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BOOK REVIEWS

Seeing Latin America

Some Recent "Good Neighbor" Books

Inside Latin America, by John Gunther. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1941. \$3.50.

Meet the South Americans, by Carl Crow; drawings by Oscar Ogg. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1941. \$3.00.

Pattern of Mexico, by Clifford Gessler; illustrated by E. H. Suydam. New York and London: D. Appleton Century Company, Inc., 1941. \$5.00.

Brazil: Land of the Future, by Stefan Zweig; translated by Andrew St. James. New York: The Viking Press, 1941. \$3.00.

Hispanic American Studies: Lectures delivered at the Hispanic-American Institute of the University of Miami, Number Two; edited by Robert E. McNicoll and J. Riis Owre. Coral Gables, Fla.: University of Miami, 1941.

It seems worthwhile to reflect for a moment on the way certain books about Latin America are written nowadays.

It is perhaps no coincidence that the truly outstanding and completely satisfactory travel books, as well as letters, are creations of the past. Our attitude toward a country and its people is deeply influenced by the physical way in which we approach them. The "classical" travelers of the eighteenth and even the nineteenth century, with their necessarily leisurely methods of journeying, were not only enabled but forced to take in details and to keep close to the earth and its dwellers. The modern air traveler, it is true, has gained a completely revolutionary aspect, a new dimension which was unattainable to his precursor. He can, if he cares and has trained eyes, enjoy a kind of intuitive,

"lightning" insight. Yet, as with all intuition, the question of its accuracy presents itself. The intriguing and probably insoluble question arises as to what is more important in the study of countries and peoples: what is believed to be the "broad lines," or what is experienced and lived in everyday details. Can a modern student traveling by air be expected to observe and evaluate adequately those innumerable and seemingly insignificant details which, after all, shape the daily life of the masses; can he feel himself lost in a lonely mountain valley or on a jungle river, or chat with the *campesinos* in a wayside inn or at a village pond? Will he not be exposed to the great danger of hasty generalizations? Our ability to "do" seven different countries in a week does not necessarily help us to understand them better. On the contrary, it may prevent us from even making a serious effort to do so, by giving us a false feeling of accomplishment while we skim their surface at breathtaking speed.

This hurried age very naturally glorifies the reporter who writes for the day, while other ages believed in the historian or the author of epics who sometimes wrote for centuries. Perhaps part of our trouble is that we have lost the ability to read and to interpret the basic and almost invariable facts and trends of physical, mental, and social life and are too fond of sticking to the fast-changing surface and outward appearance of things and people.

Such considerations impose themselves upon any student of inter-American affairs who has had to read some dozens of hastily manufactured "good-neighbor" writings on Latin America, whose authors, when starting out on their venture, were often as ignorant of their subject as most of their readers. Granted the perfect good will of those writers and the urgent need of more ample information about our neighboring countries to the south, it must be doubted that most of those literary products have really served the purpose.

Sharply conflicting opinions have been expressed about John Gunther's *Inside Latin America*. On its jacket one finds Raymond Gram Swing expressing the conviction that "it can be acclaimed as the most important political and educational book to come from the American press for a long time. Innumerable readers will be as thankful to have a new world swim into their ken as was Keats on reading his Chapman's *Homer*." To Swing, Mr. Gunther is a "genius." He is seconded by Whit

Burnett who, in the same place, adds that Gunther is "not only a journalist, he is a historian. . . . He is a reporter of continents."

On the other hand, D. G. Gutiérrez Vea Murguía, the editor of the daily *La Razón* of La Paz, capital of Bolivia, found it necessary to write an article about Gunther's book in which he says, among other things: "The difficulty for the realization of a true inter-American policy is that the North Americans who call themselves 'experts' are nothing but simple tourists who, because they have spent twenty-four hours in each of the Latin American countries, believe themselves authorized to produce articles, pamphlets, lectures, and, an extraordinary thing, sometimes even books. Within this category of 'experts' can be considered the newspaperman John Gunther who has committed a real abuse under this aspect. . . . I can assure you that Gunther's 'product,' as far as it refers to my country, sins by an absolute lack of truth, errors of geography and history, and an absolute absence of professional ethics. . . . In the future, the Latin American countries must be more careful in extending hospitality to these most dangerous tourists who pretend to know us and who take advantage of our good will in order to debase us." (*La Prensa*, New York, November 19, 1941.)

Another Latin American, who at present teaches at a United States college, Professor José Antonio Arze, has announced "a pamphlet criticizing, with full documentation, those statements of Gunther" which he considers inaccurate. "It is not difficult to realize," he writes to the editor of *The New York Times Book Review* (November 23, 1941), "that Mr. Gunther, in his *blitztrip* by airplane . . . was 'circled' by groups of persons interested in making him see only one side of the political picture."

How does the case present itself to an impartial reader with some knowledge of things Latin American?

Gunther spent several months on an air trip to all the twenty republics of Latin America, Puerto Rico, and Trinidad. He had not visited those countries before nor does he speak or understand their languages, Spanish and Portuguese. For this reason, if no other, this book is not "an obvious companion" to *Inside Europe*, as he asserts (p. ix). He had spent a number of years in Europe before he wrote that book—which deserved much of the praise it received—and he knew at least a few of its languages. True, he interviewed most of the presidents and foreign ministers of the Latin American republics. But eighteen

of the twenty chief executives do not speak English, and relatively very few political and cultural leaders do. In this connection it is interesting that "the President's [of Mexico] customary interpreter in audiences with Americans is partly of German ancestry and studied in Germany. His English is perfect" (p. 48).

Mr. Gunther's general knowledge of Latin American affairs is rudimentary, to say the least. He finds it "hard to think of Mexico or Cuba as 'Latin' countries"—without stating his reasons (p. x). He speaks of the "three 'Bolívar' countries" (p. 1); there are six. He repeats the widespread error that "the U. S. competed drastically with most of Latin America" (p. 11), which applies only to a few countries, but believes that "we have not competitive exports" with Brazil (p. 351). (He overlooked cotton and fruits!) He finds "hardly 500 pure Indians left" in Costa Rica (p. 132) while there are at least ten thousand. Heaven knows what he means by the startling statement that Honduras "has no foreign exchange" (p. 143). To him "Colombia has very little tradition of political violence" (p. 164), although it probably holds the record for bloody civil wars during the entire nineteenth century. He ventures the explanation that "the fact that the weather always stays the same, . . . with no winter or summer, has had great emotional effect in tranquilizing the country, keeping it reasonably calm and steady" (p. 165). Other students have offered the effects of the tropical climate of great parts of Latin America as one explanation for the notorious political instability of their peoples. A logical conclusion from Gunther's thesis would be to expect countries with extreme seasonal changes, such as Scandinavia and Canada, to be habitually harassed by revolutions. "Ecuador has never had a strong dictator" (p. 188). Our author obviously has never heard of García Moreno, one of the few Latin American dictators who succeeded in establishing a kind of totalitarian regime. He believes that Haya de la Torre "invented the locution 'Indo-America'" (p. 213), a term used long before by Vasconcelos and others. Brazil, the classical country of large coffee plantations, is presented as lacking "huge individual landowners" (p. 392). The institution of *Secretario de la Presidencia*, which exists in most Latin American governments, strikes him as "unique" in the Dominican Republic (p. 445). In that same country, "Germans are almost unknown" (p. 446). His stay there seems to have been too short for him to notice the existence of the German-Dominican Research Institute,

which has been maintained by the two governments for the last six years and which is (or was) one of the most interesting propaganda and espionage instruments of Nazi Germany in Latin America.

