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QUARTERLY REVIEW

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CONTRIBUTORS

Contributors to the symposium on Mark Van Doren's much-discussed recent book, *Liberal Education*, are sufficiently identified in the article itself.

Latin-American fiction occupies a considerable part of this issue of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW. "Black Ghost of the Pampas," one of the tales from Señor Juan Draghi Lucero's *Las Mil y Una Noches Argentinas*, is published in translation with the permission of the author and of the publisher, Oeste, of Mendoza, Republica Argentina. Margaret H. Harrison, the translator, received a Ph. D. from the University of California in 1934 and is the author of the recent biography of General San Martín, liberator of Argentina and Chile. . . . "The Lighthouse," a long short story, is the work of Hernández-Catá, a Cuban writer. The translation is published with the permission of the author. Angel Flores, of the Pan American Union, is widely known as a translator of Latin-American works. He was an editor of *Fiesta in November, Stories from Latin America* and contributed a translation, "The Slaughterhouse," to these pages in November, 1942. . . . Ciro Alegría, a Peruvian, was internationally acclaimed for his novel *Broad and Alien Is the World*. Sarah Corwin, translator of Alegría's "The Wanderer," has done many translations for the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, through whose efforts this story was secured for the QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Ernst Krenek, well-known modern composer originally from Vienna, is now teaching in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Frances Gillmor, author of *Trader to the Navahos* and *Fruit Out of Rock* and teacher of English at the University of Arizona, has in recent years spent a great deal of time in Mexico gathering material for a novel.

Prudencio de Pereda, of Long Island, New York, is now in the armed services. He has published stories in several magazines.

Spud Johnson continues his "On and On" in off hours from duty in an aircraft plant in California. Mr. Johnson used to run a newspaper in Taos, New Mexico.

Keen Rafferty teaches journalism at the University of New Mexico. He was with the New Mexico branch of the Office of War Information for several months.

Lyle Saunders, research associate in the School of Inter-American Affairs, University of New Mexico, has for many issues contributed his "Guide." "Los Paisanos" is the work of Julia Keleher, who teaches English at the University of New Mexico.

The induction of Alan Swallow into the armed forces makes the volume of poetry in this issue somewhat smaller than usual. Pvt. Swallow, however, will continue to select poetry for the QUARTERLY REVIEW, and subsequent issues will contain the normal amount of verse.

Nicholas Moore, who lives at Cambridge, is one of the Apocalypse group of poets in England. Margaret Deming Lund lives in Omaha, Edna Givens teaches in the music department of the University of North Carolina, and Jessamyn West lives in Napa, California. Mrs. West has published two stories in the QUARTERLY REVIEW in recent years and has appeared in various other magazines. Sylvia Wittmer, of Abilene, Texas, has published a book of poems, *Pagophila*, as well as scattered poems in these and other pages. James Franklin Lewis, who teaches chemistry at the University of Kansas City, is the author of three books of poems and a collection of poems in the book *Three Young Poets*. He has appeared in these pages frequently. Carol Ely Harper lives in Walla Walla, Washington.

Among the reviewers, Erna Fergusson is the well-known author of *Chile* and other Latin-American and Southwestern volumes. Jack Bradley Fahy was with the Lincoln Brigade in Spain and has lived in Colombia, where he collected material for a book. Mary Wicker is co-translator of *Three Latin-American Poets*. George I. Sánchez is professor of Latin-American education in the University of Texas. Thomas Nickerson ran a book store in Honolulu, is now with United Pueblos Agency. Ray B. West Jr., is an editor of the *Rocky Mountain Review* and now teaches English at Montana State University. Lois Gerard lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

All the other reviewers are on the staff of the University of New Mexico: Lyle Saunders, Inter-American affairs; Jay C. Knode, philosophy; Frank D. Reeve, history; W. W. Hill, anthropology; Parry A. Reiche, geology; Edith S. Blessing and Dane Farnsworth Smith, English.

MARK VAN DOREN'S *LIBERAL EDUCATION*¹: A SYMPOSIUM

UPON the appearance recently of Mark Van Doren's *Liberal Education* a reviewer said that he had never encountered a book that closed so many doors and opened so many windows. Mr. Van Doren quietly closes the doors—the valves of his attention, as Emily Dickinson would say—upon the elective system, “practical” courses, specific indoctrination, and the fetish of objectivity. He opens the windows to let in some of the educational ideas of Socrates, St. Thomas Aquinas, Rousseau, Emerson, and many others. Van Doren knows what he means by an educated man, and he knows how alarmingly short of any ideal standard college graduates of recent years have been falling. He knows and is deeply disturbed by the simple fact that the educational system in recent years has offered too little to toughen the moral and intellectual fibre of human beings. He perceives thoroughly the evils of over-specialization and over-departmentalization in the academic world. He believes that education should help a student—any student—to discover the centrality of human experience. Best of all, he writes like a philosopher and a man and not like a committee of “educators.”

All those who are afflicted with occupational apprehensiveness when change is mentioned, all who honestly and sincerely believe that knowledge can be furthered only by specialization and departmentalization, all who honestly believe that, pragmatism being our national philosophy, our fragmentary approach to learning is good enough, all who are complacent and do not care, all who honestly fear Mr. Van Doren's capitulation to neo-scholasticism—all these and many others will find objections to the book. And they should. Every teacher, every student, and every citizen of the republic had better allow himself to be bothered by this testament. If it hasn't the answers, it has many of the good questions.

The editors of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW are glad to publish this symposium. Contributors were chosen on the basis of wide

¹ Mark Van Doren, *Liberal Education* (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1934).

geographical distribution and the variety of their specialized knowledge. Only two requests were made of contributors: that they keep away from book-review clichés and mere reporting of the contents, and that they write down very honestly their reactions to the book.

First to speak is C. V. Newsom, of the University of New Mexico, a mathematician and a brilliant teacher of mathematics:

The American is restless; his life is tied to a series of fads and movements. Few ideals are subjected to the "test of time," for the American of the twentieth century is too impatient for that. This restless spirit is reflected in all American institutions. In education, as in government, the pendulum of ideas swings back and forth, and sometimes goes dizzily into a spin. We who observe these phenomena simply must admit that the symptoms of a growing race are often painful; America is still groping toward democracy.

During periods of national crisis, the process of growth involving the re-examination of institutions proceeds more rapidly. American education is at the heart of American existence, and it is proper and necessary that education for democracy should presently be debated. Unfortunately, constructive leadership for the essential controversy is lacking. Educational administrators have taken an oversimplified view of education; upon the authorization of their faculties, they have reduced education to an objective and quantitative science as they employ a clerical staff to measure the educational magnitude of their students in credits, grade points, and group requirements. Colleges of education can provide no guidance, for, in general, they are not accustomed to leadership; they have only sought to be acclaimed by a fickle public.

What approach, then, is possible in any serious attempt to study the nature of education for democracy? At the start, certain premises must be adopted. It should be acknowledged as an axiom that the basic elements in any true education are universal and permanent. Strength and morality within society must be recognized as the cumulative result of individuals able to accept responsibility. After that, in any study of the meaning of education, it is required that educated men be examined. No criterion for an education is needed to carry out this essential procedure; the students in a college will name those who are educated among their professors; your neighbor can designate the educated persons in your community.

How fortunate, then, that an educated man has treated the subject of education! Mark Van Doren's *Liberal Education* is a perfect book; the analysis is thorough; the exposition is convincing; and the literary quality marks the work as unique in its brilliance.

According to Van Doren, "The powers of the person are what education wishes to perfect. To aim at anything less is to belittle men; to fasten somewhere on their exterior a crank which accident or tyrants can twist to set machinery going. The person is not machinery which others can run. His mind has its own laws, which are the laws of thought itself." The education needed to accomplish such a purpose is liberal education, for "liberal education is nothing less than the complete education of men as men; it is the education of persons." The petty question concerning

the particular fields which comprise the subject matter of a liberal education is completely eliminated in this important book—forever, it is hoped. The entire analysis makes it clear that “a liberal education is more than a classical education, more than an education in English literature, more than an education in what is called ‘the humanities,’ and more than a training in the moral virtues.” “If science is master of the intellectual arts proper to the conduct of its affairs, then science is liberal too.”

No one but a great citizen of democracy could argue, as does Mark Van Doren, that “A democracy that is interested in its future will give each of its members as much liberal education as he can take, nor will it let him elect to miss that much because he is in a hurry to become something less than a man. It is obvious that all cannot be philosopher-kings, but it is just as obvious that all must not be less than they are; and a democracy must be prepared to give the entire quantity of itself that can be taken.” “[The citizen] can never blame a society which encouraged him to be all that he could be.” “All men are specialists at last, but there is a time for choice and it is not the time of youth. Youth wants to be all things at once, and should be given a go at it. When the experiment is done, a specialty will announce itself. Meanwhile there is not the hurry we suppose there is—and so supposing, threaten our society with a caste system of predestined trades and professions such as democracy may find it difficult to survive.”

The reader of *Liberal Education* may be surprised to learn that the trivium and the quadrivium are not dead. In fact, the argument is convincing that the substance of these seven traditional fields has become the skeleton of the modern liberal arts. “The liberal arts are the liberating arts. They involve memory, calculation, manipulation, and measurement, and call for dexterity of both mind and hand. Without these powers no mind is free to be what it desires.” “The process of which [the educated man] is a product is the process of mastering the liberal arts.” Certainly no man is ready to be a personality within a democracy until he is literate and articulate in verbal discourse, and possesses some facility in the use of mathematical symbolism; a person thus prepared has taken the first step toward a liberal education.

No greater sin is being committed against modern youth in the name of education than the pronounced tendency on the part of educators to ignore tradition. Mark Van Doren correctly asserts, “Tradition is so indispensable that it is regularly underrated, like other indispensable things. It is the medium through which we understand one another when communication takes place. It is the only way we have of knowing what we are.” In their haste to be modern, educators generally are forgetting that knowledge of a few facts is not equivalent to understanding. True understanding and real appreciation require penetration; reasons must be discovered, and proper backgrounds must be acquired. How can a youth be taught principles of American citizenship without first studying the distinctive history of America, the first nation to be seriously committed to a democratic philosophy? The study of history has been so undervalued in the educational process that there is definite reason for some alarm; neither the present nor the future become intelligible except as they are interpreted in the light of the past. Who can use language with facility and confidence unless he has first studied those classical

languages now imbedded in our own, and has read from great literature written by masters of language? How can a person appreciate and understand nature if he has not first studied pure science and its language, mathematics? What nation is ready for peace unless its citizens have first learned to know and respect the history and culture of neighboring countries? How little this country appears to realize the hard requirements which peace makes of its people. Such a self-examination makes it seem obvious that responsibility to oneself and to others demands a maximum of individual development.

The goals of American democracy and the ideals of American education are the same. With proper education for our citizens, a great democracy is possible; without a wise educational program for youth, the dreams of America's founders shall never become reality. It is clear that Mark Van Doren understands the problem and the only approach to its solution.

C. V. NEWSOM

The next to speak is Melvin T. Solve, who has had several years of experience directing the coöperative course in the humanities at the University of Arizona:

Liberal education, according to Mr. Van Doren, is that which will produce the complete and therefore the liberated man, able to function in a world whose nature and laws he understands. The educated man will know that there is "no dry stretch between now and then. They are one river, and the more he knows about its length the better." A liberal education must teach man the essential unity of past and present, head and heart, man and nature, humanities and science. We must remember that knowing is knowing how to do. Most of this is very familiar, but not since Emerson have we had such a vigorous and readable statement. A century after Emerson wrote, our educational institutions are still turning out "walking monsters,—a good finger, neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man." Emerson astonished his contemporaries by telling them that "Books are for the scholar's idle time." Mr. Van Doren is more moderate. Quoting Whitehead he tells us that "the second-handedness of the learned world is the secret of its mediocrity." Not only does Mr. Van Doren make war on the bookworms and the schismatics, but on the skeptic, and upon all authority not founded in the truth that makes the liberal man the only free man. With Pascal he says, "Not all the powers on earth can, by force of authority, persuade us of a point of fact, any more than they can alter it; for nothing can make that to be not which is." In a day of totalitarianism and "truth by edict" we need such faith in the power of the educated mind and heart.

The little book sums up most of what is worth knowing about the design for liberal education. And while the author quotes freely, he can turn a sentence as quotable as his quotations: "Religion is the art that teaches us what to do with our ignorance. It does not teach us how to convert it into knowledge, for that cannot be done. But it shows us how it may be dignified with ritual, which is man's way of confessing his ignorance in a style suitable to its size."

The discussion of the relation between secondary school and college is less

satisfactory. Mr. Van Doren is aware that high schools do not regard preparation for college as their most important function. The attempts of the secondary schools to invade the liberal arts he deplores but does not explain. The reason for this invasion is, of course, that secondary-school administrators know that for the masses the high school is the terminal institution. Forty-one per cent of our population have had one to four years in high school, 19.6 per cent four years in the secondary schools. Only 12.3 per cent have had one year or more of college. We can not quarrel, therefore, with the high schools for their ambition to give to vast numbers of young people an orientation which will be of service to them as citizens and workers. Their problem becomes extremely difficult when we remember how short a time is at their disposal, and especially when we realize the pressure upon them to teach something "practical" which the young people can use in earning a living. Remembering his Plato, Mr. Van Doren has a word for the trade schools into which some of the "hand-minded" are deflected. But the trade schools are no complete solution to the problem of what to teach by way of the best preparation for life, because the graduates of the trade schools too are citizens who will have to make decisions as voters and parents—decisions which can be made only by the liberal mind which knows what happened before one was born.

Certainly the secondary schools can be blamed for abandonment of history and the older literature. Even the shortness of time at their disposal, especially when need seems to dictate the inclusion of vocational subjects, does not justify concentration upon contemporary literature and wishy-washy entertainment mistakenly called civics or citizenship. And certainly the secondary and the primary schools are severely to be blamed for failure to do a good job with the indispensable disciplines—reading, writing, and calculation. To these basic disciplines, taught to instill ideals of accuracy and habits of work, can be added more history and foreign language for those students who expect to enter college. College preparation will then no longer be a problem.

Like many another, Mr. Van Doren is admirable when he generalizes, but less happy when he comes to particulars. His return to the trivium and quadrivium as the basis of the curriculum of the liberal arts college surely has the weight of experience behind it. But his praise for the method of St. John's College will fall coldly on many ears. Perhaps only the modernists who are all branch and no root will cavil at the reading of classics in literature and philosophy, but the reading of old books and sciences seems to many, including myself, a waste of time in the recapitulation of error. A student's time is too precious to devote many hours to the reading of more of Lucretius, for instance, than books III and V. Even book III, noble as is its attempt to dispel the fear of death, will be rejected by all Christians. Books I and II do have three laws of physics imbedded in their curious melange of error, but the student without the assistance of a teacher would be unable to find them. Why a young person should be required to read the gropings of earlier ages in astronomy and medicine when he can get relatively accurate information from a despised modern textbook is far from clear to me. Mr. Van Doren has defined a classic as a book which is always contemporary—a very good definition. Hippocrates, Galen, Aristarchus, Gilbert, Harvey, and others in the St. John's list definitely are not. Such men and their books belong to the history

of science. Only a small part of their work is still *scientia*. And second-handedness may as easily result from discussion of so-called classics as from study of modern textbooks, especially textbooks in science supplemented by laboratory work, even if the latter is "experiment" only by courtesy.

An important part of the book is that section devoted to the three-hundred-year feud between the humanities and the physical sciences. Mr. Van Doren castigates the professors of both, but with such sound good sense that both may profit. Logically and traditionally the sciences (at least mathematics and astronomy) are liberal subjects. Tradition and reason also support the idea that medicine and agriculture are "natural arts." This doctrine fits into his basic concept of the unity of all learning and all life. No sensible person can believe that science can be ignored by the liberal, that is, the complete man. One can only criticize the partial or the lop-sided man. And too many of our professional men are as narrow in their intellectual interests, taste, and language-skill as Sinclair Lewis's Doctor Kennicott of Main Street. And so far as completeness goes or true liberality, the concentration upon a single subject, even from the traditional seven—literature or music—provides no better result.

While readers may disagree with details, the book is wise and good tempered, vigorous without asperity, entertaining but not light.

MELVIN T. SOLVE

George M. Peterson, of the University of New Mexico, is a psychologist of repute. His bewilderment, the editors can assure all readers, is honest and is not merely a literary device.

DEAR EDITOR:

This is a disturbing and confusing task you have given me. I started out thinking it would be great fun. We all like to discuss shop, more almost than anything, even in these days of the war. We professionals in liberal education, I mean. It would be fun, I thought, because I knew Mark Van Doren in a way, although he doesn't know me. He conducted a very interesting half-hour on the radio Sunday mornings, called "Invitation to Learning." He has been missing for about a year, and now I have found out what he has been up to; writing a book on liberal education. Well—his radio program was provocative. Surely the book would be great sport reading, even if I did have to pay somewhat closer attention than reading just for pleasure, in order to write about it later.

But now I am disturbed. Not provoked or concerned over a difference of opinion, but disturbed and confused over what the opinion is. Am I a stupid man that I cannot understand this book? Have I been miscast in the teaching profession for nearly twenty years now, or has, perhaps, the profession moved on, leaving me back in the 1920's, with nothing but ignorance of today's expression of its problems? Or did I never receive enough of a liberal education to be able to go along with the boys? This last could well be, for Mr. Van Doren himself has a chapter "Nobody Thinks He Is Educated," which might be re-titled, for me, "You Are Not Well Educated." Thenceforth, he would have me.

As it is, I am obstinate enough to want to fight back. When I can't understand

something, either I am stupid, or uneducated, or there is nothing to understand, just noise and confusion. I all too frequently run into scientific hypotheses I can't understand. They prove to me that I am uneducated, but I don't mind admitting it in such specialized fields. No man can be expected to know everything, and there is certainly a lot of everything in science to know these days. But in the field of education, not so much the kind exemplified in the colleges of education as the kind we mean when you and I talk shop, i.e., liberal education, I thought I knew enough to go along with the rest of the boys, even if my own thoughts were rather hum-drum. For example, Mr. Van Doren cites thirty-one writers, the majority of whom I have read, at least somewhat. Among them is John Dewey, who is not considered exactly easy reading. When I read his *Democracy and Education*, I thought I followed along, anyway. Hence, I'm not ready to admit stupidity, even if I don't consider myself the last word in erudition on this subject. But with Mark Van Doren's book, *Liberal Education*, either I am stupid, or he has written some noise and confusion. And so you see the chance I am taking writing this open letter to you. If you publish it, and others read and say they have no trouble understanding what Mr. Van Doren is saying, where does that leave me? Hence, I am obliged to put up the best defense I can at once.

I'll say at the outset that the preface and first chapter seemed to go along all right. But in the second chapter, on "The Educated Person," I found my mind wandering as I read along. Perhaps this is because Mr. Van Doren tries to do justice to too many others who have previously been concerned with his subject. And in chapter three, I stumbled over this, which I wish to quote now. I realize that removing a passage from its context is unfair, but if preceding passages were included, I doubt if there would be any added content to the following:

The circle of the relation between the state and the individual, a circle which is drawn when we say that each depends upon the other for its good, can be broken only if we distinguish between the individual and the person. The individual has no relation to anything except the state or society of which he is a member, and to which he is relative. But the person is not a member. He is the body of himself, and as such is always to be understood as an end, not a means. As a ruler, he has first ordered his own soul. As the ruled, he likewise orders his soul. And this is something which he is unique among creatures in knowing how to do, even though he may never do it perfectly. The good state—democracy—will let him try, on the theory that good citizenship will follow naturally from even moderate success; though it will let him try anyway. For without autonomy he cannot find the center in himself from which in fact emanate the very generosity and lawfulness, the respect for others that is a form of respect for himself, necessary to the operation of society at all. Society may command fear and obedience; it cannot force love or friendship, which are irreducibly personal, and developed in places to which politics as most conceive it has no access. Yet they are the foundation of good politics, which in this sense must be personal to succeed greatly. Democracy wants millions of one-man revolutions, if only because the result might be a nation of persons worth organizing. . . ." (pp. 39-40).

When I finished this I reread it, and then tried even again without success before deciding to go on to see if I could pick things up a little later on. I also tried the passage on a colleague, telling him in advance that I had trouble understanding what was meant, adding that I did not wish to suggest that he should do

likewise, but rather explain to me the meaning of the passage as he might explain something difficult in his special field to a student. His response was, "That is what is known as tossing words around."

Perhaps I am being unfair, for I admit picking out one of the most esoteric passages in the book. But as I went on reading, it appeared that I never could quite clinch with an idea, for it always danced about and away from me, thus:

A liberal education is more than a classical education . . . [though the latter] ought to be a great thing [for although] Greek literature is not everything, yet it is the heart of what we need to know. . . . [A classical education acquaints] the student with the "beauties" of two literatures. . . . Literature is a means to something bigger than itself. . . . It is seldom that great books in English are greatly read. . . . Literary scholarship as we know it is most at home among the small books it can explain . . . The sciences were too much admired for knowing clearly what they wanted to do. . . . Liberal education is not everything except science . . . [which] has no doubt of its importance. . . . Champions in "the humanities" . . . are of course correct in insisting that they are necessary rather than nice. . . . A legend persists that science is not humane . . . [but] the Greeks were scientists. . . . To the extent that the "humanities" . . . are rewarming "humanism" . . . they will take us only part way to a liberal education. . . . The conscious business of education is with the intellect. . . . [There is] danger in separating character from intellect. . . . Liberal education is more than literary education, or moral education, or both. . . . [It] tries to be intelligent about virtue. . . . [Its] prime occupation . . . is with the skills of being. . . . [Its aim is] not merely to know or do, but also, and indeed chiefly, to be. . . . Our talk of it, however, has been general long enough. . . . (Chapter IV).

Shall we, then, get specific? If we do, it is on pages 150-152 where the curriculum of St. John's College is listed in its famous best books. Aside from this listing, I failed to find where. But I might be specific about how Van Doren seems almost insistently to avoid specificity. If you will pardon two more short quotations, they are: (p. 116) "Doubtless all studies are one study in the end" and, on p. 117, in discussing subject-matter, "Any list might do. . . ." Any list that Mr. Van Doren happened to be thinking of might do, and all studies he had in mind might be one study. But I know a student transferring from one institution to another who submitted, among other courses for which she had received credit, a course in training to be a drum-majorette. While I recognize that this "course" might conceivably be related to music—one of the quadrivium—I have a suspicion that he who believes that any list will do and that all studies are one study could find himself including a drum-major's course in his curriculum, and I rebel. While I may be prejudiced, this seems to me the kind of thing liberal education should move away from today, and any generality that leads us in the wrong direction is accordingly weakened. I suspect that Mr. Van Doren might be incensed at the interpretation just given and could easily contradict it with other evidence from his book, but he should bear in mind that misinterpretations are not always error on the part of the reader, but frequently weakness on the part of the writer.

We could run on in this fashion regarding the interpretation of other passages, but I'd rather tell you that I finished the book and laid it aside for some time before writing this. When I turned to the writing, I took the book up again and

reread large sections of it to make sure I was not wholly mistaken. The preface promises a theory which it hopes will not be vague. It will evidently concern, among other things, what to do about science. But when I returned to hunting this theory down, the best that I could find, except for some vague generalities, was the St. John's curriculum. Is this, then, what Mr. Van Doren would do about science? If so, I cannot believe that he will get many scientists to agree with him.

I have no right to speak for scientists, but can speak as a layman concerning the education of my son. I hope he gets a scientific education and believe it can be done better than by studying the scientific curriculum in the St. John's list. For example, his physiology there appears limited to Bernard and Harvey, both classics, I admit, but do I want him to have physiological classics or modern physiology? I am convinced my son will learn more physiology from, let us say, Howell or its equivalent and from a teacher who bases his class work around such material, than from these classics. Not more classics, mind you, but more physiology. The question reduces itself to what I want him to have, classics or science, or if you prefer the phraseology, scientific classics or modern science. I want him to have modern science. If someone else wants his son to have scientific classics, he can attend St. John's, if it will accept him. I hope that liberal education will not follow a trend that will prevent me from making a choice, or force me into selecting a technical school. My argument regarding physiology can be applied to physics, chemistry, or any other scientific field. If my son wishes to avoid as much science as possible (I hope he won't want to avoid any kind of education) and prepare in "the humanities," I'm not sure that the same kind of argument does not apply. In fact, I don't see why he cannot get a *modern* liberal education, including both science and the humanities, without the emphasis St. John's gives to the classics. I do not wish this to be an invective against the St. John's curriculum, for there are unquestionably many fine things to be said for it, but I am convinced that Mr. Van Doren has not said them in his book, and also convinced that he has not said much else that can be held on to and discussed, either calmly or belligerently.

And so I return to my original point. I have run the risk of being charged with stupidity for getting nothing but vague generalities from Mr. Van Doren's book. If another reader gets something more, I would appreciate having it explained to me simply and explicitly. And if it is obviously possible to do all this, I would appreciate further your doing me the personal favor of destroying this letter, so that my ignorance will not cause me painful embarrassment.

Sincerely,

GEO. M. PETERSON

Long known as a thorough scholar and a fine teacher, Aaron Schaffer, professor of romance languages, University of Texas, former president of the South Central Modern Language Association, calls attention, we feel, to a decided weakness in Van Doren's position:

The writer, as well as the reviewer, of a book on liberal education lays himself open, on two scores, to the charge of presumptuousness; for he specifically states that he knows what a liberal education is and he implies, though he may make

modest disclaimers to the contrary, that he is himself a liberally educated person. But any thoughtful teacher is justified in running this risk and in venturing to formulate a philosophy of higher education in a democracy by the painfully obvious fact that a large number of the graduates of our "colleges of arts and sciences" can scarcely, by any standard, be said to have received a broad and sound education. One explanation for this phenomenon, of course, lies in the complete lack of agreement among college teachers as to what constitutes such an education. The University of Texas, for example, has a Committee on Educational Policy specially appointed by the president to inquire into and make recommendations regarding the advisability of adapting, by radical changes where necessary, our present system to the needs of a war-time and post-war United States. The dean of our College of Arts and Sciences, alarmed at the speed with which our A. B. degree is being reduced to a narrowly professional or pre-professional set of disciplines, has pleaded repeatedly for the retention and strengthening of liberal education as the backbone of this degree. As the Committee is heavily weighted with representatives of the sciences and the professional schools, the unhappy dean has received support from only a small minority; from the majority, his demands that we cease neglecting "liberal education" and the "humanities" are countered by equally insistent demands for definitions of these terms and by statements that such subjects as cost-accounting, electrical engineering, and homemaking are at least as "liberal" and as "humane" as is the study of language and literature. Under such circumstances, one may well wonder how we are ever going to emerge from the impasse.

But Mr. Van Doren knows what liberal education is and he has charted our course out of the impasse. The milestones along this course are the 110 authors whose writings constitute the required reading of all the students at St. John's College in Maryland; the administrative heads of this college, frequently quoted in *Liberal Education*, are apparently responsible for Mr. Van Doren's conviction that "an educated society is one whose members know the same things" (p. 111). As a graduate of a relatively small, privately endowed institution, Johns Hopkins University, and as a teacher at a relatively large, publicly supported institution, the University of Texas, I have somewhat divided sentiments with regard to Mr. Van Doren's convictions and his program. I am inclined to believe that much of his reasoning is either contradictory or mere quibbling. This is particularly true of his categorical assertion that "there is no such thing as education for democracy; education is either good or bad" (p. 38). It can scarcely be denied that education attained a high level in Germany, where the basic notions of *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit* were born and reared; yet Germany produced, within sixty years, a William I, a Bismarck, a William II, and a Hitler. The point is, of course, that when Mr. Van Doren asseverates that "education is either good or bad," he is begging some important questions: Good or bad according to whose standards? Good or bad for whom? And it seems somewhat paradoxical to insist that, by submitting all undergraduates to the regimentation of reading the same 110 authors, we shall emerge with a superior form of democracy. And I do not quite understand why a man who exalts religion as does Mr. Van Doren (p. 141) should be so afraid of "education for character" (pp. 58 *et seq.*). As a Jew (with a thoroughly religious upbringing, be it noted), I should much prefer, for obvious reasons, that

we continue to leave the religious training of our students to the home and the church. When an educator, however generous his intentions may be, publicly advocates the introduction of "religion" into our teaching, I am naturally disposed to ask: Whose religion? To my way of thinking, the best teachers, in any sort of college, are those who, without actively assuming the role of the preacher, let the example of their own devotion to the truth and the implications of the materials they present function in the process of the moulding of the characters of their more or less impressionable students. In other words, Mr. Van Doren may be taxed with at least a measure of that "asphyxiating" dogmatism of which he accuses the scientists (p. 139).

With many of Mr. Van Doren's basic contentions, however, I am at least in partial agreement. I share whole-heartedly his conviction that the A.B. degree should be granted only to the student who has manifested some familiarity with all the great areas of human thought and feeling. We need to inculcate into our students a love for good books and an eagerness to read more and more of them. I should not myself insist on all the 110 authors of the St. John's program (I frankly admit that, though I consider myself a fairly well-read man, I have read only about half of the works listed); but it would seem to me to be a good plan to put some such list into the hands of every incoming freshman who plans to take the A.B. degree and to encourage him by every available means to make the best possible use of it. I also agree with Mr. Van Doren that life in a democracy is a profession in itself and that our present professional curricula produce craftsmen rather than educated "persons." The St. John's plan as such, however, seems to me to be fitted only to our smaller liberal arts colleges; its practical execution calls for an instructional scheme—small classes, the tutorial system, comprehensive examinations—which it would be extremely difficult to adapt to the huge student bodies of our large state universities. For these latter, the best solution of the problem would seem to lie in a very careful selection of the teachers who give the courses leading to the A.B. degree. When all is said and done, it is the great teachers, whatever may be their subjects, who afford their students the greatest opportunities for intellectual improvement. And as this sort of improvement is the subject of Mr. Van Doren's book, it is to be hoped that the book will be widely read by teachers in our colleges and universities.

AARON SCHAFFER

Martha G. Colby, whose "December the Seventh: Shock Therapy for American Education" was reprinted in our preceding issue, there insisted upon a little plain, old-fashioned "toughness" and a return to standards of achievement. Mrs. Colby is a research associate in the elementary school of the University of Michigan and a member of the psychology department in the same institution.

It is said that poets are the prophets of the future. If so, posterity will thank Mark Van Doren for speaking out in *Liberal Education*. He hopes that teachers and students will hear and heed him. We hope that legislators, school boards,

rich alumni, and parents do so too. The former is likely, the latter not. For the author is a poet, a teacher, a philosopher—not a journalist, “educator,” or statistician. His concern is *living*, not mere livelihood. And there is an ancient saying that “Those whose ways are different do not make plans together.” This, I believe, is the first and greatest obstacle to Mr. Van Doren’s goal.

The second is his under-estimation of biogenetic problems. No matter what we *hope* about intelligence, its course shows nothing more clearly than the law of “regression to the average,” at least since the classical age. Anthropologists tell us our legs grow apace, but the organ of thought seems to lag. Universal education must conform to the average, likewise the sub-average and superior. And as any class-room teacher knows, this is a practical dilemma with more horns than can even be listed here.

Our era is industrial. It may be materialistic, commercial, utilitarian, but here it is. Until, like all other “transient figments of history,” it destroys or transcends itself, we who live in it are of it. Combined with the “law of the average,” none too high in abstraction, this means more, not fewer trade schools. But lest the hand annihilate the head that ought to guide it, it also calls for the maximum instead of our lethal minimum of training in abstraction processes. It has taken a war to shock back our common sense about the three R’s. For masses of people, these are the limits of “formal” liberal education. If solid enough in *substance*, these grammar school tools will carve equilibrium whatever its future level. Mr. Van Doren too easily assumes good primary education. Actually, its chaos is the sore spot. But education is a circular process, and its end may determine its beginning. Wherever colleges have resisted lower entrance standards, the higher have been met.

For this reason, the experiment at St. John’s College is a crucial one, toward which all hopeful eyes should turn. It is unfortunate that only “the books” are known, while the manner of digesting them is not. Most teachers feel some trepidation, knowing what sheer ocular mechanics the verb “to read” may mean. Surely the classics were addressed to peers, not adolescents. To read them is a scholar’s sacrament, which must not become a layman’s sacrilege. Men misread the Bible and there were inquisitions. More recent men have misread science and there are racial purges. Better, perhaps, that common minds know just the common text-books than that they bend the gods themselves to darkened ends.

Neither Van Doren nor Scott Buchanan mean, of course, for this to happen, for they use *democratic education* in its Jeffersonian sense. But this will come of age only when superior students, rich or poor, may go to college; and when inferior students, rich or poor, may not. There should be many more scholarships (much more rigorously selective), but the same selection should, in fairness, be applied to all.

There is no surer sign of blinded insight than the semantic pandemonium called educational theory. One thinks these days of Job,—“Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?” or of Confucius, “He who does not know words cannot understand men.” We must therefore thank Mr. Van Doren deeply for his special service as a man of letters. He liberates from stereotype such symbols as “discipline,” “memory,” “self-reliance,” “character,” “democratic,” “liberal,” and makes them glow again in freedom from pedantry.

If Mr. Van Doren's sure and pointed pen has done nothing else than expose the fraudulent disjunction between the "human arts" and the "inhumane sciences," it will have served a worthy end. The cost of this broken unity in education is just beginning to be clear enough to frighten us. Philosophers have warned us in a lofty dialectic, but perhaps a poet's epigrams will drive it home. "What is to be done about science?" asks the author. There is nothing to be "done" about pure science,—its own vitality generates momentum, and it now avoids the errors of the Greeks. The problem is the moral value of its gadgets. Science is no more responsible for bombs than words are responsible for pornography. Man is accountable for both. We should ask, not what can man do about science, but what can science and the arts do about man.

Yet here lies an interesting problem. To many, it seems inexplicable that the soaring fantasies, the *concepts*, of modern science have no counterpart in the sensuous wallowing of modern art or the sterile statistics of social science. Where are the creative analogues of Relativity, the Uncertainty Principle, or Quantum Theory? Perhaps, in aping the external machinery of the scientific method, the "humanities" have lost their own gods. "For the gods," says Santayana, "are demonstrable only as hypotheses, but as hypotheses they are not gods."

Where great minds hesitate, perhaps our lesser ones should halt, forbearing practical suggestion. But if in product a past plan seems better than a present, it is not wholly a fallacy of *Idola Theatri* to suggest it. . . . There was a little public high school in the desert, not too long ago,—which had an educational design for living. There was a Classical Course, for all who even dreamed of going to college. Its core was clear, uncompromising: four years each of English, history, and mathematics, with an elective *laboratory* science in the senior year; three years each of classical and modern language. Music and drawing were extracurricular, but mandatory, for no one left those doors illiterate in the arts. There were then, as now, vocational courses for those not wanting, or unequal to, the other. But only the Latin and latter half of mathematics were concessions to the kitchen and the shop. Failures meant "repeats" and these were infinitely less disgraceful than to "stop." Children learned "character" in the home and school room every living minute, for parents were not yet reduced to purse-strings and chauffeurs, and teachers were respected, not derided. "Citizenship" they learned by knowing how people struggled for it down the ages, and by engraving in their hearts and tongues,—(yes, rote!) the preamble of the Constitution. The brick and mortar of that school were very simple, but the classics were on its shelves, the test-tubes were in its laboratories, and teachers of liberal training were at its desks. They did not know all the skillful methods now available, but unlike our moderns, they did not stumble into Paracelsus' tragedy,—refusing "Calm converse with the great dead, soul to soul, Who laid up treasure . . .," "Rejecting past example, practice, precept,"

Aidless mid these he thinks to stand alone: [while]
Thick like a glory round the Stagirite,
Your rivals throng, the *sages*

I believe some form of this earlier design for training is one way toward Mr. Van Doren's liberal education.

MARTHA G. COLBY

Deeply devoted to the task of correlating humanistic and democratic values and to the idea that education must be purposefully integrated with social aims, Joseph W. Cohen, professor of philosophy, University of Colorado, attacks the book at what seems to us its most vulnerable point.

I shall confine myself to Mr. Van Doren's view of man and society, democracy and personality, because in this view, I believe, lies the weakness and futility of his position.

Liberal educators, he tells us, should attend to their proper business, teaching the trivium and quadrivium. They should ignore current institutions and events, abjure concern or passion for democracy, dismiss talk of society. The perils of reaction at home and fascism abroad disturb him so little that they are never once mentioned even by indirection. There is no echo in this work of the holocaust loosed upon our world. Having thus assured himself of complete insulation from issues of war or peace, from questions of social justice, social growth or decay, from the problems of the relation of mind and will to action, he proceeds to praise knowledge, discipline, and virtue and to seek, through their abstract aid alone, educational salvation. In the end liberal education, through the instrumentality of the great classics, will generate millions of enriched personalities who may eventually make "millions of one-man revolutions" and save mankind from evil.

Mr. Van Doren is oblivious of the poet's warning:

Things fall apart: the centre cannot hold.
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned.

For it is a ceremony of innocence which Van Doren performs in this discussion of liberal education.

There is, to be sure, a mediocre cant of "Education for citizenship," but there is also a noble cant of "Education for personality." The former is all machinery, administrative activity, and a doctrine of adjustment to the community in terms of worldly success. The latter is all truth and beauty and goodness, and the eternal values of the personality divorced from the crudities of human experience and conflict. The one is an uncritical cult of process, active, pragmatic, and contemporaneous; the other is an equally uncritical cult of values resident in the isolated and cultivated personality, contemplative, edifying, and traditional. The former is all superstructure without roots; the latter all roots—and very ancient ones—without superstructure. These two groups of educators speak no common language. They rarely get together. But American democracy and American education are the victims of both. Neither group leads to a mature understanding of the nature and

meaning of a democratic society and neither produces the education which can best serve that society's needs. Missing from both positions is the comprehension that the cultural trusteeship of education must be linked to a social responsibility which is urgently aware of a rising tide of unreason that in our society threatens progressive civilization everywhere. Confronted by the crisis of humanity, both groups make manifest, the one practically, the other spiritually, the bankruptcy of individualism. The one sanctifies the *status quo* directly by its cult of education for individual success in the world as it is; the other, indirectly, by its abstract counsels of perfection for isolated personalities impotent in their traditionalism and isolation to influence society for good or ill. The real sources of corruption, which impoverish citizenship, constrict cultural horizons, and endanger the future of civilization, remain unanalyzed and unaffected by either group. The narrow individualism of both groups breeds fear or contempt of the world-wide organized struggle for participation in civilization and for shared material and cultural well-being. This inner democratic dynamic of society, the key to progress in our day, is scrupulously ignored. Both are blind, therefore, to the counter-threats of aggressive and irresponsible power which have already crystallized on so vast a scale in the form of modern fascism and have already destroyed all vestiges of liberal education on the continent of Europe.

The primary need of American education is precisely a sense of social purpose, a will to democracy, as the condition of a just society. This sense alone will give higher learning a new attitude of responsibility for making some impact upon the quality of our common citizenship, for giving direction and strength to those social groups wholly dependent upon democratic advance, and for giving pause to others now headed for reaction.

Mr. Van Doren proffers us counsels largely irrelevant to the grim urgencies of our times—the compensatory comforts of a contemplative individualism couched in the language of the Platonic and medieval tradition. In the process, indeed, he belies the intense concern for justice and the community which constantly permeates the work of Plato, Aristotle, and Aquinas. These men were not individualists. I hope the time will soon come when spokesmen for the liberal arts will abandon the profitless pretense of being spectators *sub specie aeternitatis* while ignoring the society which they might so ably serve. It is a pose which has robbed them of vitality, which has produced a great gap between the creative life outside and the teaching mind behind academic walls, between the university graduate and the common man, between the values of democracy and the values of higher education. Divorced from the context of our society Mr. Van Doren's book expresses ideas and ideals in a vacuum. His interpretation of the meaning of a liberal education, its curricular content, the interrelation of its essential aspects and levels, is often wise and searching; but his underlying assumptions about the individual and society leave his discussion abstract and truncated, and lead him only to the single expedient of the St. John's experiment with the classics.

The slogan of the Van Doren group of educational theorists might well be the title of a book by a contemporary theologian, *Moral Man and Immoral Society*. Their aim is apparently to have no commerce with the category of the social. It is the *bete noire* of these "absolutists of the past," these "priests of the eternal," if I may

paraphrase in reverse Mr. Van Doren's derogatory designation of those who soberly study the facts of institutional change and seek an understanding and a reorientation of values in the light of such change. Or is it more charitable to assume that Mr. Van Doren cannot discriminate between those whom I have referred to above as devotees of the cant of citizenship and those who are responsible analysts of their society and probe seriously the educational implications of democracy and culture?

What we need with desperate urgency in the humanities is teachers who can interpret cultural achievement, the great works of thought and imagination, in terms of a knowledge of social forces, economic, political, and psychological, and can correlate that knowledge with factors scientific, philosophical, religious, and imaginative. We need teachers who have grown beyond mere hero-worship of cultural personality rather than teachers who have nothing but contempt for the sciences of society. The liberal arts might then manifest a virile concern for social justice in terms of knowledge of the conditions which foster or hinder it. They might find the basis for an integrated curriculum in the recognition that "liberal" in the term "liberal arts" should mean liberating for society as well as liberating for the individual. But the problem does not exist for Mr. Van Doren. It is a problem of socializing our education, and society has been excluded⁸ from his context. He points to the solitude of classicists, scientists, and philosophers, to the fragmentation of learning, the absence of significant integration. It is my opinion that the cause for this educational malaise is the absence among educators of a shared conviction of social responsibility to build a firmer foundation for the humanities in the structure of the community's life and hopes. If they possessed that conviction they would not stand aloof from the world and from each other pleading the need for objectivity and disinterestedness; sceptical and non-committal about social values; cautious, fearful, and distrustful of public action; intimidated by pressures direct and indirect; unaware of the dangers lurking in their unexamined personal and social bias which creeps into their teaching and moulds their students. These are the subjective factors which can, and often do, undermine the integrity of teachers and which lead to a species of academic introversion, to idiosyncrasy and retirement into specialties.

Mr. Van Doren makes one apparently important concession to democracy. He grants that education should be for all, that all men without exception deserve the best education to be had according to their capacity to benefit from it. To much such universal education a reality would suggest the need for the analysis of public policy and the advocacy of public action, which alone can assure it. But Van Doren's general philosophy of education provides no clue to the forces which promote or prevent the realization of the best education for all. He is freed from that responsibility since public policy is not the educator's proper business, the truth being, in fact, that he distrusts all public policy. His earlier identification of education and democracy becomes meaningless when, in a revealing passage, he turns to contemplate the visage of the actual democratic state. This passage is a catalogue of his fears: fear of the "specious faiths usable by ruthless individuals for their private ends"; fear of "the 'political religions' which now endanger our most elementary liberties"; fear that the bewildered citizen will be unable to

differentiate the false from the true prophets or arrive at a decision about what is just and unjust. In other words, the democratic state is not to be trusted.

Who will educate our educators in the knowledge of the nature of the modern state and modern democracy? This passage is either an expression of political naivete or of traditional laissez-faire. For Van Doren action by the state is either corrupt or it is dangerous to individual liberty. Democracy, therefore, can mean nothing to him other than a narrow traditional individualism. This is an interpretation which ignores one hundred years of slow advance in the emergence of the positive state which acts not merely to protect the individual from interference but to further the common good. If men cannot act together and, through the agency of government, assure and safeguard a civilized existence, then the few who can afford it might just as well go to St. John's and fortify their isolated personalities with the comfort of the great classics of a civilization in demise. The rest of mankind can wait in vain for the realization of the best education for all.

JOSEPH W. COHEN

The editors will welcome statements on the subject of liberal education by any reader of Van Doren's book or of this symposium. Naturally, the editors must choose among contributions and cannot promise to print them all. Statements should not exceed 350 words.

THE BLACK GHOST OF THE PAMPAS

An Argentine Legend

Juan Draghi Lucero

Translated by Margaret H. Harrison

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a most capable and efficient negro slave. Sometimes his master set him to work at a loom, where he wove cloth neatly with the same skill with which he pruned the orchard's fruit trees. Sometimes he branded the cattle that were to go over to Chile, or shaped great earthen jars, baking them in the oven at the correct temperature. No hand like his for brewing aguardiente. Moreover, he was noted as a daring driver and muleteer, often hauling wine to distant Buenos Aires, where he sold his master's wares and returned with blankets, knives, perfumed powder, and all kinds of odds and ends for the shop.

The slave could also play the guitar. He would sigh sadly as his fingers drew forth the sleeping harmonies of the strings, for he was singing of his lost treasure—freedom. Beholding him thus plunged in gloom, his master, with studied carelessness, asked why he was so cast down.

"Because of my freedom, master," he replied, rousing himself thereupon to inquire, "Dare I some day hope for my liberty?"

"Yes, negro, I will set you free—on the day when a mammoth snake creeps down from the sky."

"Master, master," groaned the slave, shrinking away from the peals of cruel laughter.

His owner was well satisfied with his bargain. He had paid four hundred pesos for the man at an auction sale held by the court of justice under a spreading tree. It had been a profitable deal because

the slave had already cleared that amount, and his usefulness kept increasing with the years.

However, the more the slave toiled, the more he continued to plead and beg for his freedom. So tireless was his persistence that at last his exasperated master roared: "Look here, negro. If completely unclothed, you are able to pass one whole night on that snow-covered mountain top over yonder, I shall sign the papers for your release." And he pointed to the highest peak in the district, one which the clouds caressed by day, and which on clear nights showed its brilliant whiteness against the black background of the sky.

"No man, my master, could endure the cold of that mountain, even if he were completely clothed and wrapped in his poncho."

"When you pass the night on those heights," sneered his master, "I shall not even allow you to have a spark of fire for your vigil. You shall learn the cost of attaining freedom, my man."

"Alas, alas. My liberty will be my death."

And while the slave sweated, forging horse shoes for the animals his owner was sending to Chile, he continued to mutter as he doggedly beat his hammer, "My liberty will be my death." So many back-breaking tasks, however, was the negro forced to perform that at last he found himself swept by the terrible decision: "Even if it costs me my life, I shall go in quest of my freedom."

He asked permission to speak with his master, and when granted it, he rolled his torn sombrero between his hands, and said in a high-pitched excited voice: "My master, I shall pass the night naked on the peak of yonder highest mountain. If I get through with my life, I am to enjoy my freedom. Is it agreed?"

"That is the bargain, negro," replied his mocking owner.

"I shall go tomorrow, master, to win what I most desire, in spite of the terrible conditions."

"Let it be as you say."

The next day, early in the morning, the slave presented himself to his master, and the rich man searched him from head to foot to see if he carried a tinder box or flint to strike a fire; but as the negro had nothing, he let him go. The affair was an excellent jest, worth betting on.

The slave proceeded on his way. He trudged all day and was just able to reach the foot of the mountain. After a little nap, he began the ascent shortly before midnight. He climbed all the next day and part

of the night, but it was only at the beginning of the third day that he was able to crawl up on the fearful heights.

Here everlasting snows and wind lashed the summit with a cold that pierced through the flesh. The negro sought a semi-shelter among some overhanging rocks, where he crouched down as well as he could. When darkness fell, faithful to his promise, he took off his red poncho, his well-worn shirt, his patched trousers and his sandals. Thus naked as he had come into the world, he settled down to endure the terrors of the Andean night.

Placing his hands under his armpits, he rolled himself into a ball in a groove in the rock. He maintained himself this way for a while until, nearly suffocated, he crept out of his hiding place and jumped up and down until utterly exhausted. This went on for a while, until the glacial wind whirled him back to his shelter. Through the ominous silence of the peaks, the night in its immensity folded about him. The snow fell, and the icy wind lashed the heights in a fury.

The slave rolled himself up into a tighter ball. "If I only had a tiny fire," he whimpered. Completely numbed by the cruel cold, he leaped up again, but the raging hurricane of the Sierra whipped him without mercy. Peering down towards the plains, as if pleading for mercy, the negro managed to see, miles and miles away, a small fire that the gauchos had kindled.

Stretching out his shivering arms, his streaming eyes remained fixed on the tiny light lost in the wilds of the pampas. Through his wildly chattering teeth, he shrieked, half delirious, "Give me your heat, little fire. Ah, chih, chih, chih." With this delusion the lengthy hours of the dreary night dragged by.

Time passed, and with it neared the dawn. "Give me your heat, little fire. Ah, chih, chih, chih," whined the slave in his frenzy to warm himself. The light of day found him still stretching out his long arms, seeking the impossible. The painted rays of the East proclaimed the coming of the sun, but the ball of fire had to rise high in the heavens before it could revive the negro. Stunned, trembling from the lash of the cold, he drew on his clothes, and step by step, staggered down the Sierra. He gained the arid river bed, then the footpath, then the trail. Entering the town, he tottered, now falling, now rising, into his owner's house.

"How did you get through the night, negro?"

"Ay, my master. When I reached the peak, I took off my clothes,

and the night hours dragged by with their agony of cold. I did not see how I possibly could escape death, when about ten leagues away at one extremity of the pampas, I spied a little bonfire made by gauchos. I stretched out my arms: 'Give me your heat, tiny fire. Ah, chih, chih, chih,' I said, my teeth striking one another as they chattered. Thus I could endure the tortures of the icy night. The price of freedom, my master."

The owner threw his head back and guffawed. "I can't give you your liberty, negro, because you warmed yourself in the fire."

"But it was leagues and leagues away."

"No matter. Had you not seen that distant flame, you would have lost heart and given up the struggle. When you have recovered your strength, you must try the task again."

"Alas, my master."

After forty days the slave had recovered from exposure. In his desperate desire for freedom, he returned once more to brave the mountain's perils. It took him three days to reach the peak, but on arrival, as night had already fallen, he disrobed and, stark naked, faced the cold.

From Mt. Aconcagua roared down the moaning penitent blasts of a thousand years of snow. They were the burning tongues of eternal cold. The slave defended himself, crouching against a rock. Avërting his eyes from the plains that he might not see the gaucho fires, he only permitted himself to stare at the high heaven. The full moon turned the snow on the sierras even whiter. If one pictures the immensity of night on the Cordilleras, the cold seems more piercing in that white penetrating light. The hours crawled by, dragging, to the greater torture of the sufferer. Pitiless flaying winds from the heights forced him to arch himself under the fury of their whips. Still other blasts sweeping through the night tore over the ridge and flew by, depositing ice and needles of snow on his flesh; and the negro, on the point of collapse, forced himself to shout and stamp, to silence his gnawing wild terror.

Feeling the painful tongue of the enemy, he groaned for an illusion of fire. Lifting his eyes to the sky, he beheld the full moon. "It is the mouth of a burning oven," shouted the slave, lifting his hands on high, pleading for heat and comfort.

"Give me your heat, lighted oven. Ah, chih, chih, chih," rattled his teeth. With this fancy he consoled himself through the rigor of the

pitiless night. The more gusts roared down from the summit, the more the storm lashed on all sides, the more the slave stretched out his arm to the moon. "Give me of your heat, burning oven. Ah, chih, chih chih," he implored, his teeth dancing. The night deepened, and with this delusion time galloped by.

Day broke, and the sun rode high in the heavens before the negro roused from his stupor. By the middle of the afternoon, life and control of his limbs had returned. He rubbed his body and rolled over on the ground into a little sunshine. Shivering, he just managed to dress himself and creep down the slope, but crushed and broken, racked by a violent cough, falling down and staggering to his feet, he contrived after two days to reach his owner's ranch house. His cough tore his chest apart.

The next day, bent and shaking, he appeared before his mocking master.

"Master," said he, "I have won my poor liberty. I undressed on the mountain peak. All night I resisted the cold."

"Tell me, negro, did you not see the fires of the gauchos down on the pampas?"

"I saw none, my master. The fact is that, staring at the full moon, I pretended it was the mouth of a burning oven, and I stretched out my arms to it and fortified myself by calling: 'Give me your heat, burning oven! Ah! Chih, chih, chih'."

"Uh-uh," snapped his owner. "Had it not been for that fancy, you could never have resisted the frightful cold. I will not give you your liberty, slave. You have not won it fairly."

"Ah, my master."

After sixty days, the negro recovered and decided to face the test for the last time. That night there was no moon.

Seeing him depart, his master said, "Do not even warm your spirit by looking on a gaucho fire leagues away, nor by picturing an oven in the moon."

"What of the stars? May I gaze at them?"

"Only if they line up one by one and form a serpent in the sky."

"Alas, my master."

The slave took three days to climb the peak. Stumbling, falling and rising again, he reached the top, and as darkness had fallen, he undressed. In the Andes the thaws were setting in. In the short periods of sun, the north wind melted only a small part of the snow, but at night

the boisterous south wind returned, with all the malignancy of a delayed cold, whipping mercilessly with its icy breath. Before midnight, in roared the wind that had been pent up in Tupungato. Howling it seemed to concentrate its madness on the ribs of the naked negro huddling among the jagged rocks. He shrank together, seemingly diffused in universal chaos.

Time dragged, but the rocks tore him with their icy points. He jumped up, rubbing his body with small stones to keep up circulation and resistance in his stubborn battle. So violently did he rub that his blood flowed in streams. Moments dragged by. A sudden lull, the strange calm that comes on great heights, gave him a respite in his courageous battle.

When midnight struck, the gales tore down from the great cañons of Mercedano. Its crevices and peaks resounded with the shrill anthem of the melancholy cold. The negro moaned for shelter and crouched again in the shadow of a jutting cliff. Rock and wind brought him face to face with the lashes of the storm. The poor creature crept forth to fight the hostile night. In his third and last night of trial, his uncontrolled tongue vomited filthy words. He felt that his flesh was vanquished and that he faced Eternity. The storm's vortex approached him, returning insult for insult, piercing his flesh with daggers of snow.

The slave repented on his knees, asking pardon of the implacable scourger. His vain words availed him nothing. The full madness of the storm was unleashed. The negro, acknowledging defeat, looked at his clothes and stretched out his hands to them. He lifted his eyes and could not find the moon; he stared at the pampas and could see no gaucho fire.

As he peered into the darkness, he perceived myriads of stars. The sky was sown with them. They seemed burning coals. In his mind's eye, the negro connected them, and gritting his teeth, comforted himself, searching for them through the thick icy gale that vomited crystals of snow about him. The hostile scourge grew more pitiless. Gritting his teeth, the slave moaned, "Give me some heat, coals of heaven. Ah, chih, chih, chih," and he extended his cramped arms. He pulled himself out of the freezing abyss long enough to murmur, "I have no more strength to fight. The cold is in my soul, master. Goodbye to freedom. Alas, for my chains and yoke." His tears, as they left his eyes, turned to little icy tapers.

That moonless night, the negro's master walked out to the patio

and stared up at the Andes. He amused himself peering at the burning morning star, King of the dark night. He observed many other stars and they pleased him too.

Suddenly panic terror gripped him. The fiery star seemed to move and the others were lined up close behind. He saw a viper of lighted stars forming in the sky. The snake was coiling down in a straight path towards the earth. Touching the earth at last, it shot towards the rich tyrant's estancia. An angry blue light illuminated the darkness, and the master's servants beheld a snake of stars shoot through the patio and dart into his foolish mouth, wide open in stark terror. The master shrivelled, a mass of burning coals. It took three days to extinguish the fire and stamp it to ashes.

Sometimes at night, far out on the pampas, the gauchos by their bonfire are horrified at the figure of a black man creeping towards them, groaning as he stretches out his poor hands pleadingly to the flame. "Give me of your heat, little fire. Give me of your heat. Ah, chih, chih, chih."

THE MUSIC OF ERNST KRENEK¹

Ernst Krenek

IN THE publicity devoted to my visit to Albuquerque I noticed that I was looked upon as one of the leading exponents of expressionism. Like various other terms applied to musical styles, expressionism has been borrowed from another of the arts. It was originally used to designate a school of painting that was flowering especially on the European continent between 1910 and 1925 approximately. Those painters were called expressionists to distinguish them from their predecessors, the impressionists. As it is commonly known, the impressionists tried to portray in their work the impressions they received from the outside world as faithfully as they could. In their attitude there was still much of the scientific ideology of the nineteenth century. The subjective element that entered the work of the impressionists was still checked by their will to give as impartial and minute a record of their reactions as possible.

The expressionists went a great deal further in stressing subjective factors. They did not care so much for presenting a faithful record of their impressions as they were intent upon expressing their subjective views on the conditions of the outside world. They stressed the element of faith in its various aspects in that they did not think that science could produce a satisfactory solution to the many mysterious problems of the universe. The work of the expressionists took on a very passionate character as compared to the cool and detached attitude of impressionism, and they did not hesitate to distort the outlines of reality at will and frequently in a violent fashion, in order to give vent to their personal and metaphysically flavored interpretation of the world.

¹ A lecture delivered on August 29, 1943, at the University of New Mexico. Mr. Krenek has kindly supplied the written text for his introductory remarks. The remainder of the lecture is taken from notes made by J. D. Robb, head of the department of music, University of New Mexico. The notes have been approved by Mr. Krenek.

Since music has little to do with tangible reality, the term expressionism could be applied to musical formations only figuratively. Because of the relatively aggressive character of expressionistic painting it has been applied to a music style that seemed to show a similar attitude towards the traditional ways of musical expression. This style has been most frequently associated with the Viennese composer Arnold Schoenberg, and his followers. As far as I am concerned, I have never studied with Schoenberg, but in the course of my evolution have approached some of his tenets in my own way.

As the term expressionism indicates, this music aims at emotional expressiveness. In this respect it is clearly a continuation of romantic tendencies, as everybody will agree that the late romanticists like Wagner and Liszt have stressed, and overstressed, emotional expression. This affiliation with romanticism frequently has been held against the expressionistic school, particularly by those modernists who are trying to expurgate music of its expressive quality and who prefer a sort of streamlined mechanization.

On the other hand quite a few people will be rather surprised at my explanation of expressionistic music, because they are convinced that this music is not expressive of any emotions whatever, being as they say "intellectually computed." Without going now into the details of the argument, I only wish to remark that the objection is usually advanced by persons who are able to identify expressiveness only when it makes use of the conventional formulae associated with emotional qualities. Whatever expression is sought by using new, unusual means, they refuse recognizing it. The answer to that objection is very simple, inasmuch as those composers who are credited with having created particularly eloquent expressive music had to fight the same opposition in their own time. Beethoven had more than once to face the criticism that his music lacked expressiveness, being the product of arid speculation.

As with any new movement, the position of new music is full of paradoxes. Many people, especially musicians who have had a certain amount of traditional training, are willing to admit the expressive intentions of new music, but they are anxious to know the rules according to which the new and astonishing materials are to be handled. When the representative of these modern tendencies points out in reply that there are not many rules available, at least that not so many can yet be established as have governed the traditional style, this state

of things seems to the skeptic to augur rather well for that much desired intensity of untrammelled emotional expression. However, here the opponents appear even more appalled: "Why, no rules? This is plain anarchy." With a little sigh the cornered artist starts to explain that in its later phases expressionism has indeed evolved certain new principles of organization of the tonal material, hinting at the so-called twelve-tone technique, only to make things still worse, for now the critics are quick to point out that new music truly is intellectually computed, a most abject attempt to mix mathematics and music, with complete regimentation as the result.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Krenek here played his second suite, from Opus 26, which is in five short movements. This work was written in 1925, several years before Krenek approached the twelve-tone technique. Afterwards he continued his lecture as follows, according to notes made during the lecture by J. D. Robb.]

