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# The New Mexico Quarterly Review

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- Three Rocky Mountain Poets . . . . . Ray B. West, Jr.  
Stevedores. A Story . . . . . O'Kane Foster  
New Mexico: Yesterday and Today . . . . . Frank D. Reeve  
No Matter How Long. A Story . . . . . Edward De Roo  
Stock and Livestock. A Story . . . . . Ina Sizer Cassidy  
Poetry, by J. V. Cunningham, Irene Bruce, Jessie Lemont,  
John Theobald, Lawrence P. Spingarn, Joseph Cher-  
winski, and others.  
Book Reviews . . . . . Book Lists . . . . . Other Features

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# QUARTERLY REVIEW

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## CONTRIBUTORS

FRANK D. REEVE teaches history at the University of New Mexico and edits the *New Mexico Historical Review*. The translation of the familiar essay by RUY RIBEIRO COUTO was made by HELENE SCHIMANSKY and was contributed through the courtesy of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. RAY B. WEST, JR. has long been known in the Rocky Mountain region as a teacher in Utah and Montana and as an editor of the *Rocky Mountain Review*. He is also one of the editors of the new anthology, *Rocky Mountain Reader*.

Contributors of fiction to this issue of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW are both old and new. "No Matter How Long" is EDWARD DE ROO's second story in these pages; he has been in the department of drama at the University of New Mexico and will be with the Cleveland Playhouse this fall. O'KANE FOSTER's "Stevedores" is his third story in this magazine. He is the author of several novels and is at present living in Ranchos de Taos, New Mexico, where he is working on another. E. W. TEDLOCK, JR. has published poetry in this magazine and in *Southwest Review*. "Winter Garment" is his first piece of fiction to be published, although a book by him on the manuscripts of D. H. Lawrence is to be published soon. IRENE HOLT lives in Fort Defiance, Arizona, where she has had constant contact with the Navaho. She has published widely on Navaho life. "Tall Man's Dilemma" is her first appearance in these pages. INA SIZER CASSIDY, who has lived for many years in Santa Fe, has long been interested in Anglo-American folklore in the Southwest. She was a frequent contributor to the *New Mexico Quarterly*.

The poetry section of this issue is made up mainly of short pieces by many authors. Only the briefest mention can be made of contributors who have appeared here previously. J. V. CUNNINGHAM, whose *The Judge Is Fury*, his second book of verse, is to be published by the Swallow Press—William Morrow; CLARENCE ALVA POWELL who lives in Detroit; IRMA WASSALL, a native of New Mexico, now of Wichita, Kansas, who has contributed frequently to the *New Mexico Quarterly*; IRENE BRUCE, author of *Crag and Sand*; HERB GOLD, who appears here for the first time, recently released from Army service, lives in Cleveland Heights, Ohio; JUDAH M. TURKAT, Russian immigrant to the United States in 1922, who has published in several poetry magazines; L. R. LIND, teacher of Classics at the University of Kansas, formerly a contributor to *Sewanee Review* and other magazines; HERMAN SALINGER, recently of the University of Wisconsin, now teaching in the modern language department at the University of Kansas City; JESSIE LEMONT, author of *White Nights* and *Where Stillness Lies the Deepest* and frequent translator of Rilke ("Black Cat" is from Rilke's *Neue Gedichte*); JOHN THEOBALD, teacher in the Summer Session at the University of New Mexico, author of recent poems in *Poetry* and *Kenyon Review*; JOSEPH CHERWINSKI, librarian in Lansing, Michigan; LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN, whose book, *Rococo Summer and Other Poems*, to be published by Dutton's next year, will include the poem published here; J. C. CREWS, who has returned to his home in Waco, Texas, and who once edited *Vers Libre* and *Motive*; GEMMA D'AURIA, of Hollywood, author of *Resurrection at Sundown*, which is being made into an opera by Raoul Georges Vidas; E. MICHAEL WILKINS, Canadian by birth, now of San Francisco, who has published verse and fiction in various magazines; PAULINE COOK, Foreign Languages Librarian at the University of Iowa, translator of SOR JUAN INÉS DE LA CRUZ's poem; MARCIA NICHOLS HOLDEN, of New York, who has published poems and articles in a number of magazines; DOROTHY ALYEA, of Montclair, New Jersey, author of *All My Argument* and numerous other poems; and LEE GILBERT, teacher at St. Louis University, translator of the poem by LUIS CERNUDA, Spanish ambassador in Paris during the Loyalist regime.

Of the reviewers of books, few are new to these pages. THOMAS A. KIRBY teaches at Louisiana State University, and BRUCE SUTHERLAND, whose article on Conrad Richter was in a previous issue of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW, teaches at Pennsylvania State College. THELMA CAMPBELL, of La Grange (Illinois) Junior College, MARGARET PAGE HOOD, Las Cruces, New Mexico, newspaperwoman, W. W. HILL, of the University of New Mexico department of anthropology, JANET KROMER, former Albuquerque newspaperwoman, now teaching on the Navaho reservation, ALBERT R. LOPES, department of modern languages, University of New Mexico, EDNA LUE FURNESS, Casper (Wyoming) Junior College, COLEMAN ROSENBERGER, now living in Riverdale, Maryland, SAMUEL M. WAXMAN, modern languages, Boston University, C. V. WICKER, University of New Mexico English department, and LLOYD LÓZES GOFF, formerly of the University of New Mexico art department—all are old contributors to the book review section.

