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BOOK REVIEWS

The Government of New Mexico, by Thomas C. Donnelly. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1947. \$4.00.

An understanding of state government requires both a practical, detailed knowledge of immediate state problems and a theoretical background of the people and the history of the state. Professor Donnelly in *The Government of New Mexico* has achieved a rare combination of the practical and theoretical presentation of the working of a state government. A picture of a state's government must include not only an analysis of the laws and the constitution under which that government operates, but also a discussion of the background of the state, its people, its particular problems, and suggested governmental improvements. Professor Donnelly approaches the problem of state government in these terms. Through fifteen years of teaching in New Mexico colleges and through serving on numerous boards and committees of the state government, he is eminently qualified to write of the government of New Mexico as a living story.

The fourteen chapters of the book seem to divide into four sections: the development of New Mexico, the divisions of the state government, problems facing New Mexico, and practical suggestions for improving New Mexico's government.

The opening chapters, forming an interesting background of New Mexico, read and develop more like a novel than a subject dealing with government, for the book first explores the rugged, undeveloped, uninhabited country upon which different groups of individuals move in quest of riches and adventure. Here is a story of the early days of New Mexico under the rule of the Spanish, the Mexicans, the Military Law, and finally the United States government. In these chapters many ever-present questions of today are answered. Were territorial elections similar to modern day elections? What are the requirements of a good constitution? What type of men wrote the New Mexico Constitution? What is included in the New Mexico Constitution? The territorial story is enriched by the best stories of New Mexico from books such as *Fabulous Frontier* by William A. Keleher, *Historical Sketches of New Mexico* by L. Bradford Prince, and *My Life on the Frontier* by Miguel A. Otero. In fact, the author has collected an excellent bibliography for the student of New Mexico's history and government.

The divisions of government are treated in several chapters dealing with political problems, such as political platforms and the absentee ballot problem, the legislature, the state executive, and the judiciary. The author comments on the party platform: "The drafting of the party platform under the present primary law in New Mexico presents a problem that is still handled in an unsatisfactory manner." Then the author suggests not only to the layman but to the student or leader in the field of government ways to improve party platforms. Further, the author discusses the absentee ballot problem of New Mexico: "The injustice of disenfranchising absent voters has long been recognized in New Mexico, but the difficulty of getting the required amendment to the Constitution passed presents a formidable obstacle to correcting the situation."

One of the interesting and timely sections of the book lists qualifications for governor. The legal qualifications, of course, are given. The book includes, however, qualifications that make a man, in the author's word, "available." There seem to be more qualifications in the "available" than in the "legal" category. Several outstanding men in New Mexico should read this section immediately.

The author recognizes the problem of developing an effective legislature in New Mexico. He offers practical suggestions for improving legislative committees, for controlling lobbyists, even for changing the form of the legislative body. The book analyzes the theory of the separation of power between the legislative and executive branches of the government. Instead of stating only the theory of the separation of power, the book speaks of the influence of the governor in the legislative session, of the manner in which influence is used, and of its effect. The author states: "Certainly enough time has already been spent in this state criticizing the working of our present legislative system and trying piecemeal expedients such as the split session. The time has come when more important changes are in order, and a thorough going plan that the people will approve needs to be tried." Then the author offers concrete proposals that might be beneficial for improving the state legislature.

In addition to being an excellent textbook, this book is a realistic study in problems of New Mexico and should be read by students of government and civic leaders of the state. The fundamental problems of New Mexico, such as water, soil erosion, constitutional changes, need for state institutional progress, education, local government, are discussed and analyzed. Several of the institutions of the state, including the hospital at Las Vegas, the Girls' Welfare Home, the state prison, are interestingly described. In addition, the departments of Health and Public Welfare are analyzed briefly in order to give a quick understanding of these important branches.

The author feels that the number one problem of New Mexico is soil conservation. In a detailed report on this subject he states: "About ninety-three per cent of New Mexico's total land area of almost seventy-eight million acres is affected by accelerated soil erosion. . . . Topsoil is priceless. Nature requires three hundred to one thousand years to build one inch of

it. Yet one heavy rain falling on a steep, freshly plowed, unprotected field may remove from the entire field as much as one inch of soil and from smaller areas the whole layer may be carried away." Everyone interested in the future of New Mexico should study this matter.

The subjects discussed are timely. One of the constitutional changes the citizens of New Mexico will vote upon this November will be whether state and county offices should be filled for a single four-year term, instead of the present two terms of two years each now allowed by the New Mexico Constitution. The author discusses completely this fundamental change. Any citizen wishing to be informed on this important problem facing New Mexico should read the facts presented.

The book suggests changes to improve our government, to make our government better fulfill the needs of the citizens. There are even suggestions or advice to public office seekers, such as: "One gathers the impression that too many candidates in the primary rely too heavily on purely personal appeals, and overlook the importance of issues and policies." The author suggests independent election judges and a manner of their appointment. These are only a few of the many proposals for improvement of everyday politics.

The author recommends that several state and county office holders, now being elected by the people, be appointed by proper authorities, for example that the secretary of state be appointed by the governor; that the lieutenant governor act as the governor's secretary and also be appointed. The book discusses, as well, the advisability of the state school superintendent's being appointed by a school board. A resolution was introduced in the last legislative session for this purpose, but it was defeated. The author is direct in speaking of the county school superintendent: "The most obvious method for improving the county school system would be to take the superintendent out of politics, have him appointed by the board for so long a period as his services prove satisfactory, and pay him an adequate salary."

For the first time New Mexico citizens have a thorough, exact study of New Mexico, its government and its problems with suggestions for desired changes that take the book out of the textbook classification. This is a book for New Mexico citizens. It is readable even to one uninformed in state government. I feel that it could be required reading for all legislators. In fact it would not be impossible for someone to campaign for governor with this book as his platform.

CALVIN HORN

"Ben-Hur" Wallace: the Life of General Lew Wallace, by Irving McKee.
Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1947. \$4.00.

Few biographies are more just than Irving McKee's analysis of Lew Wallace. Scholarly and entertaining, the work promises to be definitive. Except for the autobiography, which Mrs. Wallace finished, there is no full-length competitor in the field. Accounting for the phenomenal success

of a mediocre novel of adolescent calibre, McKee writes: "Well, Americans were like Ben-Hur—ambitious, patriotic, vengeful, affectionate; yet they fancied themselves as followers of Christ, the epitome of self-abnegation."

Ben-Hur, "edifying as a prize fight in a Y. M. C. A.," was a record-breaker. Two and one-half million copies of the novel sold; twenty million people saw the play. The choicest record is that of "the most costly one-reel scenario in cinema history," by virtue of a \$25,000 damage suit against a Kalem film made in 1907, which established precedent for an author's copyright on movie material.

The grim-jawed young officer in the dashing battledress of an Eleventh Indiana Zouave, sketched by Winslow Homer in 1861, was Lew Wallace as he saw himself all of his days. His three novels were but projections of his secret dream of fame and military prowess in an exotic setting. Wallace's dream, the same on which every youth is nurtured, was frustrated first by a dull, inactive campaign in the Mexican War. As the youngest major general, he had almost realized it in the Civil War, when a blunder at Shiloh tarnished his fame. He tried again in Indiana politics, in Mexican intrigue (becoming an honorary major general of Mexico), and in governorship of New Mexico. Wallace almost realized the "glorious end" in 1881, when as Minister to Turkey he reveled in the splendor of Constantinople and was the personal friend of Sultan Abdul-Hamid.

The greatest shame in Wallace's career, although it never occurred to him as shame, was participation in the military trial of civilian conspirators against President Lincoln and in the consequent hanging of Mrs. Surratt and other victims of public hysteria. The present prosecutions in Germany might well take note of the hasty trial of Henry Wirz, a Confederate prison officer executed on biased hearsay.

Wallace penned the final draft of *Ben-Hur* in "purple ink" in the Palace of the Governors, including the celebrated Crucifixion scene. Meanwhile the Territorial governor took a high-handed but justifiable part in the Lincoln County War, interviewed Billy the Kid, drove a spike in A. T. & S. F. track, and worried over the much more serious Apache massacres. Susan Wallace was outspoken in her annoyance with New Mexico and its desperate citizens; it is regrettable that there is not more space in which to treat this strident Indiana housewife-author.

ROLAND F. DICKEY

Picture Maker of The Old West: William H. Jackson, by Clarence S. Jackson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947. \$7.50.

What contemporary American hasn't thrilled to the words "Old West"? Romance and adventure color our thoughts of the opening of that last great frontier. Those of us who live where much of this exciting history took place are no more immune to the glamor of the place names than the Easterner who dreams of seeing such famed landmarks as Pike's Peak, Old Faithful, Mesa Verde, and Yellowstone. William H. Jackson was the first man to photograph most of our Western landmarks. Indeed, he was often the first

white to see them. Throughout a lifetime of almost a century he recorded the West, first in amateur drawings and later in the new medium of photography. His remarkable record is now assembled, for the first time in chronological order in the sketches and photographs in the book we are reviewing. It is his son, C. S. Jackson, who is responsible for this assembly. He has given us a documentation of truly exciting calibre. One feels grateful to both father and son.

