

1959

Book Reviews

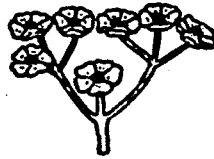
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BOOK REVIEWS

THE GREAT IMPOSTOR, FERNANDO WALDO DEMARA, by Robert Crichton. New York: Random House, 1959. 218 pp. \$3.95.

The publisher's blurb states that Robert Crichton, who is thirty-four years old, was born in Albuquerque "when herds of wild horses still ran across the mesa that surrounds the town." Robert could hardly have remembered those thundering herds as he was only four when his family moved to New York. But anyway he displays a fine sense of the fabulous and the dramatic in this book about a most incredible fraud.

Ferdinand Waldo Demara was the son of a French Canadian named Desmarais who changed his name's

spelling in Lawrence, Massachusetts, where he married an Irish girl. Ferdinand was born into middle-class respectability and suffered acutely when his father lost his movie theater and the family sank into poverty. Apparently Ferdinand then acquired a great need to excel, to have status. Educated in a Catholic school, the boy considered himself a devout Catholic and he began his career in a Cistercian monastery where he was a dedicated and humble novice until boredom set in and he went on to a series of impersonations under various aliases in schools, colleges, hospitals, the Texas state prison, and—most incredibly—in the Royal Canadian Navy where he won a medal as a surgeon for notable achievement

under fire in the South Pacific. He was finally discharged, under a cloud, but as a doctor.

Demara's success at all this seems to have been due to certain inherent traits and some rules of procedure which he discussed frankly with his biographer. His inherent qualities included a charming personality, great physical and mental strength and agility, a superior mind, and perhaps above all unmitigated nerve, impudence, gall, cheek—all based on and developed by his judgment of human nature and what Mr. Crichton calls his understanding of how organizations work. These qualities and comprehensions gave him a method which seems never to have failed. He found people gullible to an extent hard to believe, with touching faith in what he said, and an absolute dependence upon the written word. If he could submit papers—and he always could—forged, stolen, or fabricated records, and glowing recommendations on stationery he had filched from the office of a college president, a business executive, or a bishop, he was readily accepted as the person he purported to be with the academic degrees or other qualifications he claimed. Once installed, he proved highly efficient, willing to do more than his share, and capable of enlarging his job and expanding the usefulness of the institution he adorned. With his fine mind he could learn fast; he never competed for the top job in any department or

division; he created new committees, new departments, new programs. This he called "filling the power vacuum." He made no enemies because he always let the other man win every argument.

If—as he often did—he met distrust, he attacked; he might point out that the organization would suffer as much as he would from a scandal. And, in the ultimate case, he could always leave. Boredom often led to this move too; always a quiet move, carrying out his own trunk at night, or pulling out in an organization car to abandon when he was well on his way to his next field of endeavor as a different person in a distant state.

Perhaps the most revealing paradox is Demara's claim that he did only good, his sins were committed only for a good end, and he told Mr. Crichton that he had improved every institution he ever worked in. He had raised academic standards, inaugurated more intelligent handling of boys and even of the most depraved prisoners. He claims credit for reforming the Texas penal system. He also said: "My lurid example has been instrumental in getting colleges and businesses to change their sloppy ways of handling confidential information and records. . . . your privacy and your records are safer today because of me. . . . Isn't that uplifting?"

Both Mr. Demara and Mr. Crichton hint that the end is not yet. In

an article on Demara for *Life* magazine, Mr. Crichton implied that Demara might some day be using his name and background. Perhaps we in Albuquerque should be prepared to greet a plausible Robert Crichton looking for herds of wild horses on the mesa.

—ERNA FERGUSSON

Member of a famous New Mexico writing family (she is the sister of Francis Fergusson and Harvey Fergusson), Erna Fergusson has a number of acknowledged Southwestern classics to her credit—*Dancing Gods*, *Murder in New Mexico*, among them. Her "Our Modern Indians" appeared in Spring 1959 NMQ.



AN ANTHOLOGY OF MEXICAN POETRY, compiled by Octavio Paz, trans. by Samuel Beckett, with a preface by C. M. Bowra. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1958. 214 pp. \$3.50.

VIDA Y OBRAS DE TOMÁS CARRASQUILLA, by Kurt L. Levy, trans. by Carlos López Narváez. Medellín, Colombia: Editorial Be-
dout, 1958.

This anthology of Mexican poetry belongs to the UNESCO collection of representative works, Latin American Series, and was published with the cooperation of the Organization of American States.

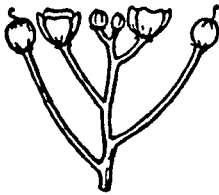
The book opens with a synthetic and highly relevant discussion of the nature, evolution and present status of poetry by C. M. Bowra. He points out that urbanization, standardized education and specialization of intellectual life are slowly annihilating the desire to write poetry and blunting the ability to enjoy it. He says that more primitive societies, where poetry is still a national pastime and consolation, continue to produce a living poetry and tradition, whereas our highly mechanized and urban society may be limiting poetry to the esoteric pursuit of cliques and coteries. Mr. Bowra concludes that the unfolding panorama of poetry reveals to us what a nation has seen and felt throughout its history.

There follows an excellent review of the history of Mexican poetry by Octavio Paz. Not only does he list and characterize the outstanding Mexican poets, but he also situates Mexican literature in the framework of world literature and history. His essay is informative, sensitive and well written.

The third section of the book, and the most important, contains the translations of Mexican poetry by Samuel Beckett. The selections by Octavio Paz show a great deal of thought and sensitivity. Mr. Beckett has done a magnificent job. His translations conserve the spirit, the flavor and the color of the originals in every case. He has gone beyond the words, syntax and grammar to sound the

depths of the Mexican soul to bring to his readers a sensitive poetic report of what he heard and saw there.

An Anthology of Mexican Poetry brings to the North American reader a true and vital picture of the land and the people below the Rio Grande. It is a revealing and exciting experience, an experience that will do much to create understanding and appreciation of a culture and a way of life so near to us, so implacably interwoven with our own history and future, and of which, unfortunately, we know and understand far too little.



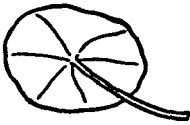
Kurt L. Levy's book is a work of love. It is a sympathetic and scientific recreation of the life and works of Tomás Carrasquilla. It is a work long due, for literary criticism has in large part ignored this outstanding novelist of Colombia, who is practically unknown outside his own country. Levy's book will establish Tomás Carrasquilla among the first novelists of Latin America and give him the recognition he so richly deserves.

The book shows indefatigable research, sensitive analysis and a thorough understanding and domination of the subject. It is divided into eight chapters: 1) His life: a dedication to literature. 2) The man: a passion for truth. 3) His aesthetic theories: a struggle for harmony. 4) The creative artist: a spiritual scrutiny of little people. 5) The creative artist: an examination of his unique ideas. 6) The regional element: a tribute to Antioquia. 7) His language: an ambush for imitators. 8) The critics: a sin of omission. There are notes, bibliography and pictures in addition.

The Latin-American novel has frequently been criticized for a lack of well-rounded characters. It is often said that its fictional characters are social types and not individual human beings. This book will prove that Carrasquilla's characters are individuals who make their own way through their lives in the noblest novelistic tradition.

Mr. Levy is to be commended on the sincerity, honesty and conscientiousness of his labors. His book will give Carrasquilla his rightful place in Latin American letters. This book is a credit to literary criticism; it broadens the base and the scope of Latin American criticism.

—SABINE R. ULIBARRÍ
Assistant professor of Modern Languages at the University of New Mexico, Dr. Ulibarrí wrote his doctoral dissertation on the poetry of Juan Ramón Jiménez.



RIDE THE RED EARTH, by Paul I. Wellman. Garden City: Doubleday and Co., 1958. 448 pp. \$3.95.

