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PETER HURD

BOOKS

NEW SPANISH PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, by Frank O'Hara. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, distributed by Doubleday, 1961. 63 pp. \$2.75.

Frank O'Hara has prepared for the Museum of Modern Art of New York a noteworthy book entitled *New Spanish Painting and Sculpture*, with fifty-five reproductions of works of the younger Spanish artists who for one reason or another are considered deserving. Most of them have exhibited in important galleries both inside Spain and out.

The names? Here they are with their birthplaces: Rafael Canogar, painter, Toledo; Eduardo Chillido, sculptor, San Sebastián; Modest Guixart, painter, Barcelona; Martín Chirino, sculptor, Las Palmas; Francisco Farreras, painter, Barcelona; Luis Feito, painter, Madrid; Manolo Millares, painter, Las Palmas; Lucio Muñoz, painter, Madrid; Jorge de Oteiza Embil, sculptor, Guipúzcoa; Manuel Rivera, painter, Granada; Antonio Saura, painter, Huesca; Pablo Serrano, sculptor, Teruel; Antonio Suárez, painter, Gijón; Antoni Tàpies, painter, Barcelona; Juan Joseph Tharrats, painter, Gerona; and Manuel Viola, painter, Zaragoza. In Spain the regional origin of the artist is sometimes important.

They are not so young, since all of them are between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five. But beside these artists Picasso, Miró and, of course, Dali, appear outstandingly old and academic. All of them are revolutionary in their work, while some, most of them perhaps, are also dissident from Spanish political standards. Which will surprise nobody.

If any one of them is a partisan of the present Spanish regime, it is a secret he zealously conceals. On the other hand, several of them have taken part either directly or indirectly in some kind of public protest. In any case, when judging art it is a good thing to forget politics, if only momentarily. Among them, Tàpies, for instance, is internationally famous and has won important prizes in Venice, Lisbon, São Paulo, and several canvases of his have been acquired by important museums, the Museum of Modern Art in New York, among others.

All these painters and sculptors are nonrepresentational to an extreme seeming to border on inanity or madness, and almost making of Picasso and Miró merely decorative artists. Together and separately they represent the most violent challenge known in Spanish art. Challenge of what? The logical limitations.

In general we can say that there are two ways of defying logic in modern art. One, with fantasy, the other with imagination. Fantasy is not very responsible and sometimes covers up and disguises a rather scandalous lack of talent, justifying the distrust of the public of good faith. Fantasy is naturally the easiest resource and the one children use in their painting. In them clumsiness and crudeness may occasionally be accompanied by lyrical touches. (This is what the mature Chagall does, on other levels.)

The use of free and crude fantasy by adult artists is hazardous and often leads to false conclusions. Fantasy is gratuitous, daring, uncivil and dangerous. Finally it has little to do with the affirmatively creative task. Nor does it tie in with the congruent forms of the world of responsibility or with the relative affinities of those forms.

Fantasy shows up in some of these artists now and then, although it does not become dominant in an absolute way, absolutely offensive, that is to say. Those who approach the edge of the abyss are, as I understand it, Canogar in his "Toledo" and "San Cristobal"; Guixart in "Painting 1958"—in other works this artist is rich in imaginative power; Farreras in "Number 24"; Feito in "Number 141" and "Number 147," and Lucio Muñoz in his two Wood Paintings.

As for the sculptors—in iron, wood, cement and other materials—the natural solidity and eloquence of the three dimensions (with their changing shadows) speak to our imagination in a strange, congruent language.

The other system of challenging logic, obtaining from it some generous concession, is through the prestigious and perhaps imperishable imagination born with humanity.

Imagination is the skill through which we make some form of reality verisimilar to our sensibility—in other words—assimilable. The artist has the obligation to make reality verisimilar. It is indeed a noble task. The reader must not believe that reality is always verisimilar. All forms, abstract or concrete, which painters put on their canvases are present somewhere on this planet. But not convincing. If they are symmetrical in mineral crystallizations, if not in the organic world, in the open entrails of an animal or in the heart of the plant, among the roots of a tree or in photographs of the distant galaxies. The most monstrous forms are to be found somewhere. And the artist uses his imagination to make these forms acceptable and plausible in some way.

Among these painters are, I believe, Antonio Suárez, violent and inventive, and Manuel Viola, mystical, lyrical, although the reproductions only give an approximate impression.

They are all vigorous, polarized—the painters—by the Barcelona school; the sculptors, obsessed with untried forms of balance and spatial meaning. I especially like Eduardo Chillido's "Sentinel" and Martín Chirino's "The Wind," in forged iron, a genre which has a rich tradition in Spain.

With their wise imagination or their dangerous fantasy, more or less rough and raw, these artists have succeeded for some time now in attracting attention and they have their devotees.

Through their violent originality some of them are more influenced by tradition (especially the Catalonians with their luminous Middle Ages) than the older painters,

Picasso, Miró and Torres García. Sometimes they show on their canvases merely a wrinkled surface like a badly plastered wall, with two or three splotches, or two incrustated metal disks, or some scribble with prehistoric allusions, but we can find lyricism or a certain metaphysical violence. The sculptors achieve a greater boldness in their structures of wood, metal or cement (occasionally a combination of the three materials) and defy not only the logical limitations but test the last and most difficult resistances of harmony.

They all live outside the boundaries of Spain most of the time: in Italy, France, South America, the United States, where they find respectful acclaim and even indeed, a market. The same thing was true of Picasso, Juan Gris, Miró and even Dali before. If Dali (who has flattered the regime) must leave Spain in search of money and understanding, what won't the young revolutionary artists be obliged to do?

—Ramón Sender

Ramón Sender's poetry is being published in Mexico, his essays in New York by *Las Americas*, the Pan-American review, as well as the New Mexico *novelas* one of which, *Delgadina*, ran in our Autumn issue. A sequel to the autobiographical novels released in English by the University of New Mexico Press under the title of *Before Noon* is being published in Mexico, *El Mancebo y los Héroes*; another awaits publication in Uruguay. A new edition of *Requiem* is announced in Buenos Aires; the first of a series of Sender novels is off the presses in Germany—*A Man's Place* translated as *der Verschollene*; and Colliers is reprinting *Seven Red Sundays* as a paperback in New York. In Switzerland, Marc Chagall, Aldous Huxley, Cocteau and Sender were made Life Fellows of the International Institute of Art and Letters, while Sr. Sender, having returned from Puerto Rico where he was guest writer at the Inter-American University at San Germán, leaves the New Mexico campus again as visiting professor at the University of California in Los Angeles. We expect to review a book by Sender and a study featuring him in a forthcoming issue.

HORACE WALPOLE, by Wilmarth S. Lewis. The A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts, 1960. New York: Bollingen Series XXXV.9, Pantheon Books, 1961. 215 pp. 72 illus. \$6.50.

Mr. Lewis is that rarity, an amateur scholar—amateur in the strict sense of one who does something for love, not to earn a living. They are an almost extinct species, even in England, where not so long ago comfortable rectories and pleasant routine offices in the civil service afforded income and leisure enough to nourish a John Stuart Mill and a Charles Lamb, a Rev. Thomas Malthus and a Rev. Whitwell Elwin.

Nowadays a substantial fortune is almost mandatory if one wishes to indulge a love of learning outside academic walls. That it is not absolutely necessary, the life of the late Aleyn Lyell Reade testifies—working all week in a Liverpool real estate office, Reade devoted his week-ends and holidays, from young manhood to old age, to pursuing his hobby of minute genealogical research among the parish and town records of central England, publishing his results at his own expense—eleven volumes of *Johnsonian Gleanings* between 1909 and 1952—and eventually distilling them into a single, small volume that will remain a model of biographical technique. But certainly independent wealth helps; and eighteenth-century literary scholarship in America has been most fortunate in attracting a handful of "amateurs" like Mr. Lewis—others are Donald and Mary Hyde, of Somerville, New Jersey, owners of the great Hyde collection of John-

soniana; their predecessor, R. B. Adam, of Buffalo; the late Colonel Ralph Isham of New York, who devoted his later life and his fortune to tracking down and bringing together the famous Boswell Papers, now at Yale.

Eighteenth-century academic scholars may well be proud and grateful to have such a group of "patrons," who are not content merely with financial support, but, as competent craftsmen, themselves catalogue, annotate, and edit the valuable materials they have rescued for posterity. May their tribe increase!