SPUD JOHNSON, LYLE SAUNDERS, and JULIA KELEHER, all associated with the University of New Mexico, contribute their regular features.



## NEW MEXICO: YESTERDAY AND TODAY\*

*Frank D. Reeve*

**O**NE HUNDRED YEARS ago in August, 1846, General Stephen Watts Kearny marched the Army of the West across the Arkansas River, over the Raton pass, and on to the high plain that led into the heart of New Mexico. On August 15, the General ascended a roof top in the recently established town of Las Vegas and announced to those who would listen that the country now belonged to the United States of America. He promised to protect the people "in their property, their persons, and their religion" if they remained at peace, and tendered the oath of obedience to the chief military and civil officers of the community. With these formalities completed, the mounted soldiers unfurled their battle standards for the first time, trotted briskly toward a pass in the hills where the enemy was reported in battle line, broke into a gallop at the proper moment, and charged the unseen—and non-present—foe. Three days later the invaders entered Santa Fe, the ancient capital of the region.

In the year 1946, after a hundred years of American occupation, it is interesting to look back and see what New Mexico was like when General Kearny seized it, and to note the changes that have taken place.

### YESTERDAY IN NEW MEXICO

The boundary lines of New Mexico were not yet fixed by the artificial lines of the surveyor. The towns were the most definitive guide posts. Anton Chico, located timidly in the farther reaches of the southeastern Sangre de Cristo foothills, was the eastern limit of the

\* This article, commemorating 100 years of American occupation of New Mexico, was written by the author on assignment from the Division of Government Research of the University of New Mexico and is published here by arrangement with the Division.

area. Taos, rancho and pueblo, snuggled in the close embrace of the same range on its western slope, but far to the north, and marked the boundary in that direction. Abiquíu, the frontier outpost on the Chama River, and small settlements on the sunny side of Mount Taylor, marked the western boundary. To the southward Socorro, on the banks of the Rio Grande, guarded on the east by the San Andres Mountains and on the west by the Madalena, or Magdalena, was the outpost. Ladrone Peak to the northwest of this settlement warned the traveler that he would soon reach the jumping-off point on a trip to Chihuahua.

In political terms the country was spoken of as the Department of New Mexico, and was divided into districts and counties. Rio Arriba and Taos counties constituted the northern district; Santa Fe, Santa Ana, and San Miguel, the central district; and the counties of Valencia and Bernalillo, the southeastern district. Judicial courts of first resort were located in Santa Fe, Los Luceros, and the village of Valencia; each of these towns, including Taos, enjoyed the privilege of an *ayuntamiento*, or local governing body. The Departmental Assembly was elected by an electoral college; the Assembly nominated the governor, who was then approved by the President of Mexico. The administration of this imposing organization was relatively simple and inexpensive, especially the courts. The wheels of justice could be set in motion by an oral command to appear before the *alcalde*; delay was not encouraged, and a decision was soon reached.

New Mexico was a relatively isolated region, a frontier outpost, guarded by three presidial troops and two *Compañías Activas*, but guarded with great difficulty against Indians. Postal service, with offices located at Tomé and Santa Fe, brought an exchange of letters between Santa Fe and Mexico City in two to three months. A resident venturing forth from this mountain-fringed Department spoke of going to "the outer country."

Members of a caravan following the Cimarron route from the Arkansas River to the ancient capital of New Mexico, experienced a rugged but interesting journey. The old prairie schooner, with its bed painted a blue color and its white canvas top, was familiar to all travelers in the Southwest. A brake was not used to ease the passage down a steep hill, but a chain locking the rear wheels served the purpose. The wooden axles, when used, and they were frequently used, and the long tongue extending forward from the wagon, occasionally broke, but repairs could be made and the journey resumed without

too costly loss of time. The wooden axle against wooden wheel, despite the use of tallow and resin, squeaked with a noise that could entertain only a child, but the traveler became oblivious to it in time. Eight, ten, or twelve span of animals, either mules or oxen, drew this wagon with its load of four to five thousand pounds of merchandise, and the lord and master of it all, the bullwhacker, trod alongside, wielding his long whip and snapping the end with a report like a pistol.

Many caravans were on the trail in the year 1846 with more than four hundred vehicles of various kinds and sizes, carrying merchandise at an estimated value of one million dollars or more. Mental calculations of profit and loss on the trip no doubt kept some minds busy, but the observant person could not avoid being diverted by other matters as the train lumbered on its way. Large rattlesnakes were met with at times, to the annoyance of both the animals and the men. The wolf was near, if seldom seen; the loss of stock at night gave sufficient testimony to this predator's appetite for meat, and even the environs of the settlements were sometimes visited by the hungry beast in quest of food. The animals that man could prey upon were numerous and varied: the antelope, the deer, elk, rabbits, the buffalo and the bear, and bands of wild horses roamed the mesa land, ever on the alert for sudden death.