To paraphrase the quotation about the James brothers (Henry and William, not Jesse and Frank), Paul Wellman writes history like a novelist and novels like a historian, and this book is no exception. And while the historical setting is much broader than that covered in such works as *Death on Horseback* or *Glory, God and Gold*, the historical background for this novel seems every bit as authentic as the material for the two histories. A good part of the book is laid in the New France of the eighteenth century, ranging from Quebec and Montreal to Mobile and New Orleans. Life in Canada in the early part of the century, with its *coureurs de bois*, *voyageurs* and *habitants*, is particularly well portrayed as is that of the French colonists in Louisiana. The all-but-incredible hero, *Sieur de St. Denis*, has as his associates such historical giants of New France as Cadillac, Iberville, and Bienville, who roamed over half a continent and have left place and street names from Detroit to New Orleans. The

story then takes the hero through the unknown and terrible Texas of the time with its fierce Indian inhabitants down to a Mexico which was largely controlled by the powers of the Inquisition. From Quebec to Mexico City was a fantastic Odyssey in those years, yet Wellman makes it credible and fascinating.

—ALEXANDER D. PARNIE
Western history is the hobby of Mr. Parnie, who is manager of a West-Coast transportation company.

DIAMOND SIX, by William Fielding Smith. Ed. by Garland Roark. Garden City: Doubleday and Co., 1958. 383 pp. \$4.50.

The Diamond Six, a big ranch in the rich cotton-and-cattle country west of Houston, was founded by the author's grandfather, Kentuckian Wesley Smith, in 1844. Wesley's memoirs and family papers provide a factual basis for this narrative. Grandson William furnishes a thick layer of fictional trimming.

In that year of 1844 there was trouble in Kentucky. Northern land grabbers were active, and one of them killed Wesley Smith's father. The boy was only fifteen years old, but he knew what to do. He shot the man he believed to be guilty (it turned out to be the wrong one), and left in a cloud of dust for Texas.

Wesley's mature wisdom and fabulous skill with a six shooter brought him a welcome in the new country

and he decided that the place fitted his tastes and talents. He went back to Kentucky for the last time, ambushed and killed the real murderer of his father, and headed back to Texas with everything he owned.

His new friends had his big house ready for him when he arrived and he stepped into a position of leadership at once. He carried his share of the load through the Mexican War and the Civil War. He was a Texas Ranger, a Confederate soldier, and a peace officer as long as there were Indians, Yankees, or desperadoes to fight. From his grandson's account he was a wise and fearless, if often ruthless, upholder of decency and order.

The trouble is that Wesley Smith is too good to be true. He always sees far ahead, always is cool and courageous, always beats the wicked villain to the draw. All his friends are high-minded Southern gentlemen. All his enemies are low fellows with shifty eyes and weak chins. It is not reasonable to believe that even in Texas the issues of life were as simple as that.

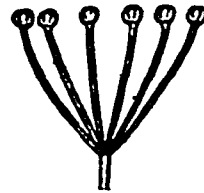
Actually Mr. Smith has more than ancestor worship on his mind. His book is an elegy for the ante-bellum South. Wesley and his friends form an aristocracy of noble gentlemen, and everybody outside the charmed circle is apt to be pretty trashy. The persuasions and prejudices of these upper-class Southerners are sympathetically presented. Mr. Smith says

his aim is to present his grandfather just as he was without justification or condemnation, but obviously Wesley's notions seem about right to William. He gives implicit approval to feud killings; doubts that Sam Houston was right in pushing Texas into the Union; feels that there was much to be said for the institution of human slavery; and is sure that the northern leaders were scoundrels.

Biased as it is, *Diamond Six* must be used with caution as history. What it does superlatively well is to show how the third generation in East Texas looks back on its Civil War background.

—C. L. SONNICHSEN

Author of "Ten Texas Feuds," "The Mescalero Apaches," and other volumes of lore and legend of the Southwest, C. L. Sonnichsen is chairman of the Department of English, Texas Western College.



BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND SUNS, by Robert Jungk. New York: Harcourt Brace and Co., 1958. 369 pp. \$5.00.

In *Brighter Than a Thousand Suns*, Mr. Robert Jungk tells a dramatic story of the scientists who developed the atomic bomb. The jacket

of the book carries the following endorsement by Bertrand Russell: "One of the most interesting books I have ever read; it is more exciting than any novel and at the same time it is packed with information which is both new and valuable." Unfortunately the book is also packed with so much misinformation that the innocent reader would find it difficult to be sure where fact leaves off and fantasy begins.

If one happens to know, for instance, that almost none of the statements recorded as fact on page 129 are true: that Oppenheimer was never a pupil at Los Alamos Ranch School; that the school was founded, not in 1918 but in 1917, and not by Alfred J. Connell, but by Ashley Pond; that Mr. Connell's name was not Alfred, but Albert; that he was not a "retired officer" but had been employed for years in the U. S. Forest Service; that the founder of the school did not "lease the surrounding land from its Indian owners" but bought it from a homesteader named Brook; that there was no "consecrated spot of ground surrounded by a low hedge" on the school property, but only the ruin of a single Indian dwelling, long-abandoned and without evidence of a kiva, one has to ask oneself on how many other pages do such misstatements of fact occur?

Mr. Jungk has read a lot of documents and interrogated a lot of people, but one feels that he relies far more on his own lively imagina-

tion than he does on his sources. It is hard to understand how any person who has read carefully the 992-page report of the proceedings of the atomic energy commission against Dr. Oppenheimer can make the following statement:

"Oppenheimer's professional colleagues were almost unanimous from the beginning in taking his side. But their support of him was only rarely due to personal sympathy Their primary motives were professional solidarity and self-interest."

The balance of the testimony has given many readers just the opposite impression: the scientists who supported Oppenheimer spoke with warmth and conviction and with a notable disregard of self-interest. One can only conclude that Mr. Jungk has been hasty in his reading, or that he has a very naïve conception of science and the discipline that the search for knowledge demands of its followers.

Still discussing the report of the Oppenheimer hearings, he says, "The proceedings revealed their [the scientists'] untroubled youth, their dread of the dictators, how they were dazzled by the overwhelming nature of their discoveries, the heavy responsibility for which they had not been prepared, the fame which threatened to be their ruin, their inextricable involvement and their deep distress."

This sentence, which could stand as a summary of the book, is a masterpiece of half-truth and hasty general-

ization. When Mr. Jungk attempts to make the facts of his story fit the generalization, the effect is often as distorting as the efforts of Cinderella's sisters to carve their feet to fit the glass slipper.

He claims that the scientists "had taken up their calling in the first place because they wished to turn their backs upon a chaotic and lawless world." He condemns them for "their loss of that deeply rooted set of ethical beliefs out of which all science had formerly grown," yet on another page he declares that during the work on the bomb, "their enthusiasm which surmounted every difficulty . . . was founded upon a passionate belief in the justice of the Allied Cause."

A passionate belief in the justice of a cause and the willingness to make great sacrifices for the sake of this belief is hardly consistent with "the perversion of science as an expression of deep moral principles" of which the scientists are over and over accused. Life can not be diagrammed quite so neatly in black and white as Mr. Jungk seems to think. The refusal of the scientists to go forward with their work would have been more clearly a turning of the back; because they did go forward their ethical beliefs were challenged; the scientists were among the first of us to accept the challenge, to realize that moral principles must change and grow along with the growth of knowledge. Side by side with the

threat of destruction has grown a new sensitivity of the human heart. We have learned that inescapably the world is one. We breathe a common air; the same moon shines on us all. We cannot destroy our neighbor without at the same time destroying ourselves and not only ourselves but the beauty of our world.

"Modern science," Mr. Jungk tells us, "has been inspired by 'the proud will to master nature,'"—it is typical of his book that he does not tell us from whom the quoted part of the sentence comes. What he fails to mention is that knowledge of nature—though it may indeed begin with the will to power, leads also to love, to that love of nature and our place within it which may yet make us whole.

This outcome is hardly served by Mr. Jungk's lack of respect for knowledge in general and for facts in particular. This is unfortunate, for the story he tells is a dramatic one, and told dramatically; the issues with which it deals are profound and deserving of far more responsible treatment than this author has given them.

—PEGGY POND CHURCH

Author of "The House at Otowi Bridge," which appeared recently in *NMQ* and is being published as a book by the University of New Mexico Press, Mrs. Church spent many years at Los Alamos—her father's ranch before it achieved atomic fame.

