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## Book Reviews

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## BOOK REVIEWS

*Our Good Neighbor Hurdle*, by John W. White. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1943. \$2.50.

With *Our Good Neighbor Hurdle*, John W. White, a North American newspaper correspondent of long standing in Latin America, produces a badly organized conglomerate of superficial notes on social legislation in Uruguay, relations between church and state in Mexico, charges of political meddling against United States Protestant missionaries, and propaganda for the Synarchists, a pro-fascist movement à la Falange and Father Coughlin, operating just south (and to some extent also just north) of the Rio Grande.

The author, not a Catholic himself although a frequent contributor to Catholic magazines, professes to be interested not in the religious aspect but only in the effect of the proselytizing efforts of Protestant missionary agents on our relations with the overwhelmingly Catholic nations of Latin America. He declares emphatically that these efforts constitute "the one most serious obstacle to closer friendship and understanding" (p. xi f.), "the one obstacle that [if not removed] would inevitably impede any Good Neighbor Policy" (p. ix).

In these and a great many other statements the problem is vastly exaggerated and oversimplified. There is a true and important element in Mr. White's charges which, incidentally, have been made before him by many qualified observers. It is true that many foreign Protestant missionaries tend to concentrate in large cities in Latin America instead of working in the vast rural regions where they could be really useful, not only as religious workers but also as teachers, physicians, and community leaders. This tendency, however, is unfortunately not limited to Protestant clergymen. For example, of the total 3,544 Roman Catholic clerical personnel in Peru in 1939, half, or 1755, were stationed in Lima, the capital, whose population is less than ten per cent of the total. Nor is the fact unique that so many Protestant clergymen are foreigners. Throughout the more than four centuries of Catholicism in Hispanic America, a very important portion of the hierarchy in those countries has come and still comes from Spain and other European countries; in order to relieve somewhat the acute scarcity of native and other priests in remote areas, Catholic priests are now being sent from the United States—in the opinion of the reviewer, a most fortunate step.

Nor is religious work by foreigners limited to the southern countries of the Hemisphere, as Mr. White seems to think. After all, a great many outstanding leaders of the Catholic clergy in the United States and Canada, where Catholics are a minority group, have been Europeans. The first four archbishops of Santa Fe were French. Huge areas in Latin America are today in social conditions similar to those of the Middle West and Southwest of the United States during most of the nineteenth century.

After all—and this fact should not be forgotten by the promoters of the present campaign of which Mr. White's book is but a part—nationalism in religion is perhaps even more obviously incompatible with the very fundamentals of Catholicism than with those of Protestantism.

It is of course true that Catholicism is an essential and inalienable element of Hispanic American civilization and that for this reason the work of foreign, especially North American Protestant, missionaries is apt to evoke political reactions and resentment against the United States in general, even among some of those many intellectuals and politicians who are not practicing Catholics. It is equally true that the low cultural level of many North American Protestant missionaries, their tendency to look at non-Protestants as heathen, and their reluctance to mingle wholeheartedly with the "natives" have worsened the situation and have been partly responsible for the generally rather indifferent results of their work. In all these and other respects, changes are imperative.

However, while there are undoubtedly some Elmer Gantrys in those organizations, it would be very unfair to overlook the existence of men of universally recognized stature like Samuel Guy Inman and John A. Mackay and the not insignificant number of devoted men and women who are working among the forgotten people of the Chaco, the Andean *sierras*, and other not particularly attractive areas. Many Protestant schools in large Latin American cities, sponsored by North American and British organizations, are generally recognized as among the very best in those countries and are attended by children of prominent "natives," mostly Catholic. Anyone familiar with the Latin-American scene knows of many instances of respect and trust shown Anglo-Saxon Protestant educators and missionaries by Latin-American leaders and governments—and not always for political reasons. (Incidentally, Mr. White tries to create the impression that only North Americans are engaged in Protestant missionary work in Latin America. In reality, the British became interested in this field earlier and in some regions are still more active than the North Americans.)

Mr. White lavishes extravagant praise on Uruguay and other countries for their advance in social legislation, in order to prove that those countries do not need missionary work by outsiders. Surprisingly enough for an observer of so many years in the field, he entirely overlooks certain facts which to any unprejudiced mind would seem of basic importance: the complete religious indifference of so many leaders of Latin America's cultural and public life; the appalling inadequacy and in innumerable cases complete lack, of any spiritual guidance, especially in rural areas; the prevalence of births out of wedlock and the comparative scarcity of matrimony as an institution—sanctioned by either church or state in many countries to the south; the striking indifference of so many (fortunately, not all) representatives of the Roman Catholic church in Latin America toward the pressing social problems of their flocks—a situation which of course has been largely responsible for the anticlerical tendencies in Mexico as well as in Spain, where very similar conditions prevail. Nor does the author have the interest or the equipment to consider any of the more fundamental problems involved, some of which have found a stimulating if one-sided treatment in *The Other Spanish Christ* by John A. Mackay, one of the Protestant missionaries in Latin America whom Mr. White attacks.

The author's position seems definitely unfair and, at least to this reviewer, difficult to reconcile with good faith when Mr. White claims on the one hand that the Protestant missions give the Latin Americans reason to suspect them of being agents of "Yankee imperialism" and then on the other hand he uses instance

of North American missionary organizations' having protested United States interventions in Caribbean republics in order to accuse them of "having made a practice of interfering in the political relations between Washington and the southern governments" (p. 63).

This book, as well as a previous one by this author, also suffers from some grotesque factual errors. He states, for example, that "today the proportion" between women and men in Paraguay "is nine to one" (p. 61).

A symptomatically significant feature of Mr. White's book is the chapter devoted to the Sinarquistas in Mexico. In its twenty-two pages the author manages to leave his readers entirely in the dark about the decisive participation of German Nazis and certain clerics in the financing and organization of this movement, a fact which has been proved beyond doubt. It would seem to this reviewer that a United States newspaper representative in Mexico today might find it more worth his while to expose this real danger to western hemisphere co-operation and United States security than to join in a propaganda campaign designed to inflate an issue which as such exists as yet only in the minds of a small though not disinterested minority of our southern neighbors.