On page 406 he reports concerning a man who "marched" from southern Brazil "to Bolivia in the North, and then down the Amazon to the Bolivian frontier, literally a stupendous feat." Mr. Gunther does not suspect *how* stupendous that feat would be—if it were possible.

This reviewer is trying hard not to succumb to the professional malady of teachers: the pedantry of overemphasizing data. Yet he does not see why glaring factual errors such as the ones presented in this little selection, and which he would not tolerate in his undergraduate classes in Latin American affairs, should be permitted in a best-seller written by "a reporter of continents."

There are many instances of general carelessness in the presentation and evaluation of important facts. For example, the percentage of Indians in the Mexican population is stated as thirty on page 58 and forty-five on page 65. "Infant mortality in Puerto Rico is the highest in the world" (p. 424). Yet, the "efficiency of the U. S. health service" is stated as one reason for the immense population increase in the island—on the following page! In the chapter on Guatemala, a coffee importer (instead of exporter) is listed (p. 124). In Paraguay "no one knows who anybody's grandfather is" (p. 271). In the chapter on Brazil this statement is repeated literally, with the addition "no one asks or cares" (p. 374). "Almost everyone in Rio knows everyone else" (p. 374)—in a city of almost 2,000,000 people! The Brazilian immigration law strikes him as "curious" although it imitates the quota system of the U. S. immigration legislation.

North Americans have often and rightly resented being misrepresented in Europe or Latin America as a nation of money-grabbers without true culture, but with an abundance of night clubs, divorce courts, and gangsters. How, then, can descriptions like these (on the opening chart of the book) be justified: "In Colombia senators write poems, a newspaper man is president, bootblacks quote Proust, and business men bewail the low price of coffee." "Ecuador: a charming country, full of churches and cacao, that has had twelve presidents in ten years." "Small Honduras is one of the banana republics, virtually a colony of the United Fruit Co." Why, of all countries, only El Salvador is "sophisticated" remains a mystery. On another chart which purports to de-

scribe each country's "attitude to the U. S." in from one to six words, one finds in Panama's column: "Dominated by U. S. Army." The reviewer can vividly picture the feelings of his friends in Panama as they read this. He does not believe that any significant fact concerning Latin America should be withheld because it might hurt the feelings of our neighbors to the south. But why provoke understandable resentment among them by immature and loose comments like these?

Mr. Gunther demands that the Latin Americans "take time out and master the grim and grisly business of spelling North American names" (p. 476). On the other hand, a writer of a 500-page book who set out to interpret the Hispanic half of this hemisphere to the other half could have been expected to use and spell Spanish and Portuguese terms correctly. He refers, for example to the "*gachupine* oligarchy" (p. 61) and seems to believe that *creole* is a Spanish word. As an outstanding instance of complexities in Chilean political life he relates that "one party is called the Partido Democrática; another is the Partido Democratico" (p. 257). What he means in the first place is, of course, "Demócrata."

An almost classic example of the way Latin American civilization should *not* be interpreted is this "generalization about South America": "An excessive sensitiveness about modes of behaviour, particularly social. For instance, you can win almost any South American by leaving cards properly. You can win him for life if, on your cards, you print your address as 'Neuva' York instead of 'New' York (p. 162). It is to be hoped that nobody will follow Mr. Gunther's advice to the letter. To this reviewer it seems little short of a scandal that large and reputable publishing firms in this country do not take the trouble at least to have mistakes in the spelling and use of Spanish and Portuguese words corrected in the copy of authors not familiar with even the elements of the languages of the people they write about. (Or should this criticism, too, be attributed to "excessive sensitiveness" or "an extreme preoccupation with 'culture'" —phrases used by our author in writing of the shock he received when Colombians proposed to discuss Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Shaw with him.)

No doubt, the book contains a great deal of useful information. A surprisingly small proportion of it, however, is original. In the treatment of some countries, such as Venezuela, Costa Rica, Honduras, and Paraguay, the lack of first-hand observations is particularly conspicuous.

This reviewer has been unable to detect in the book any significant new information (except the really remarkable fact that the United States Embassy in Lima refused to accept Haya de la Torre's message of congratulation to President Roosevelt on his re-election—a refusal characterized by Mr. Gunther as “stupid and tactless” (p. 213). Gunther's well-known method is to interpret a country chiefly through its political and economic leaders. Yet in this volume there is no attempt at deeper psychological analysis of the outstanding “personalities” and their motives. Often more space is devoted to a description of their living habits than their characters. No attention is given to the feelings of the *people* (as distinguished from a few and usually little representative “big shots”) and their attitude toward democracy, the United States, and the Fascists. This neglect is very natural, since our author could not talk to the man in the street.

The aspect under which Latin America is treated is rather one-sided—if understandably so—and limited to the point of view of totalitarian influences and the chances for inter-American political and military coöperation. But even in this limited field no new or hitherto unpublished facts are given. On the other hand, not one of the great writers, artists, or scholars (except the Mexican painters) appears in the book. There is not one account of a visit to a school or a university or of a chat with students and teachers. What an impoverished “inside” this is, when we make allowance for the fact that in Latin America, as in other parts of the world, many of the most valuable and interesting human types are *not* to be found among the politicians. In this and other instances the author's lack of familiarity with the Latin American scene is often responsible for distorting his perspective.

It seems never to have occurred to the author that his—and so many others'—whole method of “roving reporting” may have been obnoxious to the Latin Americans, not only because hurrying is fundamentally incompatible with their form of life but also because they expect foreign observers to regard them as important enough to merit the spending of some time and energy in the study of their countries. The typical Latin American is not likely to open his heart to an acquaintance of a few hours or days who does not even speak his language, “prominent” though he may be in his own country. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the interviews with the chief executives appear so disappointingly insignificant. (Duncan Aikman in his *All-American Front*,

two years ago, did a much better job of "roving reporting.")

"Inside" Latin America? Most certainly not. The book is a survey of some of the most easily accessible materials, written for the present moment and from one point of view only. This book, unintentionally of course, shows, perhaps more than any other individual fact, how great is the task of education for true inter-American understanding which still lies ahead of us.

Meet the South Americans furnishes another example of a publisher's promising more than his author is prepared to fulfill. On its jacket the prospective reader is given to understand that "here is every aspect of the colorful life of twenty [in South America!] countries, . . . here are the men and women who are our neighbors to the south. Mr. Crow's sidelights . . . reveal with trenchant clarity what they are thinking about." Now the principal weakness of this book seems to this reviewer precisely that it does not tell what the Latin Americans are thinking about. The author, in order to find that out, had to depend on second-hand information, not having an adequate knowledge of the languages himself; as a result his book suffers.

This applies first of all to the question of Fascist penetration in commercial, social, and political life—which Mr. Crow declares practically non-existent. He quotes a number of data which are sometimes debatable and never complete and which, when viewed against the social and economic background of the United States, might look conclusive but which lose much of their strength when the entirely different background of Latin America is taken into account.

Mr. Crow assures us that "a careful search of the papers published at Lima in Peru . . . failed to disclose any acceptance of German propaganda" (p. 276). This is what another recent discoverer of South America, John Gunther, whom Mr. Crow met in Lima, found at the same time and in the same place. "The heart of extreme conservatism in Peru—of Fascism, one might fairly say—is the Miró Quesada family that owns the great Lima newspaper *El Comercio*. . . Its chief proprietor . . . is ardently . . . pro-Fascist. . . The *Comercio* prints daily a complete list of Berlin radio programs, and gives it prominent place. The paper is almost as important in Lima as the *Chicago Tribune* is, say, in Illinois" (pp. 205f.).

