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## Book Reviews

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## Book Reviews

*Our Southwest*—Erna Fergusson—Alfred A. Knopf, New York and London, 1940—\$3.50.

Besides its inherent and ever-present resources of uniqueness, the Southwest has in this year another claim upon the nation's attention. The celebration of a four-hundred-year history is a feat in which few regions of the United States can indulge themselves. The Southwest is both the oldest and the newest region in the United States; it has been inhabited by Europeans the longest of all regions, but it has been dominated by Anglo influences only briefly. To the historian and anthropologist, the Southwest is old, almost static; to the ordinary American it is still a kind of frontier; to everybody who observes it, it is a region of almost overwhelming physical beauty upon which human life will probably never make more than a dent. It is untameable in the large but lovely in those spots where human beings live with it and do not try to drive it. The Southwest may be the chosen region to teach Americans humility. For it is a land that will not submit to rape or large-scale exploitation.

Nobody knows these things better than Erna Fergusson, native New Mexican, whose sense of history extends down to and through the present, whose love of uniqueness does not blind her to the inevitability of change. Miss Fergusson is the kind of person who, admiring the ruggedness of a Charles Goodnight or a Colonel Doniphan, can nevertheless see that the future of the Southwest may depend upon some opposites of Anglo individualism: coöperativeness, community sense, the land above profits, life above glib progress. She sees the glamor of the Southwestern past at the same time that she knows that many of its traditions are not now usable. Her best scorn is reserved, however, for those things that relate to no worthy past: Dallas' aping of Fifth Avenue, Prescott's desire to be named biggest, best, and even oldest in everything, Santa Fe's transient bohemians, Tucson's dude ranches. And her admirations are

catholic: San Antonio and its mayor, Sharlot Hall's museum in Prescott, Taos and its artists, Fred Harvey's civilizing influence, the willingness of the people of the Llano Estacado to learn from bitter experience. *Our Southwest*, then, product of a civilized mind, neither gloats nor damns indiscriminatingly, although it keeps its love of its region quite intact.

A few chapters are not entirely satisfying. The author often jumps from an almost academic recital of the facts of the past to a cataloging of certain modern superficialities, notably in the chapter on Tucson. At the other extreme is the chapter on Taos, in which Taos' vivid and strange past is made to relate to its present ominousness and unpredictability. This chapter is right; the one on Tucson very nearly becomes mere reporting. Excellent in their choice of detail and their summarizing power are the chapters on the archaeologists, the Indians, and the folk customs of the Southwest.

On the whole, *Our Southwest* is the kind of book that no mere historian, on the one hand, and ~~no mere~~ reporter, on the other, could write. It has clarity, well-directed scorn, the occasional warmth of a justifiable infatuation. The Southwestern reader will find that it clarifies his impressions. The reader who does not know the Southwest could not find a better place to begin his reading.

The jacket drawing by Miguel Covarrubias and the numerous photographs by Ruth Frank and others add further distinction to a fine book. Certain New Mexicans will perhaps find some comfort in the old map which is excellently reproduced on the end sheets of *Our Southwest*, showing *Floride, Nouveau Mexique, Canada, ou Nouvelle France*—and no Texas! And Texans will perhaps feel that Miss Fergusson has taken a bit too literally her cue from the old cosmographer, whoever he was.

DUTLEY WYNN

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*The Beloved House*—Thomas Matthews Pearce—The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1940—\$3.50.

New Mexico has had, and still has, her share of the geniuses of the world, Bandelier, Lummis, Lawrence, Mary Austin, around whom have grown cults with resultant opinions and controversies. More or less stimulating books are written explaining them to the average man of the street, or appraising their genius. *The Beloved House* is outstanding among these. Dr. Helen M. Doyle of California wrote the first one, and there are two others now in preparation, which will have difficulty in reaching the high standard achieved by Dr. Pearce.

*The Beloved House* will be accepted with gratitude by Mary Austin's admirers because Dr. Pearce presents her as her friends knew her. He has succeeded in giving an impersonal, unemotional evaluation of Dr. Austin and her individual outlook upon life, an approach which, were she to name it, she would call the "masculine" approach, the approach through the intellect, resulting in a scholarly work.

Having known Mrs. Austin for a number of years prior to her death, Dr. Pearce is eminently qualified for the work which he undertook. The public demands perfection in an idol and when this is not readily found proceeds ruthlessly to push it off its pedestal and erect another one to worship. Among those who knew Mary Austin were those on the one side who could see only the imperfections, the eccentricities which seem always to accompany genius. On the other side were those who could see beyond these to the creative personality that she was.