This reviewer is convinced that Catholicism is an essential and admirable factor in Hispanic civilization, that the great majority of Latin Americans will always be members of the Catholic church, and that, consequently, a friendly understanding of these basic facts and their implications, by both Anglo and Latin Americans, is of vital importance to good neighborship. It is for this very reason that he also believes that Protestant work in Latin America has been and will continue to be beneficial for all concerned, not the least to Catholicism itself. A great many representative Latin-American Catholics realize perfectly well that this competition is instrumental in promoting a sorely needed soulsearching and internal strengthening in Catholic circles. Strong and altogether beneficial Catholic organizations in such countries as Argentina, Chile, Cuba, and others, have been developed as counterparts to Protestant-sponsored enterprises such as the YMCA, YWCA, and schools, and would probably not exist without them. It is a widely acknowledged fact that the Catholic church is morally and socially strongest not where it enjoys a virtual monopoly, as in Latin America, the Iberian peninsula, or Italy, but where it is exposed to effective competition, as in the Anglo-Saxon countries, Holland, and Switzerland.

Protestant work in Latin America is really not a question of "if" but of "how." It is of course impossible to discuss the problem, as Mr. White proposes to do, from a purely political viewpoint, without any regard for its intrinsic aspects. The author himself did not seriously attempt to do so. If he had, he would have come to the conclusion that if Protestant missionary activity by outsiders in Latin America is an insult to our southern neighbors and should therefore be abolished, the same would hold true in regard to any Christian missionary activity, both Catholic and Protestant, in China, India, the Philippines, and other allied and friendly countries with ancient and refined cultures.

This reviewer refuses to accept the implication of Mr. White's thesis: that Latin America's civilization is so inherently weak and the Latin Americans so lacking in elementary self-confidence and mental balance that 3,000 Protestant missionaries from the United States, spread over an area almost three times larger than this country, can profoundly upset these peoples' attitude toward the United States in general and thus endanger the entire system of inter-American co-operation. The reviewer cannot become excited over this subject because he feels that it is one of those "issues" which can be expected to liquidate themselves

automatically with the ever more rapid growth of Latin America toward social maturity. He is confident that this development will eliminate the presence of foreign missionaries in Buenos Aires completely as a source of international friction, just as the efforts of occasional Salvation Army, YMCA, or Christian Science zealots from the United States in, say, prewar Paris or of English Buchmanites in this country have never created havoc in international politics.

This book can only be described as superficial, unbalanced, and unfair—one of those propaganda jobs, hastily “thrown together,” which one would like to see permanently banned from the inter-American field. It is to be feared that it has rendered a disservice to the cause it purports to defend because its method of argumentation is unworthy of that cause.

RICHARD F. BEHRENDT

*Outlines of the Future: World Organization Emerging from the War*, by Henri Bonnet. Chicago: World Citizens Association, 1943. \$ .25.

*The New Europe*, by Bernard Newman. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$3.75.

These two books both deal with the most weighty problem facing our civilization—the postwar organization of nations and economies that will make for a lasting peace and provide the bases for the fullest development of all peoples. Henri Bonnet, appointed last year to membership in the French Committee of National Liberation, deals with the broader aspects of the problem. Writing under the auspices of the World Citizens Association, whose ten-point platform is itself a good guide to the bases of future world co-operation, Mr. Bonnet here gives us a brief, reasoned analysis of the machinery of international collaboration already in existence (in the form of the United Nations structure, Lend-lease, the Combined Boards, and other agencies) and then proceeds to sketch in outline form how this machinery can be gradually developed and supplemented as the war progresses and after victory is attained.

In the process he lays down some very important fundamental principles: (1) The United Nations structure must be maintained and amplified when peace comes. (Isolationism and orthodox nationalism are precluded; nor can the big powers arrange matters by agreement among themselves.) (2) Self-determination shall operate in all countries, including the liberated territories, in the choice of internal governments as well as in boundary settlements. (3) No fascist governments can be tolerated anywhere on earth. (4) Political and economic democracy must go hand in hand. The motto “Security, Democracy, Unity” is suggested to sum up these principles; and the framework in which they are to be applied includes a United Nations International Police Force, a World Court and a United Nations World Council.

If some of this program has a utopian aspect, it is not because Mr. Bonnet's program is incapable of fulfillment, but rather because in this pamphlet he has failed to deal with the basic realities that will be the stumbling blocks to its achievement. A companion booklet that would deal with the reactionary alternatives to the program, naming by name their probable proponents and indicating concretely the danger signals to be watched for, would greatly enhance the value of the present one.

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and prepare the reader to participate in shaping the future more *actively* as well as more intelligently.

Bernard Newman's *The New Europe* treats mainly of the problems to be faced in re-drawing the frontiers of Europe, but in passing it deals perforce with the general reorganization of Europe and, by implication, of the rest of the globe. Where Mr. Bonnet fails to come to proper grips with reality, Mr. Newman grapples in such herculean fashion with hard fact that he cannot disengage himself long enough to see the woods for the trees. There is considerable common sense and a wealth of generally reliable background information in *The New Europe*, but unfortunately it is not infallible and (despite the author's heroic efforts) not free from bias. Hence it is to be trusted least where clarity is most sorely needed. Moreover, after five hundred pages of painfully dogged analysis, two basic conclusions are reached: (1) Territorial difficulties should be resolved in principle as far as humanly possible before the war ends. (2) The boundaries of Europe after this war are not likely to differ widely from those obtaining in 1938. (Furthermore the New Europe will in all probability evolve into a number of federations.) Since the Atlantic Charter is predicated at the outset as the basis for the solution of these difficulties and since maps of the Europe of 1938 are readily available, one is almost tempted to question the *raison d'être* of the entire volume.

All in all Mr. Newman is far too obsessed with what "might-have-been"; at the same time, he has been so badly frightened by the world debacle of the last twenty-five years that he tends to be overcautious and cannot fully appreciate the dynamics of the present conflict and the potentialities inherent in a United Nations victory. Nor does he quite grasp the significance and casual sequence of those events. Hence he overemphasizes the effect of treaties of peace and boundary settlements in bringing about the present conflict and also stresses disproportionately the importance of adequate disposition of Germany as the prime factor in avoiding future conflict—all at the expense of the more meaningful factors in both situations.