SELECTED POEMS OF GABRIELA MISTRAL. Translated with an introduction by Langston Hughes. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. 119 pp. \$3.00.

Langston Hughes has translated selected poems of the Chilean Nobel Prize winner at the request of Indiana University Press "for the simple reason that [he] liked the poems." Perhaps it is easy to understand why, for Gabriela's simplicity closely resembles the American's style, so much so that only the femininity of these poems reminds the reader they are not Hughes' own work.

—JOE FERGUSON



THE INCAS, by Pedro de Cieza de León. Trans. by Harriet de Onís. Ed., with an introduction and notes by Victor Wolfgang von Hagen. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1959. 474 pp. \$5.95.

Here, issued as the fifty-third volume in the Civilization of the American Indian series, we have after four centuries and more the initial rendering into English of the foundation stone for all subsequent writings on

the great Inca empire as that empire existed at the time of its conquest and destruction by the Spanish.

While still a boy, Pedro de Cieza de León came to the Western Hemisphere of the early 1530's, when the systematic gutting of the Incas' civilization by Pizarro and his soldiers was almost completed. From what is now Colombia he made his way to Peru; and there, as he ranged over the mountains and through the valleys, he was an eyewitness to the immediate aftermaths of one phase of that spacious and terrible era when, to employ the words of William Carlos Williams, "Upon the orchidean loveliness of the new world the old rushed inevitably to revenge itself." And Cieza undertook, with a clear, spare style and a burning objectivity, both to describe minutely the panorama of ruin that lay all about him and to reconstruct the details—cultural, civil, and economic—of the people who had lived and flourished there before the coming on of that ruin. As such a reconstruction and first-hand description, his two chronicles—both of which are presented here—are of an almost inestimable historical and anthropological interest and value.

Because specialists have, of course, long been familiar with Cieza's rich and remarkable document in its original language, further adjudication in this review might be superfluous. One need merely note that it is good to have such primary source material

as this now conveniently available in a scrupulous translation by Mrs. Onís, that Victor Wolfgang von Hagen's extended introduction, while not particularly well written, offers a wealth of information, and that the handsomely executed volume has been well supplied with maps and illustrations and with a good bibliography and index.

—ROBERT L. STILWELL

A teaching assistant in the Department of English at Ohio State University, Mr. Stilwell is currently editing an anthology of original critical essays on Hawthorne.

CONVERSATIONS WITH IGOR STRAVINSKY, by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1959. 162 pp. \$4.00.

Robert Craft is best known to New Mexicans as a conductor with the Santa Fe Opera. His long and close association with Stravinsky make him a natural collaborator for the conversations.

Mr. Craft's position is merely that of straight man providing Stravinsky an opportunity to air some of his ideas on what music should be, to tell something of his musical background and training, to reveal some intimate glances of other great figures he has known.

The sometimes innocent and obvious questions asked by Mr. Craft result in some delightful, surprising,

humorous, and complicated answers. The book's first chapter "About Composing and Composition" will probably frighten away the tyro who will be swamped almost immediately. Perhaps this chapter should have been saved for a later time in the conversations. Those familiar with modern concepts of musical theory (Mr. Stravinsky would not approve of my using that term) will not find a brief, concise treatise on how to compose in the manner of Stravinsky. Rather, they will find some of the reasoning and bases for Stravinsky's approach and evolution of style.

As the conversations progress, one acquires various bonus items concerning the development of Stravinsky's career such as the proposed collaboration with Dylan Thomas on an opera, letters from Debussy, Ravel and others. Even more appealing is the demonstration of the composer's penetrating sense of humor. Some of his musical witticisms will doubtless become accepted phrases in musical circles, such as his description of Rachmaninov as "a six-and-a-half-foot-tall scowl." He refers to the saxophone's "juvenile-delinquent personality," and has a description of modern jazz that is a classic.

The book is augmented by several photographs of considerable interest, including a 1914 portrait of the composer as an angry young man. Perhaps even more interesting than the photographs is Stravinsky's line drawing illustrating his music.

The more one reads Stravinsky's personal opinions, the more one becomes convinced that in his immodest estimation no worthy music has been written this century other than by Stravinsky; the only contemporary music that will last is that of Stravinsky (possibly some Webern); and there is no living soul capable of wearing the Stravinsky mantle when it falls. It's discouraging to think that music will cease with the passing of the master, but perhaps a composer who has contributed so much to musical thinking as Stravinsky can afford to be a snob about it.

As Stravinsky views the immediate musical picture with his prejudiced eye (Or is it an accurate eye? Who can tell?), the Russian virtuosi who have received such acclaim in our country as well as their own are really sham as they have no literature in their repertoires beyond the nineteenth century. The composer doesn't predict too bright a future for modern (whatever modern is) American works, not because they are not being written, but because they will cease to be written as our best orchestras "are growing flabby on their diet of repertoire and second-rate new music—too much sugar." It is a diagnosis that is difficult to refute. He mourns the lack of capital for new music such as New York was in the 1920's.

The master predicts, with tongue in cheek, the music of the future in terms of "add-a-part electronic so-

natas," "simultaneous concerts binaurally disaligned to soothe both men in the schizophrenic, etc.," and "for the man in the satellite—superhi-fi-Rachmaninov." However, even Stravinsky should refrain from expressing too-frank opinions, for in his own words, describing the incompetence of critics, "they are not even equipped to judge one's grammar." Lest we endanger our lives by the means of some atonal, serial, auditi-vely shaped curse, let us reserve only the most sublime encomia when giving our hearty recommendations for *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky*.

—RAY REEDER

Mr. Reeder is Studio Director of Station KHFM in Albuquerque.

THE WALKS NEAR ATHENS, poems by Hollis Summers. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1959. 72 pp. \$3.00.

This substantial book will give many readers the same rare kind of pleasure that Isabella Gardner's *Birthdays from the Ocean* offered in 1955. For, like Miss Gardner's collection, it combines the excitement of a first volume—which it is—with the maturity of a "selected poems"—which it also is. Most of the fifty-six poems Mr. Summers presents he first published over a number of years in more than fifteen major periodicals. Mr. Summers is also familiar to

many readers as a short-story writer and novelist, and he has for some time enjoyed a distinguished reputation as a professor of creative writing, most recently at the University of Kentucky and Ohio University in Athens.

The control and craftsmanship that such a career would imply are evident throughout *The Walks Near Athens* and are strong values, indeed, but an even stronger, though subtler, one is evident in the range and variety of Mr. Summers' verse. The quatrain, with several modifications, is his basic form, but his rhythms move easily through many patterns; there are ballads, sonnets, many. Some of the newer poems—e.g., "The Authorities" (NMQ, Autumn 1957)—develop a particularly effective and inventive parallel rhyme that seems, perhaps, his most suitable form. "The Mirror Rose" is one of the shorter examples:

This rose within this mirror
Repeats itself once, and once only.
The roses wait with our minds knowing
The nature of perfection. But we can
surprise

Ourselves by turning this broken petal's
error
Toward ourselves, leaving the flat rose
lonely
As perfection. This is nature's showing
Up a mirror in which beauty also lies.

That poem is also representative of the subdued lyricism of much of Mr. Summers' work, though again his range can be shown in the variety

of his moods, from the personal "farewelling act of love, Waiting on a station platform at night" to that of the epigrammatic "Flicker" who "shouts of flickers blest; but, oh, the flicker's nest."

The scope of Mr. Summers' poetry is not least apparent in his eclectic choice of subjects. The strength of many of the poems lies in their careful exploration of a single detail, while in others there is the suggestion of an almost novel-like horizon. Thus, we have an observation, in one poem, of a butterfly hitting a windshield and, in another, a man carefully preparing his suicide; or on one page the image of a man shaving, and on the very next the image of Maximilian and Carlota looking down from their "weathered illustration castle" at a family picnic in Chapultepec on "Tuesday, the Day of the Dead."

Generally, Hollis Summers' poems are quiet and incisive. His repertoire of forms and moods and subjects, already large, will—one pleasantly feels—grow larger and more powerful. At present, it could perhaps be said of him, as it has been of the pianist Rudolph Serkin, that by possessing more speed and more volume than he ever uses, he never gives the impression of being exhausted. And that is no small accomplishment.