The pictures with a running text, largely taken from Jackson's notes and diaries, give a sense of immediacy seldom found in books of this type. Perhaps it is that we are used to this modern technique of presentation, but if it were not for frequent reference to dates just after the Civil War, we might believe this record to be more recent. The inevitable biographical effect is without the intimate details which are so often tedious reading; and the lasting impression is of a man of unusually adventurous nature, considerable personal charm, and of exceptionally fine character. He is a personality who should be better known than his more flashy contemporaries, Kit Carson and Billy the Kid. His personal bravery and risks were greater, and so were his considerable contributions to the nation. He was responsible through his photographs (shown to Congress, which would not have known otherwise of the nature of the proposed park) for the formation of our first National Park, Yellowstone. Many of these pictures are included in this volume. Like all of Jackson's work with the camera, there is no soft focus, no arty picturesqueness, no doctoring. His camera simply accepted and recorded the more than sufficient beauty of nature as he found it.

The large format and handsome design of the book are in keeping with Jackson's feeling that "his subjects [were] worthy of the largest practicable exhibition." He gives man the same simple and honorable treatment he gives nature. It is especially interesting to compare such a picture as Long's Peak with that of the old Shoshone chieftain, Washakie. Each has great character, but that Jackson brings out the most of that character is a tribute to his unusual natural powers of observation. This book is a fitting monument to the Picture Maker of the West.

LLOYD LOZES GOFF

Sun in Your Eyes, by Oren Arnold. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1947. \$2.50.

Albuquerque, by Erna Fergusson; drawings by Li Browne. Albuquerque: Merle Armitage Editions, 1947. \$2.50.

Taos and Its Artists, by Mabel Dodge Luhan. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1947. \$3.75.

Santa Fe, drawings and text by Alfred Morang. Denver: Sage Books, Inc., 1947. \$1.00.

Like ashtrays and Indian blankets, books also may serve as souvenirs. For some time publishers have recognized this weakness in the traveling public, and lure it with bright-jacketed ecomiums signaling the utter gayety, historic significance, and unmatched picturesqueness of this or that Ameri-

can scene. A fresh epidemic of this local cholera has broken out since the War, and the four volumes listed are symptomatic. Unlike Mr. Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*, these will not infect the reader with incurable nostalgia. That De Vargas' stand-in now speaks English over a microphone at the Santa Fe Fiesta and professional bulldoggers provide most of the thrills at rodeos only hints at the amount of penicillin needed to keep alive the goose that lays Golden West eggs. The climate and the mountains are still with us, and authors cannot be blamed for loving their homeland and helping others to appreciate it via painless Baedekers.

"Hospitality is the cowpoke's religion," writes Oren Arnold in *Sun in Your Eyes*, and proceeds to overwhelm the reader with his eagerness to impart open secrets of Southwestern living. *Sun in Your Eyes* is one of those books that does the same thing for the publisher's budget as a Grade B Western does for Hollywood, and by the same devices, for it is a goldmine of Southwestern clichés, stale anecdotes, and Chamber of Commerce optimism. The author has gleaned the icebox of his previously published books and articles to make a salad (not *guacamole*), and although some of the lettuce is a little wilted, there are a number of delectable vegetables. Arnold genuinely loves a good story, and in the fields of treasure seeking, cattle branding, and rodeos, that is exactly what he gives us. But when he deals with Indians, archaeology, and architecture, he perpetuates some of the most threadbare misconceptions that plague the "Sun Country." The dashing sketches by Lloyd Lózes Goff, particularly those of cowboy life, add vastly to the appeal of the book.

Erna Fergusson's *Albuquerque* is characterized by far more finesse and humor than the other volumes listed. Miss Fergusson, by her lifelong intimacy with this locale and her broad experience in Spanish America, is eminently equipped to write a penetrating, documented analysis of the changing world that is Albuquerque. However, in the present example she has chosen an average audience and written with a shrewd theatrical eye. *Albuquerque*, except in its limited range, is not a "source book," but it will be relished by old-timers and make an ideal gift for Aunt Deborah in Dubuque. In keeping with the text, Li Browne's cartoons depict the gentle irony of old versus new, showing an Isleta Indian signaling a left turn from his wagon on Central Avenue, and a lush cottonwood contrasted with a spindly Chinese elm, each with its appropriate architecture. The format is bold but effective, and the manufacturing techniques refreshingly excellent.

Despite the enormous promise of its title, *Taos and Its Artists* is a disappointing picture book because of its lack of color reproductions, the percent of dated and low-calibre painting chosen, the inconsequential information of the text, and the mediocrity of the printing. Of the fifty-six works of art reproduced from an art colony justly famous for extravagant use of light and color, only the most distinct compositions salvage much of their original spirit in black and white. In addition to biographical data, there are numerous photographs of the artists, including Stieglitz' portraits of O'Keefe, Marin, and Hartley. The most effective presentation of the Taos

landscape is in three photographs by Laura Gilpin. If one's impressions of Taos depended solely on this volume, one might experience Thomas Benrimo's powerful "Premonition," which depicts a building suspended above a ghostly road leading to Taos and its mountain. Since nothing could be further from Mabel Luhan's intention, perhaps this book may be catalogued as another unfortunate casualty of rising publishing costs.

Santa Fe is a small pamphlet of pen and prose sketches by Alfred Morang, offering the visitor a resumé of history and a modicum of information about the salient points of interest. The booklet is well composed and printed, although the texture of the drawings is somewhat painfully overworked.

ROLAND F. DICKEY

Buckskin Brigade, by Jim Kjelgaard: illustrated by Ralph Ray, Jr. New York: Holiday House, 1947. \$2.50.

An article in *Publishers' Weekly*, "Teen Age: 15 to 50," by Vernon Ives of Holiday House, discusses a problem often ignored by the book world. There has been too wide a gap between children's books and adult nonfiction. This factor not only baffles the adolescent reader; it handicaps that large section of the adult population whose intellectual interests are at teenage level. The solution to this, says Mr. Ives, "is something between the two—an honest, realistic story that acknowledges the reader's youth only by lack of emphasis on undesirable or uninteresting elements."

The writing of *Buckskin Brigade*, by Jim Kjelgaard, squarely faces this problem. The theme, wilderness-breaking, is one of universal appeal. By the device of historical biography, one learns the stories of men "who turned their backs on civilization" and opened the American continent to trade and settlement. Each episode opens with a vignette of significant facts, followed by an account based on the record, but dramatized with action, conversation, and authentic scene.

The author begins with French fishermen landing on Cape Breton Island in 1506, and concludes in 1844 with American settlers facing the snows of South Pass on their way to Oregon. Between these events we follow Father LeCaron's canoe trip to Lake Huron, young Washington's 1753 mission to Fort Le Boeuf anticipating the French and Indian wars, a keelboatman's voyage down the Ohio and the Mississippi in 1791, and a fur-trapper's narrow escape from the Blackfeet in 1808. Bullwhackers and buffalo hunters are encountered under the title "Freight for Santa Fe." All these are action stories, clearly told, without sensation, and with a fine eye for landscape, modes of life, and the historic principles at stake.

Jim Kjelgaard is a Milwaukee Scandinavian whose hobbies of wilderness trips and American history are brought to bear in outdoor books like *Forest Patrol*, *Rebel Seige*, and *Big Red*, the latter a dog story voted the Popularity Medal by the Boys' Club of America.

Sketches by Ralph Ray, Jr., give zest and document to *Buckskin Brigade*. Ray, a North Carolinian, has illustrated more than a dozen volumes,

bringing his intimate understanding of wild life to Henry M. Hall's *Woodcock Ways* and *The Ruffled Grouse*. He is no less sensitive to men in action, and the riverboat scene in *Buckskin* is one of the best.

Psychological window-dressing is important in selling to older adults, who will not touch a "boy's book" with a ten-foot pole. Librarians overcome this stigma by shelving adolescent non-fiction with mature works. But *Buckskin Brigade*, chiefly because of the format and a certain quality of the drawings, looks like a youngster's book. Compared with pictures in the western magazines, which are accepted readily by physically mature readers, Ray's drawings are more subtle and have a timeless documentary character. Perhaps if the active, emotional situation were carried throughout the book as it is on the jacket, *Buckskin Brigade* would attract customers of all ages.

ROLAND F. DICKEY

These Are the Mexicans, by Herbert Cerwin. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1947. \$5.00.