Perhaps the most progressive feature of the book is the fact that it was written by an Englishman in 1941—before we had entered the war. This is British pluck at its best: Planning in Britain's darkest hours for the period after victory, planning with modesty rather than authority and with irrevocable renunciation of notions of insularity.

ALEXANDER KLEIN

*Prefaces to Peace*, a Symposium Consisting of the Following: *One World*, by Wendell L. Willkie; *The Problems of Lasting Peace*, by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson; *The Price of Free World Victory*, by Henry A. Wallace; *Blueprint for Peace*, by Sumner Welles. Co-operatively published by Simon and Schuster; Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.; Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc.; and Columbia University Press, 1943. \$3.50. (July-August, 1943, Dividend of the Book-of-the-Month Club.)

The complete text of *One World*, by Wendell L. Willkie, opens this symposium. After traveling 31,000 miles in a bomber to see what he "could of the world and the war, its battle fronts, its leaders, and its peoples," Mr. Willkie tells a most interesting story and sets forth his findings in concise and earnest language. First of all, he presents a summary of those international concepts which condemn

narrow nationalism as we have known it in the past. In the judgment of the author, for the United States to pursue such a course after the war can only lead to the loss of our own freedom and liberty.

The author also marshals the best arguments against international imperialism. The peoples of Asia "are no longer willing to be Eastern slaves for Western profits." Imperialism has always meant that some other nation must sacrifice its liberty, and there must be an end of such a policy in the world.

The postwar plan which should be adopted must be nothing less than a world order embracing every nation, race and people on the earth, and providing equal opportunity for all.

In *The Problems of Lasting Peace*, Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, both experienced in the conduct of our foreign policy, trace the history of efforts made in the past to establish peace among the nations, giving attention to seven dynamic forces which operate for war and peace: ideologies, economic pressures, nationalism, militarism, imperialism, the complexes of fear, hate and revenge, and the will to peace. The movement of these dynamic forces is followed through a century and a half preceding the First World War, through that war and the peace which followed, and down to the outbreak of the present world struggle. An excellent review of the strength and weakness of the League of Nations is given, and the belief is set forth that by carefully taking account of the mistakes of the past, the nations will be able to build a new world organization after the war which will eventually succeed in maintaining a peaceful world order.

No adequate review of this informative and able book can be given in the space allotted. It is an admirable text for use by all those who believe a sound knowledge of the past history of international relations will be helpful as a basis for sound public opinion in considering plans for the future.

Henry A. Wallace believes in international postwar economic planning as the basis for world peace. As well as, or perhaps better than any other writer, he has expressed in "The Price of Free World Victory," an extract from his book, *The Century of the Common Man*, the ideal goals of such a worldwide co-operative order. Many readers view his program as extremely Utopian, but it is probably very good for all of us to read and to give consideration to his point of view.

"Blue Print for Peace," by Sumner Welles, excerpted from *The World of the Four Freedoms*, sets forth the expressed conviction of this former Undersecretary of State that only a world organization can bring about a more peaceful world order. His view is encouraging to all who hold to this concept of the postwar world. His close personal association with President Roosevelt causes many to feel that he reflects the views of the Chief Executive.

The central viewpoint of all four of these writers, that a world organization must be established to maintain the peace, is to be contrasted with the rather pronounced views set forth in several recent books and articles whose authors can see for the future only a system of nuclear or regional alliances consisting of the three or four great powers of the United Nations.

JAMES FULTON ZIMMERMAN

*Spain*, by Salvador de Madariaga. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc., 1943. \$4.00

Somehow the effect of the present global struggle has made the understanding of the Spanish Civil War and its implications seem important. What is lacking to the public generally is the concrete, factual knowledge which should accompany realization. Salvador de Madariaga's *Spain* is a successful effort to provide authoritatively that essential background.

The first half of this volume was published in 1930 and contains four parts: "Land, People and History," "School and Larder," "The Elements of the Reign of Alfonso XIII," and "The Reign of Alfonso XIII." Mr. Madariaga's treatment is scholarly, but it suffers from the weakness besetting any condensation of history: it may not be truly understood by the layman. It is the last half of *Spain* that attracts the reader's attention. An excellent summary of the last decade in Spain, it presents the reasons for the failure of the Republic, the two phases of the Civil War, and the activities before the World War. Extremely interesting notes, a bibliography, and an index complete the book.

Part of the reading public will disagree with the author's judgments. First, a few will argue that those two and one-half years of Civil War require a volume to themselves and also that it is too soon to make an objective survey of them. Secondly, those who maintain that the Basques and the Catalans are more advanced and European than other Spaniards will take exception to the generalization that the more separatist a Catalan or a Basque is the more Spanish he reveals himself to be. Lastly, Mr. John T. Whitaker and his colleagues who write that the Rebels won because they had the help of Germany and Italy will find controversial Mr. Madariaga's statement that this is a lazy answer and will not do. As he puts it: "The chief reason for the failure of the Revolutionaries was the Revolution itself."

*Spain* is important for this distinguished Oxford professor's psychological analysis of Spanish activities, past and present, and for his proposed future policy. A Liberal, he maintains that the two chief political evils of Spain are Separatism and Dictatorship. He proposes that after the war the Anglo-Saxons and the Spanish form a political union, which alliance, he writes, may lead to a strong Atlantic system based on the quadrilateral Great Britain-U. S. A.-South America-Spain (and Portugal).

Whether or not you agree with Mr. Madariaga, you will find that his *Spain* is a politico-historical thesis valuable not only as an explanation of the present status of Spain but also for its outline of the future pattern for a key nation in world affairs.

EDNA L. FURNESS

*Outlines of Russian Culture*, by Paul Miliukov; edited by Michael Karpovich; translated by Valentine Ughet and Eleanor Davis. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1942. \$5.00 for set of three parts, or separately: Part I: *Religion and the Church*, \$2.50; Part II: *Literature*, \$1.50; Part III: *The Arts*, \$2.00.