Like many others, Mr. Lewis became attracted to eighteenth-century studies when, as an undergraduate at Yale, he attended the lectures of Chauncey B. Tinker. A little later he selected one figure from the century—Horace Walpole—and decided to devote himself to collecting every scrap of Walpolian material he could find, assembling it at his estate in Farmington, Connecticut (irreverently known as "the Walpole factory"), and, with the help of a staff of devoted experts (and of the late Mrs. Lewis, to whom this book is dedicated), setting out to make Walpole available to the twentieth century. The results of Mr. Lewis's enthusiasm are now at full flood. Numbers 31 and 32 of the massive blue volumes of the Yale Edition of Walpole's Correspondence have just been issued (the first appeared 24 years ago, and there are perhaps 25 volumes more to come). Professor Allen Hazen's four-volume catalogue of Walpole's library will shortly appear; like his earlier catalogues of Walpole's writings and of the output of the Strawberry Hill press, it will be a notable contribution to the science of technical bibliography. Mr. Lewis himself has published numerous smaller works concerning Walpole. His account of Walpole's library formed the Sandars Lectures in Bibliography at Cambridge University a few years ago; and the present book, beautifully printed and illustrated, gives us his Mellon Lectures, delivered at the National Gallery of Art in Washington in 1960. In it, Mr. Lewis distills the results of his lifetime of intimacy with Walpole into a most readable general account of his life, *milieu*, career, and achievement.

The question that will arise in many readers' minds as they contemplate this massive amount of labor, energy, and devotion (and money) lavished on Horace Walpole is—"Is he worth it?" The average college graduate probably recalls Walpole only as a rather unpleasant, frivolous, and affected dilettante, who, after dabbling unsuccessfully in other *genres*, decided to make a name for himself by writing innumerable self-conscious letters to carefully selected correspondents—a mass of scribbling which today possesses a feeble historical interest but whose unrelenting egoism must always repel the "healthy-minded" reader. As the youngest son of the great Prime Minister, he was lapped in wealth and privilege from his cradle on; provided by his father with lucrative sinecures, he never had a moment's worry about money in his life; and his loudly proclaimed "liberalism"—he framed a copy of Charles I's death warrant and labelled it "Major Charta"—contrasts distastefully with these circumstances, and with his ecstasy when his niece was married to a brother of George III. He built a ridiculous fake-Gothic house called Strawberry Hill and wrote an equally ridiculous fake-Gothic novel, *The Castle of Otranto*, both of which helped to inspire the fake-Gothic revival of Victorian times, a feat which those who have beheld such examples as the Albert Memorial and St. Pancras Station

may feel we could easily have been spared. The disparagement of Walpole (as of so many other figures in English history) stems from Macaulay, whose essay on him begins with this masterpiece of nauseous imagery: "As the *pâté-de-foie-gras* owes its excellence to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good for nothing if it were not made of livers preternaturally swollen, so none but an unhealthy and disorganized mind could have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole."

Macaulay was later answered by Lytton Strachey: "There can be no doubt that the latter half of the eighteenth century attained to a height of civilization unknown in Europe since the days of Hadrian. Horace Walpole was, in England at any rate, the true prophet of the movement." Mr. Lewis's book lucidly documents this thesis, showing Walpole in his setting of the political, social, and artistic life of the time, and never far from the center of it. He records the events of his long life, his relations with his brilliant and influential family, his host of enlightened friends, his building of the amazing Strawberry Hill, and his unjustly neglected writings—as well as those already mentioned, there are such things as his voluminous and detailed memoirs of the political history of his time, a most important primary source for the historian; his edition of Vertue's *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, the first serious art history in the language; his catalogue of his father's great collection of art treasures.

It is fitting that a series of the Mellon Lectures should be devoted to a Walpole: Aline Saarinen records in *The Proud Possessors* how Andrew Mellon purchased from the Soviet government those great old masters around which the National Art Gallery's collection was built—works which Sir Robert Walpole originally assembled in his great mansion at Houghton, and which were purchased from his heirs by Catherine the Great, who used them for the nucleus of the great collection at The Hermitage—a progress which affords the student of modern history considerable food for thought.

"Great masters hung about Horace from his birth," Mr. Lewis comments: and for all that Mr. Lewis concludes his book by saying that "the connecting word that illuminates Walpole's life . . . is 'fame,'" I should myself like to assess him more highly and say that it is rather a serious concern for art—literary art, as well as the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, interior decoration, and typography. Granted the results were sometimes inept; but at least he *cared* profoundly; and this cannot be said of too many people in any given century. And for all his floundering about, he himself did in the end find a medium in which he could express his own artistic yearnings; and the result is that great, that unsurpassable monument, the *Correspondence*.

It is true, nevertheless, that "fame" was terribly important to Horace—his ego had suffered disastrous damage early in life; he was a frightened, lonely individual continually searching for reassurance and for hectic emotional stimulation. The cause of the damage is plain enough: it is to be found in his mother's poisonous hatred of her husband and her turning to young Horace for a substitute. "The supposed necessary care of me," Mr. Lewis quotes Horace as saying, "so engrossed the attention of my mother, that compassion and tenderness soon became extreme fondness"—"fondness" meaning here, as in Swift, not genuine love, but the projection of the ego into another person,

emotional enslavement, Philip Wylie's "momism." It is strange that Mr. Lewis, when discussing the rumor that Horace's father was not Sir Robert Walpole but Carr, Lord Hervey, does not mention J. H. Plumb's recent examination (in his *Sir Robert Walpole*, I, 258) of the movements of the Walpole pair, which seems to establish that at the time of Horace's conception they were not living together and that Lady Walpole was in Suffolk, not far from the home of the Herveys.

Although Horace's neurosis may not be of too much relevance for the critic of his own artistic achievement, it would seem to have had a profound effect on the later course of literary history (if, that is, Leslie Fiedler is right in finding the roots of the modern American novel in "Gothicism"). Certainly, Horace's pioneering ventures into Gothicism, *Otranto* and *The Mysterious Mother* (which Byron so much admired), with its double incest of parent and child, are products and illustrations of neurosis. It is fascinating to reflect that if Lady Walpole's married life had been more satisfactory, we might never have had a William Faulkner or a Jack Kerouac.

—Donald J. Greene

Dr. Greene, Associate Professor of English Literature at the University of New Mexico, is a specialist in literature of the eighteenth century and among the leading authorities on the writing of Dr. Samuel Johnson. He has published extensively in the leading scholarly journals in his field and his book, *The Politics of Samuel Johnson*, was published by the Yale University Press in 1960. His *Johnsonian Bibliography, 1950-1960* will be published by the University of Cairo in Egypt in 1962.

NEW POEMS 1960, by Witter Bynner. New York: Alfred Knopf. 134 pp. \$3.75.

No critic reading Mr. Bynner's representative *Book of Lyrics*, the selection of earlier verse appearing in 1955, would be altogether prepared for the startling change represented by the *New Poems 1960*. The former book is fine, but its way is no longer that of contemporary poetry. Though everything in the *New Poems* has been written since, these, surprisingly, are the work of a younger man.

The *Lyrics* of 1955 have formal virtues, but they have little voice of their own. Indeed, they read like a book of superior translations, skillful but without individuality, sometimes classically terse but at others merely polite. And despite their epigrammatic elegance, they frequently lack

the vigor and condensation of the best epigrams or of the most important verse. The *New Poems*, on the other hand, have a character of their own. There is nothing quite like them in English poetry. At the same time they are within an interesting tradition, or, better, combine interesting traditions in a new way, so that the title *New Poems* is doubly descriptive.

To call them imitations from the Chinese would be misleading, but they have some of the elliptical quality of the Chinese lyric. Though many of them are very short, they are not, certainly, hokku. But like hokku and Chinese lyric poetry, they operate through indirection, through seeming inconsequence and without the transitions characteristic of traditional Western poetry. I imagine that many admirers of the *Book*

of *Lyrics*—and there were two printings—may find themselves puzzled by these gnomic verses.

Unlike most of the imagist imitations of oriental verse, these poems often achieve their effects with an absolute minimum of anything that can properly be called image. What they share with imagist poetry is their simultaneity which challenges our syllogistic habits of mind. Even the poems centered around a clearly visible image have a witty, perhaps surreal, quality alien to the imagism of the twenties. Those few which lack this slanted wit remind us of the difference. For instance, the following lines would not seem out of place in an anthology of forty years ago:

Now comes the crocodile
with sealed eyelids
Walking asleep
Armored against nightmares
But with a dream
in every limb.

It might be observed that despite the lean excellence of these lines, Stephen Crane had achieved similar effects at the end of the last century.

But for a great many of Bynner's new poems there is no easy analogy. These combine the grotesque perceptions of a Bierce with control over rhythm learned over many years of formal verse. They resemble imitations of oriental lyric but carry the accents of speaking voices which give them a dramatic presence:

She was taking her child
to be repaired
And said to me
Why do they break so easily

But it was the child speaking
And I hardly answered.