This reviewer did not trust his eyes when he came to this passus: "In more than a hundred years of existence as an independent republic

Colombia has never had a disputed election or a political revolution" (p. 311); but since Mr. Crow's book has not yet been selected by a book club, the reviewer does not feel justified in listing more details of statements which are, to say the least, unusual.

Mr. Crow himself is modest about his work and offers it "with a complete consciousness of its inadequacy." His readers, too, should be well aware of the fact that the author of *400 Million Customers* cannot lay claim to authority when writing about the 90 million customers of South America. Even so, many witty, although sometimes a little too flippant, observations make the book interesting reading.

Pattern of Mexico is not a conventional travel book. It opens with a brief survey of the historical background, followed by the main section—by far the best part of the book—in which Clifford Gessler sketches some of the principal towns on the approaches to the Valley of Mexico, the capital, and several of the remaining sections of the country to which Mexico City is the usual gateway. In a concluding part the present social and economic problems of the country and the development of its art are briefly discussed. An appendix offers "practical considerations" for the traveler. A valuable feature is the unusually comprehensive bibliography.

The author was not in search of tourist "sights" but was interested in typical places, scenes, and people. He is able to picture the Mexicans as they live—not as they appear from a hotel lounge in Mexico City. He has taken the trouble, or rather has delighted in finding out what and how they eat, how they work, what troubles they have, and what jokes they make. He sees not only Indian shacks, colonial churches, and Aztec ruins, but also modern schools, workers' settlements, and technological institutes. Thus he has caught the atmosphere of the country and its people, without trying to argue any preconceived political idea—and that is more than can be claimed for most of the many recent books on Mexico.

This is the last book of this series which E. H. Suydam illustrated before his untimely death. His drawings make the volume doubly valuable. They are delicate and convey the landscape and architecture of the country in close connection with the text.

This is a definitely worthwhile book for anyone who loves Mexico or who wishes to know it. It will help its readers to understand some of the essential aspects of the Latin American scene.

Stefan Zweig, the famous Austrian essayist and novelist, now of course in exile,¹ wrote *Brazil, Land of the Future* after a half year's stay in the country. He points out that he had seen only a minor part of the immense area and that he therefore did not attempt to arrive at any definite conclusions. The first three-fifths of the book are devoted to a general survey of the history, economy, and culture of the country, while the remainder describes Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, the coffee and gold-producing regions, and, finally, the tropical coastal area.

The entire book is characterized by the art of a great stylist, discernible even in the translation, combined with a keen and sympathetic observation. The author is devoid of that patronizing attitude toward his subjects which makes so many travel books on Latin America hard to bear. There are a few minor factual statements which challenge discussion, but on the whole the richness of information and insights which the author is able to offer, after such a short stay, are truly admirable. The highlights of the book are probably the analysis of Brazilian psychology, with its stress on the inherent gentleness of the people, and the descriptions of Rio de Janeiro and of the "lost gold towns" in Minas Geraes. These will long hold a place among the outstanding writings on Latin America.

This delightful, unpretentious book is an excellent introduction to the largest country of the Western Hemisphere which, as Zweig rightly points out, "is destined to play one of the most important parts in the future development of our world."

The second volume of the *University of Miami Hispanic American Studies* contains, with one exception, the lectures delivered during the fifth lecture series on Hispanic American problems organized in 1940 by the university which ever since its foundation has been actively interested in the promotion of coöperation with the countries to the south.

As in most publications of this kind, the contributions vary widely in subject matter, method of treatment, and caliber. They were all delivered by Spanish-speaking lecturers, although only the lectures by the Spanish poet Juan Ramón Jiménez are actually printed in Spanish. The noted Peruvian diplomat and historian, Victor Andrés Belaunde, contributes papers on "Pan-American Solidarity at the Lima Conference," "The Latin American Countries and the European War," and "Ethical Foundations of International Law." The following state-

¹ Since this review was prepared Zweig put an end to his life which he was trying to rebuild in Brazil.

ment by him is interesting in the light of recent developments: "The interpretation which the Republican party [in the United States after the first world war] gave Washington's farewell address involved a concept of *absolute* sovereignty of the state and the rejection of any obligation or entangling alliance, and the truth is that any organization for peace, such as is derived from the tradition of the Congress of Panama and Lima, implies a concept of *relative* sovereignty, and a close international coöperation in behalf of peace in the form precisely of alliances and peace" (p. 156).

The Argentine Minister to Cuba, Victor Lascano, gives an instructive and well-documented, though necessarily incomplete, survey of the development of diplomatic relations between his country and her neighbors. The Puerto Rican geographer Rafael Picó describes some general characteristics of the Caribbean and of his native island in particular. Professor Emilio Carlos LeFort discusses "Some Trends in Contemporary Spanish-American Letters," with special attention to anti-imperialism, Rubén Darío and the "Modernista" movement, and the treatment of certain specifically "American motifs" in Latin American literature. Of particular interest are his quotations showing the deeply rooted, but now fortunately largely overcome, resentment of Latin American writers against the United States. The well-known Spanish poet Juan Ramón Jiménez contributes *reflexiones* on poetry and literature, aristocracy and democracy, and recollections of Ramón del Valle-Inclán, all of which acquire interest by the subjective but highly attractive treatment he gives them.

As is only natural, few new contributions to knowledge can be expected from a publication like this. Yet the University of Miami must be congratulated upon its achievement in bringing to its campus speakers who are truly representative of Hispanic American civilization, and in enabling, by way of these volumes, a wider public to share in what they had to say.

RICHARD F. BEHRENDT

Brazil in Capitals, by Vera Kelsey. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1942. \$3.50.

Brazil in Capitals, an excellent companion volume to *Seven Keys to Brazil* (1939) by the same author, describes all the official capitals of Brazil (Rio de Janeiro and the twenty state capitals) with the exception

of Rio Branco, capital of the Territory of Acre. Former capitals are also included: Olinda, first capital of Pernambuco; Ouro Preto, historic capital of Minas Geraes; and Santos, twice capital of São Paulo. Miss Kelsey concludes with a chapter on the "capitals without portfolio": Petropolis, summer capital of Brazil; Poços de Caldas, capital of South American spas; Santarem, potential commercial capital of the Amazon; and Terezopolis, a might-have-been capital.

These capital cities, according to Miss Kelsey, "illuminate the story of the country from its earliest colonization to its latest technological development and throw their light far into the future. Cumulatively, they represent Brazil in all its facets and Brazilians of every type."

Although the book does not purport to be a tourist's guide to these cities, in many instances it could well serve this purpose, especially with respect to the more important and interesting cities. The section on Rio de Janeiro, for example, is most complete, discussing amusements, recreations, sports, churches, libraries, museums, palaces, excursions, carnival—all the attractions of the city and the surrounding area.

Since Miss Kelsey feels that Brazil can, in many ways, be compared with the United States, she creates many vivid pictures by frequent reference to the people, cities, and landscapes of our country: "... no one can visit many Brazilian cities without being impressed by striking similarities between Brazil and the United States, between Brazilians and Americans. . . . Rio Grande do Sul in the character of both country and people resembles our Texas. Our Far West, whose colorful history is starred with the epic deeds of pioneers who crossed in covered wagons the dry, sun-baked plains where buffalo roamed by thousands and Indians and later highwaymen made life hazardous, suggests the great plains of Brazil's interior northeast where wild cattle roamed by thousands and bandits made national history. . . . We are both polyglot nations, made up of races and nationalities of all the world."

In the appendix are notes on the symbolic art of the colonial churches, animals, snakes, birds, butterflies, trees and plants, orchids, Brazilian money, and proper dress for the tourist.