—CLIFFORD WOOD

Former poetry editor of NMQ, Clifford Wood teaches English at Central Missouri State College.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PRESSES COME OF AGE, a small booklet by Helen L. Sears published by Syracuse University Press (\$1.00), tells the surprising story of university publishers—who last year issued more than eleven per cent of the new American book titles. A healthy sign that they are “closing the gap between knowledge potentially useful and knowledge put to work.”



THE SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY PRESS uses a stylized symbol of leaves. It was designed by George Paxson.

Colophon of the UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS shows the Maxcy Monument, honoring the University's first president, Jonathan Maxcy. The monument was designed by Robert Mills, a native South Carolinian, and the cornerstone was laid December 15, 1827.



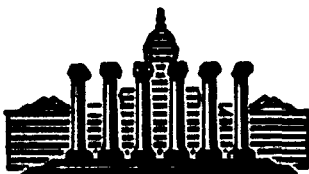
The device of LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS shows a monk seated at his desk in a medieval scriptorium painstakingly transcribing, it may be supposed, one of the monastery's treasures so that the truth and beauty of the world's great minds may continue to inspire men to sublime thoughts and brave deeds for God and king. A crucifix hangs on the wall before him, and there on the cross hangs the inspiration of the medieval copyist or author. There too, says a small book of Loyola Press's history, is the inspiration of the Loyola University Press and of the books it publishes. "The leisurely pace of the copyist, timed by the sands of the hourglass beside him as he painfully transcribes one of the monastery's manuscripts, is a far cry from the hectic pace of the modern linotype machine or the humming press that spews forth thousands of copies of a book in a few hours' time." Yet the function of both is essentially the same. "The best of teachers, a good book" is an old proverb incorporated in its Latin form in the colophon of the Press—*Optimus magister, bonus liber*.

Colophon of the publications from UNITED STATES NAVAL INSTITUTE shows Neptune's trident, which represents seapower. The trident is shown emerging through geometrically simulated waves and is flanked by two facing sea horses. The initials of the Institute complete the symbol. The basic idea was conceived by H. H. Jalbert, Rear Admiral, USNR (Ret.) and the drawing was executed by Mr. George C. Ruehl, Jr., of Baltimore.



As the song about Iowa proclaims, "That's where the tall corn grows!" Undoubtedly, this line inspired artist Sid Horn to design the colophon of the IOWA STATE COLLEGE PRESS so that it included the major product of the rich agricultural state. The emblem and ISCP were formally adopted in conjunction with the book-publishing program in 1939.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS uses as a colophon an adaptation of the University of Toronto crest.



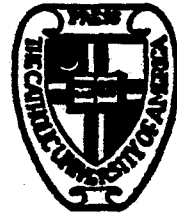
UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI PRESS

The columns in the foreground of the seal of the very new UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI PRESS are the remains of the first University administration building, which was destroyed by fire. In the background is Jesse Hall, the present administration building. The emblem is the work of Ned Etheridge, a member of the art faculty of Christian College in Columbia, Missouri.



The seal of MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS was designed by Jack Ryan, director of the Press, and executed by staff artist Bill Musler. The evergreen fronds and cones were included as emblems of the region, and the simple motto, *Veritas*, indicates the urge for knowledge. The first publication on which the colophon was used was Montana State's reprint of *Vigilante Days and Ways*.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA PRESS has adopted the armorial bearing of Catholic University. Quarterly azure and silver, a cross quarterly silver and gules; over all an open book, its edges gold, its pages inscribed *Deus Lux Mea Est* (God is My Light). In the first canton there is a silver crescent, the symbol of Mary Immaculate, Patroness of the Catholic University.



The seal of BROOKINGS INSTITUTION was designed in late 1928 when the Institution was established, consolidating the Institute of Economics, the Institute for Government Research, and the Robert Brookings Graduate School of Economics and Government. Identifying the purpose for which the Institution was created, the words *public service (through) understanding (based on) research (in) the social sciences* are keys to the publishing program.

An open book with an inscription in Greek is illustrative of the classical heritage of learning in books issued by YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS. This particular colophon is a revision by John O. C. McCrillis of an earlier insignia.





Kirkland Tower on the VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY campus was first used as the symbol of the Press' 1940 title, *Chancellor Kirkland of Vanderbilt*.

FUGITIVES' REUNION, CONVERSATIONS AT VANDERBILT, ed. by Rob Roy Purdy. Intro. by Louis D. Rubin, Jr., Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press, 1959. 224 pp. \$5.00.

In 1956, for three days, the men who organized the Nashville Fugitives while they were students at Vanderbilt University in the 1920's met to discuss their collective and individual interests.

Among them were Donald Davidson, William Yandell Elliott, Sidney Hirsch, Merrill Moore, John Crowe Ransom, Alfred Starr, Alec Stevenson, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, and Jesse Wills. Ten others interested in the movement from a critical-historical viewpoint sat in on the sessions where topics kicked around varied from "Why have none of the Fugitives written an epic" to Homer and Hemingway.

The Introduction by Louis D. Rubin, Jr. sums up the contribution of the small magazine which first appeared in April of 1922, and expresses the idea that the individual success of the Fugitives was enhanced by their group success. The text has been transcribed by Rob Roy Purdy

from tape, and an exhausting task it must have been. But the result is a sifting of a rich literary soil.

The American Studies Association and the Rockefeller Foundation are to be commended for their assistance in supporting the Fugitives' reunion at Vanderbilt.

THE POISON TREE AND OTHER STORIES, by Walter Clemons. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50.

Walter Clemons is a young Texan whose short stories have appeared in national magazines over the past four years. Now collected by Houghton Mifflin in *The Poison Tree*, the ten stories reveal a skillful craftsman in the Poe-Hawthorne-Faulkner tradition whose tragic vision focuses on the dark, uncontrollable forces in man. The recurring theme is human mortality and man's attitude, conscious or unconscious, toward it. The characters who accept the bleak finitude of mankind—fallible life, ineluctable death—stand in hope of strength, courage, and love. Those who reject our incurable imperfections are damned.

In "The Dark Roots of the Rose"

Cecilia Mehan forgives and marries the man who years ago axe-murdered her father. "I can face what is terrible at the roots of love," she says, accepting the blackness that is necessarily a part of life. But her brother Gerald, locked in hate, nourishes a lustful vengeance. In the gruesome denouement he mutilates and butchers Cecilia's husband, but Gerald is trapped in the irony that of the three lives, only his has been empty.

"The Common Night" explores the most absorbing fact of human finitude: death. Clemons memorably details the family reunion that surges around the deathbed of a matriarchal grandmother. Neighbors bring in lavish dinners; long-parted relatives embrace, laughing and crying; the Catholic contingent bolsters its spirits with liquor while the Baptists brood in the parlor. Allan, the grandson who returns from Oxford to Houston for the deathwatch, realizes that his family's cheer signifies no disrespect. Only through ritual can they bear the hideous fact manifested in the agonized screams from the sickroom. But when a sentimental aunt says, "It really makes you appreciate what it means to die with all your family around you," Allan sees the lie: "What good had it been to Mamaw. . . . His cheering himself up tonight like the others, by rubbing together for warmth, didn't have anything to do with the woman who had died. . . . Each person was alone, in the end."

Mr. Clemons' technical gifts rise to the demands of these ambitious stories. Perception springs from the taut fabric of concentrated prose, striking with the impact and immediacy of action. And at his best the author can create an atmosphere almost palpable: the hovering tragic glow of "The Dark Roots," the dewy summer radiance of "Nana Shellbean," the austere cerebral horror of a deadlocked battle of wills ("The Poison Tree").

With this impressive collection Walter Clemons emerges as a serious writer who knows the important question for the artist is not morality, a mere man-made thing, but nature—sometimes beneficent, often terrifying, always inexorable.

—ELLIS AMBURN

Following stints in the Army and as an editorial assistant at "Newsweek" magazine, Mr. Amburn returned to Columbia University to complete his M.A. At present he is an associate of J. F. McCrindle, New York literary agent.