The undeniable usefulness of this set of small books sketching the backgrounds of Russian culture is seriously if not fatally limited by three basic defects. First, the concept of culture possessed by the author, Paul Miliukov, "dean of Russian historians," Kerensky's Minister of Foreign Affairs, exile from Russia since the October Revolution, and at the time of publication of this American adaptation of his work, an octogenarian living in Unoccupied France, is one that views culture as the exclusive perquisite of an aristocratically intellectual minority. One of the disastrous results of such a position is that the author blandly sets a thousand years of Czarist Russian achievement against two decades of Soviet effort with the lament that "*Quality* has gone, but *quantity* has succeeded [*italics Miliukov's*], though "tendrils of new life pushing their way through the ruins of the old" may be discerned. Second, the work is excerpted and adapted by Professor Karpovich from the middle volume of Miliukov's more extensive three-volume Russian original; hence, and for



other reasons, the usefulness of the work for American readers is decidedly limited. Miliukov's text thus presented is neither consecutively factual, though the arrangement is chronological, nor satisfactorily interpretive. Writing in Russian for Russians, Miliukov assumed much factual equipment on the part of his readers which few Americans possess, a handicap only partly compensated by a few editorial footnotes. Third, though the Russian original was published at Paris from 1930 to 1937, and the American work appeared in 1942, Miliukov discusses nothing that happened after the late twenties, and the editor's postscripts appended to all three parts leave much to be desired in dealing with an era foremost in current American interest. Thus Miliukov does not mention Shostakovich, Karpovich devotes a brief paragraph to him (Part III, pp. 149-150), and neither seems aware that one of the two greatest living symphonists is the product exclusively of the Soviet regime. The discussion of Soviet literature is equally deficient.

These books are not primers for the uninitiated. On the other hand, for those who have acquired some background elsewhere the *Outlines* will prove helpful within the limits of the author's restricted attitude. The utility of the work is augmented by good selected bibliographies and by indices.

C. V. WICKER

*The New Sun*, by Taro Yashima. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1943. \$2.75

Many are familiar with the legend concerning the heavenly pair, Izanaga and his wife, Izanami, who one day stepped out on the floating "Bridge of Heaven." The god dropped his spear into the waters and when he drew it out again, the drops that trickled off, as the story runs, formed the fair and lovely islands of Dai Nippon, or Great Japan. The eldest child of this heavenly pair was the Goddess of the Sun, and from her, it is believed, are descended the Emperors of Japan; therefore, the Emperor is considered a god. Through the long line of Emperors, the "Children of the Rising Sun" have achieved glory. But according to Taro Yashima a New Sun is rising in Japan—one that is to achieve an entirely different kind of glory.

This New Sun has already become a reality to those who, like Mr. Yashima himself, are openly denouncing fascism in Japan and are uniting in a great underground movement there. Far-reaching in its results, the movement had its inception in the desperate desire of a few individuals, lost in loneliness and confusion, to draw close together in seeking the same values.

By means of 307 sketches, each accompanied by comments often eloquent for what is left unsaid, Taro Yashima graphically tells his own story. It begins with the account of his early education, which consisted largely of talks with his father, physician and humanitarian. These talks, often held in the bath tub, were permeated with such ideas as: "The peoples of the world are brothers. . . ." Finally assenting to his son's ambition to be an artist instead of an admiral as he had wished, his father said: "That's all right. It is as difficult to be a real artist as it is to be an admiral."

Taro found that to be true. As an appointed member of the Japanese Imperial Art Academy, he looked in vain for an inner spirit in the realism of the professor. Continually mixing with workers and with those who were without work or money he saw farmers' families losing even their small farms, and construction workers

being exploited in the preparation for war. Then came the realization that an artist must represent the people. And this he set about to do—pouring his strength into opposition to the tide of militarism and internal suppression in his country.

There followed days of torture in prison, where his wife, also a prisoner for the same cause, sought frantically to save her unborn baby's life and where the use of the word "humanity" brought fury to the chief. Subjected to the most humiliating experiences, those who were together in prison resolved that they would never allow small differences to separate them. On a news bulletin circulated among them on a paper handkerchief, they wrote: "Now with the whole country fighting a war abroad, it is a great mistake for those of us who are against it to be separated over small differences in abstract words." The feeling of friendship in the cell was so complete that Mr. Yashima thought to himself, perhaps this is a sample of the future world.

Released from prison, he went back once more among the workers. He felt the rhythm of labor in his own body. Continually he asked why it was that those who wanted only peace for themselves and others should have forced upon them the idea: "To kill the other nations for the peace of the East."

"Whose peace would it be," he questioned, "when that peace was made by forcing working people to use their hands to kill other working people?" "Would the flag of culture cease to wave?" he wondered; that it should continue, he realized, was the greatest need of the people and nothing would stop it. After the horrible sacrifice, he believed, the workers will build a people's Japan, a people's Orient; and upon their faces and the faces of freedom-loving people everywhere will shine the New Sun.

Such is the assurance that Mr. Yashima wrings from despair. Far from being an easy optimism issuing from clouds of abstraction, this is a hope that is born of the solid earth and bred of bitter experience. Readers who are already universal in their sympathies will experience an increased awareness in the pages of this dynamic little book. Those who read it only out of curiosity will undoubtedly be affected by the attitude taken toward the color conflict and power mania that fill our world today. None can remain indifferent to the issues that come alive in the artist's ingenious strokes. For Mr. Yashima's artistry, both in his drawings and in his words, is compelling: he demonstrates precisely what he believes the work of the artist to be.

This book was prepared in America, where the author and his wife are now living.

EUNICE GLENN

*Free Minds: John Morley and His Friends*, by Frances Wentworth Knickerbocker.  
Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1943. \$3.00.