Brazil in Capitals is an inseparable companion to *Seven Keys to Brazil*; together they present a thorough, interesting picture of modern Brazil, of its people, industries, arts, culture, traditions, and scenic beauties.

ALBERT R. LOPES

Broad and Alien Is the World, by Ciro Alegria; translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onís. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1941. \$2.75.

"The most savage, brutal, terrifying book I have ever read," I wrote in my notes after reading *La Vorágine*, José Rivera's exposé of the exploitation of the South American Indians in the rubber industry. Now I am not sure, for I have just finished *Broad and Alien Is the World*, by Ciro Alegria, a novel on the life of the Peruvian Indians. This winner of the Latin American Prize Novel Contest sponsored last year by the Pan American Union competes with Rivera's book in its depiction of the oppression of the Indians and the horrors that result. Alegria's book is the better novel, however, largely because of its effective use of contrast. Indeed, much of the power of the book lies in the delicate counterbalancing of the values of the simple, pastoral life of the Indians against the brutality of a civilization that pronounces them "ignorant" and "a menace to progress."

Like another well-known prize novel, *El Indio*, by Gregorio López y Fuentes, this one is the story of an Indian community rather than of an individual. For many, many years, the village of Rumi had held its tract of land on a sunny slope of the Peruvian mountains. Together, the villagers planted and harvested. Together, they faced the good years and the bad, the storms of nature, and the lashing waves of civil war that broke over their peaceful lives and left behind sorrow and death, bitter memories and illegitimate children. But the village endured until Don Alvaro Amenabar determined to take its lands as a part of his ranch. Trying to fight him in court, the Indians were bested by crooked lawyers and perjured witnesses and were forced to leave the village and seek another home higher in the mountains on lands unsuited for cultivation. Worse tragedies followed in the individual lives of community members who sought a living on the coca plantations, among the rubber workers of the jungle, and, driven by bitterness and desperation, among the ranks of a bandit gang. Finally, even the poor lands settled by the remaining villagers were claimed by the insatiable Don Alvaro. When his claim was upheld by the Supreme Court, these men who had tried for years to obtain justice by peaceful means determined to fight for their rights, even though they knew that

their slingshots and worn-out rifles were no match for the machine guns of their opponents. The last chapter is simply entitled "Whither?"

Broad and Alien Is the World may be interpreted as a moving and impassioned plea for justice everywhere, but it has a special significance for Latin America, where the problem of the Indian has been a sore point for over three centuries. In recent years, we have seen, especially in Mexico, a tendency toward recognition of the indigenous culture of the Indians and an effort to incorporate it into the national life. Ciro Alegría was a leader of a movement of this nature in his own country, a movement there called *Aprismo*. This novel is an exposition of Peru's need for such a philosophy and of the contribution that such a native American culture could make to her civilization. Propaganda it may be, in the sense that anything written for a cause is propaganda, but it is biting, result-provoking propaganda of the type of *The Grapes of Wrath* in our own country. Sooner or later, this kind of writing plays a potent role in the alleviation of the conditions that provoked it. And when it is done tenderly with tragic, struggling, genuinely human characters as protagonists, the result is a moving and powerful novel, such as *Broad and Alien Is the World*.

THELMA CAMPBELL

Las Torres de Manhattan (The Towers of Manhattan), by A. Ortiz-Vargas. Boston: Chapman and Grimes, 1939. \$2.00.

Some fifty years ago a Colombian poet, Rafael Pombo, wrote a beautiful short poem entitled "Las dos Américas" ("The Two Americas"), which has been translated by Alice Stone Blackwell in her *Spanish-American Poets*. Recently another Colombian poet who has come to North America to stay has written a noble epic poem in some five thousand lines entitled *The Towers of Manhattan*. Too few have been the cultural interpenetrations of this type between the United States and Hispanic America. An occasional note has been struck here in the United States by a Bryant or a Whitman or an Archibald MacLeish. Now and then a poet of Hispanic America has sung of our presidents, Washington, Lincoln, or the Roosevelts, hostile to Theodore and in praise of Franklin. Our North American universities have been pioneers in this intellectual interpenetration and our college professors have contributed much to a better understanding of the two great

peoples of the American continent. Outside the academic world, Alice Stone Blackwell, exquisite interpreter of the verse of the Hispano-American, Isaac Goldberg, critic of their letters, and especially Waldo Frank, intellectual ambassador extraordinary to Hispanic America, have done much to point out to us the purely cultural and aesthetic aspects of Hispano-American life. Now comes a poet, one of theirs, to interpret to them, our great city and cultural center.

Manhattan's towering skyline is the theme song of this poem—a hope that the new Tower of Babel, instead of bringing confusion to mankind will be an instrument of fusion and brotherly love between the two peoples of America. It is a prayer that out of this vast metropolis will come a new era, a new civilization forged in love instead of hatred. Ortiz-Vargas sees in the city of New York, as do so many foreigners, the center of the world's civilization. His poem is neither the Messianic hope of a millennialist nor the doctrinaire principles of a political ideologist. It is a *cri du coeur* of admiration and awe on the part of a philosophical poet who is a lover of mankind. I translate the opening lines:

Higher, higher, higher
 Than the highest tops of the mountains!
 Higher than the highest flight of the bird,
 Higher even than the highest star that shines,
 Soar, ye golden towers!
 Your frames of steel sunk in the bowels of the earth
 Give ye majestic sway
 Over the blue vault of heaven.

"I sing," says the poet—and he knows our Walt Whitman—"I sing of machines and steam-shovels and cranes which devour and belch forth the earth. I sing of the toilers from all lands, Negroes, Italians, Germans, Irish, Russians, diggers, plumbers, electricians, sweating, panting, groaning. I sing of thee—Oh city empire! Thou art Carthage and Rome and Sodom, the center of the world's activity. When thy stock-market ceases to function, the world shudders with a cosmic spasm."

A microcosm of the universe is New York, according to our poet, an infernal pandemonium, its crowds rushing like wild beasts to be slaughtered by soulless brakemen in the subways. A polyglot city where all languages and races are found. A city of men without a country, of the persecuted and defeated victims of man's hatreds, a city of hovels and vicious dens and disease and prostitutes, but also a city of scholars

and poets and writers and millionaires and universities and museums. Don't look too closely at the squalor by day, look at New York at night with its million and one lights. Look at them from a distance, for some of these lights are not stars to which you would hitch your chariot, they are absurd, tawdry, insolent, and irrelevant.

The spirit of this poem is that of a Hebrew prophet of the Old Testament, whence most of his figures come, a very unusual source of inspiration for a Hispano-American poet. The prophet gazes upon our fairy-like towers now at dawn, now at high noon, again at sunset, and above all at night, and apostrophizes them. He sees them in process of construction, he sees the teeming life within them, he sees their beauty and their arrogance, and he pays a tribute to the daring originality of our American architects. He envisions Manhattan in the days of the Indians, then in colonial times, and finally as it is today. The towers of Babel and Nineveh and Tyre are constantly recurring themes, but the *Towers of Manhattan* surpass them all in height, in grandeur, and in beauty.

Ortiz-Vargas uses a scheme of varied assonances and free verse, to impart majesty and vigor to his message. It is a twentieth-century hymn, spontaneous, eloquent, intellectual. It represents the reflections of a poet-philosopher who sees in our largest city great potentialities. It is the appeal of a foreigner that New York be not made either the center of a half-baked aristocracy or the ruffocracy (*canallocalracia*) of the proletariat.