The lines are, at times, colloquial, so that "a great snake" is "scared to death," and "the moon . . . came at us hard." They are often like thought overheard and despite their reticences are generous in their revelations of the author's moods and attitudes toward the world and toward himself as part of it. They are mental processes shared with those willing to allow for frankness of personal feeling joined in the eccentricity of unexplained reference.

Tone changes frequently so that the poems are best read together. At times stoical, at times colored by romantic irony, the poems escape sentimentality by their abrupt economy. Sometimes the verse is pleasantly whimsical, a vein in which Mr. Bynner excels. The best of them stay with one because of their wit which is also intelligence:

When a wave jumped
There was gooseflesh
On a sea-urchin
Not without reason
Which made the dance perfect
And the wave much more acute.

Mr. Bynner, who is now eighty, is to be congratulated for continuing to exert his influence on contemporary poetry.

—Franklin M. Dickey

Dr. Dickey is Associate Professor of English Literature and Acting Chairman of the English Department at the University of New Mexico. His verse has been published by *NMQ*. Elsewhere in this issue appears a poem dedicated to Witter Bynner written by Richard Esler.



THE PAGEANT OF MEDICINE, ed. by Felix Martí-Ibáñez. New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1960. 376 pp. \$6.00.

Born in Cartagena, Spain, forced to leave that country with the advent of the Franco regime, Dr. Martí-Ibáñez was successively a psychiatrist, medical director of a large pharmaceutical company, professor and director of the History of Medicine, New York Medical College. For years he nurtured a dream of blending the three personalities of the physician—as human being, as professional, as member of society—and giving him a perspective on his needs. *MD* the medical newsmagazine became his answer. Its philosophy was an approach to people, ideas and events that stressed the living concepts and the history of medicine. “To what the Greeks said about the awakening of man’s conscience, the nature of the universe, and the dignity of man, we can only add the results of scientific research, the achievements of art, and the records of history.” All these things, his magazine does.

The Pageant of Medicine is a selection of the best articles from *MD*. They cover an engaging range of subjects. How many general readers are aware that the history of the truffle goes back to before 400 B.C. when the Greek poet Philoxenes stated that “Of all foods, there is none better able to facilitate bouts of love than the truffle.” In an article entitled “Compass and Caduceus,” the reader may find out about the physicians who believed in Christopher Columbus long before Queen Isabella threw the weight of her jewels his way. One Dr. Chance served as chief physician for the colony of Hispaniola, studied botany and investigated native foods and customs.

72

Hans Christian Andersen is discussed as the “Ugly Duckling Genius,” and Somerset Maugham as “Teller of Tales.” One section of the volume is devoted to great doctors, and one to human dwellings. A particularly interesting article in the latter section discusses baths and bathing. Baths, says the researcher, have provided man with “ritual meaning, social jollity, sensuous titillation, medicinal aid, and, more recently, prosaic hygiene.”

The style of *MD* is necessarily crisp, but images and metaphors have been fostered to add to the richness and pattern of the prose. And there is none of the flip-quip, phraseology which characterizes *Time* as a newsmagazine.

Why don’t you see it in your doctor’s waiting room? Because, says the staff sadly, patients were constantly asking doctors to prescribe for them certain medicines advertised therein. Self-diagnosis, as it were.

—*Ramona Weeks*



MEDICINE AND SOCIETY IN AMERICA, 1660-1860, by Richard H. Shryock. New York: New York University Press, 1960. 192 pp. \$4.00. This small volume consists of four talks delivered as the Anson G. Phelps Lectures at New York University in 1959 by Richard H. Shryock. The subjects discussed are “Origins of a Medical Profession,” “Medical Thought and Practice: 1660-1820,” “Health and Disease: 1660-1820,” and “Medicine and Society in Transition, 1820-1860.” It is a valuable addition to colonial history, and it could have been enhanced by a judicious selection of illustrations depicting early instruments, etc.

N M Q XXXI: 1

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS AND THEIR USE, by Laurence F. Schmeckbier and Roy B. Eastin. Washington, D.C.: The Brookings Institution, 1961. 488 pp. \$6.00.

The publications of the government of the United States comprise a vast library, encompassing almost every field of knowledge and human endeavor. Unfortunately, it appears to be a maze of wrong entrances and dead ends to many laymen. This manual, just issued in an up-to-date edition, furnishes a description of the guides to which the bewildered researcher may turn.

In quest of laws relating to the Public Health Service? Ask for the volume entitled "Laws and Comptrollers' Decisions Pertaining to the United States Public Health Service," Supplement 41 to the *Public Health Reports*.

Interested in maps? The section on maps contains much useful information. Civil War buffs will be delighted to know that the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park Commission has issued an *Atlas of Battlefields of Chickamauga, Chattanooga and Vicinity* (6 pages, 14 plates). In 1932 the George Washington Bicentennial Commission issued the *George Washington Atlas* which provides a "collection of 85 maps including 28 made by George Washington, 7 used and annotated by him, 8 made at his direction or for his use or otherwise associated with him, and 42 new maps concerning his activities in peace and war and his place in history."

The Monthly Index of Russian Accessions contains a list of publications in the Russian language and in other languages spoken in the U.S.S.R., issued in and outside the Soviet Union, that are received by the Library of Congress.

Information about House and Senate documents, periodicals of different governmental branches, brochures of all sorts, is given to help clip the red tape that seems to surround government publications.

Libraries in New Mexico which are depositories of these publications are the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, New Mexico Highlands University in Las Vegas, New Mexico State Law Library and New Mexico State Library Commission in Santa Fe, New Mexico State Teachers College in Silver City, and New Mexico State University at University Park.

CONFESSIONS OF A CONFORMIST, by Morris Freedman. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1961. 224 pp. \$3.95.

In our day of an affluent—or apparently affluent—society, when everybody has everything, possessions and ideas about them are in such a pattern that many a man, desiring to be uncommon, simply conforms to a pattern of uncommonness, and then convinces himself that he is superior because he fits this unfittedness. This irritates Dr. Freedman. He admits to gaining a great deal of joy out of common things and people.

The fact that many superior people (including Freedman) are different from others doesn't make him wrong. It is the compulsion to difference that bothers him, and this is the more interesting in view of his own uncommonness (not everyone has three degrees and a culture in literature). That is to say, he himself is an intellectual, but one constantly wary of looking or acting too much like one.

Freedman likes movies. He is suspicious of the petulant "intellectual" who may

boast of never having owned a radio or seen a motion picture. He is pleased to have a refuse-disposal system in the kitchen sink, one gathers, and to wear a suit and a white shirt and to get mad at dandelions. It is the danger of witless nonconformism that repels him, whether it be in the provincialism of New York or the over-beardedness of San Francisco, or in the revulsion of the touristy-man for the big dusty beauty of western America. He is careful to point out reasons for being different in really able men, including beatniks, but very sensibly denies that just being different makes one noble.

He thinks there may well be some good intellects running businesses in the U. S., and is not sure that all American automobiles and films are bad, and all Italian ones good. He finds literacy and imagination in some advertising copy, and almost sacreligiously confesses to an interest in Al Capp, Frank Sinatra and Cole Porter as artists.

He is tired of the biases of different kinds of educators fighting among themselves, tired of men just out of college and yet uneducated. He is glad that there are a lot of different kinds of people in the U.S., all hard to pin down and explain, and he is not at all sure that religion is totally evil. He speaks for a temperate kind of optimism, refreshing in a somewhat disillusioned world.

—Keen Rafferty

RIDER HAGGARD, by Morton N. Cohen. New York: Walker and Company, 1960. 327 pp. \$6.00.

In spite of the cursory tributes paid Rider Haggard by writers so diverse as

Graham Greene, R. L. Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, and C. S. Lewis, there is little doubt that today his reading public is markedly circumscribed. Haggard excelled as a teller of tales, a gifted weaver of such fantastic yarns as *She*, *Allan Quartermaine*, *King Solomon's Mines*, and over fifty other titles. In his time he sold in astronomical numbers. But contemporary obsession with internal monologues and psychological complexities has relegated the old imperialistic story-teller to an inferior place in literature. For adventure and physical action command the Haggard canon; the subtle interplay of personality, the probings of the psyche, are not a part of his artistic endeavor. It is hardly surprising, then, that in literary surveys of the last quarter century he is granted no more than a sentence or two.