What is atonal music? This is a negative term; in order to know what it means, it is necessary to know what tonal music means. The term atonal was invented by the adversaries of modern music. Its users, Schoenberg for instance, do not like the term. It was invented to discredit this music, the argument being that atonal music is music without tones and therefore not music at all, because music must have tones. This is an easy but fallacious definition. We can only call such music atonal if the definition of tonal music is so narrowed as to apply only to music in the major and minor keys. However, tonal music, in this sense, has existed only since the late sixteenth century, a relatively short span of time. There is no more reason why music should not be different after this short span than it was before that time.

Other critics say that the new school has destroyed the familiar tonality. That is not true. Its members found that familiar tonality already shaken or blurred. As early as in "Tristan" it is difficult to determine the key in which the composer is writing at any time, because Wagner used constant modulation from key to key. A still further dilution of tonality is found in Debussy, in whose compositions it is often difficult to determine the key which is being used at any particular point. The impressionists still use what musicians call the triads, seventh chords, and ninth chords. These were familiar chords, but they were used in unfamiliar connotations. The atonalist came in here and introduced a new vocabulary. It seemed unnecessary to use the old tonality since that vocabulary had already been given new meanings.

If you feel uneasy, surprised, or shocked by expressionistic music, is important to find out why. Of course, it is your privilege to walk out of the concert hall, but there are some people who want to know why they are so affected. There are really very few chords in the so-called atonal music which have not been used before; they only seem unfamiliar. You can find many of the same chords in Wagner and Liszt. So it is not the material which causes the difficulty. It must be the context. In Wagner or Liszt these chords resolved into something more familiar and were interpreted as a deviation from the rule. In the suite which I have just played, these familiar resolutions do not occur.

Some critics object that the new music has no rules. Strangely enough, these are the very people who want music to be a free effusion of the artist. Students feel stifled when they are first forced to study harmony and learn all the rules. They say that music must be beautiful and free. Therefore, they ask, "Why learn the rules?" Yet when these same students have learned the rules and are then told to express themselves, they cry in dismay, "What are the rules?" And when the teacher replies that there are not so many, they then find that this freedom is terribly difficult.

The piano pieces of Arnold Schoenberg, Opus 11, published in 1909, are considered the first specimen of expressionistic music. After fifteen years, a new set of rules emerged from this music, the so-called twelve-tone technique. Its origin is to be found in a second trend inherent in the expressionistic school. That school represented a continuation of romanticism as far as the desire for emotional expression is involved. But another thing was involved (and it was an inheritance from classicism), that is, an admiration for Beethoven and disciplined form. Emotion tends to blow up music unless it is checked. So it was necessary to bring in a process of construction. This was not done by a council of composers sitting like a Supreme Court, but it was felt. An expressionistic music uses the complete musical material, it needs a constructive idea to bring order in the use of that material. Consequently, the expressionistic composer, before he starts, organizes the material into a pattern including all of the twelve possible tones to be used throughout the composition in the same sequential relationship. There are approximately forty-four million possible combinations of this twelve-tone series. One of these is chosen by the composer and from it he derives all of his patterns. Schoenberg published his first composition in this technique in 1923.

The twelve-tone technique is not a rigid system. If you want to use the word twelve-tone system, you can much more accurately refer to the twelve tones of music selected in Western civilization since the fourteenth century as our musical material. The twelve-tone technique is now growing. It does not stifle creative effort. If it is a system at all, it is an honor system, for each composer is free to use it as he sees fit. There are no sanctions for disobeying the rules.

[Mr. Krenek then explained his Variations, Opus 79, which he thereafter played. There are twelve variations divided into three parts, a first part containing five variations, a middle section containing the sixth and seventh, and a final section containing the last five. There is no theme. Instead he employs variations in cyclic form. You could say that any one was the theme and the others were variations. This composition was written in 1937.]

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Alfonso Hernández-Catá

Translated by Angel Flores

PROBABLY NONE of you is acquainted with El Delfin. One must possess something of the spirit of an explorer to discover it among the winding byways of the port, where numerous alleys run athwart the central street after the manner of a ship's rigging. Travelers on the enormous transatlantic steamers, which, after a voyage of eight or ten days, come to rest against the piers, prefer the luxurious restaurants where amid colored lampshades and the deplorable dresscoats of the waiters they may partake of their heavy sauces. Only a lunatic of my stripe could find pleasure in this ramshackle eating place facing the ocean and with its lanterns used on God only knows how many different vessels.

Here you can dine well, and drink according to your conscience. At this resort, filled with smoke and tremulous with shouts and gestures, life acquires the harsh flavor of the dishes and the wine. When the southwester, spitting the dirty green contempt of the waves on the sailors, causes the board partitions to creak and the huge jagged backbone of the fish hanging outside the door to swing on its hinges, El Delfin—with its swaying lamp, its smell of gin and pitch, its railing of copper covered with verdigris, its hubbub of voices, at one and the same time candid and blasphemous—becomes to me the smelly hold of a ship, one of those ships that have traded in crime off the beaten route, and now, after a great storm, are cast by the surf upon this shore of civilization.

If some new patron asks me, from table to table, whether I am the

pilot of the brigantine just arrived with coffee from Para, or the supercargo of the steamer that is having its bottom scraped in the dry-dock, I flush with gratified vanity and evade a reply. Only in El Delfin can one be taken for a sailor. It is not the hunger of the stomach, but the hunger of the soul, that brings me here day after day.

"Do you know who it is lying at the point of death? The boatswain of the Ipiranga. He came in with skins from the Antilles where he was bitten by a blue fly. . . . They say he cannot escape. . . . All the better he does not leave any children."

The speaker is a gaunt old man. His skin, the color of a furrow, gives him the appearance of a laborer, but his eyes, tinged with blue, do not deceive. A fat man with a jovial face answers him, peering out apoplectically from the fumes of his dish of rice and pollock: "He that could not be killed by a pint of rum is laid low by a fly; and those that did not drown in a Cantabrian nor'wester, a Caribbean tornado, or a typhoon of the eastern seas, are knocked over afterward by a breath. Therefore it is better to eat and drink and not to bother with anything. That is my idea."

"He was a trifle quarrelsome when hitting the grog, but he was a hustler. . . . We do not have men like him now. He sailed with me for three years, and there wasn't a port in which he did not raise a shindy. . . . Ah, when he got into a fight, he was a demon. . . . Now it is time for him to keep still!"

The man pronouncing this epitaph is Jeronimo, the pilot. His soft voice contrasts sharply with his Cyclopean stature, and yet harmonizes with his features, as chubby as those of a child. In his face, however, there is something perplexing; it fails to leave in one's mind the impression of any marked outline and suggests the absurd idea that it has no bony structure. Yet it possesses characteristics so rude and virile that when he enters into a conversation others speak less and lower their voices. Several crosses hang from the breast of his uniform. A great swimmer, he has already saved a number of lives and has never been known to hesitate a second, whatever the risk, when anyone struggled in the water. In spite of his fearlessness and courage, and of his being a religious man, he is not well liked around the waterfront. It seems that when he is about to bring in a transatlantic steamer and climbs the jackladder, making his way to the bridge to grasp the wheel, no captain dares to say anything to him. He is acquainted with the channel stone by stone; with politeness hardly by sight. As for myself, he waited two

years before speaking to me, and this although we ate almost side by side. To him landmen do not count.

"Are you going to sit with him?"

"No sirree! I have no hankering for viewing the dead. . . . I hate the dead!"

"A hard life, that of the sea."

"A hard life and a hard death. . . . I have seen people die in a thousand ways. . . . I have seen death seeking men, and men seeking death. . . . This fellow went for two round-the-world voyages, over an affair of a woman who had deceived him, without finding anyone to kill him. . . . Ah, strange things happen at sea. . . . Tremendous yarns . . . yes, tremendous, without yarning. . . . Once in Valparaiso this man, who was no more than a pilot, had a dispute with one of those striplings that come from the naval school, and . . . but I am not going to tell you about that, which, after all did not go beyond a fright that caused the young dandy to turn gray in two hours. . . . I am going to tell you another yarn, worse than the stories of slavers and those vessels sunk to collect insurance and the hundred others that go the rounds. . . . It did not happen exactly at sea, but on land: on land surrounded by the sea, however. . . . Do you see that light to starboard, under the lee of the cape? Now it is shining, look. . . . It is an islet on which there is a lighthouse, about five miles from the shore. . . . I am going to tell you what happened under that light."

I shall not be able to reproduce his tone and his effort, at times violent. I shall not be able to preserve a certain nebulousness, like a child's nightmare, that contrasted with the vivid details of some of the scenes. I shall not be able to copy his style, prodigiously direct, with its vulgar adjectives, its repetitions. In passing through me, the story will be affected by grammar. Education is a kind of uniform of minds. . . . However, even if I did succeed in evoking his words without detriment, there would always remain the silences; pathetic silences invaded by the murmur of the sea close at hand, during which, in order better to pretend not to see his moist eyes, I fixed my eyes on the mossy line left on the wharves by the falling tide and drew in the smell of the seaweed, in whose depths—a felicitous symbol of the great things of the world—could be perceived the odor of decay.

"Do not ask me whether I witnessed the events, or whether they were described to me or who told me about them. At the least interruption I shall shut myself up in my shell again and I shall go another

two years before I speak again. . . . I do not speak for your benefit but for my own. On another occasion, I was about to tell you the story. Some five or six months ago, a new sailor, in his efforts to get ashore ahead of time in order to see his family, in lowering himself into the boat, lost his footing in a surge of the sea and swallowed in three or four minutes as much water as he ought to have drunk during his whole life. . . . That day, when I saw him swollen and rigid on the rock of the pier, I recalled the death at the lighthouse and I was on the point of speaking. . . . Now, thinking of the pilot of the Ipiranga, the recollection has come again. . . . Perhaps you might be able to settle certain doubts for me, because I do not quite understand why that which happened did happen, nor have I ever been able to explain to myself the words spoken by the engineer. It may have chanced that you, as a man of letters—they have already told me that you are such—have carried in your mind from childhood some lesson or some expression that you did not understand when you learned it. I do not know whether I shall ever understand the words of that old man, even if I live a thousand years; but I have them engraved here. . . . Perhaps you may be able to toss me a line and hoist me out of my uncertainty. . . . In short, whether you can or not, it matters little to me. This is how the thing happened. . . . ”

The islet is so small that when one is but a few fathoms away, the lighthouse seems to rise from the sea; it is, as it were, a buoy on land. . . . Even on the calmest days, the breakers, like mad dogs ready to devour it, surround it with their foam; and as soon as the wind rises the waves pass over it, and it is necessary to seek shelter. According to the chart, it is nine miles from the port, but I assure you that when one goes and comes, it seems like many leagues, because all the furies of the sea meet at that point. At times it is impossible to make the trip between the shore and the island for fifteen days or as much as a month, even in the summer. One is unable to count on the fingers of his hand the number of craft that have turned their keels toward the sky off there. You must have heard tell of the naphtha launch that went out with provisions . . . and they are still waiting for it . . . if that hell of a sea were meant to guard some very good spot, but, yes, yes. . . . The soil is black, and they say that it contains ore. It may be so, for not a solitary plant thrives there. The beach, instead of being of fine sand, is of stone torn by the sea from the cliffs in front. . . . I tell you

all this in order that you may understand that life in the lighthouse is very hard and that the keepers have to be thorough men and also perfect saints to stand it.

Well, then; there . . . where much patience and much being together are not sufficient to enable one to put up with the narrowness of the life and solitude . . . there, those two had begun to hate each other; and what hatred! The older keeper, the boss, was a hulk of a man about two meters high, like myself. He had a wife and six children: a litter of cubs, ten years old and under. The other was a bachelor or widower, very pale and short. The boss was named Samuel Arbizuyes, the same surname as mine—and the other they called Solorzano, with no handle to his name. Samuel's wife was about thirty years old, but she looked older, from bearing so many children and because of some heart trouble. She was very white and almost pretty; not because she had a well-formed face, but because of the tender sadness that shone from her eyes. . . . No one would have ever fought over her. The gentlest of women! Yet her wish to keep out of trouble did her no good, for the husband—it must be admitted—had a disposition! When he started to bawl, everything shook. The lips of the woman seemed, even when she slept, to contract with an air of recommending silence to him; it was painful to behold that expression on the colorless mouth . . . a kind of coaxing to tranquility, an entreaty to moderation. Above the constant noise of the sea, the husband's voice constantly thundered, and when the waves increased, his shouts increased so as not to be outdone. Near Samuel all, even the children, seemed to speak in secret. Although I said that about his disposition, you must not believe that he was bad. Strange, rough, moody, yes; but a doer of his duty to the point of mania, and good-natured and cheerful on clear days, so much so that, perhaps on this very account, he seemed worse on the others. When he was on his high horse one had to keep out of his way. He often had an attack of fury without any reason, and they all looked at one another, fearful, asking one another the cause. . . .

I, who am also half a giant, can understand that the island was becoming too small for him. He must have felt caged, imprisoned, fearing that he would not have room for his whopping shoes, that looked like seven-league boots. . . . With wild steps he tramped through the house, went out and walked kilometers on end from one side to the other with a force that indicated his rabidness at not being able to dash

himself against the sea, until at last he pounded up the stairway and began to prepare the wicks, to estimate the contents of the tanks or to polish the metal-work with so much vim that one was soon afraid to look at oneself in it. Have you ever seen an alarm-clock that ran all right, but whose bell went off at the wrong time? Such was he. In the discharge of his duties he was a clock: in his dealings with his family and with the other tender, a crazy, irritating bell. One of them being as big as he was, and the other so small, it had to happen. We oversized men must be somewhat rough. If the little fellows shouted, and we spoke softly, we should feel ridiculous. . . . You understand. . . .

To seek the origin of the antipathy that existed between them is like going in search of the source of the evening breezes. It sprang from their living together and their not being able to cease to see each other; it began with the fact that the first tyranny that Samuel attempted to exercise over Solorzano was met with firmness and without shouts. If Samuel had been in the right that day, or the other had raised his voice, perhaps nothing would have happened.

"You say that I did not attend to my work yesterday? Take a look at the tank; it is full of oil; cast your eyes at the reflectors and see whether they are not clean; see where the weights of the clockwork apparatus are; examine the sheet, and see whether everything is noted or not."

"Yes, yes . . . but from my bed I heard your whispering."

"If it bothers you to have me read in an undertone I shall stop doing so. At other times I hear your shouts and I say nothing to you. In this life of ours we have to put up with each other; if not. . . ."

The first skirmish ended thus. If Samuel had been so furious as not to understand that the other one was on firm ground the affair would have continued longer; the firmness of tone and the duty scrupulously performed detained him. What had occurred must have left Samuel discontented with himself; must have awakened a rancor that grew and changed into surveillance. He did not long delay in finding a pretext for retaliation. When it is an affair of a task performed daily, even in the case of one that receives the utmost attention, there appears some crack which the scolding of one's boss may enter.

With an air of complaisant anger which waited for the first protest in order to overflow, Samuel called Solorzano one day and said to him: "When you left the watch this morning you did not cover the light thoroughly."

"No?"

"No."

"Excuse me. It will not occur again."

"I hope not."

The reprimand had taken place in the presence of all, at the dinner-table. The children, of course, did not understand; but the woman turned pale and she dully pretended to be merely devoting her care to the ladle with which she was stirring the stew. . . . Afterwards she exchanged glances with Solorzano and between them they had only one purpose: that of excusing Samuel. The latter's anger, not being able to find a vent, began to boil within and to work. . . .

A few days later the monthly visit of the engineer, who had been acquainted with Solorzano at another lighthouse and liked him, relieved the pressure of the other's injustice. When the engineer left, after informing them that next month a new inspector would come, because they were going to retire the one that had formerly been in charge, Samuel began to speak confidentially in shouts with an invisible interlocutor about persons that only knew how to flatter superiors and only spoke in a hypocritical whine: "the whine of a traitor."

Solorzano's face set, and he thrust his hands forward as if to push against the table in order to arise. . . . But the tender eyes again supplicated, and his face became serene; he shrugged his shoulders slightly. His hand, instead of grasping the knife, took up a spoon and carried it to his mouth. Lacking outlet, the tremendous voice boomed on, and the imprecations became more direct: "And he that is over a sneak knows only too well what awaits him . . . and as for myself, to catch a spy and squash him like a crab is easier than lighting a lamp—that's how it is!"

As is always the case when the paternal voice reaches a paroxysm, the children made off furtively to hide away in the rooms. The conclusion of the meal was painful. In the afternoon, at a moment when Samuel had gone into the tower, the woman approached Solorzano and entreated him in a supplicating tone. "Do not pay any attention. . . . He is good at heart, only he is thus. . . . Do not pay any attention to him."

"It would be better that we have nothing to do with each other if we cannot do so in peace."

"He is good at heart; you will see."

At that moment Samuel appeared on the turn of the stairway with

his eyes flaming and his right hand clutching the rope of the railing. Without waiting for the silent fury to take the form of words Solorzano went forward, approaching him, and said to him, "Do not believe that we were speaking against you; on the contrary your wife was saying that you are all right in spite of your disposition. I, on my part, wish to say to you that I desire nothing so much as to get along well with you. If I have failed in anything I have done so without wishing to do so, and I beg your pardon. Is that sufficient? Here is my hand as a friend."

The mutton-fist hesitated a moment and finally it extended and enfolded the other within its enormous grasp. Unable to restrain herself, the woman exclaimed, "The Virgin be praised!"

Nothing more occurred during the day. At night, when Solorzano went above, the husband and wife seated themselves for a moment outside, as always when the weather was good. The four luminous lenses made the circuit of the horizon, and the wings of night silvered as they passed. Every now and then a star fell to be drowned in the sea. Leaning his face toward the railing, Solorzano heard the murmur of voices that soon rose clearly and broke the immense silence, hardly disturbed before by the noise of the waves.

"Now you see that he is neither a hypocrite nor a meddler."

"Yes."

"You get angry so easily and carry on so. . . . From the very first day, he seemed to me to be a sensible man."

"Yes; I am the wild beast. . . . You ought to have married a man of his disposition and not one like myself, who has made you ill with fear. . . . You ought to have married him. . . . I am not surprised that you take his side against me."

"Samuell!"

As if his own voice, going further than thought, had cleared up the mystery of his antipathy, he proceeded, biting off his words one by one with a doleful pleasure.

"It is all clear. . . . I am a savage giant, and he is small like you, pale like you, silent and prudent like you. . . . You were made for each other. . . . It is natural."

"What are you saying, for God's sake!"

Probably her poor soft eyes were dilated with fear and her mouth sought the other's with a desperate grimace. Everything was now futile. Fury had just found a point of support on which to cast its entire weight, without pausing to observe anything. Everything that is

touched by envy and jealousy is accursed. . . . Neither sweetness nor innocence nor a desire for peace could stop the onrush of that poor imagination.

The only excuse for him is that he must have suffered horribly while causing suffering. . . . Is it not true that only those that coldly hurt the feelings of others are the really bad? Those that suffer while causing suffering are unfortunate, rather than bad. . . . In order to understand that he suffered, it was sufficient to see how he lowered his head at times and how he held one hand in subjection with the other: the right hand with the left always. . . . The man that is afraid of himself ought to be pitied.

From that night began the stubborn silence, the gushes of words that burst out unexpectedly like lightning, the absurd recriminations, the insults, the threats, the implacable interpretation of looks that did not exist and of words that had not been spoken. It was as if she had committed some great sin and had to pay for it by enduring the contempt heaped on her. . . .

I do not know whether he ever went so far as to beat her. . . . At times, from the children's room, moans could be heard. . . . The younger ones were asleep, but the oldest of them was not, and his tears were an echo of the weeping of those soft eyes. No one knows what that boy suffered! . . . He ceased to be a child. What I have told you was the first link in the chain of an enormous anchor of suffering, and they paid out its full length.

When Samuel went above at two to relieve the guard, his eyes were flaming and his mouth was bitter. They probably said nothing in particular: "A large ship passed to windward half an hour or so ago"; or perhaps: "As there is a land-breeze, the fishermen are running on this side." When he descended, the woman was asleep, and there did not occur—as there did so often afterward—the suppressed, desperate, and violent conversations that lasted until daybreak, leaving them needlessly exhausted. It was the last good sleep! The next day, when they believed the storm now remote, Samuel rose suddenly from the table, stretched himself to his enormous height in front of Solorzano and, amid the stupor of all, burst out in a choking voice: "What you said yesterday will be better: that we should not have anything to do with each other. . . . That we should not even speak to each other, outside the service. Do you hear?"

Then the days of silence began, days of lurking suspense. Solorzano,

with melancholy passivity, obeyed the order, and did not delay long in regulating his life and in preparing for himself his meals and in washing his clothes. Perhaps the increase of occupations aided him to find consolation in the increase of his solitude. On many mornings while Samuel slept, he fixed up his fishing outfit and went to seat himself on some westerly rocks. There the children were wont to seek him out, in spite of paternal orders, because they had discovered in him the qualities most esteemed by children: patience, generosity, fantasy. . . .

"Tell us another of those pretty stories. . . . We shall not tell."

He sent them away without harshness. "You must always do what your parents say," he said to them. The separation became more and more complete, until it was absolute.

If Samuel needed many hours of sleep, much food and much room, Solorzano was so modest in his requirements and in his movements that he hardly seemed to be alive. In less than a week, the violence of that life acquired an habitual rhythm; but the silence, near a person whose voice had been constantly heard, was all the more dense and sad, and the least noise awakened in the poor children a hope that they might hear some words spoken. In the morning, but only in his room, Solorzano would sing in an undertone the songs of his province, so as not to forget how to speak. When in the service, he had to attend to his duty strictly. Samuel could say nothing to him. . . . Yet whenever they were together above, and their alternate monosyllables were heard from below, the face of the woman was covered with a livid pallor, and the sweat of anguish moistened her temples. How many shocks the unhappy woman must have suffered!

They were entering the month of October; the twilight clouds no longer had the soft clarity of a short time before. The wind was not yet cold, as the children could gather, before the fall of night, behind the house to vie with one another in seeing which would be the first to make out a trail of smoke on the horizon, and afterward they could throw themselves down on the dark earth, with their faces toward the sky, imagining that the four faces of light were the upper millstones into which would fall without delay the innumerable grains of the stars.

From these diversions their mother would take them to tell the rosary. Some evenings they told it there, others within; whether Samuel were present or not, they told it with devotion. After the rosary, they said a prayer for the dead, another for those on the high seas, and still

another, which the mother prayed on her knees, for something that the children never understood. . . .

Solorzano's slight shadow, as he returned from his fishing, sometimes crossed near them; he did not look at them, as if he wished to avoid all pretext for Samuel's injustices.

In the infinite quietude, every minute, every second, burdened the hours; but, in spite of their struggle against tedium, the hours formed into days, weeks. . . . Soon the cobalt of the sea would turn dead black, and soon the mornings, in which the transparency of the air sought to penetrate the water, soon these mornings would cease; not again for a long time would the island be surrounded by a glowing immensity streaked here and there with gray and stirred by slight tremors; no longer would be enjoyed, until the next autumn, the dusks in which the day and the night mingled little by little and in which the sky and the sea were so divinely diffused on the horizon that certain vessels seemed to sail through the clouds. The sea was continuously threshed into millions of wavelets and foam frothed on the crest of each; at times the waves were long like gaunt monsters moved from the depths by an immense force. The autumn storms were near.

Soon the dwellers on the island would have to shut themselves in, lest they perish in the struggle against the wind and the water; soon they would have to battle with the artificial light, both against the ashes of the day and the shadows of the night. . . . Already were approaching the nights when the island would be like a tiny rock which the hurricane would seek to catch in its terrible hand to hurl upon the mainland from which it should not have detached itself.

One morning Solorzano observed that the door of Samuel's quarters was closed and then, as he went out, he looked obliquely through the bars of the window and was surprised not to see the woman engaged in her tasks. He made no inquiry and did not even attempt to approach the children, accustomed now, with the notable facility of young creatures, to the new state of affairs. In the change of shifts in the service, not a word more than those absolutely necessary was exchanged between the men. When Samuel had disappeared down the spiral of the stone stairway, Solorzano heard him ascend again, and he hoped and feared at one and the same time.

"The launch with the provisions ought to come tomorrow, and—I know not why—I fancy that the inspectors will come," Samuel said from the threshold.

"Maybe so."

"I inform you in order that nothing may go ill with us."

"I shall go over everything; rest easy. . . . Good-night."

"Good-night."

They said nothing more. The gigantic figure was buried in the shadow, and the insignificant figure remained in its position, intent on the clockwork under the light which the greenish curves of the lenses changed into beneficent white arms that stretched far to guide navigators.

The prediction turned out to be correct: the inspectors arrived next day. During the first moments, talk with the sailors, the transportation of boxes, packages and jars, the inquiries as to orders, diverted interest. Soon afterward, when they entered and began to appraise the technical details, the figure of the new inspector acquired its full relief. He was a bent old man, with a great beard beneath which could be seen gaunt cheeks. His brow and eyes spoke in advance of his words to give the impression of intelligence. While the inspector was going through the notes the engineer called Solorzano to one side. "It seems to me that you two do not get on well together, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Ah: I thought I observed that you did not speak to each other."

"Thus is avoided. . . . He was the one that proposed it . . . and it is better like this."

"Affairs of the service, because he holds the first place? A question of cards? It cannot be one of jealousy."

"Oh, no!"

"He told us his wife was ill. The chief inspector, who understands a little of everything, is going to have a look at her."

At that moment Samuel and the inspector entered one of the rooms, and there arose an astonishing noise among the children. While they were absent, the engineer tried several times to renew the dialogue, but Solorzano evaded it.

"You know we have known each other a long time, and I think highly of you. If you are not comfortable here and wish to change to another lighthouse, write me. This man must have a bad disposition. It is clearly seen."

"We all have our faults. At any rate, if it is necessary, I shall write you."

The engineer was going to add something, when the others appeared.

From fragments of the conversation, they learned that the invalid was very low, with a rapid pulse and labored breathing. Out of the medicine case came a vial of digitalis, and from the gray beard prescriptions of rest and the promise to send a physician.

They were going toward the landing, when, half way, they observed that they had forgotten and left above a case of instruments. The oldest boy wished to go up for it, but Samuel, doubtlessly as a manifestation of deference, prevented him, saying, "I myself am going; stay here."

While they were waiting, the inspector picked up from the ground a piece of stone and after scratching it stood looking at it under the light. Then he thrust it into his pocket. Taking advantage of the absence of the father, he gave a silver coin to the boy and said to the engineer, "The lighthouse impressed me very favorably. Of course, not all of those of the district are so well served."

"The service is good. . . . It should be said, among the best. . . . You have seen that the two keepers do not get along. It is often so. Do not be surprised."

It was then that the older man pronounced the phrase to which I referred before I began to tell you this story, one of those phrases that remain engraved, word for word, like a lesson the sense of which is not understood long afterward, if one ever comes wholly to understand it:

"No; I am not surprised; it will always be thus," he said. "Those that in the material as well as in the moral realm are called upon to hold aloft a great light to shine for others leave about them a zone in which the shadow is deepest. In that zone are suffered the blindest passions, the most intense pains. . . . It is the law! I know other living lighthouses in which the same thing happens."

The physician appeared two days later in a sloop. He arrived so seasick that they were more inclined to offer him aid than to ask it of him. He looked with horror on the stretch of water that he would have to cross again in order to return, and from his eyes and livid complexion could readily be divined his absurd desire to remain forever on the island. . . . Would that he might have been able to remain! However, it was not to be so. He left after applying his stethoscope to the invalid, prescribing impossible things, and uttering certain vague phrases, those of a poor fellow who is also suffering, instead of the desired spells.

"There is nothing to do. She can get up as well as not. . . . Rest, good food, and silence . . . no noises or emotions. . . . She might

continue to take those drops, yes; and as soon as they can, let them take her ashore . . . even if it be to the hospital."

In vain did Samuel endeavor, with brutal emotion, to force him from his indecision.

"What I have said, and no more," the doctor insisted, with one foot on board and his eyes filled with terror. "To make prognostications would be to deceive you. . . . It is as if I were to ask you to assure me that the sea is going to be rough or to calm down while I am on my way . . . exactly the same. I bid you good-day."

He dropped with resignation into the cockpit while the sloop was being pushed off with two boat-hooks and the sail was filling. Samuel sat for a long time on a rock watching the boat recede. When it disappeared amid the waves, the isthmus of hope that joined the lighthouse to the land was broken; even the younger children must have felt hopelessly alone and friendless on the island.

Samuel went and came with tightly compressed lips, fearful that the pain might be changed into anger and the anger into cries. His efforts not to make a noise, to come and go gently, to seem smaller at a time of suffering, were moving. More than once Solorzano felt an impulse to ask him about the invalid and to offer his services, but the grim face restrained him. While in the soul of one all was tumult and terror, and in that of the other all pity, their eyes needing the comfort of a human presence were fixed on the indifferent mass of the ocean, and their tongues uttered none but futile words.

"The Italian vessel is making nearer here this voyage," said Samuel, when he wished to say: "She is breathing worse and worse. Do you think she will be able to hold out until the naphtha boat comes, or would it be better for us to send word?"

Solorzano replied in a whisper: "Yes; the sea must be very heavy there; they do well to shelter themselves a little among the capes;" when in reality his soul dictated, in reply to the unpronounced words: "I place my hope in God! It will not be so serious. . . . The launch will come this week, and they can carry her away and cure her there. . . ."

Had it not been for the recollection of all that had taken place—the terrible nights in which he heard them disputing almost until daybreak, in which the angry voice of the giant acquired, by the restraint he placed on it, a more penetrating vibration even than the cries, and when he said: "Yes; you looked at him! He is the man born for you Go, go with him You will have to go only a

few steps," Solorzano would have dared to bridge the chasm; but he was afraid of awakening the wild beast which sorrow dominated with its tremendous lash. Only in words, at one and at the same time both indifferent and filled with anxiety, in tense silences, and in furtive, tearful glances, did they exchange the tension of their souls. At times the silence was so intense that the panting of the invalid reached to the very top of the lighthouse and to the remotest projection of the beach. Even the children lived noiselessly and were subject to sudden starts. Of course the hours of the day were shorter than those of the night. The inevitable occupations, the company of the tender little faces, a gull or two, a school of dolphins, a ship, consoled somewhat. But when night came, all the minutes betokened an ambush, and the four faces of the light, revolving tirelessly, symbolized the looks of the two men, who feared that, under cover of the darkness, the boat that was to bear away a corpse might arrive.

One afternoon, when Solorzano was preparing to clean the light, he heard the voice of Samuel calling him in anguish, "Come down . . . come down! . . . She is dying!"

He ran, and on the threshold of the room he found him, quivering and tragic, amid the swarm of weeping children.

"She is dying! . . . She is dying!"

He repeated these words many times, as if he wished to justify everything by means of them. Solorzano was deeply touched by Samuel's soft uncertain voice, like that of another child, and his eyes filled with tears.

"No . . . it cannot be. . . . Do not distress yourself so. It must be merely a faint. . . . We must do something. . . . Come . . . let the oldest of them take the others to my room. . . ."

The two entered hastily and stopped in front of the bed, as before an unexpected obstacle. The shape of her body could hardly be discerned beneath the bedclothes. Her head swayed distressingly on the pillow. She looked up and saw the two men standing together and she smiled softly.

"Do you see? . . . God will grant that she shall be saved. . . . Do not despair thus. . . ."

Although trying to offer encouragement, he was terrified to see how she had wasted away. He never would have thought that a few days could accomplish so much. When the children heard him, they entered little by little and crowded uncertainly about the bed. Bending over

the invalid, Solorzano asked her, "Are you suffering? . . . How do you feel?"

Her lips moved, without ceasing to smile, and she extended her hand, after vain efforts, toward the newcomer. The weariness of this effort caused her to close her eyes, which, seen between the lids, had the viscous blue of recently opened shells.

Something must be done, decided Solorzano. "Bring the book from the medicine chest. . . . Send the children to bed. They are a hindrance more than anything else. . . . The doctor said it was her heart, didn't he? Take a look in the tower while I search. . . . Heart . . . heart . . . here! Bring the lamp nearer, you!"

The oldest of the boys set the lantern closer, and the leaves of the book were slowly turned. It must have been very difficult, for, from time to time, Solorzano had to read over and over again, like one who retraces a road without being able to find the way.

Samuel returned from above and he also began to read, over the other's shoulder. The invalid breathed slightly, and to her respiration was joined that of her children, overcome by sleep, little by little. Only the oldest withstood the weariness. At times the three lifted their eyes from the letters to fix them on the bed, trying to harmonize the multitude of printed letters with the sad occurrence. Her profile was marked sharply on the wall; under the light her hair and skin were moist with sweat. Her mouth no longer smiled; the smile had dissolved over her entire face.

"See now how well she is sleeping . . . it was what is spoken of here: a collapse. . . ."

"Yes, yes; read some more. . . . Perhaps we shall find some drops. I am afraid in this affair of an injection."

"So am I."

Again they bent over the book, opened the medicine case, took out two vials, which they held up to the light, unwrapped with superstitious precautions a syringe and again buried themselves in the pages of the book, without being aware of the passage of time or of the appearance of dawn through the windows. No one aboard the vessels which approached the coast that night, guided by the lighthouse, no one would have supposed that beneath its powerful brilliance three humble lives sought together an impossible route beneath a tiny flickering flame.

They were so intent, so absorbed, that Death entered and stopped the heart of the invalid without anyone's noticing his arrival.

When Samuel realized what had occurred, he no longer had strengt to shout. He fell into a chair, broken, voiceless, with a dull sob from his soul. . . . To withdraw, Solorzano had to break the grip of the huge fist that clung to his right hand with sincere gratitude.

The sea continued to be agitated. A gleam of sunshine crowned the distant mountains. From the railing of the tower, first with rockets and then with flags, he made signs until the fishermen who were returning to the bay saw them. When a boat came near enough, he caught up the trumpet and shouted, "The keeper's wife is dead! . . . Get word ashore!"

The multiplied voice must have reached below, as the weeping of the children redoubled. The day, immense and filled with tears, clouded over and dragged on lividly about the dead woman, perhaps reflecting her pallor. In the afternoon a launch came to take away the body, which was to be accompanied by Samuel and the oldest boy. The other children remained with Solorzano, who took care of them during Samuel's absence. "As only a mother could have done," the substitute said later. The trip was a hard one. The greatest thing in the giant's life had shrunk with death and was now barely visible in the bow, under the canvas, over which dashed the spray. The sea churned and glowed with phosphorescence on all sides. The sailor maintained a funereal silence. Several times they had to pass a line over the body, because the boat heeled over so much. When they touched land, night had already closed. For some time the lighthouse with its white gaze had sought the poor body, rocked, when it could no longer feel it, by the gentle cradle swing whose caress she had never enjoyed since childhood.

I know not whether you retain any such childish recollection. If you do not, it will be difficult for you to understand this part of my story. Those three days of absence must have been, as the brothers and sisters soon assured the oldest son, indescribable, strange, sweet, sad, cruel, and ingenuous, with that medley so often indissoluble in the thought of a child. When a house is shattered by a rude blow, authority over the children suffers an eclipse, and they enjoy a sort of melancholy libertinage. They know or feel that sorrow has loosed the bonds; but still they can not fail to enjoy space and time without hindrances; and, as the days pass, there remains, as a sort of atmosphere of recollection, a haze composed of timid joys and disturbed monotony.

The oldest youngster was already on the mysterious threshold

between childhood and puberty where life communicates to the brain its first revelations; yet the child within him experienced envy when he heard the descriptions of his brothers. . . . Oh, in those three days they had not had a single quarrel! How good Solorzano was! He cooked for them, he told them stories, he made them tell the rosary as formerly; he put them to bed with pettings, just as she had done. . . . He had let them climb the tower on condition that they would not tell. . . . He had even taken them fishing two afternoons. . . . How good he was!

Samuel, dressed in mourning, with his eyes sunken, bent with weariness and sorrow, seemed smaller. On disembarking, he gave his right hand to Solorzano. When he saw the children so clean, he must have deemed this show of friendship insufficient, and he gave him the other, without words, in an impressive silence, full of repentance and sincere promise. When the boy saw them thus, so united, the impression that grief had shrunk Samuel vanished: beside him, Solorzano was like another child.

The substitute departed, and the common life was re-established. The first night, when the glances of the two met in the empty place, Solorzano said, "You ought to ask for a transfer to another place. This lighthouse will be too sad for all of you. . . . Everything will speak to you of your dead one."

"Yes . . . but forget her, no! . . . I do not wish to. At the headquarters they proposed to transfer me, but I did not wish them to do so. . . . Besides, we should have to separate."

Thus began the truce. When I say "the truce," you understand that the drama was not concluded. The body, taken ashore some days before under the foam-flecked canvas, ought to have carried with it all the causes of rancor and left only remorse, repentance. . . . It was not so. Would it might have been so! . . . Death, by removing the woman—the terrible pretext chosen by the men to justify their frenzies—offered them union in a new life of solitude, peace, and recollection. But baleful passions penetrated the most obscure corners of the soul, deep down, where reason did not rule, and violences matured suddenly after slow mysterious gestations, without apparent relation to external causes. . . .

You already know what the engineer had said: "The light on high for others and the shadow round about. . . ." It was something absurd, unjust. . . . It is futile for me to endeavor to seek excuses for Samuel's

action! As I must reach the end, I shall now proceed without beating about the bush, rapidly. Listen:

The first symptoms did not manifest themselves for about a month. The children, who had been hitherto an invisible swarm, from which the oldest stood out, began to acquire individuality, two of them especially: Paquito and Luis. Luis was strong, wayward, dominating tall; Paquito was pale and puny, and his eyes were so soft that, seeing him, it was impossible to think of death. . . . By the natural tendency of his spirit, also by contrast with Samuel's rough virility, Solorzano began to be to the children something like a mother of the wrong sex and his only severities fell, doubtless justly, on Luis. Paquito, on the other hand, he always treated with a tender solicitude. Because they were the nearest to each other in age, Paquito and Luis quarreled with most frequency, and Solorzano's partiality showed itself without disguise. Even before the mother died, these disputes had not been rare, and Samuel was given to punishing impartially with a heavy hand. Therefore his first defense shocked every one, especially as he chose a day when Paquito was in the right.

"Paquito is your favorite, Solorzano. . . . The other, although such a hobbledehoy, is also God's."

"But, it is because I do not wish Luis to get in the habit of picking on the weak."

"The other is a great little hypocrite; do not believe . . . but, let Luis suffer the punishment. You are the one who has to struggle with them; so that. . . ."

Nothing more occurred. Luis submitted to the kindly penance that Solorzano had imposed, but from that day the shadows of other years again passed over Samuel's face, and he seemed to be less shrunken in his black clothes. A few days later, the question came up anew, and this time his interference was more serious.

"See here, Solorzano; have your way with all of them except Luis. It may be because he favors me, if you will, but it hurts me when you punish him. Do we understand each other? Buy the other one all the knick-knacks you please, as if he were your own; I do not object. Now this one . . . this one is thoroughly mine, and you have nothing to do with him."

The thing was so groundless, so confused, that Solorzano did not understand it at once. For several weeks he restrained himself, and in spite of the differences in their characters, he treated all the children

alike. Samuel's somber silences continued, however. He alone was the cause of them. . . . He once more took up his tasks with the earnestness of one who wishes to bury his preoccupation. The metal-work again shone with startling brilliancy. The oldest boy noticed that their tongues began to utter phrases different from those their hearts desired to express. Solorzano's goodness must have been somewhat irritating to Samuel. That meekness, that tireless concern with everything, that prevention of grounds and occasions for disagreement, instead of increasing the memory of gratitude, irritated a wound in the soul of Samuel, a wound unreal but incurable, opened by the imagination. As formerly, his voice went beyond his thought, completing it, as it were: Luis was thoroughly his, and Solorzano had nothing to do with him;—if Luis were thoroughly his, in size and character, and if the other were small, pallid and gentle, like them, it was because. . . . No, no! The one they would have had, if they had known each other before, or if they had not feared his vengeance. . . .

The struggle must have been tremendous from the time this idea began to gnaw at his brain until it emptied it of everything to take possession of it day and night. That battle must have lasted three months, perhaps even four months, during which his words became harsher and harsher every day. Signs of spring appeared; one could feel the approach of the days of chicha. Samuel got rid of the long black coat, which had shortened his figure, and became in every one's eyes the same as before: a sort of force of nature, almost like the wind and sea. . . . His shouts resounded unexpectedly, and the island seemed to tremble. . . . Near the wound opened another, less mocking. Do you know what it was? That Paquito never afforded him any ground for complaint. With a terrible patience, he began to look out for the first fault. A little wine spilled on the table, and then his great hand descended upon the tender face, leaving a broad red trace and a miserable sobbing that lasted until daybreak. The stupor of the children, Solorzano's pallor, the look of the oldest son, who, without fully understanding, already perceived that something strange was happening, rarefied the air. Samuel sprang up and rushed out muttering confused threats. . . . Solorzano gathered Paquito in his arms, carried him off to bed, and tried to lull him to sleep with pettings. The giant voice resounded from above, rabidly, "Leave him alone, Solorzano! . . . Leave him alone, or I shall come down again!"

The little bed was abandoned, and decided steps sounded on the

stairway. It was not Samuel descending; it was Solorzano ascending. After him also went up the oldest boy, with fear and caution. He could listen in the shadow.

"What you did was not right, Samuel."

"Have you come to scold me?"

At that moment the difference in the height of the two men was not so marked. To the ironical and provocative tone of the question responded another tone, energetic but soft, a tone none would have expected from that mouth.

"No; I am not the one to scold you, but I have come to speak with you. Listen to me. . . . Do not double your fists. I know you can smash me or throw me over the railing. It is not a question of fight. It is a question of having peace. You can be just or unjust with your children. . . . That is an affair between you and your conscience. . . . Today you have not been just. . . . Not to give you another occasion, I come to propose to you our former course; each one in his own house, without words, without dealings. . . . Do not think that it costs me nothing. . . . I do not shrug my shoulders . . . but that is not all; the day you again maltreat Paquito . . . or any of the others, I shall write to the engineer to ask for my transfer. Now you know."

"Is that all? Begone, begone, or . . ."

Without haste, without fear, Solorzano turned his back on him, passed near the oldest boy without seeing him, and went to his room.

The next day there fell over the island the hostile silence that was not broken by the exciting murmur of the sea or even by the tempests. The children received the order not to speak to Solorzano on any ground; and his attitude helped them to obey it. Only, from a distance, soft eyes followed him from a moist and tremulous sadness that did not dare to change into tears. Left to themselves, they soon fell a prey to untidiness. Samuel tried sometimes to multiply himself in order to look after them; at others he fell into spells of inactive depression. Seeing them ragged increased his fury. Only in respect to the requirements of the lighthouse was he capable and orderly. When his efforts encountered the impossibility of caring for them he glanced at them, laughed with an evil laughter, and abandoned himself to the somberness of a calm, almost worse than anger. The calms were wont to last two or three days, and then, without a cause, came a night of brooding of rage. . . . On one of those nights the oldest boy felt as if his hair were beginning to turn gray. Ah! only those who have been robbed

of their childhood at a blow will be able to understand his bitterness. The bitterness of the sea came that night between the father and the son. . . . No; something more bitter and larger than the sea. With the words of a madman, without understanding that he was rending a poor heart to which he had given existence, Samuel began to utter his terrible calumnies against the dead woman and against Solorzano. . . . The son had to bear the abominable accusations many times.

"That accursed weakling with soft eyes and a yellow face was the son that they would have wished to have! . . . He was their son, yes, their son! . . . Do not say it is not so, or I will kill you!"

The boy trembled and divined.

The furious voice continued: "But I shall remove that yellow from his face with blows. . . . The blow of the other day will be nothing compared with what I am going to give him!"

Hitherto the boy had believed that the longest night in the world was the one he had passed looking alternately at a book and at a face disfigured by the nearness of death; but no; this night was still longer. Every word disclosed to him an abyss. He felt the vertigo of a man and the fear of a defenseless child in the presence of the tempestuous power of his father. He closed his eyes, summoning sleep, and he would have wished to close his ears also. Finally sleep came. . . . When he awoke, it was very late. Weeping came from outside; he arose filled with a sudden assurance of what was happening. The paternal hand had again fallen on the child's little face.

"Ah! I shall kill you! . . . I shall kill you!" Samuel vociferated.

He went outside, and he made his first man's decision.

When Samuel felt some one pinion his arm he turned around, assured of finding Solorzano; but when he saw his son he meekly lowered his head and let himself be led away. He passed the whole day between excitement and anguish. . . . When the time for his watch arrived, subconsciousness awoke in him and he wished to get up.

"No! Stay here! . . . You must rest. Today, I'll go up."

Samuel sank back again in the disordered bed without protest. There above, Solorzano arose when he heard the steps. He was paler than ever. His eyes were red, and his skin where the tears had flowed very dry. He refused to leave the boy alone, and, after a long silence, he got up, pressed him in his arms and said to him, breaking into sobs: "I love you, all of you, very deeply . . . him also; but I must go away. This very day I am going to write."

Then he fled by the stairway, leaving infinite pity in a heart, half that of an old man, half that of a child.

On the following morning Solorzano left the house very early and went to bathe in a recess of the beach where the waters were somewhat quieter. Samuel must have heard him, must have spied him from the window, for he went out with furtive steps, locking the door behind him. When the boy tried to get out it was too late. From the window foreseeing the drama, yet without daring to awaken his brothers, he witnessed the scene. His voice caught in his throat. A voice stronger than his own told him that everything would be futile, that his shout would only serve to summon his brothers to view the crime that would never be blotted out. Ah! what an experience he had already had! The pursuit continued for some minutes, but Solorzano's weak arm could not strive against the arms of the giant, who overtook him at last near the land. The struggle was short. For some seconds both were submerged, and at length only the bust of the colossus reappeared swaying, as if he had beneath his feet something that was fighting desperately. A minute passed, an immense minute. The enormous stature diminished suddenly by some inches, advanced toward the land and appeared among the rocks. In the distance an inert mass floated on the waves.

What was the son to do? Denounce him? Give a name of ignominy to his brothers? At the age of thirteen, that boy had to wrestle with the most tremendous problem of conscience that could be endured.

He said nothing. . . .

The drowning of a light-keeper is not a rare occurrence; neither is it an unheard-of thing that a man, who cannot bear the death of his wife and takes to speaking to no one, dies of grief. . . .

THE WANDERER

Ciro Alegria

Translated by Sarah Corwin

A GRAY, THIN woman followed the trail under the shade of the poplars to the house on the hill. The last rays of the Chilean sun sketched the golden hued poplars against a sky of deep indigo. The vivid landscape was a scene of almost riotous beauty, its wild abandon somewhat subdued by the presence of the towering mountains. The mighty mountains of Chile . . . with their promise of adventure and far off places, yet relentlessly crushing the restless spirit of man.

The woman looked long at the house, with its neat white-washed walls and bright red thatched roof. Then she turned aside, put down the bundle she carried on her back, and sat under a tall, spreading quillay. . . . She leaned back, relaxed. . . .

Thus it was that Domi saw her. The child, hugging tight her rag doll, was frightened and abruptly ran off. She found her mother in the small square of a vegetable garden, picking ripe onions. The pungent odor of the fragrant leaves hung heavy in the air.

"Mother!" cried the little girl, "there's a strange woman here."

Monica, her mother, straightened and lifted an earth-smudged face over the stone fence.

"Never mind. She's probably only resting," she said . . . and resumed her task.

Suddenly, the wind came, bringing with it dust and nightfall. . . . Darkness rose from the valley, blacking out trees and hills. . . . Spot-lighted in the soft half-light of the afterglow, the house on the hill looked warm and inviting.

Monica left the garden and entered her kitchen through the tiny back porch. It was time to prepare her husband's supper. In passing, she glanced in the direction of the quillay. The stranger was still there.

Little Domi hung close to her mother while she busied herself with the fire, until the flames leaped up to lick the big, fat, red earthen pot. Soon the bean stew bubbled merrily.

Outside in the pitch darkness, the poplars whispered softly and the quillay stooped slightly as if to protect the stranger from the night.

Later, Monica went out to see if the woman was still there. Under the tree a high sweet voice answered her greeting.

"You may come in, if you like," said the mistress of the house. "It's warm inside."

The shivering figure rose and followed her in silence. In the light inside the house, the woman appeared quite human as she faced Monica and Domi. She seemed to want to say something, but couldn't, and sat staring at the fire as if seeking words there. Then, impulsively, the stranger picked up a log and added it to the crackling fire. The friendly gesture seemed to bring the three of them together, and for a moment the invisible barrier was broken. Only for a moment, however, for Monica and her daughter soon retreated into an attitude of cold reserve.

There was something frightening about the stranger. Something Monica couldn't understand. Yet, she seemed a woman like any other. . . . A woman of the people—a woman who was cold and hungry and who perhaps had suffered much. True, her gray eyes were too bright, her face too thin, too pale. The dusty clothes and the big bundle she carried told of a long journey. Her mouth was sad . . . yet calm. Perhaps there lay the key to the mystery. In those lips so firmly closed on words and memories.

Monica finally broke the silence. "Where do you come from?"

The guest answered simply, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, as if to minimize the importance of her journey. "From beyond the hills. . . ."

Little Domi tightened her thin arms around her doll as her mother added still another log to the fire. A *tiuque*, the fierce bird of prey of the mountains, screeched in the distance, and then an uncomfortable silence fell over them . . . a silence pregnant with unfounded misgiving and suspicion.

The trot of a horse broke the silence, and soon horse and rider came into view. It was Tomás, returning from the fields. He spoke a dry greeting and unsaddled his mount. Then, after patting the animal's neck affectionately, approached the women.

Monica looked searchingly into her husband's face, trying to dis-

cover in his expression some sign of recognition for the stranger. The greeting they exchanged told nothing, although perhaps it was too casual. He sat on a low bench and Monica served the meal. While they ate, the spoons made an unpleasant sound as they scraped the chipped plates. The strange woman ate with eyes lowered, and Tomás gulped down his food eagerly while his wife and daughter watched them and waited.

Finally, the man talked of the day's work . . . how the black bull had run away to the ravine. . . . He would have to go and look for the beast tomorrow.

Tomás was not a prosperous *huaso*. His poncho was faded, its once gay colors dulled by wind, rain, and dust. His hat and boots were shabby and worn. How he envied Don Eliodoro, the gentleman *huaso*, the ranch owner's son, with his many bright colored *ponchos*, high buttoned *boleros*, polished boots and handsome hats. When Don Eliodoro's spurs lost their bell-like tinkle, he could take them to the town's blacksmith who would magically restore their music. And they sang again like birds! But when his own lost their music in the red mud of the fields, they did not sing again. Yet, he did not complain of his lot . . . he had seen worse days.

His was a long story, full of hardship and adventure. He had seen many lands. He had mined in the north and worked in the plains of the Pampas. He had sailed south to the regions of the Pole, there to hunt seal and otter in the dangerous waters of the Antarctic. Back in his own country, he had washed ore and then drifted inland to the valleys. There he had followed the harvests from season to season, hiring out his good strong arms for three *pesos* a day, living on stale bread and bad wine. Finally he had become a *huaso*, a cow-hand, on Don Eliodoro's ranch, where he was given a house and a horse.

After a while, he had married Monica and she bore him a daughter. And now here he was . . . he knew not till when.

The stranger and the *huaso* looked at each other. Although meeting for the first time, each recognized the other from some faintly remembered past, within the image, perhaps, of a town half forgotten . . . the recollection of expressions met one knows not where.

The man's piercing eyes and weather-beaten face stamped him as one who has toiled under the sun of many lands. The woman bore unmistakably the sign of the wanderer. Her fatigue was dark and endless.

The *huaso* spoke, not knowing that the question had been asked before. "Where do you come from?"

The stranger replied, "From beyond the hills. . . ."

"Beyond the hills. . . ." The *huaso* had heard the expression countless times before. He himself had used it often. To the wanderer it is the open road left behind or the one about to be taken.

Then, in answer to Monica's questioning, the stranger said her name was Josefina Nuñez. The name did not lighten the mystery. She was still a stranger, an unknown . . . a mere particle in the closely knit anonymity of the people.

Finally, however, she spoke, seeming to have grown more at ease suddenly, wanting to be friendly. There was a dim sadness in her voice. "I knew a man once," she said. "He worked not far from here. The closest mining town, in fact. . . ." Her voice faded to a new silence.

"And what is his name?" Monica asked, thinking to encourage the stranger. "Perhaps we've met him once."

"He has no name."

"No name? But everybody. . . ."

"He's dead. Killed in a drunken brawl. His belly was slashed wide open. But he kept on fighting until he dropped."

"Oh!"

They waited, but the stranger said no more. Her eyes had paled in slight bitterness.

Gradually, a drowsiness fell upon the little group. The fire sputtered weakly. It was time for bed. The stranger undid her pack and made herself comfortable in the harness room. Husband and wife occupied the room next to it. Hours passed, however, and neither could sleep.

Abruptly, Monica's voice was heard in the darkness. "Have you ever seen her anywhere before?"

"No," he answered.

Yet her heart told her that he was not speaking the truth, and she felt in that moment as though she'd lost something precious. In despair and fear she pulled her man to her and loved him passionately, desperately. But afterwards she felt more cold and lonely than ever, and in her sleepless vigil she was comforted by the thought that the stranger would leave before dawn, and with the coming of daylight everything would be as it had been before.

But day came and the stranger was still there. Tomás had gone out to the ravine at dawn to look for the lost beast . . . and never was a black bull lassoed more expertly.

In the early afternoon, Tomás rode back, proudly leading the bull by a rope tied around its horns. He dismounted, leashed the beast to a tree-trunk, and unsaddled his horse. Then he sat down on his familiar bench.

The stranger was busy mending some tattered bit of clothing. Monica, too, had stayed in all day. She had intended to go into town the following morning to sell her fat onions, but now, with the day's picking neglected, she would not have enough to make the trip worth while. If only Domi could do more than play with her rag doll. If at least she could be trusted to keep her eyes open. But no, Tomás was the one for that . . . he did not take his eyes off the stranger, except to gaze at the road, the horizon, the distant sky.

Monica took up her mending too, and soon it was night again.

The following day Monica said to her husband, "Aren't you going to take the bull to the ranch today?"

The *huaso* replied, "Who works on Sundays?"

She insisted, "Please go. . . . Don Eliodoro will expect you."

He replied firmly, "Nobody works on Sundays."

Somehow, the stranger stayed on, without an explanation, with hardly a word, distant, aloof. Tomás paced up and down the small room now and feverishly desired the stranger. The woman was not beautiful, yet she was not without charm. Her straight, thin body softened tenderly at the small high breasts, the sweet long curve of the slender hips. Tomás dreamed of recapturing the reckless adventure of his yesterdays with this dark, somber woman.

Monica, he knew, had roots here. She was part of this plot of earth, part of this house on a hill. Even now she wanted more children. She would multiply herself endlessly, like her onions.

Tomás tried to think of a plan to get rid of Monica. Perhaps if he beat her, hurt her terribly, she would leave him willingly. But he decided to wait until he'd spoken to the stranger.

At last it was night again. At dinner, Monica's attitude was frankly hostile. She sensed her husband's feelings about the stranger.

"Where are you heading for?" Tomás asked the woman.

She answered, "To Nipocura."

"Is that a town?"

"Almost a town."

"Is it far?"

"Yes, very. . . ."

Where could Nipocura be? The name sounded like any other of Araucanian origin scattered through the length and breadth of the country. On the other hand, it was quite possible that no such place existed. Tomás knew by his own experience that the traveller without a definite place to go, in order to avoid suspicion, often names a distant or nonexistent spot as his destination.

Perhaps the woman needed a man, a companion to protect and love her. No doubt the man killed in the fight in the mining town had been her husband. Then, naturally, she would have wanted to start in search of a new life, new hopes.

And late that night, when Monica embraced her husband, feverishly, closing her eyes on her fears, pressing close to the body she loved, the *huaso* submitted with a curse on his lips. If he had only gone to the ranch to deliver the black bull! If he had at least gotten drunk with the other *huasos* on a bucket of red wine!

The dawn rose black for Tomás. He got up later than his wife, and after looking around for the stranger, asked fearfully, "Has she gone?"

"She has gone," replied Monica, and then joyfully: "She *has* gone, she *has*!"

Tomás was seized by a sudden desire to hurt Monica, as if she were to blame. Then he longed madly to ride after the stranger. But where would he go? What route had she taken? He looked at the net of endless trails winding in and out of hills and valleys, from north to south, from mountain to seashore.

Nipocura! . . . If he only knew which way it lay. . . . Useless to attempt to follow her now. Perhaps the town did not exist, and if it did, the woman would not stop there. Who knows, indeed, the ways of the wanderer?

A cry of disappointment escaped the *huaso* Tomás. And then, as he looked on the mighty mountains of Chile, with their promise of adventure and far off places, he felt that the stranger, somehow, was his own soul, free to take its endless way.

PAINTING FOR THE FESTIVAL

Frances Gillmor

AN AESTHETIC of impermanence—of fireworks flaring against the dark—of an effigy made to be destroyed. . . . This is the philosophy of Diego Rivera.

It sounds like a modern philosophy of impermanence and change, of a present that gives form to a past that is gone. It sounds like Whitehead and Mead.

It is in the quick current of modern sophisticated thought. But it shapes too from the Mexican village, and from the fiesta where rockets break in puffs of white smoke over the church towers and are gone; where a whole year's savings may be spent to build a piece of standing fireworks into a *castillo* as high as the church tower itself, so that for a quick interval of light, fire may run along the cubes and circles up to the very tip, to delight the little saint; where on the Saturday before Easter the effigy of Judas may be hanged and exploded with firecrackers to the cheers of the crowd.

Diego Rivera has brought the village art into his studio at San Angel just outside Mexico City. At one end stand two grotesque figures of Judas, more than life size; they have missed their destiny of being exploded to the cheers of a crowd on Saturday of Glory. Near them stand four models of *castillos*, their wheels and cubes loaded with firecrackers; perhaps tonight their larger counterparts will go off in flaring light to end a village fiesta.

To balance these examples of a Mexican folk art of today Rivera has shelves loaded with the idols and masks of a pre-conquest yesterday. Some of the idols are grinning and exaggerated; some of the masks calm and inscrutable.

Rivera points to the Judases.

"No one believes me when I say they are beautiful. But the people who make them put into them what the ancient people did. Look at this."

And he points out an idol with its head tilted to the very angle of the head of the Judas.

"No, these *idolos* have not the serenity of the masks. But the masks were made for death. Serenity belongs to death. People who want serenity want only to sit down."

