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Headnotes

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Head-Notes

FRAY ANGELICO CHAVEZ' "The Black Ewe," which appeared in the Spring 1950, *NMQ*, is one of seven stories by Father Chavez being published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy this spring under the title *From an Altar Screen*, with drawings by Peter Hurd.

HELEN GENTRY first appeared as typographic consultant on the masthead of *NMQ* in 1949, and her work has won for us an enviable reputation. Her basic design has been followed, but for a long time it has not been possible to have Miss Gentry plan individual issues. Illustrations, the length of an author's name, the varying rhythm of rounded and vertical letters in a title, make such differences in the art of the printed page that the designer should decide them. Because it is not feasible to call upon Miss Gentry's time for these details, with her approval, and with reluctance, we are not carrying her name on the masthead. *NMQ* is proud of the precedent she has set and it is our firm desire to perpetuate that spirit of good typography. Books designed by Helen Gentry have placed consistently in Fifty Books of the Year, and she has been honored with a one-man show by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. With her husband, David Greenwood (a frequent *NMQ* contributor), she is a member of the

publishing firm Holiday House, and she divides her residence between Santa Fe and New York City.

FRIEDA LAWRENCE RAVAGLI died on August 11, 1956, at the age of seventy-seven. She was widely known as the wife, and after 1930 the widow, of D. H. Lawrence, to whose life and work she was essential. She was known as a unique and powerful personality in her own right.

The temptation to speak extravagantly about her is very strong. Yet it is a poor age that has no rhetoric to match a personality that always said by its very presence: "Let us not be poor of spirit. There is no time, and no real need, for that."

As for time, her friends must have come to believe that she was immortal. Even when they did not see her for months, the awareness that she existed heartened them against their own mortality. Always when they came near her, they felt their vitality heightened by hers. Some indefinable exchange occurred when she advanced to greet them with her powerful, springing tread and her husky, accented, ejaculatory voice. They were challenged to be most alive. They became their strongest selves. Even charlatans did this, or felt impelled to, in her presence.

So, when word came that she was dead, her friends' first reaction was to feel a loss of some vital part of themselves that had come from her. Whatever diminished her, diminished them.

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Remembering her is not an intellectual thing. It is something indelibly wrought in the sensibility. Yes, she had suffered greatly, loved and adventured, perhaps even sometimes been mistaken, greatly. Yet to know these things was not to catch her essence. For that, only sense and intuition would do.

Her friends remember how her eyes looked so directly in a way not meant for the timid or weak. They were green, with a latent blaze, like those of some wild animal. These are the words too for her movements and tread, the powerful almost lunging spring from the haunch that took her great body from a chair or divan clear to the other side of the room in one sweep, or so it seemed. It is not so much what her mind said in words, though she was very intelligent, but her posture and movement, the sound of her voice and the look of her eyes. They spoke of the miracle of life that remains strong despite the suffering time inevitably brings, even to her, our lost immortality.—E. W. TEDLOCK, JR.

LANDSCAPE, the magazine of human geography ably edited in Santa Fe by John B. Jackson, is now in its sixth year as one of America's handsomest special-audience periodicals. Jackson was first inspired by travel in the Southwest in 1926, and became convinced of the importance of human geography while serving as an intelligence officer for a combat division in Europe. "Accumulating and presenting this sort of information did not entirely cease with the

end of hostilities," he says in a letter, "for we had then to organize sight-seeing tours for the division. So my human geographical interests gradually expanded to include the tourist or leisure aspects of the countryside." Influenced by "what the French call works of vulgarization" in the field, he came to Santa Fe and in 1951 issued the first *Landscape*.

"Our original stated intention was to describe the human landscape of the Southwest," Jackson declares. But he found it necessary to broaden his scope: "What *Landscape* has gradually become is a journal devoted to discussing the man-made scene in terms of how it can be explained from the tourist and planning points of view, how to understand its background in order to preserve or improve it for our various needs." He notes: "But one element of our Southwestern interest has persisted: The conviction that some human landscapes are better than others; not merely richer, more densely populated, more efficient; or even more beautiful; but better from the point of view of the people living in them." We wish Mr. Jackson well in his belief that "There is a place for a publication which attempts to experience the landscape in terms of its inhabitants, so that others may learn to do the same."

WITH the death of FREDERICK W. HODGE, for many years director of the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles, American anthropology has lost one of its pioneers. Dr. Hodge died at the age of 92 in Santa Fe.

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