The task of resolving the conflicts, doubts, and confusions of the Victorian Period into a coherent and acceptable evaluation is one that has received much attention since the World War, but the field is still wide open and no comprehensive synthesis of the voluminous writings and complex activities of the Great Age has so far resulted. Both in our continuities from the interests of our grandparents and in our reactions to their attitudes we are as yet apparently incapable of the requisite perspective to produce a full and summary evaluation of their accom-

plishment. In the meantime, and with the realization that the most crucial problems of that time still confront the present generation unsolved, we are grateful for partial and ancillary interpretations, among which Mrs. Knickerbocker's fine study of John Morley, Leslie Stephen, and Frederic Harrison must be counted a decidedly profitable contribution.

The book traces the careers and developments of its three subjects from middle class Evangelical boyhoods throughout their lives, but only in the early chapters are the three men allotted equal space. Morley emerges as the dominant figure the ablest, the one who has the most to say to present-day readers. The presentation of his work as statesman, critic, thinker in the present work is consistent and clear in outline and detail. Either as introduction to the subject of Morley and nineteenth-century liberalism or as supplemental reading to Morley's *Recollections* Mrs. Knickerbocker's little volume will prove most valuable. There has been, it may be said, no clearer summation of the influence of John Stuart Mill and of Auguste Comte on English thought.

Essentially the issue which Morley faced was that between human rights and tyranny both economic and political. That he did not waver and that he adopted a position so far advanced on the liberal road is the essence of his message to our day, when the conflict goes on apace, heightening to its climax. In view of the present condition of British politics, with the Tory group in ostensible control and a moratorium set for the duration of the war on inter-party campaigns, this book about Morley and liberalism may be most profitably read. The chapter on the *Fortnightly Review* and Morley's editorship ("to make it for fifteen years both profitable and radical was something of a miracle") is one of the best; here, and generally throughout the book, the reader gets illuminating glimpses of Victorian greats and not so greats, brief flashes of their minds, which add up to a brilliant account of one of the main streams of Victorian liberalism, clear in its development and vital in its impact.

C. V. WICKER

*Persons and Places, The Background of My Life*, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1944. \$2.50.

According to its chronology, this volume of Santayana's autobiography is devoted to the persons and places encountered during the first twenty-one years of his life. However, the book antedates the year one of the philosopher's life by presenting portraits on both sides of his house back to the grandparents, and it anticipates the rest of it by comments based upon the experience of eighty years and the writing of more than twenty-five books. I am wondering if the sequel to this volume has been written, for I understand that Santayana is in Rome, living in the hospital of the Grey Nuns. What could the bombing of the Eternal City do to the outlook and philosophy of this man? It might seem a paradox that he who once called the Germans "northern barbarians" should now be their prisoner, and that his former countrymen, Americans, should now be fighting to restore his beloved Mediterranean culture to the Mediterranean peoples who developed it. It is not a paradox, because like Giordano Bruno in the Renaissance, after bringing to the English universities a philosophy, mystical yet reasonable, nourished by the rip

wisdom of the continent, Santayana returned to his native soil to find it dominated by unreasoned fear and hate, his "genuine, human, Mediterranean non-hypocritical world" a tragic melee of inhumanity and intrigue.

In Rome today does Santayana still find the "delight" of an onlooker viewing the world (in the words of an earlier book) "as a mechanism that can fall into so many marvelous and beautiful shapes, and can generate so many exciting passions." In the midst of Italian and European realities does he still retain the detachment and "intellectual quality" which a "visitor feels in a museum of natural history, where he views the myriad butterflies in their cases, the flamingos and shell-fish, the mammoths and gorillas." Will he write again of contemporary experience as he has written of experience in the past? "Doubtless there were pangs in that incalculable life; but they were soon over; and how splendid meantime was the pageant, how infinitely interesting the universal interplay, and how foolish and inevitable those absolute little passions."

I have quoted words from *Reason in Science*, a book Santayana wrote in 1906. They remind me of the critic and stylist Walter Pater, whose interpretations of early European cultures always are those of the esthete tasting the fine qualities of experience, appraising the Renaissance in terms of the sculpture of Luca della Robbia, or the age of Pericles in the "imaginative reason" of Plato. In *Persons and Places*, Santayana still has this gift of style, and so far as I can discern, this same point of view. "Morality is something relative," he says on page 244, "but there is a fixed good relative to each species and each individual." I would judge, therefore, that in Santayana's opinion humanity may be better or worse off in certain times and under certain conditions, in addition to being more or less picturesque, and that value judgments of right and wrong, however relative, are indispensable to human thought and action. It is difficult to be at odds with Santayana because he disarms his adversary so engagingly. When you think he is presumptuous to have written such final judgments upon deity, the cosmos, persons and places as viewed largely from a scholar's study, he confesses, "It is as if I pretended, in writing this book, to have discovered the fundamental reality and total composition of myself, of my family, of Spain, America, Germany, England, and Italy. A monstrous trick of verbal legerdemain, a sophisticated curiosity." When you are determined to overthrow the fascist philosopher, he writes, "I love Tory England and honor conservative Spain, but not with any dogmatic or prescriptive passion. If any community can become and desires to become communistic or democratic or anarchical I wish it joy from the bottom of my heart. I have only two qualms in this case: whether such ideals are realizable, and whether those who pursue them fancy them to be exclusively and universally right: an illusion pregnant with injustice, oppression, and war." Just what the illusions of Tory England and conservative Spain are pregnant with, Santayana doesn't say. One wonders whether he ever tested a Tory or conservative by asking him whether he felt that his brand of political power was a realizable ideal and whether he thought it exclusively and universally right.

My review is already too long and too serious. The descriptive power, the sly satire, the quiet humor in Santayana cannot be put into a review. He is a rival to Proust in the vividness with which he recalls the significance of things past. It does not matter that he writes a book surveying an entire political and commer

cial epoch in American life with never a glimpse outside the environs of Boston. Nor is it strange (if unfortunate) that he never alludes to the Mediterranean colonial tradition in the Southwestern United States and Latin America. He could have found the essence of both his Avila and his Roxbury merged in the people, churches, schools, and other cultural expressions of any New Mexican town.