Another form of "wild life" not so welcome to the traveler and townsmen was the ubiquitous Redman, alternately friend and foe. He appeared stealthfully in either capacity, from Taos on the north to Socorro on the south. The Comanche and occasionally other prairie tribesmen hovered on the northeastern side of the Department of New Mexico; the Utah and Jicarilla Apache infested the northern border; the Navaho on the west, and the Apache to the south completed the ring of indigenous people around the intruding settlements of the white man. They raided the flocks of the New Mexicans, molested caravans, and occasionally killed an inhabitant. To attack a lone shepherd was a simple task; to waylay the traveler in small groups was no difficult undertaking; but to strike and run was their tactic. Fighting between the two peoples was not chronic. The Comancheros, or traders to the Comanche, made annual trips to the eastern plains for the exchange of goods with the Redskins. The Comanche in turn visited Taos for the same purpose, and the Utah and Jicarilla were occasionally seen in the settlements. The southern Apache ventured into Socorro for limited trade and probably for a sight of city life. The

Navaho were not so welcome in the settlements, and forays were made into their country by the New Mexicans under the guise of retaliatory warfare, although the commercial motive could be detected; human captives were a profitable commodity, as were Navaho sheep, if they could be captured. The Indians were aware of these same facts, and many a New Mexican and his kinsmen elsewhere in the Republic became servants to the children of the great out-of-doors, preparing stolen sheep for their masters' repast.

Thoughts of Indians and other bugbears of the road eventually gave way to the delight of entering the settlements. They were not large in size, but to the prairie traveler they represented civilization in its good and bad aspects. The first of these centers of population was Las Vegas, a comparative newcomer among the towns of New Mexico. About 700 people lived there in adobe houses clustered around the plaza for defense. The small openings in the rear of the dwellings served as windows for air and sunshine or as portholes to fire through at an enemy. Tecolote to the southwest of Las Vegas boasted about 500 people, and farther on the traveler entered the metropolis of San Miguel, where perhaps as many as 2,000 folk lived. But Santa Fe was the crowning glory of the country, with more than 3,000 inhabitants. The initial impression of the place and the narrow, crooked, dirt streets might be a bit disappointing, but the sight of green fields of corn and wheat interspersed among the dwellings on the fringe of town gave a touch of beauty that softened the harshness of the otherwise drab-looking place. Furthermore, the spirit of civic improvement had recently appeared; the plaza was not so frequently used now as a corral for stock, and a row of cottonwood trees for the first time encircled the area. A new park to the northwest had been laid out as a scene for Sunday sports. In other respects there was little progress, however; the church was falling into ruin on the south side of the plaza and only one store in town could boast of a plank floor.

Before entering Santa Fe, the traveler either participated in or at least watched others go through the ritual of brushing up. The dust of the road must be removed, and those who could boast of a clean shirt donned it with pleasure and excitement. The bullwhacker tied a new popper to his whip; the sound from cracking it must be sharp and loud; no squeaky falsetto could be allowed to mar the occasion. Thus prepared, the entry was made down the last winding stretch of road. The admiring señoritas within the settlement watched and were

watched; the children scampered around; householders peered from their doorways; and the customs officials gently rubbed together the palms of their hands; the arrival of a caravan meant money for the payment of local salaries, and sometimes a little extra that might be termed a gift from the entrepreneur. The trader paid a fee of seven hundred and fifty dollars for each wagon, doled out additional sums for translating manifestos from one language to another, and submitted to an examination for contraband goods by the customs officer. With these details attended to, the initial stage of a journey through New Mexico for commercial purposes was completed; the newcomer could settle down for a while or continue onward to more distant markets.

A journey southward from Santa Fe followed a route to the southwest that skirted the Rio Grande past the pueblos of San Felipe and Santo Domingo, or along a route farther to the east that led into the green-clad slopes of the Sandia Mountains past the placer mines and the village of San Antonio into Tijeras Canyon. Along either road few travelers ventured other than those on business trips. Along the valley route the first settlement beyond the pueblos was Algodones, a small, pleasantly shaded village with a population of perhaps one thousand. The gardens of the settlers surrounded with walls provided a variety of foods that might be offered to the passerby. A short distance beyond lay Bernalillo, famous for its vineyards and cleanly appearance, then Albuquerque, about the size of Algodones, with its Casa Armijo and rich farmlands. Belen, another pleasant rural village not yet disturbed by the smoke and noise of the steam engine, greeted the visitor as he plodded through to Tomé, now past its heyday because of the troublesome Navaho, but boasting a population of about four hundred. Other small settlements were scattered in the valley towards Socorro, a town of about 200 folk. The dreaded Jornada del Muerto then had to be crossed before another center of population was met with, but this pleasing experience occurred sooner now than in former years because of the successful planting of a small colony in the Mesilla Valley in 1843. In total population the Department was small; probably 70,000 people dwelt in it, including the Pueblo Indians. But life was quite pleasant.