In *The Beloved House* Dr. Pearce reveals an amazing understanding of the complex character of his subject, presenting in a scholarly and at the same time illuminating and convincing manner the many facets of Dr. Austin's genius. He shows us the Small-Town Woman, Dr. Mary as neighbor and friend, as housewife with her garden and jellies and preserves, and as citizen; I-Mary, the Medicine Woman, the mystic who puzzles her audience with her in-

sight; the Prophetess amazing with her divinations; the Feminist, where she points the way for a stronger, less emotionalized womanhood. There is also portrayed Mary Austin the Naturist, of whom Dr. Pearce says: "Emerson loved nature as a background to his thoughts, Mary Austin loved nature as part of herself." Dr. Pearce could well have gone farther and said that Mary Austin saw herself as nature, so closely did she live to that great Mother. This she discloses in her *Land of Journey's Ending*. He writes of her as Naturist: "Erect, calm, self-consistent," drawing deftly, accurately the portrait of Dr. Austin whom he puts properly with those other great naturists, Thoreau, Burroughs, Muir, a true portrait to the few who could see her real nature beyond the personality, for Mary Austin's personality was to most people, perhaps to all who knew her but casually, so complex, that they were unable to discern the greatness of the individual that she was. This is true of all who depart from the accepted norm. The White Buffalo is ever suspect.

Dr. Pearce shows us the Poetess of the American Rhythm, who recognized that America possessed a rhythm of its own, peculiar to itself and distinct from that of Europe; the Story Teller of *One Smoke Stories*, the entertainer, the humorist; the colors combined in the Woman of Genius, the facet which set her apart from the other women of her time; her sympathy with and helpfulness to the less gifted, or to beginners struggling for expression in the arts; her leadership in many important movements, such as that of the renascence of the handicrafts of the peoples of the Southwest.

When the antagonisms aroused by her aggressively complex nature have had time to soften and recede into the shadows where they rightfully belong, Dr. Pearce's evaluation of the genius of Dr. Mary will be understood and appreciated more fully than in the immediate present, and *The Beloved House* will prove to be an important contribution to the literature of our time. Those who have believed in Mary Austin as a Woman of Genius will be grateful to Dr. Pearce

for his unemotional search into and presentation of that genius. He did a great deal of research before commencing his work, visiting Dr. Mary's childhood home in Illinois, interviewing her friends and neighbors, to gain first-hand impressions of the surroundings which helped to mold her character. He personally visited her last resting place atop Atalaya for personal impressions of her last monument, and has with great restraint told of her interment there, recording dispassionately the events leading up to it. Casa Querida as a shell still stands on the Camino, but its heart lies buried with Dr. Mary's ashes at the summit of Atalaya Peak, a shrine to a pioneer, a Woman of Genius.

The book has unusually beautiful format, and is well illustrated from photographs taken, in most cases, especially for the purpose. That of Casa Querida, on the front cover in gold, very appropriately shows in the distance the studio of Frank Applegate, her co-worker in the arts and crafts movement.

*The Beloved House* will live as a well-painted portrait of the life and the passing of a great but complex personality whose influence upon the life about her will prove with the passing of time to have been important and constructive.

INA SIZER CASSIDY

*Santa Fe*

*Christopher Columbus, Being the Life of the Very Magnificent Lord Don Cristobal Colón*—Salvador de Madariaga—The Macmillan Company, New York, 1940—\$4.00.

Señor Salvador de Madariaga writes a clear, forceful, interesting, and scholarly biography in his presentation of Christopher Columbus. Dividing the work into six parts, the author first takes up disputed problems of the early life and ancestry of the discoverer of America. With clarity of reasoning and an understanding interpretation of the records, Mr. Madariaga establishes the facts that Columbus was a Genoese of Spanish Jewish descent, born into a weaver's family, and turned sailor. These conditions coincide with materials that show the youth not too loyal to

Genoa, with a knowledge of Spanish Latin, and familiar with the environment of Catalan Jewish cosmographers.

Coming to Portugal at a time when Prince Henry the Navigator's sea-crusades and discoveries made Lisbon seethe with the lures of Western navigation, Columbus read widely, dreamed, and learned. Convinced of his destiny and failing to carry weight in Portugal, he went to Spain. Throughout these experiences, Jewish tendencies, the *Converso* reactions, and the sincere Christianity of Columbus are brought out. To the monarchs of the Spanish court "he related . . . his imagination to which they did not give much credit."