*Persons and Places* ranks with the distinguished books in American literature, for Santayana is less alien to the spirit of America than he thinks, and the language, of course, has made him its willing captive. It is said that for all the skepticism of his philosophy, he keeps his room filled with pictures of the Virgin and the saints. Beside them should hang the pictures of Jonathan Edwards (the first Puritan philosopher), Thomas Jefferson (who appointed Santayana's grandfather American Consul at Barcelona), Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Thoreau, William James, and others who are as kindred to his mind as the sacred personages are to his soul.

T. M. PEARCE

*The Innocents at Cedro: a Memoir of Thorstein Veblen and Some Others*, by R. L. Duffus; with the Advice and Consent of William M. Duffus. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1944. \$2.00.

Students don't really believe it: but there is such a thing as the "professor as person." Evidence of this datum, with Veblen as the case in point, is the signal contribution of Mr. Duffus' memoranda. Unhappily few students will read them, since they throw little direct light on Theories of the Leisure Class and therefore won't help toward passing midterms. That they would help one to appreciate, and so to live, is true, but to the harassed student mind irrelevant.

Duffus and his brother were Stanford sophomores when they lived with Veblen at Cedro Cottage, a University property some two miles from the center of the campus. They didn't know quite what was hitting them, for Veblen then had scarcely reached the notoriety that preceded his fame. Duffus half wishes he had kept notes on the conversations. This reviewer is glad he did not: what survives in its own right, after thirty-eight years, is what matters.

Thorstein Veblen was independent in his thinking, and lonely in his life. Stanford as a whole (including David Starr Jordan) understood and appreciated his genius even less than did these lads who very casually did his casual chores. The professor was of the sort who had to live some distance away and who would achieve little contact with his routine-minded colleagues. Classroom teaching he seems to have regarded as a necessary evil: apparently because it was part of those formal patterns against which always his spirit rebelled.

It is important to know, and Duffus rightly insists, that Veblen's rebellion was one of individual mind and spirit. He was an indifferent reformer, and was wholly miscast as a revolutionary. His *forte* was criticism, detached and perhaps a bit spasmodic. Many of his strictures on the existing order were proved valid in the apoplectic end of the Great Prosperity; and Veblen then was honored in remembrance. He had done nothing to end the prosperity, and only in sympathetic interest could he have shared in the labors of recovery.

Veblen is not the only interesting character in the memoir. Harry George (unrelated to Henry) is gallantly alive until he dies, and Duffus *pere* is a master-

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piece in Vermont granite. Brother William appears to advantage, though chiefly in footnotes. Some may cavil at Duffus' elaborate whimsicality of manner. The answer is that he had tremendous fun writing the book, and that many will have fun reading it.

GEORGE HEDLEY

*Walt Whitman: an American*, by Henry Seidel Canby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$3.75.

It is probable that Mr. Canby, despite his reputation for sound scholarship and critical acumen, may have been slightly intimidated by the prospect of writing a biography of Walt Whitman. So much has been written about Whitman, so much controversy has raged around him, and yet so little seems actually to be known of the man himself. The very prolixity of early biographers in occasional details has tended to thrust the poet deeper into an already half-legendary obscurity, rather than to clarify the facts of his life.

The present searching investigation is concentrated upon an attempt at a psychological character portrayal of Walt Whitman, and his personal life is given importance chiefly where it directly influenced his poetry. The book might almost be called a critico-psychological analysis of the *Leaves of Grass*, which Mr. Canby shrewdly contends is really a somewhat ambiguous synthesis of the spiritual life of the poet. The interpretation of various complex phases of Walt's personal cosmos is done superbly.

Whitman's exhibitionism, while not excused, is nevertheless explained sympathetically; and his real contribution to the growth of the democratic spirit in the New World is demonstrated convincingly. A detailed analysis of some of Whitman's characteristic stylistic practices should prove immensely helpful to a better understanding of his poetry.

There is one pertinent conjecture that Mr. Canby has missed making in his commentary on the various portraits of the poet used to illustrate this biography. Most of the striking appearances made in the several portraits are explained by Walt's patent desire to look the part. Thus, in some of the plates, Whitman supposedly is posing as the typical, successful editor; in others, as the poet, philosopher, or prophet. Plate I, where the poet is dressed in what he evidently considers a costume typical of the carpenter's trade (a profession which he was practicing intermittently at the time) seems to puzzle Mr. Canby by its lack of ostentation. Is it not probable that Whitman, a *poseur* to the fingertips when it suited him to enact a role, adopted this dress with the hope of suggesting Christ, the Great Democrat who was also a carpenter? The look of patient, suffering resignation on the face of the portrait seems to lend weight to this theory.

ROBERT AVRETT

*The Proud People*, by Kyle Crichton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1944. \$2.75.

Frankly, I expected from Kyle Crichton considerable scorn of the idea that the New Mexican's past is glorious; I expected him to take our romantic regionalists apart; and I expected him also to present with rip-snorting glee some of the shadier aspects of life in this region. I thought to myself, "Crichton will whack away, he'll let the chips fall where they will, he'll tell some home truths, and he'll write a book which, whether it's good fiction or not, will have us New Mexicans by the ears." Actually, this is a quiet and gentle book; the author seems to be deliberately poised

and willfully mellow. Indeed, his plot, which is amazingly *unobstrusive* until the very end, becomes mellow to the point of over-ripeness when the *deus ex machina* in the shape of Uncle Hernan pops in to save the Esquivel ranch from the scheming banker.

Now, I shall be told, probably, that Uncle Hernan is drawn from the life, that he and Lawyer Santistevan and Aunt Ceferina and many of the others walk the streets of Albuquerque today—or did until very recently. But I'll go with Aristotle on this: in drama or fiction, probability is a greater matter than possibility. Uncle Hernan has no business popping in that way to save the ranch; furthermore, in doing so, he confuses the whole issue of what constitutes *escapism*, a matter which the characters in the book have almost got straight in spite of their creator. For what greater sentimental indulgence or what worse example of escapism is there than that of the forced happy ending—especially in a book that sets out to explore some problems and offer some ethical solutions?