I RODE WITH JEB STUART, by H. B. McClellan. Ed. with an introduction by Burke Davis. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1958. 455 pp. \$6.50.

The order to General J. E. B. Stuart, dated June 11, 1862, was signed by Robert E. Lee.

"You are desired to make a scout

movement to the rear of the enemy now posted on the Chickahominy, with a view of gaining intelligence of his operations, communications, etc., and of driving in his foraging parties and securing such grain, cattle, etc., for ourselves as you can make arrangements to have driven in. . . ."

Early the next morning, June 12, James Ewell Brown ("Jeb") Stuart, 1,200 cavalymen, and a section of artillery departed from Richmond. Stuart proceeded northward and that evening bivouacked near a railroad bridge over the South Anna River, twenty-two miles from Richmond. He permitted no fires that night and no bugle calls the following morning, when he turned eastward into strongly held Union territory.

Before Stuart returned to Richmond he had completed a circuit of General George B. McClellan's massive Army of the Potomac, sometimes passing within five miles of the Union camps. During his raid he captured 165 Federal soldiers and 260 horses and mules—with the loss of only one Confederate killed, caused great destruction of Federal property, and returned with complete information about McClellan's position. The latter accomplishment gave Lee the knowledge needed to bring down "Stonewall" Jackson's forces on McClellan's right flank.

More valuable than Stuart's physical accomplishment, however, was the psychological factor. Confederate newspapers played the story out of

all proportion, and Southern morale soared. On the other hand, the North was shocked—and George B. McClellan had good reason for his utter embarrassment.

A short time later, McClellan had occasion to report to President Lincoln that his cavalry horses were too fatigued to move. Lincoln, possibly still irked by Jeb Stuart's feat, wondered tartly "what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?"

Stuart's famous circling of McClellan's army and the ensuing furor best exemplify the impress left by this extraordinary warrior. Jeb relished every commotion he caused, something that came at frequent intervals, and seemed, in fact, to love every minute of his fast life, whether fighting, relaxing at home with his family, or dancing with the admiring belles he attracted effortlessly.

Surprisingly, this book—by Stuart's adjutant, who was also a cousin of the aforementioned, embarrassed George B. McClellan—is subdued in tone and for the most part objective. Stuart, beau sabreur of the South, thus becomes something more of a human being—albeit a remarkable one—especially with the even greater objectivity of editor Burke Davis, whose biography, *Jeb Stuart: The Last Cavalier*, won the 1958 Fletcher Pratt award.

H. B. McClellan, a Philadelphian who moved South and embraced States' Rights, wrote this book in the

1880's under the title, *Life and Campaigns of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart*. Until the Indiana University Press republished it as part of its Civil War Centennial Series it was long out of print.

The work is not for the fringe reader, who would probably become lost amid the wealth of detail concerning military units and their tactics and the terrain. It is, instead, for the serious Civil War student or one interested in military science. A painstaking compilation and meshing of hundreds of official reports is evident. Four clear maps, especially drawn for this volume, are helpful in following the action, but they illustrate only the most important engagements in which Stuart fought.

Despite the attention to impersonal details of battles, the book has many moments of human interest. One relates the actions of a cowardly Confederate ambulance driver who unhitched his horses and fled from the advancing Yanks, leaving his wounded charges to their fate.

Another describes the fortitude of a dying thirty-one-year-old Confederate major general—Jeb Stuart himself. While being carried mortally wounded from a field that lay between Richmond and Philip Sheridan's Union cavalry, Stuart noticed his men retreating in disorder.

"Go back! go back!" he called out to them. "... Go back! go back! I had rather die than be whipped."

—JOHN EDWARD WEEMS

ENGLISH PRIVATEERING VOYAGES TO THE WEST INDIES, 1588-1595, ed. by Kenneth R. Andrews. New York: Cambridge University Press, 1959. Hakluyt Society Publications, Second Series, No. 111. 421 pp. \$7.50.

Organized in December, 1846, the esteemed Hakluyt Society of Great Britain has, since that time, printed and distributed among its members numerous rare volumes on voyages and geographical records. This, the latest in that long line, carries the illuminating subtitle, "Documents relating to English voyages to the West Indies from the defeat of the Armada to the last voyage of Sir Francis Drake, including Spanish documents contributed by Irene A. Wright."

This lengthy description follows logically from the main title, because all English voyages to the West Indies during the period were privateering ventures. This volume deals with twenty-five of the best known ones.

The documents reprinted here include contemporary narratives by Richard Hakluyt, records of the High Court of Admiralty, and documents from the Archivo General de Indias in Seville. The latter material has been ably translated into English by Miss Wright, who also contributed *Further English Voyages to Spanish America, 1583-1594*, a 1951 Hakluyt Society publication.

The narratives from Hakluyt (first published in 1600 in the second edition of *Principal Navigations*) are of unquestioned value, but they are occasionally disappointingly brief and lacking in fullness. The High Court of Admiralty records, reprinted verbatim unless otherwise noted, comprise most of the volume and supply many interesting details, but they will sometimes prove tiresome to a casual reader. (Fortunately, the workings of the court are explained by the editor, affording considerable insight into litigation stemming from certain of the voyages.) The Spanish documents translated by Miss Wright furnish supplementary and corroborative information, and they are of particular value for providing color and excitement, elements lacking in the matter-of-fact English reports.

The three sources, combined, provide fascinating accounts of the voyages and the men who made them. "There is no doubt what the attractions were," declares Mr. Andrews, "—the promise of plunder and the

looser discipline. Drunkenness and disorder were very common in ships of reprisal. The taking of a prize often led to quarrels, insults and stabbings, or, if there were wines aboard, to orgies of drinking. . . .

"It is no wonder that Texeda, governor of Havana, considered the English corsairs 'a lot of drunkards' and 'a low lot.' Their own commanders cannot have held a much higher opinion of men whose customary independence as craftsmen of the sea was now inflated by the circumstance of war and the rule of brute force."

Read, then, the story of these corsairs, given in their own words and in those of their contemporaries. The work is of particular value to the student of sixteenth-century American history.

—JOHN EDWARD WEEMS

Author of "A Weekend in September" and "The Fate of the Maine," John Edward Weems is Assistant to the Director, University of Texas Press. Forthcoming publications include a book on the siege of Vicksburg.



On 9 June 1573 Robert Cooke, Clarencieux King of Arms, granted to Cambridge University the following arms: gules a cross ermine and four gold leopards with a book of gules upon the cross. The device appears on titles from CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.



The Washington Square arch identifies books from NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS, which is on the Washington Square campus of New York University. It was designed by Elmer Loemker and modified by Samuel Cauman.

STUDIES IN THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE DRAMA—IN MEMORY OF KARL JULIUS HOLZKNECHT, ed. by Josephine W. Bennett, Oscar Cargill, and Vernon Hall, Jr. New York: New York University Press, 1959. 398 pp. \$6.00.

As much hallowed by academic custom as the stone bench donated by the senior class—and usually no more frequented—the memorial volume seldom makes any single important statement as a book. Though among its invariably respectable offerings, some may be both original and significant, the whole is almost always less than the sum of its parts. Subject to these limitations, *Studies in the English Renaissance Drama* is a superior representative of its genre. The editors have solicited articles ranging widely in bibliography, biography, the history of drama, and in literary criticism. “New criticism,” however, does not appear (unless Irving Ribner’s supposition in an essay on *Romeo and Juliet* that “fool” and “child” are interchangeable synonyms in Elizabethan English can be laid at Empson’s door).

Professor Cargill has provided a life of Karl Holzknecht.