The dwellings of the New Mexicans were built of adobe bricks with a flat roof supported by logs. To the uninitiated they were unattractive and melancholic to behold, more like a series of brick-kilns

than habitable places. But on the inside a more cheerful aspect presented itself, not quite in keeping with the living quarters of inhabitants beyond the eastern plains, but quite acceptable after the long, wearying journey across a vast expanse of desert-like country. Dirt floors were commonplace, sawed timber being practically unknown; there were probably not more than three planked floors in the whole Department. A carpet might cover part of the floor in the better homes, even a Brussels carpet! And underneath it were corn shucks within easy and convenient reach when time came to roll a cigarette. Mattresses, some of them stuffed with wool, lay doubled up near the wall, serving in the daytime as a divan and at night as a bed. A colorful Navaho or Mexican blanket was used as a cover to sit on during the day and to lie under at night. Again the best homes might sport something better, a real bedstead, for instance, and right comfortable too. But beds, and even mattresses, were not essential for sleep; an animal skin of some kind served the purpose quite as well in most dwellings, and the majority of people had little else to use.

The inside walls were commonly whitewashed to make the rooms more cheerful and attractive. Since this coloring matter rubbed off easily, they were also covered along the lower half with a calico cloth to protect the lounge on the divan or carpet. In the houses of the few well-to-do, mirrors were used for decorative purposes; an occasional chair and table formed part of the furnishings, sometimes a candelabra; and curtains covered the windows which admitted light through the mica. But the bulk of the homes were simple in their furnishings. In eating habits, however, uniformity was more widespread. Seated on the animal skin, carpet, or mattress divan, the wayfarer regaled himself with savory food eaten without modern utensils such as knives and forks. Somebody might produce a common pocket knife or butcher knife to slice a bit of cheese, but the tortilla served commonly as a substitute for more modern gadgets.

Agriculture was the mainstay of the economy in the year of 1846. The fertile lands along the rivers were irrigated and an abundance of corn, wheat, chile, and beans was grown, supplemented by melons, onions, large and tasty, and in the Rio Abajo by the grape, not always eaten fresh. The traveler passing through Bernalillo could peep over a wall and see girls collecting grapes in large baskets balanced on their heads; and not far distant reposed long rows of vats made of ox-hide wherein the juice of the grape fermented and made a drink for quench-

ing the thirst and stimulating jaded spirits. A thin mush was made from the corn and served at breakfast, dinner, and supper. For sweetening, the corn stock was pounded with wooden mallets, steamed and pressed; the resulting fluid was stored in earthen jars for evaporation, the end product being termed molasses and used accordingly.

Farming was carried on without benefit of modern implements of husbandry. The plow was a piece of crooked wood with a long handle, usually drawn by a yoke of oxen, and quite inadequate for turning a deep furrow; on rare occasions, a piece of metal was added as a sharpened edge on the plowshare, indicative of basic improvements yet to be made. The grain was stacked in the open, protected by a shelter constructed of poles which supported a grass-covered roof, and in due time was trod out on the ground by mules. This simple and ancient technique of growing and preparing grain for food was illustrative of the Arcadian life in New Mexico. The spinning wheel and the loom, operated by handpower, were other revelations, although the machine-made cloth from "the outer country" was used in some quantity.

Sheep raising, another prime source of wealth, provided a common sight to the traveler in the "large flocks of sheep and goats herded by Mexicans dressed in leather with blankets around their shoulders. They carried bows and arrows in their hands and had dogs by their sides. Some had staffs on long sticks with sharp spear points in the ends." This description might well fit the twentieth century except for the costume and weapons. And the latter were not for show! The lone herder was easy prey for the Indian, and the wolf was a menace to the flocks. The bulk of the sheep were owned by the few wealthy families, as high as 300,000 to one owner, but the market for quantity sale was far distant; thousands annually traveled the dusty route to Chihuahua, and similar expeditions to California were not unknown. The market at home was limited, and the price low; a small, range-toughened "woolly" could be purchased for one dollar and fifty cents. The meat was of good quality, but not too tender, and the wool was coarse and ill suited for making fine cloth.

California was a market for New Mexicans dealing in mules and horses. A large party of men, fifty, a hundred, or more in number, sometimes accompanied by boys, and on rare occasions by women, their animals laden with blankets and other easily packed goods, journeyed over the Old Spanish Trail that led northwestward from Santa

Fe to central Utah and southwestward to Los Angeles. They traveled under strict discipline for safety against the dangers of the wilderness, but once arrived safely at their destination they traded as individuals, and were not quite so well disciplined. The inhabitants and officials of that land were sometimes annoyed by illegal acts, even theft, by the visitors, but the transactions in general were mutually profitable and the venturesome traders carried on. The long trek home was marked by a path beaten out by the hooves of two or three, or even four, thousand animals.

To the eastward lay the buffalo country, and the haunts of the Comanche. The skillful New Mexico horseman, mounted on a small, wiry range pony, and armed with a lance or bow and arrow, or perhaps a musket, killed the buffalo on the run. The meat was dried in the open air and transported to the settlements for sale or personal consumption during the winter months, and the skins provided a warm covering for the bed or divan, or even for the floor. If the task of killing was not done by the hunter himself, the Comanche could be bargained with for a supply of buffalo products. The Indian also offered mules for sale or trade, mules stolen from Mexicans living south of the Rio Grande.