Contrasting Columbus with Talavera, Madariaga interprets the psychology of the two men and relates other incidents which show up errors in earlier works and demonstrate the keen understanding the author brings to his task. Many stories of the hero are dismissed as sentimental "twaddle." Cutting through the obscurity of older works, Madariaga vividly brings to life a picture of Columbus as dreamer, scientific navigator, and man of action and ambition.

Parts IV and V deal with the American adventure and the subsequent glory of the adventurer, while the final section most sympathetically presents "Fall, Death and Transfiguration."

The book is excellent in style although sometimes there is an annoying repetition of descriptive words and phrases and over-long sentences. The bibliography contains only the records used in the study. The notes are comprehensive, clear, and compensating although the arrangement at the end of the volume is not convenient. On the whole the work merits praise for its keen insight into the character of Columbus, the scholarly knowledge and interpretation of the records, and the fine English of the distinguished Spanish historian.

DOROTHY WOODWARD

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*Figures in a Landscape*—Paul Horgan—Harper and Brothers, New York, 1940—\$2.50.

*Figures in a Landscape*, Paul Horgan's latest book, is particularly appropriate for New Mexico's Cuarto Centennial celebration, since it is of this state particularly and it covers in a series of stories, bound together by an account of the land and its traditions, the three still familiar races which have contributed to its heritage. But it is a book which will be read long after the celebration of New Mexico's exploration by Coronado has passed into memory, for in this work, called a novel and yet comprised of structurally independent stories, will be found some of the author's best achievements within the frame of the tale.

Beginning with the landscape of the region of the lower Pecos Valley, and in time with the Spanish conquest, the book discovers the quality of man's heritage there and sees through that heritage the labor, the heartache, the complexity—the mind, of its representative people, and their emotions. Dramatically separate, the tales are linked together by the bonds of land and its inheritance, with such links related in the form of brief essays: and between these the stories burgeon, their essence being dramatic sympathy and imaginative realization.

Undoubtedly the reader of any collection of tales will have his favorites; mine are "To the Mountains," "The Captain's Watch," "The Surgeon and the Nun," "A Castle in New Spain," and "In Summer's Name,"—yet there are others almost as appealing. "To the Mountains" is the account of two little muchachos who find themselves suddenly acting the parts of men: with their father away, and a baby coming, they must provide the warm skins which will assure the infant comfort. How they fare is dramatic enough, but how they think—how their child lives are realized by the author—is what gives the story its great charm.

"The Captain's Watch" is written around the clashes between Indian and Army man, but here is an extremely original tale, and within its brief twenty pages there



emerges a memorable moment of understanding between the brave and the lieutenant.

"The Surgeon and the Nun" discloses the temporary merging of two distinctive kinds of discipline in a moment of crisis, when a railroad section hand falls desperately ill; at their parting, the two discover their appreciation of each other's ways, unsentimentally, but profoundly.

In "A Castle in New Spain," the reader of Southwestern lore will discover a delightful freshness, not only of character and incident, but of tradition as well, since it introduces a German settler from the Fatherland, divulges his dreams, and discloses the inheritance which he leaves to his family.

In "In Summer's Name," a contemporary high-school girl goes from her home town to Hollywood and fame, but not before she discloses her emotional and impressionable nature fully, and not before she brings out in her adventures the cheapness of her chief companion, the sound sense of a physician, the amazing emotional antics of a revival circuit.

There is always much in Paul Horgan's prose that is precisely and delicately—poetically—wrought, and there is much in this book that is so; it is frequently offset by stark prose, sharply vulgar characters, and hard, ringing details.

The pattern of the book is so flexible that to discover a rigid principle beneath it is impossible, but I should like to have found two sketches of characters—"The Captain" and "The Tularosa Bobcat"—done as fully as the stories of which I have spoken with enthusiasm. These two, scarcely more than notes for full characterization, seem slighted: they would fit better in a volume of sketches such as Somerset Maugham's *On a Chinese Screen*.

But no one will quarrel over the achievement of *Figures in a Landscape*, which is substantial; it is a book which deserves a wide, appreciative audience.

ALFRED CARTER

*New Mexico Military Institute*  
*Roswell.*

*The Old Santa Fe Trail*—Stanley Vestal—Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1939—\$3.00.