He turns to the models of the *castillos*.

"These are the best examples of abstract design in Mexico. They are good because the people who make them are not trying to create great art, are not trying to create anything that will last. A *castillo* burns for a few minutes and goes out. Because of that it is good, it is pure, free from the desire for riches, free from the desire for fame. . . .

"Yes, of course an artist could do something he hoped would last, just because it was good, just because he wanted it to exist—not wanting riches or fame. But the desire for permanence belongs to the fear of death. If we lived in the day, a day at a time, we would lose that fear. We would know that there is no death."

His words crowd upon each other as he explains himself further.

"No death for the individual, because the individual does not exist. We are just parts of the whole—the lights on the *castillo*."

He goes on eagerly. His philosophy of the brief present seems to shape itself even as he talks.

"You say I find my permanence then in the whole?" he says. "Not the permanence of death. It is movement, it is speed. The more you move, the more you touch, the more permanent you are. Life isn't serenity. The desire for serenity," he repeats, "is the desire to sit down."

What is brief has not only purity, but power, he declares.

"Think of the methods of magic. When people want magic they turn to design, and to design that can be destroyed. A design cut in paper here in Mexico. A design made in sand among the Navajos—and destroyed at sunset."

He pulls out some photographs of his Detroit murals.

"I like these better than anything I have done. Look at them—electricity and steam. The engineers don't make them beautiful because they are trying to create a great art. That is one reason why they are beautiful. Look—they have power. They are male, female.

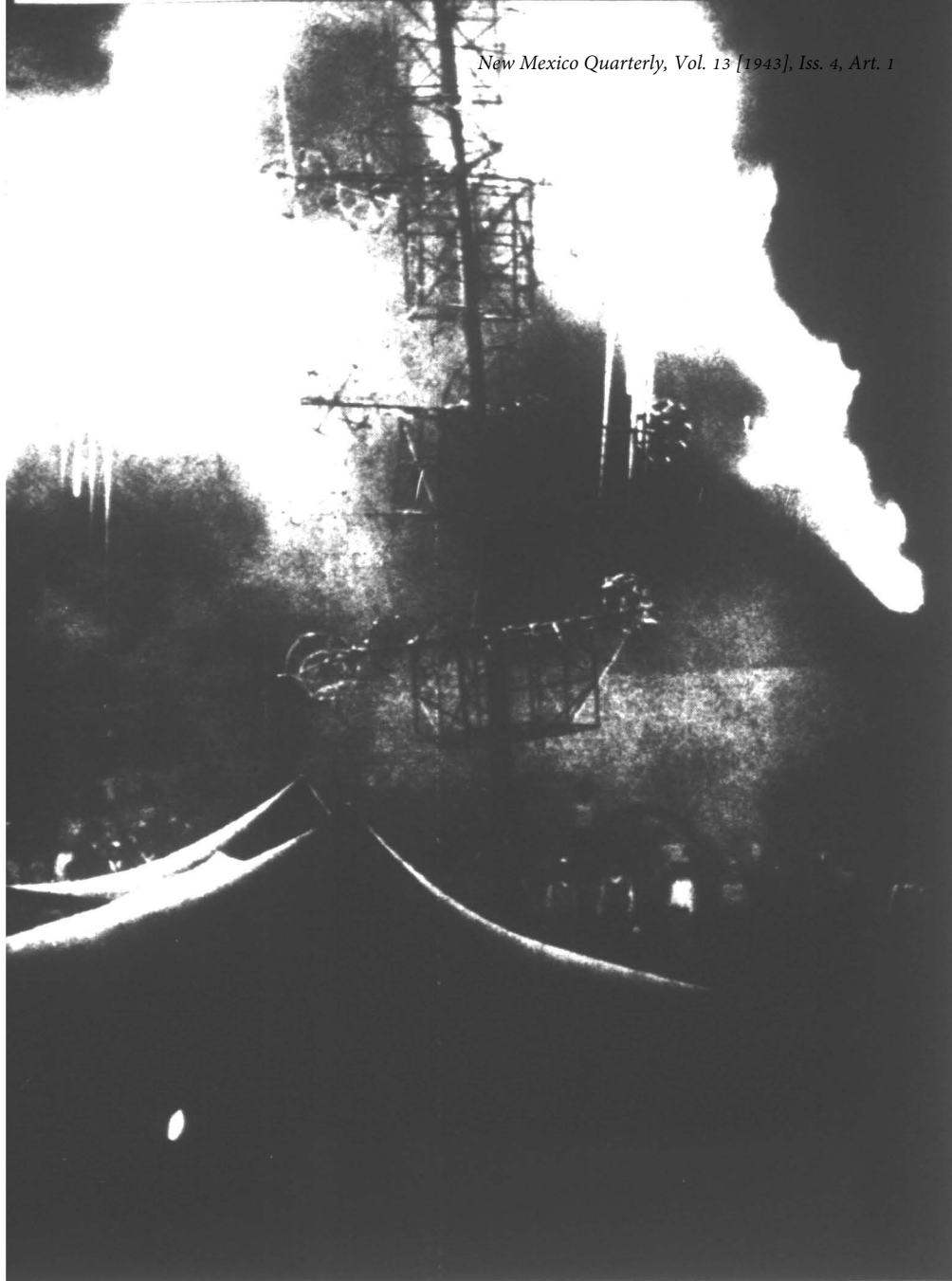
"And do you know people get more offended at a picture like this of engines and machinery and industrial subjects than at a political subject. Why? Because they feel the power of it and are helpless.

A pre-conquest mask from Rivera's collection, whose serenity, according to Rivera, belongs to death.

A country Judas which has just exploded. This is art free of the desire for fame or riches or permanence, and therefore pure, says Rivera.

Photo by Ola Apenes





A castillo at a village
fiesta in Mexico.
The castillos, says
Diego Rivera, are
the finest examples
of abstract art in
Mexico.

Photo by Ola Apenes

Two Judases, with political placards
attached, about to be burned on a
Mexico City street on the Saturday
before Easter. "No one believes me
when I say they are beautiful," says
Rivera.



Suppose a man meets a woman. He may love her. He may try everything, every argument within himself to convince himself he should not love her. But in spite of that he will love her more and more. It is so with design. If you feel the power of it, the only release from that power is in its destruction—its brevity. Only in the knowledge of its brevity is there detachment and satisfaction. It is part of the magic that the sand painting should be destroyed. . . .

He looks at the steam turbines in the picture.

"I'd rather live in Pittsburgh or Detroit, where there are industrial subjects like this, than in Mexico," he says. "The engineers don't even know they are doing something beautiful. Their art is unconscious. That is why I have come to be against instruction in art. I have thrown it all away. If I had not had so much instruction, I should have had twenty, thirty more years of painting. It is only in the last ten years, perhaps only now, that I am beginning to see what I want to do."

But he turns back to the *castillos*, brief fireworks in dark night.

"No, I have no desire for permanence in my own work. In fact, I think this whole idea of mine affects my choice of subject matter. I didn't realize it until this minute—but I think I choose subjects so that they will be destroyed. I enjoy it. I didn't mind it when the Rockefeller frescoes were destroyed.

"They live through destruction. One person sees them, and they are ideas then in his mind. They have more life. They have life even in the minds of the people who have not seen them.

"You know those paintings that were made in the middle ages, one on top of another? There was no condemnation of the earlier work when they painted it over. It had been painted perhaps for a festival—and the festival was over. A few years later there was a new offering. Why not?

"I paint that way. I paint without wanting permanence. I prepare the wall for a festival."

AND HOME IS THE HUNTED

Prudencio de Pereda

I THOUGHT, if I could only get some spirit and heart into me. I would suddenly stop feeling this damned tired way. I could do this thing, then. I could do it! I could do it, and, at last, something that I did would have a meaning. Something of mine would be important. It would matter! At last! At last!

And then, suddenly and quickly, as soon as I had stopped thinking this and saying it to myself once or twice and clearly, the tired feeling that had made everything before seem unimportant and listless and not to matter, began to go quickly away, and soon it was gone.

I shaved and washed and put on my cleaned, pressed suit, and then I put the pills in my pocket just before I went out.

This morning Violet and I had quarreled again. I thought of it now when I saw the dollar she had thrown at me lying on the table. I went to pick it up, but then I stopped and thought: I've got just enough carfare to go there. I can walk the bridge. I won't take the dollar. That will separate me from all that.

I went over to New York by the long, round-about way in the El, up to 59th Street and the river. And then I took the elevator up to the walking level of Queensboro Bridge and walked over to Welfare Island through the air.

In the Island bus, we drove slowly along the shore road. The driver very carefully and expertly avoided the slow-moving patients who crossed the road in wheel chairs or walked along it at the side. I looked out the window and saw the bitter faces and the drab uniforms. When the driver called out: "Cancer and Neurological Hospital," I got off. Emma was in the Cancer wing.

The sun had been out in the morning, and so the beds were outside now. Emma's bed was at the side of the yard and in the "shade" of the second story porch. I went right up to it. She did not see me until I was at the head of it.

"Hello, Emmy!" I said. I laughed loudly to strike her happily at the first. She turned her head slowly, smiling already at the sound of the voice and the laugh. "Hello, Mickey," she said. She held up her hand to me.

"How are you?" I said. I said it very lightly and loudly. She was pale and looked very bad, and she was lying very flat on her back without a pillow under her head.

"All right," she said. Then, "Fine! I'm all right." She said this slowly. "How are you?" She was still holding on to my hand and was trying to stretch her head over to the side of the bed. To look for a chair for me, I thought.

"There was a chair there," Emmy said.

"That's all right, Emmy. That's okay! I don't want to sit down. I've been sitting all the way coming over. I'm tired of sitting."

"No, no! Sit down. There's one over at the back. It must be there, I think," she said, and I looked and saw a white hospital chair back of the bed and against the wall. I brought it out to the side and sat down. While I was getting the chair I had to let go of her hand.

"How's Violet?" she said now.

"Fine! She's fine," I said. "Still having trouble at the Press, but they'll let up soon, I think."

"They will," Emmy said. "They always do in the end. They have to."

"Surely," I said. "They always do. But if they could only see that all of this terrorizing that's so stupid and rotten is no good, even for them. . . . Is Joe coming over today?" I said. I wanted to change our thoughts. Joe was her husband. He was the one friend for whom I had a genuine feeling and admiration, and she was his young and pretty wife and had cancer of the hip. She had been operated on six months ago in a private hospital for cancer of the breast. The ailment of the hip, then, had been diagnosed as a broken bone, but it had really been the source of the cancer that was working its way up her body, now.

All of this had taken the little money that they themselves had and all of the money that their family and friends would pleasantly spare. She said, "No. He was here yesterday. He'll be down on Friday."

"Oh."

"He wants to come every day, or every other day, at least, but I want him to stay home and do some work." Joe was a painter. He was on the WPA.

"What's he doing now?"

"He isn't doing much outside of his work for the project. He says he can't get into anything big. Some original work that he could do something with."

"Like the Rabelais illustrations?"

"Yes, like that!"

"He was doing some illustrations for the Odyssey, wasn't he, Emmy? I remember that they seemed pretty good."

"I know, but he can't get on with it. That's what he feels," she said. She spoke in long, drawn-out jerks of words, as if she were drawing each breath and then using it quickly in speech.

"Are the kids still with your mother, Emmy?"

"Yes, Joe can feel easy about that, anyway."

"I know. So can you. That's damned good for all concerned, I think. But he worries like hell about you."

"I know it," she said. She turned her head slowly away from me for just a moment. Then, "Everybody does," she said slowly.

"Except you," I said. I laughed a little.

"No, I don't worry. I know what's the matter with me. You don't worry about something you know definitely."

"No. You don't. That's a good thing about it. You can start from there."

"Start from where, Mickey?"

"I mean you begin to do things now. You know what's what and where you are. It's like a fighter who's in the ring. The fight's started already and you've lost all the worry that you had about it before. You're not nervous anymore. You see, Emmy? You know where you are and what you have to do."

"Yes, what you have to do."

"Well—to go on. You advance from there. You have to! You know what I mean, don't you, Emmy? You move. Life goes on. See?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I mean, it's better to know what's the matter. Then you can start getting better. You know?"

"Getting better?"

"Yes, getting better! Everyone can get better. Everyone who's alive can go on. They go on naturally and they can improve. Life grows on itself. No matter how bad off you are, keeping alive is getting better sometimes."

"Yes?"

"Yes, Emmy. But, anyway, isn't this a hell of a lot better than having a terrible pain always with you and not knowing what it is at all? You have terrible fears about it, and it gets bigger and bigger and more important to you all the time. When you find out the truth, no matter how bad it is, your fears are stopped anyway. You have the decision of certainty. You can go on from there. You can die, or you can survive. You have to make a choice, then. Don't you?"

"I think so, Mickey," she said. She smiled.

"What are you laughing at? What's the matter, Emmy?"

"I was just thinking. You've changed your tune, haven't you? How different from the last time! You're among the uplifters, now, eh? Even you can get healthy."

"Emmy!" I said. "Look!"

"You, too, Brutus!" she said. Her eyes looked wet.

"Emmy, I was only fooling! I was only fooling, kid. I was just kidding myself. I was trying to be honest and make one more damned, stupid try, anyway; but I haven't changed. I haven't! Listen, Emmy, I brought the pills. I have them here with me, now!"

"I didn't think you believed those things. Thanks, anyway, for trying."

"I don't believe them! I can't believe them! What the hell is the use of suffering, of any suffering? Life is bad enough when you feel well and happy, sometimes. There's always something waiting around the corner to get you down, then."

"Yes, but you can be a realist. You can look at those things. And see them. Then you fight them. You can make it better. You can! You were right when you were saying those things. You really can win against them sometimes, but you don't believe it. You don't believe all those fine things you were telling me. None of the uplifters do. None of them really believe them. They say them because they think they're helping me. But I believe them. That's the joke of it! They'd be so surprised if they knew that I had any hope."

"Yeah, hope! You can win, too, Emmy! Sure, Emmy! You can fight like hell all the time and live two or three years of a lousy, tortured existence, and then die, anyway."

"But you have lived, and you've fought!"

"For what?"

"For that little bit, anyway," she said. She looked away from me

again. Then, when she turned her head back, she said, "You sound very depressed, today. Unusually so."

"I wish I had your physical basis for dying. I wouldn't hesitate a minute, damn it!"

"Is it so hopeless? With you, I mean?"

"It's lousy!"

"Your writing bad?"

"Well, I can't get much of it done. It doesn't seem bad, but the little I do only seems to appeal to me. Nobody will publish it."

"They will. And soon! And they'll write to you and ask you if you've got any more stories at home. You wait and see."

"I'm waiting because I have to, but I don't believe that. I don't really believe it, Emmy. That's just a dream. I'm waiting because I can't do anything else. When my wife gets wise to me, I'll have to really do something, but I'm too lazy to start anything on my own pull. So I just keep this dream."

"Oh, no, it's not a dream! You're not dreaming. You know that the better a writer is, the longer it takes for him to catch on. And a lot of the right people have liked your work very much already. You know that."

"Yes, so it seems. And it's a damned grateful thing to me," I said. "Incidentally, you and Joe have been very nice to me there."

"Not nice, just fair."

"Yes, too fair, I think. But that's all right. You see, all this about a struggling young writer who's looking for new modes of expression and things like that is swell for a guy if he's alone. If he can live alone and support himself, you know. But when you've got a wife who married you in the first place because she believed in you, who took you on for a year or so, so that you could have lots of time to work in and money to live on, and who seems to be getting just a little bit tired of it now; just a little bit, you know, and you can't help feeling this—then, it isn't so good.

"You love her, you know, Emmy. I love her. I'm sure of that! But it doesn't seem to be enough. There have to be a lot of other things, little attentions, little gifts, little favors, and things like that. Women seem to expect these things. I've thought about it and I think it's only fair, but writers can't do these things—especially when they're working like hell, and thinking all the time, and worrying about why their stuff doesn't take. You have no time. You have no money! Then,

of course, if you don't do these things, you're selfish. Very selfish! So I'm beginning to convince myself that I'm a very selfish guy."

Emmy did not say anything. She had lain quietly, listening to me shoot off my eager mouth like that and now I watched her for a moment. I did not like to look at her too much. She moved in the bed suddenly and her mouth twitched.

"What's the matter," I said. "Pain?"

"No. Not too much, anyway. It's just my physical basis for dying acting up again."

"Is it very bad, Emmy?"

"Yes."

"Please forgive me for talking like that. Jesus! I should be trying to make you feel good and here I am shooting off my mouth and handing out a lot of crap. On two visits in succession, too!"

"Oh, that's all right. You're honest, anyway. It's just the pain getting bad. I had a very bad night, yesterday. But that's not it. . . . Did you talk to Violet about this, Mickey? About giving me a good end, I mean?"

"No."

"You didn't tell her?"

"No, I didn't, Emmy. I wanted to do it completely myself, alone and well. I didn't think she could understand, anyway."

Emmy smiled slowly. "She would understand it. I understand it, even though I don't agree with you."

"Do you, Emmy?"

"I do, Mickey."

"Did you tell Joe, then. I mean that you know what it is, now?"

"What?"

"That the cancer's gone all up your back from the hips to the back, and that that's what the pain in your neck is?"

"No! No, I didn't tell him."

"You're not going to tell him you know?"

"No. Why should I? He thinks I'm not worried and it makes him feel better." She had been talking very slowly before, and in jerks, but now she talked even more slowly and it seemed to hurt her to talk.

"And you're not going to do anything about it, Emmy, then?"

"No," she said. She moved her head slowly from side to side. "No." Then tears began to well up from her eyes and stream down her cheeks. I put my hand on hers.

"Emmy! What's the matter? Is it the pain again? Am I . . . ?"

"No, no! Not you! You're all right. You're fine. Honest! It's the pain, the physical. . . ."

"Emmy, look! Look, kid. Life is a hunt! This life is nothing more than a god-damned hunt. We're being hunted and we'll always be caught. All the time! Look at the people in Czechoslovakia! They tried with all their might and guts to get away, but they got caught in the end. We always get caught. Look. . . ."

"Look at the people in Spain and China. There! They fight against it," she said. Her mouth blubbered a little with the tears in it. "They're not caught." I put my handkerchief up to it and she shook her head slowly from side to side to say, No, and took it in her hand. She wiped her eyes with it.

"They're not caught. Much! Is that life? But you can beat them, Emmy. You can get away from their pain."

She shook her head again like that. Her mouth said, "No!"

"Emmy, get away. You'll just go to sleep. You won't have any pain. You'll just go off to sleep without feeling anything. You'll just go off—and you won't have any dreams. That would be enough inducement for me—Jesus, no dreams! Emmy, take the pills, kid!"

"No," she said. "No! I want to fight! I've been fighting all the time; all my life. I can't stop, now. I want to fight!" She closed her eyes. Two tears pushed out over the lids. I looked away. I did not think that she wanted me to see her crying. I looked out over the river to the big, magnificent buildings of the Medical Center. On the river, the tugs went swiftly past, disdaining all of this. The sun was up again, on the top of the big buildings, but not on the river, now. In those buildings, I thought, there must be thousands of men and women working hard to discover cures for all known diseases—especially cancer. I looked back at Emmy on the bed.

She held the handkerchief to her mouth and her eyes were still tightly closed. The two tear drops stood poised on her eyelids. She was resting now; sleeping, maybe! She'll be getting strength to wake up again and start to fight all over. Start right away to fight again with her little, little strength!

Begin another day of watching people come to pity her—to pity her for just a polite moment, and then run away from this dreary hole. Fast!

Another day to eat three meals in and throw up two!

Never see the children! You never see the children. She doesn't want her children to come and see her fight the losing fight!

I moved my leg suddenly in anger, and it struck the bed. Emmy gave a little jump and opened her eyes. "I'm sorry, Emmy," I said. I put my hand on her shoulder. She turned her head slowly to look at me.

"Heh?" she said. Her eyes were bright with wetness.

"I woke you up," I said.

"Oh, no. No. That's all right. I shouldn't be sleeping. I won't sleep, tonight."

"You don't sleep at night?"

"Not too much," Emmy said.

Then, we did not say anything for a while. I was looking out across the river. She must have been watching my face, because when I turned around she was looking at me. She smiled a little.

"Nothing doing on that, then, eh, kid?"

She shook her head slowly and smiled.

"Okay," I said. "Then, we'll begin all over, just as if I was making an ordinary, healthy visit. How are you, Emmy? Really, how are you?"

"Fine," she said.

ON AND ON

Spud Johnson

On Swing Shift

EVERY DAY when I drive to work in the middle of the somnolent California afternoon, after having had a leisurely breakfast and a leisurely lunch, shockingly but comfortably close together, out on my sunny terrace, I think what a wonderful time to be tooting off to a job—devoting to it only the hours I had often in the past dedicated solemnly to a cocktail and dinner party.

(Every afternoon, that is, except when it was really hot, during a few August and September weeks—then, I admit, I thought it was an outrage, with sweat tickling down my ribs and the heat sitting on me heavily like a fat Japanese wrestler who has not had to use any of his fancy tricks at all, just had to push me over and sit on my stomach; then, it is true, I had to think furiously about the trip out from New Mexico in January, when it had been frigid, even in the desert.)

But generally it's mild and sleepy, with the interminable cardboard bungalows, every one a Home, floating past me in a middle-westerner's dream of ever-blooming roses and never-needed central heating; a kind of love-song of peace and plenty, punctuated every block or so with real estate offices, looking exactly like the other bungalows, roses and all, except for large signs saying "Horace Brain, Choice Walnut Grove Homesites," and small, very discreet ones assuring you that the place is "Open." Their blackboards listing tempting morsels of cardboard and thin top-soil are not, however, a distinguishing feature, for even the Homes have blackboards announcing "Rabbit Fryers," "Brown Eggs," "Pigs—Potatoes—Pomegranates."

One of my favorite signs, in front of a cunning, vine-draped, what in English novels would doubtless be called a "semi-detached villa," for a long time advertised a "Steel Roll-About Bed," which fascinated

me with its attendant imaginative picture of extreme and unstable discomfort. Yet presumably someone finally bought it. Another has an arrow pointing suggestively down a lane, with the simple inscription: "Rhode Island Red Rooster." I always slow up at that corner, hoping to catch some little red hen surreptitiously scuttling along the road, with self-conscious backward glances.

Actual arrival at the factory is no less idyllic and rural than the landscape en route. There it is, an Italian hill-town, or at least a reasonable facsimile; a sort of WPA mural of one painted against the gray-blue sky. Forests of low, clustering artificial trees (and how interesting, by the way, to watch an artificial tree grow, sprouting, unbelievably, from a telegraph pole, with two-by-four branches); whole fields and hillsides of open-meshed wire matted with gray-green, paint-gummed chicken feathers; and little white, red-roofed houses perched on these fake hillsides. Great aluminum birds circle around like rooks, yet seldom, thank God, settle in the tree-tops, as they might be expected to.

And all the time, as you approach this fantasy, you realize, with a kind of wonder, that you're going to spend the next eight hours in labyrinthine tunnels *inside* the hillside—a Carlsbad of an Aladdin's Cave in which giant Rocs are being hatched from enormous eggs, sat upon firmly by both the Army and Navy.

There, alas, the illusion ends. A whistle blows, sunshine is blotted out, supplanted by millions of fluorescent tubes which make a dead gray light that transforms even buxom wenches into perambulating corpses. The din rises like a flood: mallets beating on metal, machines grinding, motors whirring, saws shrilling, wheels rushing over unyielding concrete. . . .

A little white-haired old lady, incurably optimistic, and with a disease perfectly described by my favorite word, logorrhea, who has been given to me "to train," shouts in my ear: "Isn't it a *lovely* day?" I look at her as though she had gone stark, staring mad. Lovely day, indeed! Where?

"Now I told you yesterday how to do this," I say, severely, trying to drag her back safely into unreality, "and now you go and do it all wrong again. Please listen to what I'm saying and try to register."

"Yes, yes, yes. You're right. You're right. I know. I know. Now I won't make a single mistake today. My father always said—he was a dentist and everybody in town just loved him. He had so much work

that he just couldn't do it all, but when he got an assistant, they wouldn't let the assistant inside their mouths *at all*—they would just sit and wait for my father—they just loved him. And now he's dead and gone. I was just thinking a while ago when I was sweeping out: Well, if my father could see me now, sweeping the floor in a factory, he'd turn over in his grave. But I guess a lot of people are doing things they never thought they would. You know that sweet little girl with the blond curls—she's from Kentucky and she told me she used to have a colored maid—she just never had to turn her hand before. . . . ”

“Yeah, I know,” I mutter, “I saw her turn her hand yesterday. It was pathetic. Too bad it wasn't her ankle.” And the only thing I can do is to leave the place—my own office, too.

An outcast, I climb over a truck piled mountain-high with long boxes of metal, just in from the dock; I step on a piece of tubing on the other side and slide into the paunch of the man who has just circumambulated the table saw.

“Where's Store 80?” he asks, grabbing me.

“There ain't any. They only go up to 55. Maybe you want Building 80.”

“Maybe I do. Is there a man here named Tom?”

“Three. Which one do you want?”

“I don't know. I'm looking for this number.” He holds up a grimy piece of paper with scribbling on it.

“That's funny,” I say grimly; “so am I. It hasn't been seen for weeks. They think it's sabotage. Follow-up says the reqs haven't been cashed, but our files show it was cut October 10th and sent to Punch Press—but Punch Press hasn't even got a card on it.”

“Well, the tool was checked out on the 8th, came back in on the 12th, was checked out again on the 15th on Lot Replace 17—but I'm only interested in Lot 16.”

A girl rushes up to us with a dazzling smile. “Could you tell me who the floor dispatcher is for this section?”

I fix her with a cold stare. “I am.”

“Oh!” (As though she's been given a present.) “I'm sure you can help me. I want this order filled right away. It's Critical. Awfully. And we have to catch the Bakersfield truck at nine.”

“Well, you go over to that tall man with the slightly bald head and act frightfully helpless. Tell him you've only been working here a week and you don't know *what* to do; that they told you to get this

order, but everyone's so *gruff*. Then say, 'Goodness, what big muscles you have!' After that you can smile at him, but *don't* forget to look and act helpless."

This bit of wisdom off my chest, and having assured the Bakersfield plant of its much-needed parts absolutely on time, I press resolutely onward over another insurmountable barrier of fresh stock blocking the aisle, dodge a swift, silent electric "pony," then a brutal looking, evil smelling gasoline "goose," almost get hit in the head as Vince drags a heavy bar of brass out of a nose-high bin, and finally reach a table piled like a garbage dump with cellophane-faced envelopes, stuffed to bulging-point with blue-prints (or, as Bill calls them, "picture papers") and each attached to a strange-shaped piece of black metal labeled with red paint. Here I burrow like a hungry dog, searching for number 65,7017-33—and doubtless would spend the rest of the night at it, if I weren't interrupted almost at once by a purring feminine voice:

"Spuddy, could you get this job working at once, please? It's Critical. Awfully. Newspaper item and all that sort of thing. It'll be a shut-down tomorrow." Then, as she sees my scowl and hears my growl beginning to take its usual shape, she adds brightly: "My! Isn't that a pretty necktie? Where did you get it? I do like nice neckties; you seem to have such a lot. You *will* be a lamb and push this for me, won't you? You're so good at it, even though you always say you haven't got time. I'll be back in about an hour."

. . . And then, unaccountably, another whistle blows. We've only just come to work, but already it's six o'clock and the first smoking period. As I fill my pipe and walk out of the western door, the sunset strikes at my face like that brass bar out of the nose-high bin. The dusk is rich and lush and has already begun to change the outside of the factory, the cluttered dock, the high walls slashed across with lights, into a wierd modern painting of strange shapes.

As I look back into the false daylight of the interior, the long corridor behind high white pillars slowly fills with a motley throng of strangely attired people, gathering in little groups to talk and laugh and smoke as music drifts down on them from the loudspeakers in the ceiling. I suppose it's mainly because of the stately pillars, but it always reminds me of a palatial ballroom, suddenly invaded by Labor. And I must say, in spite of overalls and aprons, not even plumes or tiaras could be more stylish than are celluloid face-guards when pushed up carelessly askew above rugged and dignified workmen's heads.

Later, the supper-hour, then the second rest-period at 1:30—and the final exodus in the middle of the night, these again have that wonderful impact of contrast between the outer dark world of peace, and the inner illumined cavern of war—a thing which I'm sure the Day Shift has no inkling of. By the time dusk comes, They (we always speak of the Day Shift with slight condescension as "They") are having a drink in a pub or a bath in a tub, and have washed the factory all away; so that the night has lost its value as a purge, and they use it to go out of, not into. They go to the movies and promptly to bed, so they can wake at dawn and get safely into the factory again before the sun is above the morning mist-bank.

But We, the Swing Shifters, have the night all around us like a mothering wing. We eat out under the moon and are healed. We watch the lights swimming in the mist, the searchlights making magnificent triangles in the purple sky, the bridge, hidden in darkness, spanning an unknown sea.

And, at the end, instead of the brassy afternoon sun in our eyes, only the red glow of tail-lamps in a long procession ahead, and a cool, black night wind fanning our tired temples all the way home.

TELLING THE WORLD

Keen Rafferty

PROPAGANDA from government, in peace as well as in war, has become something new and of immense power since 1918 because, it is likely, of two unrelated factors: the development and rise of radio, and the amazingly effective use, for a time, of propaganda by Germany's National Socialists.

The effect of the entrance of radio upon the scene has been to carry the message at once to a vastly increased audience, and in such fashion as to pound that message in through a new sense, that of audition. Just as the eye's receipt of the written word makes an impression of a special sort upon the brain, the ear's receipt of spoken words also causes a deep impression; people are inclined to believe what they see in print, though good sense may discover it palpably untrue, and they are figuratively hypnotized by what they hear in words and expression over the radio.

Some say literally. Indeed, there appears to be a school which insists that the whole German people has been hypnotized by Hitler, through his words from the balcony or the radio receiver, and that Lindbergh was too.

In any case, the effect upon all government propaganda of Herr Goebbels' use of propaganda has been so profound as to force all nations to revise the approach and to accept in some measure methods which can be and are dangerous, unhealthful, anti-democratic, and, if the word may be used, un-American.

They can be dangerous because they are universally excused on the ground that the cause they support is the right one. Thus, in the United States the cause of right and of democracy could make for justification of suppressions and distortions; in Russia the cause of Communism makes for the same things. In Germany it is Nazism, in Italy it was Fascism; in Japan it is God knows what.

As it happens, the writer believes that American propaganda is justified in this war, and that German propaganda is not; but he is not willing to say that it will always be justified, for he has no way of knowing what villainy might gain control of the country some time through the use of these methods and machinery, or, having got in, might in the same way perpetuate itself.

Our preoccupation with propaganda is a part of a vast mass groaning and turning of global nature, in which, to save themselves, the democracies are using a tool, for the rescue of freedom, which is essentially a part of totalitarian philosophy. Thus totalitarianism forces upon free peoples dangerous authoritarian methods and techniques; and in propaganda these techniques, partaking of dishonesty and of disbelief in the mass of the people, are to us acceptable only because, apparently, they are necessary for survival.

In America there is a consciousness of this problem. The vast groaning and turning mass perceives it, dimly and subconsciously as yet, but nevertheless certainly, uneasily. Publicists, newspaper editors, good politicians, and federal department heads understand it in varying degrees of clarity; and those whose profession it is to inform the public, through newspapers, magazines, and the radio, see it almost from an extreme, swayed by its implications against press freedoms.

There is, then, a struggle, with the information officers of the United States Government in the midst of it, and doing some of the hardest thinking on the subject that is being done. Suppose we sit down and examine, first, the actual working techniques of newspaper publicity, as an example; and, second, the philosophies of the government men using those techniques.

The press has a system all its own, and it is so established that every successful government information man must understand it and practice it. The system is too inclusive and too involved to permit of detailed discussion, but it begins with two all-important rules:

1. That every item (or "story") be in the expert circumscribed style in which newspapers are written.
2. That, while there must in war-time be suppressions, everything that is presented must be presented with rigid regard for truth and factuality. The propagandist who lies will be found out, mistrusted, and unsuccessful.

Beyond these rules, the definition of *honesty* in propaganda is of importance, since complete intellectual honesty cannot be practiced if the propaganda is to work. It should be said, however, that the phrase

complete intellectual honesty is an idealistic one, and that there is probably no one who ever has been able to achieve it; it is a relative thing. It could even be argued (and is, by the apologists for any régime) that the most nearly complete intellectual honesty might be that which is dishonest now in a minor sense in order later to attain a supremely honest goal. There have, indeed, been such goals; it is a matter of relativity—concerning both the goal and the man who prosecutes the drive toward that goal. He is a great and good man; that can be the justification.

At any rate, the two essential rules of technique stand.

The style in which newspapers are written is at once irritating, efficient, and full of art and artfulness. It demands that the important fact of any story be determined upon the basis of greatest interest to the greatest number of people, with little or no concern for the interest or opinion of any intellectual or other group. It demands, further, that this single fact be presented in the first sentence of the first paragraph of the story, preferably even in the first half of the first sentence.

Every other single specific fact in the story then must be graded for importance based upon the same mass interest, and the facts must be marshalled one after the other in the news story, with the grade of importance going down as the story proceeds. With such construction, the newspaper is able to cut the story, to conform with the exigencies of space, merely by chopping off paragraphs or sentences from the bottom up, without disturbing the essentially important facts in the early part of the story; and the reader, if in a hurry, can get the gist of the story by reading the first paragraph only.

Probably the next most important phase of the news-room technique is that no statement may be made, or any fact quoted, for which a specific source is not given; and newspaper propaganda, sent out by government agencies, must be full of "he said," "he declared," "Mr. Smith asserted," "Smith went on," or even "he asseverated," if the editor of the paper whose space is sought is to be satisfied and made to feel safe.

Language must be simple, sound, and effective, even though hackneyed and "journalistic" at times. It is better that a hackneyed word be used than an academic one; but a really skillful practitioner usually will avoid both.

The writer must be a master of grammatical expression; he should,

in fact, be a person of genuine literary skill willing to abrogate his devotion to traditional literary forms for the sake of journalistic form.

The rule that information preparation must conform to the restrictions of newspaper style extends into subsidiary rules which, though tagged subsidiary, are of great importance in the aggregate. They could include:

1. Always double-space all stories.
2. Never submit a mimeographed story in which any word is illegible.
3. Always leave two or three inches of white space at the top of the page where the editor may write a headline or a headline number and slug.
4. Never allow a story to run more than one double-spaced page unless it is of the greatest importance or the editor asks for it.
5. Always use some kind of end-mark to indicate that the story has ended.
6. Avoid capitalization where at all possible.
7. Avoid quotation marks except on actual quotes.
8. Never use both sides of the paper.

The editor is always right; and yet, these simple rules are much violated in government information work. Sometimes an editor will receive two different stories on the same subject, or two identical stories, in the same mail, from two different federal war agencies or from two different offices of the same agency, and it infuriates him and gives him another chance to write an editorial on government waste.

Certainly, such inefficiency frequently defeats the end toward which the information may be aimed. The good information officer always remembers, moreover, that what is news in Silver City may not be news in Roswell: the copper-mining story is good for Silver City, the cotton crop story for Roswell.

Errors of official information systems still are frequent, then, and not the least amusing was the following, in paraphrase, received in April, 1943, by the Albuquerque *Tribune*:

ARMY TRAINING CENTER, B....., CAL.—Boys from all over the United States are in training here as machinists for the Army Air Forces. Among those from Albuquerque are:

None

You cannot ask a newspaper to run a story saying, in effect, "We have no news today."

In truth, you can ask the editor to carry only that which is news, and if the news which is issued by a government information man must contain propaganda as such, then it must be in such a manner as to

detract as little as possible from the news value of the story—a special problem of the propagandistic bloc, about which more will be said later.

Frequently, since the story must begin with a single most important fact, the propaganda will appear in the third or fourth paragraph, standing there bare, unadorned, and entirely discernible, at the mercy of the first editor's pencil. If, however, it appears as an interpolation or as parenthetical in a sentence, its excision becomes more difficult, and the editor is more likely, in the hurry of his work, to let it stand.

But the method is unsure, and information men, some of them, have learned to slant a whole story in such fashion that, though no finger may be laid upon it, the propaganda is there nevertheless.

Consider these two leads on an actual news story (somewhat doctored to cover identities), one written by a reporter and the other written from it for publication by the editor, who had determined to get the speaker in question fired.

The reporter's version:

J..... J....., president of So-and-So State Institution, spoke of "maturities" among inmates of his institution, its employes, and townspeople, at the Rotary Club today.

The editor's re-write:

"The people of Johnstown are immature," said J..... J....., president of So-and-So State Institution, in a speech today before the Rotary Club.

Both stories were perfectly true. Publication of the story so aroused the townspeople that the president was discharged. While the editor's version was true, it may not, after all, have been "perfectly" true, since it played up only a part of what J..... J..... said; it was propagandistic in nature and intent. As it happened, the president deserved to be fired, and the editor used the good old excuse with himself: it was necessary as a public good.

Yet another method of putting the propaganda view across is to leap at once into the propaganda material, making it a part of the first sentence of fact in the story. Your information man, wishing to show how the OPA saves money for consumers by keeping inflation away, can tell his story as follows:

Price reductions ranging as high as 10 per cent on all fresh vegetables at the wholesale level were announced today by the OPA. . . .

. . . and continuing with a paragraph to the effect that the move is a part of the OPA's effort to avoid inflation. The editor probably will

cut out the paragraph. But suppose the story were begun like this:

Battling to stem a rise in food prices which threatens the pocketbook of every family in Albuquerque, the OPA today announced price reductions on fresh vegetables at wholesale ranging as high as 10 per cent.

The editor may let the propaganda ride this time, not because it is true and dramatically expressed, but because it is a little harder to edit out when it is a part of a sentence than it is when it is a separate paragraph.

The second lead is better from a newspaper standpoint, too, where it substitutes the simple word *wholesale* for the economics phrase *wholesale level*. Like the academic language already warned against, government language abounds in such terminology, and until skilled newspaper men were given more and more responsibility in the federal programs, American domestic war information was clumsy with phraseology like *non-ferrous* metals, *processed* foods, *industrial unit* scrap.

It became part of the job of the information officer either to find adequate simple substitutes or to find adequate simple ways of explanation. It is here that he met a test, for some terminology of scholarship or statesmanship is so exact that discovery of proper substitutes which are adequate and yet understandable to the average reader is often nearly impossible. In such cases use of the accepted terminology is better than real inaccuracy, which remains the cardinal sin in government information work, just as it is in professional newspaper work. Many information men, forced to use an academic term, follow it with a sentence or paragraph quoting someone in explanation of it.

So much for the straightaway techniques. Getting around to philosophical approaches, it should first be said that under no circumstances does what is being said, either in this respect or with respect to techniques alone, represent an official government stand. There are, however, quite apparently two philosophical schools in the government about propaganda, one that the propaganda message must be published, and spoken, more or less boldly and repeatedly, until it has converted a majority of the people to its thesis; and the other that no propaganda as such, but only information, ever should be published or spoken. The former is that of the propagandistic bloc. The latter represents an interesting and provocative stand, and it is one which is much more satisfying to the practitioner, who usually is a newspaper or radio man of professional training and ethics, to whom the general idea of propaganda or news suppression or distortion is obnoxious.

The idea upon which the "information" argument is based is just that all the people are always, in the long run, more intelligent and more to be trusted than any individual group of individuals of any kind and that, therefore, the people need only to have all the information in order to reach an eventual true judgment. Proponents of the philosophy are, in other words, positive and idealistic democrats; it does color or perhaps dominate the American program; and it has not as yet been proven wrong or rejected. The very fact that ours are bureaus of *information*, not the "Bureau of Propaganda," indicates predominance of that attitude: we have no Minister of *Propaganda*.

Advocates of the philosophy point to the fact that public instinct has been ahead of legislative and executive action time and again since 1938, frequently forcing the government to take steps which since have shown themselves to be sound and necessary.

Even these advocates, however, bow to the one prime necessity for suppressions: that in which matters of military or naval strategy are involved, although there is divergence of opinion at times as to how far such latitude should be extended to military men who are likely to know more about military matters than about the effect of public reactions upon military results.

So far, aside from the reservation with respect to the military, it has been my observation that the government information man has been given considerable freedom in philosophical approach, so that his approach is just as good as he himself is good not only technically but philosophically.

These are some aspects of government publicity designed for newspaper publication. If that is still the big field, it is only because what we read is semi-permanent, whereas what the radio says is going as it is said. The radio is just as full of government information as the paper, and potentially it may be at some time, far more effective; perhaps it already is.

But the radio is young. It is frequently big-mouthed, cheap, and illiterate. Newspapers are, too, sometimes, but less and less so as they grow; and so will the radio become less and less so. Nevertheless, that is the radio problem. News-casts are excited and sometimes misleading. The radio tends toward monopoly, say some of its critics, and has less of the healthy, hard-driving competitive news spirit that forces the good newspaper to stay good or get better. Voices of too many announcers are unctuous and unconvincing, and too much advertising is monotonous and even repellent. Much of the music is empty.

All this radio understands. CBS recently has asked its announcers not to editorialize in news-casts. Advertising is being worked into the actual play or skit, rather than being allowed to stand off by itself where the angered listener can tune it out for a minute or two minutes.

The radio is alive with propaganda, of the sort advocated by the frankly propagandistic school, much more than the stories in the newspapers. Wireless offers so enormous a potential and is so sorely abused that it needs a whole separate study with relation to propaganda. The Office of War Information is said to have found one of its toughest problems in preparation of radio scripts and transcriptions which maintain the aura or tone of governmental dignity and yet command and hold listeners. The suspicion is that blatant propaganda has become so much the rule over the air that nobody pays much attention to any of it any more.

Station managers, realizing that their businesses are being shaken by propaganda messages, private and official, struggle with a giant which threatens to take the reins himself. The station manager is usually intelligent, harrassed, confused; and he seizes with hope upon the offer of the government information man when that man comes to him and says that the job of the government propagandist in radio is rather to cut down on what the radio carries than to seek more time.

This paradox has been grasped both by radio stations and information men within the last year and one-half only. It is axiomatic that there is a saturation point for open propaganda, and people simply will not be bored with it beyond that point. When the set is shut off, the message might just as well not be on the air. No message gets across unless it is listened to (or looked at) and believed.

Government information men who deal with the radio should be radio men. Like newspaper work, radio broadcasting and preparation of radio material form a separate art requiring years of study and experience to master. They have their own techniques, too, just as the playwright has his, and the information man must master them. They are too elaborate, the writer has too little technical acquaintance with them, to permit of delineation here; suffice it to say that technical skill is the first requisite for successful government information work with them.

In handling radio information, the OWI has, for example, assigned radio-trained men to its radio branches, and then set up a policy which, following the dictum that radio propaganda is in good part a matter

of weeding out, insists that federal agencies clear their radio work through it, wherever possible. The idea is that the Office of War Information will seek to form a professional judgment about each agency's request, and to take to the station only those messages and plays and programs which are effective both for the station, as entertainment, and for the government, as information or propaganda.

At the bottom of any radio problem is the fact, again, that the wireless giant is strong. His blood runs hot with energy and with the urges of undeveloped intellect; he batters at the doors of restraint, taste, and wisdom. He speaks to people who never heard his like before: he can be a medium for rascals or for great and good men. He has more than doubled the volume of propaganda outlet; and that is both his weakness and his strength, for government cannot help coveting him and ogling him.

Government sees an instrument through which, as has already been demonstrated, elsewhere as in Germany, a repetitive statement, if delivered in enough different ways and always with enough appeal to pity, or patriotism, or hysteria, or sense of humor, or even sense of beauty (as when accompanied by music), can be made a rule of life for people who never could be reached before. Government use of the radio, therefore, requires special forbearance in the United States, since its very use implies a desire to swing the people, whereas in America the government is the people, and it is the right of the people rather to swing the government. If this is not feasible in war, it must as a right be protected as feasible and essential in peace. The circumstances recall the case of a carpenter appearing as a witness against the government in court; asked by the federal attorney whether he felt no sense of shame that he should come to court to testify against his government, he drew himself up and replied: "In America I *am* the government."

To save ourselves from making radio the tool of a native totalitarianism, we need the same fair and square belief in the people and in the people's control of radio information work, that we are often getting in the journalistic fields. The dissemination of governmental information has become an integral part of government, at least for the duration of the war. Where it will go no one can be sure, but the men who know and understand in the field of governmental information hope and insist that the ways of democracy will be the ways of propaganda too.

POETRY

THREE POEMS

ELEGY FOR A DEAD MAN

I

The dread morticians hurry to the grave,
Strew it with bunches of dried lavender,
Turn back with many and most false regrets.
Here the man lies—he keeps his stilly secret.

Are there no echoes to his words on earth
Now that he lies amid the starry skies?
There are the things he said, the things he did.
How can the raddled worm catch up with these

Pervasive essences, or the false ant
Scurry without a look past bone and tooth,
A puny ballet-dancer? Intellect
Keeps not his form, but keeps his eyes erect.

A falsity, that modulation? Oh,
False stars, false whims of fate, false whimsical
Discussers and dissecters of his reason:
Eyes through the glass have seen the winter snow.

II

There is no death that is not half of death
And half of life. At least for such as this
Man, whose whole life was built upon a premise
No worm can bore a hole in. Time has kept

Past wane of fame, past rot of bone, past stench
 Of gracious flesh, a character in time
 That's tuned to earth, to all the worlds that come
 Upon the frenzied ebb of politics.

His music is as of the evening breeze.
 Shall we, his earthly angels, wear the robes
 Of swart morticians, pondering funest
 Upon characterless mortality?

His music is as of the blooming bees
 Who scurry back with honey to the hive.
 Shall we stand white around the skeleton
 And dote upon his newfound innocence?

His music is as of windsplintered trees.
 Shall we compare his purity to snow
 That lies before the keen eye of the sun
 Turns all to water, then runs back to earth?

The great fragility of human life
 Is borne-in by mechanical religions.
 The eagle falls. The ocelot is struck,
 Its grace gone down before the final spear.

III

But, though the breath of winter kills the bees,
 The honey's safe: the nectar in the hive
 That comes upon the air sweet from Hymettus.
 The dread morticians look in vain for bones.

The trees will bud in spring, the evening breeze
 Whispers, beyond his death, the living essence
 Of what he was: incarnate in the storm.
 His ancient spirit rages. He is here.

Between the pages of a certain book
 Who reads may learn more of him than they knew
 Who strutted by his side upon that stage
 He with his words erected for their dancing,

Unknowing puppets, whose most furious acts
Grow pale beside the tides of history.
Yet he has made their lives legendary,
And they will stand like ghosts upon his grave.

What falsity is this? The tiger stands
Flaunting his tail. The delicate gazelle
Goes quietly to drink the frozen seas.
Eyes through the glass look on the winter snow.

A MESSAGE TO THE BABOONS

The anarchies of time and state—
Fa-la! This is a grand life, brother native.

From the days when we climbed trees and threw coconuts
We have indeed gone a long way.

No longer are we content with quite the same
Arbor vitae . . . but this is a grand life!

Indeed we have our monstrous legends too,
Of kings whose castles grew too big for them,

Of Cinderella beauties and their princes,
And more primaeval stories, of mere sex . . .

Fa-la, we shall grow even to greater estates:
What need women, if we can swallow swords?

THE DARK GIRL

The black girl crossed her heart upon a stone,
Heigh-ho the green holly.
She bit her fist, and carried an old maid's bone,
Under the fictive eyes and the Hollywood tan
There was nothing, O there was nothing.

She told her friends she had three brilliant men,
Two to fetch and one to carry,
 But when they were young they left her severely alone,
 And when they were old they found six better ones,
The holly, the green holly.

Now, dying young, she has married a foreign man,
O the berry, the bitter berry,
 The only one who believed her lustres, the one
 With the faith of a child she is no better than,
And now he must know his folly, must know his folly.

NICHOLAS MOORE

TWO POEMS

RESIGNATION

We treat only the dead kindly.
 None mocks at them.
 In the graveyard there is peace—no corpses
 Grapple; no newcomer's lying down disturbs embalmed phlegm.

I have been driven living into death's kindness,
 Slain as I am as one must be when he makes an enemy of Truth,
 Who wanted my purple hopes, and who sensed the danger in me,
 And who was suave and plausible as I seemed uncouth.

Whoever still has hopes may now brush against me;
 This lion is of stone:

HERE EVEN THE TENDEREST CHILD MAY SAFELY PLAY,
 AND THE FRAGILE MOSS GROW GREAT ALONE.

IN MEMORY OF NILE KINNICK

Son of our land,
Come down into the earth again.
The blood is spent upon the vein
As the rain on sand.

Pride of our eyes
The violet puts forth without loss,
The milkweed comes to pod and floss,
The acorn shall rise.

Pledge of our might,
Only the life of man is waste,
As if dawn blushed, and in naked haste
Covered in night.

Turn to the deeds of dust and dew.
The ants grow old, the robin too;
The bleeding heart is but a flower
That has unfolding in its hour.

MARGARET DEMING LUND

TWO POEMS

1

That my pulse be silver—
that the wind,
only the wind inhabit me—
the stream from the heart be wind
and mercury . . .

the pulse break
and only silver petals lie upon the branch;
and the tree—
cool, like the morning, where you lean,
being the petal
against me

2

Beloved, let me be in you where the palest tide
 is furious with reticence;
 let me be secret, as a seed, inside
 the wild, aspiring stone, and the leashed sense—

enclose the bitter blood, the pattern, and the stone
 and softly fall—a veil of silence—over pain,
 and turn to delicate fire along the bone,
 consuming, that the flesh be free again. . . .

Only a moment let me be your heart—
 that earth for war;
 only a moment let me separate your dark
 as an incisive star!

EDNA GIVENS

OBSERVATION

When Things get individual
 And love is thrust aside
 The devil walks to altar
 With hate as his bright bride,

While day is gentle as a dove
 And wise as serpent is,
 The nonchalantness of the night
 Will purity dismiss.

SYLVIA WITTMER

SAILORS EN ROUTE TO SAN PEDRO

The land-locked boys are moving
to sea in dusty trains:
the boys who know no more of water
than falls in prairie rains.

The ears attuned to rustle
of wind in summer corn
will hear on distant waters
sounds more forlorn.

The mouths that whistled, kissed
shape now for darker tasks
and peach-downed faces harden
to look like sailors' masks.

O may their dry bones never
suffer sea change.
May all that's coral and watery weeds
Exceed their furthest range.

JESSAMYN WEST

TO EDMUND SPENSER, ESQ.

Men ask me, what is this peculiar shape,
The unaltered and confusing dragon-span
Of tedious perceptions, which doth gape
Its maw against their commonplace and clan.
Well, it is my mind. And it is man.
And it is you, old pious courtly hack:
I am unveiling books of you, whose plan
You dared not quite concede, not quite attack.
Brother, now your saddened earth sinks back
Into its drop of light. Reunions pale,
Your flowered imaginations, your misty track
Of metaphysical chapters, mythic trail—
All clarifies once more, resumes its glass;
Time doth unfold what longtime bundled was.

JAMES FRANKLIN LEWIS

REQUEST TO LOVER

No hour passes but I long for you.
 When does my hand not ache to write your praises?
 When does my wicked mind anguished not rue
 our separation, my exile from your graces?
 My heart is locked without you, my heart is cold.
 I follow the needled forest path to none
 no man has words that I would hear. A bold
 deed of a lover leaves me untouched. The sun
 rises of a dawn unseen, the empty night
 has the same pallid taste as dull day
 my memory of you is all my light
 as I sit here in ever darkened May.

Throw blossoms on a burning burning sea
 once more once more my love my love, with me!

CAROL ELY HARPER

REVIEW OF SOME CURRENT POETRY

- New Poems 1943: an Anthology of British and American Verse*, edited by Oscar Williams. New York: Howell, Soskin, Inc., 1943. \$2.75.
American Decade, edited by Tom Boggs. Cummington, Massachusetts: The Cummington Press, 1943. \$3.50.
Cities of the Plain, by Alex Comfort. London: Grey Walls Press, 1943. 4/6.
Indications, by John Bayliss, James Kirkup, and John Ormond Thomas. London: Grey Walls Press, 1943. 4/6.
The Virginia Poems, by Francis Coleman Rosenberger. New York: Gotham Bookmart Press, 1943. \$1.00.
Six Poems, by L. B. Levy. Berkeley, California: Emily Chamberlain Cook Prize Poems (of the University of California) for 1942-43. No price indicated.
Abigail's Sampler and Other Poems, by Helen Frith Stickney. New York: Fine Editions Press, 1943. \$1.25.
Let There Be Light, by Dorothy Hobson. New York: Bruce Fitzgerald, 1943. \$1.50.

New Poems 1943 is a collection of approximately 130 poems by forty English and American poets. Most of the poems were originally published only recently and many for the first time in this collection; but Oscar Williams has gone back

as much as three years for some of the poems. Mr. Williams announces in the introduction that "this is an anthology of war poetry, not of propaganda to arouse patriotism." The poems certainly do not arouse patriotism, and a great many of them are concerned with the war only in the most oblique fashion one could think of.

The book introduces no new poets. All but three of the forty are probably known to the interested reader of modern poetry, and those three are familiar to anyone who follows three or four magazines with some regularity. The level of the work is not consistent; if Mr. Williams had limited his selections to some of the poems by Auden, Berryman, Cummings (for some interesting satire), Muir, Read, Ridler, Sitwell, Stevens, Tate, Winters, and Young, he would not have lost much except quantity. The impression of recent poetry gained from the book is one of immense confusion, talent stretched thin over various and curious directions, self-consciousness about the role of the poet in wartime. Fortunately for us, his selection is not representative, for Mr. Williams has made his selection of poets, including the lesser-known ones, as if he were getting together something which would be a fan item, a "must" collector's book among those who collect the "modern" poets. If Mr. Williams had substituted for twenty of his poets twenty who do not display so much confusion, curiosity of method, self-consciousness, and indirection, he might have given us a fair and rather complete picture of very recent poetry. And he could have done it.

Tom Boggs presents what must be his sixth or seventh anthology. It is difficult to review because his anthologies are all very similar, and one can do little else but repeat what he has said before. In *American Decade* are "68 poems for the first time in an anthology," although several others are repeated from former anthologies by Boggs himself. A few new people, for Boggs but not for others, are presented: Broomell, Ferril, and Kees, with some interesting work. There are some usual and expected stand-bys: Cummings, Fearing, Stevens, accounting for seventeen of the poems among the three. There are Boggs' pets, people who appear with indifferent poems, and sometimes the same poems, in one after another of Boggs' anthologies: Clairmont, Cardi, Mayo. All in all Mr. Boggs is a strange anthologist; he obviously has taste, for each of his anthologies has some good poems; with the exception of a few favorites, he sticks by the obvious and easy people; and although he bows less than any other anthologist to patterns for selection, such as presenting trends in modern poetry or representative recent work (as does Oscar Williams), his standards are uneven and include as much poor work as good work.

More than young American poets, young English poets seem to know where they are going, to present less of the confusion in styles and directions which one finds in *New Poems 1943*. Rather fine examples of this self-confidence are the two books from the Grey Walls Press. Alex Comfort's book, *Cities of the Plain*, is a play, partially in verse, mostly in prose. Mr. Comfort calls it a "democratic melodrama," and the movement of the play does have excitement and melodramatic interest. He repudiates at the outset in a preface "all the ideological constructions, of whatsoever complexion, which have been, or are likely to be, placed upon this play." This latter I do not understand exactly, since the play frankly deals with social forces and attempts a resolution of those forces. Perhaps Mr. Comfort means

that he disclaims any particular ideological construction, Socialism, Communism, or Anarchism. He obviously strives to build a pseudo-Kafka-like air of unreality, particularly in the first and last scenes. In fact, the main fault with this very interesting play is the suggestion that the author is dealing with something which he sees but does not recognize.

Indications presents the work of three young poets, the oldest, age twenty-five. In this selection, Mr. Bayliss is the most successful, particularly in his opening three or four poems. In later poems, under the influence of Lawrence Durrell, he deals in a verse possessed of surface excitement but burdened with wearisome and floundering symbols. Other than the first two pieces by Mr. Bayliss, the most successful poem in the book seems to me "Towards the End of a Winter," by Mr. Thomas, a slight and simple, but fine lyric. All three poets have real ability, with Mr. Kirkup the most involved in new manners which seem to get out of hand and frequently sidetrack him.

In *The Virginia Poems* Coleman Rosenberger presents a selection of his poems arranged roughly in chronological order. There appears no striking development of manner from the early poems to the later, and all the poems contrast in manner with what seems to be the popular one for young poets today, if one judges from the attention given such people as Randall Jarrell and Karl Shapiro. The quietness and carefulness of the poems recommend them to us. But one's final impression is that some of the work lacks depth and that Mr. Rosenberger has not yet hit his stride; when he does, he may well be a good poet.

L. B. Levy's *Six Poems* display almost as many styles as poems. For a college student, Mr. Levy undoubtedly has versatility, but he needs to develop a good many more qualities in his poetry as well. Helen Frith Stickney's book is filled with the kind of work which is acceptable to so many of our poetry journals, newspapers, and some commercial magazines—smooth, unobjectionable, nicely mannered. Occasionally a poem of the type moves with real force, as does Mrs. Stickney's "Goods and Chattels." *Let There Be Light* by Dorothy Hobson is chiefly interesting for its long title poem, composed of forty-four Spenserian stanzas relating a supposed vision of Keats.

ALAN SWALLOW

BOOK REVIEWS

Journey Into America, by Donald Culross Peattie; illustrations in color by Lynd Ward. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$3.00.

Mainstream, by Hamilton Basso. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1943. \$2.50.

American Heroes and Hero-Worship, by Gerald W. Johnson. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1943. \$3.00.

Now that we are fighting for democracy and the American way of life, we are constantly trying to evaluate and define them. What are we? How did we get that way? Can we sail safely into an uncharted future without losing what is most valuable in our heritage? How? Our writers valiantly step forth to answer with a flood of books on the why's, wherefore's, and where next's. The three books named above are interesting for their varied approach to the problem and the unanimity of their conclusions. Their authors agree that we have something that stems demonstrably from our past and that it is, on the whole, good.

Journey into America comes first because it is the easiest. It could be read with pleasure by fourteen-year-olds, and it should be. I read it with pleasure too, not because it stirs any depths, inspires to any great action, or gives any new slant on our history, but because of its neighborly, slightly nostalgic way of recalling the beauty of our land, the courage of our people. Mr. Peattie's knowledge as a naturalist, his skill as a writer, and his dramatic sense combine to vivify places he has liked and the people who give them significance. He remembers how the meadowlark pipes on the Kansas plains, how box and lavender smell in Mother Washington's garden in Fredericksburg, in what months the buds appear or the leaves fall in Connecticut or Oregon, what is the texture of the winds off Marblehead, over the Arizona sage flats, or across Santa Barbara's hills.