In addition to the horse, the mule was a valuable beast of burden. Traveling in droves of hundreds, they carried much of the goods in distant enterprises, and were worthy contenders with the oxen in dragging the Conestoga wagon over the Santa Fe Trail and onward to the Chihuahua market. Competing with them in service was the ubiquitous burro, smaller than the mule, less intelligent in looks, and more unpredictable in behavior. An observing person stationed in Santa Fe could watch the goings and comings of this diminutive animal in a constant daily routine of work. If tender of heart, one might experience a slight twinge of conscience at the seeming abuse the burro was subjected to when a load weighing as high as 400 pounds burdened its back, but the animal seemed oblivious to his torment and jogged along with only moderate prodding. Loaded with firewood for sale at a price of twenty-five cents, they contributed to the warmth and comfort of their masters; Taos whiskey, brought down from the north for disposal in the chief market town of the Department, alleviated the thirst of some and temporarily drove away the cares of others; salt from the distant saline lakes east of the Manzano Mountains arrived in quantity to make food more palatable; bundles of hay or grass



selling for ten or twelve cents, and a miscellaneous assortment of other commodities, all these and more were transported on this patient beast of burden. The burro was the spark plug of the local economy.

The burro was also a carrier of persons, even as the mule and horse, but at a slower pace and usually for shorter distances. A trip to town from a nearby rancho could be negotiated on burro-back; with a little patience, and occasional use of a bludgeon, one or more persons traveled on the same animal. But in this duty the patient creature was forced to meet competition from the ancient *carreta*, or two-wheel cart. This contraption was indeed a sight for the stranger, even as it is today in some parts of the world. The wheels, hewn from a cottonwood log, rimmed with an extra piece of timber, rolled along on wooden axles without benefit of grease, or the smoother surface of metal, with a sound likened to a "respectable tenor for a double-bass horsefiddle," or with "horrible screechings and groans, as if one was approaching the portals of Erebus." On feast day, or holy day, or for some other reason that our ancestors a hundred years ago found sufficient, they made the trip "in their primitive wagons, rough boxes on solid wooden wheels. Women came on donkeys and mules, on which last they invariably ride in front of men, who nevertheless hold the reins."

With slow-moving modes of transportation, more time and thought were devoted to merrymaking. People welcomed the visitor, even when technically a foe, as witness their treatment of the Texas-Santa Fe Expedition prisoners of 1841: "At Algodonez and San Dia, and their neighborhood, the inhabitants came out and gave the men watermelons, eggs, tortillas and bread. . . ." And they also appeared glad to see the Army of the West which had come to demand their allegiance to a foreign flag. Their hospitality was accompanied with an Old World courtesy in striking contrast to the social behavior often exhibited by the occasional Anglo-American, boisterous, abrupt, and even rude in the eyes of the native inhabitant. The New Mexicans often uncovered their heads and embraced upon meeting, inquired into one's health and that of the family, and parted with some expression of good will and an invocation to a saint.

The typical costume for men consisted of long white cotton trousers with an outer pair made of leather, fitted with varying degrees of tightness, and open along the seam to nearly the height of the hip, revealing the inner garment. A shirt and leathern jacket, with both

jacket and trousers embroidered and spangled, completed the outfit with the addition of a sash around the waist and the ubiquitous sarape, or long blanket, thrown over the shoulder or draped around the back and chest. Not all dressed quite so gaily or comfortably, however. Many of the humbler people wore animal skins, usually deer, and sometimes moccasins, if they did not go barefooted. The few foreigners with different dress, or a native unduly influenced by them, afforded a slight contrast for the sake of variety.

The women clung to the long dress and the simple chemise, the latter far too revealing if worn in social circles dominated by the conventions of the Victorian age. Their feet were encased in moccasins, in rare instances by the leather shoe from the East, and frequently were bare. The reboza, a shawl-like head cover, was always worn out-of-doors. Dress was not fashionable in the sense of an annual change in style, and so the wearers might be described as old-fashioned; but in another respect their behavior was curiously modern: they smoked and they painted their faces. The latter was done to increase the natural freshness of the skin, and the substance used was removed when the occasion arrived for making one's best appearance. But smoking was indulged in on all occasions, indoors and out; even at the fandango, while circling the floor in the arms of a partner, a girl would have a cigarette hanging from the corner of her mouth.

And how the people loved to dance. The fandango, next to the siesta, was the most common form of relaxation from the cares of the day. A variety of dances was known, but some form of the waltz ruled as favorite, especially the cradle waltz, where the couple seemed to sway in each other's arms as they glided around the hall. With a natural feeling for time and rhythm, they danced on the dirt floor to the music of the fiddle and guitar, breathing in a faint mixture of smoke and dust which made more enjoyable the glass of wine at the end of a set. Drinking was not excessive, unless a few North Americans were present. Ordinarily, the New Mexicans enjoyed their good times without trouble-making, and with little heed for the morrow, even the distant morrow when life comes to an end; the tunes played at the fandango were heard at the funeral, accompanied with a murmur of voices far from sad.

Organized sports as a source of entertainment developed in later times, but in those earlier days the men indulged in the game of riding a horse at top speed and trying to yank off the head of a chicken buried

up to its neck in the sand; the stunt required skill and daring, as did tailing an ox, that is, grabbing its tail from on horseback and toppling it over for the amusement of the crowd and the annoyance of the animal. Gambling was prevalent. It was not limited to the formal spots in town, but was widespread, although the stakes were usually small.