Given a fascinating subject and the avowed purpose of attempting "to *recapture* the experiences of men of the Santa Fe Trail," Stanley Vestal writes a book that falls far short of his goal. Often he mixes the vernacular of those days with approved English. For example, he inserts "Californy" with no explanation or quotes into an explanatory paragraph. This tends to give one a confused approach to the subject being discussed, and there is certainly little feeling of the day of the trail follower.

Although the original narratives have been used and the "typical historical events have been given the center of the stage," one finds inaccuracies that make one skeptical of the use of the historical method. Footnotes are without uniformity and frequently lack exactness, the bibliographical data are not complete, and occasional comments are not impressive.

Some implications and conclusions are rather hastily drawn and are not well enough authenticated in previous works to permit the simple statements here to carry weight. For example, the Comanches are said to have acquired "repulsive traits" after centuries of contact with Spanish outposts. F. W. Hodge in his *Handbook of American Indians* speaks of the Comanches as having been pushed south from Wyoming "comparatively recently." Also attributing the atrocities of these Indians even partly to their "racial stock" is a statement quite difficult to prove. Affirming that torture is transferred to the Plains Indians from the Southwest because of the Pawnee human sacrifice is also a conclusion that can be easily challenged. There is use of linguistic names in the discussion of some points that seems to indicate that the author is in confusion.

Without further example it may be said that Mr. Vestal has a fine subject, is quite aware of the extensive sources available, but has mixed facts and hypotheses and has thus obscured his purpose. It gives one the feeling of haphazard

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juggling to put the story together so that it is not accurate and fails to give the conviction that one is experiencing the reactions of the men who followed the Santa Fe trail.

DOROTHY WOODWARD

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*Collected Poems, 1917-1939*—Edward Davison—Harper and Brothers,  
New York, 1940—\$2.00.

Edward Davison's poetry represents a tragically vanishing era, and it is with a peculiar sense of unreality that one examines his *Collected Poems, 1917-1939*. An Englishman of the First World War generation, Mr. Davison is now an American citizen, professor of English at the University of Colorado. The poems of these twenty years are reflections of a fine and sensitive inner life, with few revelations of the impact of this life on the world in which the poet has had so active a part.

The volume begins with a group of poems diverse in tone and content. The lovely "At Tyne Dock" and "The Unabsolved" are representative of dominant nostalgic and personal notes; one or two are vivid lyrics of social protest like "Cobbett's Ride"; "Two Encounters" and the better-known "Ninth Witch" exhibit trenchant narrative skill. Notable in the collection are two groups, "Eight Variations on an Old Theme, and Some Swans" and "The Bitter Year." The "old theme" of the former is the poet's sense of personal frustration, voiced most concretely, perhaps, in "The Sirens." The four Sirens, Truth, Music, Poetry, and Nature, have pursued him in his youth, planted

Forever in his breast  
The thorn tree of unrest,

and now desert him who "knows them his no longer" for the pursuit of younger poets. There is in this poem harmonious fusion of abstract idea and concrete symbol not found in some of his more traditional work. "The Bitter

Year," a sequence of love poems, is a highly personal record in a more conventional vein.

This poetry has a "between two worlds" quality to a generation hungry, in some measure, for poetry to illumine the problems of its time and to fulfill the mission Matthew Arnold once proposed, that poetry must offer bold guidance and consolation to men in times of turbulence and despair. It is perhaps unfair to lament Mr. Davison's abstraction from this mission, but his own last stanza in "Cobbett's Ride"

And there asleep falling like Piers the Plowman  
I dreamed on the hillside, lost to the sun,  
A troublous and dark dream, vision of ruin  
And dereliction, the end of Albion.

suggests that this citizen of the old world and the new, master of a fine poetic technique, must have more to say to this generation than has yet appeared.

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

KATHERINE SIMONS

*Pagans Praying*—Roy A. Keech—The Clarendon Press, Clarendon, Texas, 1940—\$2.00.

*Pagans Praying* is a collection of poems based on the religious life of the Pueblo Indians, by an ethnologist, Mr. Roy Keech. Mr. Keech has approached his subject sympathetically and understandingly. Vividly he draws realistic pictures of the Indian rituals and dances, evoking the feel and color of Indian worship. He is student enough to catch the almost childlike simplicity of Indian songs and poems and to record this through the repetition of thoughts and words. In such a manner he evokes the feeling of Indian rhythm, something that has been difficult for a white man.