Journey into America is addressed to a German friend in a concentration camp in France, in an attempt to explain to him what has formed our national traits. Mr. Peattie concludes, as so many do, that most of the desirable ones come from our long frontier experience. "We call the wilderness ways of hospitality, inventiveness, hopefulness, and classlessness 'typically American.' . . . We remember that our pioneer ancestors may have made mistaken decisions, but they never died of indecision; they may have been narrow, but they were seldom shallow; and what they lacked in knowledge they made up for in know-how."

He offers a new title for those who would use the American land and people to feather a few nests: Transylvanians, from that abortive effort to set up an artistocratic state in Ohio during the Revolution. It was Transylvanians who

lobbied at the capital while Daniel Boone and his boys fought off the Indians and cleared the forests. Where have we met their like since? The dreamers he explains in the light of Robert Owen's failure at communism in New Harmony. Furthermore, by changing his aim from a European intellectual to a Santa Barbara business man, Mr. Peattie manages to say his say in favor of racial tolerance, with especial reference to Negroes and Japanese.

Hamilton Basso, more concerned with ideas than with landscape, follows the ingenious scheme of accounting for one John Applegate (a typical small-town druggist) through the ideas which have formed him. It is not that John Applegate is consciously aware that he gets his Puritanism from Cotton Mather and his resourcefulness and ingenuity from a long line of frontiersmen beginning with John Smith, but that those forebears color his unconscious as do also the rags-to-riches success typified by Andrew Carnegie and the perpetual Boy Scout, Teddy Roosevelt. The scheme is open to disagreement at many points and is much more successful at some than others. The lumping of Henry Adams and William Jennings Bryan as "The American Turns the Century" means nothing; they were both there; that's all. But none could cavil at linking Jefferson and democracy or Calhoun and the aristocratic tradition, or at the implication that those two ingrained credos give John Applegate a split personality even now. Basso shows very well how the aristocratic conviction that the best must rule has run through from Cotton Mather's belief in the right of the godly, Calhoun's trust in the well-born and emerged at last as the curious assumption that the amassing of money somehow bestows a right as valid as though God had given it.

In "Huey Long, the American as Demagogue," Mr. Basso has written a keen study of the South since the Civil War; and he makes a good case for his fear that such another Kingfish might make a more successful bid for the presidency and dictatorship. For such men understand well that John Applegate, as a materialist, is forever lured by the promise of a full dinner pail, normalcy, a chicken in every pot. "Who knows," he concludes, "what that assassin's bullet saved us from?"

Basso is serious about Huey Long, but how he must have chuckled when he picked Phineas T. Barnum as the "American as Educator." That great master of hokum, he tells us, recites in his book, *The Art of Money-Getting*, nearly the whole litany of modern business folklore and practice." The implication is clear that most of John Applegate's education comes from the successful advertiser—in one field or another.

Franklin Roosevelt exemplifies "The American and the Revolution." He typifies that great change to which John Applegate is reluctant to accommodate himself. Puritanism has gone, leaving only such traces as, for instance, the refusal of the Albuquerque papers to print the words "bingo game." But the democratic tradition, beginning in public life with Bryan and the first Roosevelt, has produced a national social conscience. So far John Applegate seems very uncomfortable with a social conscience, but Mr. Basso ends on a note of hope that his protagonist will indeed open the door to the future.

His publishers blurb Gerald Johnson's *American Heroes and Hero-Worship* as "the ironies of history." The fourteen-year-olds would not enjoy it. It would bewilder John Applegate into resentful irritation at having his accepted classifica-

tions upset. And Mr. Peattie's European friend would find in it only confirmation for his belief that American ways are weird beyond comprehending. These portrait would best be appreciated by a student who might disagree with many of Mr. Johnson's conclusions, but who would surely enjoy the sparkle of his ironic style. We are given no cause for national self-congratulation unless for our luck in so often picking the right hero, though for the wrong reasons. Mr. Johnson suggests that our national character is that of Wrong-Way Corrigan, who took off for California and landed in Ireland, rather than that of the far-sighted Lindbergh who knew exactly what he was doing—and look where he landed!

Mr. Johnson notes the controversy about professors. They may be of use, he submits; and hanging them all would be just impracticable idealism anyhow. One of their uses is to revalue our heroes and our history, a necessary task as our past is constantly changing by "refraction against our current state of mind." In reply to the foreigner he finds justification for democracy in "Lincoln's final perspicacity of the people. You can't fool all of them all the time." "American history," he says, "has always been a mocker of tidy minds, flouting the rules of logic and puckishly upsetting the dictates of common sense."

Mr. Johnson thereupon documents this contention by presenting the founder of the Du Pont family as a dreamer who wrote Jefferson: "I bewail the fact that Americans are . . . turning their capital and industries toward enterprises of the sort which do not create wealth, but permit the acquisition of wealth and make it possible for a few capitalists to get hold of it with the sad consequence that we have destitute people whom no one can help." He finds Du Pont de Nemours a typical American in his ability to shift easily from land speculation to powder making, and a salesman "of ability that entitled him to rank among the Founding Fathers of a nation of great salesmen."

Jefferson and Hamilton exchange roles as Mr. Johnson finds Hamilton the romantic idealist who clung to his theories, even "the startling romantic theory . . . that the rich are intelligent," and Jefferson the believer in an aristocracy, but of character and brains rather than of birth or wealth. Mr. Johnson elucidates: "there is in fact an aristocracy . . . of brains and character in every nation; it is permanent only in the sense that seafoam is ever-present because while it is always dissolving it is always being renewed from below."

As a Southerner whose two grandfathers were caught in Sherman's march, Mr. Johnson is at his best in the chapter "Sons of Hagar." He lets in a flood of light on the antebellum social scene in which every white man was not a lordly aristocrat surrounded by Uncle Toms, Aunt Jemimas, and Topsies, but in which there was a large class of unaristocratic whites who produced such phenomena as Tom Watson, granddaddy of them all, Cole Blease, Tom Heflin, James Vardaman, and that final monstrosity, Huey Long. "The ironical fact [is] that the region that furnished by far the greater part of the brain power involved in the establishment of the Republic, and . . . for half a century drove it forward to new experimentation in liberalism thereafter not only abdicated leadership, but became the American fortress of obscurantism. . . ." ". . . for the past half century whenever the South has produced a conspicuous leader of liberal thought it has contrived to convert him, not into a conservative, as the British aristocracy did with Ramsay MacDonald,

but into an example of what the Nazis delicately term *Affenfolk*, the ape-people."

As a Southerner's judgment of his own people, this chapter is revealing, though perhaps it is too harsh. For though the South has not produced outstandingly liberal statesmen, she has produced liberals and valuable ones. Mr. Johnson himself is a case in point, as are many others, especially editors and writers who courageously battle against the evils he cites.

Getting on with his chronology Mr. Johnson touches off Bryan, the heretic in politics and the liberal who failed, but most of whose important ideas have now become the law of the land, and the brilliantly successful and noisy reformer, Teddy Roosevelt, at bottom a conservative who changed nothing.

Presenting Woodrow Wilson as "The Cream of the Jest" is an irony almost too cruel. For Wilson told us just how this war would be made, and we would not heed because we could not bear "stern old truths, reminding us that greed is suicidal, that suspicion of all the world is silly, that self-righteousness leads straight to humiliation. That old man is still, as he always was, bitter, but tonic."

So is Gerald Johnson tonic, though without bitterness and with humor, attributes which make his book excellent both for reading and for thinking about.

ERNA FERGUSON

'New World A-Coming': Inside Black America, by Roi Ottley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$3.00.

The Race Question and the Negro: a Study of the Catholic Doctrine on Interracial Justice, by John LaFarge, S.J. New York and Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company, 1943. \$2.50.

The Darker Brother, by Bucklin Moon. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1943. \$2.50.

Race relations in the United States, and particularly those between the Negroes and the whites, are rapidly approaching a stage of crisis. Our official policy of largely ignoring the problem hasn't helped much. Neither have the active hostility of a great many whites, the complete indifference of a still larger group, and the growing insistence of the Negroes on social and economic equality. The grim fact is that the Negro is fed up with the role of Uncle Tom and is determined to have a larger part in the say or else. And with a good many thousands of whites equally determined that he continue to "tote dat bale," we may be closer to a very unpleasant else than we are ready to admit.

The attitude of the American Negro today is clearly expressed in the title and on nearly every page of Mr. Ottley's *'New World A-Coming.'* What the Negro wants, in Ottley's words, is simply "liberty and peace, and an enriched life, free of want, oppression, violence, and proscription. In a word, he wants democracy." Not theoretical democracy; he's had that. What he wants now is the real stuff. And what's more, he intends to have it. No more platitudes; no more hushing of the whole business; no more waiting for pie in the sky. Democracy on the barrel head here and now is what has been ordered, and that is what will have to be delivered whether some of us like it or not.

'*New World A-Coming*' is not a threat; neither is it a warning. It is simply a Negro reporter's attempt to trace the history of the Negro's progress toward full citizenship, to sum up his aspirations and his hopes, and to strike a balance between his vices and his virtues. Using Harlem as a base, Ottley wanders freely around in time and space, discussing such diverse topics as Father Divine, Marcus Garvey, and Joe Louis; the Negro's ballot (recommended as required reading for several Senators); the black cabinetmakers; the Negro press; Negro society; and Jews in Negro life. The style is easy, the material entertaining; but the dominant note is always, as Ottley points out in his foreword, an awareness that "race is the most compelling force in Negro life today."

The implications of race relations in the United States for the international scene are not overlooked by Ottley. In his last three chapters he outlines the activities and attitudes of Negroes in the present war, evaluates the successes and failures of German and Japanese propaganda attempts to influence them, and sums up the role of the Negro in the international picture. "The color problem," he says, "has become a world-wide issue to settle here and now." Pointing out that "millions of black, brown, and yellow peoples still do not believe that the white world believes in or intends to put into effect democracy for all once the danger to themselves is passed," Ottley insists that "the Negro's cause in America is the barometer of democracy" and that "if it falls here it will fall everywhere." And it was not rising much the last time Ottley looked.

If human beings behaved rationally and thought logically, John LaFarge's book on the Negro question would be the last one needed on that subject. With decisive finality he disposes forever of the notion that any one race is inferior to any other; with clarity and understanding he analyzes the present status of the Negro; with fairness he outlines and examines the issues between the races; and in conclusion he offers the solutions to the problem: education for Negroes (a little of that wouldn't be bad for some of the whites who are determined to keep the Negro where he is!), organization of Negro propaganda and pressure groups, and interracial action by the Catholics. As an example of logical organization, the book is admirable; as a practical contribution to a permanent solution of the Negro question, its value is more doubtful. Beautifully organized into subject matter, doctrine, issues, and solutions, with the material under each heading carefully arranged in outline form, *The Race Question and the Negro* is a masterpiece of objective thinking about a complex social problem. But its greatest merit is also its greatest fault: it is too objective, too calm, too lacking in a sense of the urgency of the problem to be of much help to a person wanting to know, "What next?" "Be patient," Father LaFarge seems to say to the Negro and white alike; "forget the racial issue; it will all work out in good time." But the Negro, even if he wanted to, couldn't forget race—we who are white won't let him—and his patience, from years of waiting for better treatment, has worn thin. What is missing from Father LaFarge's book is the Negro point of view, the sense of being embroiled in the ugly mess of race relations, of being personally concerned with the outcome. LaFarge can be emotionally aloof, concerned only intellectually with the plight of the Negro; Ottley, who has experienced both the glories and humiliations of being a Negro, knows in his bones what the whole argument is about. LaFarge

can mediate on the problem with the detached interest of a meteorologist in the weather; Ottley, being out in the rain, knows how wet it is.

Bucklin Moon's *The Darker Brother* is an example of how a novelist can frequently give a clearer insight into a social problem than does the writer of a serious, factual study. In his story of young Ben Johnson, Mr. Moon, himself white, takes white people into the mind and emotions of the Negro and builds an awareness of and a sympathy for him that neither Ottley nor LaFarge was able to do. Ben Johnson is not Joe Louis or Father Divine or Bigger Thomas. What happens to him is nothing very dramatic, nothing very much out of the ordinary. It is merely what would happen to you and me if our skins were black and we had to live in the hostile or indifferent white world. Ben Johnson grows up in New York after a childhood spent in the South. He learns early about the invisible barriers surrounding a Negro. He hunts for work during the depression; he continues to hunt after the outbreak of the war when factories are clamoring for workers—white workers. He is drafted and sent to the South for training; he finds there the same patterns of segregation in the army as outside. He goes off to fight for freedom and the brotherhood of men, goes willingly knowing that his fight won't be over when he returns. As he puts it: "We got tuh fight the enemy over there. We got tuh fight for what we got comin to us over here. We been waitin uh long time. We liable tuh get knots beat all over the top uh our heads. We goin tuh get shoved round. But we got tuh keep fightin."

And they will; believe me, brother, they will!

LYLE SAUNDERS

The Philosophy of Thomas Jefferson, by Adrienne Koch. New York: Columbia University Press, 1943. \$2.50.

A volume of this title must, of necessity, contain some treatment of the term "philosopher." Adrienne Koch includes it in an attempt to show in what sense Jefferson belongs in this category. Obviously, he did not develop and set down a logical, systematic account of the universe and man's relation to it in the tradition of Plato and Spinoza and Kant. Rather, Jefferson was a *philosophe*. He had intense intellectual curiosity, was eager to learn of new hypotheses and to attempt their evaluation. He had a natural aptitude for intellectual exercise which would advance knowledge and improve science. "Remember," says the author, "that Jefferson was a disciple of scientific method when it took courage and ingenuity to be one. He was a devotee of *respublica*, to the extent of serious and sustained analysis of the principles and practice of desirable social living in its many facets—the state, local government, education, the law, the army, and the protection of citizens. He was, moreover, a vivid interpreter of the classics, literary, historical, moral, and a level-headed innovator in the art of public order."

The book, following Jefferson's own divisions of the field, contains three parts: "Ethics," "Philosophy and Ideology," and "The Theory of Society." Much emphasis is placed upon his debt to French thought and particularly upon his admiration for Destutt de Tracy, whose *Commentary and Review of Montesquieu and Political*

Economy Jefferson sponsored for publication in this country, translating the *Commentary* in full. The influence of Dugald Stewart, the Scottish philosopher, is also emphasized, and some attention is given to Jefferson's interest in John Locke; but the name of James Harrington does not appear, though it is well known that the *Oceana* had a significant place in shaping Jefferson's political philosophy.

Perhaps the most impressive accomplishment of this book is its characterization of Jefferson as a man who possessed, nearly one hundred-fifty years ago, a more truly scientific attitude than that of the average college graduate of today, but balanced it with an intense devotion to the humanities. One comes away from such a study with a new appreciation of the stature of this great early American and of what the author calls "the cosmic coverage of his intellect."

The book, though not intended for popular consumption, contains much excellent writing; at the same time, it bears the marks of painstaking research.

JAY C. KNODI

Lincoln and the Patronage, by Harry J. Carman and Reinhard H. Luthin. New York: Columbia University Press, 1943. \$4.50.

Lincoln used the patronage to build Republican party unity out of diverse factions that "almost defy analysis, so numerous and varied were they." The patronage consisted not only of civil offices at home and abroad, but also of army commands and related tidbits in the form of government contracts and favors to newspapers. In performing the duty of rewarding the faithful, the president consulted with his cabinet advisers, congressmen, personal friends and non-office holding politicians. In short, the inner workings of the party machine are laid bare in detail in *Lincoln and the Patronage*.

The deluge of office seekers descending on Washington, even while the nation was plunging into the agony of a civil war, reveals political democracy at its worst but Lincoln succeeded better perhaps in satisfying the petitioners than most men could have done under similar conditions. Maintaining the party was a prerequisite to winning the war and saving the Union; hence, "In being a competent politician he became a statesman." But the experience was very trying; Lincoln is credited with saying after his re-election, "It seems as though the bare thought of going through again what I did the first year here, would *crush* me."

The intensity of the scramble for office was accompanied by major intraparty feuds that had their repercussions in the highest circles of government. The Blair-Fremont feud in Missouri finally led to the resignation of Postmaster Blair from the Cabinet in 1864 and the withdrawal of Fremont from the presidential race. The authors discard the older idea of a bargain between the two and credit Fremont with a desire to safeguard party unity in the election.

The use of the patronage did not preserve the unity of the Republican party the split between the Radicals and Conservatives appeared early and grew in intensity; after 1864 it "seemed at times to have been almost as potent a source of discord . . . as difference of opinion over the Reconstruction policy . . ."

The bibliography shows a most diligent search for information. The book is primarily for the specialist and is an excellent contribution to the fundamentals of American history.

FRANK D. REEVE

The Making of Modern Britain: a Short History, by John Barlet Brebner and Allan Nevins. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, Inc., 1943. \$2.50.

This small book is a product of World War II. The British-American military alliance implies permanent postwar political co-operation; this implication in turn leads the authors to believe that the two peoples should better understand one another. For them, history becomes the chosen vehicle to convey that understanding.

Mr. Nevins had previously prepared a short American history for British schools; now he has written the first chapter in this present book, entitled "The Significance of British History." He compares British history to a pageant and stresses its continuity, the British love of compromise, and British individualism, all of which bequeath to the world "civil liberty and free political institutions," albeit accompanied by materialism and a slight feeling of superiority.

In the remaining nine chapters Mr. Brebner brilliantly sketches the pageant from earliest times to the present. He indulges in no paean of praise for the British, but presents a balanced picture, the good with the bad. Barring an incorrect date or two, his is scholarly writing, but it suffers from the same weakness that besets any condensation of history: the summary statement and sound generalization convey much meaning to the initiate, but may not be truly understood by the layman. There is no short cut to an understanding of Britain. Those who seek it here may be led to follow the longer road marked out by the appended selection of additional readings. Lists of sovereigns from Alfred the Great and prime ministers, plus an index, complete the volume.

FRANK D. REEVE

The Spanish Labyrinth: an Account of the Social and Political Background of the Civil War, by Gerald Brenan. Cambridge and New York: The University Press and The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$3.50.

If I had stopped to acquire an intimate knowledge of Spanish political background before joining the Loyalist Army, it is doubtful that I would have reached Spain before the war's end. At least that seems to be a reasonable supposition after reading Gerald Brenan's exhaustive and monumental research report, *The Spanish Labyrinth*.

The heroic ambition to unravel the tangled threads of Spain's struggles over land, religion, trade unionism, political ideology, and even empire is a task of such proportions that Mr. Brenan often becomes lost in his own labyrinthian passages. His work is less a book than a hundred thousand research reference cards between two covers. From his labors a professional political economist probably

could write a really great book on Spain. Yet *Spanish Labyrinth* is without question one of the most important contributions to modern political science: it is a detailed history of a country slowly bleeding to death as a result of its leaders' traditional unwillingness to heed the desires or needs of four-fifths of a nation. It is the record of events that terminated in the bloody Civil War, precursor of World War II.

Although a complex Spanish history, replete with hundreds of footnotes, chapter-end notes and appendices, is largely of interest only to Hispanophiles, *The Spanish Labyrinth* might well be widely read as an example of what can happen to many countries in South America. Many of the same elements that led to the Spanish Civil War are also vital issues in the American republics: a landless peasantry versus absentee landlords, the Church versus liberalism, regionalism versus nationalism, and the utilization of native fascism by a frightened aristocracy.

Gerald Brenan, born of Anglo-Irish parents in 1894, fought on the Western front in the First World War and then sought peace in Spanish village life. He wrote novels and watched the tragic Spaniards win the 1936 Popular Front victory only to be plunged into the Civil War a few months later. Mr. Brenan supported the Republicans, but he also concealed a family of Franco sympathizers in his home and spirited them out of the country. Within a few months of the outbreak of the war, Gerald Brenan moved to England and began the prodigious research for *The Spanish Labyrinth*.

The great value of Brenan's work does not lie in his conclusions, which are sometimes petulant and arbitrary, but rather in the completeness of his coverage. Starting with the premise that discovery of the New World gave an unprepared Spain too much wealth too quickly, the author examines in detail each of the conflicting trends that have sapped Spanish energies. He records the history of regionalism, the struggle of the Basques and Catalans for autonomy. He documents the traditional graft of the central government at Madrid, noting that fifty to eighty percent of all taxes collected were pocketed by politicians and that the rich nearly always secured tax exemption. He points up the independence of the Spanish Catholic Church from Vatican authority and advances the claim that the Church was "the great leveler" until the nineteenth century Carlist War stripped it of tremendous agricultural properties and drove it into the arms of the reactionary aristocracy. The Spanish Army officers are pictured as corrupt and brutal, products of middle-class ambition thwarted by lack of economic opportunity.

He shows how the Madrid government provoked violence among the trade unions in an effort to counteract regionalism. For at least a century the Spanish Crown fought the advent of the industrial revolution that was booming Britain and America, lest it alter the dominant position of the land aristocracy. The method consisted of diversion by hurling conflicting groups at each other's throats and alternating governmental power between Tweedledum and Tweedledee conservative parties. But the greatest error of both monarchy and republic was the failure to dig into Spain's most vital problem: the agrarian question.

The Spanish Labyrinth has excellent chapters clearly outlining the ideologies of the Anarchists, the Carlists, and the Socialists. Orthodox Communists are dismissed by the author as ruthless opportunists who never (even during the Civil

War) had any real appeal for Spanish workers. He also claims that the Falange was unimportant until 1936, when Franco and a group of ultraconservatives decided to use it as a vehicle for overthrowing the Popular Front government. Surprisingly he omits all reference to the important prewar influences of Germany, Italy, Russia, France, and Britain on Spanish political and economic developments.

Of the future Mr. Brenan has only this to say, "If within the next two centuries there is a happy and peaceful future awaiting Spain, one may predict that it will be a weak and paternal Socialist regime, giving ample regional and municipal autonomy." To those of us who survived the fight against Hitler's and Mussolini's legions, the future of Spain, even in defeat, seems brighter than in Mr. Brenan's view. And we simply reflect the Spaniard's own abiding faith that given her just place in the world family of nations, Spain will soon become a strong and vigorous democracy. The Anglo-American policy of nonintervention in the Civil War meant that Spain lost all she had gained in a century of violent internal struggles. It now remains to be seen whether a postwar world will seal that retrogression or whether it will restore her people's right to express their will.

JACK BRADLEY FAHY

The Story of the Americas, the Discovery, Settlement, and Development of the New World, by Leland DeWitt Baldwin. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1943. \$3.50.

Rio Grande to Cape Horn, by Carleton Beals. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$3.50.

Captain of the Andes, the life of Don José de San Martín, liberator of Argentina, Chile and Peru, by Margaret H. Harrison. New York: Richard R. Smith, 1943. \$3.00.

Though the first two of these books deal with Latin America quite differently, the one tracing historical growth and the other analyzing the contemporary political and economic scene, both arrive ultimately at the same purpose, to evaluate our Good Neighbor Policy and to weigh the chances for hemisphere coöperation in the postwar world. The authors attack the problem differently, but both come to similar conclusions regarding the steps that must be taken to confirm and cement the unity of purpose that has arisen among these nations in the emergency of war.

Mr. Baldwin's *Story of the Americas* is more than a history. He traces the development of each country in the Western Hemisphere from the time of its discovery by the white man to the present with little attention to dates, battles, and political upheavals except in their relation to the conflict between racial elements, which conflict, he believes, is largely responsible for our present attitudes toward each other as well as for our economic and political differences. He includes the United States and Canada in his history, and does not neglect to point out the brutality with which the frontiers of these two countries were pushed forward, a brutality which seemed less brutal than it actually was only because of the comparatively weak resistance of the natives and the rapid success of the colonizers. On the other hand, the struggle between natives and Spaniards in the South appears

more ruthless because of the inability of the Spanish settlers to see themselves as permanent dwellers in a new land until the generations had brought about a widespread mixture of the conqueror with the native. As long as Spanish blood remained pure, Spain was the homeland, and the colonizers were but sojourners in a foreign land. In North America this attitude was negligible, and the settlers early showed their independence of the bonds of European politics and tradition. Mr. Baldwin believes, however, that with the emergence in the South of a race feeling a strong sense of its identity with the Western world rather than with Europe, new common interests between the peoples of the North and South have arisen, and therefore, that the problem of unifying these interests is of prime importance for the man of the Americas today.

Although Carleton Beals also discusses the racial conflicts in each of the countries south of the Rio Grande, he does so rather from the standpoint of geographic, economic, and social forces than from that of historical events. He describes with understanding the life and surroundings of the people, including enough of their history to make clear the forces that have formed their attitudes. Without mincing words, he lays bare the political machinations of stronger nations, especially of Great Britain and the United States, toward submerging Latin American countries to the position of private hunting grounds for their respective industrial interests. He presents many just reasons for the Latin American's distrust of friendly overtures from the United States. They ask how we can speak of democracy for their peoples when our own attitude toward the Negro has been less democratic than their treatment of Indians and other racial groups. They accept the Good Neighbor Policy in time of emergency, but they ask whether it is permanent, or merely a Roosevelt policy. Although Mr. Baldwin claims that the masses "have proved themselves able to distinguish between government and private investors," Mr. Beals' evidence points to the fact that there seldom has been a separation between the interests of the United States government and those of private capital in our dealings with Latin America. The notorious handling of the Argentine beef question is a case in point. The author believes in the possibilities for the honest success of the Good Neighbor Policy, but he does not hesitate to criticize its inadequacies or the errors it has made so far.

Both authors agree, however, that in the postwar world the continuance of the Good Neighbor Policy on a permanent basis of coöperation, of helpful economic planning to assist in the development of each country according to its needs and possibilities, rather than preserving it as a private source of raw materials for United States industries, even at the sacrifice of some measure of our own economic superiority, will be the greatest factor in maintaining hemispheric solidarity and will create a strong world influence toward permanent peace. It will also be necessary to forget our "Yankee" race superiority and to recognize the valuable contributions of other races to our American culture.

Neither book has been written for experts in the field of Latin American relations; both are eminently worth the public's reading to obtain a clearer understanding of the problems that confront all of us who hope to live in a more peaceful and intelligent world after the current business on hand is settled.

The Story of the Americas is well supplemented with maps, but the use of a

good atlas is helpful in following Mr. Beals from *Rio Grande to Cape Horn*.

Carleton Beals, whom *Time* magazine has called "the best-informed living writer on Latin America," devotes an illuminating chapter of his book to a discussion of Argentina and the background of her present failure to war against the Axis. A further understanding of that great neighbor may be had by reading Margaret Hayne Harrison's biography of José de San Martín, the liberator of Argentina, Chile, and Peru, in whose life-story may be seen the ideals of independence at their conception. The author tells of San Martín's boyhood on the banks of the Uruguay River, his education and life of soldiering in Spain, his return to his native land to offer his services in the cause of South American freedom. The epic of his struggle to train and equip an army and to lead it over the mighty Andes to the liberation of Chile and Peru is equalled only by the greatness of his personal sacrifice of ambition and power in the interest of his ideals. Mrs. Harrison relates the story with enthusiasm and an understanding of her enigmatic subject. The book contains two maps of South America on the end papers and is excellently illustrated.

MARY WICKER

Learning Navaho, Volume One, by Berard Haile. St. Michaels, Arizona: St. Michaels Press, 1941. No price indicated.

Origin Legend of the Navaho Flintway, text and translation by Father Berard Haile; The University of Chicago Publications in Anthropology, Linguistic Series. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1943. \$3.00.

The Navaho, by Frances E. Watkins. Southwest Museum Leaflets, No. 16. Los Angeles: The Southwest Museum, 1943. \$.30.

Three recent publications have added greatly to our knowledge of the Southwest in general and specifically of the Navaho Indians. The first two of these works, written by Father Berard Haile, O.F.M., are exceedingly detailed and complete. Father Berard has lived for over forty years among the Navaho Indians, during which period he has acquired an intimate knowledge of their language and culture. More important, his humanitarian efforts have won him the complete confidence of that people. These attributes have been translated into a gain for science; he has produced and, one hopes, will continue to produce many painstaking and valuable contributions in anthropology.

Learning Navaho is the first of what is hoped will be a series of publications on Navaho language. It is a thoroughly practical and usable publication. The Navaho orthography and phonemic system are clearly presented, and the student is led gradually through the unfamiliar morphology of that people. In a sense, the title is a misnomer, for the volume contains information other than linguistics. Particularly notable are discussions on kinship and clan function; in lesser degree are those on birth and marriage.

The *Origin Legend of the Navaho Flintway*, as the title indicates, gives the mythological sanction for the ceremonial employed in curing pneumonia, cardiac and lung diseases, and internal injuries caused by a variety of accidents. The work

contains a general discussion on Navaho chantways and shows how the same and new elements are re-used and re-combined, giving rise to a variety of chantways based on a single pattern. The body of the work is a carefully annotated translation of the Flintway Legend. Two informants were used and individual variations are preserved and noted. In addition to its ethnological value, it is of special interest to linguists and students of literature, to the former because it offers opportunities for morphologic analysis, to the latter because it presents for examination many familiar and unfamiliar stylistic devices which abound in primitive literature. The high standard of excellence of the publication is marred only by the poor editorial work on the part of the University of Chicago Press.

The Navaho, by Frances E. Watkins, is one of a series of popular museum guides designed for the general public. It deviates from other pamphlets of this type only in that it offers an unusually complete and accurate abstract of Navaho culture. Particularly noteworthy are the illustrations, many of which are old and hitherto unpublished.

W. W. HILL

Man and Resources in the Middle Rio Grande Valley, by Allan G. Harper, Andrew R. Cordova, and Kalervo Oberg. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1943. \$2.25.

Man and Resources is a book that will prove indispensable to those who wish to obtain a clear insight into the problems of north central New Mexico. Not only are the essential facts on man and resources in the area set forth in a thoroughgoing manner, but those facts have been compressed into the fewest possible words and set forth in an attractive nontechnical style. In 118 pages the authors have drawn a concise and easily appreciated picture of the causes and effects of the grave socio-economic situation facing man in the Middle Rio Grande Valley. In addition, the book includes a useful bibliographical note, a detailed index, and twenty fine photographic plates which portray various aspects of life in the area.

The authors, very appropriately, merge a penetrating interpretation of the tri-cultural population with their analyses of objective data on resources. They point out very clearly the effects that the Indian, Spanish, and "Anglo" populations and their movements have had upon the natural resources and, in turn, the influence that the resources and the changes that have taken place in those resources have had upon the three population groups. The presentation of these reciprocal effects is made with remarkable insight and in a pleasing way. Although the facts contained in the volume are based on objective investigation, the book does not err on the side of lack of color and life. Throughout *Man and Resources*, the reader will be constantly impressed with the manner in which the authors have identified themselves with the issues in question. When one reads the brief note on the authors (pages 155-156), it is easy to understand that, in writing this book, the authors were not simply discharging an academic function; they were portraying a scene which is fascinating to them and for which they have profound

attachment. This reviewer is confident that the reader will participate in that fascination and attachment—*Man and Resources* is that kind of book.

GEORGE I. SANCHEZ

The American Land: Its History and Its Uses, by William R. Van Dersal. London, New York, and Toronto: The Oxford University Press, 1943. \$3.75.

The American Land is an informally written and admirably illustrated little book. Its author, a botanist with the United States Department of Agriculture, here presents fresh evidence that "one sees what one looks for." It appears that to him "The Land" is equivalent to the crop plants grown upon it, and that "American," in the title, refers only to the United States. Thus two thirds of the book is a carefully nontechnical inventory of our crop plants, their histories, and their uses. One looks in vain for discussions of soil groups, geology, and relief. Space is apportioned according to the relative economic importance of the crop. Corn receives an entire chapter, and one of the most interesting. The first two and the final three chapters felicitously introduce and develop the conservation thesis. The very real necessity for guarding our soil and forest is sufficient excuse for this reiteration of the story. Presumably the earlier date of publication precluded mention of Faulkner's recent condemnation of the plow.


Geologists will be annoyed to read that "geologic erosion" takes place at scarcely measurable speeds. In this connection Kirk Bryan has wisely remarked that significant surface erosion is always catastrophic, regardless of climate. Assertion that the removal of seven inches of soil under several specified cover conditions requires 34,000 to 575,000 years (p. 192) is both meaningless and misleading. Such figures are unwarranted extrapolations from short-term records which do not include great floods. The latter, occurring at irregular intervals whose magnitude is of the order of fifty or one hundred or two hundred years, are chiefly responsible for surface erosion in humid regions. In arid regions the catastrophes occur at many places every year; they are called "cloudbursts." These considerations, be it noted, in no way vitiate the conservationist's argument.

The American Land seems especially suitable for use as a reference work on the high school level, or for the gentle titillation of not too confirmed urbanites.

PARRY A. REICHE

Hills of Home, by Curtis Martin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$2.00.
In Time of Harvest, by John L. Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$2.50.

It is heartening to know that it is Curtis Martin's ambition to devote himself to writing when he returns from the battle fronts. For *Hills of Home* shows promise which we are confident will be fulfilled. His publishers are to be congratulated for having added him to their list.



Hills of Home is an informal portrait of a New Mexico town. One wishes it were less informal—not because of any objection to informality in itself, but because we deplore the opportunity which has been missed in choice of vehicle. *Hills of Home* is a series of vignettes of some dozen of the more colorful and interesting citizens of the town of Sangre de Cristo. These sketches have been executed with subtlety and understanding. Nonetheless, they give the impression of having been transcribed from the author's notebook, for, absorbing as many of them are, they lack development and leavening. They lack the cumulative and mounting interest, the tension and suspense which adherence to a more rigid form would have engendered. For here, the whole is not greater than the sum of its parts; and in creative writing, it must be so.

Hills of Home cannot be classed as a collection of short stories, for many of the chapters are unresolved, though some of them are adaptable to the short story technique. Neither is the book a novel. The fact that John Fellows plays a minor part in each chapter is not sufficient to make it one. For John's character does not grow and develop over the pages; and no attempt has been made to show how the lives of his more fully developed acquaintances impinge one upon another. We meet each new character for the first time. We hardly ever hear of him again. Thus, how, for instance, can it mean much to us, never having known her before, when John leaves Helen Patton at the end of the book?

Perhaps we are unjust. Perhaps we are thinking too much in terms of Mr. Martin's next book. We shall look forward to its publication with interest, not simply because we know we shall enjoy reading it, but because, quite impersonally and without knowing him, it will give us pleasure to see how, along with growing technical mastery and greater human experience, he will take fuller advantage of the material for which he has such obviously genuine feeling.

The characters in John L. Sinclair's *In Time of Harvest* are cut from quite another piece of cloth. They are the McClung family, come some seven hundred miles by mule team to claim one square mile of New Mexican dirt they could call their own. There is Tod, a bean-growing fool from Oklahoma, who the minute he hit his homestead wasted no time in hitching his mules to the plow and breaking ground. There is Faybelle, his wife, a hoe-slinging fool of an honest-to-God woman with "stout legs, hard muscles in her arms, wide hips and enough milk to raise a slew of kids"—seven of them, in fact, the last one being born soon after they reached their homestead. There is her tobacco-spitting father, Piddle, who all during the westward trip sat on the tailboard and helped break the monotony by browning out the star on the saddle pony's forehead. There are the McClung's neighbors whom we meet at a dance at the school house where things get pretty hot to the tune of Tod's fiddling, with moonshine on the side and a fist fight and prairie fire thrown in for good measure. The organizer of the shindig was Miss Simonson, the school marm. Tod didn't take to her at first. In his own words, he'd be a son of a bitch if he'd raise his kids to be jelly beans and educated fools. What they needed to learn he and Faybelle could teach them out of the Bible, and if any of them got the idea they wanted to go beyond the eighth grade he'd whale the hell out of them.

"You're one kind," he told Miss Simonson, "like a sleek race horse runnin'

over ground that's smooth and green, and we're like mules that bust clods and sweat and know we ain't good for nothin' but just that. We don't need to know anything else. We know the dirt and how to eat from the dirt. Don't try to lift us out of the soil, for it's our meat and livin'."

Tod's fears that his offspring would drift away from the soil were well founded, and Piddle didn't help matters "none," filling the children full of tales of his lurid youth. We follow them, one by one, to tragic ends: the State Pen, a house of prostitution, a lonely death. It was thanks to Miss Simonson that some of them were salvaged after she had convinced Tod of the advantages of education. For Tod could raise a first-rate crop of beans, but he wasn't much of a hand at raising kids. Such is the chief burden of a lusty book whose coarse humor, rugged style, and true sense of impending tragedy are thoroughly in keeping with a well-conceived set of earthy characters.

• THOMAS NICKERSON

The Mothers, by Vardis Fisher. New York: The Vanguard Press, 1943. \$2.50.

Vardis Fisher's third historical novel, like the other two, is built from the raw material of Western history. It is the famous Donner Party which receives the novelist's attention in *The Mothers*—with a less pretentious treatment than that afforded the Mormons in *Children of God*, and with a better organized, but obviously slighter one, than in *City of Illusion*. Mr. Fisher's intent is to show the courage of the mothers among the immigrants of the Donner Party. Trapped without food and with only the rudest kind of shelter, these women dominated in spirit even the superhuman endurance and bravery of a man like Bill Eddy. Even for those who have read the story before—either in history or in fiction—Fisher proves himself a master storyteller, building suspense from the gallant efforts of Tamsen Donner, Margaret Reed, Eleanor Eddy, and others of the women to save their children from cold and starvation. The trek of Bill Eddy and his party (mostly women) from the camp to California, despite the necessary repetition of detail, is told with an almost breathless urgency. That detail which, naturally enough, is the most enduring memory concerning the Donners—the eating of human flesh—is skillfully played down so that we see it for what it must have been: a frightful expediency and an act of courage rather than degradation.

But *The Mothers* must not be taken for more than a skillfully wrought story. It does not contain the intricate pattern of *Children of God* or the penetrating study of individual characters that is to be found in the early Fisher novels and even in *City of Illusion*. There is the underlying psychological "explanation" for the mothers' courage, but the emphasis this time is upon history as story, a grim and balladlike account of struggle and death.

RAY B. WEST JR.

Starbuck, by John Selby. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1943. \$2.75.

John Selby's *Starbuck* begins with the same kind of healthy vigor that was to be found in the author's earlier novel, *Sam*. It depicts the youth, promise, and initial accomplishments of the talented young musician, Brant Starbuck, skillfully and—with minor exceptions—convincingly. The first half of the book carries us from the Middle West (where Brant's first success was a prize at the St. Louis World's Fair), to New York, and finally to Europe.

Mr. Selby presents two sides of his hero—his normality as a young man and his talent—and the reader expects, rightly enough, that some kind of crisis will come from it. It does, fairly early in the book, when Brant uncovers the mystery of his illegitimacy. Though this climax seems rather forced and not entirely successful, most of this section is well done and convincing: Brant's youthful relations with his family, his early training in New York, and finally the pre-World War I atmosphere of Southern Germany.

The weakness of the later sections lies, probably, in the fact that Mr. Selby finds it necessary to introduce a second theme, only slightly related to the main one, and seemingly almost forced upon him by the date of appearance of the book—that is, an explanation of the German character in the light of present events. Although Berlin is the scene of Brant's debut and first success, there is a great deal of comment upon the militarism of the Prussians as compared to the easygoing *Gemütlichkeit* of Bavaria. This trite and easy explanation is far below the usual perceptiveness of the author, as is the writing in later sections where Brant's struggle is not so much against his own desire to lead a more normal life than that of the talented musician as it is a feeling that he should enlist in the war as a private because, as he says, "this war is America's war." True, he also says that he's tired of being a special case, but the fact that he does lose the use of his hands (not in combat, but as the result of an insignificant incident) seems to prove the opposite of what the author wishes to say. In other words, Brant is a special case, and the injury which he suffers seems, as a result of his decision, less tragic than foolish.

Had the war been left out of a story that had essentially little to do with the war, one feels that *Starbuck* might have been a more powerful, convincing, and certainly a more moving novel.

RAY B. WEST JR.

Retreat from Rostov, by Paul Hughes. New York: Random House, 1943. \$2.75.
The Night of the Summer Solstice and Other Stories of the Russian War, selected with a preface by Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1943. \$2.50.

The obvious connection between *Retreat from Rostov* and *The Night of the Summer Solstice* is that they are both about the present Russian war. The novel is written by an American who has never been out of America; the short stories are by Russians, "men and women who brave the hottest fire, accompany the most dangerous raiding parties, work the long hours on the industrial front," as the

publishers tell us. In other words, we have a purely imaginative handling of the war (based upon news reports) to contrast with firsthand experience. The novel comes out surprisingly well. The strength and vitality of the Russians, the qualities which animate and excite us in reading the short stories, provide the binding force of the novel.

Retreat from Rostov is not a very good novel, but it is a singularly good first novel; in fact it is something of an achievement. Mr. Hughes has selected the most difficult form for the novel, the historical, and a setting which immediately recalls *War and Peace*. There is no need to compare the two novels except to note that Mr. Hughes has learned much from Tolstoi in his handling of the groups of characters and interlocking the action in the ten days of siege, occupation, and retreat. The characters are not individuals but symbols. On the German side we have Colonel Adrian Pfeiffer commenting upon and interpreting Nazi ideology. The vitality that imbues all the other characters does not touch Pfeiffer. There are other minor German figures necessary to round out the German psychology, including the women of the Women's Corps, who symbolize the enslaved nations even in their quarreling. On the Russian side we have several groups: Boris Guidenny, symbol of guerrilla resistance; Kaaren Terenski, the awakened Russian woman; Joseph, the musician, who gives his talent and his life for his country; the Platons, Rostov hotel owners evicted by the Germans; and the Russian peasants who love the land. There is even a glimpse of Marshal Timoshenko, who treats the Americans with rare consideration. The dialogue is extensive but undifferentiated; the characters are not individualized, and their speech is on one level throughout. Although we are told that words are spoken "impulsively," "peevisly," "with some emotion," "in terror," the emotion is attendant, not inherent. The most convincing part of the novel is the description of the last day of the occupation of Rostov; here the reader sees and feels the bafflement and breakdown of the Germans, undermined by something that they cannot comprehend, something that does not diminish under reprisals but grows more powerful as the violence increases. The Nazis could overcome seen men by force of arms, but they were powerless before the indomitable spirit of the Russian people.

The twenty short stories by six Russian writers published under the title of the first story in the book, "The Night of the Summer Solstice," are good. Some of the stories are sketches; all are isolated incidents. In them the reader lives, sees, and feels the violence of war and furiously fights to preserve Russia. We find certain stock situations, for the reactions of war are as old as war itself. We find "La Mere Sauvage" of this war in Granny Anissia, in Wanda Wasilewske's "Inside the Hut." The woman who withdraws rather than shatter a soldier's dream of her beauty is not new. Heroic children have lived and died in every war. And yet the intensity, the sincerity, the simplicity of the stories make each one a real experience. The "Notes of a Guerilla Fighter" are vivid pictures, horrible in their understatement. It is difficult to select the best, for each story is excellent in its own way. "The Night of the Summer Solstice" is outstanding for its suspense; "The Girl Who Led the Way" is Chekhovian in its simplicity and concentration; "Death on a Collective Farm" etches a group which contains two sharply drawn characters: the inevitable traitor, who finds the new regime of the Nazis even

worse than the resented collectivization, and the strong old peasant woman who dies in order to destroy some of the invaders. The stories as a whole make clear the inevitability of defeat that history has demonstrated, for the Russian spirit is indestructible.

EDITH S. BLESSING

The Best American Short Stories, 1943; and the Yearbook of the American Short Story, edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$2.75.

Martha Foley, former editor of *Story*, introduces her second O'Brien anthology with this statement: "The American short story this year may be considered as bridging two worlds—the world before the war and the world as it now is: . . . This editor is no believer in forcing any form of creative expression into a propaganda mould. Rather I prefer to look for what might be termed the fourth dimension of writing, a dimension that transcends characters, action, and subjects. A simpler expression is art."

Judged on the basis of art alone, Miss Foley has chosen well. Paul Horgan's "The Peach Stone" and Peter Gray's "Threnody for Stelios" are good examples of "the fourth dimension." But with the exception of Irwin Shaw's "Preach on the Dusty Roads," these stories might have been written in any year. 1942 and 1943 have seen America at war, filled with intense activity, and social and industrial unrest. Yet, if this anthology is typical, either our writers have ignored history about them or have fallen short in their literary efforts.

Although it may be true, as Miss Foley says, that the great stories of the last world war were written after the conflict ended, still there has been some worthwhile writing to come from this period, stories which are neither propaganda nor escapist in character, nor "hurriedly written to fit hackneyed fiction patterns." Lacking in *The Best American Short Stories, 1943*, is the strength, the slightly quickened style, the machine-gun-like intensity that this faster-moving era has produced.

Miss Foley's selections are examples of good writing—of the world before the war, not the world as it is now.

LOIS GERARD

Annals of the New York Stage, Volume XIII, 1885-1888, by G. C. D. Odell. New York: Columbia University Press, 1942. \$8.75.

The greatest task in the history of stage history is the writing of the *Annals of the New York Stage*. The early volumes of this work revealed that the author, who has for years occupied an observation tower and listening post in the center of the metropolis, is one of America's greatest theatre-goers.

Professor Odell began his teaching career at Columbia in 1895, and by 1920 had completed his classic *Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving*. Henceforth

equipped with the ability to order an endless chaos of detail with scholarly accuracy and journalistic appeal, Mr. Odell began his study of New York amusements with the eagerness of a man preparing to phrase the memoirs of a well-spent life. The amusement world of his city was his world, and he remembered the high points of Broadway's past quite as distinctly as the average American born in a rural community recalls the offerings of the high school auditorium and the county fair.

The present volume, covering the years 1885-1888, proves to be that part of the author's *biographia dramatice* which coincides with his undergraduate years at Columbia. Mr. Odell is in large measure an identical contemporary of many of the figures, fashions, developments, and organizations which make New York the theatrical and amusement center that it is today. In this volume he is recording the dawn of our own age. Though there were no momentous innovations, no emergence of outstanding playwrights, and no extraordinary additions to dramatic repertory, there were signs that indicated what the structure, form, and personnel of New York amusements were to be in the future.

These were the days when Maurice Barrymore was prominent in Shakespeare, and the Barrymores of the present generation were mere children at the knee of their actress mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore. Her own family, John Drew, Mrs. John Drew, and Sidney Drew, were all to be seen in important roles. A Juliet of those seasons became the great Julia Marlowe, and E. H. Sothorn also appeared. Others later to be associated with Shakespearian repertory were Forbes-Robertson, Robert Mantell, and Richard Mansfield. Daniel Frohman, the manager, began at this time, producing a drama which was the joint effort of David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille.

Perhaps the greatest omens of the future appeared in the field of music. Theodore Thomas, who was already directing a series of forty-eight concerts, started the real development of the Philharmonic Society in the fall of 1886. At the same time young Walter Damrosch, who suddenly inherited the artistic projects and interests of his father, began the Symphony Society at the Metropolitan. Damrosch was even more conspicuous in inaugurating a great era of German opera. In 1886 he went to Germany on a mission that had far-reaching effects. He brought back Anton Seidl, one of "the most accomplished and magnetic" conductors ever heard in America. Seidl and the leaders of this new group were the music-masters of America. For years they broadened the frontiers of appreciation and raised the level of national taste. Largely through them came our love for German music, but they were not working alone. The most perfectly trained orchestra then to be found outside of Vienna was the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and this organization, consisting of seventy-five musicians under the direction of William Gericke, came this very season for its first New York concerts.

The singers that Damrosch brought over from Germany had but recently made their reputation at home in Wagner's new musical drama. Among them were the incomparable Lilli Lehmann and Albert Niemann. These two made a never-to-be-forgotten pair of lovers and that season at the Metropolitan they gave the first performance of *Tristan and Isolde* in America. The German group established the supremacy of German opera at the Metropolitan so firmly that only the superb Adelina Patti, with some help from Campanini and Tetrizzini, was able to break

the monopoly with her Italian repertory in 1890. During this initial triumph of *Tristan*, an opera which is still perhaps the manager's "best bid for an overflowing audience," Victor Herbert first appeared in public as a cellist in the orchestra. And elsewhere in New York, though soon to be at the Metropolitan, Josef Hofmann, a Polish child of ten, played the piano "with the brilliancy and imaginative power" of the most accomplished adult. In contrast, at a burlesque house Joe Weber and Lew Fields appeared, not as proprietors or headliners in the world of minstrelsy, but as hard-working comedians in "Rough Songs, Dances and Eccentricities."

But these years are not to be dismissed as the mere beginnings of future greatness. Notable actors of the time were John Drew, Otis Skinner, DeWulf Hopper, Henry Irving, and among the ladies were Mrs. Agnes Booth, Ada Rehan, Lillian Russell, Sarah Bernhardt, and Ellen Terry. There was Dion Boucicault, the actor who wrote the stage version of *Rip Van Winkle*; Joseph Jefferson, whose name will ever be associated with the part. No great drama was being written. Henry Arthur Jones and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero were beginning to find themselves and were gradually breaking the way for Wilde and Shaw in the next decade. The supremacy of the novel over the drama, a supremacy that started with Walter Scott and was to continue through the eighties, is clearly manifested on the stage itself. There were dramatic versions of *Dombey and Son*, *Oliver Twist*, *Bleak House*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. There were great American standbys, likewise from prose fiction, such as *Rip Van Winkle*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Peck's Bad Boy*. American originality in the field of drama took the form of Denman Thompson's *The Old Homestead* and Bronson Howard's *Shenandoah*. The only first-class play under an American name was Augustin Daly's *Railway of Love*, and this was an adaptation of a German play called *The Goldfish*. Daly's Theatre was the leading house for high-class dramatic productions during these years, and the real character of the age can be glimpsed from the fact that in a lifetime Daly adapted ninety plays, mostly from continental originals.

The middle eighties were Gilbert and Sullivan years, but the dramatic richness of those seasons came from the existence of four or five great repertory houses. At Daly's, at the Madison Square, at the Lyceum, and at Wallach's, one could see a striking number of the famous plays of the past. Restoration drama, eighteenth-century comedy, and nineteenth-century stage favorites all furnished excellent acting parts. Shakespearean productions, however, were the most numerous and the most noteworthy. At a minor playhouse one hapless interpreter of Hamlet received so great an ovation of ripe fruit, that later in touring the provinces, he played behind a screen of chicken wire especially fabricated to intercept the missiles. But apart from this gay anecdote, *The Annals* show that Shakespeare was well mounted, well acted, and well received. Never in later years has Mr. Odell seen better productions of *The Taming of the Shrew* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Never has he seen any Portia of more poetic charm than Ellen Terry. Mr. Odell's recollections of these years are golden. Would the reader know why, let him discount the wine of youth and *chercher deux femmes*—Ellen Terry and Adelina Patti.

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

Lyle Saunders

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IT IS OUR intention to list in this bibliography, with as much thoroughness as our time and resources permit, current materials concerning the American Southwest. In this issue are included mainly those items which were published or came to our notice in the months of September, October, and November, 1943.

An asterisk before any book title indicates a review in this issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW; a dagger marks those works which will be reviewed in a future issue. The symbol (F) is used to denote fiction; (J) and (JF) designate titles on the juvenile level.

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LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

The traditional and beautiful holiday custom of decorating homes with *luminarias*, which annually made Albuquerque, and particularly the campus of the University of New Mexico, a scene of magic loveliness, has not been observed since the war. In former years, happy, carefree students threaded festival nights with golden beauty by spacing thousands of white candles in brown sand-weighted paper sacks along campus roof-tops. Admiring groups of pretty coeds directed the work from safe vantage points below, and passing faculty members called up anxious warnings in regard to life and limb. Today, those young men trace stars beneath the Milky Way in Flying Fortresses, drop blockbusters on Nazi-dominated Europe, kill "Japs" in the far Pacific.

Many of those boys were members of the 200th Coast Guard Artillery, the New Mexico anti-aircraft unit which, as all of America and most of the civilized world knows, took part in the epic defense of the Philippines. A large number of those former University students have been officially reported by the War Department as killed or missing in action. The rest of them are Japanese prisoners. Fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters have submerged their tragic sorrow in an effort to get relief to survivors through the medium of the Bataan Relief Organization, an effort dominated by a spirit fashioned centuries ago in the shadow of a Cross. In New Mexico we have living symbols of faith, hope, and charity. They are the relatives of approximately 1700 members of the 200th Coast Guard Artillery—Indians from the scattered pueblos, Spaniards from isolated mountain villages, doctors, lawyers, teachers in our town—and only their eyes speak their suffering.

Among the significant spring publications will be *Proud People*, by Kyle Crichton, which Scribner's has announced for February. The novel is New Mexican in background, characters, and theme, and will no doubt provide a great deal of literary conversation. Although the author is an associate editor of *Collier's Magazine* and has lived in

New York since 1929, his heart belongs to New Mexico. Here he regained his health, met and married Mae Collier, the daughter of a territorial judge of the nineties; here his three children were born, his first stories written, and here by his own admission live his best friends.

The years between Kyle's release from the Presbyterian Sanatorium, "a cure," and his departure from Albuquerque were busy ones. He sold advertising for the *Albuquerque Herald* and the *Albuquerque Tribune*, was commissioner of a state bureau of publicity during the administration of Governor A. T. Hannett, and for a number of years in his official capacity as manager of the Albuquerque Civic Council welcomed hundreds of newcomers to New Mexico. Off and on he pounded out and sold short stories and feature articles. Material for his stories came from the "lenadores" passing the Crichton home on East Central Avenue, from a blossoming orchard in Los Griegos in which an eastern sophisticate had several hundred mature trees cut down so that he might have a polo field, from ball games managed by the late Dan Padilla. During this period he also wrote a narrative biography, *Law and Order, Ltd.: The Life of Elfego Baca*, which today remains the classic story of the only man who bows to Billy the Kid in the number of notches on his gun.

Important recognition of Kyle's literary talent came first from *Scribner's Magazine* with the publication of one of his best stories, "For sale: A Med-Show," which won for him an associate editorship on that magazine in 1929 when he walked into the Fifth Avenue office and asked for a job. He left Scribner's three years later to become associate editor of *Collier's*, and dramatic and book critic on the old *Life* magazine, running a column in the latter called "Stop and Go." His present work takes him from coast to coast for special interviews with figures of national importance.

The book-conscious public of the Southwest will be very much interested in the fact that the University Press under the continued management of Fred E. Harvey has completed plans for the enlargement of the plant to such an extent that from now on "everything but the casing" of a book will be done by this concern. Spring publications will include *Spanish Folk Poetry in New Mexico*, by Arthur Campa, and *Campfire and Trail*, by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett. The latter volume contains many of this distinguished scholar's archaeological experiences and observations, put down in an informal essay style. Undoubtedly,

one of the most notable of the University Press publications scheduled for 1944 will be that of the hitherto unpublished 1634 manuscript of the *Memorial* of Fr. Alonzo Benavides, as translated by Frederick Webb Hodge and Agapito R  y. (This 1634 manuscript is Benavides' own revision of his famous 1630 *Memorial* published in Madrid.) The edition of this famous document will be the fifth volume in the Coronado Historical Series, all of which have been edited by Dr. George P. Hammond.

The *Memorial* of Benavides, who was *custodio* of New Mexico missions from 1622 to 1630, has been a source for historians for centuries. Paul A. F. Walter, Southwestern historian and authority, has said in reference to the manuscript: "What Herodotus was to the ancient world, Fray Benavides is to early colonial history. It is nothing short of remarkable that most places described by him can be located with accuracy at the present time, and that the ethnological, zoological, climatological, and geographical observations he made casually are verified by accurate scientific research at this day. There is no other source book that could be spared so little."

Within four years after its first appearance in 1630, the *Memorial* had been translated into Latin, German, French, and Dutch. It was translated and published in complete form for the first time in English in 1900, in a periodical, *Land of Sunshine*, edited by Charles Fletcher Lummis. It was not until 1916, however, that the document was available in book form in English, translated and privately printed in a beautiful edition by Mrs. Edward E. Ayers. One of the four extant copies of the original manuscript was at that time in the possession of her husband, first president of the Field Museum of Natural History, trustee of the Newberry Library, and owner of the finest collection of New Mexicana in existence. Annotations for the Ayers translation were made by Frederick Hodge and Charles Lummis. Authorities are agreed that Mrs. Ayers' translation is a fine legacy and a lasting memorial to herself and to her husband, whose interest in the culture of the Southwest she so passionately shared. Only three hundred copies of the beautifully illustrated book were printed, and all of them were presented as gifts, not sold. Today, the Ayers edition is of course a rare item for collectors, one of whom recently placed its value at \$200. The University has one; the only other known copy here was in the possession of the late Herman Schweizer, close friend of Mr. and Mrs. Ayers.

One of the late fall publications by the University Press was *Democracy in Progress*, by Dr. T. M. Pearce, head of the English department at the University of New Mexico. Recent articles by this same author are "Some Anthropological Terms Used in the Southwest," and "New Mexico Folk Etymologies," both of which appeared in *El Palacio*. "Weapons and Names," which was published in the November issue of *Word Study*, is a review by Dr. Pearce of the custom of fighting men of giving personal names to their weapons as illustrated in the swords of Beowulf, Roland, Siegfried, in the rifles of Western frontiersmen, which they called "Sweet Lips," "Bull Thrower," "Old Black-foot," and in the nicknamed field pieces of modern artillerymen, "Bardia," "Long Lizzie," and "Long Tom."

Mabel Scacheri, author of *Indians Today*, and her husband, Mario Scacheri, made many friends in New Mexico several years ago when they were here gathering material for this book. The Scacheris were an interesting writer-artist combination, working together in much the same fashion as do Dorothy and Nils Hogner. Mabel wrote the books and Mario illustrated them. He also did such a good job of teaching her how to use a camera, that at the time of his sudden and widely lamented death a few years ago, she was named his successor as camera editor of the New York *World-Telegram*. According to Etna M. Kelly's recent article "Career in Photography" in the magazine *Woman*, Mrs. Scacheri turns out some of the liveliest and most provocative writing on camera subjects in the country.

Erna Fergusson, author and lecturer on Latin-American affairs, left Albuquerque in December for Washington, where she has accepted a position with the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs. Her work, for which she is so ably qualified, will consist chiefly of giving lectures, writing, and meeting Latin-American visitors to the United States. Since the publication of her latest book, *Chile*, Erna has been actively identified with practically every phase of New Mexico's war effort, giving particularly of her time and talent to organizational detail concerning the newly opened Sandia Hospital and the recently incorporated *Towards Freedom, Inc.*, an organization of Albuquerque citizens vitally concerned with post-war problems.