The American continent has given the world two great literary geniuses, Walt Whitman, the rugged bard of democracy, and Ruben Darío, the sweet aristocratic-singer. Ortiz-Vargas, although writing in Castilian, stems more from our poet than from Hispano-American traditions. He knows our poets at first hand and is about to publish a book on contemporary American poets. Spanish-Americans have had a tendency to look down upon us as a race of uncultured barbarians lacking a high form of culture. It is a great tribute to us that one of their poets finds inspiration in North-American culture rather than in the European or American Indian traditions which form the twin background of Spanish-American poetry. *The Towers of Manhattan* is the harbinger of a new era of closer intellectual and cultural interpenetration of the two peoples of the American continent, the continent of the future.

SAMUEL M. WAXMAN

Doña Lona: A Story of Old Taos and Santa Fe, by Blanche C. Grant.
New York: Wilfred Funk, Inc., 1941. \$2.50.

Blanche Grant has attempted two divergent goals in her novel of Santa Fe and Taos in the first half of the nineteenth century: depiction of a fascinating character and an epic study of the western scene of that time.

Doña Lona, or Madam Barcelona, is a young girl from Old Mexico with courage to throw off the rigid conservatism of that day and become what she truly is—a very modern, ambitious, unconventional, money-wise woman, who can run a successful gambling salon. The character of Doña Lona does not lend itself to a novel of epic proportions; if she is to be portrayed understandably, the reader wants most of all to know her motivation. Madam Barcelona, however, is lost in a maze of historical facts, which cover the entire new western area of that time. If a novel of wider scope had been Miss Grant's goal, she might have done better to choose as her main character a sort of Anthony Adverse, who could have personally traveled in politically-torn Texas, gold-seeking California, or with the mountain trappers and caravan traders.

Unlike Ruth, Madam Barcelona, having once fallen in love with her adopted country, cannot be persuaded to leave it for love of any of the three men in her life. One can hardly be persuaded that she loved them as tragically as we are asked to believe. The male characters, both friends and lovers, are merely fingers which point to and explain the happenings far from the locale of the plot. Undoubtedly, every happening in Texas and the Far West affected Madam Barcelona personally, but events are overstressed. Consequently, the character of Madam Barcelona, which would have had its fascination against a small, intimate background, loses reality.

Miss Grant writes very sympathetically and lovingly of New Mexico, its people, and its problems. The book shows an enormous amount of research, as is evidenced in the descriptions of early Taos and Santa Fe, and the manners and customs of its people.

DICKSIE ROGERS

Natural History and the American Mind, by William Martin Smallwood in collaboration with Mabel Sarah Coon Smallwood. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. \$4.25.

Within recent years, it has become the fashion for many scientists, after having attained a degree of eminence, to write a more or less philosophical treatise presenting their outlook upon their field of specialization, often with applications to modern life. This practice is to be commended, for such men almost invariably have much to contribute. Smallwood's book falls within this category and represents a novel approach which has grown out of his abiding interest in the question of how the study of natural history developed in America.

The general theme is a consideration of the early American naturalists up to about 1850 and their influence upon science and the cultural life of the American people. The treatment is limited, roughly, to the discussion of materials which fall within the fields covered by the modern sciences of botany, zoology, geology, and mineralogy. The authors select for consideration individuals who appear to be typical of the period. It must be agreed that any attempt to include all important naturalists would not have added much to the analysis. Nevertheless one is seriously disappointed in the selection of some of the naturalists as well as in the omission of others, and by the author's decision to limit this study to the eastern United States, "where the early settlements were made and the early cultural centers began." No consideration of natural history in America can pretend to be adequate while omitting such significant figures as, for example, von Humboldt, Lewis and Clark, or John Muir. Moreover, one wonders why a tertiary source such as Acosta should have been included and other first rate authorities omitted.

Beginning with a consideration of early writings on American natural history, such as Oviedo, Hariot, Strachey, and Bartram, the authors, in conformity with their belief that the growth of every science is accompanied by the appearance of good story tellers, select Captain John Smith to illustrate the story-telling naturalist. Since the American colleges made little appeal to boys interested in natural history, the more venturesome and well-to-do youths were attracted to Leyden, and later to Edinburgh, seats of the two great medical schools of that period, where they were introduced to the newest ideas in natural history. The authors next discuss Americans who studied in European

universities, as well as the more important influences that served to turn colonial boys into naturalists, and devote considerable attention to a number of the leading professors in some of these institutions. Very appropriate is a discussion of the study of natural history in the American colleges from 1640 to 1790. Chapters IV and V cover some of the early cultural centers and the diffusion of natural history culture in America by Americans, through academies of natural history, lyceums, museums, societies, publications, and botanic gardens.

The naturalist period in America extended approximately from 1725 to 1850, reaching its climax in the decade 1830-40. In the generalized accounts of the naturalists, we recognize a necessary step in the beginning of our knowledge of plants and animals; and we may regard taxonomy as the beginning of the domain of natural history applied to living things. The early naturalists as a group are characterized by the authors as having striking personalities, remarkable enthusiasm, an eagerness to master universal knowledge, and as playing an important part not only in the growth of science but also in the development of American culture. Amos Eaton is regarded as ideally typifying the great popularity of the naturalists during the period, an entire chapter being devoted to Eaton and his relation to the academies.

During the entire naturalist period, the theological interpretation of nature played a significant role. Although Paley's *Natural Theology* (1802), widely used in academy and college, did much to familiarize students with the general structure of their own bodies, it also provided a specific theological explanation for the mechanism of body parts and functions. The concept of design was rampant in educational circles, and professors strove to achieve a reconciliation between science and revealed religion. The French principle of "cause and effect" was not widely accepted. Moreover, the concept of evolution, vigorously opposed, made little progress until the time of Darwin in organizing the contributions of science into a consistent philosophy of nature. Hence the theory of evolution, not yet having deeply stirred the imagination of the naturalists thus handicapped in their thinking by the lack of any consistent explanation of nature, had no marked influence on the thinking of the common man during the naturalist period. Moreover the concept of special creation, the logical implication of the design hypothesis, greatly retarded the development of a scientific classification based on natural relationship. Not until there was a wide

departure from this theological interpretation of nature could the scientist supplant the naturalist.

Although the naturalist period did not come to a close until about 1850, a new approach began to manifest itself in the 1830's when certain men in America, preferring to make a limited field their objective, were concentrating on some special group of animals or plants. Actually, development of the microscope and its availability for class use was one of the major factors contributing to the decline of natural history, even though the instrument did not come into general use in the laboratories of the universities before 1880.

These men who, for example, became masters in the field of classification, were the forerunners of modern specialists, and embodied the passing of the naturalist. Generally speaking, the authors terminate their treatise at the point where the discrete disciplines of botany, zoology, and geology, having struggled for independent pedagogical recognition, become separate entities.

Although the authors devote considerable space to the growth of natural history through contributions of publishers, artists, and engravers, a noticeable defect of the book is its lack of significant illustrations. There is an excellent comprehensive bibliography covering the geographical area treated.

EDWARD F. CASTETTER

Collected Sonnets, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1941. \$3.00.

Change of Season, by Helene Magaret. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1941. \$1.50.

The Mayfield Deer, by Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1941. \$2.50.

The Paradox in the Circle, by Theodore Spencer. Norfolk, Conn.: The Poet of the Month; New Directions, 1941. \$.35.

More Poems from the Palatine Anthology, translated by Dudley Fitts. Norfolk, Conn.: The Poet of the Month; New Directions, 1941. \$.35.

Poems, by F. T. Prince. Norfolk, Conn.: The Poet of the Month; New Directions, 1941. \$.35.

Poems from the Book of Hours, by Rainer Maria Rilke; translated by Babette Deutsch. Norfolk, Conn.: The Poet of the Month; New Directions, 1941. \$.35.