Rider Haggard was born in 1856 and grew to manhood in the high Victorian era. Deprived through paternal stupidity of a good education, he went to Africa at the age of nineteen, a willing bearer of the white man's burden. He occupied minor government posts, visited the interior in the entourage of that gifted administrator Theophilus Shepstone and, when twenty-one, became English Clerk to the Colonial Secretary of the Transvaal. During his African years Haggard assimilated the sinister atmosphere of that bedevilled continent and absorbed impressions later manifest in much of his fiction. Shortly after his return to England in 1881 he achieved salient success with the publication of *King Solomon's Mines* which was soon followed by the resounding triumph of *She*. Once launched, Haggard produced novel after novel as well as volumes of social, political, and economic history; he toured widely for

the government studying reform movements and agricultural developments; he also served on sundry Royal Commissions. His life was active and useful. Yet it cannot be termed successful for he was, though seemingly as uncomplicated as one of his own muscular heroes, a lonely, frustrated, dissatisfied man. All this Mr. Cohen reveals with skill and understanding in his competently executed if ruthlessly detailed biography.

But while industry and enthusiasm inform this book there lurks, on every page, the disquieting question: is it really worth writing? Certainly, in the manner Mr. Cohen labours his case—for instance, his Freudian and allegorical approaches to *She* and his linking Ayesha to the femme fatale tradition—one senses that he is forcing Haggard into a loftier literary province, a more esoteric critical sphere, than his simple tales warrant. And the analysis of Haggard's literary art, while commendably objective, yields little beyond the most obvious critical findings: this, doubtless, because Haggard himself did not venture into unexplored realms of form or content. Yet this biography may be read as a useful contribution to the increasing studies of the reading habits and interests of the later nineteenth century. In relating Haggard to the tradition of Reade, Marryat, Blackmore, and others, Mr. Cohen reveals a significant phase of Victorian intellectual history and, as such, rather than as a critical study, this book may be read.

—John L. Bradley

Associated with the English Department of Mt. Holyoke College, Dr. Bradley has a particular interest in Victorian literature. In 1955 the Yale University Press published his edition of *Ruskin's Letters from Venice, 1851-52*.

BOOKS

A CONFEDERATE GIRL'S DIARY, by Sarah Morgan Dawson, ed. by James I. Robertson, Jr. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1960. 512 pp. \$6.50.

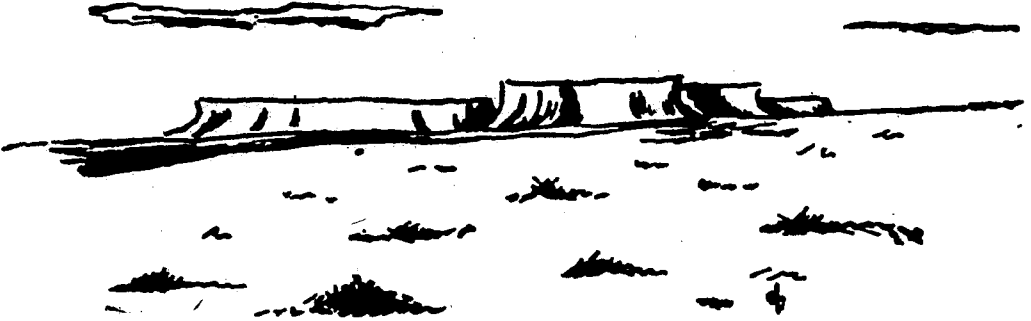
KATE, THE JOURNAL OF A CONFEDERATE NURSE, by Kate Cumming, ed. by Richard Barksdale Harwell. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1960. 342 pp. \$6.00.

With the upswing of interest in the Civil War, there is a spate of publishing and re-publishing what the *jeune fille* of the day had to say about it.

The Indiana University Press, which has for some time been publishing a remarkable series of titles in its Civil War Centennial Series, has released Sarah Morgan Dawson's journal, with new editorial notes and a foreword by James I. Robertson, Jr.

Sarah began her diary just before the seizure of Baton Rouge by Federal troops on May 9, 1862. She was barely twenty and her diary opens light-heartedly, with a mock salute to Madam Idleness. At the moment the Yankees marched into the city, the Southerners burned all the cotton as a mark of defiance. Also, all the liquor was emptied, "and gutters and pavements are floating with liquors of all kinds. So that if the Yankees are fond of strong drink, they will fare ill." With the occupation of Baton Rouge by the Northern soldiers, Sarah Morgan's family sought refuge with friends at the plantation home of Albert G. Carter, "Linwood."

Sarah Morgan's diary mirrors the type of Southern woman usually conjectured to be indigenous to the South. Upon seeing a friend of her early days who became an officer in the Union army, she writes, "Cords of candy and mountains of bou-



DOROTHY L. PETERS

quets bestowed in childish days will not make my country's enemy my friend now that I am a woman." Her last entries in the diary, in 1865, reveal the weight of war upon her spirit, when two of her brothers had died and the Cause had dwindled to a Lost one.

The Louisiana State University Press, which some years ago published one of the most unique of Confederate diaries, *Brokenburn: The Journal of Kate Stone*, has published another record kept by a woman, *Kate, The Journal of a Confederate Nurse*. Competently edited by Richard Barksdale Harwell, it presents a close and intimate picture of life in Confederate hospitals and behind the lines of Civil War action. Obviously sincere, Kate Cumming's diary does not have the appeal that the journals of Sarah Morgan Dawson and Kate Stone possess, but it is a document for which historians will be grateful.

—*Ramona Weeks*

A TEXAN AT BAY, by Paul Crume. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1961. 212 pp. \$4.50.

Here is a man who makes his living in nostalgia, and does it in straight news-

paper style, clearly and a little kiddingly, for page one of the *Dallas Morning News*. If he is proudly Texan enough to call his column "Big D," he is also proud to admit to birth in an Arkansas log cabin, and therefore to have bucolic leanings that are not at all alien to the rustic big-town people of his shining new city down there in the middle of Texas.

Crume writes in a different way on Mondays from what he does on other weekdays, and it is this Monday work—essays in old-fashionedness and longing for the simplicities of another time—that composes his book. He is at his best doing such things as describing an ideal automobile which he and some Dallas friends have worked out in conversation. It has a thermometer sticking up from the radiator, a running board with a luggage-rack on it, and an elevated gasoline tank which feeds into the engine by gravity; and of course its name is Model T, and nothing fancy like "Custom" or "Super-Dynamic."

—*Keen Rafferty*

Professor and Chairman of the Journalism Department of the University of New Mexico, Keen Rafferty is the immediate past president of the Association of Journalism Schools of America. He was for many years on the desk of the *Baltimore Sun*.

THE HOUSES THAT JAMES BUILT, by Robert W. Stallman. Lansing: Michigan State University Press, 1961. 258 pp. \$5.00.

THE NOVELS OF HENRY JAMES, by Oscar Cargill. New York: Macmillan, 1961. 515 pp. \$7.95.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF HENRY JAMES, ed. by F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock. New York: Oxford University Press, A Galaxy Book, 1961. 444 pp. \$2.25.

THE MARRIAGES AND OTHER STORIES, by Henry James. New York: New American Library of World Literature, A Signet Book, 1961. \$.50.

THE CROOKED CORRIDOR: A STUDY OF HENRY JAMES, by Elizabeth Stevenson. New York: Macmillan Paperbacks Edition, 1961. 173 pp. \$1.35.

On the eve of republication of the famous New York Edition, 1907-17, James is still going strong, as the recently received titles above attest. It was not long before the fiftieth anniversary of the commencement of that publishing event when the James revival began, the publishers sturdily beating the drums but little reckoning to what effect. At the end of James's career and for at least three subsequent decades he had been caviar to the general, however greatly and loyally admired by a scholarly coterie. Now all this has changed. Twirl racks at random in corner drugstores the length and breadth of the land and it is almost even money that a book of James will turn up among the paperbacks. There are already so many titles that a reprint of the New York edition seems almost anticlimactic if not redundant.

The chaste jacket designs of these paperbacks of James are worth noting as they may have started a trend. True, an edition of the dialogues of Plato out for some time has been decorated with a representation of a mask alleged to be of the philosopher, but time was, and not so long ago, when classics less lofty often masqueraded for the sake of the sales curve as far more lurid fare. Not so with James. Bosoms adorning his jackets were and are decently draped *à la* Gibson Girl. There is indeed a *fin de siècle* quaintness about these cover designs—an old valentine tied-with-faded-pink-ribbon quality. It is as though, just this once, the publishers were agreed to appeal to the readers' nobler sentiments. The odd quirk in this approach is that James seldom appeals strongly to the sentiments, noble or otherwise. One seldom has recourse to this author for a good cry or a jolly laugh. The appeal is largely mental though occasionally on a low, puzzle-solving level.

The built-in ambiguity of James is what makes him particularly juicy meat for the new critic. "Ambiguity is the Jamesian aesthetic," writes Robert W. Stallman, "and to resolve ambiguity is the critic's function." Only his principal essay on *Portrait of a Lady* and another on *The Ambassadors* are concerned with James but the others on authors, Hardy, Crane, Conrad, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Faulkner, illustrate techniques and continue themes and symbols established in the James pieces. The concluding critiques are on the New Criticism, its history, techniques and rationale.