One of the best volumes on Mexico recently published, Mr. Cerwin's excellent book is easy to read, enjoyable, and covers the contemporary Mexican scene thoroughly. His amazing insight and sympathy for the Mexicans are unusual among North Americans writing on Mexico. He neglects no facet of the complex picture of Mexican life, which he treats as a whole and in the light of a living history.

Because Mr. Cerwin was, during the war, head of the Office of Inter-American Affairs in Mexico City, he had access to unusual sources of information and contact with influential people in politics, education, religion, and industry. His book is the best possible use to which he could have put his findings; and the reading public of both the United States and Mexico should be grateful, since it clears up so much that is misconception. The two countries have much in common. One thing is that neither people knows facts about the other. We are finding out that not all Mexicans are guitar-playing, siesta-taking Indians. They are learning that not all North Americans are "money-mad gringos."

Like us, most Mexicans are a mixture of foreign stock. Unlike the United States, Mexico did not have mass immigration from many countries. There is less variety of blood mixture there than here. There is little racial discrimination and no Negro problem where the few Negroes who came to Mexico have been absorbed. Mexico's greatest problem is the Indian problem, which is economic and political, not social. The Indian's color has not been a bar to opportunity, but his standard of living is such that it is remarkable that he is as clean as he is, that he is ever well, and that he can bear to remain sober. Stuart Chase in his *Mexico: a Study of The Two Americas* found the condition of the "wantlessness" of the Mexican Indian's agricultural existence less affected by financial depressions than the condition of highly industrialized societies and warned against any change for them in the direction of industrialization. In continual depression, they are

little affected by financial depressions. One could not wish them a worse fate, Mr. Cerwin says, than to continue their present lamentable situation of poverty, ignorance, and filth. He recommends freedom from economic enslavement through education to help them to understand why they can benefit from the necessary change in their way of life. Gradually they would "get into step with the civilization that is around them. . . . They would become a part of modern Mexico, not a part of the past as they are at present." They would become a market for industrialized Mexico, which must have that market to help both itself and the Indians.

Our author suggests that Mexico could help herself through "selective immigration" and citizenship of engineers, scientists, and technicians who are needed quickly to help to develop the natural resources of "one of the world's richest countries." Comparatively young and undeveloped, Mexico must have faith in itself and its future.

Jesús Guerrero Galván, one of Mexico's prominent painters, remembered by a grateful University of New Mexico for his fresco in the Administration Building and for his semester of teaching in the College of Fine Arts, has enhanced the book with the watercolor which is reproduced on the dust jacket.

LLOYD LOZES GOFF

The Rise of the Spanish American Empire, by Salvador de Madariaga. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1947. \$5.00.

Señor de Madariaga conceives of history as being written either in the light of "love of tribe" or "love of truth" (p. xvi). He promises to present this first volume of his proposed two-volume history of the Spanish empire solely in the "love of truth"—and then proceeds with as prejudiced a treatment of Spain's western adventure as this reviewer has ever read.

Telling the truth about Spain in the Indies as Señor de Madariaga sees it is largely telling how Spain was not as bad as we may have thought and certainly not as bad as other countries. Three hundred years of history are unrolled before our eyes with justifications of one kind or another for everything. Do we disapprove of this or that? It was worse elsewhere. Did Spain destroy the antiquities of Mexico and Peru? Think how Elizabeth and Cromwell destroyed English works of art (anyway, Pedro de Gante, that most ardent destroyer of Mexican heathen relics, was not Spanish but Flemish!) Don't we like to hear about captured Lutheran seamen being executed for heresy? Think what bad men they were! Think how they came out to the Indies with such leaders as Morgan and Drake to commit unspeakable atrocities on peaceful Spanish settlements. Are we unhappy about the heretics being burned alive? Think what Henry VIII did (p. 149)! Do we shudder at the thought of the Spanish Inquisition? Ah, but think about the witch hunts in Germany, in England, in the English colonies in America! Why did the authorities ban so many books from coming into the Indies? Because the Indians were learning to read and one had to be careful what these "children" learned. Do we sigh for the fate of Indian labor in Spain's

New World? Just listen to the way the English handled labor in their colonies! Benumbed, shocked by the pungency of Señor de Madariaga's evidence, the reader will agree, in the end, that Spain was no worse than anybody else—but what a sorry lot all mankind was from 1492 to 1812!

Historians will wish that Señor de Madariaga's evident ability in research might have turned up something new on troublesome questions of administration of the empire. In his more or less detailed discussion of the provincial administration he accepts without question or comment the standard but inconclusive categorization of *gobernadores*, *alcaldes mayores*, and *corregidores* (p.50). He comes to no conclusion as to whether there were *cortes* in the New World (p.44). He tells nothing new about the functions of Indian officials in Spanish government after the Conquest.

Likewise, the historian will wish that Señor de Madariaga had been more careful to check some of his facts. This reviewer has been unable to find any justification in Fisher, Haring, Ballesteros, Altamira, or Chapman for his statement that intendencies were set up in the Indies in 1718 (p.234). One may also question his statement that the democratic Spanish *cortes* received their first blow from the yet un-Spanish Charles V (p.77); too many of us have been taught from Merriman that the process of destroying the influence of the people in the government of Spain began to be Crown policy in the time of the Catholic Kings some thirty or forty years before Charles came to the throne.

Señor de Madariaga will be thanked by the historian largely for his contribution of new ways of viewing the Spanish imperial affair. He does introduce some new facts, it is true, in such passages as his short section on hospitals in the New World (pp.51-53), which topic has been strangely neglected up to the present. But *The Rise of the Spanish American Empire* merits consideration chiefly from the skillful, when not over-enthusiastic, treatment of cultural forces as they worked in the Spanish colonies. If Señor de Madariaga concentrates on life in the Indies, if he forgets to compare Hispanic deeds, heatedly, with English, French, Dutch, or German, then he writes effectively. As an example of his better style there are such efficiently expressed passages as the following:

The fate of the Indians . . . was in fact ruled by a knot of forces: the greed and power of the labour-hungry "Spaniards," whether European or Creole; the efforts of the conscientious Crown; and the actual working of these forces as they were wielded and handled by local authorities, executive and judicial. This was the plastic historical material of which three centuries of life in the Indies were made; and of course, the actual shape this life took varied considerably from valley to valley and from year to year (p.88).

The book has copious notes, a bibliography, and is well indexed.

CLARISSA P. FULLER

The City of Women, by Ruth Landes. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1947. \$3.00.

This popularly presented account of an anthropologist's study of certain cult groups in Brazil carries a delusive lure in its title. The city is Bahia, seaport capital of the like-named state, center of a dense Negro population. The women are Negro priestesses of *candomlé*, "a system of worshipping gods or saints," a blend of West African gods and Christian saints. Leaders and followers alike are practicing Catholics and, in the main, are the poor, predominantly Negro, who find in cult practice the deepest color and satisfaction of their lives. Detailed, lively descriptions of the ceremonies she attended and profiles of the remarkable and contrasted *candomlé* personalities she knew at close hand comprise Mrs. Landes' rewarding pages. Her honest and often effective popular style too frequently takes the form of questions of the humble North American anthropologist (female) answered by the wise gentleman of Brazil.

RUTH SAWTELL WALLIS

Brazil, edited by Lawrence F. Hill. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1947. \$5.00.

Brazil, edited by Lawrence F. Hill, is the seventh title appearing in the United Nations Series being published by the University of California Press under the general editorship of Robert J. Kerner, Sather Professor of History in the University of California. Like the volumes previously published, *Brazil* consists of chapters written by scholars whose chief interests have been concerned with specific phases of Brazilian civilization—history, diplomacy, economy, social institutions, literature.

Perhaps the best way to emphasize the scholarship and broad scope of this exceptionally fine volume on Brazil is to list the five parts that comprise the book, together with the names of the contributors to each part. The three chapters in "Part One: Background" were prepared by Manoel Cardozo, Associate Professor of Brazilian History and Literature, the Catholic University of America, and Alan K. Manchester, Associate Professor of History, Duke University. Lawrence F. Hill, Professor of History, Ohio State University and Harvey Walker, Professor of Political Science in the same institution, contributed the four chapters in "Part Two: Political and Constitutional Development." "Part Three: Social and Cultural Progress" consists of six chapters—"Social Pioneering," by Arthur Ramos, Professor of Anthropology and Ethnology, University of Brazil; "Education," by Manoel Bergström Lourenço Filho, Director, National Institute of Pedagogy, Rio de Janeiro; "Science," by Francisco Venâncio Filho, Chief of general secondary and professional instruction, Federal District (Rio de Janeiro); "Art," by Mário de Andrade, musicologist, novelist, and critic; "Music," by Luiz Heitor Corrêa de Azevedo, Professor of Folklore and History of Music, National School of Music, University of Brazil; and "Literature," by Samuel Putnam, outstanding translator of Brazilian literary works and editor of section on Brazilian literature in *Handbook of Latin American Studies*.