Space does not permit listing all the contributions. Among literary critics, Fredson Bowers amplifies his study of revenge tragedy in a very persuasive analysis of “The Death of Hamlet.” He maintains that Shakespeare has carefully weighted the action in Hamlet’s favor so that the judging audience, whose feelings toward private revengers were generally hostile or at best mixed, could applaud the course of Hamlet’s life. Vernon Hall asks whether the legendary grandeur surrounding ancient Rome does not overshadow all other considerations in *Julius Caesar*: is not Roman Virtue, rather than Brutus or Caesar, the true center of the action? According to Hall choosing either pro- or antagonist on the basis of Elizabethan or modern political theory distorts the spirit of the play. In *Kynge Johan* and in *Gorboduc*, S. F. Johnson discovers that human evil rather than fate destroys the hero, a pattern which he does not find dominant until Kyd’s *Spanish Tragedy* some thirty-five years later. Alfred Harbage offers the interesting impression that Dekker had a hand

in *Perkin Warbeck*, a supposition that would explain its difference from Ford's other plays. Samuel Schoenbaum analyzes *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* as the culmination of Middleton's comic genius. Rabelaisian humor and the ironic inversion of traditional morality balance the savageness of Middleton's indignation with a material culture. Elkin Wilson concludes the volume with an essay on Falstaff as Santayana's egocentric clown, who though delightfully irresponsible must live in a world where men ultimately take their, and his, morality seriously.

Among bibliographers, Giles Dawson describes "Robert Walker's Editions of Shakespeare," through which the publisher tried in vain to free copy from Tonson's virtual monopoly. The resulting price-war made Shakespeare available in cheap popular editions coinciding with and probably contributing to the revival of Shakespeare in the theater. Albert C. Baugh suggests that the medieval scribal convention of ending lines of verse with a full stop may have survived into the Renaissance as a tendency to punctuate line-endings in both non-dramatic and dramatic verse.

Mark Eccles provides a useful summary of the facts he has collected on the life of Anthony Munday. Dick Taylor, Jr. adduces a great deal of evidence to refute Clarendon's charge that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke was lecherous and suffered

an unhappy marriage. T. M. Pearce marshalls arguments to suggest that *Dido*, rather than being a play from Marlowe's Cambridge days, should be considered one of his very latest works. George F. Reynolds analyzes *Mucedorus* in its original and revised version and attributes the secret of its stage popularity to have been the use of lively business, perhaps even the appearance of a real bear.

Professor Cargill's scrupulously honest memorial of Karl Holzknecht's academic career should, one supposes, have pleased him.

—FRANKLIN M. DICKEY

Recipient of Folger Library Fellowships in 1957 and 1959, Franklin M. Dickey is the author of a study of Shakespeare's love tragedies, "Not Wisely, But Too Well."

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN MODERN ENGLISH, Trans. by J. B. Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1958. 589 pp. \$6.00.

The printing of this translation is certainly of great importance, for it makes available in one edition what is probably the most effectively readable version of the English New Testament in existence. It is the culmination of the translating work of J. B. Phillips begun in 1947 when Macmillan published his remarkable *Letters to Young Churches*. The tremendous response to that edition of the epistles of the New Testament led to the publication of that author's

The Gospels in 1952, *The Young Church in Action* in 1955, *The Book of Revelation* in 1957, and now the combined edition.

In his introduction to the *Letters to Young Churches*, C. S. Lewis observed that "It would have saved me a great deal of labour if this book had come into my hands when I first seriously began to try to discover what Christianity was." And Phillips has done just that for many—introduced them for the first time to the dynamic and vigorous message of the New Testament. Not only for the young and for the non-professional reader is this translation meaningful, but for the theologian and Greek scholar it is an invigorating and inspiring work. In this regard it is considerably superior even to *The New Testament: A Translation in the Language of the People* by Charles B. Williams, justly acclaimed by scholars as a very modern and most meticulous translation, and certainly it is preferable to the *Revised Standard Version New Testament* so widely acclaimed by the National Council of Churches and in such widespread use.

To what then is this extreme readability and power due? What characteristics of the translator's approach have caused him to succeed in accomplishing this desirable end? A check upon the usual devices employed for ease and clarity in simple communication surprisingly shows no superiority over Williams or the

RSV. Indeed a consideration of these techniques indicates that the accomplishment is not due to short paragraphs or sentences, to the use of simple structures, to any predominance of active verbs over passive verbs, to a large number of concrete nouns and descriptive adjectives, or to the use of monosyllables and a simple vocabulary. Thus Latin derivatives occur in large numbers and Phillips is more wordy than the terse RSV and a little more so than is Williams. The accomplishment is due primarily to a vigorous colloquial vocabulary, to a mastery of the use of emphasis within the sentence and paragraph, and to the use of modern transitions. Not only is Phillips a competent Greek scholar, he is also, what so few translators have been, an excellent writer.

The vocabulary and general style employed by J. B. Phillips is that of the thoughtful conversation of an educated man. Thus the ease with which this translation can be employed in public reading and the interest and understanding of the audience be retained. Instead of the



formal literary grandeur of the King James Version as largely retained in the RSV and many another version, this translation is in the best colloquial prose. Because it is concerned with broad general ideas and impressions, this version can further take idiomatic liberties and avoid the awkwardness and rigidity of the close modern translations like that of Williams with his special care for the progressive and punctiliar forms of verbs.

It is in the quality of his vocabulary that Phillips excels. Whether the word employed be an Anglo-Saxon colloquialism or a formal Latinism, it is usually the exactly appropriate word. Thus in *Luke* Jesus says that the hearer cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven "unless you change your whole outlook," that "the man who makes himself insignificant will find himself important," and it is recounted that the disciples "were staggered at the haul of fish that they had made" which "filled both the boats to the sinking point." In the parable of the "clever rogue," "the master praised this rascally steward because he had been so careful for his own future." And thus the Jews "pressed their charge" against the "troublemaker" who had been "flogged" to teach him a "sharp lesson." Then, "He questioned him very thoroughly, but Jesus gave him absolutely no reply, though the Chief Priests and Scribes stood there making the most violent accusations. So

Herod joined his own soldiers in scoffing and jeering at Jesus. Finally, they dressed him up in a gorgeous cloak, and sent him back to Pilate. On that day Herod and Pilate became firm friends, though previously they had been at dagger's drawn."

This method, so employable in the narrative portions of the New Testament, the Gospels and Acts, is even more effective in the epistles or letters. Thus Paul in prison "shall go on being very happy" in spite of his opponents who are "preaching Christ out of jealousy." He continues in the *Letter to Philippi* to say that "The motive of the former is questionable—they preach in a partisan spirit, hoping to make my chains even more galling than they would otherwise be." Paul wishes to know that his friends are "standing fast in a united spirit," that they are in deep sympathy with each other, and tells them "Never act from motives of rivalry or personal vanity, but in humility think more of each other than you do of yourselves. None of you should think only of his own affairs, but should learn to see things from other people's point of view." Thus the believers are urged to be "genuine Christians" and to be "spiritually adult." The opposition of enemies "is plain proof that they are lost to God" and that they are bound for "utter destruction."

In contrast to the King James Version, in the more elaborate treatises such as *Romans* and *Hebrews*, the

course of an argument can be followed with clarity. It is the quality of emphasis that adds so much to the impact of the translator's effective colloquial vocabulary. Much of this emphasis is due to adequate translation of the Greek and to the author's "insight and sympathy," as he calls it, with the writers of the New Testament and of his empathy with their sense of dynamic urgency. But most significantly Phillips reconstructs the sentences and expressions of the originals in accord with the best English usage, especially by placing the most important elements first in the sentence rather than imitating their Greek or traditional order.

Further, effective sentence and paragraph flow is accomplished by the use of such modern transitions as *after all, however, therefor, we know, of course, further, consequently, now to sum up, now, and obviously then*. Also vague pronoun reference, especially the unspecified *it*, is avoided and the use of definite articles and demonstrative pronouns substituted. The use of subtitles between the major paragraph divisions adds considerably and reflects the journalistic background of the vicar-translator. Italics for emphasis also are helpful.