J. Frank Dobie is, as every admirer knows, giving England and particularly Cambridge University not only "local color" but scholarship. I rather suspect that Mollie Panter Downes, London columnist for the *New Yorker*, journeyed to the famed University to see for herself

"just what" Mr. Dobie looked like. Her reference to him as Professor James F. Dobie makes him seem like a stranger, and we would like to tell the lady that everybody in America highlights the middle name. Here is what she has to say about him:

Much interest has been taken, not only in Cambridge but all over England, in the endowment, by the Cambridge Press, of a Chair of American History and Institutions here. It is the first time a body within a University has of its own volition forked out the funds, 44,000 pounds, which represents the profit on quite a lot of books, for such a professorship. The old and well-founded criticism that study of the United States has been neglected should no longer apply, for since the announcement of the University Press endowment, Professor James F. Dobie of the University of Texas has arrived at Emmanuel on a visiting United States history lectureship. After reading the rather picturesque advance press publicity the visitor received, his large and enthusiastic audiences have apparently been disappointed that he hasn't mounted the platform wearing a brace of six-shooters and a ten-gallon hat. He says that the largest number of questions he gets from the boys and girls, in informal talks outside his lecture room, concern the race question and the Five Senators and that he tackles them all bravely. On raw mornings, with the gargoyles leering dimly through the mist of the fens, pink-nosed undergraduates also ask him about American steam heating, something they would be glad to see installed here.

Local followers of the "What America is Reading" page in the New York *Herald Tribune Books* undoubtedly get as big a thrill as I do upon seeing the weekly sales of the New Mexico Book Store charted with the sales of the other leading book stores of the country. There we are listed with such book stores as Gelber, Lilienthal's of San Francisco, Kendrick-Bellamy's of Denver, Marshall Field's of Chicago, Brentano's of New York, Doubleday Doran's of St. Louis. It is fun and very revealing to compare our book tastes with those of the book-buying public at large. I hardly know of a more fascinating literary filler-in pursuit than that of watching those little dots, representing books and authors, weekly change and shift positions, one little dot sometimes slowly forging ahead, sometimes phenomenally jumping to first place, holding it for months and then disappearing. Talk about drama behind the scenes! It is all there for those who can visualize it—surging around author, publisher, advertiser, critic, blurb writer, and buyer.

All of those little pinpoints represent, no doubt, from the viewpoint of the authors, honest work and the realization of dreams and ambitions; but think of what they represent from the viewpoint of the

public! Occasionally a dot has represented a pot of gold at the beginning of a rainbow spanning from Broadway to Hollywood. But only a very, very few dots have ever represented immortality.

Hasta la próxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

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CONTRIBUTORS

Contributors to the symposium on Mark Van Doren's much-discussed recent book, *Liberal Education*, are sufficiently identified in the article itself.

Latin-American fiction occupies a considerable part of this issue of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW. "Black Ghost of the Pampas," one of the tales from Señor Juan Draghi Lucero's *Las Mil y Una Noches Argentinas*, is published in translation with the permission of the author and of the publisher, Oeste, of Mendoza, Republica Argentina. Margaret H. Harrison, the translator, received a Ph. D. from the University of California in 1934 and is the author of the recent biography of General San Martín, liberator of Argentina and Chile. . . . "The Lighthouse," a long short story, is the work of Hernández-Catá, a Cuban writer. The translation is published with the permission of the author. Angel Flores, of the Pan American Union, is widely known as a translator of Latin-American works. He was an editor of *Fiesta in November, Stories from Latin America* and contributed a translation, "The Slaughterhouse," to these pages in November, 1942. . . . Ciro Alegría, a Peruvian, was internationally acclaimed for his novel *Broad and Alien Is the World*. Sarah Corwin, translator of Alegría's "The Wanderer," has done many translations for the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, through whose efforts this story was secured for the QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Ernst Krenek, well-known modern composer originally from Vienna, is now teaching in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Frances Gillmor, author of *Trader to the Navahos* and *Fruit Out of Rock* and teacher of English at the University of Arizona, has in recent years spent a great deal of time in Mexico gathering material for a novel.

Prudencio de Pereda, of Long Island, New York, is now in the armed services. He has published stories in several magazines.

Spud Johnson continues his "On and On" in off hours from duty in an aircraft plant in California. Mr. Johnson used to run a newspaper in Taos, New Mexico.

Keen Rafferty teaches journalism at the University of New Mexico. He was with the New Mexico branch of the Office of War Information for several months.

Lyle Saunders, research associate in the School of Inter-American Affairs, University of New Mexico, has for many issues contributed his "Guide." "Los Paisanos" is the work of Julia Keleher, who teaches English at the University of New Mexico.

The induction of Alan Swallow into the armed forces makes the volume of poetry in this issue somewhat smaller than usual. Pvt. Swallow, however, will continue to select poetry for the QUARTERLY REVIEW, and subsequent issues will contain the normal amount of verse.

Nicholas Moore, who lives at Cambridge, is one of the Apocalypse group of poets in England. Margaret Deming Lund lives in Omaha, Edna Givens teaches in the music department of the University of North Carolina, and Jessamyn West lives in Napa, California. Mrs. West has published two stories in the QUARTERLY REVIEW in recent years and has appeared in various other magazines. Sylvia Wittmer, of Abilene, Texas, has published a book of poems, *Pagophila*, as well as scattered poems in these and other pages. James Franklin Lewis, who teaches chemistry at the University of Kansas City, is the author of three books of poems and a collection of poems in the book *Three Young Poets*. He has appeared in these pages frequently. Carol Ely Harper lives in Walla Walla, Washington.

Among the reviewers, Erna Fergusson is the well-known author of *Chile* and other Latin-American and Southwestern volumes. Jack Bradley Fahy was with the Lincoln Brigade in Spain and has lived in Colombia, where he collected material for a book. Mary Wicker is co-translator of *Three Latin-American Poets*. George I. Sánchez is professor of Latin-American education in the University of Texas. Thomas Nickerson ran a book store in Honolulu, is now with United Pueblos Agency. Ray B. West Jr., is an editor of the *Rocky Mountain Review* and now teaches English at Montana State University. Lois Gerard lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

All the other reviewers are on the staff of the University of New Mexico: Lyle Saunders, Inter-American affairs; Jay C. Knode, philosophy; Frank D. Reeve, history; W. W. Hill, anthropology; Parry A. Reiche, geology; Edith S. Blessing and Dane Farnsworth Smith, English.

MARK VAN DOREN'S *LIBERAL EDUCATION*¹: A SYMPOSIUM

UPON the appearance recently of Mark Van Doren's *Liberal Education* a reviewer said that he had never encountered a book that closed so many doors and opened so many windows. Mr. Van Doren quietly closes the doors—the valves of his attention, as Emily Dickinson would say—upon the elective system, “practical” courses, specific indoctrination, and the fetish of objectivity. He opens the windows to let in some of the educational ideas of Socrates, St. Thomas Aquinas, Rousseau, Emerson, and many others. Van Doren knows what he means by an educated man, and he knows how alarmingly short of any ideal standard college graduates of recent years have been falling. He knows and is deeply disturbed by the simple fact that the educational system in recent years has offered too little to toughen the moral and intellectual fibre of human beings. He perceives thoroughly the evils of over-specialization and over-departmentalization in the academic world. He believes that education should help a student—any student—to discover the centrality of human experience. Best of all, he writes like a philosopher and a man and not like a committee of “educators.”

All those who are afflicted with occupational apprehensiveness when change is mentioned, all who honestly and sincerely believe that knowledge can be furthered only by specialization and departmentalization, all who honestly believe that, pragmatism being our national philosophy, our fragmentary approach to learning is good enough, all who are complacent and do not care, all who honestly fear Mr. Van Doren's capitulation to neo-scholasticism—all these and many others will find objections to the book. And they should. Every teacher, every student, and every citizen of the republic had better allow himself to be bothered by this testament. If it hasn't the answers, it has many of the good questions.

The editors of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW are glad to publish this symposium. Contributors were chosen on the basis of wide

¹ Mark Van Doren, *Liberal Education* (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1934).

geographical distribution and the variety of their specialized knowledge. Only two requests were made of contributors: that they keep away from book-review clichés and mere reporting of the contents, and that they write down very honestly their reactions to the book.

First to speak is C. V. Newsom, of the University of New Mexico, a mathematician and a brilliant teacher of mathematics:

The American is restless; his life is tied to a series of fads and movements. Few ideals are subjected to the "test of time," for the American of the twentieth century is too impatient for that. This restless spirit is reflected in all American institutions. In education, as in government, the pendulum of ideas swings back and forth, and sometimes goes dizzily into a spin. We who observe these phenomena simply must admit that the symptoms of a growing race are often painful; America is still groping toward democracy.

During periods of national crisis, the process of growth involving the re-examination of institutions proceeds more rapidly. American education is at the heart of American existence, and it is proper and necessary that education for democracy should presently be debated. Unfortunately, constructive leadership for the essential controversy is lacking. Educational administrators have taken an oversimplified view of education; upon the authorization of their faculties, they have reduced education to an objective and quantitative science as they employ a clerical staff to measure the educational magnitude of their students in credits, grade points, and group requirements. Colleges of education can provide no guidance, for, in general, they are not accustomed to leadership; they have only sought to be acclaimed by a fickle public.

What approach, then, is possible in any serious attempt to study the nature of education for democracy? At the start, certain premises must be adopted. It should be acknowledged as an axiom that the basic elements in any true education are universal and permanent. Strength and morality within society must be recognized as the cumulative result of individuals able to accept responsibility. After that, in any study of the meaning of education, it is required that educated men be examined. No criterion for an education is needed to carry out this essential procedure; the students in a college will name those who are educated among their professors; your neighbor can designate the educated persons in your community.

How fortunate, then, that an educated man has treated the subject of education! Mark Van Doren's *Liberal Education* is a perfect book; the analysis is thorough; the exposition is convincing; and the literary quality marks the work as unique in its brilliance.

According to Van Doren, "The powers of the person are what education wishes to perfect. To aim at anything less is to belittle men; to fasten somewhere on their exterior a crank which accident or tyrants can twist to set machinery going. The person is not machinery which others can run. His mind has its own laws, which are the laws of thought itself." The education needed to accomplish such a purpose is liberal education, for "liberal education is nothing less than the complete education of men as men; it is the education of persons." The petty question concerning

the particular fields which comprise the subject matter of a liberal education is completely eliminated in this important book—forever, it is hoped. The entire analysis makes it clear that “a liberal education is more than a classical education, more than an education in English literature, more than an education in what is called ‘the humanities,’ and more than a training in the moral virtues.” “If science is master of the intellectual arts proper to the conduct of its affairs, then science is liberal too.”

No one but a great citizen of democracy could argue, as does Mark Van Doren, that “A democracy that is interested in its future will give each of its members as much liberal education as he can take, nor will it let him elect to miss that much because he is in a hurry to become something less than a man. It is obvious that all cannot be philosopher-kings, but it is just as obvious that all must not be less than they are; and a democracy must be prepared to give the entire quantity of itself that can be taken.” “[The citizen] can never blame a society which encouraged him to be all that he could be.” “All men are specialists at last, but there is a time for choice and it is not the time of youth. Youth wants to be all things at once, and should be given a go at it. When the experiment is done, a specialty will announce itself. Meanwhile there is not the hurry we suppose there is—and so supposing, threaten our society with a caste system of predestined trades and professions such as democracy may find it difficult to survive.”

The reader of *Liberal Education* may be surprised to learn that the trivium and the quadrivium are not dead. In fact, the argument is convincing that the substance of these seven traditional fields has become the skeleton of the modern liberal arts. “The liberal arts are the liberating arts. They involve memory, calculation, manipulation, and measurement, and call for dexterity of both mind and hand. Without these powers no mind is free to be what it desires.” “The process of which [the educated man] is a product is the process of mastering the liberal arts.” Certainly no man is ready to be a personality within a democracy until he is literate and articulate in verbal discourse, and possesses some facility in the use of mathematical symbolism; a person thus prepared has taken the first step toward a liberal education.

No greater sin is being committed against modern youth in the name of education than the pronounced tendency on the part of educators to ignore tradition. Mark Van Doren correctly asserts, “Tradition is so indispensable that it is regularly underrated, like other indispensable things. It is the medium through which we understand one another when communication takes place. It is the only way we have of knowing what we are.” In their haste to be modern, educators generally are forgetting that knowledge of a few facts is not equivalent to understanding. True understanding and real appreciation require penetration; reasons must be discovered, and proper backgrounds must be acquired. How can a youth be taught principles of American citizenship without first studying the distinctive history of America, the first nation to be seriously committed to a democratic philosophy? The study of history has been so undervalued in the educational process that there is definite reason for some alarm; neither the present nor the future become intelligible except as they are interpreted in the light of the past. Who can use language with facility and confidence unless he has first studied those classical

languages now imbedded in our own, and has read from great literature written by masters of language? How can a person appreciate and understand nature if he has not first studied pure science and its language, mathematics? What nation is ready for peace unless its citizens have first learned to know and respect the history and culture of neighboring countries? How little this country appears to realize the hard requirements which peace makes of its people. Such a self-examination makes it seem obvious that responsibility to oneself and to others demands a maximum of individual development.

The goals of American democracy and the ideals of American education are the same. With proper education for our citizens, a great democracy is possible; without a wise educational program for youth, the dreams of America's founders shall never become reality. It is clear that Mark Van Doren understands the problem and the only approach to its solution.

C. V. NEWSOM

The next to speak is Melvin T. Solve, who has had several years of experience directing the coöperative course in the humanities at the University of Arizona:

Liberal education, according to Mr. Van Doren, is that which will produce the complete and therefore the liberated man, able to function in a world whose nature and laws he understands. The educated man will know that there is "no dry stretch between now and then. They are one river, and the more he knows about its length the better." A liberal education must teach man the essential unity of past and present, head and heart, man and nature, humanities and science. We must remember that knowing is knowing how to do. Most of this is very familiar, but not since Emerson have we had such a vigorous and readable statement. A century after Emerson wrote, our educational institutions are still turning out "walking monsters,—a good finger, neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man." Emerson astonished his contemporaries by telling them that "Books are for the scholar's idle time." Mr. Van Doren is more moderate. Quoting Whitehead he tells us that "the second-handedness of the learned world is the secret of its mediocrity." Not only does Mr. Van Doren make war on the bookworms and the schismatics, but on the skeptic, and upon all authority not founded in the truth that makes the liberal man the only free man. With Pascal he says, "Not all the powers on earth can, by force of authority, persuade us of a point of fact, any more than they can alter it; for nothing can make that to be not which is." In a day of totalitarianism and "truth by edict" we need such faith in the power of the educated mind and heart.

The little book sums up most of what is worth knowing about the design for liberal education. And while the author quotes freely, he can turn a sentence as quotable as his quotations: "Religion is the art that teaches us what to do with our ignorance. It does not teach us how to convert it into knowledge, for that cannot be done. But it shows us how it may be dignified with ritual, which is man's way of confessing his ignorance in a style suitable to its size."

The discussion of the relation between secondary school and college is less

satisfactory. Mr. Van Doren is aware that high schools do not regard preparation for college as their most important function. The attempts of the secondary schools to invade the liberal arts he deplores but does not explain. The reason for this invasion is, of course, that secondary-school administrators know that for the masses the high school is the terminal institution. Forty-one per cent of our population have had one to four years in high school, 19.6 per cent four years in the secondary schools. Only 12.3 per cent have had one year or more of college. We can not quarrel, therefore, with the high schools for their ambition to give to vast numbers of young people an orientation which will be of service to them as citizens and workers. Their problem becomes extremely difficult when we remember how short a time is at their disposal, and especially when we realize the pressure upon them to teach something "practical" which the young people can use in earning a living. Remembering his Plato, Mr. Van Doren has a word for the trade schools into which some of the "hand-minded" are deflected. But the trade schools are no complete solution to the problem of what to teach by way of the best preparation for life, because the graduates of the trade schools too are citizens who will have to make decisions as voters and parents—decisions which can be made only by the liberal mind which knows what happened before one was born.

Certainly the secondary schools can be blamed for abandonment of history and the older literature. Even the shortness of time at their disposal, especially when need seems to dictate the inclusion of vocational subjects, does not justify concentration upon contemporary literature and wishy-washy entertainment mistakenly called civics or citizenship. And certainly the secondary and the primary schools are severely to be blamed for failure to do a good job with the indispensable disciplines—reading, writing, and calculation. To these basic disciplines, taught to instill ideals of accuracy and habits of work, can be added more history and foreign language for those students who expect to enter college. College preparation will then no longer be a problem.

Like many another, Mr. Van Doren is admirable when he generalizes, but less happy when he comes to particulars. His return to the trivium and quadrivium as the basis of the curriculum of the liberal arts college surely has the weight of experience behind it. But his praise for the method of St. John's College will fall coldly on many ears. Perhaps only the modernists who are all branch and no root will cavil at the reading of classics in literature and philosophy, but the reading of old books and sciences seems to many, including myself, a waste of time in the recapitulation of error. A student's time is too precious to devote many hours to the reading of more of Lucretius, for instance, than books III and V. Even book III, noble as is its attempt to dispel the fear of death, will be rejected by all Christians. Books I and II do have three laws of physics imbedded in their curious melange of error, but the student without the assistance of a teacher would be unable to find them. Why a young person should be required to read the gropings of earlier ages in astronomy and medicine when he can get relatively accurate information from a despised modern textbook is far from clear to me. Mr. Van Doren has defined a classic as a book which is always contemporary—a very good definition. Hippocrates, Galen, Aristarchus, Gilbert, Harvey, and others in the St. John's list definitely are not. Such men and their books belong to the history

of science. Only a small part of their work is still *scientia*. And second-handedness may as easily result from discussion of so-called classics as from study of modern textbooks, especially textbooks in science supplemented by laboratory work, even if the latter is "experiment" only by courtesy.

An important part of the book is that section devoted to the three-hundred-year feud between the humanities and the physical sciences. Mr. Van Doren castigates the professors of both, but with such sound good sense that both may profit. Logically and traditionally the sciences (at least mathematics and astronomy) are liberal subjects. Tradition and reason also support the idea that medicine and agriculture are "natural arts." This doctrine fits into his basic concept of the unity of all learning and all life. No sensible person can believe that science can be ignored by the liberal, that is, the complete man. One can only criticize the partial or the lop-sided man. And too many of our professional men are as narrow in their intellectual interests, taste, and language-skill as Sinclair Lewis's Doctor Kennicott of Main Street. And so far as completeness goes or true liberality, the concentration upon a single subject, even from the traditional seven—literature or music—provides no better result.

While readers may disagree with details, the book is wise and good tempered, vigorous without asperity, entertaining but not light.

MELVIN T. SOLVE

George M. Peterson, of the University of New Mexico, is a psychologist of repute. His bewilderment, the editors can assure all readers, is honest and is not merely a literary device.

DEAR EDITOR:

This is a disturbing and confusing task you have given me. I started out thinking it would be great fun. We all like to discuss shop, more almost than anything, even in these days of the war. We professionals in liberal education, I mean. It would be fun, I thought, because I knew Mark Van Doren in a way, although he doesn't know me. He conducted a very interesting half-hour on the radio Sunday mornings, called "Invitation to Learning." He has been missing for about a year, and now I have found out what he has been up to; writing a book on liberal education. Well—his radio program was provocative. Surely the book would be great sport reading, even if I did have to pay somewhat closer attention than reading just for pleasure, in order to write about it later.

But now I am disturbed. Not provoked or concerned over a difference of opinion, but disturbed and confused over what the opinion is. Am I a stupid man that I cannot understand this book? Have I been miscast in the teaching profession for nearly twenty years now, or has, perhaps, the profession moved on, leaving me back in the 1920's, with nothing but ignorance of today's expression of its problems? Or did I never receive enough of a liberal education to be able to go along with the boys? This last could well be, for Mr. Van Doren himself has a chapter "Nobody Thinks He Is Educated," which might be re-titled, for me, "You Are Not Well Educated." Thenceforth, he would have me.

As it is, I am obstinate enough to want to fight back. When I can't understand

something, either I am stupid, or uneducated, or there is nothing to understand, just noise and confusion. I all too frequently run into scientific hypotheses I can't understand. They prove to me that I am uneducated, but I don't mind admitting it in such specialized fields. No man can be expected to know everything, and there is certainly a lot of everything in science to know these days. But in the field of education, not so much the kind exemplified in the colleges of education as the kind we mean when you and I talk shop, i.e., liberal education, I thought I knew enough to go along with the rest of the boys, even if my own thoughts were rather hum-drum. For example, Mr. Van Doren cites thirty-one writers, the majority of whom I have read, at least somewhat. Among them is John Dewey, who is not considered exactly easy reading. When I read his *Democracy and Education*, I thought I followed along, anyway. Hence, I'm not ready to admit stupidity, even if I don't consider myself the last word in erudition on this subject. But with Mark Van Doren's book, *Liberal Education*, either I am stupid, or he has written some noise and confusion. And so you see the chance I am taking writing this open letter to you. If you publish it, and others read and say they have no trouble understanding what Mr. Van Doren is saying, where does that leave me? Hence, I am obliged to put up the best defense I can at once.

I'll say at the outset that the preface and first chapter seemed to go along all right. But in the second chapter, on "The Educated Person," I found my mind wandering as I read along. Perhaps this is because Mr. Van Doren tries to do justice to too many others who have previously been concerned with his subject. And in chapter three, I stumbled over this, which I wish to quote now. I realize that removing a passage from its context is unfair, but if preceding passages were included, I doubt if there would be any added content to the following:

The circle of the relation between the state and the individual, a circle which is drawn when we say that each depends upon the other for its good, can be broken only if we distinguish between the individual and the person. The individual has no relation to anything except the state or society of which he is a member, and to which he is relative. But the person is not a member. He is the body of himself, and as such is always to be understood as an end, not a means. As a ruler, he has first ordered his own soul. As the ruled, he likewise orders his soul. And this is something which he is unique among creatures in knowing how to do, even though he may never do it perfectly. The good state—democracy—will let him try, on the theory that good citizenship will follow naturally from even moderate success; though it will let him try anyway. For without autonomy he cannot find the center in himself from which in fact emanate the very generosity and lawfulness, the respect for others that is a form of respect for himself, necessary to the operation of society at all. Society may command fear and obedience; it cannot force love or friendship, which are irreducibly personal, and developed in places to which politics as most conceive it has no access. Yet they are the foundation of good politics, which in this sense must be personal to succeed greatly. Democracy wants millions of one-man revolutions, if only because the result might be a nation of persons worth organizing. . . ." (pp. 39-40).

When I finished this I reread it, and then tried even again without success before deciding to go on to see if I could pick things up a little later on. I also tried the passage on a colleague, telling him in advance that I had trouble understanding what was meant, adding that I did not wish to suggest that he should do

likewise, but rather explain to me the meaning of the passage as he might explain something difficult in his special field to a student. His response was, "That is what is known as tossing words around."

Perhaps I am being unfair, for I admit picking out one of the most esoteric passages in the book. But as I went on reading, it appeared that I never could quite clinch with an idea, for it always danced about and away from me, thus:

A liberal education is more than a classical education . . . [though the latter] ought to be a great thing [for although] Greek literature is not everything, yet it is the heart of what we need to know. . . . [A classical education acquaints] the student with the "beauties" of two literatures. . . . Literature is a means to something bigger than itself. . . . It is seldom that great books in English are greatly read. . . . Literary scholarship as we know it is most at home among the small books it can explain . . . The sciences were too much admired for knowing clearly what they wanted to do. . . . Liberal education is not everything except science . . . [which] has no doubt of its importance. . . . Champions in "the humanities" . . . are of course correct in insisting that they are necessary rather than nice. . . . A legend persists that science is not humane . . . [but] the Greeks were scientists. . . . To the extent that the "humanities" . . . are rewarming "humanism" . . . they will take us only part way to a liberal education. . . . The conscious business of education is with the intellect. . . . [There is] danger in separating character from intellect. . . . Liberal education is more than literary education, or moral education, or both. . . . [It] tries to be intelligent about virtue. . . . [Its] prime occupation . . . is with the skills of being. . . . [Its aim is] not merely to know or do, but also, and indeed chiefly, to be. . . . Our talk of it, however, has been general long enough. . . . (Chapter IV).

Shall we, then, get specific? If we do, it is on pages 150-152 where the curriculum of St. John's College is listed in its famous best books. Aside from this listing, I failed to find where. But I might be specific about how Van Doren seems almost insistently to avoid specificity. If you will pardon two more short quotations, they are: (p. 116) "Doubtless all studies are one study in the end" and, on p. 117, in discussing subject-matter, "Any list might do. . . ." Any list that Mr. Van Doren happened to be thinking of might do, and all studies he had in mind might be one study. But I know a student transferring from one institution to another who submitted, among other courses for which she had received credit, a course in training to be a drum-majorette. While I recognize that this "course" might conceivably be related to music—one of the quadrivium—I have a suspicion that he who believes that any list will do and that all studies are one study could find himself including a drum-major's course in his curriculum, and I rebel. While I may be prejudiced, this seems to me the kind of thing liberal education should move away from today, and any generality that leads us in the wrong direction is accordingly weakened. I suspect that Mr. Van Doren might be incensed at the interpretation just given and could easily contradict it with other evidence from his book, but he should bear in mind that misinterpretations are not always error on the part of the reader, but frequently weakness on the part of the writer.

We could run on in this fashion regarding the interpretation of other passages, but I'd rather tell you that I finished the book and laid it aside for some time before writing this. When I turned to the writing, I took the book up again and

reread large sections of it to make sure I was not wholly mistaken. The preface promises a theory which it hopes will not be vague. It will evidently concern, among other things, what to do about science. But when I returned to hunting this theory down, the best that I could find, except for some vague generalities, was the St. John's curriculum. Is this, then, what Mr. Van Doren would do about science? If so, I cannot believe that he will get many scientists to agree with him.

I have no right to speak for scientists, but can speak as a layman concerning the education of my son. I hope he gets a scientific education and believe it can be done better than by studying the scientific curriculum in the St. John's list. For example, his physiology there appears limited to Bernard and Harvey, both classics, I admit, but do I want him to have physiological classics or modern physiology? I am convinced my son will learn more physiology from, let us say, Howell or its equivalent and from a teacher who bases his class work around such material, than from these classics. Not more classics, mind you, but more physiology. The question reduces itself to what I want him to have, classics or science, or if you prefer the phraseology, scientific classics or modern science. I want him to have modern science. If someone else wants his son to have scientific classics, he can attend St. John's, if it will accept him. I hope that liberal education will not follow a trend that will prevent me from making a choice, or force me into selecting a technical school. My argument regarding physiology can be applied to physics, chemistry, or any other scientific field. If my son wishes to avoid as much science as possible (I hope he won't want to avoid any kind of education) and prepare in "the humanities," I'm not sure that the same kind of argument does not apply. In fact, I don't see why he cannot get a *modern* liberal education, including both science and the humanities, without the emphasis St. John's gives to the classics. I do not wish this to be an invective against the St. John's curriculum, for there are unquestionably many fine things to be said for it, but I am convinced that Mr. Van Doren has not said them in his book, and also convinced that he has not said much else that can be held on to and discussed, either calmly or belligerently.

And so I return to my original point. I have run the risk of being charged with stupidity for getting nothing but vague generalities from Mr. Van Doren's book. If another reader gets something more, I would appreciate having it explained to me simply and explicitly. And if it is obviously possible to do all this, I would appreciate further your doing me the personal favor of destroying this letter, so that my ignorance will not cause me painful embarrassment.

Sincerely,

GEO. M. PETERSON

Long known as a thorough scholar and a fine teacher, Aaron Schaffer, professor of romance languages, University of Texas, former president of the South Central Modern Language Association, calls attention, we feel, to a decided weakness in Van Doren's position:

The writer, as well as the reviewer, of a book on liberal education lays himself open, on two scores, to the charge of presumptuousness; for he specifically states that he knows what a liberal education is and he implies, though he may make

modest disclaimers to the contrary, that he is himself a liberally educated person. But any thoughtful teacher is justified in running this risk and in venturing to formulate a philosophy of higher education in a democracy by the painfully obvious fact that a large number of the graduates of our "colleges of arts and sciences" can scarcely, by any standard, be said to have received a broad and sound education. One explanation for this phenomenon, of course, lies in the complete lack of agreement among college teachers as to what constitutes such an education. The University of Texas, for example, has a Committee on Educational Policy specially appointed by the president to inquire into and make recommendations regarding the advisability of adapting, by radical changes where necessary, our present system to the needs of a war-time and post-war United States. The dean of our College of Arts and Sciences, alarmed at the speed with which our A. B. degree is being reduced to a narrowly professional or pre-professional set of disciplines, has pleaded repeatedly for the retention and strengthening of liberal education as the backbone of this degree. As the Committee is heavily weighted with representatives of the sciences and the professional schools, the unhappy dean has received support from only a small minority; from the majority, his demands that we cease neglecting "liberal education" and the "humanities" are countered by equally insistent demands for definitions of these terms and by statements that such subjects as cost-accounting, electrical engineering, and homemaking are at least as "liberal" and as "humane" as is the study of language and literature. Under such circumstances, one may well wonder how we are ever going to emerge from the impasse.

But Mr. Van Doren knows what liberal education is and he has charted our course out of the impasse. The milestones along this course are the 110 authors whose writings constitute the required reading of all the students at St. John's College in Maryland; the administrative heads of this college, frequently quoted in *Liberal Education*, are apparently responsible for Mr. Van Doren's conviction that "an educated society is one whose members know the same things" (p. 111). As a graduate of a relatively small, privately endowed institution, Johns Hopkins University, and as a teacher at a relatively large, publicly supported institution, the University of Texas, I have somewhat divided sentiments with regard to Mr. Van Doren's convictions and his program. I am inclined to believe that much of his reasoning is either contradictory or mere quibbling. This is particularly true of his categorical assertion that "there is no such thing as education for democracy; education is either good or bad" (p. 38). It can scarcely be denied that education attained a high level in Germany, where the basic notions of *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit* were born and reared; yet Germany produced, within sixty years, a William I, a Bismarck, a William II, and a Hitler. The point is, of course, that when Mr. Van Doren asseverates that "education is either good or bad," he is begging some important questions: Good or bad according to whose standards? Good or bad for whom? And it seems somewhat paradoxical to insist that, by submitting all undergraduates to the regimentation of reading the same 110 authors, we shall emerge with a superior form of democracy. And I do not quite understand why a man who exalts religion as does Mr. Van Doren (p. 141) should be so afraid of "education for character" (pp. 58 *et seq.*). As a Jew (with a thoroughly religious upbringing, be it noted), I should much prefer, for obvious reasons, that

we continue to leave the religious training of our students to the home and the church. When an educator, however generous his intentions may be, publicly advocates the introduction of "religion" into our teaching, I am naturally disposed to ask: Whose religion? To my way of thinking, the best teachers, in any sort of college, are those who, without actively assuming the role of the preacher, let the example of their own devotion to the truth and the implications of the materials they present function in the process of the moulding of the characters of their more or less impressionable students. In other words, Mr. Van Doren may be taxed with at least a measure of that "asphyxiating" dogmatism of which he accuses the scientists (p. 139).

With many of Mr. Van Doren's basic contentions, however, I am at least in partial agreement. I share whole-heartedly his conviction that the A.B. degree should be granted only to the student who has manifested some familiarity with all the great areas of human thought and feeling. We need to inculcate into our students a love for good books and an eagerness to read more and more of them. I should not myself insist on all the 110 authors of the St. John's program (I frankly admit that, though I consider myself a fairly well-read man, I have read only about half of the works listed); but it would seem to me to be a good plan to put some such list into the hands of every incoming freshman who plans to take the A.B. degree and to encourage him by every available means to make the best possible use of it. I also agree with Mr. Van Doren that life in a democracy is a profession in itself and that our present professional curricula produce craftsmen rather than educated "persons." The St. John's plan as such, however, seems to me to be fitted only to our smaller liberal arts colleges; its practical execution calls for an instructional scheme—small classes, the tutorial system, comprehensive examinations—which it would be extremely difficult to adapt to the huge student bodies of our large state universities. For these latter, the best solution of the problem would seem to lie in a very careful selection of the teachers who give the courses leading to the A.B. degree. When all is said and done, it is the great teachers, whatever may be their subjects, who afford their students the greatest opportunities for intellectual improvement. And as this sort of improvement is the subject of Mr. Van Doren's book, it is to be hoped that the book will be widely read by teachers in our colleges and universities.

AARON SCHAFFER

Martha G. Colby, whose "December the Seventh: Shock Therapy for American Education" was reprinted in our preceding issue, there insisted upon a little plain, old-fashioned "toughness" and a return to standards of achievement. Mrs. Colby is a research associate in the elementary school of the University of Michigan and a member of the psychology department in the same institution.

It is said that poets are the prophets of the future. If so, posterity will thank Mark Van Doren for speaking out in *Liberal Education*. He hopes that teachers and students will hear and heed him. We hope that legislators, school boards,

rich alumni, and parents do so too. The former is likely, the latter not. For the author is a poet, a teacher, a philosopher—not a journalist, “educator,” or statistician. His concern is *living*, not mere livelihood. And there is an ancient saying that “Those whose ways are different do not make plans together.” This, I believe, is the first and greatest obstacle to Mr. Van Doren’s goal.

The second is his under-estimation of biogenetic problems. No matter what we *hope* about intelligence, its course shows nothing more clearly than the law of “regression to the average,” at least since the classical age. Anthropologists tell us our legs grow apace, but the organ of thought seems to lag. Universal education must conform to the average, likewise the sub-average and superior. And as any class-room teacher knows, this is a practical dilemma with more horns than can even be listed here.

Our era is industrial. It may be materialistic, commercial, utilitarian, but here it is. Until, like all other “transient figments of history,” it destroys or transcends itself, we who live in it are of it. Combined with the “law of the average,” none too high in abstraction, this means more, not fewer trade schools. But lest the hand annihilate the head that ought to guide it, it also calls for the maximum instead of our lethal minimum of training in abstraction processes. It has taken a war to shock back our common sense about the three R’s. For masses of people, these are the limits of “formal” liberal education. If solid enough in *substance*, these grammar school tools will carve equilibrium whatever its future level. Mr. Van Doren too easily assumes good primary education. Actually, its chaos is the sore spot. But education is a circular process, and its end may determine its beginning. Wherever colleges have resisted lower entrance standards, the higher have been met.

For this reason, the experiment at St. John’s College is a crucial one, toward which all hopeful eyes should turn. It is unfortunate that only “the books” are known, while the manner of digesting them is not. Most teachers feel some trepidation, knowing what sheer ocular mechanics the verb “to read” may mean. Surely the classics were addressed to peers, not adolescents. To read them is a scholar’s sacrament, which must not become a layman’s sacrilege. Men misread the Bible and there were inquisitions. More recent men have misread science and there are racial purges. Better, perhaps, that common minds know just the common text-books than that they bend the gods themselves to darkened ends.

Neither Van Doren nor Scott Buchanan mean, of course, for this to happen, for they use *democratic education* in its Jeffersonian sense. But this will come of age only when superior students, rich or poor, may go to college; and when inferior students, rich or poor, may not. There should be many more scholarships (much more rigorously selective), but the same selection should, in fairness, be applied to all.

There is no surer sign of blinded insight than the semantic pandemonium called educational theory. One thinks these days of Job,—“Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?” or of Confucius, “He who does not know words cannot understand men.” We must therefore thank Mr. Van Doren deeply for his special service as a man of letters. He liberates from stereotype such symbols as “discipline,” “memory,” “self-reliance,” “character,” “democratic,” “liberal,” and makes them glow again in freedom from pedantry.

If Mr. Van Doren's sure and pointed pen has done nothing else than expose the fraudulent disjunction between the "human arts" and the "inhumane sciences," it will have served a worthy end. The cost of this broken unity in education is just beginning to be clear enough to frighten us. Philosophers have warned us in a lofty dialectic, but perhaps a poet's epigrams will drive it home. "What is to be done about science?" asks the author. There is nothing to be "done" about pure science,—its own vitality generates momentum, and it now avoids the errors of the Greeks. The problem is the moral value of its gadgets. Science is no more responsible for bombs than words are responsible for pornography. Man is accountable for both. We should ask, not what can man do about science, but what can science and the arts do about man.

Yet here lies an interesting problem. To many, it seems inexplicable that the soaring fantasies, the *concepts*, of modern science have no counterpart in the sensuous wallowing of modern art or the sterile statistics of social science. Where are the creative analogues of Relativity, the Uncertainty Principle, or Quantum Theory? Perhaps, in aping the external machinery of the scientific method, the "humanities" have lost their own gods. "For the gods," says Santayana, "are demonstrable only as hypotheses, but as hypotheses they are not gods."

Where great minds hesitate, perhaps our lesser ones should halt, forbearing practical suggestion. But if in product a past plan seems better than a present, it is not wholly a fallacy of *Idola Theatri* to suggest it. . . . There was a little public high school in the desert, not too long ago,—which had an educational design for living. There was a Classical Course, for all who even dreamed of going to college. Its core was clear, uncompromising: four years each of English, history, and mathematics, with an elective *laboratory* science in the senior year; three years each of classical and modern language. Music and drawing were extracurricular, but mandatory, for no one left those doors illiterate in the arts. There were then, as now, vocational courses for those not wanting, or unequal to, the other. But only the Latin and latter half of mathematics were concessions to the kitchen and the shop. Failures meant "repeats" and these were infinitely less disgraceful than to "stop." Children learned "character" in the home and school room every living minute, for parents were not yet reduced to purse-strings and chauffeurs, and teachers were respected, not derided. "Citizenship" they learned by knowing how people struggled for it down the ages, and by engraving in their hearts and tongues,—(yes, rote!) the preamble of the Constitution. The brick and mortar of that school were very simple, but the classics were on its shelves, the test-tubes were in its laboratories, and teachers of liberal training were at its desks. They did not know all the skillful methods now available, but unlike our moderns, they did not stumble into Paracelsus' tragedy,—refusing "Calm converse with the great dead, soul to soul, Who laid up treasure . . .," "Rejecting past example, practice, precept,"

Aidless mid these he thinks to stand alone: [while]
Thick like a glory round the Stagirite,
Your rivals throng, the *sages*

I believe some form of this earlier design for training is one way toward Mr. Van Doren's liberal education.

MARTHA G. COLBY

Deeply devoted to the task of correlating humanistic and democratic values and to the idea that education must be purposefully integrated with social aims, Joseph W. Cohen, professor of philosophy, University of Colorado, attacks the book at what seems to us its most vulnerable point.

I shall confine myself to Mr. Van Doren's view of man and society, democracy and personality, because in this view, I believe, lies the weakness and futility of his position.

Liberal educators, he tells us, should attend to their proper business, teaching the trivium and quadrivium. They should ignore current institutions and events, abjure concern or passion for democracy, dismiss talk of society. The perils of reaction at home and fascism abroad disturb him so little that they are never once mentioned even by indirection. There is no echo in this work of the holocaust loosed upon our world. Having thus assured himself of complete insulation from issues of war or peace, from questions of social justice, social growth or decay, from the problems of the relation of mind and will to action, he proceeds to praise knowledge, discipline, and virtue and to seek, through their abstract aid alone, educational salvation. In the end liberal education, through the instrumentality of the great classics, will generate millions of enriched personalities who may eventually make "millions of one-man revolutions" and save mankind from evil.

Mr. Van Doren is oblivious of the poet's warning:

Things fall apart: the centre cannot hold.
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned.

For it is a ceremony of innocence which Van Doren performs in this discussion of liberal education.

There is, to be sure, a mediocre cant of "Education for citizenship," but there is also a noble cant of "Education for personality." The former is all machinery, administrative activity, and a doctrine of adjustment to the community in terms of worldly success. The latter is all truth and beauty and goodness, and the eternal values of the personality divorced from the crudities of human experience and conflict. The one is an uncritical cult of process, active, pragmatic, and contemporaneous; the other is an equally uncritical cult of values resident in the isolated and cultivated personality, contemplative, edifying, and traditional. The former is all superstructure without roots; the latter all roots—and very ancient ones—without superstructure. These two groups of educators speak no common language. They rarely get together. But American democracy and American education are the victims of both. Neither group leads to a mature understanding of the nature and

meaning of a democratic society and neither produces the education which can best serve that society's needs. Missing from both positions is the comprehension that the cultural trusteeship of education must be linked to a social responsibility which is urgently aware of a rising tide of unreason that in our society threatens progressive civilization everywhere. Confronted by the crisis of humanity, both groups make manifest, the one practically, the other spiritually, the bankruptcy of individualism. The one sanctifies the *status quo* directly by its cult of education for individual success in the world as it is; the other, indirectly, by its abstract counsels of perfection for isolated personalities impotent in their traditionalism and isolation to influence society for good or ill. The real sources of corruption, which impoverish citizenship, constrict cultural horizons, and endanger the future of civilization, remain unanalyzed and unaffected by either group. The narrow individualism of both groups breeds fear or contempt of the world-wide organized struggle for participation in civilization and for shared material and cultural well-being. This inner democratic dynamic of society, the key to progress in our day, is scrupulously ignored. Both are blind, therefore, to the counter-threats of aggressive and irresponsible power which have already crystallized on so vast a scale in the form of modern fascism and have already destroyed all vestiges of liberal education on the continent of Europe.

The primary need of American education is precisely a sense of social purpose, a will to democracy, as the condition of a just society. This sense alone will give higher learning a new attitude of responsibility for making some impact upon the quality of our common citizenship, for giving direction and strength to those social groups wholly dependent upon democratic advance, and for giving pause to others now headed for reaction.

Mr. Van Doren proffers us counsels largely irrelevant to the grim urgencies of our times—the compensatory comforts of a contemplative individualism couched in the language of the Platonic and medieval tradition. In the process, indeed, he belies the intense concern for justice and the community which constantly permeates the work of Plato, Aristotle, and Aquinas. These men were not individualists. I hope the time will soon come when spokesmen for the liberal arts will abandon the profitless pretense of being spectators *sub specie aeternitatis* while ignoring the society which they might so ably serve. It is a pose which has robbed them of vitality, which has produced a great gap between the creative life outside and the teaching mind behind academic walls, between the university graduate and the common man, between the values of democracy and the values of higher education. Divorced from the context of our society Mr. Van Doren's book expresses ideas and ideals in a vacuum. His interpretation of the meaning of a liberal education, its curricular content, the interrelation of its essential aspects and levels, is often wise and searching; but his underlying assumptions about the individual and society leave his discussion abstract and truncated, and lead him only to the single expedient of the St. John's experiment with the classics.

The slogan of the Van Doren group of educational theorists might well be the title of a book by a contemporary theologian, *Moral Man and Immoral Society*. Their aim is apparently to have no commerce with the category of the social. It is the *bete noire* of these "absolutists of the past," these "priests of the eternal," if I may

paraphrase in reverse Mr. Van Doren's derogatory designation of those who soberly study the facts of institutional change and seek an understanding and a reorientation of values in the light of such change. Or is it more charitable to assume that Mr. Van Doren cannot discriminate between those whom I have referred to above as devotees of the cant of citizenship and those who are responsible analysts of their society and probe seriously the educational implications of democracy and culture?

What we need with desperate urgency in the humanities is teachers who can interpret cultural achievement, the great works of thought and imagination, in terms of a knowledge of social forces, economic, political, and psychological, and can correlate that knowledge with factors scientific, philosophical, religious, and imaginative. We need teachers who have grown beyond mere hero-worship of cultural personality rather than teachers who have nothing but contempt for the sciences of society. The liberal arts might then manifest a virile concern for social justice in terms of knowledge of the conditions which foster or hinder it. They might find the basis for an integrated curriculum in the recognition that "liberal" in the term "liberal arts" should mean liberating for society as well as liberating for the individual. But the problem does not exist for Mr. Van Doren. It is a problem of socializing our education, and society has been excluded⁸ from his context. He points to the solitude of classicists, scientists, and philosophers, to the fragmentation of learning, the absence of significant integration. It is my opinion that the cause for this educational malaise is the absence among educators of a shared conviction of social responsibility to build a firmer foundation for the humanities in the structure of the community's life and hopes. If they possessed that conviction they would not stand aloof from the world and from each other pleading the need for objectivity and disinterestedness; sceptical and non-committal about social values; cautious, fearful, and distrustful of public action; intimidated by pressures direct and indirect; unaware of the dangers lurking in their unexamined personal and social bias which creeps into their teaching and moulds their students. These are the subjective factors which can, and often do, undermine the integrity of teachers and which lead to a species of academic introversion, to idiosyncrasy and retirement into specialties.

Mr. Van Doren makes one apparently important concession to democracy. He grants that education should be for all, that all men without exception deserve the best education to be had according to their capacity to benefit from it. To much such universal education a reality would suggest the need for the analysis of public policy and the advocacy of public action, which alone can assure it. But Van Doren's general philosophy of education provides no clue to the forces which promote or prevent the realization of the best education for all. He is freed from that responsibility since public policy is not the educator's proper business, the truth being, in fact, that he distrusts all public policy. His earlier identification of education and democracy becomes meaningless when, in a revealing passage, he turns to contemplate the visage of the actual democratic state. This passage is a catalogue of his fears: fear of the "specious faiths usable by ruthless individuals for their private ends"; fear of "the 'political religions' which now endanger our most elementary liberties"; fear that the bewildered citizen will be unable to

differentiate the false from the true prophets or arrive at a decision about what is just and unjust. In other words, the democratic state is not to be trusted.

Who will educate our educators in the knowledge of the nature of the modern state and modern democracy? This passage is either an expression of political naivete or of traditional laissez-faire. For Van Doren action by the state is either corrupt or it is dangerous to individual liberty. Democracy, therefore, can mean nothing to him other than a narrow traditional individualism. This is an interpretation which ignores one hundred years of slow advance in the emergence of the positive state which acts not merely to protect the individual from interference but to further the common good. If men cannot act together and, through the agency of government, assure and safeguard a civilized existence, then the few who can afford it might just as well go to St. John's and fortify their isolated personalities with the comfort of the great classics of a civilization in demise. The rest of mankind can wait in vain for the realization of the best education for all.

JOSEPH W. COHEN

The editors will welcome statements on the subject of liberal education by any reader of Van Doren's book or of this symposium. Naturally, the editors must choose among contributions and cannot promise to print them all. Statements should not exceed 350 words.

THE BLACK GHOST OF THE PAMPAS

An Argentine Legend

Juan Draghi Lucero

Translated by Margaret H. Harrison

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a most capable and efficient negro slave. Sometimes his master set him to work at a loom, where he wove cloth neatly with the same skill with which he pruned the orchard's fruit trees. Sometimes he branded the cattle that were to go over to Chile, or shaped great earthen jars, baking them in the oven at the correct temperature. No hand like his for brewing aguardiente. Moreover, he was noted as a daring driver and muleteer, often hauling wine to distant Buenos Aires, where he sold his master's wares and returned with blankets, knives, perfumed powder, and all kinds of odds and ends for the shop.

The slave could also play the guitar. He would sigh sadly as his fingers drew forth the sleeping harmonies of the strings, for he was singing of his lost treasure—freedom. Beholding him thus plunged in gloom, his master, with studied carelessness, asked why he was so cast down.

"Because of my freedom, master," he replied, rousing himself thereupon to inquire, "Dare I some day hope for my liberty?"

"Yes, negro, I will set you free—on the day when a mammoth snake creeps down from the sky."

"Master, master," groaned the slave, shrinking away from the peals of cruel laughter.

His owner was well satisfied with his bargain. He had paid four hundred pesos for the man at an auction sale held by the court of justice under a spreading tree. It had been a profitable deal because

the slave had already cleared that amount, and his usefulness kept increasing with the years.

However, the more the slave toiled, the more he continued to plead and beg for his freedom. So tireless was his persistence that at last his exasperated master roared: "Look here, negro. If completely unclothed, you are able to pass one whole night on that snow-covered mountain top over yonder, I shall sign the papers for your release." And he pointed to the highest peak in the district, one which the clouds caressed by day, and which on clear nights showed its brilliant whiteness against the black background of the sky.

"No man, my master, could endure the cold of that mountain, even if he were completely clothed and wrapped in his poncho."

"When you pass the night on those heights," sneered his master, "I shall not even allow you to have a spark of fire for your vigil. You shall learn the cost of attaining freedom, my man."

"Alas, alas. My liberty will be my death."

And while the slave sweated, forging horse shoes for the animals his owner was sending to Chile, he continued to mutter as he doggedly beat his hammer, "My liberty will be my death." So many back-breaking tasks, however, was the negro forced to perform that at last he found himself swept by the terrible decision: "Even if it costs me my life, I shall go in quest of my freedom."

He asked permission to speak with his master, and when granted it, he rolled his torn sombrero between his hands, and said in a high-pitched excited voice: "My master, I shall pass the night naked on the peak of yonder highest mountain. If I get through with my life, I am to enjoy my freedom. Is it agreed?"

"That is the bargain, negro," replied his mocking owner.

"I shall go tomorrow, master, to win what I most desire, in spite of the terrible conditions."

"Let it be as you say."

The next day, early in the morning, the slave presented himself to his master, and the rich man searched him from head to foot to see if he carried a tinder box or flint to strike a fire; but as the negro had nothing, he let him go. The affair was an excellent jest, worth betting on.

The slave proceeded on his way. He trudged all day and was just able to reach the foot of the mountain. After a little nap, he began the ascent shortly before midnight. He climbed all the next day and part

of the night, but it was only at the beginning of the third day that he was able to crawl up on the fearful heights.

Here everlasting snows and wind lashed the summit with a cold that pierced through the flesh. The negro sought a semi-shelter among some overhanging rocks, where he crouched down as well as he could. When darkness fell, faithful to his promise, he took off his red poncho, his well-worn shirt, his patched trousers and his sandals. Thus naked as he had come into the world, he settled down to endure the terrors of the Andean night.

Placing his hands under his armpits, he rolled himself into a ball in a groove in the rock. He maintained himself this way for a while until, nearly suffocated, he crept out of his hiding place and jumped up and down until utterly exhausted. This went on for a while, until the glacial wind whirled him back to his shelter. Through the ominous silence of the peaks, the night in its immensity folded about him. The snow fell, and the icy wind lashed the heights in a fury.

The slave rolled himself up into a tighter ball. "If I only had a tiny fire," he whimpered. Completely numbed by the cruel cold, he leaped up again, but the raging hurricane of the Sierra whipped him without mercy. Peering down towards the plains, as if pleading for mercy, the negro managed to see, miles and miles away, a small fire that the gauchos had kindled.

Stretching out his shivering arms, his streaming eyes remained fixed on the tiny light lost in the wilds of the pampas. Through his wildly chattering teeth, he shrieked, half delirious, "Give me your heat, little fire. Ah, chih, chih, chih." With this delusion the lengthy hours of the dreary night dragged by.

Time passed, and with it neared the dawn. "Give me your heat, little fire. Ah, chih, chih, chih," whined the slave in his frenzy to warm himself. The light of day found him still stretching out his long arms, seeking the impossible. The painted rays of the East proclaimed the coming of the sun, but the ball of fire had to rise high in the heavens before it could revive the negro. Stunned, trembling from the lash of the cold, he drew on his clothes, and step by step, staggered down the Sierra. He gained the arid river bed, then the footpath, then the trail. Entering the town, he tottered, now falling, now rising, into his owner's house.

"How did you get through the night, negro?"

"Ay, my master. When I reached the peak, I took off my clothes,

and the night hours dragged by with their agony of cold. I did not see how I possibly could escape death, when about ten leagues away at one extremity of the pampas, I spied a little bonfire made by gauchos. I stretched out my arms: 'Give me your heat, tiny fire. Ah, chih, chih, chih,' I said, my teeth striking one another as they chattered. Thus I could endure the tortures of the icy night. The price of freedom, my master."

The owner threw his head back and guffawed. "I can't give you your liberty, negro, because you warmed yourself in the fire."

"But it was leagues and leagues away."

"No matter. Had you not seen that distant flame, you would have lost heart and given up the struggle. When you have recovered your strength, you must try the task again."

"Alas, my master."

After forty days the slave had recovered from exposure. In his desperate desire for freedom, he returned once more to brave the mountain's perils. It took him three days to reach the peak, but on arrival, as night had already fallen, he disrobed and, stark naked, faced the cold.

From Mt. Aconcagua roared down the moaning penitent blasts of a thousand years of snow. They were the burning tongues of eternal cold. The slave defended himself, crouching against a rock. Avërting his eyes from the plains that he might not see the gaucho fires, he only permitted himself to stare at the high heaven. The full moon turned the snow on the sierras even whiter. If one pictures the immensity of night on the Cordilleras, the cold seems more piercing in that white penetrating light. The hours crawled by, dragging, to the greater torture of the sufferer. Pitiless flaying winds from the heights forced him to arch himself under the fury of their whips. Still other blasts sweeping through the night tore over the ridge and flew by, depositing ice and needles of snow on his flesh; and the negro, on the point of collapse, forced himself to shout and stamp, to silence his gnawing wild terror.

Feeling the painful tongue of the enemy, he groaned for an illusion of fire. Lifting his eyes to the sky, he beheld the full moon. "It is the mouth of a burning oven," shouted the slave, lifting his hands on high, pleading for heat and comfort.

"Give me your heat, lighted oven. Ah, chih, chih, chih," rattled his teeth. With this fancy he consoled himself through the rigor of the

pitiless night. The more gusts roared down from the summit, the more the storm lashed on all sides, the more the slave stretched out his arm to the moon. "Give me of your heat, burning oven. Ah, chih, chih, chih," he implored, his teeth dancing. The night deepened, and with this delusion time galloped by.

Day broke, and the sun rode high in the heavens before the negro roused from his stupor. By the middle of the afternoon, life and control of his limbs had returned. He rubbed his body and rolled over on the ground into a little sunshine. Shivering, he just managed to dress himself and creep down the slope, but crushed and broken, racked by a violent cough, falling down and staggering to his feet, he contrived after two days to reach his owner's ranch house. His cough tore his chest apart.

The next day, bent and shaking, he appeared before his mocking master.

"Master," said he, "I have won my poor liberty. I undressed on the mountain peak. All night I resisted the cold."

"Tell me, negro, did you not see the fires of the gauchos down on the pampas?"

"I saw none, my master. The fact is that, staring at the full moon, I pretended it was the mouth of a burning oven, and I stretched out my arms to it and fortified myself by calling: 'Give me your heat, burning oven! Ah! Chih, chih, chih!'"

"Uh-uh," snapped his owner. "Had it not been for that fancy, you could never have resisted the frightful cold. I will not give you your liberty, slave. You have not won it fairly."

"Ah, my master."

After sixty days, the negro recovered and decided to face the test for the last time. That night there was no moon.

Seeing him depart, his master said, "Do not even warm your spirit by looking on a gaucho fire leagues away, nor by picturing an oven in the moon."

"What of the stars? May I gaze at them?"

"Only if they line up one by one and form a serpent in the sky."

"Alas, my master."

The slave took three days to climb the peak. Stumbling, falling and rising again, he reached the top, and as darkness had fallen, he undressed. In the Andes the thaws were setting in. In the short periods of sun, the north wind melted only a small part of the snow, but at night

the boisterous south wind returned, with all the malignancy of a delayed cold, whipping mercilessly with its icy breath. Before midnight, in roared the wind that had been pent up in Tupungato. Howling it seemed to concentrate its madness on the ribs of the naked negro huddling among the jagged rocks. He shrank together, seemingly diffused in universal chaos.

Time dragged, but the rocks tore him with their icy points. He jumped up, rubbing his body with small stones to keep up circulation and resistance in his stubborn battle. So violently did he rub that his blood flowed in streams. Moments dragged by. A sudden lull, the strange calm that comes on great heights, gave him a respite in his courageous battle.

When midnight struck, the gales tore down from the great cañons of Mercedano. Its crevices and peaks resounded with the shrill anthem of the melancholy cold. The negro moaned for shelter and crouched again in the shadow of a jutting cliff. Rock and wind brought him face to face with the lashes of the storm. The poor creature crept forth to fight the hostile night. In his third and last night of trial, his uncontrolled tongue vomited filthy words. He felt that his flesh was vanquished and that he faced Eternity. The storm's vortex approached him, returning insult for insult, piercing his flesh with daggers of snow.

The slave repented on his knees, asking pardon of the implacable scourger. His vain words availed him nothing. The full madness of the storm was unleashed. The negro, acknowledging defeat, looked at his clothes and stretched out his hands to them. He lifted his eyes and could not find the moon; he stared at the pampas and could see no gaucho fire.

As he peered into the darkness, he perceived myriads of stars. The sky was sown with them. They seemed burning coals. In his mind's eye, the negro connected them, and gritting his teeth, comforted himself, searching for them through the thick icy gale that vomited crystals of snow about him. The hostile scourge grew more pitiless. Gritting his teeth, the slave moaned, "Give me some heat, coals of heaven. Ah, chih, chih, chih," and he extended his cramped arms. He pulled himself out of the freezing abyss long enough to murmur, "I have no more strength to fight. The cold is in my soul, master. Goodbye to freedom. Alas, for my chains and yoke." His tears, as they left his eyes, turned to little icy tapers.

That moonless night, the negro's master walked out to the patio

and stared up at the Andes. He amused himself peering at the burning morning star, King of the dark night. He observed many other stars and they pleased him too.

Suddenly panic terror gripped him. The fiery star seemed to move and the others were lined up close behind. He saw a viper of lighted stars forming in the sky. The snake was coiling down in a straight path towards the earth. Touching the earth at last, it shot towards the rich tyrant's estancia. An angry blue light illuminated the darkness, and the master's servants beheld a snake of stars shoot through the patio and dart into his foolish mouth, wide open in stark terror. The master shrivelled, a mass of burning coals. It took three days to extinguish the fire and stamp it to ashes.

Sometimes at night, far out on the pampas, the gauchos by their bonfire are horrified at the figure of a black man creeping towards them, groaning as he stretches out his poor hands pleadingly to the flame. "Give me of your heat, little fire. Give me of your heat. Ah, chih, chih, chih."

THE MUSIC OF ERNST KRENEK¹

Ernst Krenek

IN THE publicity devoted to my visit to Albuquerque I noticed that I was looked upon as one of the leading exponents of expressionism. Like various other terms applied to musical styles, expressionism has been borrowed from another of the arts. It was originally used to designate a school of painting that was flowering especially on the European continent between 1910 and 1925 approximately. Those painters were called expressionists to distinguish them from their predecessors, the impressionists. As it is commonly known, the impressionists tried to portray in their work the impressions they received from the outside world as faithfully as they could. In their attitude there was still much of the scientific ideology of the nineteenth century. The subjective element that entered the work of the impressionists was still checked by their will to give as impartial and minute a record of their reactions as possible.

The expressionists went a great deal further in stressing subjective factors. They did not care so much for presenting a faithful record of their impressions as they were intent upon expressing their subjective views on the conditions of the outside world. They stressed the element of faith in its various aspects in that they did not think that science could produce a satisfactory solution to the many mysterious problems of the universe. The work of the expressionists took on a very passionate character as compared to the cool and detached attitude of impressionism, and they did not hesitate to distort the outlines of reality at will and frequently in a violent fashion, in order to give vent to their personal and metaphysically flavored interpretation of the world.

¹ A lecture delivered on August 29, 1943, at the University of New Mexico. Mr. Krenek has kindly supplied the written text for his introductory remarks. The remainder of the lecture is taken from notes made by J. D. Robb, head of the department of music, University of New Mexico. The notes have been approved by Mr. Krenek.