Frederic William Ganzert, Chief Historical Consultant, Narrative Group, Occupational History Branch, Historical Division, European Command, United States Army, wrote the three chapters included in "Part Four: Economic Development." Heitor Lyra, Brazilian diplomat and historian and Lawrence F. Hill were the authors of the two chapters in "Part Five: Diplomatic Relations."

ALBERT R. LOPES

Consider the Lilies of the Field, by Erico Veríssimo; translated from the Portuguese by Jean Neel Karnoff. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1947. \$3.00.

Consider the Lilies of the Field is a translation of *Olhai os lírios do campo* (1938) by the popular and able Brazilian novelist, Erico Veríssimo. Since the appearance of this best-seller, Veríssimo has continued to win the praise of critics and public in his native country. His reputation has reached readers in the United States through novels of his that have already appeared in translation—*Crossroads* and *The Rest Is Silence*.

Like almost all of Veríssimo's novels *Consider the Lilies of the Field* has an urban setting. Part one, cinematographic in effect, tells the story of Eugenio's life as he drives to the hospital to answer the urgent call of Olivia, the unwed mother of his daughter. But he arrives too late; Olivia is dead. Moved by the memory of her faith and undaunted courage, Eugenio is won over to Olivia's philosophy of life—joy through service. He, too, dreams of a world free from injustice and selfish ambition.

Although Miss Karnoff has taken a great many liberties in her translation, this reviewer feels that the smooth effect that she achieves compensates for the sacrifice of a more accurate rendition.

ALBERT R. LOPES

Francis Lieber, by Frank Freidel. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1947. \$4.50.

Frank Freidel has written a lively biography of Francis Lieber, nineteenth century liberal who fled to the United States after being twice imprisoned in Germany. Lieber's activities, which varied from originating and editing the *Encyclopaedia Americana* to participating in the anti-slavery movement to teaching at Columbia University, were enormous. But in final analysis, Lieber comes out "not, as he supposed, a great and original thinker" but as a "conveyer and synthesizer" who did much to transport "to the new world a rich cargo of alien concepts" which eventually became an integral part of the American tradition.

This biography will be of interest to historians because of its excellence as to research and technique and to the general public because of its fine style and interesting content. In addition to this, the book is beautifully printed in a manner that invites reading.

Freidel has the ability to say much in a few words. It seems safe to say

that this Wisconsin Ph.D., who is now an assistant professor of history at Pennsylvania State College, will make an enviable record in his chosen field.

FREDERICK C. IRION

A History of "Hamlet" Criticism, 1601-1821, by Paul S. Conklin. New York: King's Crown Press, 1947. \$2.75.

The fascination of Paul Conklin's book on the criticism of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* lies in the way it demonstrates that a great work of art always takes the tone and color of the age in which it is produced—that actors and critics search in it for confirmation of the taste of their own period. It is easy for the uncritical listener to assume that the actors he is hearing in a masterpiece written in an earlier day are producing a thing once finished and then naturally reproduced over and over in that mold, that he as an onlooker is seeing what, shall we say, Shakespeare saw (with allowance for electric lights in the theatre) and is responding much as a member of Shakespeare's audience responded. Professor Conklin's study is a quite engrossing demonstration that this assumption is far from the fact, that *Hamlet* was one thing to seventeenth-century audiences and something with quite different emphases to eighteenth and nineteenth century audiences and critics. What the play was to Shakespeare and his co-actors and fellow playwrights in The Lord Chamberlain's Company we must surmise from other plays dealing with like themes of revenge and blood-feuding. A *Hamlet* by Kyd and a still better known production by Kyd, *The Spanish Tragedy*, also dealing with blood-guilt and revenge, exhibit the extraordinary emphasis upon eloquence and passion expected in an Elizabethan Tragedy of Blood. *Hamlet* in this vein was something Restoration audiences would have condemned for crudity and bad taste. As Melpomene, the tragic muse, wore her buskins in Convent Garden, she behaved with more decorum and uttered sentiments of moral truth directed toward elevating the thoughts of the audience and conforming its inclinations toward propriety and convention. If the heart was stirred and the pulse beat faster, if there was dramatic action as the Elizabethans demanded it, these were incidental to the grandeur of utterance and nobility of pose.

The "melancholy Dane" as played by Betterton (from 1669 to 1709) and by Garrick (from c. 1740 to 1776) differs greatly from the Hamlet played by Richard Burbage. Garrick sentimentalized the emotions of the Prince, stressed the philosophic and rational side of the portrait rather than the energy and wild force. The pensive melancholia of the Age of Reason had little in common with the warring of the "humours" distempering the Elizabethans, both on and off stage.

Professor Conklin carries his study into the neoclassic French school of *Hamlet* criticism and into the romantic German school. Voltaire, while citing the thousand beauties joined in this play, protests Hamlet's beer-drinking with the gravediggers and the coarse jokes upon skulls and other mortal remains. Goethe concludes that the Dane must have been a gently

nurtured youth to whom the injunctions of the ghost came like the doom of Fate in Greek tragedy and that throughout the play, victimized by God and man, the will of Hamlet struggles to meet the will of Supernatural Decree.

So, aided by Dr. Conklin, one can find in the history of the play and of its critics, what the genius of Shakespeare has meant to the Anglo-Saxon, French, and German minds. One might suggest that, were the study to be carried from 1921 to 1951, a twentieth-century American *Hamlet* would more than likely be entirely Freudian with the famous soliloquies all delivered by Hamlet while prone on a couch, with Polonius somewhere near taking clinical notes. In such case, a contemporary *Hamlet*, like some eighteenth-century German versions, would surely have a happy ending, for psychiatry would straighten the whole tangle out, possibly adding action where diagnosis might slow the pace and preserving all the good speeches which lovers of Shakespeare would be unwilling to have lost.

T. M. PEARCE

Green Memories, by Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1947. \$3.00.

Certainly this is a noble book—this re-creation of his war-slain son—and Lewis Mumford has put into it the noblest of his ability since *Herman Melville*. Some flaws are indigenous to the writing of a memorial to one's own child, and perhaps it would be better to deal these out of the way. Such a work must achieve an almost perfect balance between the subjective and the objective. Rare would be the man who could do so. Readers of this book may feel occasionally that warmth has been sacrificed to a professional writer's cool and detached hand, that Mumford would have done better to err more on the side of unrestraint. The early particulars of Geddes' life seem more a skirmishing of details than a breathing boy. But who can ever bring the child back into being? Any man who has tried to write even of his own childhood knows this difficulty.

Geddes does come to life, however, midway in the book; and if the life is too short and thus shorn of much material necessary to achieve real literary stature, one nevertheless gets to know and feel him and to experience loss and anger when he is cut down by enemy bullets in Italy. His brief life was taut, pulled between the two poles of intellectuality and rugged naturalism. It was a tension that was resolved only in his last year or so by the war, in which he was able to submerge his cross-currents, and by his personal courage in battle which gave him at last, one feels, a unified sense of identity and achievement. "If I weren't rough enough to take it," he writes from the front to his parents, "I wouldn't have gotten this far and I can still laugh five or ten minutes after a barrage."

From the beginning, with his fine mixture of the thinker and the hunter, Geddes is made for the higher normality. Much conflict, had he lived, would have been his; but he would have evolved into a good, firm

man and the world could have used him. And, considering his devotion to nature, his pathetically small tastings of the sweets of love, his near-approach to religious experience on the battlefield, Geddes could have well used more of the world. He met a man's death, it is true; but not all of Mumford's dexterity in trying to weave a full pattern can convince one that Geddes' life made a full pattern. He died his man's death before he was yet a man, and that fact leaves one more hollow echo for the war-apologists to deal with.

HUGH MCGOVERN

On a Darkling Plain: the Art and Thought of Thomas Hardy, by Harvey Curtis Webster. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1947. \$3.50.

"It is Hardy's peculiar advantage over most nineteenth century writers that he precapitulates—to a point—the history of most intelligent and sensitive men today. He started life a believer in divine Providence. He was disillusioned by scientific thought and the exigencies of a social world that seemed to reproduce the heartlessness of the struggle for existence one found below the level of human nature." *On a Darkling Plain* is a study of the development of Hardy's thought. His early orthodox Anglicanism and "paradisaic" romanticism gave way to the fatalism and determinism of the Wessex novels (though Mr. Webster rightly insists that in no poem or novel is Hardy consistently fatalist or determinist, that he is *never* an unqualified pessimist). The "evolutionary meliorism" which Hardy repeatedly claimed for himself steadily grew until his final position in *The Dynasts*, with its indubitable emphasis on the power of men of conscious good will to influence and improve life and even to modify the "Immanent Will."