But this translation has weaknesses also. Sometimes the vocabulary could be improved. Thus the "tear" in a net is less appropriate than is the "break" of Williams, the RSV, and the King James Version. But these occurrences are rare. At various

times, however, the personal theology of the Anglican divine obtrudes itself as in the insistence on "spiritual death" for what is properly only "death" as the consequence for a Christian's sinning in John's first epistle. In Paul's great love chapter the Greek verse translated by Williams as "For now we see a dim reflection in a looking glass" seems too freely expanded and applied by Phillips as "At present all we see is the baffling reflection of reality; we are like men looking at a landscape in a small mirror." And some of the translator's modifications to the present practice and idiom appear misleading and unnecessary. Such, for example, is his change of the RSV's "Greet one another with a holy kiss" to "Give one another a hearty handshake all around for my sake." The exclusion of the introduction by C. S. Lewis to the *Letters to Young Churches* from the complete edition of the New Testament is regrettable because of its valuable remarks concerning biblical translation and especially in regard to the epistles of Paul as the foundation of the New Testament. Still, however, the achievement of this translation is great—the epistles and gospels in the best and most readable conversation of our day.

—W. G. BAROODY

Mr. Baroody teaches English at Arizona State University and is a Ph.D. candidate at the University of New Mexico.

HOSTILES AND FRIENDLIES, Selected Short Writings of Mari Sandoz. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1959. 272 pp. \$5.00.

"What happens when modern man comes into a stone-age region? What does he do to it? It to him? . . . Early I saw that Old Jules and his community were by far the most promising material of my experience." Thus Mari Sandoz, Nebraska's best-known living writer, prefaces this collection of her minor works.

The short pieces have been divided into "Recollections," "Indian Stories," and "Short Fiction." The "Recollections" include reminiscences of the "patch of sandhills stretching from the Niobrara River to the Platte . . . the Jotunheim of my childhood. . . ." Old Jules is here, Marlizzie (Mary Elizabeth, Mari

Sandoz' mother), and even a pet muskrat. "Indian Studies" reflects Miss Sandoz' years of research for the State Historical Society, her stubborn investigation of facts for "The Burial of Crazy Horse" and "The Lost Sitting Bull." "Short Fiction" serves to contrast immature pieces ("The Vine," written in 1925, is a little theatrical) with the riper works ("The Devil's Lane," for instance, is a tragedy of adolescence given Nebraska substance).

A chronological bibliography and a summary of Miss Sandoz' professional activities and awards are appended to the main text. The result is a silhouette of a writer (the full picture rests in her books *Old Jules*, *Crazy Horse* and other volumes in her Trans-Missouri series) and a relief map of the country that is her particular province.



The symbol of UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA PRESS was designed by Franz Altschuler of Chicago in 1955. It is a geographic interpretation, concerned with landscape lines and grasses, to convey the feeling of the plains area with which Nebraska is identified. It is also in line with the purpose of this press to serve the region in which it is located.

THE FINISHED MAN, by George Garrett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1959. 288 pp. \$3.95.

THE MUCH HONORED MAN, by Daniel Tamkus. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1959. 214 pp. \$3.95.

BROOD OF FURY, by Jess Shelton. Philadelphia: Chilton Co., 1959. 424 pp. \$4.95.

TAOS, by Irwin R. Blacker. New York: World Publishing Co., 1959. 478 pp. \$5.95.

WALLS RISE UP and HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND, by George Sessions Perry. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1959. 384 pp. \$4.50.

LOVE AND DEATH, The Complete Stories of Vardis Fisher. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1959. 211 pp. \$3.95.

THE LIFE & TIMES OF BUCKSHOT SOUTH, by Frank Davis Adams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1959. 251 pp. \$3.75.

Besides being an able poet, George Garrett is a storyteller of malleable gifts. His *The Finished Man*, a first novel, is a jostling tale of disgruntled Southern politics. Mike Royle, his hero, is a young man with Southern roots and a modern conscience, who, as campaign aide to politically battle-scarred Florida senator Allen Parker, discovers a few truths about himself.

The stumping speeches of Senator Parker and his opponent John Batten have a gramophone fidelity:

"Where, O where, is Little Boy Blue?" Allen Parker demanded. "Where is this child who wants to look after the sheep? I'll tell you where he is. He's under the haystack of Privilege, of Special Interest, of Big Business, fast asleep."

And, if Mike Royle is the Stephen Dedalus of this book, the old artificer of it is Judge Joseph Royle, his father. As a "cracker" who becomes the dark horse of the campaign, running against Parker and Batten, knowing the futility of it, Royle runs on the adrenalin of faith, yet aware of the corruption of the fix. His death before election leaves the possibility alive that good might have triumphed—had not the tower of strength tumbled before the tower of Babel.

The plot is not the most important thing about this book. The characters and their illusions are. Definition is by image. When Mike Royle's heart "sagged in its net of veins like a rock in a sling," no precise thesaurus word is necessary. And Jojo Royle, his wastrel brother, is seen as a "cookie man waiting his turn in the oven," a blurred picture which captures the essence of an unfinished man.

The "finished man" then is Mike Royle, who, after Senator Parker concedes the election, "takes his stand" in Dixie.

"Are you really going to defend that nigger when he stands trial?" asks the Senator.

"If he wants me."

"A lot of people are going to misunderstand that. You'll make yourself a lot of enemies."

Which hearkens back to Yeats' "A Dialogue of Self and Soul":

*The unfinished man and his pain
Brought face to face with his own
clumsiness;
The finished man among his
enemies. . . .*

An almost flawless novel (the publisher could have helped by supplying better proofreaders), *The Finished Man* augers well of books to come by Mr. Garrett.

Moving from *The Finished Man* to Daniel Tamkus' *The Much Honored Man*, we encounter Rhinehart Shell. Addicted to wearing black, Rhinehart Shell wears silver-rimmed sunglasses and a belt with a silver buckle. He dies violently and young, in keeping with the death of a hero (his birth, in the heroic tradition, has been shrouded in obscurity), slamming his white Jaguar into the concrete railing of a bridge.

Shell is an intellectual, voluble Jimmy Dean, and Tamkus has poured the magnum of the fame of Rhinehart into these words:

One cannot explain such blazing, seemingly reckless people as Rhinehart in the light of either reason or emotion. And their attraction for us poor pedestrians is strange, for we always outlive them and perhaps consider ourselves less lucky and greatly inferior because we do.

The other noteworthy characters in *The Much Honored Man* are the celebrated physics professor who narrates the story as it affected him and his household, and his daughter,

Fredericka, who loves Shell. "She saw in him," says the professor, "the image of what her revolt should have been, but was not. . . ."

Perhaps the failure of Fredericka's revolt is what weakens the novel—what gives it the quality to have a front like a Jaguar and the rear chassis of a Ford. It is all too logical that Fredericka will dissipate her grief with too many lovers and learn to feel a fondness for her child born out of wedlock. And, as Rhinehart Shell was wont to say, "All logic's the child of myopia!"

Brood of Fury by Jess Shelton is another of those books written in the wake of Frank Yerby. Marcus Williams is the begetter of a rebel Missouri clan (he is a self-made man, and according to the tradition of the historical novel, men of this type are more insatiable and ambitious than the run of millrace men).

People have stereotyped reactions to him. His Negro mistress (all Southern historical novelists have been bitten by the mosquito of mulatto fever) hates him and loves him, despises him and is proud of what he is. His wife, pale Sarah Prescott, is consumed in his flame, into the delicate mothlike madness to which white women are an easy prey in all such novels as *Brood of Fury*.

Inbetween excursions of members of the male Williams clan to the slave quarters, the Civil War occurs, and there is somehow a feud involv-

ing the honor of Marcus' daughter who is named, God help her, "Fair Ellender."

Books such as *Brood of Fury* blight the name of novel and the cause of history. We are sorry to see them.

The same may be said of Irwin Blacker's novel based on the Pueblo Revolt of 1680, *Taos*. The distortion of facts in this book, plus the painful style in which they are bludgeoned out, place it on the miss list.

A welcome reissue is Doubleday's volume of two novels by George Sessions Perry. *Walls Rise Up* has been called the *Texas Tortilla Flat*; *Hold Autumn in Your Hand*, a former National Book Award winner, is a novel which grows out of Texas soil as naturally as cane grows in the Brazos bottomland. John Mason Brown's foreword is a tribute to Perry as an artist and as a person.

Novelist Vardis Fisher (author of the Vridar Hunter tetralogy) has had his "complete" stories published by Doubleday. A baker's dozen and a half, these nineteen stories have the quality of being nurtured in rich soil, with a careful integration of story, character and setting.