New Critics are close readers and sensitive to nuances. Nevertheless, it is rather startling to read of Isabel, the lady portrayed in James's first great novel, *The Portrait of a Lady*, "The bolted door signifies her sexual frigidity (even after her marriage, as we

know by her cold yellow bedroom, she remains essentially virginal)." This fact might escape an older critic with lower blood pressure, and a more prosaic, less sensitive decorator's eye. Stallman sees too as significant of the villains that "Osmond shakes hands with his left hand, and Madame Merle draws her handsome mouth up to the left; *sinister* they are." Whether this is hypersensitivity or just a bad pun is a moot question.

But lest New Critic Stallman be accused of special pleading, it must be stated that he does quote James in one place as describing Isabel as looking like an Infanta of Velázquez. To borrow Stallman's device, Velázquez was not the baroque painter most noted for chiaroscuro. Unfortunately for the critic's thesis, the figure seems to call to mind a brightly lighted portrait with textures rendered, and the color red brilliantly in evidence, in spite of the fact that Stallman goes to some lengths to describe Isabel's love for the somber shadows. Stallman makes a point of her black gowns in big scenes albeit one was brown and another was white, but of the white one he portentously hastens to add, "trimmed with black ribbon."

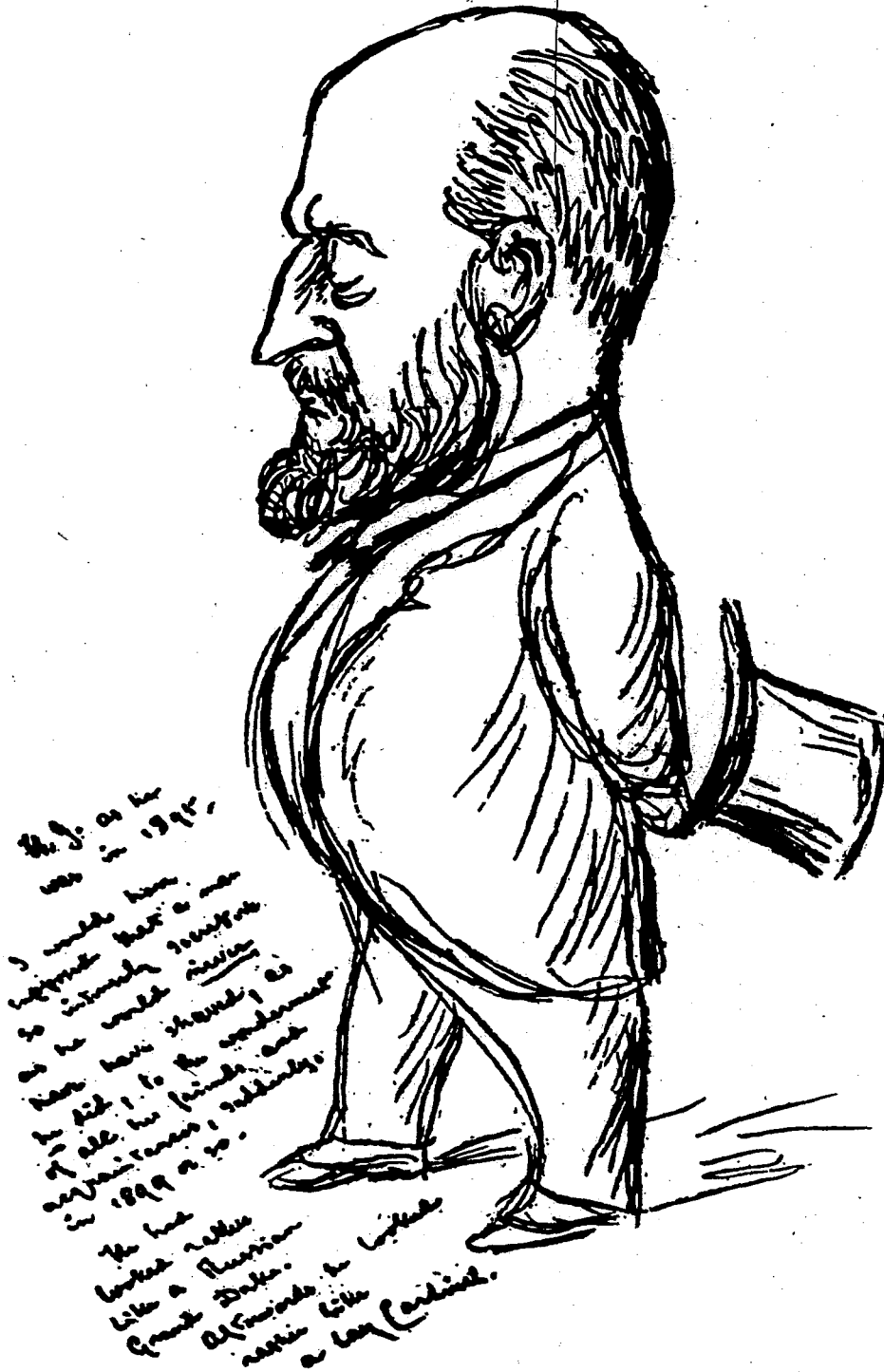
Perhaps Stallman pursues this color symbolism too far. While both the author and his critic studied art, it might be a difficult point to make that James was the most color conscious of impressionists. And as for a woman's dress, manlike, he is more apt to say, as in *The Marriages*, that she was overdressed, or, again, tastefully attired. This vagueness has not hurt him in his bid for immortality as its opposite explicitness has hurt his early editor, Howells, whose honest realism and camera eye forced him to ephemeral extremes, describing the details of his heroines' ludicrously disillusioning Victorian and Edwardian costumes.

A *reductio ad absurdum* of the New Critic's technique is not intended here although it can not be gainsaid that straining for symbols is a fault almost inherent in the process; nor can it be denied that James did use symbolism quite consciously and with intention. To Stallman's credit goes the solution of the riddle in *The Ambassadors*: the identity of the product manufactured in Mrs. Newsome's factory in "Woolett, Mass." The product was a timepiece and this is not inconsequential as Stallman brilliantly develops it. "Trading with time, that's what the novel is all about." And it is, indeed.

Yet Stallman has Scott Fitzgerald picking up the time theme of *The Ambassadors* less tellingly in *The Great Gatsby*:

While Gatsby woos Daisy, Ewing Klipspringer pounds out on the key-board the popular hit entitled "The Love Nest" and "Ain't We Got Fun?" The whole novel gets its time theme summed up in the words of the latter: "In the meantime/in between time—" What is defined here is a hole in time [solemnly opines the New Critic]. It is this empty in-between-time that Fitzgerald renders in *The Great Gatsby*, that void of the corrupted present canceled out by the corrupted past—America's as well as Gatsby's.

This is great stuff until one happens to think how selective the critic Stallman—not the author Fitzgerald—has been in his choice of lyrics. The answer implied in this one to the rhetorical question of what happens in-between-time, in-the-meantime "Ain't we got fun?" is *yes indeed!*, an answer Stallman would deny Gatsby. Then too, in the other



"H.J. as he was in 1895. I would have supposed that a man so intensely secretive as he would *never* have have [sic] shaved, as he did, to the wonderment of all his friends and acquaintances, suddenly, in 1899 or so."—Max Beerbohm.

From *The Notebooks of Henry James*, Oxford University Press, courtesy of Mrs. Eva Reichman and Harvard University Library.

BOOKS

79

number, "The Love Nest," there is none of the "corrupted present" but all nostalgic past and rosy future (especially as poignantly waxed by the late Paul Whiteman and jazz whistler—the flip of "Whispering" if memory serves and our bald spot isn't shining). Yet that need not stop Stallman. He could yet extract a corrupt modern dissonance in the false rhyming, "Just a love nest, cozy and warm/ Best of all nest, down on a farm," as it would take a Philadelphian to rhyme "warm" with "farm."

But to return to James, indeed of importance to the plot and atmosphere of *Portrait of a Lady* were "The Houses that James Built," although houses for background, as an older critic might put it, are important in all James's character development, sometimes, as in "The Jolly Corner" and "The Birthplace," lending almost the whole point.