It was the reading of the *Origin of Species*, Spencer's *First Principles*, Mill's *On Liberty*, *Essays and Reviews* (the radical theological opinions of a few Broad Churchmen), and other works of science, philosophy, or religious skepticism which destroyed his early essentially "happy outlook." One of the major theses of *On a Darkling Plain* is that Hardy never believed there was a necessary connection between a belief in Nature's indifference and thoroughgoing pessimism," that except perhaps in the earliest novels pessimism and meliorism exist together as Hardy's views in his writings, and that the emphasis on meliorism increases as time goes on and Hardy approaches the concept of Immanent Will. This is a view which the present reviewer has long held, and it is very gratifying to have it advanced so clearly and convincingly, with such sound scholarship, in Mr. Webster's book, in which there are analyses of the thought in all the novels, in a large number of poems, and in *The Dynasts*. It is very doubtful whether the student of Hardy or the general reader of his novels, seeking an interpretation of Hardy's views and their development, will find more satisfactory assistance than that provided here by Mr. Webster.

C. V. WICKER

Oscar Wilde, by Edouard Roditi. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions Books, 1947. \$2.00.

Robert Louis Stevenson, by David Daiches. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions Books, 1947. \$2.00.

These two additions to "The Makers of Modern Literature" series, published so usefully by New Directions, are not of equal value. Edouard Roditi's *Oscar Wilde* is an excellent and much-needed critical evaluation of a controversial figure whose importance can not be denied, though it has seldom, as Mr. Roditi points out, been properly understood. Mr. Daiches, on the other hand, has not done very well by Stevenson; he has pointed out, often somewhat ponderously, all of the obvious things which any undergraduate reader of Stevenson can see for himself. The book contains a good deal of useful information, all available elsewhere, but no enlightening interpretation of Stevenson as an artist. Mr. Daiches's little book on Virginia Woolf in the same series is a far better piece of work.

So is Mr. Roditi's *Oscar Wilde*, a brief (256 pages) but well-reasoned consideration of Wilde's work, with analyses of the fiction, plays, poetry, and critical essays, and most valuable chapters on Wilde's politics, ethics, and aesthetics. Mr. Roditi has a trenchant mind and writes with both clarity and verve. He has the enthusiastic understanding of Wilde which Mr. Daiches seems to have lacked for his subject. If Mr. Roditi's claims for Wilde appear too high (for example "Wilde's equality with Coleridge or Arnold"), it should be said in justice that he does no more than suggest the more extreme claims and that here for the first time is a serious effort to place Wilde in the transition from a decadent nineteenth-century Romanticism to what is still termed Modernism. Wilde's poetry *may* in time become the object of renewed interest; his plays and the one novel, the works he is largely known by at present, are likely to hold their audiences; the criticism, which has been increasingly distinguished by neglect, will doubtless come into closer scrutiny, for here are Wilde's theories which reveal him as, though still the *poseur* and dandy, the thinker and shaper of new artistic modes.

C. V. WICKER

A Southern Vanguard, edited by Allen Tate. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1947. \$4.50.

Allen Tate has edited this volume of poems, stories, and critical essays from the material submitted for the John Peale Bishop Memorial Literary Prize Contest in 1945. The anthology, limited to material written by Southern writers or on Southern topics, is interesting. The prize winners—Andrew Lytle's story "The Guide"; Malcolm Cowley's essay, "William Faulkner's Legend of the South"; and Randall Jarrell's poem, "The Marchen"—lead only slightly in each section. Peter Taylor's "A Long Fourth" and James Ross' "A Man of Doubtful Character" are outstanding stories; George Marion O'Donnell's "Time's Well" is an excellent poem;

Robert Wooster Stallman's essay, "The New Criticism and the Southern Critics," is a good piece of work.

In the prize-winning essay Malcolm Cowley gives great credit to George Marion O'Donnell as "the first critic to discuss William Faulkner as a moralist, the first to compare him with Hawthorne and almost the first to see that he is engaged in creating Southern myths." Mr. Cowley re-examines all of Faulkner's work, traces the pattern of his myths, proves that he is not only a fatalist but also a great idealist with idealism disguised as its opposite by its very intensity, and re-emphasizes that he is above all a moralist. With wider scope Robert Wooster Stallman discusses the basic theme of the Southern poet-critics: the dislocation of modern sensibility. Under the headings of "the loss of a fixed convention," "the loss of a world order," "the loss of a culture," the intellectual chaos and lack of tradition of culture are established. "The canon of the Southern critics is based upon the division of art and religion and science into equally valid, objective, and independent categories of experience." Mr. Stallman considers the work of the Southern critics an achievement unequaled in our time or any previous period of literary history. Yet the impression of homogeneity in background found in this essay and in that of Herbert Marshall McLuhan's "The Southern Quality" is modified considerably by Robert Heilman in "The South Falls In" and by Louis B. Wright in "Myth-Makers and the South's Dilemma." From the last two writers it seems that the South is all things to all men and that the so-called Southern myths are an invention of Northerners or invented by Southerners for the confusion and horror of the North. These divergent points of view add interest to the essays.

The section of poems starts with "The Dream" by Bishop, followed by Jarrell's prize poem. George Marion O'Donnell is well represented by "Time's Well" and Brewster Ghiselin by "Sea." The short poems by Charles Edward Eaton are colorful and incisive.

Allen Tate predicts in the preface to the book that the best Southern writers in the next few years will be writers of fiction. I agree with him, for the selection of short stories is excellent. Andrew Lytle, a skilled writer, contributes "The Guide," the story of a boy on his first duck-shooting trip. As usual Mr. Lytle writes from the inside of his main character and subtly builds up the story to the turn at the end by implication rather than by direct statement. Peter Taylor's story, "A Long Fourth," is the title story in a recently published volume of his short stories; if the other stories are as well written and as interesting as this one, they are worth reading. Eleanor Ross, LeRoy Leatherman, Mary Whiteley are names to watch for if their stories in this collection are representative.

A Southern Vanguard may mark the end of a stage in the development of Southern writing, perhaps the point where the provincial gives way to the national.

EDITH S. BLESSING

The Last of the Provincials: the American Novel, 1915-1925, by Maxwell Geismar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1947. \$3.50.

Bernard Shaw, by Eric Bentley. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions Books, 1947. \$2.00.

Maxwell Geismar presumably knows that he has barely touched on the novel as art or form. Very likely he realizes that his sentiments on the end of our frontier and our recent industrialization (with acknowledgement to Frederick Jackson Turner) are not so stated as to convert the previously unpersuaded. He has, rather, in his *Writers in Crisis*, and now *The Last of the Provincials*, analyzed admirably the social thought of our recent novelists, and their compulsions.

Geismar refuses to simplify, even for demonstration of his main thesis. Nevertheless, in his scheme, each novelist seems to be writing and rewriting the same novel he began with, over and again. Geismar is not captious; he makes sure to let us know when any novelist brings further insight and new experience to his later attempts—and at times he is quite overwhelmed by such growth.

The obvious repetitions receive analysis, of course: the robots of business in Sinclair Lewis, opera and stoic women in Willa Cather, and in Sherwood Anderson and Scott Fitzgerald alike the obsession with weak fathers. But beyond these, Geismar shows his novelists compelled, in their search for some positive truth, to fly from West to East, from town to city, from political certainty to political questioning—and usually back again. For these were “the last of the provincials”—not to be sure the last regional writers, but likely the last who would so vaunt and mistrust their own regional values.

Geismar, in at least three of his five analyses, seems to accept at face value statements or episodes intended as self-caricature. And Geismar himself has so little style that the reader sometimes mistrusts whether his words will make sentences, or his continuity make sense. But the sentences and the sense are there, right enough; whether in direct attack (as in demonstrating the emptiness of characters Lewis intended as *contrast* to emptiness) or in sympathetic accompaniment (as in developing Anderson's tortured struggle for some belief), Geismar's chapters are a first-rate contribution to our understanding of novelists, as they wrote not long ago.

If, as has appeared, Geismar's criticism is without quick intuitions or style in itself illuminating, his analyses survive the handicap. Eric Bentley, on the other hand, in his *Bernard Shaw*, so intuits and so illuminates that his analysis seems effortless. Bentley describes a Shaw who would brandish intellect—and have others brandish intellect—only as the emotional short-hand of civilized human beings trying to understand and perhaps even admire each other. Bentley's Shaw, and Shaw's ideal humanity, will of course be able to predict all contemporary lines of reasoning, and while discounting each argument for its omissions, will value each for its conception.

The separate chapters on aspects of Shaw's thought, while open to debate at least as regards Shaw's almost Godlike wisdom, are persuasive and of constant interest. Then the chapter on Shaw's sense of theatre, itself making use of the intellectual concepts developed in the plays and in Bentley's previous chapters, is an absolute delight.

Bentley wastes no words; his appreciation seems conveyed as much by his work's very form, as by direct analysis. *Bernard Shaw* is another admirable volume in the New Directions series, Makers of Modern Literature.