The Dry Season, by Malcolm Cowley. Norfolk, Conn.: The Poet of the Month; New Directions, 1941. \$.35.

New England Earth and Other Poems, by Don Stanford. San Francisco: The Colt Press, 1941. \$1.50.

The Metaphysical Sword, by Jeremy Ingalls. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1941. \$2.00.

The Complete Poems of Emily Jane Brontë, edited by C. W. Hatfield. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. \$2.80.

The poetry of a quarter is so diverse that it is difficult to find one common thread to link all into one discussion. Here, for example, we move from a full collection and a long narrative poem by established poets to pamphlet editions of the less established. And let it be noted with pride that the younger and the more modest hold their own.

It is fortunate for Edna St. Vincent Millay that her reputation must not stand solely upon this full edition of her sonnets. The complete collection does not impress one with continuous power in a large body of work, as it should from a great poet; rather, the 162 sonnets (including one quoted in the preface which we might have been spared, written when Miss Millay was fifteen years old) show too readily an even, no more than moderate accomplishment. The first half of the collection, with the exception of "Sonnet to Gath" and "To Jesus on His Birthday," is hardly readable now: the sonnets are too "easy," show little of the tension one expects of fine poetry, are too smug in a nineteen-twenties sort of way, too attitudinized. The latter half of the collection is more serious, more down to business; but few sonnets here reach the level of the two already mentioned, and none reaches a higher level. To those who are tempted to think Miss Millay a really great sonnet writer (and a reviewer has said of this volume, ". . . here is a great sonneteer, probably the greatest of her time, possibly one of the greatest of all time"), one can only reply as did Allen Tate some years ago, that they should compare the best of these sonnets with Yeats' great "Leda and the Swan." It should be added that Miss Millay's work should be compared also with Tate's own "Sonnets at Christmas" or some of the sonnets of Yvor Winters.

At the same time, Miss Millay has a certain achievement in her sonnets. They are immeasurably better, for example, than the forty-five sonnets in the third section of Helene Magaret's *Change of Season*. The publication of such a full collection demands some judgment; it is that,

on the basis of these sonnets, Miss Millay will have to be content with a position similar to that of Christina Rossetti and Elizabeth Browning. Miss Magaret, who is best in the not very provocative religious poems of the second section, will on the basis of this book be among the unnamed thousands.

The Mayfield Deer does not add much to Mark Van Doren's stature as a poet. It tries to make too much of a slight incident; at times, particularly in the first parts, the blank verse loses its reason for being; the last scene drags muddily with too much sentiment. Despite all that, the book generally is quite effective. The story is projected with the impact of human experience, and that experience, particularly the psychological investigation of it, is often rendered with the lyric ability found in Van Doren's fine minor poems. At such times the blank verse becomes functional with the same skill that is found in his lyrics, and with little more boldness, indicating that Van Doren has not essentially stepped very far from his best practice in the past.

Lately the pamphlet has been forging its way back into acceptance as one of the intelligent and convenient methods of handling the publication of poetry. Typographically the pamphlet can appear as attractive as a book. The Poet of the Month published by New Directions has seized this possibility with considerable promise. Each pamphlet is produced by a different fine press in the United States, including, notably, the Merrymount Press (Updike, designer) in Boston, the Prairie Press (Carroll Coleman, designer) in Iowa, the Ward Ritchie Press in California, and the Peter Pauper Press and the Walpole Printing Office in New York. And the quality of the poetry issued has been good. The batting average for the first year has been .667, presenting such outstanding work as Howard Baker's *A Letter from the Country*, a selection from Donne, and translations from the Palatine and from Rilke; and at a somewhat lower level, interesting collections from William Carlos Williams, Josephine Miles, Theodore Spencer, and the first popularly-priced edition of work by the late John Wheelwright.

Theodore Spencer's poems are an attempt to use the song tradition in poetry. At their worst, they fall flat for want of imagery and concentration. But at their best, one may recognize a blend of poetry of statement with image, metrical movement, and paradox which the Elizabethan song finally achieved. Such poems as "Song," "A Narrative," "The Envy of Opposites," and "Practical Advice" have an accomplish-

ment which has been quite foreign to the main line of English poetry since the Renaissance. Dudley Fitts' *More Poems from the Palatine Anthology* is fine work in translation, as is Babette Deutsch's *Poems from the Book of Hours* by Rilke. As English poems, Miss Deutsch's translations seem more adequate than the longer and more pretentious books of translations from Rilke; and several of these poems, though among Rilke's earliest work, will surely stand among his best. Unhappily, two of the last three issues of the Poet of the Month are poor and end the year on a flagging note. F. T. Prince's short poems at times have interest, but on the whole the collection seems a poor piece of workmanship, lacking tension and an awareness of metrical craftsmanship. And Malcolm Cowley's *The Dry Season* has a first section of five lyrics which are of considerable interest, but the remainder of the collection is a weak sort of modernism, not distinguished by any particular technical ability or any sharpness in the satire intended.

The Colt Press Series is inaugurated with Don Stanford's *New England Earth*. The series starts with exceptionally fine typography. The verse is serious, unassuming, and will be deceptive to those who expect modern verse to be somehow violent. One recurrent theme, the awareness of sensuous beauty and its transience, is age-old; and another, the separation between intellect and the senses in modern living and thinking, is more contemporary; but both are expressed, though the verse is quiet and minor, in a way that at times achieves great poetry.

Since taking over the editorship of the Yale Series of Younger Poets several years ago, Stephen Vincent Benét has had the opportunity of giving an auspicious introduction to a good many young poets. Among them have been James Agee, Muriel Rukeyser, Joy Davidman, and Reuel Denney. But, counting up, half of the volumes have not been distinguished. This year we certainly have one of the latter. Miss Ingalls' title, *The Metaphysical Sword*, is misleading, since the religious themes of many of the poems are not aggressive and not deeply analytical, and since any comparison with the metaphysical poets (Mr. Benét mentions Herbert and Vaughan in his Foreword) is spurious.

C. W. Hatfield's new edition of the complete poems of Emily Brontë seems scholarly and accurate. It is not likely to add to her reputation, since, as with most complete editions of quite minor poets, so much chaff is treated as seriously as the grain. But the complete work is there, ready for a careful selection of the few poems which should

gain Emily Brontë a much better place than she has had heretofore among minor nineteenth-century poets.

ALAN SWALLOW

American Giant, Walt Whitman and His Times, by Frances Winwar.

New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1941. \$3.50.

On March 26, 1942, fifty years will have passed since Walt Whitman died in Camden, New Jersey. The coming spring will make appropriate a commemoration of his ideals for America, of his vision of brotherhood and unity among his people. Whitman wrote some of his finest poetry during the nation's Civil War.

Welcome the storm—welcome the trial . . .

Why now I shall see what the old ship is made of . . .

he wrote at the outbreak of the war over slavery. He carried no exultation with him when he worked as a volunteer nurse among the wounded at Fredericksburg and later in Washington in the malarial fever wards; but he never wavered in his will to serve, as best he could, the cause of human liberty and its leader, Mr. Lincoln. Frances Winwar's new volume has brought before us the absorbing story of this American journalist, essayist, poet. There is no other figure in our history, not even Emerson, who so often, in print or conversation, expressed words worth holding to, words that one says "yes" to, words that one affirms as right thinking for an American.