The value of the book is enhanced by the very fine illustrations by Pop Chalee, the Indian artist, and by an introductory essay by Acee Blue Eagle.

*Albuquerque*

ELSIE RUTH CHANT

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*The So Blue Marble*—Dorothy B. Hughes—Duell, Sloan and Pearce,  
New York, 1940—\$2.00.

Griselda Cameron, Hollywood designer on vacation in New York, is returning from a concert at Carnegie Hall when two gentlemen in evening clothes call her by her first name, take hold of each elbow, and escort her to her apartment with the ease and familiarity of lifelong friends. But they aren't lifelong friends. They are utter strangers, but charming, and they mention the name of Griselda's divorced husband, who, magnanimously, has offered his apartment for her stay. True, Con hadn't written about them, but he named another friend in the apartment across the hall, Professor Gigland. Griselda does not protest; after all, they have in no way harmed her. In her apartment they make themselves at home, ask for a cocktail, and refer casually to a blue marble for which they have come. Danny and David, the Twins, are the guests, and as David mentions the blue marble his eyes are "jewels, not real, oblong black stones." You couldn't see into them or beneath them.

This is the beginning of the search for the marble which holds the secrets of a lost civilization with untold riches of gems and gold and of a day when the sun was harnessed, when gravitation was controlled, when there was Utopia on earth. Griselda is caught in an international plot to find the key to world power. She discovers the superintendent of the building dead in her apartment. The Twins are there, smiling, apologetic. "A sad accident. Heart failure." Griselda's husband returns to explain that he is working for the Bureau of Investigation in a plan to trap the dangerous Montefierrow brothers. The innocent-looking walking sticks they carry are lethal weapons in fact, with a stilleto in the end and tear gas in the center. Murder in a bank, murder of a beautiful Hollywood actress, murder of an accomplice who might reveal evidence all occur under circumstances outwardly so casual that sensation of horror piles on horror while the reader dances and dines and sparkles in the polite society of cafés, hotels, and resorts. The dialogue is always

bright and streamlined. But the ruthless search for the blue marble proceeds.

If you don't wake up wondering whether the Twins haven't come through the wall or up under the floor, holding their elegant canes, and smiling urbanely while their steely eyes ask the question, "Where is the marble?" then you aren't the reader for this book. Furthermore, the blue marble isn't a silly thing to look for. Con reveals at the last that the marble is an imitation made in the late Renaissance. The real marble still exists, but stilettos and poison gas will fail to find it, here or anywhere else.

Mrs. Hughes has written a corking mystery here with a touch of symbolism unusual in the mystery type. I predict further novels of distinction from this sparkling first.

T. M. PEARCE

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*Mother of the Smiths*—Lorraine Carr—The Macmillan Company, New York, 1940—\$2.50.

In *Mother of the Smiths* by Lorraine Carr the reader finds a story of conflicts known only to the poor: first and always, those that accompany the activities of maintaining existence, of being plucky when assailed by the natural inertia of the underfed, of securing the greatest good out of the most meager opportunities, of looking beyond the barriers of present day realities to a better time; then there are those conflicts that result from the clash between personalities not understood by more fortunate people.

Though primarily a story of Sabe Smith, who gives herself unselfishly to her family and even to her antagonistic neighbors, Nug Nolan and his Mexican wife, it is also a story of Sabe's pathetically weak and worthless husband, Si, and her six sons who have the greatest faith in their mother. It is a good story, and it is a tragic story. Its tragedy and pathos are relieved sometimes by amusing incidents, by the little details of reality, somewhat shocking at times, and by

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the realization that the very existence and hope of a community often lie in the good heart of a simple, uneducated, uncouth member of that community. The story reminds the reader of the divine gift of seeing beyond the outward appearance into the heart of a sincere soul.

The story is true to the spirit of its setting though not minutely accurate in descriptive details, for it is a story of purely fictitious characters and might be imagined as happening in any similar mountainous district of New Mexico. The reader feels that the author chose Taos County as the setting of her story because she loved the place and, therefore, wanted it, with all its naturalness and beauty, as the background for Sabe. What the background gave to the soul of Sabe was given by her to all her neighbors regardless of race or creed.

The author apparently loved the characters she created and felt she understood their suffering and their ambitions as well as the motives of their actions, but like many other authors, she faced the problem of writing a dialect of people who have no dialect except that of misplaced pronouns and different evaluation of vowels. She was writing a dialect for people who in real life speak their own language or remain silent, hence develop no true dialect.