The genial behavior of the people masked a certain shrewdness, particularly in business. Dickering for food or other commodities in the market place was not a simple matter of buying at a fixed price, but represented a play of wits in coming to an understanding. This shrewdness shaded easily into petty roguery; so the traveler had to be watchful in guarding his possessions. Major crimes, however, were rare. Weapons were carried for protection in travel between towns, but more in fear of Indians than highwaymen; a sword lying close against the saddle was handy for close-quarter fighting.

The chief marks of an advanced society, education and religion, were present in New Mexico, but not to a degree that left no room for criticism from our present point of view. The church had lost some of its vitality and awaited the invigorating touch of the great Bishop Lamy. Education was existent, since many could read and write, but formal schooling was lacking. The sons of the well-to-do families were sometimes sent to the United States for training, and others picked up a smattering of literacy from the priest and the parents. Professional men were practically non-existent, especially doctors and lawyers. The crafts were better represented, and more essential, of course; but on the whole, the bulk of the people lived by farming, many in debt servitude, and by trading; wages were low, and living on the grand scale was limited to the very few. This way of life was destined for radical change with the advent of the Army of the West.

When General Kearny announced the military occupation of New Mexico, the stage was set for many changes. Far more important than the transference from one political jurisdiction to another was the switch in relationship from the agricultural-commercial economy traditional in the lands under the rule of Spain, to the rising industrialism of the westward-moving Anglo-American, and from the Spanish-Indian culture to the conglomerate culture coming from the East. The history of these changes has not yet run its course, but it can be told in part.

## NEW MEXICO TODAY

The Department of New Mexico is now a part of the Union after long tutelage as a Territory, no longer unaware of its true greatness in size. Newcomers from the East have marked out definite boundaries and created an artificial entity known as a state, the fourth largest in the Union, boasting 121,666 square miles, according to careful calculation by experts. Such exactitude is chilling to the soul, but helpful, even necessary, in the complex arrangement of modern society, particularly in economic practices where land titles must be true and taxes paid to the proper jurisdiction.

Popularly known to the tourist as the "sunshine" state, New Mexico has now acquired a more complex political organization. It is divided into thirty-one counties of varying size and importance. Santa Fe is still the capital city where reside the members of the three branches of the government, some of them all the time and others in season when the government is operating in full force. There are eight chief elective administrative officials and a legislature with twenty-four members in the Senate and forty-nine in the House of Representatives. A host of other state, county, and municipal officials perform a multitude of tasks, and altogether these officials and tasks constitute a mysterious and tantalizing subject for study by the political reformer. The maintenance of the state government and its agencies costs about forty million dollars a year.

In order to gain a closer view of New Mexico, a traveler no longer finds it necessary to join a caravan of traders making the slow, perilous trip from the Big Bend of the Arkansas to Las Vegas. At the base of the mountain range of the same name is the new-born town of Raton. There the Super-Chief train of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company may be boarded, and in the figurative twinkling of an eye the journey is completed to Albuquerque in five hours and five minutes, at a speed sometimes reaching ninety miles an hour! The long mournful sound of the engine whistle warns the citizens well in advance to get off the track as the train swishes along, clicking a rhythmical tit-tat when the wheels cross the rail joint. The powerful airbrakes bring it to a stop without a jolt and without a sound. This ease of travel, if not always at ninety miles an hour, can be duplicated on nearly 2,600 miles of main-line steel rails in New Mexico.

The wild life no longer plagues the traveler nor does he levy on it for food; it has retreated to the more remote fastnesses of the moun-

tains, away from the whistle of steam engines, where it must be searched out by the sportsman. There it is protected by law, except the predatory animal, to be hunted only in season and after payment of money into the state treasury. The buffalo, of course, has disappeared, but the elk has been brought in; otherwise the kind of beast to be hunted remains about the same as a hundred years ago. Modern means of transportation assist the hunter in this sport and cater to the needs of the public in myriad ways.

The gasoline-driven vehicle, automobile and truck, plies the highways of New Mexico by the thousands, and the routes of travel are numerous and varied. More than 62,000 miles of roads, paved, graveled, or just smoothed over, now beckon the motorist bound on business or pleasure. The building of this highway system is expensive, but it is paid for in small sums by many citizens, both state and national, and is no appreciable burden on the individual. A one-year expenditure by the state highway department of about four and one-half millions of dollars is offset by the collection of a five-cent gasoline tax which nets a sum of money of about the same figure.

If tired of driving an automobile, and not content with the speed of a modern train, another marvel of the century, the aeroplane, provides travel convenience. The flight from Santa Fe to El Paso can be made in about two and one-half hours, and flights to points in the "outer country" are made at speeds that recently left us bewildered, but are now too commonplace to stir the imagination. The sportsman, the playboy, and the business man can have a private plane, and land on any one of seventy-three airports, or fly over 847 miles of official airways, not to mention the rest of the boundless space between earth and heaven. When one is not inclined to travel, but desirous of communicating with distant points, a few twists of the dial on any one of the 53,500 telephones in the state make possible the instantaneous oral transmission of thought.