Older critics can be booby-trapped by their techniques too, as Oscar Cargill proves in his thick, authoritative, and informative new book about the novels. Little more than ten years separate the two critics in age, but Cargill seems by contrast of an older literary generation. His approach is generally literary-historical. Thus we have much rich, entertaining, and well-documented detail—gossip, if you like—about what James was seeing, doing, reading, writing contemporaneously, before, and after writing each of his novels. This is not boring and it is not irrelevant. For example, we learn that *Roderick Hudson*, first volume of the New York Edition, was not James's first novel as we had been led to believe, though the one which critics, even Stallman, and James himself, refers to as the first. The first was *Watch and Ward*, a potboiler which James would have preferred to forget. In it, he shamelessly flatters the prejudices of old Oliver Wendell Holmes, still a power behind the throne at the *Atlantic*, though James's crony Howells was editor.

Perhaps this is enough to say of *Watch and Ward* yet when Cargill approaches an acknowledged masterpiece, his wealth of historical material and conjecture gets in the way. He seems to conceive of the artistic miracle as a woven fabric of many strands yet the fabric idea tends to de-emphasize the weaving process. We have here a heather mixture of the best stuff, but it would appear a naïve belief that the artistic miracle can be explained in terms of component materials.

To illustrate, in *Portrait of a Lady*, Cargill considers first a cousin of James, Minny Temple, as a model for James's heroine, Isabel. But Minny never went to Europe. This is important because background is important in the book (as any who have been beaten over the head with Stallman's houses can attest). Both critics liken Isabel to the chaste goddess Diana and this brings to Cargill's mind an earlier story, "Longstaff's Marriage," written for *Scribner's*, a magazine for which James had a low regard but which paid well, we are told. The heroine of this story was also a Diana "fiercely virginal," and also a goddess with feet of clay. Next he draws a parallel to Isabel with Bathsheba Evandine of Hardy's *Far From the Madding Crowd*, "who fancied there was a certain degradation in renouncing the simplicity of a maiden existence to become the humbler half of an indifferent matrimonial whole."

Another element in Isabel may have been James's own younger self. This is a cogent point and a transvestite device probably used by authors more often than suspected. It was Flaubert, was it not, who said of Emma Bovary, *C'est moi?* A great and illuminating truth sometimes overlooked is that we are humans first and males and females afterward.

Yet somewhat confusing the picture, *The Portrait of a Lady*, is the fact that Cargill, in common with Stallman and the majority of critics to be sure, sees Ralph Touchett too as a James self-portrait. He also sees a parallel to Isabel in George Sand's *Indiana* where the title character has an invalid cousin-benefactor, like Ralph Touchett, and an unlovely husband like Osmond to whom she willingly returns.

That reminds Cargill of an analogous plot in George Eliot's *The Mill on the Floss* where the devoted hunchback, Philip Wakim, representing the Ralph Touchett—invalid lover, unwittingly brings disaster on the heroine. (Here, New Critic Stallman's perception is probably the keener in asserting that it was only Isabel who brought disaster on herself.) The "Gardencourt legend," dragged in by the ears in the plot of *The Portrait*, may too have been suggested by the ghostly boatman of the Floss.

Madame Merle is said to have been suggested by Alfred de Musset's "*Histoire d'un merle blanc*"—Why not? James knew French and might be suspected of recognizing a white blackbird when he saw one—and Madame Merle's exploitation of Isabel on behalf of her illegitimate child, Cargill suggests, by About's *Germaine*.



"He had looked rather like a Russian Grand Duke. Afterwards he looked rather like a lay Cardinal."
—Max Beerbohm.

At this point, if not before, the reader is confused by all the bewildering wealth of detail, and it would seem rather presumptuous of any critic to suggest that all these conjectures and analogies, interesting as they are, were uppermost in the artist's mind in the creation of his major characters. Does a novelist create a character as a cook or chemist a concoction with a pinch of this and a dash of that? One might almost prefer Stallman's authoritative dictum: you could tell she was a virgin by the color of her wallpaper.

Whether one wishes to apprentice to the new or older criticism or merely to gain new insights to the tantalizing problems raised by much of James's fiction, subtle Lady-or-the-Tiger stuff that it is, the *Notebooks* are important source material. The new paperback is a reprint of the 1947 edition edited by the late F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock. Too big to fit in most drugstore racks, the book is adorned fore and aft with caricatures of the author by the late "Incomparable Max" Beerbohm.

The other paperback, *The Marriages*, the publishers state, is a generous sampling of James's stories seldom collected or anthologized—True, except for "The Real Thing," which appears in many James collections. Yet such is the quality and fecundity of James that there is no evidence here of scraping the bottom of the barrel. The title story is a masterpiece told in third person, but from the viewpoint of an earnest young girl. The viewpoint of a Jamesian character is sacrosanct. So it comes as a shock to discover finally the mess the girl makes of the lives of her menfolk through her priggishness. The editors of the *Notebooks* interpolate that this story suffers through being pre-Freudian. True, our heroine is cursed with something of an Electra complex, but that effect is no less effective for being implicit. Edmund Wilson's attempt to interpret *The Turn of the Screw* in Freudian terms only failed in the imputation that James followed Freud when James's work there was independent and antecedent. It is so here, and as with that noted *nouvelle*, one is still left wondering if, through the heroine's moral courage, resolution, high mindedness and intelligence, she isn't a true blue Jamesian heroine after all; or is she just a horrid neurotic?—a most intriguing paradox of the brand that was the author's specialty. Other stories in the collection are "The Pension Beaurepas," "The Point of View," "Miss Gunton of Poughkeepsie," "The Two Faces," "The Papers," "Fordham Castle," and "Julia Bride."

Before going to press, we received a recent reprint of *The Crooked Corridor*, Elizabeth Stevenson's psychologically searching and scholarly study of James the man and the artist, based on his work, first published as a hardback near the beginning of the revival, in 1949.

—Richard C. Angell

INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA, by Harold E. Driver. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1961. 688 pp., text drawings, photographs. \$10.95.

A scholarly synthesis of current ethnological knowledge of the Indians of North America has been long overdue. Professor Driver fills this need by skillfully integrating the large mass of available technical information into a coherent general account, emphasizing the wide variety of distinctive cultural adjustments developed by the Indians of the northern hemisphere.

The value of the book, both as an introduction and as a reference work of almost encyclopedic scope, may be indicated by a brief summary of the contents. Introductory chapters outline the problem of Indian origins, and specify the geographical areas of cultural similarity utilized by the author in the detailed discussions which follow. The remaining chapters of the volume are organized with reference to subject matter, beginning with discussions of subsistence, housing, clothing, art, and music. In each chapter, the areal distribution of specific cultural features is examined; generally, the treatment is comprehensive, though the section on art does not include materials on poetry, prose, and the dance. The chapters dealing with house types and clothing are illustrated by drawings, while stylistic variation in the visual arts is documented by an excellent series of photographs, as well as drawings. Of the eight chapters which follow and are devoted to an analysis of economic, political, and social patterns, those which deal with kinship groups and kinship terminologies may prove formidable for the general reader, since the subject matter necessarily is tech-

nical. Topics considered in the remaining chapters include the life cycle, education, religion, personality and culture, language, and "achievements and contributions." Twelve chapters of the volume are based upon a recent, more technical publication of Driver and William C. Massey (*Comparative Studies of North American Indians*, "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society," Philadelphia, 1957).

The wealth of fascinating detail on the pre-Columbian cultures of North America should prove of interest to both layman and scholar. But details, however interesting, require interpretation if something more than piece-meal information is to be conveyed. The author views his task as primarily descriptive, though also placing stress on the concept of diffusion as a key to the understanding of cultural phenomena; this concept, he remarks, "has been unduly neglected for at least a decade" (p. vi). Nevertheless, the reader will discover, in addition to the stated emphasis on cultural borrowing, a distinctly different organization of certain chapters, an arrangement of the data in a series of ranked categories. Although the categories array the materials in an order ranging from simple to complex which suggests an evolutionary framework, there is no discussion of the relation of this formulation to contemporary theories of cultural evolution. Instead, Driver refers to a series of correlations among general classes of phenomena as the basis for his classification. A concrete illustration, which involves the application both of the "developmental" procedure and of the concept of diffusion, will indicate the nature of the author's scheme. The chapter devoted to "Government and Social Controls" is subdivided into four levels of

BOOKS

83

political complexity, beginning with areas lacking "true political organization," and ending with "the state." The developmental implications of this sequence are examined only indirectly, by reference to the general correlations which establish the various stages of complexity. The most important correlation of this type links three factors: farming, population density, and size of political entities. The largest and most complex political unit, the state, is limited geographically to Meso-America and the Circum-Caribbean, which are also the regions of intensive farming, and greatest population density. Where true political organization is lacking, population density is low and subsistence practices center on hunting and gathering. Areas with intermediate population densities pose a problem, since the neat association between subsistence and population fails to account for the variable forms of political organization. At this point the author seeks an explanation in terms of diffusion, pointing out that the comparatively large size of political units among Indians east of the Rocky Mountains represents exposure to forms of government originally derived from the Meso-American or Circum-Caribbean regions.