I have just returned from a visit to Whitman's house at 330 Mickle Street in Camden. Walt (would one ever write Ralph or Waldo for Emerson?) lived here from 1884 to the day of his death; here he was visited by Richard Watson Gilder, William Sloane Kennedy, Pearsall Smith, Horace Traubel, many others; here friends and literary colleagues (even Whittier, who had thrown the *Leaves of Grass* into the fire) sent the horse and buggy which Miss Winwar says the poet drove "unrestrained, his white beard blown backward in the wind, his cheeks glowing, like an aged but untamed Apollo." The two-story frame building was purchased by the city of Camden in 1923. It still contains pictures and furnishings which belonged to Whitman, and there has been added a good library of books written about him since his death.

Miss Winwar has completed a careful search into the background of events during Whitman's lifetime. She has not uncovered much that

is new in fact, but she has digested a broad amount of the testimony of Walt's friends and commentators and presented it with keen insight into its value. In her attempt to fix "the identity of the woman Whitman loved in New Orleans" and to trace "the effect of his psychological release upon his development as a poet," Miss Winwar reaches a new high for the process of imperfect deduction among Whitman biographers. The woman shown on the tintype preserved in a Whitman notebook looks to the right of the camera and a little below the shutter level. Miss Winwar sees a "fervid intensity, a concentration of meaning" toward someone and suggests that perhaps Whitman was standing to one side when the photograph was taken. From here on to the end of the chapter entitled "From Pent-up Aching Rivers," the biographer brings Walt and his invented octoroon to a peak of transfiguration and renunciation. "Whatever the reason, they had to renounce a life together, an anchored home, and children." The writing and the scene it outlines are fine if a little florid. Whether either fits Walt in any such circumstances is another matter.

Miss Winwar's chapters fifteen and sixteen, devoted to the *Leaves of Grass*, are frank and admirable. She has synthesized the intention of Whitman's masterpiece into a fine essay with well-selected quotations. *American Giant* is, as I have said, a timely book, and a book for which Whitman believers can be grateful.

T. M. PEARCE

Shores of Darkness, by Edward B. Hungerford. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. \$3.00.

Shores of Darkness is a series of essays which once and for all clarify much of the occult and cryptic mythology of English romanticism from Blake to Shelley. It concludes with a chapter on the *Second Part* of Goethe's *Faust*.

The difficulties and perplexities which English readers have encountered in Blake's prophetic works, Keats' *Hyperion*, Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, and other similar poems are manifestations of an international tendency in literature of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. That many of the best romantic poems in England, France, and Germany are at times marred by incoherence and obscurity is a truism of criticism. But the fundamental cause of the incompre-

hensibility common to much romantic mythology has never before received adequate investigation.

Professor Hungerford finds that the romantic poets in dealing with mythology were not so purely imaginative as most critics have supposed. The poets who were then fabricating romantic myth found a store of new and strange classical lore in the work of a whole succession of writers known as the speculative mythologists. Innumerable as these writers were, not one of them has any scholarly or scientific standing today; but their intense belief in mythology and their eagerness to discover new documents and mythological minutiae impressed their contemporaries. Among those who exerted influence on the poets were Samuel Bochart, a seventeenth-century Frenchman, Jean Sylvain Bailly, his eighteenth-century successor, Antonio de Ulloa, a Spaniard, Francis Wilford, an Englishman, and Richard Brothers, an American. Incidentally, Brothers, who was probably an important source both of Blake's poetry and of Joseph Smith's *The Book of Mormon*, identified himself as "the nephew of the Almighty," but was later described by civil authorities as a "lunatic."

The mythologists were scientists and archaeologists of a sort, and concerned themselves with early accounts of the Creation, of patriarchal man, and of the dawn of history. In connection with their investigation of comparative mythology, they studied the Bible. They first believed that the pagan myths were imperfect imitations and corruptions of Biblical narratives, but they later came to regard the Bible itself as a portion of universal mythology. This conviction did not in their minds detract from its validity as a source of truth. Myth, whether Biblical or pagan, was the direct revelation of God to Man—the only vehicle through which God's wisdom could be conveyed to the mind of man. Therefore the discovery of new fragments of myth among the documents handed down from classical antiquity was a divine task, bringing new enlightenment to man.

This movement imparted energy and purpose to the romantic poets from Blake to Shelley, together with much strange genealogy and irreconcilable detail. Blake made use of the heterodoxical and apocryphal traditions of the ancients, which had been unearthed in these new intellectual excavations. Students of Blake will here wish to supplement Professor Hungerford's findings with those of Professor Percival in his admirable *William Blake's Circle of Destiny*. Later poets, like-

wise convinced that the highest attribute of poetic endowment was the gift of prophecy, also tried to reveal divine truths by means of myth. These poets, notably Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and Goethe, returned to the traditional figures and stories as a starting point. But in seeking to freshen and enlarge by their own invention and by the addition of dubious facts taken from the discoveries and speculations of the mythologists, they corrupted traditional mythology and made their poems obscure.

Professor Hungerford's achievement is a voyage through the darkest regions of classicism, romanticism, and pseudo-science, where the pole star of the ancients could avail him little. Yet in a style in which a chaos of fact is reduced to easy narrative and plain exposition, he has probably charted the first true course through *Endymion*, *Prometheus Unbound*, and *The Second Part of Faust*. His chapter on Shelley's *Adonais* is a permanent contribution to the understanding and enjoyment of one of the greatest poems in our language.

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH

Maupassant Criticism in France, 1880-1940, with an Inquiry into His Present Fame and a Bibliography, by Artine Artinian. New York: King's Crown Press, 1941. \$2.50.

Dr. Artinian's book is an early publication from a new publishing house. "King's Crown Press," we are told, "is a division of Columbia University Press organized for the purpose of making certain scholarly material available at minimum cost." To this project young scholars with flat wallets will nod and smile approval, the more readily when they see the dignified format of the volume which we are reviewing: paper covers; 240 pages, six by nine inches, of laid text paper; letterpress printing. Because we are discussing the product of a new press, the publishers will doubtless not take it amiss if we point out certain typographical errors. On page 101 the printer inverted the order of two lines just below the quotation, while on page 113 there is not only a similar inversion but probably the omission of a line as well. And not to be hypercritical, but to prove that we have read carefully what we are undertaking to write about, we noted *auxquelles* spelled without an *x*, page 131, line 2.

Although Dr. Artinian's reputation did not precede him, that fact

did not deter us from reading his volume with deep interest, for in the first sentence of the Foreword the author acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Louis Cons, one of the few giants in French Literature on this side of the Atlantic who always have a valuable idea to pass on to students and whose protégés turn out work that is a credit no less to their sponsors than to themselves.

Dr. Artinian wrote no thesis. He declared no position which he chose to defend. His book, as one gathers from the title, is a history of the criticism devoted to Maupassant. It begins with the earliest press notices on *Boule de suif* and embraces all the later notices and erudite essays—and even opinions on Maupassant that Dr. Artinian solicited from writers of distinction during the months in which he was preparing his subject. It is reasonable to assume that Dr. Artinian has read everything written about Maupassant. It does not seem likely that he has failed to mention any of the critics. In their dissertation form the results of all this reading resemble nothing so much as the summary of a scrapbook of notices on his works such as Maupassant himself might have kept during his life and which an enthusiastic admirer was allowed to continue. Dr. Artinian supplies the historical setting for each piece of criticism. Much of the criticism is summarized; a good deal of it is quoted. Only once does the author project his personal opinion into the dissertation. That is on page 74 where he emphasizes the explanation that the low estate into which Maupassant's reputation fell right after the storyteller's death is due to the indifferent quality of Maupassant's posthumous works. But where he has permitted himself to quote the same material twice, Dr. Artinian doubtless betrays his favorite points of view; e. g., *Mais il reste à M. de Maupassant d'être un écrivain à peu près irréprochable dans un genre qui ne l'est pas*. These words of Jules Lemaître may be read once on page 37 and again on page 43.