The age of speed does not decrease the need for food and shelter; on the contrary, there is a decided increase, at least in want if not in need. Some of the older means of satisfying these needs, such as agriculture, sheep raising, and commerce, are still important, but changed. The growing of food crops is done with modern technology, and is no longer limited to the irrigable portions of the land. Although the irrigated area has greatly increased in quantity because of dams for the storage of water, and reclamation projects involving drainage tech-

niques, dry farming is now widespread in the eastern side of the state and in higher mountain valleys. An annual production of about 2,250,000 bushels of wheat and a comparable quantity of corn, and many other food and feed crops, testify to the continuing importance of agriculture. The annual value of all farm crops will run to forty million dollars, and their production requires the services of about one-third of the total labor force.

The livestock industry still deals with sheep and mules, but in addition the raising of cattle has become very important; horses are quite an item, and hogs have entered the picture. On an average, about 1,300,000 cattle roam the range with a present-day value of about eighty million dollars. The scrawny sheep of yesterday has given way to a well-fed "woolly" numbering about 2,000,000 and selling at eight dollars a head. Mules are numerous, although not comparable to the others in numbers and value; ten to twelve thousand, valued at about three quarters of a million dollars, are raised; and hogs, about 100,000 annually, will sell for around one million dollars. The over-all value of this industry will amount to about one hundred million dollars a year.

The great advance in expanding the wealth of the state comes from mining. The workings at the old and new placers, in central New Mexico, that produced intermittently as high as two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold in a year, have yielded pre-eminence to metals that exist elsewhere in much greater quantity. Copper, long a leading mineral, valued as high as thirteen million dollars in a year, has recently found a competitor in potash, now selling at a comparable figure. Coal worth five million dollars is mined in a year, zinc will run over six million dollars, and the precious metals, although below the million-dollar mark, are still an important item. An inspector of mines in the employment of the state is now necessary to keep statistics on the business for the curious-minded, and to enforce many and necessary rules for the safety of miners who constitute about six per cent of the labor force.

The wealth derived from these basic economies provides support for a great variety of middlemen, especially the banker. Forty-one banks are operated in the state with total deposits of about two hundred and twenty-five million dollars. Eighteen savings associations add another nine million dollars in deposits to the total wealth. Professional men exist in great numbers; artisans of all kinds ply their trades; and

the humbler workman labors for three or four dollars a day instead of a like amount for a month.

Another economic activity is manufacturing. New Mexico does not have the great industrial developments found elsewhere, but a variety of small establishments contribute to the prosperity of the state. Close to 300 of these can be found, employing three to four thousand men and women, or six per cent of the labor force, and paying about four million dollars in wages. Baking establishments, the milling of grain, the publishing and printing business, the lumber industry, petroleum refining, and a variety of other activities produce commodities to the value of about twenty-five or thirty million dollars. The Indian too has become a participant in this activity, especially in the manufacturing of costume jewelry. The value of these attractive but quite unessential products will run as high as four million dollars a year.

The centers of population are no longer limited to the Rio Grande Valley with a few offshoots to the east and west. The great, broad Pecos Valley on the east side supports several towns; the old Apache country in the southwest is settled by the white man; the San Juan Valley, the former fighting ground of Navaho and Ute, is filled in with farms and towns; and likewise the northeastern reaches of the state. About 530,000 people claim New Mexico as their home, with as many as 40,000, or possibly more, living in the metropolis of Albuquerque.

The towns, at least the recent ones, are laid out on the common quadrangular street system. The paved street, lighted at night with lamps of startling brightness, has superseded the natural surface of dirt and mud that served for so many generations as an avenue of travel. The colored neon signs that grace the store fronts create an impression of the proverbial fairyland, and stimulate jaded or tired senses into new vigor for the moment. Shade trees, lawns, and a profusion of flowers afford a sharp contrast to the surrounding mesa land with its dusty-colored appearance. Entering a town is like approaching an oasis rather than a brick-kiln yard, as early travelers wrote.

The town and people of today represent a fusion of three cultural strains. The flat-roofed pueblo style home is still popular, oftentimes covered with a permanent coat of plaster which is colored to harmonize with the soil, although not always successfully. In place of the door and window with a flat lintel, the ancient Roman arch may be substituted. The viga is still used, but sometimes in an artificial way. A log

projecting from the side of a house, drooping at an angle of about forty-five degrees, but not intentionally in the plan of the architect, is inserted for decoration, not for service; if it projects outward with straight and sturdy appearance, it may be assumed that it is supporting a roof.

The pueblo style faces competition from other ideas in home-building. The peaked roof is a commonplace, and is sometimes painted in a startling shade of red, green, or blue. Many varieties of building material are used besides the adobe brick. The kiln-dried brick in red or yellow, or a painted white, was popular around the turn of the century and marked the first significant change in building construction. The old-fashioned brick home with ten or twelve rooms, graced with a wide veranda and formalized with the Greek column, was the early sign of opulence among the commercial class in New Mexico. It is still to be seen, but is yielding pre-eminence to the smaller bungalow style in a variety of forms and designs, constructed of wood and stucco, tile brick, cinder block, or cement. If really up-to-date it will possess a rounded corner with a glass wall that admits the light of the out-of-doors, but not the gaze of the passerby, and a sun deck on the second floor for indulging the modern fad of sun worship—or sun-bathing, to be more literal.