Since music has little to do with tangible reality, the term expressionism could be applied to musical formations only figuratively. Because of the relatively aggressive character of expressionistic painting it has been applied to a music style that seemed to show a similar attitude towards the traditional ways of musical expression. This style has been most frequently associated with the Viennese composer Arnold Schoenberg, and his followers. As far as I am concerned, I have never studied with Schoenberg, but in the course of my evolution have approached some of his tenets in my own way.

As the term expressionism indicates, this music aims at emotional expressiveness. In this respect it is clearly a continuation of romantic tendencies, as everybody will agree that the late romanticists like Wagner and Liszt have stressed, and overstressed, emotional expression. This affiliation with romanticism frequently has been held against the expressionistic school, particularly by those modernists who are trying to expurgate music of its expressive quality and who prefer a sort of streamlined mechanization.

On the other hand quite a few people will be rather surprised at my explanation of expressionistic music, because they are convinced that this music is not expressive of any emotions whatever, being as they say "intellectually computed." Without going now into the details of the argument, I only wish to remark that the objection is usually advanced by persons who are able to identify expressiveness only when it makes use of the conventional formulae associated with emotional qualities. Whatever expression is sought by using new, unusual means, they refuse recognizing it. The answer to that objection is very simple, inasmuch as those composers who are credited with having created particularly eloquent expressive music had to fight the same opposition in their own time. Beethoven had more than once to face the criticism that his music lacked expressiveness, being the product of arid speculation.

As with any new movement, the position of new music is full of paradoxes. Many people, especially musicians who have had a certain amount of traditional training, are willing to admit the expressive intentions of new music, but they are anxious to know the rules according to which the new and astonishing materials are to be handled. When the representative of these modern tendencies points out in reply that there are not many rules available, at least that not so many can yet be established as have governed the traditional style, this state

of things seems to the skeptic to augur rather well for that much desired intensity of untrammelled emotional expression. However, here the opponents appear even more appalled: "Why, no rules? This is plain anarchy." With a little sigh the cornered artist starts to explain that in its later phases expressionism has indeed evolved certain new principles of organization of the tonal material, hinting at the so-called twelve-tone technique, only to make things still worse, for now the critics are quick to point out that new music truly is intellectually computed, a most abject attempt to mix mathematics and music, with complete regimentation as the result.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Krenek here played his second suite, from Opus 26, which is in five short movements. This work was written in 1925, several years before Krenek approached the twelve-tone technique. Afterwards he continued his lecture as follows, according to notes made during the lecture by J. D. Robb.]

What is atonal music? This is a negative term; in order to know what it means, it is necessary to know what tonal music means. The term atonal was invented by the adversaries of modern music. Its users, Schoenberg for instance, do not like the term. It was invented to discredit this music, the argument being that atonal music is music without tones and therefore not music at all, because music must have tones. This is an easy but fallacious definition. We can only call such music atonal if the definition of tonal music is so narrowed as to apply only to music in the major and minor keys. However, tonal music, in this sense, has existed only since the late sixteenth century, a relatively short span of time. There is no more reason why music should not be different after this short span than it was before that time.

Other critics say that the new school has destroyed the familiar tonality. That is not true. Its members found that familiar tonality already shaken or blurred. As early as in "Tristan" it is difficult to determine the key in which the composer is writing at any time, because Wagner used constant modulation from key to key. A still further dilution of tonality is found in Debussy, in whose compositions it is often difficult to determine the key which is being used at any particular point. The impressionists still use what musicians call the triads, seventh chords, and ninth chords. These were familiar chords, but they were used in unfamiliar connotations. The atonalist came in here and introduced a new vocabulary. It seemed unnecessary to use the old tonality since that vocabulary had already been given new meanings.

If you feel uneasy, surprised, or shocked by expressionistic music, is important to find out why. Of course, it is your privilege to walk out of the concert hall, but there are some people who want to know why they are so affected. There are really very few chords in the so-called atonal music which have not been used before; they only seem unfamiliar. You can find many of the same chords in Wagner and Liszt. So it is not the material which causes the difficulty. It must be the context. In Wagner or Liszt these chords resolved into something more familiar and were interpreted as a deviation from the rule. In the suite which I have just played, these familiar resolutions do not occur.

Some critics object that the new music has no rules. Strangely enough, these are the very people who want music to be a free effusion of the artist. Students feel stifled when they are first forced to study harmony and learn all the rules. They say that music must be beautiful and free. Therefore, they ask, "Why learn the rules?" Yet when these same students have learned the rules and are then told to express themselves, they cry in dismay, "What are the rules?" And when the teacher replies that there are not so many, they then find that this freedom is terribly difficult.

The piano pieces of Arnold Schoenberg, Opus 11, published in 1909, are considered the first specimen of expressionistic music. After fifteen years, a new set of rules emerged from this music, the so-called twelve-tone technique. Its origin is to be found in a second trend inherent in the expressionistic school. That school represented a continuation of romanticism as far as the desire for emotional expression is involved. But another thing was involved (and it was an inheritance from classicism), that is, an admiration for Beethoven and disciplined form. Emotion tends to blow up music unless it is checked. So it was necessary to bring in a process of construction. This was not done by a council of composers sitting like a Supreme Court, but it was felt. An expressionistic music uses the complete musical material, it needs a constructive idea to bring order in the use of that material. Consequently, the expressionistic composer, before he starts, organizes the material into a pattern including all of the twelve possible tones to be used throughout the composition in the same sequential relationship. There are approximately forty-four million possible combinations of this twelve-tone series. One of these is chosen by the composer and from it he derives all of his patterns. Schoenberg published his first composition in this technique in 1923.

The twelve-tone technique is not a rigid system. If you want to use the word twelve-tone system, you can much more accurately refer to the twelve tones of music selected in Western civilization since the fourteenth century as our musical material. The twelve-tone technique is now growing. It does not stifle creative effort. If it is a system at all, it is an honor system, for each composer is free to use it as he sees fit. There are no sanctions for disobeying the rules.

[Mr. Krenek then explained his Variations, Opus 79, which he thereafter played. There are twelve variations divided into three parts, a first part containing five variations, a middle section containing the sixth and seventh, and a final section containing the last five. There is no theme. Instead he employs variations in cyclic form. You could say that any one was the theme and the others were variations. This composition was written in 1937.]

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Alfonso Hernández-Catá

Translated by Angel Flores

PROBABLY NONE of you is acquainted with El Delfin. One must possess something of the spirit of an explorer to discover it among the winding byways of the port, where numerous alleys run athwart the central street after the manner of a ship's rigging. Travelers on the enormous transatlantic steamers, which, after a voyage of eight or ten days, come to rest against the piers, prefer the luxurious restaurants where amid colored lampshades and the deplorable dresscoats of the waiters they may partake of their heavy sauces. Only a lunatic of my stripe could find pleasure in this ramshackle eating place facing the ocean and with its lanterns used on God only knows how many different vessels.

Here you can dine well, and drink according to your conscience. At this resort, filled with smoke and tremulous with shouts and gestures, life acquires the harsh flavor of the dishes and the wine. When the southwester, spitting the dirty green contempt of the waves on the sailors, causes the board partitions to creak and the huge jagged backbone of the fish hanging outside the door to swing on its hinges, El Delfin—with its swaying lamp, its smell of gin and pitch, its railing of copper covered with verdigris, its hubbub of voices, at one and the same time candid and blasphemous—becomes to me the smelly hold of a ship, one of those ships that have traded in crime off the beaten route, and now, after a great storm, are cast by the surf upon this shore of civilization.

If some new patron asks me, from table to table, whether I am the

pilot of the brigantine just arrived with coffee from Para, or the supercargo of the steamer that is having its bottom scraped in the dry-dock, I flush with gratified vanity and evade a reply. Only in El Delfin can one be taken for a sailor. It is not the hunger of the stomach, but the hunger of the soul, that brings me here day after day.

"Do you know who it is lying at the point of death? The boatswain of the Ipiranga. He came in with skins from the Antilles where he was bitten by a blue fly. . . . They say he cannot escape. . . . All the better he does not leave any children."

The speaker is a gaunt old man. His skin, the color of a furrow, gives him the appearance of a laborer, but his eyes, tinged with blue, do not deceive. A fat man with a jovial face answers him, peering out apoplectically from the fumes of his dish of rice and pollock: "He that could not be killed by a pint of rum is laid low by a fly; and those that did not drown in a Cantabrian nor'wester, a Caribbean tornado, or a typhoon of the eastern seas, are knocked over afterward by a breath. Therefore it is better to eat and drink and not to bother with anything. That is my idea."

"He was a trifle quarrelsome when hitting the grog, but he was a hustler. . . . We do not have men like him now. He sailed with me for three years, and there wasn't a port in which he did not raise a shindy. . . . Ah, when he got into a fight, he was a demon. . . . Now it is time for him to keep still!"

The man pronouncing this epitaph is Jeronimo, the pilot. His soft voice contrasts sharply with his Cyclopean stature, and yet harmonizes with his features, as chubby as those of a child. In his face, however, there is something perplexing; it fails to leave in one's mind the impression of any marked outline and suggests the absurd idea that it has no bony structure. Yet it possesses characteristics so rude and virile that when he enters into a conversation others speak less and lower their voices. Several crosses hang from the breast of his uniform. A great swimmer, he has already saved a number of lives and has never been known to hesitate a second, whatever the risk, when anyone struggled in the water. In spite of his fearlessness and courage, and of his being a religious man, he is not well liked around the waterfront. It seems that when he is about to bring in a transatlantic steamer and climbs the jackladder, making his way to the bridge to grasp the wheel, no captain dares to say anything to him. He is acquainted with the channel stone by stone; with politeness hardly by sight. As for myself, he waited two

years before speaking to me, and this although we ate almost side by side. To him landmen do not count.

"Are you going to sit with him?"

"No sirree! I have no hankering for viewing the dead. . . . I hate the dead!"

"A hard life, that of the sea."

"A hard life and a hard death. . . . I have seen people die in a thousand ways. . . . I have seen death seeking men, and men seeking death. . . . This fellow went for two round-the-world voyages, over an affair of a woman who had deceived him, without finding anyone to kill him. . . . Ah, strange things happen at sea. . . . Tremendous yarns . . . yes, tremendous, without yarning. . . . Once in Valparaiso this man, who was no more than a pilot, had a dispute with one of those striplings that come from the naval school, and . . . but I am not going to tell you about that, which, after all did not go beyond a fright that caused the young dandy to turn gray in two hours. . . . I am going to tell you another yarn, worse than the stories of slavers and those vessels sunk to collect insurance and the hundred others that go the rounds. . . . It did not happen exactly at sea, but on land: on land surrounded by the sea, however. . . . Do you see that light to starboard, under the lee of the cape? Now it is shining, look. . . . It is an islet on which there is a lighthouse, about five miles from the shore. . . . I am going to tell you what happened under that light."

I shall not be able to reproduce his tone and his effort, at times violent. I shall not be able to preserve a certain nebulousness, like a child's nightmare, that contrasted with the vivid details of some of the scenes. I shall not be able to copy his style, prodigiously direct, with its vulgar adjectives, its repetitions. In passing through me, the story will be affected by grammar. Education is a kind of uniform of minds. . . . However, even if I did succeed in evoking his words without detriment, there would always remain the silences; pathetic silences invaded by the murmur of the sea close at hand, during which, in order better to pretend not to see his moist eyes, I fixed my eyes on the mossy line left on the wharves by the falling tide and drew in the smell of the seaweed, in whose depths—a felicitous symbol of the great things of the world—could be perceived the odor of decay.

"Do not ask me whether I witnessed the events, or whether they were described to me or who told me about them. At the least interruption I shall shut myself up in my shell again and I shall go another

two years before I speak again. . . . I do not speak for your benefit but for my own. On another occasion, I was about to tell you the story. Some five or six months ago, a new sailor, in his efforts to get ashore ahead of time in order to see his family, in lowering himself into the boat, lost his footing in a surge of the sea and swallowed in three or four minutes as much water as he ought to have drunk during his whole life. . . . That day, when I saw him swollen and rigid on the rock of the pier, I recalled the death at the lighthouse and I was on the point of speaking. . . . Now, thinking of the pilot of the Ipiranga, the recollection has come again. . . . Perhaps you might be able to settle certain doubts for me, because I do not quite understand why that which happened did happen, nor have I ever been able to explain to myself the words spoken by the engineer. It may have chanced that you, as a man of letters—they have already told me that you are such—have carried in your mind from childhood some lesson or some expression that you did not understand when you learned it. I do not know whether I shall ever understand the words of that old man, even if I live a thousand years; but I have them engraved here. . . . Perhaps you may be able to toss me a line and hoist me out of my uncertainty. . . . In short, whether you can or not, it matters little to me. This is how the thing happened. . . . ”

The islet is so small that when one is but a few fathoms away, the lighthouse seems to rise from the sea; it is, as it were, a buoy on land. . . . Even on the calmest days, the breakers, like mad dogs ready to devour it, surround it with their foam; and as soon as the wind rises the waves pass over it, and it is necessary to seek shelter. According to the chart, it is nine miles from the port, but I assure you that when one goes and comes, it seems like many leagues, because all the furies of the sea meet at that point. At times it is impossible to make the trip between the shore and the island for fifteen days or as much as a month, even in the summer. One is unable to count on the fingers of his hand the number of craft that have turned their keels toward the sky off there. You must have heard tell of the naphtha launch that went out with provisions . . . and they are still waiting for it . . . if that hell of a sea were meant to guard some very good spot, but, yes, yes. . . . The soil is black, and they say that it contains ore. It may be so, for not a solitary plant thrives there. The beach, instead of being of fine sand, is of stone torn by the sea from the cliffs in front. . . . I tell you

all this in order that you may understand that life in the lighthouse is very hard and that the keepers have to be thorough men and also perfect saints to stand it.

Well, then; there . . . where much patience and much being together are not sufficient to enable one to put up with the narrowness of the life and solitude . . . there, those two had begun to hate each other; and what hatred! The older keeper, the boss, was a hulk of a man about two meters high, like myself. He had a wife and six children: a litter of cubs, ten years old and under. The other was a bachelor or widower, very pale and short. The boss was named Samuel Arbizuyes, the same surname as mine—and the other they called Solorzano, with no handle to his name. Samuel's wife was about thirty years old, but she looked older, from bearing so many children and because of some heart trouble. She was very white and almost pretty; not because she had a well-formed face, but because of the tender sadness that shone from her eyes. . . . No one would have ever fought over her. The gentlest of women! Yet her wish to keep out of trouble did her no good, for the husband—it must be admitted—had a disposition! When he started to bawl, everything shook. The lips of the woman seemed, even when she slept, to contract with an air of recommending silence to him; it was painful to behold that expression on the colorless mouth . . . a kind of coaxing to tranquility, an entreaty to moderation. Above the constant noise of the sea, the husband's voice constantly thundered, and when the waves increased, his shouts increased so as not to be outdone. Near Samuel all, even the children, seemed to speak in secret. Although I said that about his disposition, you must not believe that he was bad. Strange, rough, moody, yes; but a doer of his duty to the point of mania, and good-natured and cheerful on clear days, so much so that, perhaps on this very account, he seemed worse on the others. When he was on his high horse one had to keep out of his way. He often had an attack of fury without any reason, and they all looked at one another, fearful, asking one another the cause. . . .

I, who am also half a giant, can understand that the island was becoming too small for him. He must have felt caged, imprisoned, fearing that he would not have room for his whopping shoes, that looked like seven-league boots. . . . With wild steps he tramped through the house, went out and walked kilometers on end from one side to the other with a force that indicated his rabidness at not being able to dash

himself against the sea, until at last he pounded up the stairway and began to prepare the wicks, to estimate the contents of the tanks or to polish the metal-work with so much vim that one was soon afraid to look at oneself in it. Have you ever seen an alarm-clock that ran all right, but whose bell went off at the wrong time? Such was he. In the discharge of his duties he was a clock: in his dealings with his family and with the other tender, a crazy, irritating bell. One of them being as big as he was, and the other so small, it had to happen. We oversized men must be somewhat rough. If the little fellows shouted, and we spoke softly, we should feel ridiculous. . . . You understand. . . .

To seek the origin of the antipathy that existed between them is like going in search of the source of the evening breezes. It sprang from their living together and their not being able to cease to see each other; it began with the fact that the first tyranny that Samuel attempted to exercise over Solorzano was met with firmness and without shouts. If Samuel had been in the right that day, or the other had raised his voice, perhaps nothing would have happened.

"You say that I did not attend to my work yesterday? Take a look at the tank; it is full of oil; cast your eyes at the reflectors and see whether they are not clean; see where the weights of the clockwork apparatus are; examine the sheet, and see whether everything is noted or not."

"Yes, yes . . . but from my bed I heard your whispering."

"If it bothers you to have me read in an undertone I shall stop doing so. At other times I hear your shouts and I say nothing to you. In this life of ours we have to put up with each other; if not. . . ."

The first skirmish ended thus. If Samuel had been so furious as not to understand that the other one was on firm ground the affair would have continued longer; the firmness of tone and the duty scrupulously performed detained him. What had occurred must have left Samuel discontented with himself; must have awakened a rancor that grew and changed into surveillance. He did not long delay in finding a pretext for retaliation. When it is an affair of a task performed daily, even in the case of one that receives the utmost attention, there appears some crack which the scolding of one's boss may enter.

With an air of complaisant anger which waited for the first protest in order to overflow, Samuel called Solorzano one day and said to him: "When you left the watch this morning you did not cover the light thoroughly."

"No?"

"No."

"Excuse me. It will not occur again."

"I hope not."

The reprimand had taken place in the presence of all, at the dinner-table. The children, of course, did not understand; but the woman turned pale and she dully pretended to be merely devoting her care to the ladle with which she was stirring the stew. . . . Afterwards she exchanged glances with Solorzano and between them they had only one purpose: that of excusing Samuel. The latter's anger, not being able to find a vent, began to boil within and to work. . . .

A few days later the monthly visit of the engineer, who had been acquainted with Solorzano at another lighthouse and liked him, relieved the pressure of the other's injustice. When the engineer left, after informing them that next month a new inspector would come, because they were going to retire the one that had formerly been in charge, Samuel began to speak confidentially in shouts with an invisible interlocutor about persons that only knew how to flatter superiors and only spoke in a hypocritical whine: "the whine of a traitor."

Solorzano's face set, and he thrust his hands forward as if to push against the table in order to arise. . . . But the tender eyes again supplicated, and his face became serene; he shrugged his shoulders slightly. His hand, instead of grasping the knife, took up a spoon and carried it to his mouth. Lacking outlet, the tremendous voice boomed on, and the imprecations became more direct: "And he that is over a sneak knows only too well what awaits him . . . and as for myself, to catch a spy and squash him like a crab is easier than lighting a lamp—that's how it is!"

As is always the case when the paternal voice reaches a paroxysm, the children made off furtively to hide away in the rooms. The conclusion of the meal was painful. In the afternoon, at a moment when Samuel had gone into the tower, the woman approached Solorzano and entreated him in a supplicating tone. "Do not pay any attention. . . . He is good at heart, only he is thus. . . . Do not pay any attention to him."

"It would be better that we have nothing to do with each other if we cannot do so in peace."

"He is good at heart; you will see."

At that moment Samuel appeared on the turn of the stairway with

his eyes flaming and his right hand clutching the rope of the railing. Without waiting for the silent fury to take the form of words Solorzano went forward, approaching him, and said to him, "Do not believe that we were speaking against you; on the contrary your wife was saying that you are all right in spite of your disposition. I, on my part, wish to say to you that I desire nothing so much as to get along well with you. If I have failed in anything I have done so without wishing to do so, and I beg your pardon. Is that sufficient? Here is my hand as a friend."

The mutton-fist hesitated a moment and finally it extended and enfolded the other within its enormous grasp. Unable to restrain herself, the woman exclaimed, "The Virgin be praised!"

Nothing more occurred during the day. At night, when Solorzano went above, the husband and wife seated themselves for a moment outside, as always when the weather was good. The four luminous lenses made the circuit of the horizon, and the wings of night silvered as they passed. Every now and then a star fell to be drowned in the sea. Leaning his face toward the railing, Solorzano heard the murmur of voices that soon rose clearly and broke the immense silence, hardly disturbed before by the noise of the waves.

"Now you see that he is neither a hypocrite nor a meddler."

"Yes."

"You get angry so easily and carry on so. . . . From the very first day, he seemed to me to be a sensible man."

"Yes; I am the wild beast. . . . You ought to have married a man of his disposition and not one like myself, who has made you ill with fear. . . . You ought to have married him. . . . I am not surprised that you take his side against me."

"Samuell!"

As if his own voice, going further than thought, had cleared up the mystery of his antipathy, he proceeded, biting off his words one by one with a doleful pleasure.

"It is all clear. . . . I am a savage giant, and he is small like you, pale like you, silent and prudent like you. . . . You were made for each other. . . . It is natural."

"What are you saying, for God's sake!"

Probably her poor soft eyes were dilated with fear and her mouth sought the other's with a desperate grimace. Everything was now futile. Fury had just found a point of support on which to cast its entire weight, without pausing to observe anything. Everything that is

touched by envy and jealousy is accursed. . . . Neither sweetness nor innocence nor a desire for peace could stop the onrush of that poor imagination.

The only excuse for him is that he must have suffered horribly while causing suffering. . . . Is it not true that only those that coldly hurt the feelings of others are the really bad? Those that suffer while causing suffering are unfortunate, rather than bad. . . . In order to understand that he suffered, it was sufficient to see how he lowered his head at times and how he held one hand in subjection with the other: the right hand with the left always. . . . The man that is afraid of himself ought to be pitied.

From that night began the stubborn silence, the gushes of words that burst out unexpectedly like lightning, the absurd recriminations, the insults, the threats, the implacable interpretation of looks that did not exist and of words that had not been spoken. It was as if she had committed some great sin and had to pay for it by enduring the contempt heaped on her. . . .

I do not know whether he ever went so far as to beat her. . . . At times, from the children's room, moans could be heard. . . . The younger ones were asleep, but the oldest of them was not, and his tears were an echo of the weeping of those soft eyes. No one knows what that boy suffered! . . . He ceased to be a child. What I have told you was the first link in the chain of an enormous anchor of suffering, and they paid out its full length.

When Samuel went above at two to relieve the guard, his eyes were flaming and his mouth was bitter. They probably said nothing in particular: "A large ship passed to windward half an hour or so ago"; or perhaps: "As there is a land-breeze, the fishermen are running on this side." When he descended, the woman was asleep, and there did not occur—as there did so often afterward—the suppressed, desperate, and violent conversations that lasted until daybreak, leaving them needlessly exhausted. It was the last good sleep! The next day, when they believed the storm now remote, Samuel rose suddenly from the table, stretched himself to his enormous height in front of Solorzano and, amid the stupor of all, burst out in a choking voice: "What you said yesterday will be better: that we should not have anything to do with each other. . . . That we should not even speak to each other, outside the service. Do you hear?"

Then the days of silence began, days of lurking suspense. Solorzano,

with melancholy passivity, obeyed the order, and did not delay long in regulating his life and in preparing for himself his meals and in washing his clothes. Perhaps the increase of occupations aided him to find consolation in the increase of his solitude. On many mornings while Samuel slept, he fixed up his fishing outfit and went to seat himself on some westerly rocks. There the children were wont to seek him out, in spite of paternal orders, because they had discovered in him the qualities most esteemed by children: patience, generosity, fantasy. . . .

"Tell us another of those pretty stories. . . . We shall not tell."

He sent them away without harshness. "You must always do what your parents say," he said to them. The separation became more and more complete, until it was absolute.

If Samuel needed many hours of sleep, much food and much room, Solorzano was so modest in his requirements and in his movements that he hardly seemed to be alive. In less than a week, the violence of that life acquired an habitual rhythm; but the silence, near a person whose voice had been constantly heard, was all the more dense and sad, and the least noise awakened in the poor children a hope that they might hear some words spoken. In the morning, but only in his room, Solorzano would sing in an undertone the songs of his province, so as not to forget how to speak. When in the service, he had to attend to his duty strictly. Samuel could say nothing to him. . . . Yet whenever they were together above, and their alternate monosyllables were heard from below, the face of the woman was covered with a livid pallor, and the sweat of anguish moistened her temples. How many shocks the unhappy woman must have suffered!

They were entering the month of October; the twilight clouds no longer had the soft clarity of a short time before. The wind was not yet cold, as the children could gather, before the fall of night, behind the house to vie with one another in seeing which would be the first to make out a trail of smoke on the horizon, and afterward they could throw themselves down on the dark earth, with their faces toward the sky, imagining that the four faces of light were the upper millstones into which would fall without delay the innumerable grains of the stars.

From these diversions their mother would take them to tell the rosary. Some evenings they told it there, others within; whether Samuel were present or not, they told it with devotion. After the rosary, they said a prayer for the dead, another for those on the high seas, and still

another, which the mother prayed on her knees, for something that the children never understood. . . .

Solorzano's slight shadow, as he returned from his fishing, sometimes crossed near them; he did not look at them, as if he wished to avoid all pretext for Samuel's injustices.

In the infinite quietude, every minute, every second, burdened the hours; but, in spite of their struggle against tedium, the hours formed into days, weeks. . . . Soon the cobalt of the sea would turn dead black, and soon the mornings, in which the transparency of the air sought to penetrate the water, soon these mornings would cease; not again for a long time would the island be surrounded by a glowing immensity streaked here and there with gray and stirred by slight tremors; no longer would be enjoyed, until the next autumn, the dusks in which the day and the night mingled little by little and in which the sky and the sea were so divinely diffused on the horizon that certain vessels seemed to sail through the clouds. The sea was continuously threshed into millions of wavelets and foam frothed on the crest of each; at times the waves were long like gaunt monsters moved from the depths by an immense force. The autumn storms were near.

Soon the dwellers on the island would have to shut themselves in, lest they perish in the struggle against the wind and the water; soon they would have to battle with the artificial light, both against the ashes of the day and the shadows of the night. . . . Already were approaching the nights when the island would be like a tiny rock which the hurricane would seek to catch in its terrible hand to hurl upon the mainland from which it should not have detached itself.

One morning Solorzano observed that the door of Samuel's quarters was closed and then, as he went out, he looked obliquely through the bars of the window and was surprised not to see the woman engaged in her tasks. He made no inquiry and did not even attempt to approach the children, accustomed now, with the notable facility of young creatures, to the new state of affairs. In the change of shifts in the service, not a word more than those absolutely necessary was exchanged between the men. When Samuel had disappeared down the spiral of the stone stairway, Solorzano heard him ascend again, and he hoped and feared at one and the same time.

"The launch with the provisions ought to come tomorrow, and—I know not why—I fancy that the inspectors will come," Samuel said from the threshold.

"Maybe so."

"I inform you in order that nothing may go ill with us."

"I shall go over everything; rest easy. . . . Good-night."

"Good-night."

They said nothing more. The gigantic figure was buried in the shadow, and the insignificant figure remained in its position, intent on the clockwork under the light which the greenish curves of the lenses changed into beneficent white arms that stretched far to guide navigators.

The prediction turned out to be correct: the inspectors arrived next day. During the first moments, talk with the sailors, the transportation of boxes, packages and jars, the inquiries as to orders, diverted interest. Soon afterward, when they entered and began to appraise the technical details, the figure of the new inspector acquired its full relief. He was a bent old man, with a great beard beneath which could be seen gaunt cheeks. His brow and eyes spoke in advance of his words to give the impression of intelligence. While the inspector was going through the notes the engineer called Solorzano to one side. "It seems to me that you two do not get on well together, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Ah: I thought I observed that you did not speak to each other."

"Thus is avoided. . . . He was the one that proposed it . . . and it is better like this."

"Affairs of the service, because he holds the first place? A question of cards? It cannot be one of jealousy."

"Oh, no!"

"He told us his wife was ill. The chief inspector, who understands a little of everything, is going to have a look at her."

At that moment Samuel and the inspector entered one of the rooms, and there arose an astonishing noise among the children. While they were absent, the engineer tried several times to renew the dialogue, but Solorzano evaded it.

"You know we have known each other a long time, and I think highly of you. If you are not comfortable here and wish to change to another lighthouse, write me. This man must have a bad disposition. It is clearly seen."

"We all have our faults. At any rate, if it is necessary, I shall write you."

The engineer was going to add something, when the others appeared.

From fragments of the conversation, they learned that the invalid was very low, with a rapid pulse and labored breathing. Out of the medicine case came a vial of digitalis, and from the gray beard prescriptions of rest and the promise to send a physician.

They were going toward the landing, when, half way, they observed that they had forgotten and left above a case of instruments. The oldest boy wished to go up for it, but Samuel, doubtlessly as a manifestation of deference, prevented him, saying, "I myself am going; stay here."

While they were waiting, the inspector picked up from the ground a piece of stone and after scratching it stood looking at it under the light. Then he thrust it into his pocket. Taking advantage of the absence of the father, he gave a silver coin to the boy and said to the engineer, "The lighthouse impressed me very favorably. Of course, not all of those of the district are so well served."

"The service is good. . . . It should be said, among the best. . . . You have seen that the two keepers do not get along. It is often so. Do not be surprised."

It was then that the older man pronounced the phrase to which I referred before I began to tell you this story, one of those phrases that remain engraved, word for word, like a lesson the sense of which is not understood long afterward, if one ever comes wholly to understand it:

"No; I am not surprised; it will always be thus," he said. "Those that in the material as well as in the moral realm are called upon to hold aloft a great light to shine for others leave about them a zone in which the shadow is deepest. In that zone are suffered the blindest passions, the most intense pains. . . . It is the law! I know other living lighthouses in which the same thing happens."

The physician appeared two days later in a sloop. He arrived so seasick that they were more inclined to offer him aid than to ask it of him. He looked with horror on the stretch of water that he would have to cross again in order to return, and from his eyes and livid complexion could readily be divined his absurd desire to remain forever on the island. . . . Would that he might have been able to remain! However, it was not to be so. He left after applying his stethoscope to the invalid, prescribing impossible things, and uttering certain vague phrases, those of a poor fellow who is also suffering, instead of the desired spells.

"There is nothing to do. She can get up as well as not. . . . Rest, good food, and silence . . . no noises or emotions. . . . She might

continue to take those drops, yes; and as soon as they can, let them take her ashore . . . even if it be to the hospital."

In vain did Samuel endeavor, with brutal emotion, to force him from his indecision.

"What I have said, and no more," the doctor insisted, with one foot on board and his eyes filled with terror. "To make prognostications would be to deceive you. . . . It is as if I were to ask you to assure me that the sea is going to be rough or to calm down while I am on my way . . . exactly the same. I bid you good-day."

He dropped with resignation into the cockpit while the sloop was being pushed off with two boat-hooks and the sail was filling. Samuel sat for a long time on a rock watching the boat recede. When it disappeared amid the waves, the isthmus of hope that joined the lighthouse to the land was broken; even the younger children must have felt hopelessly alone and friendless on the island.

Samuel went and came with tightly compressed lips, fearful that the pain might be changed into anger and the anger into cries. His efforts not to make a noise, to come and go gently, to seem smaller at a time of suffering, were moving. More than once Solorzano felt an impulse to ask him about the invalid and to offer his services, but the grim face restrained him. While in the soul of one all was tumult and terror, and in that of the other all pity, their eyes needing the comfort of a human presence were fixed on the indifferent mass of the ocean, and their tongues uttered none but futile words.

"The Italian vessel is making nearer here this voyage," said Samuel, when he wished to say: "She is breathing worse and worse. Do you think she will be able to hold out until the naphtha boat comes, or would it be better for us to send word?"

Solorzano replied in a whisper: "Yes; the sea must be very heavy there; they do well to shelter themselves a little among the capes;" when in reality his soul dictated, in reply to the unpronounced words: "I place my hope in God! It will not be so serious. . . . The launch will come this week, and they can carry her away and cure her there. . . ."

Had it not been for the recollection of all that had taken place—the terrible nights in which he heard them disputing almost until daybreak, in which the angry voice of the giant acquired, by the restraint he placed on it, a more penetrating vibration even than the cries, and when he said: "Yes; you looked at him! He is the man born for you Go, go with him You will have to go only a

few steps," Solorzano would have dared to bridge the chasm; but he was afraid of awakening the wild beast which sorrow dominated with its tremendous lash. Only in words, at one and at the same time both indifferent and filled with anxiety, in tense silences, and in furtive, tearful glances, did they exchange the tension of their souls. At times the silence was so intense that the panting of the invalid reached to the very top of the lighthouse and to the remotest projection of the beach. Even the children lived noiselessly and were subject to sudden starts. Of course the hours of the day were shorter than those of the night. The inevitable occupations, the company of the tender little faces, a gull or two, a school of dolphins, a ship, consoled somewhat. But when night came, all the minutes betokened an ambush, and the four faces of the light, revolving tirelessly, symbolized the looks of the two men, who feared that, under cover of the darkness, the boat that was to bear away a corpse might arrive.

One afternoon, when Solorzano was preparing to clean the light, he heard the voice of Samuel calling him in anguish, "Come down . . . come down! . . . She is dying!"

He ran, and on the threshold of the room he found him, quivering and tragic, amid the swarm of weeping children.

"She is dying! . . . She is dying!"

He repeated these words many times, as if he wished to justify everything by means of them. Solorzano was deeply touched by Samuel's soft uncertain voice, like that of another child, and his eyes filled with tears.

"No . . . it cannot be. . . . Do not distress yourself so. It must be merely a faint. . . . We must do something. . . . Come . . . let the oldest of them take the others to my room. . . ."

The two entered hastily and stopped in front of the bed, as before an unexpected obstacle. The shape of her body could hardly be discerned beneath the bedclothes. Her head swayed distressingly on the pillow. She looked up and saw the two men standing together and she smiled softly.

"Do you see? . . . God will grant that she shall be saved. . . . Do not despair thus. . . ."

Although trying to offer encouragement, he was terrified to see how she had wasted away. He never would have thought that a few days could accomplish so much. When the children heard him, they entered little by little and crowded uncertainly about the bed. Bending over

the invalid, Solorzano asked her, "Are you suffering? . . . How do you feel?"

Her lips moved, without ceasing to smile, and she extended her hand, after vain efforts, toward the newcomer. The weariness of this effort caused her to close her eyes, which, seen between the lids, had the viscous blue of recently opened shells.

Something must be done, decided Solorzano. "Bring the book from the medicine chest. . . . Send the children to bed. They are a hindrance more than anything else. . . . The doctor said it was her heart, didn't he? Take a look in the tower while I search. . . . Heart . . . heart . . . here! Bring the lamp nearer, you!"

The oldest of the boys set the lantern closer, and the leaves of the book were slowly turned. It must have been very difficult, for, from time to time, Solorzano had to read over and over again, like one who retraces a road without being able to find the way.

Samuel returned from above and he also began to read, over the other's shoulder. The invalid breathed slightly, and to her respiration was joined that of her children, overcome by sleep, little by little. Only the oldest withstood the weariness. At times the three lifted their eyes from the letters to fix them on the bed, trying to harmonize the multitude of printed letters with the sad occurrence. Her profile was marked sharply on the wall; under the light her hair and skin were moist with sweat. Her mouth no longer smiled; the smile had dissolved over her entire face.

"See now how well she is sleeping . . . it was what is spoken of here: a collapse. . . ."

"Yes, yes; read some more. . . . Perhaps we shall find some drops. I am afraid in this affair of an injection."

"So am I."

Again they bent over the book, opened the medicine case, took out two vials, which they held up to the light, unwrapped with superstitious precautions a syringe and again buried themselves in the pages of the book, without being aware of the passage of time or of the appearance of dawn through the windows. No one aboard the vessels which approached the coast that night, guided by the lighthouse, no one would have supposed that beneath its powerful brilliance three humble lives sought together an impossible route beneath a tiny flickering flame.

They were so intent, so absorbed, that Death entered and stopped the heart of the invalid without anyone's noticing his arrival.

When Samuel realized what had occurred, he no longer had strengt to shout. He fell into a chair, broken, voiceless, with a dull sob from his soul. . . . To withdraw, Solorzano had to break the grip of the huge fist that clung to his right hand with sincere gratitude.

The sea continued to be agitated. A gleam of sunshine crowned the distant mountains. From the railing of the tower, first with rockets and then with flags, he made signs until the fishermen who were returning to the bay saw them. When a boat came near enough, he caught up the trumpet and shouted, "The keeper's wife is dead! . . . Get word ashore!"

The multiplied voice must have reached below, as the weeping of the children redoubled. The day, immense and filled with tears, clouded over and dragged on lividly about the dead woman, perhaps reflecting her pallor. In the afternoon a launch came to take away the body, which was to be accompanied by Samuel and the oldest boy. The other children remained with Solorzano, who took care of them during Samuel's absence. "As only a mother could have done," the substitute said later. The trip was a hard one. The greatest thing in the giant's life had shrunk with death and was now barely visible in the bow, under the canvas, over which dashed the spray. The sea churned and glowed with phosphorescence on all sides. The sailor maintained a funereal silence. Several times they had to pass a line over the body, because the boat heeled over so much. When they touched land, night had already closed. For some time the lighthouse with its white gaze had sought the poor body, rocked, when it could no longer feel it, by the gentle cradle swing whose caress she had never enjoyed since childhood.

I know not whether you retain any such childish recollection. If you do not, it will be difficult for you to understand this part of my story. Those three days of absence must have been, as the brothers and sisters soon assured the oldest son, indescribable, strange, sweet, sad, cruel, and ingenuous, with that medley so often indissoluble in the thought of a child. When a house is shattered by a rude blow, authority over the children suffers an eclipse, and they enjoy a sort of melancholy libertinage. They know or feel that sorrow has loosed the bonds; but still they can not fail to enjoy space and time without hindrances; and, as the days pass, there remains, as a sort of atmosphere of recollection, a haze composed of timid joys and disturbed monotony.

The oldest youngster was already on the mysterious threshold

between childhood and puberty where life communicates to the brain its first revelations; yet the child within him experienced envy when he heard the descriptions of his brothers. . . . Oh, in those three days they had not had a single quarrel! How good Solorzano was! He cooked for them, he told them stories, he made them tell the rosary as formerly; he put them to bed with pettings, just as she had done. . . . He had let them climb the tower on condition that they would not tell. . . . He had even taken them fishing two afternoons. . . . How good he was!

Samuel, dressed in mourning, with his eyes sunken, bent with weariness and sorrow, seemed smaller. On disembarking, he gave his right hand to Solorzano. When he saw the children so clean, he must have deemed this show of friendship insufficient, and he gave him the other, without words, in an impressive silence, full of repentance and sincere promise. When the boy saw them thus, so united, the impression that grief had shrunken Samuel vanished: beside him, Solorzano was like another child.

The substitute departed, and the common life was re-established. The first night, when the glances of the two met in the empty place, Solorzano said, "You ought to ask for a transfer to another place. This lighthouse will be too sad for all of you. . . . Everything will speak to you of your dead one."

"Yes . . . but forget her, no! . . . I do not wish to. At the headquarters they proposed to transfer me, but I did not wish them to do so. . . . Besides, we should have to separate."

Thus began the truce. When I say "the truce," you understand that the drama was not concluded. The body, taken ashore some days before under the foam-flecked canvas, ought to have carried with it all the causes of rancor and left only remorse, repentance. . . . It was not so. Would it might have been so! . . . Death, by removing the woman—the terrible pretext chosen by the men to justify their frenzies—offered them union in a new life of solitude, peace, and recollection. But baleful passions penetrated the most obscure corners of the soul, deep down, where reason did not rule, and violences matured suddenly after slow mysterious gestations, without apparent relation to external causes. . . .

You already know what the engineer had said: "The light on high for others and the shadow round about. . . ." It was something absurd, unjust. . . . It is futile for me to endeavor to seek excuses for Samuel's

action! As I must reach the end, I shall now proceed without beating about the bush, rapidly. Listen:

The first symptoms did not manifest themselves for about a month. The children, who had been hitherto an invisible swarm, from which the oldest stood out, began to acquire individuality, two of them especially: Paquito and Luis. Luis was strong, wayward, dominating tall; Paquito was pale and puny, and his eyes were so soft that, seeing him, it was impossible to think of death. . . . By the natural tendency of his spirit, also by contrast with Samuel's rough virility, Solorzano began to be to the children something like a mother of the wrong sex and his only severities fell, doubtless justly, on Luis. Paquito, on the other hand, he always treated with a tender solicitude. Because they were the nearest to each other in age, Paquito and Luis quarreled with most frequency, and Solorzano's partiality showed itself without disguise. Even before the mother died, these disputes had not been rare, and Samuel was given to punishing impartially with a heavy hand. Therefore his first defense shocked every one, especially as he chose a day when Paquito was in the right.

"Paquito is your favorite, Solorzano. . . . The other, although such a hobbledehoy, is also God's."

"But, it is because I do not wish Luis to get in the habit of picking on the weak."

"The other is a great little hypocrite; do not believe . . . but, let Luis suffer the punishment. You are the one who has to struggle with them; so that. . . ."

Nothing more occurred. Luis submitted to the kindly penance that Solorzano had imposed, but from that day the shadows of other years again passed over Samuel's face, and he seemed to be less shrunken in his black clothes. A few days later, the question came up anew, and this time his interference was more serious.

"See here, Solorzano; have your way with all of them except Luis. It may be because he favors me, if you will, but it hurts me when you punish him. Do we understand each other? Buy the other one all the knick-knacks you please, as if he were your own; I do not object. Now this one . . . this one is thoroughly mine, and you have nothing to do with him."

The thing was so groundless, so confused, that Solorzano did not understand it at once. For several weeks he restrained himself, and in spite of the differences in their characters, he treated all the children

alike. Samuel's somber silences continued, however. He alone was the cause of them. . . . He once more took up his tasks with the earnestness of one who wishes to bury his preoccupation. The metal-work again shone with startling brilliancy. The oldest boy noticed that their tongues began to utter phrases different from those their hearts desired to express. Solorzano's goodness must have been somewhat irritating to Samuel. That meekness, that tireless concern with everything, that prevention of grounds and occasions for disagreement, instead of increasing the memory of gratitude, irritated a wound in the soul of Samuel, a wound unreal but incurable, opened by the imagination. As formerly, his voice went beyond his thought, completing it, as it were: Luis was thoroughly his, and Solorzano had nothing to do with him;—if Luis were thoroughly his, in size and character, and if the other were small, pallid and gentle, like them, it was because. . . . No, no! The one they would have had, if they had known each other before, or if they had not feared his vengeance. . . .

The struggle must have been tremendous from the time this idea began to gnaw at his brain until it emptied it of everything to take possession of it day and night. That battle must have lasted three months, perhaps even four months, during which his words became harsher and harsher every day. Signs of spring appeared; one could feel the approach of the days of chicha. Samuel got rid of the long black coat, which had shortened his figure, and became in every one's eyes the same as before: a sort of force of nature, almost like the wind and sea. . . . His shouts resounded unexpectedly, and the island seemed to tremble. . . . Near the wound opened another, less mocking. Do you know what it was? That Paquito never afforded him any ground for complaint. With a terrible patience, he began to look out for the first fault. A little wine spilled on the table, and then his great hand descended upon the tender face, leaving a broad red trace and a miserable sobbing that lasted until daybreak. The stupor of the children, Solorzano's pallor, the look of the oldest son, who, without fully understanding, already perceived that something strange was happening, rarefied the air. Samuel sprang up and rushed out muttering confused threats. . . . Solorzano gathered Paquito in his arms, carried him off to bed, and tried to lull him to sleep with pettings. The giant voice resounded from above, rabidly, "Leave him alone, Solorzano! . . . Leave him alone, or I shall come down again!"

The little bed was abandoned, and decided steps sounded on the

stairway. It was not Samuel descending; it was Solorzano ascending. After him also went up the oldest boy, with fear and caution. He could listen in the shadow.

"What you did was not right, Samuel."

"Have you come to scold me?"

At that moment the difference in the height of the two men was not so marked. To the ironical and provocative tone of the question responded another tone, energetic but soft, a tone none would have expected from that mouth.

"No; I am not the one to scold you, but I have come to speak with you. Listen to me. . . . Do not double your fists. I know you can smash me or throw me over the railing. It is not a question of fight. It is a question of having peace. You can be just or unjust with your children. . . . That is an affair between you and your conscience. . . . Today you have not been just. . . . Not to give you another occasion, I come to propose to you our former course; each one in his own house, without words, without dealings. . . . Do not think that it costs me nothing. . . . I do not shrug my shoulders . . . but that is not all; the day you again maltreat Paquito . . . or any of the others, I shall write to the engineer to ask for my transfer. Now you know."

"Is that all? Begone, begone, or . . ."

Without haste, without fear, Solorzano turned his back on him, passed near the oldest boy without seeing him, and went to his room.

The next day there fell over the island the hostile silence that was not broken by the exciting murmur of the sea or even by the tempests. The children received the order not to speak to Solorzano on any ground; and his attitude helped them to obey it. Only, from a distance, soft eyes followed him from a moist and tremulous sadness that did not dare to change into tears. Left to themselves, they soon fell a prey to untidiness. Samuel tried sometimes to multiply himself in order to look after them; at others he fell into spells of inactive depression. Seeing them ragged increased his fury. Only in respect to the requirements of the lighthouse was he capable and orderly. When his efforts encountered the impossibility of caring for them he glanced at them, laughed with an evil laughter, and abandoned himself to the somberness of a calm, almost worse than anger. The calms were wont to last two or three days, and then, without a cause, came a night of brooding of rage. . . . On one of those nights the oldest boy felt as if his hair were beginning to turn gray. Ah! only those who have been robbed

of their childhood at a blow will be able to understand his bitterness. The bitterness of the sea came that night between the father and the son. . . . No; something more bitter and larger than the sea. With the words of a madman, without understanding that he was rending a poor heart to which he had given existence, Samuel began to utter his terrible calumnies against the dead woman and against Solorzano. . . . The son had to bear the abominable accusations many times.

"That accursed weakling with soft eyes and a yellow face was the son that they would have wished to have! . . . He was their son, yes, their son! . . . Do not say it is not so, or I will kill you!"

The boy trembled and divined.

The furious voice continued: "But I shall remove that yellow from his face with blows. . . . The blow of the other day will be nothing compared with what I am going to give him!"

Hitherto the boy had believed that the longest night in the world was the one he had passed looking alternately at a book and at a face disfigured by the nearness of death; but no; this night was still longer. Every word disclosed to him an abyss. He felt the vertigo of a man and the fear of a defenseless child in the presence of the tempestuous power of his father. He closed his eyes, summoning sleep, and he would have wished to close his ears also. Finally sleep came. . . . When he awoke, it was very late. Weeping came from outside; he arose filled with a sudden assurance of what was happening. The paternal hand had again fallen on the child's little face.

"Ah! I shall kill you! . . . I shall kill you!" Samuel vociferated.

He went outside, and he made his first man's decision.

When Samuel felt some one pinion his arm he turned around, assured of finding Solorzano; but when he saw his son he meekly lowered his head and let himself be led away. He passed the whole day between excitement and anguish. . . . When the time for his watch arrived, subconsciousness awoke in him and he wished to get up.

"No! Stay here! . . . You must rest. Today, I'll go up."

Samuel sank back again in the disordered bed without protest. There above, Solorzano arose when he heard the steps. He was paler than ever. His eyes were red, and his skin where the tears had flowed very dry. He refused to leave the boy alone, and, after a long silence, he got up, pressed him in his arms and said to him, breaking into sobs: "I love you, all of you, very deeply . . . him also; but I must go away. This very day I am going to write."

Then he fled by the stairway, leaving infinite pity in a heart, half that of an old man, half that of a child.

On the following morning Solorzano left the house very early and went to bathe in a recess of the beach where the waters were somewhat quieter. Samuel must have heard him, must have spied him from the window, for he went out with furtive steps, locking the door behind him. When the boy tried to get out it was too late. From the window foreseeing the drama, yet without daring to awaken his brothers, he witnessed the scene. His voice caught in his throat. A voice stronger than his own told him that everything would be futile, that his shout would only serve to summon his brothers to view the crime that would never be blotted out. Ah! what an experience he had already had. The pursuit continued for some minutes, but Solorzano's weak arm could not strive against the arms of the giant, who overtook him at last near the land. The struggle was short. For some seconds both were submerged, and at length only the bust of the colossus reappeared swaying, as if he had beneath his feet something that was fighting desperately. A minute passed, an immense minute. The enormous stature diminished suddenly by some inches, advanced toward the land and appeared among the rocks. In the distance an inert mass floated on the waves.

What was the son to do? Denounce him? Give a name of ignominy to his brothers? At the age of thirteen, that boy had to wrestle with the most tremendous problem of conscience that could be endured.

He said nothing. . . .

The drowning of a light-keeper is not a rare occurrence; neither is it an unheard-of thing that a man, who cannot bear the death of his wife and takes to speaking to no one, dies of grief. . . .

THE WANDERER

Ciro Alegria

Translated by Sarah Corwin

A GRAY, THIN woman followed the trail under the shade of the poplars to the house on the hill. The last rays of the Chilean sun sketched the golden hued poplars against a sky of deep indigo. The vivid landscape was a scene of almost riotous beauty, its wild abandon somewhat subdued by the presence of the towering mountains. The mighty mountains of Chile . . . with their promise of adventure and far off places, yet relentlessly crushing the restless spirit of man.

The woman looked long at the house, with its neat white-washed walls and bright red thatched roof. Then she turned aside, put down the bundle she carried on her back, and sat under a tall, spreading quillay. . . . She leaned back, relaxed. . . .

Thus it was that Domi saw her. The child, hugging tight her rag doll, was frightened and abruptly ran off. She found her mother in the small square of a vegetable garden, picking ripe onions. The pungent odor of the fragrant leaves hung heavy in the air.

"Mother!" cried the little girl, "there's a strange woman here."

Monica, her mother, straightened and lifted an earth-smudged face over the stone fence.

"Never mind. She's probably only resting," she said . . . and resumed her task.

Suddenly, the wind came, bringing with it dust and nightfall. . . . Darkness rose from the valley, blacking out trees and hills. . . . Spot-lighted in the soft half-light of the afterglow, the house on the hill looked warm and inviting.

Monica left the garden and entered her kitchen through the tiny back porch. It was time to prepare her husband's supper. In passing, she glanced in the direction of the quillay. The stranger was still there.

Little Domi hung close to her mother while she busied herself with the fire, until the flames leaped up to lick the big, fat, red earthen pot. Soon the bean stew bubbled merrily.

Outside in the pitch darkness, the poplars whispered softly and the quillay stooped slightly as if to protect the stranger from the night.

Later, Monica went out to see if the woman was still there. Under the tree a high sweet voice answered her greeting.

"You may come in, if you like," said the mistress of the house. "It's warm inside."

The shivering figure rose and followed her in silence. In the light inside the house, the woman appeared quite human as she faced Monica and Domi. She seemed to want to say something, but couldn't, and sat staring at the fire as if seeking words there. Then, impulsively, the stranger picked up a log and added it to the crackling fire. The friendly gesture seemed to bring the three of them together, and for a moment the invisible barrier was broken. Only for a moment, however, for Monica and her daughter soon retreated into an attitude of cold reserve.

There was something frightening about the stranger. Something Monica couldn't understand. Yet, she seemed a woman like any other. . . . A woman of the people—a woman who was cold and hungry and who perhaps had suffered much. True, her gray eyes were too bright, her face too thin, too pale. The dusty clothes and the big bundle she carried told of a long journey. Her mouth was sad . . . yet calm. Perhaps there lay the key to the mystery. In those lips so firmly closed on words and memories.

Monica finally broke the silence. "Where do you come from?"

The guest answered simply, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, as if to minimize the importance of her journey. "From beyond the hills. . . ."

Little Domi tightened her thin arms around her doll as her mother added still another log to the fire. A *tiuque*, the fierce bird of prey of the mountains, screeched in the distance, and then an uncomfortable silence fell over them . . . a silence pregnant with unfounded misgiving and suspicion.

The trot of a horse broke the silence, and soon horse and rider came into view. It was Tomás, returning from the fields. He spoke a dry greeting and unsaddled his mount. Then, after patting the animal's neck affectionately, approached the women.

Monica looked searchingly into her husband's face, trying to dis-

cover in his expression some sign of recognition for the stranger. The greeting they exchanged told nothing, although perhaps it was too casual. He sat on a low bench and Monica served the meal. While they ate, the spoons made an unpleasant sound as they scraped the chipped plates. The strange woman ate with eyes lowered, and Tomás gulped down his food eagerly while his wife and daughter watched them and waited.

Finally, the man talked of the day's work . . . how the black bull had run away to the ravine. . . . He would have to go and look for the beast tomorrow.

Tomás was not a prosperous *huaso*. His poncho was faded, its once gay colors dulled by wind, rain, and dust. His hat and boots were shabby and worn. How he envied Don Eliodoro, the gentleman *huaso*, the ranch owner's son, with his many bright colored *ponchos*, high buttoned *boleros*, polished boots and handsome hats. When Don Eliodoro's spurs lost their bell-like tinkle, he could take them to the town's blacksmith who would magically restore their music. And they sang again like birds! But when his own lost their music in the red mud of the fields, they did not sing again. Yet, he did not complain of his lot . . . he had seen worse days.

His was a long story, full of hardship and adventure. He had seen many lands. He had mined in the north and worked in the plains of the Pampas. He had sailed south to the regions of the Pole, there to hunt seal and otter in the dangerous waters of the Antarctic. Back in his own country, he had washed ore and then drifted inland to the valleys. There he had followed the harvests from season to season, hiring out his good strong arms for three *pesos* a day, living on stale bread and bad wine. Finally he had become a *huaso*, a cow-hand, on Don Eliodoro's ranch, where he was given a house and a horse.

After a while, he had married Monica and she bore him a daughter. And now here he was . . . he knew not till when.

The stranger and the *huaso* looked at each other. Although meeting for the first time, each recognized the other from some faintly remembered past, within the image, perhaps, of a town half forgotten . . . the recollection of expressions met one knows not where.

The man's piercing eyes and weather-beaten face stamped him as one who has toiled under the sun of many lands. The woman bore unmistakably the sign of the wanderer. Her fatigue was dark and endless.

The *huaso* spoke, not knowing that the question had been asked before. "Where do you come from?"

The stranger replied, "From beyond the hills. . . ."

"Beyond the hills. . . ." The *huaso* had heard the expression countless times before. He himself had used it often. To the wanderer it is the open road left behind or the one about to be taken.

Then, in answer to Monica's questioning, the stranger said her name was Josefina Nuñez. The name did not lighten the mystery. She was still a stranger, an unknown . . . a mere particle in the closely knit anonymity of the people.

Finally, however, she spoke, seeming to have grown more at ease suddenly, wanting to be friendly. There was a dim sadness in her voice. "I knew a man once," she said. "He worked not far from here. The closest mining town, in fact. . . ." Her voice faded to a new silence.

"And what is his name?" Monica asked, thinking to encourage the stranger. "Perhaps we've met him once."

"He has no name."

"No name? But everybody. . . ."

"He's dead. Killed in a drunken brawl. His belly was slashed wide open. But he kept on fighting until he dropped."

"Oh!"

They waited, but the stranger said no more. Her eyes had paled in slight bitterness.

Gradually, a drowsiness fell upon the little group. The fire sputtered weakly. It was time for bed. The stranger undid her pack and made herself comfortable in the harness room. Husband and wife occupied the room next to it. Hours passed, however, and neither could sleep.

Abruptly, Monica's voice was heard in the darkness. "Have you ever seen her anywhere before?"

"No," he answered.

Yet her heart told her that he was not speaking the truth, and she felt in that moment as though she'd lost something precious. In despair and fear she pulled her man to her and loved him passionately, desperately. But afterwards she felt more cold and lonely than ever, and in her sleepless vigil she was comforted by the thought that the stranger would leave before dawn, and with the coming of daylight everything would be as it had been before.

But day came and the stranger was still there. Tomás had gone out to the ravine at dawn to look for the lost beast . . . and never was a black bull lassoed more expertly.

In the early afternoon, Tomás rode back, proudly leading the bull by a rope tied around its horns. He dismounted, leashed the beast to a tree-trunk, and unsaddled his horse. Then he sat down on his familiar bench.

The stranger was busy mending some tattered bit of clothing. Monica, too, had stayed in all day. She had intended to go into town the following morning to sell her fat onions, but now, with the day's picking neglected, she would not have enough to make the trip worth while. If only Domi could do more than play with her rag doll. If at least she could be trusted to keep her eyes open. But no, Tomás was the one for that . . . he did not take his eyes off the stranger, except to gaze at the road, the horizon, the distant sky.

Monica took up her mending too, and soon it was night again.

The following day Monica said to her husband, "Aren't you going to take the bull to the ranch today?"

The *huaso* replied, "Who works on Sundays?"

She insisted, "Please go. . . . Don Eliodoro will expect you."

He replied firmly, "Nobody works on Sundays."

Somehow, the stranger stayed on, without an explanation, with hardly a word, distant, aloof. Tomás paced up and down the small room now and feverishly desired the stranger. The woman was not beautiful, yet she was not without charm. Her straight, thin body softened tenderly at the small high breasts, the sweet long curve of the slender hips. Tomás dreamed of recapturing the reckless adventure of his yesterdays with this dark, somber woman.

Monica, he knew, had roots here. She was part of this plot of earth, part of this house on a hill. Even now she wanted more children. She would multiply herself endlessly, like her onions.

Tomás tried to think of a plan to get rid of Monica. Perhaps if he beat her, hurt her terribly, she would leave him willingly. But he decided to wait until he'd spoken to the stranger.

At last it was night again. At dinner, Monica's attitude was frankly hostile. She sensed her husband's feelings about the stranger.

"Where are you heading for?" Tomás asked the woman.

She answered, "To Nipocura."

"Is that a town?"

"Almost a town."

"Is it far?"

"Yes, very. . . ."

Where could Nipocura be? The name sounded like any other of Araucanian origin scattered through the length and breadth of the country. On the other hand, it was quite possible that no such place existed. Tomás knew by his own experience that the traveller without a definite place to go, in order to avoid suspicion, often names a distant or nonexistent spot as his destination.

Perhaps the woman needed a man, a companion to protect and love her. No doubt the man killed in the fight in the mining town had been her husband. Then, naturally, she would have wanted to start in search of a new life, new hopes.

And late that night, when Monica embraced her husband, feverishly, closing her eyes on her fears, pressing close to the body she loved, the *huaso* submitted with a curse on his lips. If he had only gone to the ranch to deliver the black bull! If he had at least gotten drunk with the other *huasos* on a bucket of red wine!

The dawn rose black for Tomás. He got up later than his wife, and after looking around for the stranger, asked fearfully, "Has she gone?"

"She has gone," replied Monica, and then joyfully: "She *has* gone, she *has*!"

Tomás was seized by a sudden desire to hurt Monica, as if she were to blame. Then he longed madly to ride after the stranger. But where would he go? What route had she taken? He looked at the net of endless trails winding in and out of hills and valleys, from north to south, from mountain to seashore.

Nipocura! . . . If he only knew which way it lay. . . . Useless to attempt to follow her now. Perhaps the town did not exist, and if it did, the woman would not stop there. Who knows, indeed, the ways of the wanderer?