ROBERT BUNKER

Prince of Darkness and Other Stories, by J. F. Powers. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1947. \$2.75.

Seven Hills Away, by N. V. M. Gonzalez. Denver, Colorado: Alan Swallow, 1947. \$2.00.

Nine Stories, by Vladimir Nabokov. New York: New Directions, 1947. \$1.50.

Under a Glass Bell and Other Stories, by Anais Nin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc. \$3.00.

Winter-Telling Stories, by Alice Marriott. New York: William Sloan Associates, Inc. \$2.50.

The excellent and unwearying *Accent* magazine deserves every congratulation, or its equivalent in appreciation, for its fine attention to the early stories of J. F. Powers. Indeed, unless the literary reviews somehow can use their fastidious benevolence to encourage and praise (and please let us hold on a little longer to the distinction between praise and the barbarous build-up) the more than merely promising gifts that remain among us, we might as well give in to the *Life-Time* deluge. Powers' gifts are very animating after all the seasons of stripped, unpuzzling engineering prose in the contemporary American short story. All who have been moved by certain European writers' preoccupation with the figure and predicament of the Catholic priest (Greene, Bernanos, Silone) will surely find that Powers is developing equally strong powers of discernment and pity. Many of Powers' most interesting stories deal with the unbearable trivialities that are accumulating around and besieging the strange lives of the American Catholic priest: a good parishioner trying to sell a priest some life insurance, a young priest mocked for the unworthy condition of his automobile, etc. This is no crude and easy anti-clericalism. This is an unmistakable writing talent and sensibility loose among the figures in our ethical wilderness. A book of short stories of the quality of this first book is not simply a promoted event, it is an occasion for much, uncommon satisfaction.

The tireless Alan Swallow again presents us with the work of a new (to the United States) writer, this time from the Philippines. N. V. M. Gonzalez, a young Philippine writer, has been previously published in some of the smaller magazines of this country. His stories are very simple, written without pretension and without special power, of simple events in the lives of the rural people of the Philippines. It is somewhat of a relief to have

these tales told without the customary affectations that many writers acquire when writing of peasant peoples.

In the stories of Vladimir Nabokov the easy accomplishment of the professional is both admirable and disheartening. So much skill, so much insight, so little and so exasperating inconsequence of detail. After Nabokov's fine study of Gogol, one could have expected these diverse abilities: inventiveness, wit, comic strength. Although Nabokov appears to have successfully met the requirements of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *New Yorker*, the peculiar merit of his work resides in the highly personal constructions of his stories, more personal than would be imagined from the character of the magazines in which these stories originally appeared. The collection of these miscellaneous pieces of Nabokov is another valuable publication from the New Directions press, which promises more similar collections of work by the dismally few writers in this country who are still concerned with ideas and with the necessities for honesty.

Anais Nin's stories, long the special property of an almost sub-avant-garde group, here and in Europe, and too long subject to an exclamatory series of sighs from a wild miscellany of friends and reviewers, are better than the kind of praise she has received and much less satisfying than the overly friendly criticism given her work. Nin's concerns and material are genuinely fresh and important. Edmund Wilson refers to her world as "a world of feminine perception and fancy," and this phrase both defines and delimits the stories in this new collected edition of her work. The perceptions are sometimes remarkably intense and revealing, but just as many times they are vapid and monotonously uncertain; her fancies can be terrifyingly sensitive and full of distracting exertions. The difficulty and seriousness of self-imposed tasks—the hungers and compulsions which obsess the characters of her stories—do not remove the obligation to declare, with disappointment, the incompleteness and inadequacies of her achievement. The splendid sincerity does not overcome one's impressions of laborious displays of insight into terribly fathomable matters. Yet, this same sincerity is something to be grateful for, grateful and hopeful that new and less fabricated work will be forthcoming.

Alice Marriott's collection of Kiowa tales is disappointing for many reasons. When we can use and when we possibly need the pleasures and verbal powers of the oral literature of the American Indian, this gift-like package seems unworthy of either our needs or the unquestionable abilities of Alice Marriott. This group of tales is about Saynday, the favorite hero (as presented here he has the quality of Cantinflas, but without the reassuring rascality of this other hero) of the Kiowas. Saynday "got lots of things in our world started and going. Some of them were good, and some of them were bad, but all of them were things that make the world the way it is." This has possibilities, at least, but one has the harassed feeling that what happened to Saynday could happen any afternoon, serially, on the radio. In an otherwise handsomely produced and designed book, the illustrations are simply unfortunate. Though one yearns to see the brilliant

draughtsmanship and color sense of young American Indian artists used more and more in illustrating books of Indian (and American) life, the illustrations for *Winter-Telling Stories* are painfully and needlessly inept.

VINCENT GAROFFOLO

Amanda Said the Grass Was Green, by Robert Bunker. New York: The Swallow Press and William Morrow and Company, 1948. \$2.75.

Reluctantly Peter Kye comes home from war-time naval service. He must re-establish, now, his love for Amanda, which depends for its fulfillment upon his ability to participate with Amanda in the furthering of belief in the possibility of ultimate democracy, even in industry. Before the war Peter had brought into his brother's factory labor union leaders possessed of idealism. Now a strike is in the making over the issue of fuller participation by labor in management. Through the three and one-half days of the novel, Peter struggles with a paralysis of belief, a negation and desire to escape, which keep him from action and from love. There is a larger issue, faith in the significance of life itself. Not until he refuses, without loss of love, his brother's pessimism, does he achieve once more a consummation with Amanda, and go on to act in good faith with the strikers and to set in motion a solution.

Since the scene is New England, I am tempted to say that again the New England conscience struggles for knowledge of righteousness, not in Calvinistic terms, of course, but in terms of social justice and the relationship of the individual to society. The theme, then, is an important one, and I feel that it was important to the author, important enough to him so that, having an ability to think intricately and having great skill with words, he has wrought a sensitive, complex story. But despite fine bits of narrative, like the story of Amanda's parents, and well-handled dialogue and scenes, I have the feeling that the point of view remains too much Charley's, who is always somehow a ghost, a troubled ghost to be sure, of infinite thought and debate and observation, but nevertheless disembodied. Amanda is, at times, magnificent. But the continuous intellectuality costs one such labor that the lyrical passages and the action are submerged. One tends to think rather than to live. One must respect this book, which is never trite, never shoddy in workmanship. And there is always the possibility that technique is just ahead of one's capacity as a reader.

E. W. TEDLOCK, JR.

Prothalamium, by Philip Toynbee. New York: Doubleday and Company, 1947. \$2.50.

The protagonists of *Prothalamium* are not characters symbolic of Love, Man's Will, Intolerance and the like. Rather, it is made sufficiently clear that the characters *are* such forces. These people know each other to an unreal degree (the reader feels at first), and soon enough the general scheme is made obvious.

Meanwhile, each "character" in turn provides "his" perspective on the events of two hours at "tea." That the reader may connect events properly, an introductory diagram is given, and pages are numbered by the diagram. The trick is easy enough, once learned.

Indeed, the meaning is too easily learned to be worth hiding at first. The "characters" speak with considerable force, meaning, and beauty, but what is meant to establish their mock histories as human beings seems both obvious and insufficient—and dull. The forces become petty, often without the author's intention.

For all this, in a novel which doesn't quite come off, the reader may be very happy in the author's company. I was.

ROBERT BUNKER

A Flask for the Journey, by F. L. Green. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1948. \$3.00.

This novel, by the author of *Odd Man Out*, is a triptych containing portraits of three individuals searching for personal freedom. Jack Kaspan, an English prisoner of war, finds spiritual liberation and complete happiness first in solitary confinement and later in the strange and wonderful island fortress to which the Nazis send him. In this Shangri-la are prisoners like Halesmith, who believes the world insane; Borzewski, who risks his life each night swimming the river to meet an imaginary lover; and the French Colonel, who plots to capture the fortress. Of them all only Kaspan is able to submit and to enjoy deeply the peaceful retreat into the life of the mind. Two of his German captors are companions on his journey of inquiry into the meaning and value of man's existence. Kaspan's story is not particularly searching, philosophically, but it is interesting because the author knows how to create suspense and how to sustain atmosphere. But the portraits of Jane Gellson and Bernard Meddow are dull, over-exposed—too much statement of emotions, too little implication. Jane seeks freedom in retreat from love; Bernard, hopelessly enmeshed in his desire for her, finds release in suicide.

The framework of the novel is over-elaborate: Kaspan tells his life-story to Jane; a police inspector recounts to Kaspan the tale of Jane and Meddow. The treatment of the theme is shallow compared, for example, to Chekhov's handling of rather similar ideas in "The Bet" and even to Hilton's *Lost Horizon*. The book reads, in large part, like a movie scenario. In fact, it will probably make a good movie.