This is a contribution in the tradition of the pioneering efforts of the eminent American anthropologists, Wissler and Kroeber, and like these earlier syntheses, concentrates on the presentation of a static picture of American Indian culture. Systematic integration of the historical perspectives offered by the intensive excavations of American archaeologists in recent years is not attempted, as Driver's prime concern is with a description of the characteristics

of Indian culture prior to white contact. In consequence, the time level of description varies with particular historical circumstances; for the people of Meso-America, the reference is to the sixteenth century, whereas for many tribal groups of the United States and Canada the pre-contact period extended to the nineteenth century.

The book is recommended reading for anyone with a serious interest in the Indians of North America. In its somewhat dry compass, it offers a guide to the cultural heritage of the Indian, based upon painstaking research, which is essential to an understanding of the contributions to civilization of the dynamic peoples who were the first conquerors of the New World.

Thirty-five maps which depict the distribution of selected cultural features constitute a valuable adjunct to the descriptive material of the text; these maps originally appeared in the Driver and Massey study noted earlier. Since the small distribution maps are keyed to a large end-pocket map locating major Indian tribes, the interested student will be able to trace the tribal distributions of particular culture elements where desired. Each chapter is followed by a list of references which are cited in full in the extensive bibliography; the index, covering thirty-three pages, with numerous cross-references, will be a boon to the student.

—*Harry W. Basehart*

Associate Professor of Anthropology at the University of New Mexico, Dr. Basehart has done field work in West Africa and among the Jicarilla and Mescalero Apache Indians. He is the author of several social anthropological studies on American Indians and contributed the section "Social Organization" to the last Biennial Review of Anthropology.

DIGGING UP AMERICA, by Frank C. Hibben. New York: Hill & Wang, 1960. 245 pp. \$5.00.

Dr. Frank C. Hibben is equally well known as an anthropologist and as a big game hunter. In this book he goes after small game, training his sights on obvious aspects of archaeology, the results of diggings mainly in the United States. He does touch, however, on Indian artifacts of the Northwest and Alaska as well as ancient ruins of the Mayas, Aztecs, and Incas of Central and South America in concluding chapters. Hibben first discusses methods of dating the antiquity of finds: dendrochronology or tree-ring counting in cross sections of beams and the like, the radioactive Carbon 14 "screen wall" method, and the more recent thermoluminescence method which will date rock subjected to fire as long ago as two million years.

He considers theories—some, quaintly apocryphal—on how the first inhabitants of the continent may have arrived here: theories such as the mythical sunken continents of Atlantis and Mu; overwater theories such as "The Chinese Junk" and the recent suggestions of Thor Heyerdahl's *Kon-tiki*, concluding with the more plausible land-bridge theory that has the aboriginal American ancestors migrating from Asia over a Bering Isthmus which, during the Wisconsin period, sunk to become the Bering Straits.

Evidences of prehistoric man in the Americas occupy an important section of the book, evidences including the earliest yet discovered, the Sandia Man, found in a cave in the mountains east of present Albuquerque. Dr. Hibben modestly neglects to state his own important role in that

discovery. An interesting point raised is that no skeletal remains of truly prehistoric man have been exhumed in the Americas. A long chapter is devoted to the enormous mounds of the Mississippi Valley and those of the East and Northeast. These are of two major types: burial and pyramidal, the latter similar to temple ruins of Mexico and probably built by people of a closely related culture, and like some temples in Mexico, probably associated with rites of human sacrifice.

While this book does not pretend to be exhaustive, it serves as a quick, comprehensive introduction of archaeology for the youthful student or layman. It is illustrated with fifty-six plates of clear, graphic, and well-chosen photographs.

THE DOVE TREE, by L. D. Clark. New York: Doubleday, 1961. 360 pp. \$3.95.

The dominant characters in this novel, Haley Blair, a Texas cotton farmer, and his son Duncan are caught in a web of psychological conflicts. The immediate cause of the most significant one, the death of Haley's wife, Lissie, and the resulting loneliness of the fourteen-year-old boy set in motion subsequent conflicts charged with emotion. The incompatibility of father and son had roots extending backward in time, apparently, long before the mother died—the mother for "whom the boy had a fierce love," and "who could convince her son by the humility of her mouth and the patient resignation of her eyes that his father was cruel."

Haley's decision to move from the old homestead to a smaller house in the same area is the focal point for the unfolding ac-

tion, a move which the boy "accepted without the violent opposition expected."

The triangular pattern which the author develops becomes weighted with complications. Haley's involvement with a "trashy girl," daughter of a neighboring farmer while respectably courting the schoolteacher assumes proportions of dominance in the novel.

Duncan's awareness and resentment of his father's interest in the teacher intensifies the father-son cleavage. As an escape from unhappiness he retreats almost nightly to the old homestead in which he develops an obsessive and possessive interest, ostensibly to guard a buried legendary pot of gold from snoopers. The tragic revelation that he had inadvertently shot and killed the farmer's daughter one night while protecting the place from marauders, eventually prepares the way for respect and understanding between father and son.

There are manifestations of skill and artistry in *The Dove Tree*, the author's first novel. The specific detail in relation to the changing seasons, and to the varying times of day frames a background of beauty.

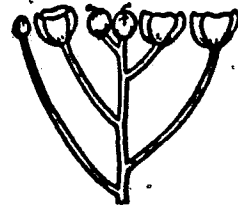
The reader may regret, however, that the mother-father-son relationship prior to the final illness of the mother is by implication. Just what the memories that the boy had of that homestead and his happiness or unhappiness there are not specifically revealed. A long flashback relating an amorous affair of Haley's at the age of sixteen has no particular significance to the central core of the book. And all readers will certainly have difficulty in maintaining an immediacy of contact with Haley Blair because this man, as projected through the author's skillful use of the interior mono-

logue, is not recognizable in dialogue or conversation.

Apparently Mr. Clark is not concerned about the use of a threadbare plot around which he pivots conflicts in relation to the positive and negative aspects of love. What is significant is that those aspects of love are in relation to God, as well as to humanity because it is through the medium of the blind revivalist, Brother Bob, that peace comes to father and son.

—Julia M. Keleher

Associate Professor Emeritus of English at the University of New Mexico where she was an inspiring teacher of creative writing and the literature of the Southwest, Miss Keleher's name is well known to readers of these columns. She lives in Albuquerque.



THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS PRESS has established a new series of "Personal Narratives of the West." The volumes will be under the general editorship of J. Frank Dobie. The first book in the series to appear is *Home on the Double Bayou* by Ralph Semmes Jackson (\$3.50). It is particularly concerned with everyday life on the JHK Ranch of Chambers County, Texas, between 1847 and 1925.

Most of the books planned for the imprint will be original publications, say the editors. Others will be reprints of narratives which have sustained a lasting interest, but which have long been unavailable to the book-buying public.

BRANCH BANKING AND ECONOMIC GROWTH IN ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO, by Paul D. Butt. New Mexico Studies in Business and Economics, No. 7. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Bureau of Business Research, 1960. 50 pp. \$3.00.

This monograph constitutes a pioneering analysis of the records of limited and unlimited branch banking systems in Arizona and New Mexico, which compares and contrasts the systems, relating them to economic growth in these states.

INCOME AND EMPLOYMENT IN NEW MEXICO, 1949-1959, by Ralph L. Edgel and Vicente T. Ximenes. New Mexico Studies in Business and Economics, No. 8. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Bureau of Business Research, 1961. 84 pp. \$5.00.

Primarily a study of the way in which New Mexicans make their living and the incomes derived from their occupations, this monograph, the most thorough presentation to date, breaks down employment and incomes by county in text and tables for the decade under consideration.

A KIND OF LOVING, by Stan Barstow. Garden City: Doubleday, 1961. 309 pp. \$3.95.

Written by the son of a Yorkshire coal miner who spent ten years of his early adulthood as an engineering draftsman, *A Kind of Loving* is the story of a young man with the same background. Heeding the familiar advice to young authors to "write what you know best," Stan Barstow, 33, in his first novel causes the reader to wonder where autobiography ends and fiction begins. For this reason, however, the book rings true, is authentic in language, in setting, and in its emotions.

The situation chronicled is a universal one; in fact, it is interesting largely because of its very commonplaceness. Victor Brown, almost 21, has a "crush" on pretty Ingrid Rothwell, 18, who does clerical work at the engineering plant where he works as a draftsman. During the period of his first dates with Ingrid, he says: "Knowing I was going to see her was like having a jewel in my pocket and every now and then I'd take it out and turn it over and gloat over it." But the book-loving Victor soon tires of Ingrid and admits to himself that he doesn't love her, nor even *like* her very much—"her gossip and silly scandal and her small talk about television and quiz shows . . ." Before he breaks away from her completely, however, he finds he must marry her. Victor, whose hopeful view of marriage ("living and loving and laughing together, every day. It must be wonderful if you can hit it right.") is gone, decides to do the decent thing and settle for "a kind of loving."