A cry of disappointment escaped the *huaso* Tomás. And then, as he looked on the mighty mountains of Chile, with their promise of adventure and far off places, he felt that the stranger, somehow, was his own soul, free to take its endless way.

PAINTING FOR THE FESTIVAL

Frances Gillmor

AN AESTHETIC of impermanence—of fireworks flaring against the dark—of an effigy made to be destroyed. . . . This is the philosophy of Diego Rivera.

It sounds like a modern philosophy of impermanence and change, of a present that gives form to a past that is gone. It sounds like Whitehead and Mead.

It is in the quick current of modern sophisticated thought. But it shapes too from the Mexican village, and from the fiesta where rockets break in puffs of white smoke over the church towers and are gone; where a whole year's savings may be spent to build a piece of standing fireworks into a *castillo* as high as the church tower itself, so that for a quick interval of light, fire may run along the cubes and circles up to the very tip, to delight the little saint; where on the Saturday before Easter the effigy of Judas may be hanged and exploded with firecrackers to the cheers of the crowd.

Diego Rivera has brought the village art into his studio at San Angel just outside Mexico City. At one end stand two grotesque figures of Judas, more than life size; they have missed their destiny of being exploded to the cheers of a crowd on Saturday of Glory. Near them stand four models of *castillos*, their wheels and cubes loaded with firecrackers; perhaps tonight their larger counterparts will go off in flaring light to end a village fiesta.

To balance these examples of a Mexican folk art of today Rivera has shelves loaded with the idols and masks of a pre-conquest yesterday. Some of the idols are grinning and exaggerated; some of the masks calm and inscrutable.

Rivera points to the Judases.

"No one believes me when I say they are beautiful. But the people who make them put into them what the ancient people did. Look at this."

And he points out an idol with its head tilted to the very angle of the head of the Judas.

"No, these *idolos* have not the serenity of the masks. But the masks were made for death. Serenity belongs to death. People who want serenity want only to sit down."

He turns to the models of the *castillos*.

"These are the best examples of abstract design in Mexico. They are good because the people who make them are not trying to create great art, are not trying to create anything that will last. A *castillo* burns for a few minutes and goes out. Because of that it is good, it is pure, free from the desire for riches, free from the desire for fame. . . .

"Yes, of course an artist could do something he hoped would last, just because it was good, just because he wanted it to exist—not wanting riches or fame. But the desire for permanence belongs to the fear of death. If we lived in the day, a day at a time, we would lose that fear. We would know that there is no death."

His words crowd upon each other as he explains himself further.

"No death for the individual, because the individual does not exist. We are just parts of the whole—the lights on the *castillo*."

He goes on eagerly. His philosophy of the brief present seems to shape itself even as he talks.

"You say I find my permanence then in the whole?" he says. "Not the permanence of death. It is movement, it is speed. The more you move, the more you touch, the more permanent you are. Life isn't serenity. The desire for serenity," he repeats, "is the desire to sit down."

What is brief has not only purity, but power, he declares.

"Think of the methods of magic. When people want magic they turn to design, and to design that can be destroyed. A design cut in paper here in Mexico. A design made in sand among the Navajos—and destroyed at sunset."

He pulls out some photographs of his Detroit murals.

"I like these better than anything I have done. Look at them—electricity and steam. The engineers don't make them beautiful because they are trying to create a great art. That is one reason why they are beautiful. Look—they have power. They are male, female.

"And do you know people get more offended at a picture like this of engines and machinery and industrial subjects than at a political subject. Why? Because they feel the power of it and are helpless.

A pre-conquest mask from Rivera's collection, whose serenity, according to Rivera, belongs to death.

A country Judas which has just exploded. This is art free of the desire for fame or riches or permanence, and therefore pure, says Rivera.

Photo by Ola Apenes





A castillo at a village
fiesta in Mexico.
The castillos, says
Diego Rivera, are
the finest examples
of abstract art in
Mexico.

Photo by Ola Apenes

Two Judases, with political placards
attached, about to be burned on a
Mexico City street on the Saturday
before Easter. "No one believes me
when I say they are beautiful," says
Rivera.



Suppose a man meets a woman. He may love her. He may try everything, every argument within himself to convince himself he should not love her. But in spite of that he will love her more and more. It is so with design. If you feel the power of it, the only release from that power is in its destruction—its brevity. Only in the knowledge of its brevity is there detachment and satisfaction. It is part of the magic that the sand painting should be destroyed. . . .

He looks at the steam turbines in the picture.

"I'd rather live in Pittsburgh or Detroit, where there are industrial subjects like this, than in Mexico," he says. "The engineers don't even know they are doing something beautiful. Their art is unconscious. That is why I have come to be against instruction in art. I have thrown it all away. If I had not had so much instruction, I should have had twenty, thirty more years of painting. It is only in the last ten years, perhaps only now, that I am beginning to see what I want to do."

But he turns back to the *castillos*, brief fireworks in dark night.

"No, I have no desire for permanence in my own work. In fact, I think this whole idea of mine affects my choice of subject matter. I didn't realize it until this minute—but I think I choose subjects so that they will be destroyed. I enjoy it. I didn't mind it when the Rockefeller frescoes were destroyed.

"They live through destruction. One person sees them, and they are ideas then in his mind. They have more life. They have life even in the minds of the people who have not seen them.

"You know those paintings that were made in the middle ages, one on top of another? There was no condemnation of the earlier work when they painted it over. It had been painted perhaps for a festival—and the festival was over. A few years later there was a new offering. Why not?

"I paint that way. I paint without wanting permanence. I prepare the wall for a festival."

AND HOME IS THE HUNTED

Prudencio de Pereda

I THOUGHT, if I could only get some spirit and heart into me. I would suddenly stop feeling this damned tired way. I could do this thing, then. I could do it! I could do it, and, at last, something that I did would have a meaning. Something of mine would be important. It would matter! At last! At last!

And then, suddenly and quickly, as soon as I had stopped thinking this and saying it to myself once or twice and clearly, the tired feeling that had made everything before seem unimportant and listless and not to matter, began to go quickly away, and soon it was gone.

I shaved and washed and put on my cleaned, pressed suit, and then I put the pills in my pocket just before I went out.

This morning Violet and I had quarreled again. I thought of it now when I saw the dollar she had thrown at me lying on the table. I went to pick it up, but then I stopped and thought: I've got just enough carfare to go there. I can walk the bridge. I won't take the dollar. That will separate me from all that.

I went over to New York by the long, round-about way in the El, up to 59th Street and the river. And then I took the elevator up to the walking level of Queensboro Bridge and walked over to Welfare Island through the air.

In the Island bus, we drove slowly along the shore road. The driver very carefully and expertly avoided the slow-moving patients who crossed the road in wheel chairs or walked along it at the side. I looked out the window and saw the bitter faces and the drab uniforms. When the driver called out: "Cancer and Neurological Hospital," I got off. Emma was in the Cancer wing.

The sun had been out in the morning, and so the beds were outside now. Emma's bed was at the side of the yard and in the "shade" of the second story porch. I went right up to it. She did not see me until I was at the head of it.

"Hello, Emmy!" I said. I laughed loudly to strike her happily at the first. She turned her head slowly, smiling already at the sound of the voice and the laugh. "Hello, Mickey," she said. She held up her hand to me.

"How are you?" I said. I said it very lightly and loudly. She was pale and looked very bad, and she was lying very flat on her back without a pillow under her head.

"All right," she said. Then, "Fine! I'm all right." She said this slowly. "How are you?" She was still holding on to my hand and was trying to stretch her head over to the side of the bed. To look for a chair for me, I thought.

"There was a chair there," Emmy said.

"That's all right, Emmy. That's okay! I don't want to sit down. I've been sitting all the way coming over. I'm tired of sitting."

"No, no! Sit down. There's one over at the back. It must be there, I think," she said, and I looked and saw a white hospital chair back of the bed and against the wall. I brought it out to the side and sat down. While I was getting the chair I had to let go of her hand.

"How's Violet?" she said now.

"Fine! She's fine," I said. "Still having trouble at the Press, but they'll let up soon, I think."

"They will," Emmy said. "They always do in the end. They have to."

"Surely," I said. "They always do. But if they could only see that all of this terrorizing that's so stupid and rotten is no good, even for them. . . . Is Joe coming over today?" I said. I wanted to change our thoughts. Joe was her husband. He was the one friend for whom I had a genuine feeling and admiration, and she was his young and pretty wife and had cancer of the hip. She had been operated on six months ago in a private hospital for cancer of the breast. The ailment of the hip, then, had been diagnosed as a broken bone, but it had really been the source of the cancer that was working its way up her body, now.

All of this had taken the little money that they themselves had and all of the money that their family and friends would pleasantly spare. She said, "No. He was here yesterday. He'll be down on Friday."

"Oh."

"He wants to come every day, or every other day, at least, but I want him to stay home and do some work." Joe was a painter. He was on the WPA.

"What's he doing now?"

"He isn't doing much outside of his work for the project. He says he can't get into anything big. Some original work that he could do something with."

"Like the Rabelais illustrations?"

"Yes, like that!"

"He was doing some illustrations for the Odyssey, wasn't he, Emmy? I remember that they seemed pretty good."

"I know, but he can't get on with it. That's what he feels," she said. She spoke in long, drawn-out jerks of words, as if she were drawing each breath and then using it quickly in speech.

"Are the kids still with your mother, Emmy?"

"Yes, Joe can feel easy about that, anyway."

"I know. So can you. That's damned good for all concerned, I think. But he worries like hell about you."

"I know it," she said. She turned her head slowly away from me for just a moment. Then, "Everybody does," she said slowly.

"Except you," I said. I laughed a little.

"No, I don't worry. I know what's the matter with me. You don't worry about something you know definitely."

"No. You don't. That's a good thing about it. You can start from there."

"Start from where, Mickey?"

"I mean you begin to do things now. You know what's what and where you are. It's like a fighter who's in the ring. The fight's started already and you've lost all the worry that you had about it before. You're not nervous anymore. You see, Emmy? You know where you are and what you have to do."

"Yes, what you have to do."

"Well—to go on. You advance from there. You have to! You know what I mean, don't you, Emmy? You move. Life goes on. See?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I mean, it's better to know what's the matter. Then you can start getting better. You know?"

"Getting better?"

"Yes, getting better! Everyone can get better. Everyone who's alive can go on. They go on naturally and they can improve. Life grows on itself. No matter how bad off you are, keeping alive is getting better sometimes."

"Yes?"

"Yes, Emmy. But, anyway, isn't this a hell of a lot better than having a terrible pain always with you and not knowing what it is at all? You have terrible fears about it, and it gets bigger and bigger and more important to you all the time. When you find out the truth, no matter how bad it is, your fears are stopped anyway. You have the decision of certainty. You can go on from there. You can die, or you can survive. You have to make a choice, then. Don't you?"

"I think so, Mickey," she said. She smiled.

"What are you laughing at? What's the matter, Emmy?"

"I was just thinking. You've changed your tune, haven't you? How different from the last time! You're among the uplifters, now, eh? Even you can get healthy."

"Emmy!" I said. "Look!"

"You, too, Brutus!" she said. Her eyes looked wet.

"Emmy, I was only fooling! I was only fooling, kid. I was just kidding myself. I was trying to be honest and make one more damned, stupid try, anyway; but I haven't changed. I haven't! Listen, Emmy, I brought the pills. I have them here with me, now!"

"I didn't think you believed those things. Thanks, anyway, for trying."

"I don't believe them! I can't believe them! What the hell is the use of suffering, of any suffering? Life is bad enough when you feel well and happy, sometimes. There's always something waiting around the corner to get you down, then."

"Yes, but you can be a realist. You can look at those things. And see them. Then you fight them. You can make it better. You can! You were right when you were saying those things. You really can win against them sometimes, but you don't believe it. You don't believe all those fine things you were telling me. None of the uplifters do. None of them really believe them. They say them because they think they're helping me. But I believe them. That's the joke of it! They'd be so surprised if they knew that I had any hope."

"Yeah, hope! You can win, too, Emmy! Sure, Emmy! You can fight like hell all the time and live two or three years of a lousy, tortured existence, and then die, anyway."

"But you have lived, and you've fought!"

"For what?"

"For that little bit, anyway," she said. She looked away from me

again. Then, when she turned her head back, she said, "You sound very depressed, today. Unusually so."

"I wish I had your physical basis for dying. I wouldn't hesitate a minute, damn it!"

"Is it so hopeless? With you, I mean?"

"It's lousy!"

"Your writing bad?"

"Well, I can't get much of it done. It doesn't seem bad, but the little I do only seems to appeal to me. Nobody will publish it."

"They will. And soon! And they'll write to you and ask you if you've got any more stories at home. You wait and see."

"I'm waiting because I have to, but I don't believe that. I don't really believe it, Emmy. That's just a dream. I'm waiting because I can't do anything else. When my wife gets wise to me, I'll have to really do something, but I'm too lazy to start anything on my own pull. So I just keep this dream."

"Oh, no, it's not a dream! You're not dreaming. You know that the better a writer is, the longer it takes for him to catch on. And a lot of the right people have liked your work very much already. You know that."

"Yes, so it seems. And it's a damned grateful thing to me," I said. "Incidentally, you and Joe have been very nice to me there."

"Not nice, just fair."

"Yes, too fair, I think. But that's all right. You see, all this about a struggling young writer who's looking for new modes of expression and things like that is swell for a guy if he's alone. If he can live alone and support himself, you know. But when you've got a wife who married you in the first place because she believed in you, who took you on for a year or so, so that you could have lots of time to work in and money to live on, and who seems to be getting just a little bit tired of it now; just a little bit, you know, and you can't help feeling this—then, it isn't so good.

"You love her, you know, Emmy. I love her. I'm sure of that! But it doesn't seem to be enough. There have to be a lot of other things, little attentions, little gifts, little favors, and things like that. Women seem to expect these things. I've thought about it and I think it's only fair, but writers can't do these things—especially when they're working like hell, and thinking all the time, and worrying about why their stuff doesn't take. You have no time. You have no money! Then,

of course, if you don't do these things, you're selfish. Very selfish! So I'm beginning to convince myself that I'm a very selfish guy."

Emmy did not say anything. She had lain quietly, listening to me shoot off my eager mouth like that and now I watched her for a moment. I did not like to look at her too much. She moved in the bed suddenly and her mouth twitched.

"What's the matter," I said. "Pain?"

"No. Not too much, anyway. It's just my physical basis for dying acting up again."

"Is it very bad, Emmy?"

"Yes."

"Please forgive me for talking like that. Jesus! I should be trying to make you feel good and here I am shooting off my mouth and handing out a lot of crap. On two visits in succession, too!"

"Oh, that's all right. You're honest, anyway. It's just the pain getting bad. I had a very bad night, yesterday. But that's not it. . . . Did you talk to Violet about this, Mickey? About giving me a good end, I mean?"

"No."

"You didn't tell her?"

"No, I didn't, Emmy. I wanted to do it completely myself, alone and well. I didn't think she could understand, anyway."

Emmy smiled slowly. "She would understand it. I understand it, even though I don't agree with you."

"Do you, Emmy?"

"I do, Mickey."

"Did you tell Joe, then. I mean that you know what it is, now?"

"What?"

"That the cancer's gone all up your back from the hips to the back, and that that's what the pain in your neck is?"

"No! No, I didn't tell him."

"You're not going to tell him you know?"

"No. Why should I? He thinks I'm not worried and it makes him feel better." She had been talking very slowly before, and in jerks, but now she talked even more slowly and it seemed to hurt her to talk.

"And you're not going to do anything about it, Emmy, then?"

"No," she said. She moved her head slowly from side to side. "No." Then tears began to well up from her eyes and stream down her cheeks. I put my hand on hers.

"Emmy! What's the matter? Is it the pain again? Am I . . . ?"

"No, no! Not you! You're all right. You're fine. Honest! It's the pain, the physical. . . ."

"Emmy, look! Look, kid. Life is a hunt! This life is nothing more than a god-damned hunt. We're being hunted and we'll always be caught. All the time! Look at the people in Czechoslovakia! They tried with all their might and guts to get away, but they got caught in the end. We always get caught. Look. . . ."

"Look at the people in Spain and China. There! They fight against it," she said. Her mouth blubbered a little with the tears in it. "They're not caught." I put my handkerchief up to it and she shook her head slowly from side to side to say, No, and took it in her hand. She wiped her eyes with it.

"They're not caught. Much! Is that life? But you can beat them, Emmy. You can get away from their pain."

She shook her head again like that. Her mouth said, "No!"

"Emmy, get away. You'll just go to sleep. You won't have any pain. You'll just go off to sleep without feeling anything. You'll just go off—and you won't have any dreams. That would be enough inducement for me—Jesus, no dreams! Emmy, take the pills, kid!"

"No," she said. "No! I want to fight! I've been fighting all the time; all my life. I can't stop, now. I want to fight!" She closed her eyes. Two tears pushed out over the lids. I looked away. I did not think that she wanted me to see her crying. I looked out over the river to the big, magnificent buildings of the Medical Center. On the river, the tugs went swiftly past, disdaining all of this. The sun was up again, on the top of the big buildings, but not on the river, now. In those buildings, I thought, there must be thousands of men and women working hard to discover cures for all known diseases—especially cancer. I looked back at Emmy on the bed.

She held the handkerchief to her mouth and her eyes were still tightly closed. The two tear drops stood poised on her eyelids. She was resting now; sleeping, maybe! She'll be getting strength to wake up again and start to fight all over. Start right away to fight again with her little, little strength!

Begin another day of watching people come to pity her—to pity her for just a polite moment, and then run away from this dreary hole. Fast!

Another day to eat three meals in and throw up two!

Never see the children! You never see the children. She doesn't want her children to come and see her fight the losing fight!

I moved my leg suddenly in anger, and it struck the bed. Emmy gave a little jump and opened her eyes. "I'm sorry, Emmy," I said. I put my hand on her shoulder. She turned her head slowly to look at me.

"Heh?" she said. Her eyes were bright with wetness.

"I woke you up," I said.

"Oh, no. No. That's all right. I shouldn't be sleeping. I won't sleep, tonight."

"You don't sleep at night?"

"Not too much," Emmy said.

Then, we did not say anything for a while. I was looking out across the river. She must have been watching my face, because when I turned around she was looking at me. She smiled a little.

"Nothing doing on that, then, eh, kid?"

She shook her head slowly and smiled.

"Okay," I said. "Then, we'll begin all over, just as if I was making an ordinary, healthy visit. How are you, Emmy? Really, how are you?"

"Fine," she said.

ON AND ON

Spud Johnson

On Swing Shift

EVERY DAY when I drive to work in the middle of the somnolent California afternoon, after having had a leisurely breakfast and a leisurely lunch, shockingly but comfortably close together, out on my sunny terrace, I think what a wonderful time to be tooting off to a job—devoting to it only the hours I had often in the past dedicated solemnly to a cocktail and dinner party.

(Every afternoon, that is, except when it was really hot, during a few August and September weeks—then, I admit, I thought it was an outrage, with sweat tickling down my ribs and the heat sitting on me heavily like a fat Japanese wrestler who has not had to use any of his fancy tricks at all, just had to push me over and sit on my stomach; then, it is true, I had to think furiously about the trip out from New Mexico in January, when it had been frigid, even in the desert.)

But generally it's mild and sleepy, with the interminable cardboard bungalows, every one a Home, floating past me in a middle-westerner's dream of ever-blooming roses and never-needed central heating; a kind of love-song of peace and plenty, punctuated every block or so with real estate offices, looking exactly like the other bungalows, roses and all, except for large signs saying "Horace Brain, Choice Walnut Grove Homesites," and small, very discreet ones assuring you that the place is "Open." Their blackboards listing tempting morsels of cardboard and thin top-soil are not, however, a distinguishing feature, for even the Homes have blackboards announcing "Rabbit Fryers," "Brown Eggs," "Pigs—Potatoes—Pomegranates."

One of my favorite signs, in front of a cunning, vine-draped, what in English novels would doubtless be called a "semi-detached villa," for a long time advertised a "Steel Roll-About Bed," which fascinated

me with its attendant imaginative picture of extreme and unstable discomfort. Yet presumably someone finally bought it. Another has an arrow pointing suggestively down a lane, with the simple inscription: "Rhode Island Red Rooster." I always slow up at that corner, hoping to catch some little red hen surreptitiously scuttling along the road, with self-conscious backward glances.

Actual arrival at the factory is no less idyllic and rural than the landscape en route. There it is, an Italian hill-town, or at least a reasonable facsimile; a sort of WPA mural of one painted against the gray-blue sky. Forests of low, clustering artificial trees (and how interesting, by the way, to watch an artificial tree grow, sprouting, unbelievably, from a telegraph pole, with two-by-four branches); whole fields and hillsides of open-meshed wire matted with gray-green, paint-gummed chicken feathers; and little white, red-roofed houses perched on these fake hillsides. Great aluminum birds circle around like rooks, yet seldom, thank God, settle in the tree-tops, as they might be expected to.

And all the time, as you approach this fantasy, you realize, with a kind of wonder, that you're going to spend the next eight hours in labyrinthine tunnels *inside* the hillside—a Carlsbad of an Aladdin's Cave in which giant Rocs are being hatched from enormous eggs, sat upon firmly by both the Army and Navy.

There, alas, the illusion ends. A whistle blows, sunshine is blotted out, supplanted by millions of fluorescent tubes which make a dead gray light that transforms even buxom wenches into perambulating corpses. The din rises like a flood: mallets beating on metal, machines grinding, motors whirring, saws shrilling, wheels rushing over unyielding concrete. . . .

A little white-haired old lady, incurably optimistic, and with a disease perfectly described by my favorite word, logorrhea, who has been given to me "to train," shouts in my ear: "Isn't it a *lovely* day?" I look at her as though she had gone stark, staring mad. Lovely day, indeed! Where?

"Now I told you yesterday how to do this," I say, severely, trying to drag her back safely into unreality, "and now you go and do it all wrong again. Please listen to what I'm saying and try to register."

"Yes, yes, yes. You're right. You're right. I know. I know. Now I won't make a single mistake today. My father always said—he was a dentist and everybody in town just loved him. He had so much work

that he just couldn't do it all, but when he got an assistant, they wouldn't let the assistant inside their mouths *at all*—they would just sit and wait for my father—they just loved him. * And now he's dead and gone. I was just thinking a while ago when I was sweeping out: Well, if my father could see me now, sweeping the floor in a factory, he'd turn over in his grave. But I guess a lot of people are doing things they never thought they would. You know that sweet little girl with the blond curls—she's from Kentucky and she told me she used to have a colored maid—she just never had to turn her hand before. . . . ”

“Yeah, I know,” I mutter, “I saw her turn her hand yesterday. It was pathetic. Too bad it wasn't her ankle.” And the only thing I can do is to leave the place—my own office, too.

An outcast, I climb over a truck piled mountain-high with long boxes of metal, just in from the dock; I step on a piece of tubing on the other side and slide into the paunch of the man who has just circum-ambulated the table saw.

“Where's Store 80?” he asks, grabbing me.

“There ain't any. They only go up to 55. Maybe you want Building 80.”

“Maybe I do. Is there a man here named Tom?”

“Three. Which one do you want?”

“I don't know. I'm looking for this number.” He holds up a grimy piece of paper with scribbling on it.

“That's funny,” I say grimly; “so am I. It hasn't been seen for weeks. They think it's sabotage. Follow-up says the reqs haven't been cashed, but our files show it was cut October 10th and sent to Punch Press—but Punch Press hasn't even got a card on it.”

“Well, the tool was checked out on the 8th, came back in on the 12th, was checked out again on the 15th on Lot Replace 17—but I'm only interested in Lot 16.”

A girl rushes up to us with a dazzling smile. “Could you tell me who the floor dispatcher is for this section?”

I fix her with a cold stare. “I am.”

“Oh!” (As though she's been given a present.) “I'm sure you can help me. I want this order filled right away. It's Critical. Awfully. And we have to catch the Bakersfield truck at nine.”

“Well, you go over to that tall man with the slightly bald head and act frightfully helpless. Tell him you've only been working here a week and you don't know *what* to do; that they told you to get this

order, but everyone's so *gruff*. Then say, 'Goodness, what big muscles you have!' After that you can smile at him, but *don't* forget to look and act helpless."

This bit of wisdom off my chest, and having assured the Bakersfield plant of its much-needed parts absolutely on time, I press resolutely onward over another insurmountable barrier of fresh stock blocking the aisle, dodge a swift, silent electric "pony," then a brutal looking, evil smelling gasoline "goose," almost get hit in the head as Vince drags a heavy bar of brass out of a nose-high bin, and finally reach a table piled like a garbage dump with cellophane-faced envelopes, stuffed to bulging-point with blue-prints (or, as Bill calls them, "picture papers") and each attached to a strange-shaped piece of black metal labeled with red paint. Here I burrow like a hungry dog, searching for number 65,7017-33—and doubtless would spend the rest of the night at it, if I weren't interrupted almost at once by a purring feminine voice:

"Spuddy, could you get this job working at once, please? It's Critical. Awfully. Newspaper item and all that sort of thing. It'll be a shut-down tomorrow." Then, as she sees my scowl and hears my growl beginning to take its usual shape, she adds brightly: "My! Isn't that a pretty necktie? Where did you get it? I do like nice neckties; you seem to have such a lot. You *will* be a lamb and push this for me, won't you? You're so good at it, even though you always say you haven't got time. I'll be back in about an hour."

. . . And then, unaccountably, another whistle blows. We've only just come to work, but already it's six o'clock and the first smoking period. As I fill my pipe and walk out of the western door, the sunset strikes at my face like that brass bar out of the nose-high bin. The dusk is rich and lush and has already begun to change the outside of the factory, the cluttered dock, the high walls slashed across with lights, into a wierd modern painting of strange shapes.

As I look back into the false daylight of the interior, the long corridor behind high white pillars slowly fills with a motley throng of strangely attired people, gathering in little groups to talk and laugh and smoke as music drifts down on them from the loudspeakers in the ceiling. I suppose it's mainly because of the stately pillars, but it always reminds me of a palatial ballroom, suddenly invaded by Labor. And I must say, in spite of overalls and aprons, not even plumes or tiaras could be more stylish than are celluloid face-guards when pushed up carelessly askew above rugged and dignified workmen's heads.

Later, the supper-hour, then the second rest-period at 1:30—and the final exodus in the middle of the night, these again have that wonderful impact of contrast between the outer dark world of peace, and the inner illumined cavern of war—a thing which I'm sure the Day Shift has no inkling of. By the time dusk comes, They (we always speak of the Day Shift with slight condescension as "They") are having a drink in a pub or a bath in a tub, and have washed the factory all away; so that the night has lost its value as a purge, and they use it to go out of, not into. They go to the movies and promptly to bed, so they can wake at dawn and get safely into the factory again before the sun is above the morning mist-bank.

But We, the Swing Shifters, have the night all around us like a mothering wing. We eat out under the moon and are healed. We watch the lights swimming in the mist, the searchlights making magnificent triangles in the purple sky, the bridge, hidden in darkness, spanning an unknown sea.

And, at the end, instead of the brassy afternoon sun in our eyes, only the red glow of tail-lamps in a long procession ahead, and a cool, black night wind fanning our tired temples all the way home.

TELLING THE WORLD

Keen Rafferty

PROPAGANDA from government, in peace as well as in war, has become something new and of immense power since 1918 because, it is likely, of two unrelated factors: the development and rise of radio, and the amazingly effective use, for a time, of propaganda by Germany's National Socialists.

The effect of the entrance of radio upon the scene has been to carry the message at once to a vastly increased audience, and in such fashion as to pound that message in through a new sense, that of audition. Just as the eye's receipt of the written word makes an impression of a special sort upon the brain, the ear's receipt of spoken words also causes a deep impression; people are inclined to believe what they see in print, though good sense may discover it palpably untrue, and they are figuratively hypnotized by what they hear in words and expression over the radio.

Some say literally. Indeed, there appears to be a school which insists that the whole German people has been hypnotized by Hitler, through his words from the balcony or the radio receiver, and that Lindbergh was too.

In any case, the effect upon all government propaganda of Herr Goebbels' use of propaganda has been so profound as to force all nations to revise the approach and to accept in some measure methods which can be and are dangerous, unhealthful, anti-democratic, and, if the word may be used, un-American.

They can be dangerous because they are universally excused on the ground that the cause they support is the right one. Thus, in the United States the cause of right and of democracy could make for justification of suppressions and distortions; in Russia the cause of Communism makes for the same things. In Germany it is Nazism, in Italy it was Fascism; in Japan it is God knows what.

As it happens, the writer believes that American propaganda is justified in this war, and that German propaganda is not; but he is not willing to say that it will always be justified, for he has no way of knowing what villainy might gain control of the country some time through the use of these methods and machinery, or, having got in, might in the same way perpetuate itself.

Our preoccupation with propaganda is a part of a vast mass groaning and turning of global nature, in which, to save themselves, the democracies are using a tool, for the rescue of freedom, which is essentially a part of totalitarian philosophy. Thus totalitarianism forces upon free peoples dangerous authoritarian methods and techniques; and in propaganda these techniques, partaking of dishonesty and of disbelief in the mass of the people, are to us acceptable only because, apparently, they are necessary for survival.

In America there is a consciousness of this problem. The vast groaning and turning mass perceives it, dimly and subconsciously as yet, but nevertheless certainly, uneasily. Publicists, newspaper editors, good politicians, and federal department heads understand it in varying degrees of clarity; and those whose profession it is to inform the public, through newspapers, magazines, and the radio, see it almost from an extreme, swayed by its implications against press freedoms.

There is, then, a struggle, with the information officers of the United States Government in the midst of it, and doing some of the hardest thinking on the subject that is being done. Suppose we sit down and examine, first, the actual working techniques of newspaper publicity, as an example; and, second, the philosophies of the government men using those techniques.

The press has a system all its own, and it is so established that every successful government information man must understand it and practice it. The system is too inclusive and too involved to permit of detailed discussion, but it begins with two all-important rules:

1. That every item (or "story") be in the expert circumscribed style in which newspapers are written.
2. That, while there must in war-time be suppressions, everything that is presented must be presented with rigid regard for truth and factuality. The propagandist who lies will be found out, mistrusted, and unsuccessful.

Beyond these rules, the definition of *honesty* in propaganda is of importance, since complete intellectual honesty cannot be practiced if the propaganda is to work. It should be said, however, that the phrase

complete intellectual honesty is an idealistic one, and that there is probably no one who ever has been able to achieve it; it is a relative thing. It could even be argued (and is, by the apologists for any régime) that the most nearly complete intellectual honesty might be that which is dishonest now in a minor sense in order later to attain a supremely honest goal. There have, indeed, been such goals; it is a matter of relativity—concerning both the goal and the man who prosecutes the drive toward that goal. He is a great and good man; that can be the justification.

At any rate, the two essential rules of technique stand.

The style in which newspapers are written is at once irritating, efficient, and full of art and artfulness. It demands that the important fact of any story be determined upon the basis of greatest interest to the greatest number of people, with little or no concern for the interest or opinion of any intellectual or other group. It demands, further, that this single fact be presented in the first sentence of the first paragraph of the story, preferably even in the first half of the first sentence.

Every other single specific fact in the story then must be graded for importance based upon the same mass interest, and the facts must be marshalled one after the other in the news story, with the grade of importance going down as the story proceeds. With such construction, the newspaper is able to cut the story, to conform with the exigencies of space, merely by chopping off paragraphs or sentences from the bottom up, without disturbing the essentially important facts in the early part of the story; and the reader, if in a hurry, can get the gist of the story by reading the first paragraph only.

Probably the next most important phase of the news-room technique is that no statement may be made, or any fact quoted, for which a specific source is not given; and newspaper propaganda, sent out by government agencies, must be full of "he said," "he declared," "Mr. Smith asserted," "Smith went on," or even "he asseverated," if the editor of the paper whose space is sought is to be satisfied and made to feel safe.

Language must be simple, sound, and effective, even though hackneyed and "journalistic" at times. It is better that a hackneyed word be used than an academic one; but a really skillful practitioner usually will avoid both.

The writer must be a master of grammatical expression; he should,

in fact, be a person of genuine literary skill willing to abrogate his devotion to traditional literary forms for the sake of journalistic form.

The rule that information preparation must conform to the restrictions of newspaper style extends into subsidiary rules which, though tagged subsidiary, are of great importance in the aggregate. They could include:

1. Always double-space all stories.
2. Never submit a mimeographed story in which any word is illegible.
3. Always leave two or three inches of white space at the top of the page where the editor may write a headline or a headline number and slug.
4. Never allow a story to run more than one double-spaced page unless it is of the greatest importance or the editor asks for it.
5. Always use some kind of end-mark to indicate that the story has ended.
6. Avoid capitalization where at all possible.
7. Avoid quotation marks except on actual quotes.
8. Never use both sides of the paper.

The editor is always right; and yet, these simple rules are much violated in government information work. Sometimes an editor will receive two different stories on the same subject, or two identical stories, in the same mail, from two different federal war agencies or from two different offices of the same agency, and it infuriates him and gives him another chance to write an editorial on government waste.

Certainly, such inefficiency frequently defeats the end toward which the information may be aimed. The good information officer always remembers, moreover, that what is news in Silver City may not be news in Roswell: the copper-mining story is good for Silver City, the cotton crop story for Roswell.

Errors of official information systems still are frequent, then, and not the least amusing was the following, in paraphrase, received in April, 1943, by the Albuquerque *Tribune*:

ARMY TRAINING CENTER, B....., CAL.—Boys from all over the United States are in training here as machinists for the Army Air Forces. Among those from Albuquerque are:

None

You cannot ask a newspaper to run a story saying, in effect, "We have no news today."

In truth, you can ask the editor to carry only that which is news, and if the news which is issued by a government information man must contain propaganda as such, then it must be in such a manner as to

detract as little as possible from the news value of the story—a special problem of the propagandistic bloc, about which more will be said later.

Frequently, since the story must begin with a single most important fact, the propaganda will appear in the third or fourth paragraph, standing there bare, unadorned, and entirely discernible, at the mercy of the first editor's pencil. If, however, it appears as an interpolation or as parenthetical in a sentence, its excision becomes more difficult, and the editor is more likely, in the hurry of his work, to let it stand.

But the method is unsure, and information men, some of them, have learned to slant a whole story in such fashion that, though no finger may be laid upon it, the propaganda is there nevertheless.

Consider these two leads on an actual news story (somewhat doctored to cover identities), one written by a reporter and the other written from it for publication by the editor, who had determined to get the speaker in question fired.

The reporter's version:

J..... J....., president of So-and-So State Institution, spoke of "maturities" among inmates of his institution, its employes, and townspeople, at the Rotary Club today.

The editor's re-write:

"The people of Johnstown are immature," said J..... J....., president of So-and-So State Institution, in a speech today before the Rotary Club.

Both stories were perfectly true. Publication of the story so aroused the townspeople that the president was discharged. While the editor's version was true, it may not, after all, have been "perfectly" true, since it played up only a part of what J..... J..... said; it was propagandistic in nature and intent. As it happened, the president deserved to be fired, and the editor used the good old excuse with himself: it was necessary as a public good.

Yet another method of putting the propaganda view across is to leap at once into the propaganda material, making it a part of the first sentence of fact in the story. Your information man, wishing to show how the OPA saves money for consumers by keeping inflation away, can tell his story as follows:

Price reductions ranging as high as 10 per cent on all fresh vegetables at the wholesale level were announced today by the OPA. . . .

. . . and continuing with a paragraph to the effect that the move is a part of the OPA's effort to avoid inflation. The editor probably will

cut out the paragraph. But suppose the story were begun like this:

Battling to stem a rise in food prices which threatens the pocketbook of every family in Albuquerque, the OPA today announced price reductions on fresh vegetables at wholesale ranging as high as 10 per cent.

The editor may let the propaganda ride this time, not because it is true and dramatically expressed, but because it is a little harder to edit out when it is a part of a sentence than it is when it is a separate paragraph.

The second lead is better from a newspaper standpoint, too, where it substitutes the simple word *wholesale* for the economics phrase *wholesale level*. Like the academic language already warned against, government language abounds in such terminology, and until skilled newspaper men were given more and more responsibility in the federal programs, American domestic war information was clumsy with phraseology like *non-ferrous metals*, *processed foods*, *industrial unit scrap*.

It became part of the job of the information officer either to find adequate simple substitutes or to find adequate simple ways of explanation. It is here that he met a test, for some terminology of scholarship or statesmanship is so exact that discovery of proper substitutes which are adequate and yet understandable to the average reader is often nearly impossible. In such cases use of the accepted terminology is better than real inaccuracy, which remains the cardinal sin in government information work, just as it is in professional newspaper work. Many information men, forced to use an academic term, follow it with a sentence or paragraph quoting someone in explanation of it.

So much for the straightaway techniques. Getting around to philosophical approaches, it should first be said that under no circumstances does what is being said, either in this respect or with respect to techniques alone, represent an official government stand. There are, however, quite apparently two philosophical schools in the government about propaganda, one that the propaganda message must be published, and spoken, more or less boldly and repeatedly, until it has converted a majority of the people to its thesis; and the other that no propaganda as such, but only information, ever should be published or spoken. The former is that of the propagandistic bloc. The latter represents an interesting and provocative stand, and it is one which is much more satisfying to the practitioner, who usually is a newspaper or radio man of professional training and ethics, to whom the general idea of propaganda or news suppression or distortion is obnoxious.

The idea upon which the "information" argument is based is just that all the people are always, in the long run, more intelligent and more to be trusted than any individual group of individuals of any kind and that, therefore, the people need only to have all the information in order to reach an eventual true judgment. Proponents of the philosophy are, in other words, positive and idealistic democrats; it does color or perhaps dominate the American program; and it has not as yet been proven wrong or rejected. The very fact that ours are bureaus of *information*, not the "Bureau of Propaganda," indicates predominance of that attitude: we have no Minister of *Propaganda*.

Advocates of the philosophy point to the fact that public instinct has been ahead of legislative and executive action time and again since 1938, frequently forcing the government to take steps which since have shown themselves to be sound and necessary.

Even these advocates, however, bow to the one prime necessity for suppressions: that in which matters of military or naval strategy are involved, although there is divergence of opinion at times as to how far such latitude should be extended to military men who are likely to know more about military matters than about the effect of public reactions upon military results.

So far, aside from the reservation with respect to the military, it has been my observation that the government information man has been given considerable freedom in philosophical approach, so that his approach is just as good as he himself is good not only technically but philosophically.

These are some aspects of government publicity designed for newspaper publication. If that is still the big field, it is only because what we read is semi-permanent, whereas what the radio says is going as it is said. The radio is just as full of government information as the paper, and potentially it may be at some time, far more effective; perhaps it already is.

But the radio is young. It is frequently big-mouthed, cheap, and illiterate. Newspapers are, too, sometimes, but less and less so as they grow; and so will the radio become less and less so. Nevertheless, that is the radio problem. News-casts are excited and sometimes misleading. The radio tends toward monopoly, say some of its critics, and has less of the healthy, hard-driving competitive news spirit that forces the good newspaper to stay good or get better. Voices of too many announcers are unctuous and unconvincing, and too much advertising is monotonous and even repellent. Much of the music is empty.

All this radio understands. CBS recently has asked its announcers not to editorialize in news-casts. Advertising is being worked into the actual play or skit, rather than being allowed to stand off by itself where the angered listener can tune it out for a minute or two minutes.

The radio is alive with propaganda, of the sort advocated by the frankly propagandistic school, much more than the stories in the newspapers. Wireless offers so enormous a potential and is so sorely abused that it needs a whole separate study with relation to propaganda. The Office of War Information is said to have found one of its toughest problems in preparation of radio scripts and transcriptions which maintain the aura or tone of governmental dignity and yet command and hold listeners. The suspicion is that blatant propaganda has become so much the rule over the air that nobody pays much attention to any of it any more.

Station managers, realizing that their businesses are being shaken by propaganda messages, private and official, struggle with a giant which threatens to take the reins himself. The station manager is usually intelligent, harrassed, confused; and he seizes with hope upon the offer of the government information man when that man comes to him and says that the job of the government propagandist in radio is rather to cut down on what the radio carries than to seek more time.

This paradox has been grasped both by radio stations and information men within the last year and one-half only. It is axiomatic that there is a saturation point for open propaganda, and people simply will not be bored with it beyond that point. When the set is shut off, the message might just as well not be on the air. No message gets across unless it is listened to (or looked at) and believed.

Government information men who deal with the radio should be radio men. Like newspaper work, radio broadcasting and preparation of radio material form a separate art requiring years of study and experience to master. They have their own techniques, too, just as the playwright has his, and the information man must master them. They are too elaborate, the writer has too little technical acquaintance with them, to permit of delineation here; suffice it to say that technical skill is the first requisite for successful government information work with them.

In handling radio information, the OWI has, for example, assigned radio-trained men to its radio branches, and then set up a policy which, following the dictum that radio propaganda is in good part a matter

of weeding out, insists that federal agencies clear their radio work through it, wherever possible. The idea is that the Office of War Information will seek to form a professional judgment about each agency's request, and to take to the station only those messages and plays and programs which are effective both for the station, as entertainment, and for the government, as information or propaganda.

At the bottom of any radio problem is the fact, again, that the wireless giant is strong. His blood runs hot with energy and with the urges of undeveloped intellect; he batters at the doors of restraint, taste, and wisdom. He speaks to people who never heard his like before: he can be a medium for rascals or for great and good men. He has more than doubled the volume of propaganda outlet; and that is both his weakness and his strength, for government cannot help coveting him and ogling him.

Government sees an instrument through which, as has already been demonstrated, elsewhere as in Germany, a repetitive statement, if delivered in enough different ways and always with enough appeal to pity, or patriotism, or hysteria, or sense of humor, or even sense of beauty (as when accompanied by music), can be made a rule of life for people who never could be reached before. Government use of the radio, therefore, requires special forbearance in the United States, since its very use implies a desire to swing the people, whereas in America the government is the people, and it is the right of the people rather to swing the government. If this is not feasible in war, it must as a right be protected as feasible and essential in peace. The circumstances recall the case of a carpenter appearing as a witness against the government in court; asked by the federal attorney whether he felt no sense of shame that he should come to court to testify against his government, he drew himself up and replied: "In America I *am* the government."

To save ourselves from making radio the tool of a native totalitarianism, we need the same fair and square belief in the people and in the people's control of radio information work, that we are often getting in the journalistic fields. The dissemination of governmental information has become an integral part of government, at least for the duration of the war. Where it will go no one can be sure, but the men who know and understand in the field of governmental information hope and insist that the ways of democracy will be the ways of propaganda too.

POETRY

THREE POEMS

ELEGY FOR A DEAD MAN

I

The dread morticians hurry to the grave,
Strew it with bunches of dried lavender,
Turn back with many and most false regrets.
Here the man lies—he keeps his stilly secret.

Are there no echoes to his words on earth
Now that he lies amid the starry skies?
There are the things he said, the things he did.
How can the raddled worm catch up with these

Pervasive essences, or the false ant
Scurry without a look past bone and tooth,
A puny ballet-dancer? Intellect
Keeps not his form, but keeps his eyes erect.

A falsity, that modulation? Oh,
False stars, false whims of fate, false whimsical
Discussers and dissecters of his reason:
Eyes through the glass have seen the winter snow.

II

There is no death that is not half of death
And half of life. At least for such as this
Man, whose whole life was built upon a premise
No worm can bore a hole in. Time has kept

Past wane of fame, past rot of bone, past stench
Of gracious flesh, a character in time
That's tuned to earth, to all the worlds that come
Upon the frenzied ebb of politics.

His music is as of the evening breeze.
Shall we, his earthly angels, wear the robes
Of swart morticians, pondering funest
Upon characterless mortality?

His music is as of the blooming bees
Who scurry back with honey to the hive.
Shall we stand white around the skeleton
And dote upon his newfound innocence?

His music is as of windsplintered trees.
Shall we compare his purity to snow
That lies before the keen eye of the sun
Turns all to water, then runs back to earth?

The great fragility of human life
Is borne-in by mechanical religions.
The eagle falls. The ocelot is struck,
Its grace gone down before the final spear.

III

But, though the breath of winter kills the bees,
The honey's safe: the nectar in the hive
That comes upon the air sweet from Hymettus.
The dread morticians look in vain for bones.

The trees will bud in spring, the evening breeze
Whispers, beyond his death, the living essence
Of what he was: incarnate in the storm.
His ancient spirit rages. He is here.

Between the pages of a certain book
Who reads may learn more of him than they knew
Who strutted by his side upon that stage
He with his words erected for their dancing,

Unknowing puppets, whose most furious acts
Grow pale beside the tides of history.
Yet he has made their lives legendary,
And they will stand like ghosts upon his grave.

What falsity is this? The tiger stands
Flaunting his tail. The delicate gazelle
Goes quietly to drink the frozen seas.
Eyes through the glass look on the winter snow.

A MESSAGE TO THE BABOONS

The anarchies of time and state—
Fa-la! This is a grand life, brother native.

From the days when we climbed trees and threw coconuts
We have indeed gone a long way.

No longer are we content with quite the same
Arbor vitae . . . but this is a grand life!

Indeed we have our monstrous legends too,
Of kings whose castles grew too big for them,

Of Cinderella beauties and their princes,
And more primaeval stories, of mere sex . . .

Fa-la, we shall grow even to greater estates:
What need women, if we can swallow swords?

THE DARK GIRL

The black girl crossed her heart upon a stone,
Heigh-ho the green holly.
She bit her fist, and carried an old maid's bone,
Under the fictive eyes and the Hollywood tan
There was nothing, O there was nothing.

She told her friends she had three brilliant men,
Two to fetch and one to carry,
 But when they were young they left her severely alone,
 And when they were old they found six better ones,
The holly, the green holly.

Now, dying young, she has married a foreign man,
O the berry, the bitter berry,
 The only one who believed her lustres, the one
 With the faith of a child she is no better than,
And now he must know his folly, must know his folly.

NICHOLAS MOORE

TWO POEMS

RESIGNATION

We treat only the dead kindly.
 None mocks at them.
 In the graveyard there is peace—no corpses
 Grapple; no newcomer's lying down disturbs embalmed phlegm.

I have been driven living into death's kindness,
 Slain as I am as one must be when he makes an enemy of Truth,
 Who wanted my purple hopes, and who sensed the danger in me,
 And who was suave and plausible as I seemed uncouth.

Whoever still has hopes may now brush against me;
 This lion is of stone:

HERE EVEN THE TENDEREST CHILD MAY SAFELY PLAY,
 AND THE FRAGILE MOSS GROW GREAT ALONE.

IN MEMORY OF NILE KINNICK

Son of our land,
Come down into the earth again.
The blood is spent upon the vein
As the rain on sand.

Pride of our eyes
The violet puts forth without loss,
The milkweed comes to pod and floss,
The acorn shall rise.

Pledge of our might,
Only the life of man is waste,
As if dawn blushed, and in naked haste
Covered in night.

Turn to the deeds of dust and dew.
The ants grow old, the robin too;
The bleeding heart is but a flower
That has unfolding in its hour.

MARGARET DEMING LUND

TWO POEMS

1

That my pulse be silver—
that the wind,
only the wind inhabit me—
the stream from the heart be wind
and mercury . . .

the pulse break
and only silver petals lie upon the branch;
and the tree—
cool, like the morning, where you lean,
being the petal
against me

2

Beloved, let me be in you where the palest tide
 is furious with reticence;
 let me be secret, as a seed, inside
 the wild, aspiring stone, and the leashed sense—

enclose the bitter blood, the pattern, and the stone
 and softly fall—a veil of silence—over pain,
 and turn to delicate fire along the bone,
 consuming, that the flesh be free again. . . .

Only a moment let me be your heart—
 that earth for war;
 only a moment let me separate your dark
 as an incisive star!

EDNA GIVENS

OBSERVATION

When Things get individual
 And love is thrust aside
 The devil walks to altar
 With hate as his bright bride,

While day is gentle as a dove
 And wise as serpent is,
 The nonchalantness of the night
 Will purity dismiss.

SYLVIA WITTMER

SAILORS EN ROUTE TO SAN PEDRO

The land-locked boys are moving
to sea in dusty trains:
the boys who know no more of water
than falls in prairie rains.

The ears attuned to rustle
of wind in summer corn
will hear on distant waters
sounds more forlorn.

The mouths that whistled, kissed
shape now for darker tasks
and peach-downed faces harden
to look like sailors' masks.

O may their dry bones never
suffer sea change.
May all that's coral and watery weeds
Exceed their furthest range.

JESSAMYN WEST

TO EDMUND SPENSER, ESQ.

Men ask me, what is this peculiar shape,
The unaltered and confusing dragon-span
Of tedious perceptions, which doth gape
Its maw against their commonplace and clan.
Well, it is my mind. And it is man.
And it is you, old pious courtly hack:
I am unveiling books of you, whose plan
You dared not quite concede, not quite attack.
Brother, now your saddened earth sinks back
Into its drop of light. Reunions pale,
Your flowered imaginations, your misty track
Of metaphysical chapters, mythic trail—
All clarifies once more, resumes its glass;
Time doth unfold what longtime bundled was.

JAMES FRANKLIN LEWIS

REQUEST TO LOVER

No hour passes but I long for you.
 When does my hand not ache to write your praises?
 When does my wicked mind anguished not rue
 our separation, my exile from your graces?
 My heart is locked without you, my heart is cold.
 I follow the needled forest path to none
 no man has words that I would hear. A bold
 deed of a lover leaves me untouched. The sun
 rises of a dawn unseen, the empty night
 has the same pallid taste as dull day
 my memory of you is all my light
 as I sit here in ever darkened May.

Throw blossoms on a burning burning sea
 once more once more my love my love, with me!

CAROL ELY HARPER

REVIEW OF SOME CURRENT POETRY

- New Poems 1943: an Anthology of British and American Verse*, edited by Oscar Williams. New York: Howell, Soskin, Inc., 1943. \$2.75.
American Decade, edited by Tom Boggs. Cummington, Massachusetts: The Cummington Press, 1943. \$3.50.
Cities of the Plain, by Alex Comfort. London: Grey Walls Press, 1943. 4/6.
Indications, by John Bayliss, James Kirkup, and John Ormond Thomas. London: Grey Walls Press, 1943. 4/6.
The Virginia Poems, by Francis Coleman Rosenberger. New York: Gotham Bookmart Press, 1943. \$1.00.
Six Poems, by L. B. Levy. Berkeley, California: Emily Chamberlain Cook Prize Poems (of the University of California) for 1942-43. No price indicated.
Abigail's Sampler and Other Poems, by Helen Frith Stickney. New York: Fine Editions Press, 1943. \$1.25.
Let There Be Light, by Dorothy Hobson. New York: Bruce Fitzgerald, 1943. \$1.50.

New Poems 1943 is a collection of approximately 130 poems by forty English and American poets. Most of the poems were originally published only recently and many for the first time in this collection; but Oscar Williams has gone back

as much as three years for some of the poems. Mr. Williams announces in the introduction that "this is an anthology of war poetry, not of propaganda to arouse patriotism." The poems certainly do not arouse patriotism, and a great many of them are concerned with the war only in the most oblique fashion one could think of.

The book introduces no new poets. All but three of the forty are probably known to the interested reader of modern poetry, and those three are familiar to anyone who follows three or four magazines with some regularity. The level of the work is not consistent; if Mr. Williams had limited his selections to some of the poems by Auden, Berryman, Cummings (for some interesting satire), Muir, Read, Ridler, Sitwell, Stevens, Tate, Winters, and Young, he would not have lost much except quantity. The impression of recent poetry gained from the book is one of immense confusion, talent stretched thin over various and curious directions, self-consciousness about the role of the poet in wartime. Fortunately for us, his selection is not representative, for Mr. Williams has made his selection of poets, including the lesser-known ones, as if he were getting together something which would be a fan item, a "must" collector's book among those who collect the "modern" poets. If Mr. Williams had substituted for twenty of his poets twenty who do not display so much confusion, curiosity of method, self-consciousness, and indirection, he might have given us a fair and rather complete picture of very recent poetry. And he could have done it.

Tom Boggs presents what must be his sixth or seventh anthology. It is difficult to review because his anthologies are all very similar, and one can do little else but repeat what he has said before. In *American Decade* are "68 poems for the first time in an anthology," although several others are repeated from former anthologies by Boggs himself. A few new people, for Boggs but not for others, are presented: Broomell, Ferril, and Kees, with some interesting work. There are some usual and expected stand-bys: Cummings, Fearing, Stevens, accounting for seventeen of the poems among the three. There are Boggs' pets, people who appear with indifferent poems, and sometimes the same poems, in one after another of Boggs' anthologies: Clairmont, Cardi, Mayo. All in all Mr. Boggs is a strange anthologist; he obviously has taste, for each of his anthologies has some good poems; with the exception of a few favorites, he sticks by the obvious and easy people; and although he bows less than any other anthologist to patterns for selection, such as presenting trends in modern poetry or representative recent work (as does Oscar Williams), his standards are uneven and include as much poor work as good work.

More than young American poets, young English poets seem to know where they are going, to present less of the confusion in styles and directions which one finds in *New Poems 1943*. Rather fine examples of this self-confidence are the two books from the Grey Walls Press. Alex Comfort's book, *Cities of the Plain*, is a play, partially in verse, mostly in prose. Mr. Comfort calls it a "democratic melodrama," and the movement of the play does have excitement and melodramatic interest. He repudiates at the outset in a preface "all the ideological constructions, of whatsoever complexion, which have been, or are likely to be, placed upon this play." This latter I do not understand exactly, since the play frankly deals with social forces and attempts a resolution of those forces. Perhaps Mr. Comfort means

that he disclaims any particular ideological construction, Socialism, Communism, or Anarchism. He obviously strives to build a pseudo-Kafka-like air of unreality, particularly in the first and last scenes. In fact, the main fault with this very interesting play is the suggestion that the author is dealing with something which he sees but does not recognize.

Indications presents the work of three young poets, the oldest, age twenty-five. In this selection, Mr. Bayliss is the most successful, particularly in his opening three or four poems. In later poems, under the influence of Lawrence Durrell, he deals in a verse possessed of surface excitement but burdened with wearisome and floundering symbols. Other than the first two pieces by Mr. Bayliss, the most successful poem in the book seems to me "Towards the End of a Winter," by Mr. Thomas, a slight and simple, but fine lyric. All three poets have real ability, with Mr. Kirkup the most involved in new manners which seem to get out of hand and frequently sidetrack him.

In *The Virginia Poems* Coleman Rosenberger presents a selection of his poems arranged roughly in chronological order. There appears no striking development of manner from the early poems to the later, and all the poems contrast in manner with what seems to be the popular one for young poets today, if one judges from the attention given such people as Randall Jarrell and Karl Shapiro. The quietness and carefulness of the poems recommend them to us. But one's final impression is that some of the work lacks depth and that Mr. Rosenberger has not yet hit his stride; when he does, he may well be a good poet.

L. B. Levy's *Six Poems* display almost as many styles as poems. For a college student, Mr. Levy undoubtedly has versatility, but he needs to develop a good many more qualities in his poetry as well. Helen Frith Stickney's book is filled with the kind of work which is acceptable to so many of our poetry journals, newspapers, and some commercial magazines—smooth, unobjectionable, nicely mannered. Occasionally a poem of the type moves with real force, as does Mrs. Stickney's "Goods and Chattels." *Let There Be Light* by Dorothy Hobson is chiefly interesting for its long title poem, composed of forty-four Spenserian stanzas relating a supposed vision of Keats.

ALAN SWALLOW

BOOK REVIEWS

Journey Into America, by Donald Culross Peattie; illustrations in color by Lynd Ward. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$3.00.

Mainstream, by Hamilton Basso. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1943. \$2.50.

American Heroes and Hero-Worship, by Gerald W. Johnson. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1943. \$3.00.

Now that we are fighting for democracy and the American way of life, we are constantly trying to evaluate and define them. What are we? How did we get that way? Can we sail safely into an uncharted future without losing what is most valuable in our heritage? How? Our writers valiantly step forth to answer with a flood of books on the why's, wherefore's, and where next's. The three books named above are interesting for their varied approach to the problem and the unanimity of their conclusions. Their authors agree that we have something that stems demonstrably from our past and that it is, on the whole, good.

Journey into America comes first because it is the easiest. It could be read with pleasure by fourteen-year-olds, and it should be. I read it with pleasure too, not because it stirs any depths, inspires to any great action, or gives any new slant on our history, but because of its neighborly, slightly nostalgic way of recalling the beauty of our land, the courage of our people. Mr. Peattie's knowledge as a naturalist, his skill as a writer, and his dramatic sense combine to vivify places he has liked and the people who give them significance. He remembers how the meadowlark pipes on the Kansas plains, how box and lavender smell in Mother Washington's garden in Fredericksburg, in what months the buds appear or the leaves fall in Connecticut or Oregon, what is the texture of the winds off Marblehead, over the Arizona sage flats, or across Santa Barbara's hills.

Journey into America is addressed to a German friend in a concentration camp in France, in an attempt to explain to him what has formed our national traits. Mr. Peattie concludes, as so many do, that most of the desirable ones come from our long frontier experience. "We call the wilderness ways of hospitality, inventiveness, hopefulness, and classlessness 'typically American.' . . . We remember that our pioneer ancestors may have made mistaken decisions, but they never died of indecision; they may have been narrow, but they were seldom shallow; and what they lacked in knowledge they made up for in know-how."

He offers a new title for those who would use the American land and people to feather a few nests: Transylvanians, from that abortive effort to set up an artistocratic state in Ohio during the Revolution. It was Transylvanians who

lobbied at the capital while Daniel Boone and his boys fought off the Indians and cleared the forests. Where have we met their like since? The dreamers he explains in the light of Robert Owen's failure at communism in New Harmony. Furthermore, by changing his aim from a European intellectual to a Santa Barbara business man, Mr. Peattie manages to say his say in favor of racial tolerance, with especial reference to Negroes and Japanese.

Hamilton Basso, more concerned with ideas than with landscape, follows the ingenious scheme of accounting for one John Applegate (a typical small-town druggist) through the ideas which have formed him. It is not that John Applegate is consciously aware that he gets his Puritanism from Cotton Mather and his resourcefulness and ingenuity from a long line of frontiersmen beginning with John Smith, but that those forebears color his unconscious as do also the rags-to-riches success typified by Andrew Carnegie and the perpetual Boy Scout, Teddy Roosevelt. The scheme is open to disagreement at many points and is much more successful at some than others. The lumping of Henry Adams and William Jennings Bryan as "The American Turns the Century" means nothing; they were both there; that's all. But none could cavil at linking Jefferson and democracy or Calhoun and the aristocratic tradition, or at the implication that those two ingrained credos give John Applegate a split personality even now. Basso shows very well how the aristocratic conviction that the best must rule has run through from Cotton Mather's belief in the right of the godly, Calhoun's trust in the well-born and emerged at last as the curious assumption that the amassing of money somehow bestows a right as valid as though God had given it.