One wonders, too, how deeply this book bites into New Mexico when one considers Lolita and Lorenzo, two thoroughly admirable youngsters of the present generation. Lorenzo begins glumming in the early chapters of the book, and one's sympathy goes out to him entirely. And then he tells his sister, Lolita, that someday she'll understand, she'll meet *it* too. *It*, of course, is racial discrimination. And when poor, unsuspecting Lolita does meet *it*, what form do you think *it* takes? She does not get a bid to a sorority on the campus of the University of New Mexico! There's not another specific instance of what has driven Lorenzo to morbidity and brooding and a wild attempt to escape the draft, not another hint of what has done harm to Lolita. Granted that little things can seem very important to young people, and granted also that there is no justification on earth for those who do to Lolita what they do, does Mr. Crichton believe that this little example of social exclusiveness constitutes very much of a problem for very many people? How many young people, even Anglo young people, ever have the chance even to be so rebuffed or overlooked? I am being very querulous, I know. But what I am trying to say is that I am ashamed of Kyle Crichton for being able to find no better symbol of discrimination and exclusiveness than this. It makes me suspicious of his whole orientation. It makes me wonder if he doesn't feel that the rebuff to Lolita is especially horrible because, after all, my dear, you know that Lolita is genteel and sweet and speaks perfect English and comes from a perfectly fine old family. I am provoked with Crichton because his book might make genteel people only a little ashamed of themselves for being so impercipient about the Esquivels; and, having shed a little tear over the plight of beautiful, genteel Lolita and the Esquivels, such readers might remain unchanged in their hatred of all that is really alien, strange or different. It is a very sentimental and dangerous form of tolerance that extends itself first, or only, to those "aliens" who strain every nerve to ape us; for then we feel we have settled the score with tolerance and are free to be as mean, witless and ornery as we please to those who won't or can't play the game *our* way, with perpetually timid and apologetic attitude. There are subtleties these days in the business of inter-racial and international relationships; and we need to study them hard.

Anybody would like the Esquivels: Aunt Ceferina, with her background of Eur

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pean diplomacy which hasn't made her in the least effete; Uncle Bustamente, amiably ineffective; lawyer Santistevan; raspy-voiced Dr. Andrews. I don't see any point, however, in bringing in most of the Anglos; they have no stories themselves, they don't help along the Esquivels' story, and they don't point any sharp contrasts. I find that the story moves very slowly; the characters become static because there is nothing for them to do—most of them. But there are some scenes that constitute a vivid, honest reporting: the arrival of Aunt Ceferina; the wedding in Uncle Francisco's house in Taos; the trial of Uncle Bustamente for "deceit"; the final scene where Lorenzo makes up his mind. In even one of these the material does not live up to its promise. The court-room scene seems to promise that from lawyer Santistevan will come some great gem of folk wisdom or some immense Olympian comic twist to the evidence which will rock the foundations of established law but win the case. No such thing happens. Uncle Bustamente starts out rather Falstaffian and ends a little pathetic. The force of Lorenzo really belongs in a rugged setting. Aunt Ceferina is the greatest success in the book. Altogether, one feels that Kyle Crichton has seen enough of the Esquivels to catch some surface likenesses, but that he has not seen them closely enough to give them a meaningful story or raise them to a very high level of interest.

DUDLEY WYNN

*Cow by the Tail*, by Jesse James Benton; with an Introduction by Richard Summers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$2.50.

*A Pecos Pioneer*, by Mary Hudson Brothers. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1943. \$3.00.

*Backwoods to Border*, edited by Mody C. Boatright, and Donald Day. Texas Folk-Lore Society Publications, Number XVIII, J. Frank Dobie, general editor. Austin and Dallas: Texas Folk-Lore Society and University Press, Southern Methodist University, 1943. No price indicated.

Just now we are without that peace of mind and spirit with which we formerly pot-hunted, traced old trails and old-timers' stories, square-danced in boots and levis and calico gowns, applauded the movie *Stagecoach*, and generally held a sort of perpetual cultural rodeo out here in the Southwest. Without such peace, we probably ought to feel a little guilty to be expending time and enthusiasm on books like *Cow by the Tail*, *A Pecos Pioneer*, and *Backwoods to Border*. Perhaps we'd better put them aside, plunge into our tomes about the threat of the provincial mind to ultimate world peace, and sternly live down our reputations as regional browsers, intellectual myopes, romantic escapist.

But I for one, won't. Not while Jesse James Benton, now eighty, lives on down there near Tucson to remind me that 1944 has no corner on courage, common decency, horse sense, straightshooting and hard riding among its heroes, or while Mary Hudson Brothers unostentatiously tells me about her father, Bell Hudson, another first-rate human being. These books are not mere "horse opry" and their local color will not rub off. If straightforward genuine human records still have a place in literature and life—and I think they do, even in the middle of another century and another war—one might better read them than the armchair strategists. For me, they last longer and point the trail straighter.



Jesse James Benton's book is good to read and relish. Mr. Benton wrote that book himself, his first, in his own grammar and his own style, and he has an eye for detail, a memory for incident, and a flair for an energetic verb which many a polished academician ought to envy but probably won't. Mr. Benton came to Texas in 1872 by wagon train with his Kentucky mountain family as "a pint-sized skinny kid"; at twelve he had hired as hand with Tobe Odem, a square-shooting cattleman. He remembers what he ate, what he wore, incidents of those cattle drives, of his cowboy life, of his fraternizing with the Kiowa Indians which he sets down as matter-of-factly and concretely and economically as he lived them. Because he remembers his father's advice, "never to get excited, nor in a hurry, to think fast and step slow," he gets along. In Arizona he ranches, runs a dairy, a butcher shop, becomes a railroad engineer, until finally he buys a long-coveted ranch and settles down, seeing to it that his children get the education he missed even if he has to build the school house and board the teacher free "to be sure she were there and my boys got all the learning they could take." Mr. Benton is never garrulous; details roll zestfully, sometimes gleefully, from his pen: the cattle stampedes, an early crossing of the Panhandle plains, his Indian sweetheart, much place lore of cattle trails and old Arizona. I am sincerely glad Mr. Benton lived to write his own book for the flavor of his spirit and intelligence imparts a rich, full tone to it. Best of all his virtues, he is never his own hero, though he is the reader's—sturdy, intelligent, observing, one of the many genuine men who played unobtrusive roles in the building of the West without ever being self-conscious about it. Right now, it is good to be reminded of those men in the American heritage.