Forget the problem of dialect and the fact that you cannot say, "Just this or that about the story is true of Taos"; forget the unsavory bits of reality; think of the story as one of simple, but genuine, souls working out the problems of a temporary existence amid the perplexities of a difficult world, and you'll find this a good story.

BARBARA E. PHILLIPS

*Albuquerque*

*The Trees*—Conrad Richter—Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1940—\$2.50.

To dwellers of the Southwest, where the wispiest tree is cherished as a potential blessing, the concept of the forest as a force hostile to man carries the impact of the extraordinary.

It is the oppressive effect of giant trees that blotted out the sky with their "heavy-raftered, leaf-thatched roof" that sets the mood in Cónrad Richter's newest, and, I think, most powerful book, *The Trees*.

This is the story of the Lockett family who followed the game westward out of Pennsylvania in the late eighteenth century and built their log home in the "dark country" of southeastern Ohio. In the eerie, dim loneliness of that land where nothing moved and even "the green daylight stood still," Jary, mother of the five Lockett children, died; and Wård, their restless hunter-father, left to grave, self-contained Sayward the responsibility of seeing her young sisters and her brother through tragic and moving events.

Mr. Richter's almost uncanny understanding of the pioneer character permits occasional tenderness, but no sentimentality, as he re-creates with his usual authenticity, an era which ended as Sayward began her war against the wild woods "for a little cabin patch planted with tame seeds." Only a masterful restraint tempers the appalling clarity of scenes of epic hardship and the vicious cruelties of men whose spirit matched too closely the savagery of the Indians about them.

By telling the story consistently from the viewpoint and in the language of his characters, the author achieves not only strength and unity of form, but a prose of rich beauty and vitality. Indeed, *The Trees* may well serve to perpetuate a language which has all but vanished; for under Mr. Richter's sensitive pen the old pioneer dialect with all its economy, power, and graphic beauty glows with the quality of a rugged, virile poetry.

LUCILE WELCH

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*



*Figures of Transition*—Granville Hicks—The Macmillan Company, New York, 1939—\$2.50.

Mr. Granville Hicks' latest critical study deals with the transition from Victorianism and the accompanying social and economic order to whatever it is that the twentieth century is going to bring forth. The figures are William Morris, Thomas Hardy, Samuel Butler, George Gissing and George Moore, Oscar Wilde, and Rudyard Kipling—a Marxian socialist, a pessimist, a "cautious rebel," two naturalists, an aesthetic poser, and a big Empire man, respectively. Without holding that his way is the only way to study literary men, Mr. Hicks proposes to use history as an aid to understanding literature and literature as an aid to understanding history. This tolerance towards other methods of study is perhaps the author's reply to some criticism of his earlier critical study of American literature, *The Great Tradition*, which was charged with subduing all literary values and criteria to the search for social awareness in the authors discussed. In *Figures of Transition*, Mr. Hicks is slightly more deferential towards purely aesthetic criteria; he rides his thesis a little less hard, and he generalizes with considerably more caution.

The six writers studied are thrown against the background of Victorianism. The first chapter, "Victorian Flood and Ebb," is masterful if not highly original synthesis. Utilitarianism and evangelicalism are treated as the two keys to an understanding of the middle class and its phenomenal rise, opposed only by the Coleridgean, slightly mystical doctrine of the supremacy of the state and its institutions over the individual and his greed. In reducing nineteenth-century ideology to a struggle between Benthamites and Coleridgeans, Mr. Hicks has produced a useful simplification.

The author warms to his subject in discussing William Morris, perhaps the only staunch Marxian among literary men in nineteenth-century England. Nobody else in Morris' time had a better concept of the proper uses of the machine

or of the real dignity of human labor. Morris is shown to have been the "idle singer of an empty day" because his imagination could dwell only in the past and in the future, however active he was as man and citizen in his everyday life.

There is little of originality, of course, in the interpretation of Hardy as the man of his time who took most deeply to heart the picture of the universe as unmoral—the view which science was emphasizing. Hardy, Mr. Hicks writes, was also a meliorist who, under slightly different circumstances, might have joined such men as Leslie Stephen and John Morley in some fight against man's inhumanity to man. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*, the author insists, are social indictments as well as pessimistic complaints about a dehumanized universe. But Mr. Hicks admits that Hardy was the greater artist for doing what he could do, that is, express his pessimism, instead of engaging in reform movements.