"Joe Burt's Wife" is the tale of a simple man, shabbily tricked into betraying himself. "The Scarecrow" is a scapegoat of a horse which seems indomitable—until its persecutors attempt to save its life. Frontier brutal-

ity is reflected in two strong stories: "Charivari" and "The Mother."

These stories are "complete"—even though it is to be hoped that they are not "all."

Frank Davis Adams is a good lexicographer who "went thataway" in *The Life & Times of Buckshot South*. While suffering from the growing pains of the first novel—departure from tradition without mastery, unsubtle satire, and junior experiments in word juggling—Buckshot manages to hold itself and the reader together till the end, leaving a certain aura of fondness for the characters, and the reasonable hope that Adams' next book will be much better. Straddling the detective and the Western, the book carries two sophisticated hard-drinking cowboy-bandits (Buckshot South and Phineas Courtney) and their ditto girlfriends through a series of physical feats and introspective conversations while robbing banks and being pursued by sophisticated-dedicated Aaron Cosgrove of the Starling Detective Agency. Everyone comes out either dead or just dandy, including the reader.

WATT, by Samuel Beckett. New York: Grove Press (An Evergreen Original), 1959. 254 pp. \$1.75.

Most readers of the *Quarterly* have probably made some acquaintance by now with the specialized world of

Samuel Beckett. Those who have met Molloy or Malone or Murphy, for example, will recognize Watt at once as one of the boys:

Watt had watched people smile and thought he understood how it was done. And it was true that Watt's smile, when he smiled, resembled more a smile than a sneer, for example, or a yawn. But there was something wanting to Watt's smile, some little thing was lacking, and people who saw it for the first time, and most people who saw it saw it for the first time, were sometimes in doubt as to what expression exactly was intended. To many it seemed a simple sucking of the teeth.

Watt used this smile sparingly.

Watt, like his counterparts in the later novels, is a shabby and derelict figure, a passive non-resister, who shambles through the same abstract and malevolent landscape toward the same obscure extinction. On his way he submits, without protest, without question, to the kicks and insults of those whom he occasionally encounters, and to the less personal but equally gratuitous abuse of the sky and the weather. At times he appears more dead than alive; at other times more alive than dead. The distinction, though subtle, is an important one for Watt because, as in the case of Murphy, Molloy and Malone, the marking and elaboration of fine distinctions, together with a methodical picking of the nose ("direct digital emunction"), is the chief delight of an otherwise constrained existence. In short, Watt has a mania for semantic precision and the exhaustive statement of all the possible com-

binations and permutations presented by every situation. In this respect Watt goes beyond the others. Whereas Molloy, for example, occupies seven pages with the problem of how best to insure the symmetrical rotation of sixteen sucking-stones through his four overcoat pockets, Watt devotes twenty-six pages to the analysis of the problem of how best to feed garbage to a dog, when 1) the garbage is not always available, and 2) the dog is not always available, and 3) the garbage, when available, must be fed to the dog, and 4) the dog, when available, must be fed the garbage and nothing but the garbage. Watt possesses the kind of mind which is fascinated by the difficulties involved when the five members of a committee seated around a table attempt to look at one another:

They then began to look at one another, and much time passed, before they succeeded in doing so. Not that they looked at one another long, no, they had more sense than that. But when five men look at one another, though in theory only twenty looks are necessary, every man looking four times, yet in practice this number is seldom sufficient, on account of the multitude of looks that go astray.

The six pages that follow are spent on the illustration, analysis, and solution of this problem. And when this problem is solved another one soon appears; about 127 of the novel's 254 pages deal with questions such as these; the remaining 127 pages are needed in the account of Watt's wanderings down a city street

to a railway station, from the station into a train, from a second station down a country lane to the house of Mr. Knott (Not? Nought), where Watt serves an unspecified term as a household servant, seldom seeing and never exchanging a word with his employer, from Mr. Knott's house back to the second railway station, where he spends the night on the waitingroom floor and is awakened, in the morning, by the stationmaster and his assistant, who dump a bucket of slops—and the bucket, too—on his face. At this point the novel ends.

Lunatic rationalism, grotesque suffering and comic misery—this is the Beckett specialty. In *Watt*, as in the other novels and in the plays, Beckett concentrates on all these aspects of human existence with a ferocious intensity. His dominant theme appears to be a fairly simple one: life is both horrible and comical, but perhaps a little more the former than the latter. Something like Joyce, something like Kafka, something like Céline, though mostly like Beckett, the Beckett novel is one more expression of that malady which has troubled Western literature for the last two hundred years—the Great Christian Hangover. After an historic 1000-year binge of exalted intoxication we face the awful morning after. For those who are still caught in the grip of this difficulty, Beckett's *Watt* may provide some entertainment and consolation.

—EDWARD ABBEY

FADE OUT, by Douglas Woolf. New York: Grove Press (An Evergreen Book), 1959. 283 pp. \$1.75.

What shall we do with the Old Folks? Where shall we put Mom & Dad when, at the age of sixty-five, their productive years are suddenly terminated? For in the Mechanical Society, or Machine State, where every citizen is expected to fit himself smoothly and cheerfully into the machinery of production, sales and service, the old people—like children, Indians, hoboes, cowboys, submarginal farmers, and poets—create exasperating problems. Take the case of the old people: they're too old to work, they're not familiar with the latest techniques, they tend to be stubborn and irrational, they don't make enough money to be good consumers, and they're not even needed around the home, what with electricity and pushbuttons, TV and comic books, Spock, Ilg and Gesell. There's no room for them in the modern home, anyway, which seems to get smaller and smaller as it becomes more and more modern. Mom & Dad just clutter up the place, leaving less space available for the appliances. So, where shall we put them?

This is the question taken up by Douglas Woolf in his new novel *Fade Out*. His hero, seventy-four-year-old Richard "Dick" Twombly, a retired bank clerk, has moved into the home of his daughter and her family. But things aren't working out

very well; the old gent gets in the way, the family treats him as an unpleasant nuisance, and there's nothing much for him to do except sit in the park, read the paper and talk with little girls. Talking with little girls soon gets him in trouble with the neighbors and the police; the family packs him off to a Home for the Aged. But Mr. Twombly has hidden some money in his shoes and after one evening in the gruesome "Home," he decides to make an escape. After a series of strange, half-sane adventures hitch-hiking across the North American continent, the aging hero finds sanctuary of a sort in an Arizona ghost town, where he is able to regain some of the dignity and usefulness of which he had been robbed.

Fade Out is not a smooth, elegant or clever book. It is written in the plainest and simplest of styles, Colloquial American, and so depends for its effect not upon verbal acrobatics—as in Nabokov, Kerouac and Beckett—but upon the cumulative power of the scenes, some of them cruel, some of them fantastic, which tell the story. No reader of this novel is likely to soon forget the humiliating inquisition to which old Mr. Twombly is subjected, entirely without justification, when two of the community's little girls run away for a few hours. Or the bland horror of the "Home," where the old folks sit in rows before the big blue eye of the television set, waiting to die. Or

Mr. Twombly's escape from the Home on the night of the great air-raid evacuation exercise, when several million Americans in several million automobiles jam the streets and highways in a hopeless attempt to get beyond reach of what they trustfully presume to be a hypothetical hydrogen bomb—Operation Fade Out, the authorities call it. Or finally, in pleasant contrast to these industrial nightmares, the charm and sanity of the Navajo Mr. Many Goats and his family, who give old man Twombly a ride through a stretch of the Arizona desert in their faithful pickup truck.

There are plenty of things wrong with this book. I wish Mr. Woolf had not named his hero Twombly, or his sub-hero Behemoth Brown. I wish he had left out a few of the more ethereally whimsical episodes, which I could not understand, and substituted for them something a little tougher and (frightening word) more naturalistic. But on the whole *Fade Out* is a satisfying novel, full of truth, humor and the necessary sense of malice. The book even has what might be considered a fairly happy ending. What's more it's cheap—only a dollar seventy-five for the paperback edition. I'm going to buy a copy myself.

—EDWARD ABBEY

Edward Abbey is the author of "The Brave Cowboy." He lives in Albuquerque.