We believe that any French scholar who has once gone through *Maupassant Criticism in France* will keep the volume for reference. It has good suggestions for further reading. The present reviewer has long been an admirer of René Boylesve and has suspected that Maupassant's *Petit fut* was a main source for the younger writer's *Enfant à la balustrade*. The words of Boylesve eulogizing Maupassant, as reported on page 66, confirm our belief that Boylesve went to Maupassant for inspiration.

On pages 129-192 are entered the estimates of Maupassant which Dr. Artinian solicited from contemporary writers. They usually agree on Maupassant's classically pure style, sensuality, and pessimism. Otherwise they say nothing and therefore often contradict one another. A summary here would not be possible even if it were desirable. We ask only to note what seemed especially amusing to us, namely, that four of the *Americans* who replied with an opinion used apropos of Maupassant these uncomplimentary expressions: "the trick short story"; "technical tricks"; "the trick ending"; and "mechanical trickery."

As for the exhaustive bibliography on which Dr. Artinian prides himself, we admit cheerfully that it far outranges the other Maupassant bibliographies that we have seen.

WILLIAM F. J. DE JONGH

Color and Light in Painting, by Roland Rood; edited by George L. Stout. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. \$3.25.

With the acknowledged purpose of giving practical aid to painters, Roland Rood's book, while obviously sincere as a record of the author's varied experience in the study of the science of light and color, suffers mainly through having been necessarily compiled and edited after his death. Praise is due to George Stout, who, in editing Rood's copious notes on his findings, has produced a work which should stimulate further experimentation in this field.

At times difficult to read, because of its unfinished condition, personal terminology, and occasional lack of clarity, the work does open new vistas to the practicing painter and gives him valuable insights, through scientific explication of many natural phenomena with which he is already familiar but which he does not understand. Whether this understanding is essential to the artist is a moot question. In a scientific approach Rood joins theory and practice, explores observation and representation, and has flights into aesthetics and philosophy; but one wishes that he had lived to condense and clarify his writing.

The first four chapters treating arbitrary values, sensation, shadows, and his theory of beauty are the most interesting. He evaluates the French System of Proportionate Values, a methodical order of light and shade in painting as taught in most academies and practiced by the camera-like artist, and contrasts this system with what he calls "Synco-

pated Values," that is, values arrived at by the painter from sensations rather than mathematically deduced. Rood finds the latter, while untrue, far more satisfying. Continuing with arbitrary values, he explains the physical construction of the eye, photopic and scotopic vision, or day and night vision, as related to painting.

The subsequent chapters, involving the major portion of the book, deal with repetitious, tiresome accounts of experiments in color, light, attention, and drawing, and read like a scientific treatise. Reasons for particular results from certain color mixtures in pigment, theories about light, prismatic color, and attendant color sensations, inhibitions and delusions make this work of more interest to the artist and scientist than to the layman.

LLOYD GOFF

The Days Grow Cold, by Barbara Tunnell Anderson. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1941. \$2.50.

Barbara Tunnell Anderson, of Louisville, presents an old subject in a new guise. Glibly she handles the English language and by use of the revealing word, and the significant detail, she reveals the birth of an individual.

Lucinda, the heroine, is a dreamy, romantic eleven-year-old. She moves with her parents to a new town in the South. Fascinated by the stories of the negro maid and the children at school, she lives in an imaginary past. The half-heard conversations of adults, the incidents only partly understood, emerge into the flux and change of life in the present. The symbol of grandeur and security of the Old South is destroyed as the plantation house goes up in flames, picturesque to the end.

The workings of the mind of the child are handled with delicacy, sympathy, and understanding. The plot evolves as nothing more than the old formula of the inevitability of change and the impossibility of the permanence of the past. The book is a first novel worth reading for its good interpretation of the mind of a child.

ELSIE RUTH CHANT

Handbook for Translators of Spanish Historical Documents, by J. Villana Haggard, assisted by Malcolm Dallas McLean. Austin, Texas: Archives Collections, The University of Texas, 1941. \$1.50.

This volume represents an attempt to provide a manual for the use of persons interested in transcribing and translating Spanish (and Spanish American) historical documents. It includes sections on paleography, forms for use in transcription, theories and methods of translation, lists of suggested translations for certain words and phrases, lists of common abbreviations, and a section on monetary values.

G. P. H.

To the Bay Bridge, Canto al Puente de Oakland, by Jorge Carrera Andrade; together with the translation in English by Eleanor L. Turnbull. San Francisco: Century Press, 1941. \$.50.

While serving his country as Consul General in San Francisco, Jorge Carrera Andrade, one of Ecuador's leading literary figures, is so impressed by the Bay Bridge that he dedicates this poem to the huge and formidable structure that "triumphs over death and time and the surrendering waters."

A. R. L.

Language in Action, by S. I. Hayakawa. New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Company, 1941. \$2.00.

For the novice in semantics, this book contains much interesting and provocative material, well supplemented with illustrations and exercises. To a failure to recognize such distinctions as "intensional" and "extensional," or "informational" and "affective" uses of language the author attributes many misconceptions, disillusionments, and even conflicts. Perforce, these distinctions are made in a rather naïve, dogmatic, and oversimplified fashion.

H. G. A.

The Poems of James Shirley, edited by Ray Livingstone Armstrong. New York: King's Crown Press, 1941. \$3.00.

We may be grateful for this collection of Shirley's poems within one cover, but it is not likely to enhance Shirley's reputation. He was not one of the great lyric or occasional poets of the seventeenth century, and, with one or two exceptions, his best work is still found in the plays.

A. S.
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The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature, by George Sampson. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1941. \$4.50.

Mr. Sampson is a man who will stand no nonsense. Consequently he breaks the skull of many a recent writer, but his judgment of the literature of previous centuries is temperate and sage. Everything he writes in this abridgement of the famous CHEL is brisk and jocund. It is superb reading.

W. D. J.

The Saturday Review, 1855-1868: Representative Educated Opinion in Victorian England, by Merle Mowbray Bevington. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. \$3.50.

What Mr. Bevington knows about the British periodical *The Saturday Review* would make a book, and, sure enough, here it is. Taking all knowledge for its province, that powerful magazine thundered and damned and approved; and all Victorian England bowed before its storm. Its demise, however, was sad. It sold its soul for a pot of message.

W. D. J.

Victorian Prelude: A History of English Manners, 1700-1830, by Maurice J. Quinlan. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. \$3.00.

People generally consider the Victorian age sentimental and self-righteous. It has become the custom to accuse that day of sanctimony, primness, and genteelism. It has often been called priggish. Well, so it was. The unhappy hardening of manner into manners, the deification of the goddess Respectability, are admirably traced in this study. "Victorian" remains a term to throw darts at.

W. D. J.

Carlyle and the Saint-Simonians: The Concept of Historical Periodicity, by Hill Shine. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1941. \$2.25.

Life proceeds hypnotically from growth to decay, to growth again; from belief to unbelief, to belief again. Such was a doctrine of Carlyle and, in part, of the mystic, socialistic Saint-Simonians of France. Mr. Shine's meticulous analysis shows Carlyle's debt to this group, and thus questions the usual opinion that Carlyle saw history as the result of giant men alone. On this subject Mr. Shine's book is the last word so far; it is also the best word.

W. D. J.

What Price Alcohol? by Robert S. Carroll. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1941. \$3.00.

This book will be of interest to those who are faced with the problem of alcoholism, either in themselves or in others. It has an unfortunate moral tone which will impair its influence on the modern alcoholic, but it also has some valuable suggestions to those whose treatment is incomplete and who need support for "the freedom not to drink."

G. M. P.