In "Huey Long, the American as Demagogue," Mr. Basso has written a keen study of the South since the Civil War; and he makes a good case for his fear that such another Kingfish might make a more successful bid for the presidency and dictatorship. For such men understand well that John Applegate, as a materialist, is forever lured by the promise of a full dinner pail, normalcy, a chicken in every pot. "Who knows," he concludes, "what that assassin's bullet saved us from?"

Basso is serious about Huey Long, but how he must have chuckled when he picked Phineas T. Barnum as the "American as Educator." That great master of hokum, he tells us, recites in his book, *The Art of Money-Getting*, nearly the whole litany of modern business folklore and practice." The implication is clear that most of John Applegate's education comes from the successful advertiser—in one field or another.

Franklin Roosevelt exemplifies "The American and the Revolution." He typifies that great change to which John Applegate is reluctant to accommodate himself. Puritanism has gone, leaving only such traces as, for instance, the refusal of the Albuquerque papers to print the words "bingo game." But the democratic tradition, beginning in public life with Bryan and the first Roosevelt, has produced a national social conscience. So far John Applegate seems very uncomfortable with a social conscience, but Mr. Basso ends on a note of hope that his protagonist will indeed open the door to the future.

His publishers blurb Gerald Johnson's *American Heroes and Hero-Worship* as "the ironies of history." The fourteen-year-olds would not enjoy it. It would bewilder John Applegate into resentful irritation at having his accepted classifica-

tions upset. And Mr. Peattie's European friend would find in it only confirmation for his belief that American ways are weird beyond comprehending. These portrait would best be appreciated by a student who might disagree with many of Mr Johnson's conclusions, but who would surely enjoy the sparkle of his ironic style. We are given no cause for national self-congratulation unless for our luck in so often picking the right hero, though for the wrong reasons. Mr. Johnson suggests that our national character is that of Wrong-Way Corrigan, who took off for California and landed in Ireland, rather than that of the far-sighted Lindbergh who knew exactly what he was doing—and look where he landed!

Mr. Johnson notes the controversy about professors. They may be of use, he submits; and hanging them all would be just impracticable idealism anyhow. One of their uses is to revalue our heroes and our history, a necessary task as our past is constantly changing by "refraction against our current state of mind." In reply to the foreigner he finds justification for democracy in "Lincoln's final perspicacity of the people. You can't fool all of them all the time." "American history," he says, "has always been a mocker of tidy minds, flouting the rules of logic and puckishly upsetting the dictates of common sense."

Mr. Johnson thereupon documents this contention by presenting the founder of the Du Pont family as a dreamer who wrote Jefferson: "I bewail the fact that Americans are . . . turning their capital and industries toward enterprises of the sort which do not create wealth, but permit the acquisition of wealth and make it possible for a few capitalists to get hold of it with the sad consequence that we have destitute people whom no one can help." He finds Du Pont de Nemours a typical American in his ability to shift easily from land speculation to powder making, and a salesman "of ability that entitled him to rank among the Founding Fathers of a nation of great salesmen."

Jefferson and Hamilton exchange roles as Mr. Johnson finds Hamilton the romantic idealist who clung to his theories, even "the startling romantic theory . . . that the rich are intelligent," and Jefferson the believer in an aristocracy, but of character and brains rather than of birth or wealth. Mr. Johnson elucidates: "there is in fact an aristocracy . . . of brains and character in every nation; it is permanent only in the sense that seafoam is ever-present because while it is always dissolving it is always being renewed from below."

As a Southerner whose two grandfathers were caught in Sherman's march, Mr. Johnson is at his best in the chapter "Sons of Hagar." He lets in a flood of light on the antebellum social scene in which every white man was not a lordly aristocrat surrounded by Uncle Toms, Aunt Jemimas, and Topsies, but in which there was a large class of unaristocratic whites who produced such phenomena as Tom Watson, granddaddy of them all, Cole Blease, Tom Heflin, James Vardaman, and that final monstrosity, Huey Long. "The ironical fact [is] that the region that furnished by far the greater part of the brain power involved in the establishment of the Republic, and . . . for half a century drove it forward to new experimentation in liberalism thereafter not only abdicated leadership, but became the American fortress of obscurantism. . . ." ". . . for the past half century whenever the South has produced a conspicuous leader of liberal thought it has contrived to convert him, not into a conservative, as the British aristocracy did with Ramsay MacDonald,

but into an example of what the Nazis delicately term *Affenfolk*, the ape-people."

As a Southerner's judgment of his own people, this chapter is revealing, though perhaps it is too harsh. For though the South has not produced outstandingly liberal statesmen, she has produced liberals and valuable ones. Mr. Johnson himself is a case in point, as are many others, especially editors and writers who courageously battle against the evils he cites.

Getting on with his chronology Mr. Johnson touches off Bryan, the heretic in politics and the liberal who failed, but most of whose important ideas have now become the law of the land, and the brilliantly successful and noisy reformer, Teddy Roosevelt, at bottom a conservative who changed nothing.

Presenting Woodrow Wilson as "The Cream of the Jest" is an irony almost too cruel. For Wilson told us just how this war would be made, and we would not heed because we could not bear "stern old truths, reminding us that greed is suicidal, that suspicion of all the world is silly, that self-righteousness leads straight to humiliation. That old man is still, as he always was, bitter, but tonic."

So is Gerald Johnson tonic, though without bitterness and with humor, attributes which make his book excellent both for reading and for thinking about.

ERNA FERGUSON

'New World A-Coming': Inside Black America, by Roi Ottley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$3.00.

The Race Question and the Negro: a Study of the Catholic Doctrine on Interracial Justice, by John LaFarge, S.J. New York and Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company, 1943. \$2.50.

The Darker Brother, by Bucklin Moon. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1943. \$2.50.

Race relations in the United States, and particularly those between the Negroes and the whites, are rapidly approaching a stage of crisis. Our official policy of largely ignoring the problem hasn't helped much. Neither have the active hostility of a great many whites, the complete indifference of a still larger group, and the growing insistence of the Negroes on social and economic equality. The grim fact is that the Negro is fed up with the role of Uncle Tom and is determined to have a larger part in the say or else. And with a good many thousands of whites equally determined that he continue to "tote dat bale," we may be closer to a very unpleasant else than we are ready to admit.

The attitude of the American Negro today is clearly expressed in the title and on nearly every page of Mr. Ottley's *'New World A-Coming.'* What the Negro wants, in Ottley's words, is simply "liberty and peace, and an enriched life, free of want, oppression, violence, and proscription. In a word, he wants democracy." Not theoretical democracy; he's had that. What he wants now is the real stuff. And what's more, he intends to have it. No more platitudes; no more hushing of the whole business; no more waiting for pie in the sky. Democracy on the barrel head here and now is what has been ordered, and that is what will have to be delivered whether some of us like it or not.

'*New World A-Coming*' is not a threat; neither is it a warning. It is simply a Negro reporter's attempt to trace the history of the Negro's progress toward full citizenship, to sum up his aspirations and his hopes, and to strike a balance between his vices and his virtues. Using Harlem as a base, Ottley wanders freely around in time and space, discussing such diverse topics as Father Divine, Marcus Garvey, and Joe Louis; the Negro's ballot (recommended as required reading for several Senators); the black cabinetmakers; the Negro press; Negro society; and Jews in Negro life. The style is easy, the material entertaining; but the dominant note is always, as Ottley points out in his foreword, an awareness that "race is the most compelling force in Negro life today."

The implications of race relations in the United States for the international scene are not overlooked by Ottley. In his last three chapters he outlines the activities and attitudes of Negroes in the present war, evaluates the successes and failures of German and Japanese propaganda attempts to influence them, and sums up the role of the Negro in the international picture. "The color problem," he says, "has become a world-wide issue to settle here and now." Pointing out that "millions of black, brown, and yellow peoples still do not believe that the white world believes in or intends to put into effect democracy for all once the danger to themselves is passed," Ottley insists that "the Negro's cause in America is the barometer of democracy" and that "if it falls here it will fall everywhere." And it was not rising much the last time Ottley looked.

If human beings behaved rationally and thought logically, John LaFarge's book on the Negro question would be the last one needed on that subject. With decisive finality he disposes forever of the notion that any one race is inferior to any other; with clarity and understanding he analyzes the present status of the Negro; with fairness he outlines and examines the issues between the races; and in conclusion he offers the solutions to the problem: education for Negroes (a little of that wouldn't be bad for some of the whites who are determined to keep the Negro where he is!), organization of Negro propaganda and pressure groups, and interracial action by the Catholics. As an example of logical organization, the book is admirable; as a practical contribution to a permanent solution of the Negro question, its value is more doubtful. Beautifully organized into subject matter, doctrine, issues, and solutions, with the material under each heading carefully arranged in outline form, *The Race Question and the Negro* is a masterpiece of objective thinking about a complex social problem. But its greatest merit is also its greatest fault: it is too objective, too calm, too lacking in a sense of the urgency of the problem to be of much help to a person wanting to know, "What next?" "Be patient," Father LaFarge seems to say to the Negro and white alike; "forget the racial issue; it will all work out in good time." But the Negro, even if he wanted to, couldn't forget race—we who are white won't let him—and his patience, from years of waiting for better treatment, has worn thin. What is missing from Father LaFarge's book is the Negro point of view, the sense of being embroiled in the ugly mess of race relations, of being personally concerned with the outcome. LaFarge can be emotionally aloof, concerned only intellectually with the plight of the Negro; Ottley, who has experienced both the glories and humiliations of being a Negro, knows in his bones what the whole argument is about. LaFarge

can mediate on the problem with the detached interest of a meteorologist in the weather; Ottley, being out in the rain, knows how wet it is.

Bucklin Moon's *The Darker Brother* is an example of how a novelist can frequently give a clearer insight into a social problem than does the writer of a serious, factual study. In his story of young Ben Johnson, Mr. Moon, himself white, takes white people into the mind and emotions of the Negro and builds an awareness of and a sympathy for him that neither Ottley nor LaFarge was able to do. Ben Johnson is not Joe Louis or Father Divine or Bigger Thomas. What happens to him is nothing very dramatic, nothing very much out of the ordinary. It is merely what would happen to you and me if our skins were black and we had to live in the hostile or indifferent white world. Ben Johnson grows up in New York after a childhood spent in the South. He learns early about the invisible barriers surrounding a Negro. He hunts for work during the depression; he continues to hunt after the outbreak of the war when factories are clamoring for workers—white workers. He is drafted and sent to the South for training; he finds there the same patterns of segregation in the army as outside. He goes off to fight for freedom and the brotherhood of men, goes willingly knowing that his fight won't be over when he returns. As he puts it: "We got tuh fight the enemy over there. We got tuh fight for what we got comin to us over here. We been waitin uh long time. We liable tuh get knots beat all over the top uh our heads. We goin tuh get shoved round. But we got tuh keep fightin."

And they will; believe me, brother, they will!

LYLE SAUNDERS

The Philosophy of Thomas Jefferson, by Adrienne Koch. New York: Columbia University Press, 1943. \$2.50.

A volume of this title must, of necessity, contain some treatment of the term "philosopher." Adrienne Koch includes it in an attempt to show in what sense Jefferson belongs in this category. Obviously, he did not develop and set down a logical, systematic account of the universe and man's relation to it in the tradition of Plato and Spinoza and Kant. Rather, Jefferson was a *philosophe*. He had intense intellectual curiosity, was eager to learn of new hypotheses and to attempt their evaluation. He had a natural aptitude for intellectual exercise which would advance knowledge and improve science. "Remember," says the author, "that Jefferson was a disciple of scientific method when it took courage and ingenuity to be one. He was a devotee of *respublica*, to the extent of serious and sustained analysis of the principles and practice of desirable social living in its many facets—the state, local government, education, the law, the army, and the protection of citizens. He was, moreover, a vivid interpreter of the classics, literary, historical, moral, and a level-headed innovator in the art of public order."

The book, following Jefferson's own divisions of the field, contains three parts: "Ethics," "Philosophy and Ideology," and "The Theory of Society." Much emphasis is placed upon his debt to French thought and particularly upon his admiration for Destutt de Tracy, whose *Commentary and Review of Montesquieu and Political*

Economy Jefferson sponsored for publication in this country, translating the *Commentary* in full. The influence of Dugald Stewart, the Scottish philosopher, is also emphasized, and some attention is given to Jefferson's interest in John Locke; but the name of James Harrington does not appear, though it is well known that the *Oceana* had a significant place in shaping Jefferson's political philosophy.

Perhaps the most impressive accomplishment of this book is its characterization of Jefferson as a man who possessed, nearly one hundred-fifty years ago, a more truly scientific attitude than that of the average college graduate of today, but balanced it with an intense devotion to the humanities. One comes away from such a study with a new appreciation of the stature of this great early American and of what the author calls "the cosmic coverage of his intellect."

The book, though not intended for popular consumption, contains much excellent writing; at the same time, it bears the marks of painstaking research.

JAY C. KNODI

Lincoln and the Patronage, by Harry J. Carman and Reinhard H. Luthin. New York: Columbia University Press, 1943. \$4.50.

Lincoln used the patronage to build Republican party unity out of diverse factions that "almost defy analysis, so numerous and varied were they." The patronage consisted not only of civil offices at home and abroad, but also of army commands and related tidbits in the form of government contracts and favors to newspapers. In performing the duty of rewarding the faithful, the president consulted with his cabinet advisers, congressmen, personal friends and non-office holding politicians. In short, the inner workings of the party machine are laid bare in detail in *Lincoln and the Patronage*.

The deluge of office seekers descending on Washington, even while the nation was plunging into the agony of a civil war, reveals political democracy at its worst but Lincoln succeeded better perhaps in satisfying the petitioners than most men could have done under similar conditions. Maintaining the party was a prerequisite to winning the war and saving the Union; hence, "In being a competent politician he became a statesman." But the experience was very trying; Lincoln is credited with saying after his re-election, "It seems as though the bare thought of going through again what I did the first year here, would *crush* me."

The intensity of the scramble for office was accompanied by major intraparty feuds that had their repercussions in the highest circles of government. The Blair-Fremont feud in Missouri finally led to the resignation of Postmaster Blair from the Cabinet in 1864 and the withdrawal of Fremont from the presidential race. The authors discard the older idea of a bargain between the two and credit Fremont with a desire to safeguard party unity in the election.

The use of the patronage did not preserve the unity of the Republican party the split between the Radicals and Conservatives appeared early and grew in intensity; after 1864 it "seemed at times to have been almost as potent a source of discord . . . as difference of opinion over the Reconstruction policy . . ."

The bibliography shows a most diligent search for information. The book is primarily for the specialist and is an excellent contribution to the fundamentals of American history.

FRANK D. REEVE

The Making of Modern Britain: a Short History, by John Barlet Brebner and Allan Nevins. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, Inc., 1943. \$2.50.

This small book is a product of World War II. The British-American military alliance implies permanent postwar political co-operation; this implication in turn leads the authors to believe that the two peoples should better understand one another. For them, history becomes the chosen vehicle to convey that understanding.

Mr. Nevins had previously prepared a short American history for British schools; now he has written the first chapter in this present book, entitled "The Significance of British History." He compares British history to a pageant and stresses its continuity, the British love of compromise, and British individualism, all of which bequeath to the world "civil liberty and free political institutions," albeit accompanied by materialism and a slight feeling of superiority.

In the remaining nine chapters Mr. Brebner brilliantly sketches the pageant from earliest times to the present. He indulges in no paean of praise for the British, but presents a balanced picture, the good with the bad. Barring an incorrect date or two, his is scholarly writing, but it suffers from the same weakness that besets any condensation of history: the summary statement and sound generalization convey much meaning to the initiate, but may not be truly understood by the layman. There is no short cut to an understanding of Britain. Those who seek it here may be led to follow the longer road marked out by the appended selection of additional readings. Lists of sovereigns from Alfred the Great and prime ministers, plus an index, complete the volume.

FRANK D. REEVE

The Spanish Labyrinth: an Account of the Social and Political Background of the Civil War, by Gerald Brenan. Cambridge and New York: The University Press and The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$3.50.

If I had stopped to acquire an intimate knowledge of Spanish political background before joining the Loyalist Army, it is doubtful that I would have reached Spain before the war's end. At least that seems to be a reasonable supposition after reading Gerald Brenan's exhaustive and monumental research report, *The Spanish Labyrinth*.

The heroic ambition to unravel the tangled threads of Spain's struggles over land, religion, trade unionism, political ideology, and even empire is a task of such proportions that Mr. Brenan often becomes lost in his own labyrinthian passages. His work is less a book than a hundred thousand research reference cards between two covers. From his labors a professional political economist probably

could write a really great book on Spain. Yet *Spanish Labyrinth* is without question one of the most important contributions to modern political science: it is a detailed history of a country slowly bleeding to death as a result of its leaders' traditional unwillingness to heed the desires or needs of four-fifths of a nation. It is the record of events that terminated in the bloody Civil War, precursor of World War II.

Although a complex Spanish history, replete with hundreds of footnotes, chapter-end notes and appendices, is largely of interest only to Hispanophiles, *The Spanish Labyrinth* might well be widely read as an example of what can happen to many countries in South America. Many of the same elements that led to the Spanish Civil War are also vital issues in the American republics: a landless peasantry versus absentee landlords, the Church versus liberalism, regionalism versus nationalism, and the utilization of native fascism by a frightened aristocracy.

Gerald Brenan, born of Anglo-Irish parents in 1894, fought on the Western front in the First World War and then sought peace in Spanish village life. He wrote novels and watched the tragic Spaniards win the 1936 Popular Front victory only to be plunged into the Civil War a few months later. Mr. Brenan supported the Republicans, but he also concealed a family of Franco sympathizers in his home and spirited them out of the country. Within a few months of the outbreak of the war, Gerald Brenan moved to England and began the prodigious research for *The Spanish Labyrinth*.

The great value of Brenan's work does not lie in his conclusions, which are sometimes petulant and arbitrary, but rather in the completeness of his coverage. Starting with the premise that discovery of the New World gave an unprepared Spain too much wealth too quickly, the author examines in detail each of the conflicting trends that have sapped Spanish energies. He records the history of regionalism, the struggle of the Basques and Catalans for autonomy. He documents the traditional graft of the central government at Madrid, noting that fifty to eighty percent of all taxes collected were pocketed by politicians and that the rich nearly always secured tax exemption. He points up the independence of the Spanish Catholic Church from Vatican authority and advances the claim that the Church was "the great leveler" until the nineteenth century Carlist War stripped it of tremendous agricultural properties and drove it into the arms of the reactionary aristocracy. The Spanish Army officers are pictured as corrupt and brutal, products of middle-class ambition thwarted by lack of economic opportunity.

He shows how the Madrid government provoked violence among the trade unions in an effort to counteract regionalism. For at least a century the Spanish Crown fought the advent of the industrial revolution that was booming Britain and America, lest it alter the dominant position of the land aristocracy. The method consisted of diversion by hurling conflicting groups at each other's throats and alternating governmental power between Tweedledum and Tweedledee conservative parties. But the greatest error of both monarchy and republic was the failure to dig into Spain's most vital problem: the agrarian question.

The Spanish Labyrinth has excellent chapters clearly outlining the ideologies of the Anarchists, the Carlists, and the Socialists. Orthodox Communists are dismissed by the author as ruthless opportunists who never (even during the Civil

War) had any real appeal for Spanish workers. He also claims that the Falange was unimportant until 1936, when Franco and a group of ultraconservatives decided to use it as a vehicle for overthrowing the Popular Front government. Surprisingly he omits all reference to the important prewar influences of Germany, Italy, Russia, France, and Britain on Spanish political and economic developments.

Of the future Mr. Brenan has only this to say, "If within the next two centuries there is a happy and peaceful future awaiting Spain, one may predict that it will be a weak and paternal Socialist regime, giving ample regional and municipal autonomy." To those of us who survived the fight against Hitler's and Mussolini's legions, the future of Spain, even in defeat, seems brighter than in Mr. Brenan's view. And we simply reflect the Spaniard's own abiding faith that given her just place in the world family of nations, Spain will soon become a strong and vigorous democracy. The Anglo-American policy of nonintervention in the Civil War meant that Spain lost all she had gained in a century of violent internal struggles. It now remains to be seen whether a postwar world will seal that retrogression or whether it will restore her people's right to express their will.

JACK BRADLEY FAHY

The Story of the Americas, the Discovery, Settlement, and Development of the New World, by Leland DeWitt Baldwin. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1943. \$3.50.

Rio Grande to Cape Horn, by Carleton Beals. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$3.50.

Captain of the Andes, the life of Don José de San Martín, liberator of Argentina, Chile and Peru, by Margaret H. Harrison. New York: Richard R. Smith, 1943. \$3.00.

Though the first two of these books deal with Latin America quite differently, the one tracing historical growth and the other analyzing the contemporary political and economic scene, both arrive ultimately at the same purpose, to evaluate our Good Neighbor Policy and to weigh the chances for hemisphere coöperation in the postwar world. The authors attack the problem differently, but both come to similar conclusions regarding the steps that must be taken to confirm and cement the unity of purpose that has arisen among these nations in the emergency of war.

Mr. Baldwin's *Story of the Americas* is more than a history. He traces the development of each country in the Western Hemisphere from the time of its discovery by the white man to the present with little attention to dates, battles, and political upheavals except in their relation to the conflict between racial elements, which conflict, he believes, is largely responsible for our present attitudes toward each other as well as for our economic and political differences. He includes the United States and Canada in his history, and does not neglect to point out the brutality with which the frontiers of these two countries were pushed forward, a brutality which seemed less brutal than it actually was only because of the comparatively weak resistance of the natives and the rapid success of the colonizers. On the other hand, the struggle between natives and Spaniards in the South appears

more ruthless because of the inability of the Spanish settlers to see themselves as permanent dwellers in a new land until the generations had brought about a widespread mixture of the conqueror with the native. As long as Spanish blood remained pure, Spain was the homeland, and the colonizers were but sojourners in a foreign land. In North America this attitude was negligible, and the settlers early showed their independence of the bonds of European politics and tradition. Mr. Baldwin believes, however, that with the emergence in the South of a race feeling a strong sense of its identity with the Western world rather than with Europe, new common interests between the peoples of the North and South have arisen, and therefore, that the problem of unifying these interests is of prime importance for the man of the Americas today.

Although Carleton Beals also discusses the racial conflicts in each of the countries south of the Rio Grande, he does so rather from the standpoint of geographic, economic, and social forces than from that of historical events. He describes with understanding the life and surroundings of the people, including enough of their history to make clear the forces that have formed their attitudes. Without mincing words, he lays bare the political machinations of stronger nations, especially of Great Britain and the United States, toward submerging Latin American countries to the position of private hunting grounds for their respective industrial interests. He presents many just reasons for the Latin American's distrust of friendly overtures from the United States. They ask how we can speak of democracy for their peoples when our own attitude toward the Negro has been less democratic than their treatment of Indians and other racial groups. They accept the Good Neighbor Policy in time of emergency, but they ask whether it is permanent, or merely a Roosevelt policy. Although Mr. Baldwin claims that the masses "have proved themselves able to distinguish between government and private investors," Mr. Beals' evidence points to the fact that there seldom has been a separation between the interests of the United States government and those of private capital in our dealings with Latin America. The notorious handling of the Argentine beef question is a case in point. The author believes in the possibilities for the honest success of the Good Neighbor Policy, but he does not hesitate to criticize its inadequacies or the errors it has made so far.

Both authors agree, however, that in the postwar world the continuance of the Good Neighbor Policy on a permanent basis of coöperation, of helpful economic planning to assist in the development of each country according to its needs and possibilities, rather than preserving it as a private source of raw materials for United States industries, even at the sacrifice of some measure of our own economic superiority, will be the greatest factor in maintaining hemispheric solidarity and will create a strong world influence toward permanent peace. It will also be necessary to forget our "Yankee" race superiority and to recognize the valuable contributions of other races to our American culture.

Neither book has been written for experts in the field of Latin American relations; both are eminently worth the public's reading to obtain a clearer understanding of the problems that confront all of us who hope to live in a more peaceful and intelligent world after the current business on hand is settled.

The Story of the Americas is well supplemented with maps, but the use of a

good atlas is helpful in following Mr. Beals from *Rio Grande to Cape Horn*.

Carleton Beals, whom *Time* magazine has called "the best-informed living writer on Latin America," devotes an illuminating chapter of his book to a discussion of Argentina and the background of her present failure to war against the Axis. A further understanding of that great neighbor may be had by reading Margaret Hayne Harrison's biography of José de San Martín, the liberator of Argentina, Chile, and Peru, in whose life-story may be seen the ideals of independence at their conception. The author tells of San Martín's boyhood on the banks of the Uruguay River, his education and life of soldiering in Spain, his return to his native land to offer his services in the cause of South American freedom. The epic of his struggle to train and equip an army and to lead it over the mighty Andes to the liberation of Chile and Peru is equalled only by the greatness of his personal sacrifice of ambition and power in the interest of his ideals. Mrs. Harrison relates the story with enthusiasm and an understanding of her enigmatic subject. The book contains two maps of South America on the end papers and is excellently illustrated.

MARY WICKER

Learning Navaho, Volume One, by Berard Haile. St. Michaels, Arizona: St. Michaels Press, 1941. No price indicated.

Origin Legend of the Navaho Flintway, text and translation by Father Berard Haile; The University of Chicago Publications in Anthropology, Linguistic Series. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1943. \$3.00.

The Navaho, by Frances E. Watkins. Southwest Museum Leaflets, No. 16. Los Angeles: The Southwest Museum, 1943. \$.30.

Three recent publications have added greatly to our knowledge of the Southwest in general and specifically of the Navaho Indians. The first two of these works, written by Father Berard Haile, O.F.M., are exceedingly detailed and complete. Father Berard has lived for over forty years among the Navaho Indians, during which period he has acquired an intimate knowledge of their language and culture. More important, his humanitarian efforts have won him the complete confidence of that people. These attributes have been translated into a gain for science; he has produced and, one hopes, will continue to produce many painstaking and valuable contributions in anthropology.

Learning Navaho is the first of what is hoped will be a series of publications on Navaho language. It is a thoroughly practical and usable publication. The Navaho orthography and phonemic system are clearly presented, and the student is led gradually through the unfamiliar morphology of that people. In a sense, the title is a misnomer, for the volume contains information other than linguistics. Particularly notable are discussions on kinship and clan function; in lesser degree are those on birth and marriage.

The *Origin Legend of the Navaho Flintway*, as the title indicates, gives the mythological sanction for the ceremonial employed in curing pneumonia, cardiac and lung diseases, and internal injuries caused by a variety of accidents. The work

contains a general discussion on Navaho chantways and shows how the same and new elements are re-used and re-combined, giving rise to a variety of chantways based on a single pattern. The body of the work is a carefully annotated translation of the Flintway Legend. Two informants were used and individual variations are preserved and noted. In addition to its ethnological value, it is of special interest to linguists and students of literature, to the former because it offers opportunities for morphologic analysis, to the latter because it presents for examination many familiar and unfamiliar stylistic devices which abound in primitive literature. The high standard of excellence of the publication is marred only by the poor editorial work on the part of the University of Chicago Press.

The Navaho, by Frances E. Watkins, is one of a series of popular museum guides designed for the general public. It deviates from other pamphlets of this type only in that it offers an unusually complete and accurate abstract of Navaho culture. Particularly noteworthy are the illustrations, many of which are old and hitherto unpublished.

W. W. HILL

Man and Resources in the Middle Rio Grande Valley, by Allan G. Harper, Andrew R. Cordova, and Kalervo Oberg. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1943. \$2.25.

Man and Resources is a book that will prove indispensable to those who wish to obtain a clear insight into the problems of north central New Mexico. Not only are the essential facts on man and resources in the area set forth in a thoroughgoing manner, but those facts have been compressed into the fewest possible words and set forth in an attractive nontechnical style. In 118 pages the authors have drawn a concise and easily appreciated picture of the causes and effects of the grave socio-economic situation facing man in the Middle Rio Grande Valley. In addition, the book includes a useful bibliographical note, a detailed index, and twenty fine photographic plates which portray various aspects of life in the area.

The authors, very appropriately, merge a penetrating interpretation of the tri-cultural population with their analyses of objective data on resources. They point out very clearly the effects that the Indian, Spanish, and "Anglo" populations and their movements have had upon the natural resources and, in turn, the influence that the resources and the changes that have taken place in those resources have had upon the three population groups. The presentation of these reciprocal effects is made with remarkable insight and in a pleasing way. Although the facts contained in the volume are based on objective investigation, the book does not err on the side of lack of color and life. Throughout *Man and Resources*, the reader will be constantly impressed with the manner in which the authors have identified themselves with the issues in question. When one reads the brief note on the authors (pages 155-156), it is easy to understand that, in writing this book, the authors were not simply discharging an academic function; they were portraying a scene which is fascinating to them and for which they have profound

attachment. This reviewer is confident that the reader will participate in that fascination and attachment—*Man and Resources* is that kind of book.

GEORGE I. SANCHEZ

The American Land: Its History and Its Uses, by William R. Van Dersal. London, New York, and Toronto: The Oxford University Press, 1943. \$3.75.

The American Land is an informally written and admirably illustrated little book. Its author, a botanist with the United States Department of Agriculture, here presents fresh evidence that "one sees what one looks for." It appears that to him "The Land" is equivalent to the crop plants grown upon it, and that "American," in the title, refers only to the United States. Thus two thirds of the book is a carefully nontechnical inventory of our crop plants, their histories, and their uses. One looks in vain for discussions of soil groups, geology, and relief. Space is apportioned according to the relative economic importance of the crop. Corn receives an entire chapter, and one of the most interesting. The first two and the final three chapters felicitously introduce and develop the conservation thesis. The very real necessity for guarding our soil and forest is sufficient excuse for this reiteration of the story. Presumably the earlier date of publication precluded mention of Faulkner's recent condemnation of the plow.


Geologists will be annoyed to read that "geologic erosion" takes place at scarcely measurable speeds. In this connection Kirk Bryan has wisely remarked that significant surface erosion is always catastrophic, regardless of climate. Assertion that the removal of seven inches of soil under several specified cover conditions requires 34,000 to 575,000 years (p. 192) is both meaningless and misleading. Such figures are unwarranted extrapolations from short-term records which do not include great floods. The latter, occurring at irregular intervals whose magnitude is of the order of fifty or one hundred or two hundred years, are chiefly responsible for surface erosion in humid regions. In arid regions the catastrophes occur at many places every year; they are called "cloudbursts." These considerations, be it noted, in no way vitiate the conservationist's argument.

The American Land seems especially suitable for use as a reference work on the high school level, or for the gentle titillation of not too confirmed urbanites.

PARRY A. REICHE

Hills of Home, by Curtis Martin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$2.00.
In Time of Harvest, by John L. Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. \$2.50.

It is heartening to know that it is Curtis Martin's ambition to devote himself to writing when he returns from the battle fronts. For *Hills of Home* shows promise which we are confident will be fulfilled. His publishers are to be congratulated for having added him to their list.



Hills of Home is an informal portrait of a New Mexico town. One wishes it were less informal—not because of any objection to informality in itself, but because we deplore the opportunity which has been missed in choice of vehicle. *Hills of Home* is a series of vignettes of some dozen of the more colorful and interesting citizens of the town of Sangre de Cristo. These sketches have been executed with subtlety and understanding. Nonetheless, they give the impression of having been transcribed from the author's notebook, for, absorbing as many of them are, they lack development and leavening. They lack the cumulative and mounting interest, the tension and suspense which adherence to a more rigid form would have engendered. For here, the whole is not greater than the sum of its parts; and in creative writing, it must be so.

Hills of Home cannot be classed as a collection of short stories, for many of the chapters are unresolved, though some of them are adaptable to the short story technique. Neither is the book a novel. The fact that John Fellows plays a minor part in each chapter is not sufficient to make it one. For John's character does not grow and develop over the pages; and no attempt has been made to show how the lives of his more fully developed acquaintances impinge one upon another. We meet each new character for the first time. We hardly ever hear of him again. Thus, how, for instance, can it mean much to us, never having known her before, when John leaves Helen Patton at the end of the book?

Perhaps we are unjust. Perhaps we are thinking too much in terms of Mr. Martin's next book. We shall look forward to its publication with interest, not simply because we know we shall enjoy reading it, but because, quite impersonally and without knowing him, it will give us pleasure to see how, along with growing technical mastery and greater human experience, he will take fuller advantage of the material for which he has such obviously genuine feeling.

The characters in John L. Sinclair's *In Time of Harvest* are cut from quite another piece of cloth. They are the McClung family, come some seven hundred miles by mule team to claim one square mile of New Mexican dirt they could call their own. There is Tod, a bean-growing fool from Oklahoma, who the minute he hit his homestead wasted no time in hitching his mules to the plow and breaking ground. There is Faybelle, his wife, a hoe-slinging fool of an honest-to-God woman with "stout legs, hard muscles in her arms, wide hips and enough milk to raise a slew of kids"—seven of them, in fact, the last one being born soon after they reached their homestead. There is her tobacco-spitting father, Piddle, who all during the westward trip sat on the tailboard and helped break the monotony by browning out the star on the saddle pony's forehead. There are the McClung's neighbors whom we meet at a dance at the school house where things get pretty hot to the tune of Tod's fiddling, with moonshine on the side and a fist fight and prairie fire thrown in for good measure. The organizer of the shindig was Miss Simonson, the school marm. Tod didn't take to her at first. In his own words, he'd be a son of a bitch if he'd raise his kids to be jelly beans and educated fools. What they needed to learn he and Faybelle could teach them out of the Bible, and if any of them got the idea they wanted to go beyond the eighth grade he'd whale the hell out of them.

"You're one kind," he told Miss Simonson, "like a sleek race horse runnin'

over ground that's smooth and green, and we're like mules that bust clods and sweat and know we ain't good for nothin' but just that. We don't need to know anything else. We know the dirt and how to eat from the dirt. Don't try to lift us out of the soil, for it's our meat and livin'."

Tod's fears that his offspring would drift away from the soil were well founded, and Piddle didn't help matters "none," filling the children full of tales of his lurid youth. We follow them, one by one, to tragic ends: the State Pen, a house of prostitution, a lonely death. It was thanks to Miss Simonson that some of them were salvaged after she had convinced Tod of the advantages of education. For Tod could raise a first-rate crop of beans, but he wasn't much of a hand at raising kids. Such is the chief burden of a lusty book whose coarse humor, rugged style, and true sense of impending tragedy are thoroughly in keeping with a well-conceived set of earthy characters.

• THOMAS NICKERSON

The Mothers, by Vardis Fisher. New York: The Vanguard Press, 1943. \$2.50.

Vardis Fisher's third historical novel, like the other two, is built from the raw material of Western history. It is the famous Donner Party which receives the novelist's attention in *The Mothers*—with a less pretentious treatment than that afforded the Mormons in *Children of God*, and with a better organized, but obviously slighter one, than in *City of Illusion*. Mr. Fisher's intent is to show the courage of the mothers among the immigrants of the Donner Party. Trapped without food and with only the rudest kind of shelter, these women dominated in spirit even the superhuman endurance and bravery of a man like Bill Eddy. Even for those who have read the story before—either in history or in fiction—Fisher proves himself a master storyteller, building suspense from the gallant efforts of Tamsen Donner, Margaret Reed, Eleanor Eddy, and others of the women to save their children from cold and starvation. The trek of Bill Eddy and his party (mostly women) from the camp to California, despite the necessary repetition of detail, is told with an almost breathless urgency. That detail which, naturally enough, is the most enduring memory concerning the Donners—the eating of human flesh—is skillfully played down so that we see it for what it must have been: a frightful expediency and an act of courage rather than degradation.

But *The Mothers* must not be taken for more than a skillfully wrought story. It does not contain the intricate pattern of *Children of God* or the penetrating study of individual characters that is to be found in the early Fisher novels and even in *City of Illusion*. There is the underlying psychological "explanation" for the mothers' courage, but the emphasis this time is upon history as story, a grim and balladlike account of struggle and death.

RAY B. WEST JR.

Starbuck, by John Selby. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1943. \$2.75.

John Selby's *Starbuck* begins with the same kind of healthy vigor that was to be found in the author's earlier novel, *Sam*. It depicts the youth, promise, and initial accomplishments of the talented young musician, Brant Starbuck, skillfully and—with minor exceptions—convincingly. The first half of the book carries us from the Middle West (where Brant's first success was a prize at the St. Louis World's Fair), to New York, and finally to Europe.

Mr. Selby presents two sides of his hero—his normality as a young man and his talent—and the reader expects, rightly enough, that some kind of crisis will come from it. It does, fairly early in the book, when Brant uncovers the mystery of his illegitimacy. Though this climax seems rather forced and not entirely successful, most of this section is well done and convincing: Brant's youthful relations with his family, his early training in New York, and finally the pre-World War I atmosphere of Southern Germany.

The weakness of the later sections lies, probably, in the fact that Mr. Selby finds it necessary to introduce a second theme, only slightly related to the main one, and seemingly almost forced upon him by the date of appearance of the book—that is, an explanation of the German character in the light of present events. Although Berlin is the scene of Brant's debut and first success, there is a great deal of comment upon the militarism of the Prussians as compared to the easygoing *Gemütlichkeit* of Bavaria. This trite and easy explanation is far below the usual perceptiveness of the author, as is the writing in later sections where Brant's struggle is not so much against his own desire to lead a more normal life than that of the talented musician as it is a feeling that he should enlist in the war as a private because, as he says, "this war is America's war." True, he also says that he's tired of being a special case, but the fact that he does lose the use of his hands (not in combat, but as the result of an insignificant incident) seems to prove the opposite of what the author wishes to say. In other words, Brant is a special case, and the injury which he suffers seems, as a result of his decision, less tragic than foolish.

Had the war been left out of a story that had essentially little to do with the war, one feels that *Starbuck* might have been a more powerful, convincing, and certainly a more moving novel.

RAY B. WEST JR.

Retreat from Rostov, by Paul Hughes. New York: Random House, 1943. \$2.75.
The Night of the Summer Solstice and Other Stories of the Russian War, selected with a preface by Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1943. \$2.50.

The obvious connection between *Retreat from Rostov* and *The Night of the Summer Solstice* is that they are both about the present Russian war. The novel is written by an American who has never been out of America; the short stories are by Russians, "men and women who brave the hottest fire, accompany the most dangerous raiding parties, work the long hours on the industrial front," as the

publishers tell us. In other words, we have a purely imaginative handling of the war (based upon news reports) to contrast with firsthand experience. The novel comes out surprisingly well. The strength and vitality of the Russians, the qualities which animate and excite us in reading the short stories, provide the binding force of the novel.

Retreat from Rostov is not a very good novel, but it is a singularly good first novel; in fact it is something of an achievement. Mr. Hughes has selected the most difficult form for the novel, the historical, and a setting which immediately recalls *War and Peace*. There is no need to compare the two novels except to note that Mr. Hughes has learned much from Tolstoi in his handling of the groups of characters and interlocking the action in the ten days of siege, occupation, and retreat. The characters are not individuals but symbols. On the German side we have Colonel Adrian Pfeiffer commenting upon and interpreting Nazi ideology. The vitality that imbues all the other characters does not touch Pfeiffer. There are other minor German figures necessary to round out the German psychology, including the women of the Women's Corps, who symbolize the enslaved nations even in their quarreling. On the Russian side we have several groups: Boris Guidenny, symbol of guerrilla resistance; Kaaren Terenski, the awakened Russian woman; Joseph, the musician, who gives his talent and his life for his country; the Platons, Rostov hotel owners evicted by the Germans; and the Russian peasants who love the land. There is even a glimpse of Marshal Timoshenko, who treats the Americans with rare consideration. The dialogue is extensive but undifferentiated; the characters are not individualized, and their speech is on one level throughout. Although we are told that words are spoken "impulsively," "peevisly," "with some emotion," "in terror," the emotion is attendant, not inherent. The most convincing part of the novel is the description of the last day of the occupation of Rostov; here the reader sees and feels the bafflement and breakdown of the Germans, undermined by something that they cannot comprehend, something that does not diminish under reprisals but grows more powerful as the violence increases. The Nazis could overcome seen men by force of arms, but they were powerless before the indomitable spirit of the Russian people.

The twenty short stories by six Russian writers published under the title of the first story in the book, "The Night of the Summer Solstice," are good. Some of the stories are sketches; all are isolated incidents. In them the reader lives, sees, and feels the violence of war and furiously fights to preserve Russia. We find certain stock situations, for the reactions of war are as old as war itself. We find "La Mere Sauvage" of this war in Granny Anissia, in Wanda Wasilewske's "Inside the Hut." The woman who withdraws rather than shatter a soldier's dream of her beauty is not new. Heroic children have lived and died in every war. And yet the intensity, the sincerity, the simplicity of the stories make each one a real experience. The "Notes of a Guerilla Fighter" are vivid pictures, horrible in their understatement. It is difficult to select the best, for each story is excellent in its own way. "The Night of the Summer Solstice" is outstanding for its suspense; "The Girl Who Led the Way" is Chekhovian in its simplicity and concentration; "Death on a Collective Farm" etches a group which contains two sharply drawn characters: the inevitable traitor, who finds the new regime of the Nazis even

worse than the resented collectivization, and the strong old peasant woman who dies in order to destroy some of the invaders. The stories as a whole make clear the inevitability of defeat that history has demonstrated, for the Russian spirit is indestructible.

EDITH S. BLESSING

The Best American Short Stories, 1943; and the Yearbook of the American Short Story, edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1943. \$2.75.

Martha Foley, former editor of *Story*, introduces her second O'Brien anthology with this statement: "The American short story this year may be considered as bridging two worlds—the world before the war and the world as it now is: . . . This editor is no believer in forcing any form of creative expression into a propaganda mould. Rather I prefer to look for what might be termed the fourth dimension of writing, a dimension that transcends characters, action, and subjects. A simpler expression is art."

Judged on the basis of art alone, Miss Foley has chosen well. Paul Horgan's "The Peach Stone" and Peter Gray's "Threnody for Stelios" are good examples of "the fourth dimension." But with the exception of Irwin Shaw's "Preach on the Dusty Roads," these stories might have been written in any year. 1942 and 1943 have seen America at war, filled with intense activity, and social and industrial unrest. Yet, if this anthology is typical, either our writers have ignored history about them or have fallen short in their literary efforts.

Although it may be true, as Miss Foley says, that the great stories of the last world war were written after the conflict ended, still there has been some worthwhile writing to come from this period, stories which are neither propaganda nor escapist in character, nor "hurriedly written to fit hackneyed fiction patterns." Lacking in *The Best American Short Stories, 1943*, is the strength, the slightly quickened style, the machine-gun-like intensity that this faster-moving era has produced.

Miss Foley's selections are examples of good writing—of the world before the war, not the world as it is now.

LOIS GERARD

Annals of the New York Stage, Volume XIII, 1885-1888, by G. C. D. Odell. New York: Columbia University Press, 1942. \$8.75.

The greatest task in the history of stage history is the writing of the *Annals of the New York Stage*. The early volumes of this work revealed that the author, who has for years occupied an observation tower and listening post in the center of the metropolis, is one of America's greatest theatre-goers.

Professor Odell began his teaching career at Columbia in 1895, and by 1920 had completed his classic *Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving*. Henceforth

equipped with the ability to order an endless chaos of detail with scholarly accuracy and journalistic appeal, Mr. Odell began his study of New York amusements with the eagerness of a man preparing to phrase the memoirs of a well-spent life. The amusement world of his city was his world, and he remembered the high points of Broadway's past quite as distinctly as the average American born in a rural community recalls the offerings of the high school auditorium and the county fair.

The present volume, covering the years 1885-1888, proves to be that part of the author's *biographia dramatice* which coincides with his undergraduate years at Columbia. Mr. Odell is in large measure an identical contemporary of many of the figures, fashions, developments, and organizations which make New York the theatrical and amusement center that it is today. In this volume he is recording the dawn of our own age. Though there were no momentous innovations, no emergence of outstanding playwrights, and no extraordinary additions to dramatic repertory, there were signs that indicated what the structure, form, and personnel of New York amusements were to be in the future.

These were the days when Maurice Barrymore was prominent in Shakespeare, and the Barrymores of the present generation were mere children at the knee of their actress mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore. Her own family, John Drew, Mrs. John Drew, and Sidney Drew, were all to be seen in important roles. A Juliet of those seasons became the great Julia Marlowe, and E. H. Sothorn also appeared. Others later to be associated with Shakespearian repertory were Forbes-Robertson, Robert Mantell, and Richard Mansfield. Daniel Frohman, the manager, began at this time, producing a drama which was the joint effort of David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille.

Perhaps the greatest omens of the future appeared in the field of music. Theodore Thomas, who was already directing a series of forty-eight concerts, started the real development of the Philharmonic Society in the fall of 1886. At the same time young Walter Damrosch, who suddenly inherited the artistic projects and interests of his father, began the Symphony Society at the Metropolitan. Damrosch was even more conspicuous in inaugurating a great era of German opera. In 1886 he went to Germany on a mission that had far-reaching effects. He brought back Anton Seidl, one of "the most accomplished and magnetic" conductors ever heard in America. Seidl and the leaders of this new group were the music-masters of America. For years they broadened the frontiers of appreciation and raised the level of national taste. Largely through them came our love for German music, but they were not working alone. The most perfectly trained orchestra then to be found outside of Vienna was the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and this organization, consisting of seventy-five musicians under the direction of William Gericke, came this very season for its first New York concerts.

The singers that Damrosch brought over from Germany had but recently made their reputation at home in Wagner's new musical drama. Among them were the incomparable Lilli Lehmann and Albert Niemann. These two made a never-to-be-forgotten pair of lovers and that season at the Metropolitan they gave the first performance of *Tristan and Isolde* in America. The German group established the supremacy of German opera at the Metropolitan so firmly that only the superb Adelina Patti, with some help from Campanini and Tetrizzini, was able to break

the monopoly with her Italian repertory in 1890. During this initial triumph of *Tristan*, an opera which is still perhaps the manager's "best bid for an overflowing audience," Victor Herbert first appeared in public as a cellist in the orchestra. And elsewhere in New York, though soon to be at the Metropolitan, Josef Hofmann, a Polish child of ten, played the piano "with the brilliancy and imaginative power" of the most accomplished adult. In contrast, at a burlesque house Joe Weber and Lew Fields appeared, not as proprietors or headliners in the world of minstrelsy, but as hard-working comedians in "Rough Songs, Dances and Eccentricities."

But these years are not to be dismissed as the mere beginnings of future greatness. Notable actors of the time were John Drew, Otis Skinner, DeWulf Hopper, Henry Irving, and among the ladies were Mrs. Agnes Booth, Ada Rehan, Lillian Russell, Sarah Bernhardt, and Ellen Terry. There was Dion Boucicault, the actor who wrote the stage version of *Rip Van Winkle*; Joseph Jefferson, whose name will ever be associated with the part. No great drama was being written. Henry Arthur Jones and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero were beginning to find themselves and were gradually breaking the way for Wilde and Shaw in the next decade. The supremacy of the novel over the drama, a supremacy that started with Walter Scott and was to continue through the eighties, is clearly manifested on the stage itself. There were dramatic versions of *Dombey and Son*, *Oliver Twist*, *Bleak House*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. There were great American standbys, likewise from prose fiction, such as *Rip Van Winkle*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Peck's Bad Boy*. American originality in the field of drama took the form of Denman Thompson's *The Old Homestead* and Bronson Howard's *Shenandoah*. The only first-class play under an American name was Augustin Daly's *Railway of Love*, and this was an adaptation of a German play called *The Goldfish*. Daly's Theatre was the leading house for high-class dramatic productions during these years, and the real character of the age can be glimpsed from the fact that in a lifetime Daly adapted ninety plays, mostly from continental originals.

The middle eighties were Gilbert and Sullivan years, but the dramatic richness of those seasons came from the existence of four or five great repertory houses. At Daly's, at the Madison Square, at the Lyceum, and at Wallach's, one could see a striking number of the famous plays of the past. Restoration drama, eighteenth-century comedy, and nineteenth-century stage favorites all furnished excellent acting parts. Shakespearean productions, however, were the most numerous and the most noteworthy. At a minor playhouse one hapless interpreter of Hamlet received so great an ovation of ripe fruit, that later in touring the provinces, he played behind a screen of chicken wire especially fabricated to intercept the missiles. But apart from this gay anecdote, *The Annals* show that Shakespeare was well mounted, well acted, and well received. Never in later years has Mr. Odell seen better productions of *The Taming of the Shrew* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Never has he seen any Portia of more poetic charm than Ellen Terry. Mr. Odell's recollections of these years are golden. Would the reader know why, let him discount the wine of youth and *chercher deux femmes*—Ellen Terry and Adelina Patti.

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

Lyle Saunders

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IT IS OUR intention to list in this bibliography, with as much thoroughness as our time and resources permit, current materials concerning the American Southwest. In this issue are included mainly those items which were published or came to our notice in the months of September, October, and November, 1943.

An asterisk before any book title indicates a review in this issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW; a dagger marks those works which will be reviewed in a future issue. The symbol (F) is used to denote fiction; (J) and (JF) designate titles on the juvenile level.

BOOKS

- †Benton, Jesse James. *Cow by the trail*. Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1943. \$2.50. Biography.
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LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

The traditional and beautiful holiday custom of decorating homes with *luminarias*, which annually made Albuquerque, and particularly the campus of the University of New Mexico, a scene of magic loveliness, has not been observed since the war. In former years, happy, carefree students threaded festival nights with golden beauty by spacing thousands of white candles in brown sand-weighted paper sacks along campus roof-tops. Admiring groups of pretty coeds directed the work from safe vantage points below, and passing faculty members called up anxious warnings in regard to life and limb. Today, those young men trace stars beneath the Milky Way in Flying Fortresses, drop blockbusters on Nazi-dominated Europe, kill "Japs" in the far Pacific.

Many of those boys were members of the 200th Coast Guard Artillery, the New Mexico anti-aircraft unit which, as all of America and most of the civilized world knows, took part in the epic defense of the Philippines. A large number of those former University students have been officially reported by the War Department as killed or missing in action. The rest of them are Japanese prisoners. Fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters have submerged their tragic sorrow in an effort to get relief to survivors through the medium of the Bataan Relief Organization, an effort dominated by a spirit fashioned centuries ago in the shadow of a Cross. In New Mexico we have living symbols of faith, hope, and charity. They are the relatives of approximately 1700 members of the 200th Coast Guard Artillery—Indians from the scattered pueblos, Spaniards from isolated mountain villages, doctors, lawyers, teachers in our town—and only their eyes speak their suffering.

Among the significant spring publications will be *Proud People*, by Kyle Crichton, which Scribner's has announced for February. The novel is New Mexican in background, characters, and theme, and will no doubt provide a great deal of literary conversation. Although the author is an associate editor of *Collier's Magazine* and has lived in

New York since 1929, his heart belongs to New Mexico. Here he regained his health, met and married Mae Collier, the daughter of a territorial judge of the nineties; here his three children were born, his first stories written, and here by his own admission live his best friends.

The years between Kyle's release from the Presbyterian Sanatorium, "a cure," and his departure from Albuquerque were busy ones. He sold advertising for the *Albuquerque Herald* and the *Albuquerque Tribune*, was commissioner of a state bureau of publicity during the administration of Governor A. T. Hannett, and for a number of years in his official capacity as manager of the Albuquerque Civic Council welcomed hundreds of newcomers to New Mexico. Off and on he pounded out and sold short stories and feature articles. Material for his stories came from the "lenadores" passing the Crichton home on East Central Avenue, from a blossoming orchard in Los Griegos in which an eastern sophisticate had several hundred mature trees cut down so that he might have a polo field, from ball games managed by the late Dan Padilla. During this period he also wrote a narrative biography, *Law and Order, Ltd.: The Life of Elfego Baca*, which today remains the classic story of the only man who bows to Billy the Kid in the number of notches on his gun.

Important recognition of Kyle's literary talent came first from *Scribner's Magazine* with the publication of one of his best stories, "For sale: A Med-Show," which won for him an associate editorship on that magazine in 1929 when he walked into the Fifth Avenue office and asked for a job. He left Scribner's three years later to become associate editor of *Collier's*, and dramatic and book critic on the old *Life* magazine, running a column in the latter called "Stop and Go." His present work takes him from coast to coast for special interviews with figures of national importance.

The book-conscious public of the Southwest will be very much interested in the fact that the University Press under the continued management of Fred E. Harvey has completed plans for the enlargement of the plant to such an extent that from now on "everything but the casing" of a book will be done by this concern. Spring publications will include *Spanish Folk Poetry in New Mexico*, by Arthur Campa, and *Campfire and Trail*, by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett. The latter volume contains many of this distinguished scholar's archaeological experiences and observations, put down in an informal essay style. Undoubtedly,

one of the most notable of the University Press publications scheduled for 1944 will be that of the hitherto unpublished 1634 manuscript of the *Memorial* of Fr. Alonzo Benavides, as translated by Frederick Webb Hodge and Agapito R  y. (This 1634 manuscript is Benavides' own revision of his famous 1630 *Memorial* published in Madrid.) The edition of this famous document will be the fifth volume in the Coronado Historical Series, all of which have been edited by Dr. George P. Hammond.

The *Memorial* of Benavides, who was *custodio* of New Mexico missions from 1622 to 1630, has been a source for historians for centuries. Paul A. F. Walter, Southwestern historian and authority, has said in reference to the manuscript: "What Herodotus was to the ancient world, Fray Benavides is to early colonial history. It is nothing short of remarkable that most places described by him can be located with accuracy at the present time, and that the ethnological, zoological, climatological, and geographical observations he made casually are verified by accurate scientific research at this day. There is no other source book that could be spared so little."

Within four years after its first appearance in 1630, the *Memorial* had been translated into Latin, German, French, and Dutch. It was translated and published in complete form for the first time in English in 1900, in a periodical, *Land of Sunshine*, edited by Charles Fletcher Lummis. It was not until 1916, however, that the document was available in book form in English, translated and privately printed in a beautiful edition by Mrs. Edward E. Ayers. One of the four extant copies of the original manuscript was at that time in the possession of her husband, first president of the Field Museum of Natural History, trustee of the Newberry Library, and owner of the finest collection of New Mexicana in existence. Annotations for the Ayers translation were made by Frederick Hodge and Charles Lummis. Authorities are agreed that Mrs. Ayers' translation is a fine legacy and a lasting memorial to herself and to her husband, whose interest in the culture of the Southwest she so passionately shared. Only three hundred copies of the beautifully illustrated book were printed, and all of them were presented as gifts, not sold. Today, the Ayers edition is of course a rare item for collectors, one of whom recently placed its value at \$200. The University has one; the only other known copy here was in the possession of the late Herman Schweizer, close friend of Mr. and Mrs. Ayers.

One of the late fall publications by the University Press was *Democracy in Progress*, by Dr. T. M. Pearce, head of the English department at the University of New Mexico. Recent articles by this same author are "Some Anthropological Terms Used in the Southwest," and "New Mexico Folk Etymologies," both of which appeared in *El Palacio*. "Weapons and Names," which was published in the November issue of *Word Study*, is a review by Dr. Pearce of the custom of fighting men of giving personal names to their weapons as illustrated in the swords of Beowulf, Roland, Siegfried, in the rifles of Western frontiersmen, which they called "Sweet Lips," "Bull Thrower," "Old Blackfoot," and in the nicknamed field pieces of modern artillerymen, "Bardia," "Long Lizzie," and "Long Tom."

Mabel Scacheri, author of *Indians Today*, and her husband, Mario Scacheri, made many friends in New Mexico several years ago when they were here gathering material for this book. The Scacheris were an interesting writer-artist combination, working together in much the same fashion as do Dorothy and Nils Hogner. Mabel wrote the books and Mario illustrated them. He also did such a good job of teaching her how to use a camera, that at the time of his sudden and widely lamented death a few years ago, she was named his successor as camera editor of the New York *World-Telegram*. According to Etna M. Kelly's recent article "Career in Photography" in the magazine *Woman*, Mrs. Scacheri turns out some of the liveliest and most provocative writing on camera subjects in the country.

Erna Fergusson, author and lecturer on Latin-American affairs, left Albuquerque in December for Washington, where she has accepted a position with the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs. Her work, for which she is so ably qualified, will consist chiefly of giving lectures, writing, and meeting Latin-American visitors to the United States. Since the publication of her latest book, *Chile*, Erna has been actively identified with practically every phase of New Mexico's war effort, giving particularly of her time and talent to organizational detail concerning the newly opened Sandia Hospital and the recently incorporated *Towards Freedom, Inc.*, an organization of Albuquerque citizens vitally concerned with post-war problems.

J. Frank Dobie is, as every admirer knows, giving England and particularly Cambridge University not only "local color" but scholarship. I rather suspect that Mollie Panter Downes, London columnist for the *New Yorker*, journeyed to the famed University to see for herself

"just what" Mr. Dobie looked like. Her reference to him as Professor James F. Dobie makes him seem like a stranger, and we would like to tell the lady that everybody in America highlights the middle name. Here is what she has to say about him:

Much interest has been taken, not only in Cambridge but all over England, in the endowment, by the Cambridge Press, of a Chair of American History and Institutions here. It is the first time a body within a University has of its own volition forked out the funds, 44,000 pounds, which represents the profit on quite a lot of books, for such a professorship. The old and well-founded criticism that study of the United States has been neglected should no longer apply, for since the announcement of the University Press endowment, Professor James F. Dobie of the University of Texas has arrived at Emmanuel on a visiting United States history lectureship. After reading the rather picturesque advance press publicity the visitor received, his large and enthusiastic audiences have apparently been disappointed that he hasn't mounted the platform wearing a brace of six-shooters and a ten-gallon hat. He says that the largest number of questions he gets from the boys and girls, in informal talks outside his lecture room, concern the race question and the Five Senators and that he tackles them all bravely. On raw mornings, with the gargoyles leering dimly through the mist of the fens, pink-nosed undergraduates also ask him about American steam heating, something they would be glad to see installed here.

Local followers of the "What America is Reading" page in the New York *Herald Tribune Books* undoubtedly get as big a thrill as I do upon seeing the weekly sales of the New Mexico Book Store charted with the sales of the other leading book stores of the country. There we are listed with such book stores as Gelber, Lilienthal's of San Francisco, Kendrick-Bellamy's of Denver, Marshall Field's of Chicago, Brentano's of New York, Doubleday Doran's of St. Louis. It is fun and very revealing to compare our book tastes with those of the book-buying public at large. I hardly know of a more fascinating literary filler-in pursuit than that of watching those little dots, representing books and authors, weekly change and shift positions, one little dot sometimes slowly forging ahead, sometimes phenomenally jumping to first place, holding it for months and then disappearing. Talk about drama behind the scenes! It is all there for those who can visualize it—surging around author, publisher, advertiser, critic, blurb writer, and buyer.

All of those little pinpoints represent, no doubt, from the viewpoint of the authors, honest work and the realization of dreams and ambitions; but think of what they represent from the viewpoint of the

public! Occasionally a dot has represented a pot of gold at the beginning of a rainbow spanning from Broadway to Hollywood. But only a very, very few dots have ever represented immortality.

Hasta la próxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

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