JANE KLUCKHOHN

The Heretics, by Humphrey Slater. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1947. \$2.75.

This is an interesting novel. Part I deals with fanaticism in the Middle Ages; Part II, with fanaticism today. Although the theme itself clearly binds the two stories, Mr. Slater underlines the similarities by using the same names for the children of the Crusade and for the main characters of

the present-day story, by ending Part II in the setting of Part I, by showing the powerlessness of tolls and victims, whether of religious or of political fanaticism, and by letting the modern Paul, Simon, and Elizabeth draw parallels to the story of the children. Perhaps all of the devices are useful, but I think that the theme alone would have carried the novel and given the reader the opportunity of discovering the similarities. However, the many good points of *The Heretics* quite outweigh the somewhat forced identifications.

The first story is of three children in Avignon in 1210-1212, victims of the persecutions of the last remnants of the Albigensians, who had fled to Aragon, an independent republic. Innocent III exterminated the heretics and brought Avignon into secular vassalage. Bands of homeless children became a menace to the people in town and country until the Pope conceived of the plan of sending the children on a crusade, and parents were pressed to prove their orthodoxy by offering their children for this noble purpose. Homeless children were drawn in, for they found food and security in the camps. The Crusade was a cruel farce, and the children as well as the sincere young priests leading them were sold into slavery in Cairo.

Part II tells a story of two young Englishmen, Paul and Simon, and Elizabeth, Paul's sister, all assistants to an anthropologist experimenting with monkeys in Spain at the time of the outbreak of the Spanish Revolution in 1936. The men join foreign divisions; Elizabeth goes along with Lt. Cordova, a Spanish officer who rises rapidly in the Republican ranks and becomes a Cabinet member. The belief in the individual conscience, the fanaticism of the various contending political parties with their inner splits, the importance of words and meaning, the inevitable result of whole slaughter upon the men whose business it has become to kill, and the by-products of persecution, all run ironically parallel in the two parts of the novel. Seven centuries have changed men little.

Mr. Slater's style is clear, crisp, simple, and impersonal. His children are as natural, ruthless and unconcerned with horror as are those of Richard Hughes in *A High Wind in Jamaica*. Material that might easily slip into sentimentality is always kept on an unemotional plane while irony and understatement etch the parallel stories.

EDITH S. BLESSING

FIVE NOVELS BRIEFLY NOTED

All the Girls We Loved, by Prudencio de Pereda. New York: Farrar, Straus and Company. 1948. \$2.75.

This is not a novel, simply short stories tied together by the fact that all the episodes were recounted to the same man. The writing is good but there is no depth to the characters, as they and their girls are types. It is probably a fair slice of life quite well described by the title of the book.

The City and the Pillar, by Gore Vidal. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1948. \$3.50.

Mr. Vidal tells a story of homosexuals. One comes out with the impression that homosexuality is so widespread that soon currently normal sexual relationships will be considered abnormal and the abnormal, normal. The style is rather flat and only types are presented.

The Needle's Eye, by Timothy Pember. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1947. \$3.00.

This is a sincere, thoughtful novel, a good first novel. One feels that it is probably autobiographical and that Mr. Pember is really too close to his material to do it justice. The book is dull in spots, but the sense of form is good and the motivation on the whole acceptable. The characters grow as the novel develops, and Catherine is particularly sensitively portrayed.

The Neighbors, by Virginia Sorensen. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1947. \$3.00.

This is a good novel, calmly and sympathetically written. The description of the mountain country is fine. A great deal of action is crowded into one year, so much that one occasionally feels the prodding hand of the author. It is like a documentary film in which every side, every process from beginning to end must be shown. Many modern problems are presented: anti-Semitism; adjustment of the returned soldier to civilian life; the fate of the teacher with liberal ideas. Birth, love, death roll the story along. Mrs. Sorensen uses verbs with sensory appeal that give color and life to her prose.

Two Came to Town, by Simeon Strunsky. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1947. \$3.00.

"Mr. Thomas" and "Mr. Alexander" return to New York to see what has happened to the country which they helped to found. Mr. Strunsky's style is easy, gently humorous, delightful to read. The exploration of Manhattan, the broadcasting studio, the literary tea, the long subway ride serve as springboards for discussion, not only for the visitors and the author but for the reader.

EDITH S. BLESSING

REVIEWS OF SOME CURRENT POETRY

Poems, 1922-1947, by Allen Tate. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948. \$2.50.

Selected Poems, by D. H. Lawrence. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, 1948. \$1.50.

Selected Poems, by Bertolt Brecht, translated by H. R. Hays. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1947. \$3.50.

To Walk a Crooked Mile, by Thomas McGrath. New York: The Swallow Press and William Morrow and Company, 1947. \$2.00.

Four Poems by Rimbaud, translated by Ben Belitt. Denver: Alan Swallow, 1947. \$1.75.

Pringle and Other Poems, by James R. Caldwell. Denver: Alan Swallow, 1948. \$1.75.

The City Built on Sand, by Myron H. Broomell. Denver: Alan Swallow, 1948. \$1.00.

The Lost Son and Other Poems, by Theodore Roethke. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1948. \$2.50.

Figures for an Apocalypse, by Thomas Merton. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, 1947. \$2.50.

The Green Wave, by Muriel Rukeyser. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, 1948. \$2.50.

Imagine the South, by George Woodcock. Pasadena, California: The Untide Press, 1947. \$.50.

Aegean Islands and Other Poems, by Bernard Spencer. Garden City: New York: Doubleday and Company, 1948. \$2.50.

It is good, I think, that poets of recognized eminence should be represented by carefully selected editions of their works published at intervals commensurate with their poetic productivity. Since the last American edition of Allen Tate's selected poems appeared in 1937, serious readers of modern poetry can hardly afford to ignore the present volume—*Poems, 1922-1947*. One of the most careful craftsmen of our times, Tate reveals in his poetry not only the assimilation of major twentieth century influences but also an original synthesis of means and method which has made him in his turn an important influence for other poets. In a time when men seem reeds in the maelstrom of event, Allen Tate has worked to wrench meaning from Time's appalling flux—even though it be only the meaning of meaninglessness—to snatch a rag of respect out of the vulture beak of ancient evil.

I asked the master Yeats
 Whose great style could not tell
 Why it is man hates
 His own salvation,
 Prefers the way to hell,
 And finds his last safety
 In the self-made curse that bore
 Him towards damnation:
 The drowned undrowned by the sea,
 The sea worth living for.

Here is no bravado of flamboyant line and easy answer but a bringing to terms of experience and technique, an adult acceptance and expression of the perversity of man's will and fate.

The fact that more than half of the poems in this collection were not included in the 1937 edition should indicate something of Tate's achievement in poetry. Needless to say such quantitative evaluation would be fully corroborated by a careful perusal of the newer poems which include "The Winter Sea" and twelve poems not published in the London edition of *Poems, 1920-1945*, as well as a brilliant translation of the "Pervigilium Veneris."

Although D. H. Lawrence seems to me more important as a man and a prophet than as a poet, there can hardly be any doubt that his poetry is relevant to a full understanding of the man. Moreover, though I am inclined to think that most of Lawrence's poems could hardly survive objective appraisal in the cold light of anonymity, I feel certain that an understanding of Lawrence the man and prophet would prove of inestimable value in diagnosing some neuroses now fashionable among writers; consequently I have found the New Directions edition of Lawrence's poems interesting for somewhat extra-poetic reasons. Nevertheless the Lawrence devotee will hardly be disappointed in the selection, which represents, I think, more than a fair sampling of Lawrence's poetic work. Any omissions of favorite poems should be compensated for by the adulatory introduction of Kenneth Rexroth to whom Lawrence seems to be both patron saint and major prophet.

Confused and complex inter-relationships of nations and peoples surely make adequate translations of outstanding poets even more pertinent in the effort to attain some common ground for human understanding. H. R. Hays' selections from the poems of Bertolt Brecht take on additional significance when one considers that Brecht himself was primarily concerned with this very problem. Ideologically a leftist, Brecht would seem to be more truly a social poet than most of the avowed leftist poets of England and America. Whatever doubts one may have as to the validity of Marxism, there can be little doubt, I think, that Brecht is using it more effectively than most. As to the adequacy of Hays' translation, I am hardly prepared to judge, but I do feel grateful that he has made available to the non-German

reader the work of an important contemporary poet. The following lines will exemplify something of the Brecht thought and the Hays' rendering:

Ah, what an age it is
 When to speak of trees is almost a crime.
 For it is a kind of silence about injustice!
 And he who walks calmly across the street,
 Is he not out of reach of his friends
 In trouble?
 It is true: I earn my living
 But, believe me, it is only an accident.
 Nothing that I do entitles me to eat my fill.
 By chance I was spared. (If my luck leaves me
 I am lost.)