Mary Hudson Brothers compiles *A Pecos Pioneer* from the notes left by her father, Bell Hudson, and does a sincere, modest job of helping preserve more of this same heritage. Bell Hudson's story is much like that of Benton. As a young cowboy, Hudson rode for John Chisum's famous Jinglebob outfit; his story, like Benton's, gives a concrete picture of ranch and range life in Texas and New Mexico. Several chapters are devoted to Hudson's version of Billy the Kid's saga; later ones tell of his work as range boss for cattle outfits of New Mexico and his ventures in sheep ranching in what is now Catron County. Mrs. Brothers' record is less spontaneous than Benton's, as accounts at second hand must inevitably be, but one wishes there were more like her to help preserve these pioneer stories.

With *Backwoods to Border*, I'll have to admit candidly my relapse into regional escapism, and a delighted one, at that. Mody C. Boatright and Donald Day, as editors of the 1944 volume of the Texas Folk-Lore Society, gave me two hours of unabashed revelry in some very good folk-lore items. "Backwoods Belles," by Mody C. Boatright, resurrected a formidable collection of frontier amazons from the old Crockett almanacs—any one of them fit antidotes for Cooper's drooping blondes; even his sturdy brunettes are weak sisters compared to Sal Fink, the Mississippi Screamer, or Sappina Wing, the crocodile killer. Here also is J. Frank Dobie's account of how John B. Freeman composed the famous "Buffalo-Skinners," together with a research task made lively by Catherine Marshall Vineyard as she traces the various versions of "The Arkansas Traveler." There are some good anecdotes about lawyers by Lloyd E. Price, an account of the ancient and honorable sport of bum-blebee fighting by Annie Romberg, and some first-rate reminiscences of branding

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roundups by Frank Goodwyn, as well as tales, riddles, ghost stories, and rope-jumping rimes to add to the growing body of folk material which the Texas Folk-Lore Society has so long taken the lead in compiling.

Sara Orne Jewett once said to Willa Cather, "One must know the world so well before one can know the parish." Wise as this comment may be, it is capable of reversal. Sometimes, our own little bailiwick points the way to a wider world; from that old frontier of the past come many hints about the kind of human quality it is going to take to subdue these frontiers of the future.

KATHERINE SIMONS

*Great American Paintings: from Smibert to Bellows, 1729-1924*, by John Walker and MacGill James. London, New York, and Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1943. \$5.00.

*John Steuart Curry's Pageant of America*, by Laurence E. Schmeckebier. New York: American Artists Group, 1943. \$5.00.

The impulse toward fine art in the United States has been so strong from colonial times that a definite native style distinct from European styles and a tradition characterized by sincerity, honesty, and reality have developed. John Walker and MacGill James, of the staff of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C., spotlight 104 American paintings, reproducing them and writing about them and their creators *Great American Paintings: from Smibert to Bellows*. This book shows American art to have a definite trend toward realism and points up the close relation between American literature and American painting. It is principally a book of reproductions of pictures which the editors have selected as "the greatest in the history of American painting." The text evaluates these paintings from the standpoint of the artists' contribution to the art of the Republic.

There may be some who will question the use of the word "great" in the title, but that designation should in no way detract from a significant accomplishment which fills a need for material on such painters as Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, Charles Peale, Thomas Sully, and Albert P. Ryder and which provides reproductions of their work. In presenting a compact history of painting in the United States up to and including George Bellows, Messrs. Walker and James have avoided the difficulty of citing the work of contemporaries by including "the work of no living artist," because, they say, "so many excellent books on modern American painting . . . have been published."

They write that "in American painting there is . . . the same quality . . . that there is in American literature." Continuing, they note similarities between particular artists and writers. For example: Albert Ryder is shown to have sought "to embody in his paintings what Herman Melville . . . sought to describe in words," Mary Cassatt to have delineated the "elaborate refinement of the society described in the novels of her fellow ex-patriot, Henry James," and Arthur B. Davies to have brought out in his visionary scenes "the charming, sophisticated imagery that we find in certain modern poets, especially Edna St. Vincent Millay."

*Great American Paintings* gives to the student of art and to the public access to more than a survey of American art, because it includes chapters entitled: "Catalogue Notes" and "Suggestions for Future Reading," which make it also an excellent reference book.

Walker and James say that there are "two streams of realistic and imaginative painting [which] have been relatively unaffected by the revolutionary movements which have caused such vast upheavals in European style. . . . Tremors have

reached this country, but they have been too faint to change the direction of American art." They conclude that the United States is producing a painting style "that in recent years finds no counterpart abroad" because "the realistic tradition is so strongly entrenched."

John Steuart Curry is a prominent exponent of traditional realism, and Laurence E. Schmeckebier has given us in his *John Steuart Curry's Pageant of America* an interpretative account of Curry and his painting.

Professor Schmeckebier was professor of fine arts at the University of Wisconsin when Curry first went there as artist-in-residence, and he "had ample opportunity to study the work and development of Curry in the environment of his own studio." He tells vividly of Curry's early farm life, his art training, his hard successful fight, and his fruitful years of work in his distinctly native style of art. Curry's realism is not that of slavish copying of nature but rather that kind of reality which John Sloan calls *realization* in paint.

Particularly vivid is Curry's own mother's account of a Kansas tornado which the author has wisely quoted in full. This does much to explain Curry's awe of natural force and certainly is exciting reading. It further sets a background for the artist's Biblical, strongly religious attitude.

This book should go far in increasing the already considerable stature of John Steuart Curry in American art and should serve as a guide to artists and students stimulating them and giving them courage to hold to their belief beyond usual endurance, as Curry has done. Generous reproductions of sketches, compositions and paintings in both black and white and color on fine glazed paper make the book even more valuable.

LLOYD GOF