The book isn't *An American Tragedy* transplanted in Yorkshire at all. It is told in the first person by Victor, much of it in unfamiliar Yorkshire slang, with all the naïvete and idealism, the misgivings and the exuberance of the young man. It is genuinely touching and, at times, hilarious. The prevalent theme of modern-man-trapped-by-society isn't stressed; it's simply the story of a young man who decides to make the best of a situation in which he is caught—largely because of his inexperience. The characterization, in itself, is a refreshing one, after a surfeit of fictional heroes who seemingly have seen and done all things shortly after reaching manhood.

The characters are sympathetically treated and likable, including the hapless Ingrid and the members of Victor's warm and appealing family. Victor's personality is explored with feeling and with depth. *A Kind of Loving* is a lively book, painful and poignant, crude and comical by turns, which holds the reader's interest to the end.

—*Shirley Spieckerman*

Mrs. Spieckerman, who lives in Fort Worth, took her degree of M.A. in English at University of Texas and studied writing at Columbia University. Before the advent of a son now nearing his second birthday, she was for over five years travel editor of the *Dallas Times Herald*.



THE FAILURE OF UNION: CENTRAL AMERICA, 1824-1960, by Thomas L. Karnes. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1961. \$6.00.

As Professor Karnes states in his preface to *The Failure of Union: Central America, 1824-1960*, his book is the first in English to attempt to survey all the known efforts to combine the Central American states into a federal union. It is a subject worth a book, since it deals with part of an area of Latin America of considerable importance. How important, Cuba today indicates as Guatemala did a decade ago.

It is useful for the student of the Caribbean to have the information Professor Karnes has compiled in one book and in English. There are few places where data on Francisco Morozán, Justo Rufino Barrios, Frederick Chatfield, and Ephraim G. Squier are readily available. The roles

played by Costa Rica, Guatemala, Mexico, Great Britain, and the United States in the history of unification efforts are indicated by Professor Karnes.

The Failure of Union is a title, however, that applies to the book itself as well as to Central America. Professor Karnes, one would guess, wrote a big dissertation which was reduced and truncated to a small book. Cut down to meet its avowed purpose—to survey efforts of union—the book has lost any meaning much beyond that of a calendar of events, a dull affair at best and at worst, even falling short of that objective. Surveys are almost always impossible to make in chronological sequence and to make them thematically requires close to absolute mastery of the data in all its interconnections. Professor Karnes has attempted to do both in this volume. Primarily a chronological survey, the book collapses from time to time under the burden of complex, contemporary events that can hardly be presented sequentially; occasionally thematic, the text is marred by judgments that seem fortuitous or insignificant. Professor Karnes, as well as other Latin Americanists, could benefit greatly from reading the Montgomery Lectures delivered recently by Daniel Cosío Villegas at the University of Nebraska. To the effort to comprehend Latin America, Cosío Villegas has made a major contribution.

Within strictly (and narrowly) defined limits, *Failure of Union* is a useful book for students of Caribbean history.

—*Merrill Rippey*

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NEW MEXICO BIRDS AND WHERE TO FIND THEM, by J. Stokley Ligon. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press in cooperation with the New Mexico Dept. of Game and Fish, 1961. 416 pp., 34 color plates. \$8.50.

New Mexico has an area of over 121,000 square miles, and a book devoted to its avifauna invites comparison with similar works in other parts of the world. It may not be without interest to compare New Mexico with territories in Africa in terms of its avifauna.

New Mexico has a list of 399 species. Northern Rhodesia, more than twice as large, has about 670 species. Ecologically, New Mexico presents great diversity; although much of it is dry, it also includes well timbered areas and a range of altitude rising to an Arctic Alpine zone on its highest peaks. In fact all the life zones of the United States except the Tropical are represented. This ecological diversity is far greater than that, for example, offered by Northern Rhodesia where no such extremes of environment or of altitude are present. The greater part of Northern Rhodesia is composed of various types of deciduous woodland with considerable areas of flood plain, and much more limited areas of short grass, evergreen forest and swamp.

Other countries in Africa however, such as Kenya and Uganda equal New Mexico in their diversity of biotops ranging from extremely arid conditions to montane forest and alpine zones, and these are still richer than Northern Rhodesia in their number of species. This serves to emphasize the extraordinary richness in species of the tropics, especially where there is a great range of ecological conditions, a fact as conspicuous in the tropics of America as it is

in the tropics of Africa. This is perhaps in part a reflection that migratory phenomena occur in the more temperate regions of the world to a much greater degree than in the tropics. Only 247 of New Mexico's 400 species in fact breed there. The percentage of breeding species in most of tropical Africa is substantially higher, notwithstanding the influx of Palaearctic breeding species as wintering migrants. ✓

Any comparison of species occurring in New Mexico with those in Northern Rhodesia must naturally begin with noting basic differences between New World and Old World faunas. Whole families are present in one and absent in the other, though some of them are complementary and replace each other in similar niches. Thus the American Tyrant Flycatchers (22 species listed for New Mexico) have their counterpart in Africa in Old World Flycatchers (25 species in Northern Rhodesia), and the Hummingbirds of America (9 species in New Mexico) are replaced in Africa by the Sun Birds (21 species in Northern Rhodesia). The ornithologist moving to or from New Mexico and Northern Rhodesia will quickly notice that these groups, although quite distinct at the taxonomic level, have in fact evolved to fill parallel niches in the economy and ecology, and can be at once recognized as doing so. This is a theme which runs through the faunas of the two countries and is of great interest.

Migratory sandpipers, in New Mexico derived from the north of America and in Africa from northern Europe and Asia, provide a further point of comparison, and here some of the resemblances are very close—in Northern Rhodesia the wintering Greenshanks, very widespread, have their New Mexican parallel in the Greater Yel-

lowlegs. Northern Rhodesia like New Mexico has its Avocet and Stilt. Less parallel is the great influx of ducks and geese into New Mexico from northern breeding grounds, for very few Palaearctic breeding ducks migrate as far south in Africa as Northern Rhodesia, and in the latter country most ducks are purely African species although some of these have migratory movements, still very imperfectly known, within Africa.

Books like *New Mexico Birds* are an increasingly important tool to help the ever increasing number of ornithologists and bird watchers in knowing where to look for birds, how to identify them, and how to evaluate the significance of their records within the area of their observations. New Mexico is fortunate in having an up-to-date guide in the form of Mr. Ligon's book, which not only describes the status of each species in New Mexico but includes such useful aids as figures of the head profiles of waterfowl, the underside patterns of birds of prey in flight, and a good selection of species well illustrated in color. For outsiders like myself who hope sometime to have the chance of making the acquaintance of a new avifauna and seeing as much as possible of it in whatever limited time may be available, not the least useful feature is Mr. Ligon's outline of bird watching regions with its list of the characteristic or interesting species to be looked for in each of them.

—C. M. N. White

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90

CHARLES D. POSTON, *SUNLAND SEER*, by A. W. Gressinger. Globe, Arizona: Dale Stuart King, 1961. 218 pp. \$3.75 paper, \$5.00 cloth.

This is the well documented biography of Col. Charles Debrille Poston (1825-1902), known as the "Father of Arizona." The colorful life of this Southwestern pioneer involved among many other adventures here recounted: crossing the Isthmus of Nicaragua, shipwreck on an island in the Gulf of California, scouting the Gadsden Purchase, brushes with the Apaches, gold prospecting and mining. He was a law clerk, a customs clerk, congressman, superintendent of Indian affairs, stock promoter, bon vivant, American envoy and world traveller, self appointed priest and erector of a temple to Zoroaster.

Although Col. Poston was forced to fight Apaches for his life, he sympathized with their war, caused by gringo greed.

Much of the story is told in direct quotations from the Colonel's own yarns with generous sections from his diary and his long mock epic, *Apache Land*. In India he became converted to the religion of the Parsees, the cult of Zoroaster, hence in a very literal sense he became one of the Southwest's paleface "sun worshippers." He wrote and preached learnedly on the subject. Next to the bright light of the Arizona sun, he worshipped the bright lights of San Francisco and other metropolitan centers. He presented his friend Abraham Lincoln with a \$500 inkwell cast from silver from his own mines. He finished his comic opera career on a tragic note, a broken-down old man on a twenty-five-dollar-a-month pension. The book is illustrated with twenty drawings, eighteen photographs, plus maps.

NMQ XXXI: 1