Here then it seems to me is a social concern and conviction strong enough, genuine enough, that, if it were to become more general, might regenerate in its phoenix flames the moribund hope of human brotherhood.

Lacking the adult perspective and practised craftsmanship of Brecht, Thomas McGrath nevertheless gives evidence in his *To Walk a Crooked Mile* of a passionate conviction and a not inconsiderable talent. More rooted in personal bitterness than Brecht, McGrath writes from a similar ideological position. Although his many adaptations of modern techniques show McGrath's versatility, the threads of influence seem at times too obvious. One feels the need of more integration of talent and conviction—an integration which might possibly be achieved through the submergence of personal bitterness in a larger and more compassionate social understanding.

Ben Belitt's translations of four Rimbaud poems represent, I believe, something of an innovation in the translating field. Literal translations opposite French texts provide a more intelligible measure for judging Belitt's final verse renderings. So judged, I think these translations of Rimbaud's "Les Poetes de Sept Ans," "Les Premieres Communions," "Le Bateau Ivre," and "Memoire" brilliant realizations of French poetry in English. It is to be hoped that more translations will be published in this manner, and I, for one, would like to see more of Rimbaud's poems in a Belitt translation.

Two more books from the Swallow Press confirm this reviewer's faith in the merit of minor modern poetry and the value of the small non-commercial press. *Pringle and Other Poems*, a first book by James R. Caldwell, though by no means major poetry, is thoroughly pleasing by reason of this scholarly poet's controlled delicacy of thought and expression. Admirers of Myron Broomell's *The Time by Dialing* will welcome his new booklet, *The City Built on Sand*. Working chiefly in the sonnet, Broomell makes relevant and ironic comment on a famous American city, Los Angeles. Although somewhat lacking in the depth and precision of his earlier book, *The City Built on Sand* yet shows Broomell to be one of our most individual and interesting craftsman in disciplined traditional forms.

In an age of experimentalism, originality sometimes becomes an end in itself, confusing the truly spontaneous with the artfully different. As a

result the genuinely different is sometimes overlooked. But no discriminating reader, I think, could so overlook the originality of Theodore Roethke's *The Lost Son and Other Poems*. For Roethke's poems are vigorous and alive, syntheses of experiences sensuous as well as cerebral. Words and images dance with the lusty grace of Tom o' Bedlam:

Rich me cherries a fondling's kiss,
The summer bumps of ha:
Hand me a feather, I'll fan you warm,
I'm happy with my paws.

Here indeed is a poet who can sharpen perception with the techniques of nonsense and nursery rhyme, and from the mind's midden of humiliation and desire, from sensual empathy in sap-filled roots and dung-fed growth, make poetry to illuminate life's darker levels.

Those of faith and those of little faith are alike in one respect today—in anticipation of inexorable doom. Thomas Merton, a Trappist monk, makes explicit—too explicit, I think—this apocalyptic warning in his new book, *Figures for an Apocalypse*. Merton's concern can be understood, but I cannot help feeling that he is too clamorous in his expression. In an age when sirens shriek all manner of warnings, what noise can be loud enough for miracle? Moreover, there is, I think, a close relationship between discipline in religion and discipline in art. Without depreciating Merton's enthusiasm and vision, I nevertheless feel that his poetry would be more effective if he wrote with something of that control not disdained by earlier religious poets. Dante, San Juan de la Cruz, Santa Teresa, and Gerard Manley Hopkins come to mind immediately as examples. It is to be regretted that Merton prefers to remain at the propagandistic level—a level that places him in somewhat uncomfortable juxtaposition with the poetic salesman of another cult, the anti-religious communists.

Although characterized by a poised at-homeness in new verse techniques, Muriel Rukeyser's new book, *The Green Wave*, seems to me somewhat thin and unconvincing. It is a truism, of course, that simplicity is the result of artifice, but artifice here serves only to over-simplify experience. As a result, poems which suggest an exploration and clarification of life's mystery are resolved into the slightly hysterical effusions of a pregnant woman. This is to be regretted all the more since Miss Rukeyser is, I think, a poet of no mean range and versatility. Some confirmation of Miss Rukeyser's essential ability can be found in this volume in her translations from Marquesan love songs and from the poems of the gifted Mexican poet, Octavio Paz.

Poems included in the pamphlet *Imagine the South* are convincing evidence, I think, that George Woodcock is a meticulous poet of some promise. Concerned with man's spiritual exile and doom, Woodcock gains conviction and power through his skillful execution in traditional forms.

Imagine the South from which these migrants fled,
 Dark-eyed, pursued by arrows, crowned with blood,
 Imagine the stiff stone houses and the ships
 Blessed with wine and salt, the quivering tips
 Of spears and edges signalling in the sun
 From swords unscabbarded and sunk in brine,
 Imagine the cyclamen faces and yielding breasts
 Hungered after in a dead desert of icy mists,
 Imagine, for though oblivious, you too are cast
 Exile upon a strange and angry coast.

By no means extraordinary poetry, but well-done and worthy of respect. On the other hand, *Aegean Islands and Other Poems* reveal Bernard Spencer as a poet who seems more interested in craft than poetry. Techniques, I fear, are not enough.

DEANE MOWRER

A Man in Midpassage: Collected Poems, 1930-1947, by Norman Macleod. Columbus, Ohio: Cronos Editions. \$2.50.

The Single Rose: Poems of Divine Love, by Fray Angelico Chavez. Santa Fe: Los Santos Bookshop. \$1.25.

Writing in the *New York Times*, Book Review, for January 4, 1948, Stephen Spender discusses "The Dilemma of the Modern Poet in a Modern World." He points to a sequence of poets in every decade of the twentieth century who have been spokesmen for a literary generation, voicing the particular buoyancies and depressions of two wars and the aftermaths of spiritual, economic, and political dislocation. Their poetry served to pass on the vital experience of truth "in terms of hunger, misery, aspirations and all the varying fortunes of the struggle." But seldom have modern poets been able to find an inner world of imagery, myth, and symbol to give lasting and universal beauty to the records of these years. The problem of finding a mythology, a folklore, even a vocabulary that will survive the time cycle of a decade has not been conquered by the gifted young writers of poetry, many of whom today speak with authority but seem too much of their day to live beyond it.

Norman Macleod has been writing poetry, as this reviewer can testify, since the age of twelve; and from the beginning he has spurned the orthodox measures and standard verse forms of poetic tradition. His radical verse is built up by vivid, suggestive images that constantly cross the boundaries of acknowledged metaphor (the identification of one object in terms of another) to create an image of mingled metaphors, sometimes satisfying and sometimes repellent. I can follow the method of communication in the first stanza of "My Tree's Thin Sorrow," which is here produced:

A poison that bubbles around the bone's socket
 Rises like sap through the starched marrow
 And spreads its eagle scarecrow arms to drip
 Claws of blood from black malignant fingers.

The second and third stanzas inform of the "fatal flaw" to the flesh rooted in the genealogical line which the mind's eye can see, looking back through the telescope of the past. The poem closes, however, with two lines which seem to me out of range and simply unnecessarily difficult to apply to the personal tragedy of an inheritance blighted by ancestral weakness.

The burning twin orbs in death's endorsement
That now index the strychnine of the stars.

However, the twin orbs of man's sight, forward or back, to hope or memory of despair, are universal terms and so is language dealing with the stars. How permanent such an image as "the strychnine of the stars" will be is the query presented by Mr. Spender in his critique of the poetry of today.

Fray Angelico Chavez is four years younger than Macleod, Western born like Norman, but as far "south of forty" as Macleod was native north of that line. The Spanish inheritance of the younger man has flowered in previous books of poetry, *Clothed with The Sun* (1939) and *Eleven Lady Lyrics* (1945), volumes that may please many of his readers more than his latest, which is *The Single Rose*. But if I have any right to judge poetry, *The Single Rose* is one of the most beautiful expressions in poetry of modern times. Its theme is the love of Christ. Its symbolism is of the vineyard and the hillside, where tree and tendril sprout beside flocks and hedge-birds. Its passionate imagery comes from thoughts shared with the poets who walk the corridors of the Bible and the great classics of English and Spanish literature, spurred by the quick response of the religious soul in life experience poured "on eye, ear, nostril, lip and fingertips" where the "senses' entrance five-fold-doored is yearnfully ajar."

Norman Macleod has been seeking a vocabulary, a myth-world, a rhythm to interpret youth's generation, now nearing the mid-passage of manhood's age. He has earned a place among the abler poets, though for me the effects of his poetry remain still tortured, reluctant to let meaning and beauty through without a snare of imagery. Fray Angelico has transplanted a tradition of Spanish mysticism into the beauty of English words. Those who search the poles of experience in modern poetry will find refreshment, challenge, and new, yet old, horizons as these two poets add to the literature of American poetry in English.

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