgers game will know they are the realest), *Matadors of Mexico* may be one of the best books ever written on the *fiesta brava* as far as giving an immediate inside view from the *sombra* at ringside. It bears the same relation to the bogus art books on the subject that the sports page does to coffeehouse poetry.

The bullfight as an English nonfictional literary form is a comparatively recent innovation although it has been going on for generations at a less pretentious level in the Spanish press. Hemingway may have been the innovator of the genre in *Death in the Afternoon*. But Hemingway accomplished far more and a little less. While he covered brilliantly the careers and styles of his heroes: Joselito, Juan Belmonte (Mano-

lete was yet to appear on the scene), and many lesser lights, he also enunciated a philosophy. Mrs. Miller skips the poetry and philosophy and attacks the solid subject with considerable skill and objectivity, keen journalistic writing, and a rather staggering up-to-the-minute inside knowledge.

Matadors of Mexico is not for the great American public but for the *aficionados*. It is assumed that the reader has passed the primer stage, read Hemingway, Lea, and Conrad and may have even spent a few afternoons at the *corrida*. As critic of border rings for six years for the *Arizona Star* and frequent contributor to *Toros* magazine, Ann Miller has spent more than a few.

Matadors, unquestionably brave, have a reputation for being proud and sensitive, yet when it comes to adverse highly personal criticism of their work, Mrs. Miller does not hesitate to call an *espada* an *espada*. She apologizes for selecting but twenty-six Mexicans upon whom to comment, but she is ruthless in her criticism of these, her choices, on their bad afternoons. With dead-

ly aim she throws more than cushions and Coca-Cola bottles in a way that would make a strong man wince. In her moments of truth, she goes in over the horns. She makes an interesting but perhaps too sweeping generalization comparing the brand of fighting in border rings with that of deeper Mexico and the capital. The heroes of the frontier are the *valientes*, those circus clown-daredevils who pass the bull kneeling, touch the horn, kiss the forehead, turn the back, sit on the *estribo*, and play *teléfono*. The artists are those who perform in the center of the southern rings with their slow classic passes and sculptural cape ef-

fects. Some Mexican matadors, she observes, have mastered both styles, reserving one for the border and one for Mexico, taking their cue as necessary from the crowd.

A short chapter is reserved for each matador, who is introduced by his formal portrait in *traje de luces*, the "suit of lights," profusely illustrated with excellent and most typical photographs illustrating the fine points of his style, together with pen-and-ink sketches. The only drawback to such a book, is that a sequel must be written in another decade. However, this is Mexican bullfighting at its best, right now.

—Richard C. Angell

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