Samuel Butler, it is admitted, is a difficult case. "We scarcely know what to make of an iconoclast who convinces himself, and tries to convince others, that he is the savior of religion. It is not a question of sincerity; it is a problem of temperament and a difficult one." Butler is interpreted as a cautious rebel who kept intact the Victorian codes and only asked that theories be made to square with practice. Gissing, despite his later defection, showed us the way to respect the modern "saturation in the commonplace." George Moore is disposed of as a lesser realist than even Gissing, both of whom refused to learn from Zola. Mr. Hicks has little to offer on Wilde; he presents him as simply the neurotic, individualistic, romantic decadent whom a *bourgeois* society had no place for. And Kipling is interpreted as the perpetual adolescent which a corrupt society cast up after becoming naïve in its dotage.

Hicks uses abundant materials and always reasons well, but his conclusions often come out about where conclusions have been coming out for some time. He still "class angles"

his materials but not with his former steady conviction. There is a gain in urbanity but some loss in penetration. Nevertheless, the work is entirely commendable in its attempt to see writers as their age shaped them and in its avoiding of easy *clichés*.

DUDLEY WYNN

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*The Patient's Dilemma*—Hugh Cabot, M.D.—Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, 1940—\$2.50.

In these days of economic stress with millions unemployed and large numbers on relief, the problem of medical economics is crying for solution along with the many other nightmares that beset society. Hugh Cabot, in *The Patient's Dilemma*, does not attempt a scientific treatise upon a complicated economic, social and professional problem, but rather offers a philosophy which is the product of a varied experience and tempered by a long and profitable contact with all kinds and conditions of men and women.

The criticism made by so many physicians of the conservative school, that all books on social medicine are written by men who never saw a patient but who have held salaried positions as teachers of medicine, cannot be directed against Dr. Cabot. For twenty years he did a private practice of medicine but later left the field because he felt he could do better work in a salaried position where the almighty dollar did not stand between physician and patient.

Dr. Cabot first discusses what scientific discoveries have done to modern medicine. The horse and buggy doctor and the medical service he provided are sharply contrasted with modern diagnosis and treatment; and one realizes just how far the medical profession has gone in the last fifty years toward prevention and cure of the many ills that affect mankind.

To give good medical care the general physician must have prompt and immediate access to specialists, laborator-

ies and hospitals. Unless this be true he cannot offer to his patient good modern medical care except with great loss of time and probable loss of efficiency.

This makes the cost prohibitive to all but persons in the higher brackets of income, and the tendency on the part of both physician and patient is to cut the cost by lowering the type of medical care. In other words, the general physician does not call consultation or avail himself of laboratory or hospital facilities, fearing that his own fee will suffer; and the patient does not desire the increased services because he knows he cannot meet the added expense.

What is to be done about it? Dr. Cabot believes that group medicine provides as near a solution as one can expect in our present economic set-up. Nor is group medicine new. It began more than fifty years ago in the great charity hospitals. The moving forces were both the promotion of scientific study and the promotion of economy. Under these conditions was built up a most satisfactory demonstration of the value of grouping physicians skilled in the various subdivisions of medicine.

There followed private groups such as the Mayo Clinic based on a fee for service principle with a sliding scale of fees and a consultant physician relation. Other groups have been formed on a prepayment basis, both by physicians and by laymen. The physicians' group offers medical care by a fixed payment fee per year, while the lay groups hire physicians on a salary basis. Both are attempting to deliver good medical care at a low cost.

Dr. Cabot feels that these types of practice alone are not the answer to future medicine, but that in a period not too far distant, government will assume the distribution of medical care to the indigent and to the medically indigent, and direct it for those persons in the somewhat higher brackets of income through some form of taxation.

He discusses the machinery necessary to maintain standards in order to give the public the best possible medical care. He is still optimistic enough to feel that it

can be done in a democracy such as ours, but he realizes that the way is beset with many vicissitudes.

The book is well written, very readable, and the discussion is set forth in nontechnical language that should recommend it to laymen as well as physicians. It should be read by all conservative physicians so that they may see the handwriting on the wall and give their aid in shaping future medicine rather than attempt to obstruct a change that is rapidly on the way. It should be read also by the public so that they may not demand hasty legislation and thereby defeat the many reforms that are so urgently needed.

LEROY S. PETERS

*Albuquerque*