The interiors of these homes are furnished with a bewildering assortment of furniture styles from the heavy stuffed piece to the chaste wooden article of the so-called Mission style. Past ages are drawn upon freely for design, and that person is rare whose taste cannot be satisfied. The venetian blind is an ingenious contraption that often serves in place of the curtain and heavy drape, collecting no more dust than its predecessor, and being much more easily cleaned. The corner fireplace, a pueblo arrangement, is still popular, but cooking of meals is done after a more mechanical fashion in a kitchen furnished with gas or electric stoves, and with foods kept in abundance in a cold-air box conditioned by artificial means.

The public buildings, and more so the business buildings, present an assortment of designs, but less variety in construction material. Brick is the common material for walls, supplemented occasionally with sandstone blocks. The store front permits the fancy of the proprietor unlimited scope of action in his attempt to apply the proverbial invitation of the spider to the fly to enter its parlor. Tile, in garish color, is common; great plate-glass windows shelter the goods on display with



an air of open honesty; and the store sign overhead jealously competes with its neighbors for attention. The second story often retains its original face for many years; only the street-level front is changed with the current fancy in architectural design. The second story, therefore, portrays the history of the town to the curious-minded. The fancy carving of the late nineteenth century, or the massive strength of stone and brick, the bay window and the Classical column, the Gothic arch and the flat lintel, stand side by side and give mute testimony to the growth of the town and differing tastes of pioneer business men. The pueblo style is also used, and sometimes in combinations with these other styles, but utilitarianism is the key to business building plans and the older design is outmoded.

The cultural fusion also appears in the dress of the people. The reboza is only occasionally seen, worn by the older generation of the Spanish-speaking New Mexican, especially in the more remote rural villages. In general, the styles of dress come from Paris through the moderating hands of the clothing manufacturers of the East, who reproduce a model in an abundance of low-priced garments and flood the country from coast to coast. Some styles, of course, are designed in the United States, but regardless of origin, the people of New Mexico dress alike, except for the minor differences necessary to satisfy the ego. Even the First American is succumbing, although slowly, to the influence of the melting pot, both receiving and contributing to the common dress. A pair of shoes of a design from south of the Border will consort with a store-bought shirt of Eastern origin, and a bit of Navaho jewelry gives sparkle to the ensemble; blue jeans are worn by workmen and nylon stockings by women regardless of racial origin; the degree of emphasis varies among the groups, but time will change that condition.

Likewise in the field of entertainment the same development has occurred. The Spanish Colonial tunes are still heard in the dance hall, but they find competition from the jazz music of African origin. The youth of Indian, Spanish, and so-called Anglo ancestry, all find common enjoyment in the same lyrics. The Indian is slower to accept this common denominator, but he is accepting it. The motion picture appeals to all, and helps to fashion the common mold in style and interest, even while portraying the diversities of the past. The Spanish caballero, the Indian warrior, and the Anglo pathfinder can be seen in the same film, sometimes co-operating, sometimes as antagonists, but they are portraying the people of 1846 whose descendants now sit side

by side in the darkened house enjoying the spectacle, with the mental reservation that it is Hollywood hokum.

Sports are no longer limited to plucking a chicken head from on horseback. Most of the activities known to the country at large are found within the state. They represent another phase of the greatly expanded life of the people and afford another influence for the fusion of races. The Indian plays the white man's football; the white girl practices on the Indian's bow and arrow for pleasure and the development of a correct carriage; and the Indian love of foot-racing finds satisfaction in the white man's track meets. All three people appear in the boxing ring, equal in talent, skill, and courage. In short, they mingle in most of the sports, and they mingle in the home.

A fusion of the people is taking place through marriage, and a proper name is no longer clearly indicative of national ancestry. Bilingualism is common, and the several languages show an increasing affinity through the borrowing of words and phrases. These developments are promoted by the basic institutions of society; the home, the church, and the school are the ladles of the melting pot and slowly, steadily, and continuously stir the brew, producing a people now commonly known as American; inevitably the hyphenated terms of Spanish-American, Anglo-American, and the word Indian will become historical curiosities of the language, buried deeply in the largest of dictionaries and uncovered only by scholars interested in the past.

The support of the church is markedly better than a hundred years ago, and the educational facilities represent a change almost as startling as that found in transportation. Every town and village has one or more schools in keeping with its size, and where centers of population are not found the school is still present, drawing its clientele from rural surroundings. As many as 650 rural schools are scattered throughout the state. They are staffed by approximately 1,600 teachers and cater to the educational needs of about 50,000 pupils. The cost of maintenance runs as high as four and a quarter million dollars annually, but the critic still remarks that education is neglected. The city children are just as well provided for; in round figures, 250 schools, housing 70,000 pupils, operated by 2,000 teachers at an annual cost of five and three-quarter million dollars, represent the municipal efforts at providing a general education free to all alike. The Indian, still receiving considerable attention in a separate school system at Fed-

eral expense, and the children in parochial schools, swell the total attendance figure.

The fusion of the Indian is retarded by the reservation system, but even that barrier cannot arrest the forces of change. The Pueblo farmer uses modern implements of steel and drives to town in a wagon; the Navaho has accepted the practice of range control for the better conservation of his arid acres; and the Apache are in the forefront of social progress with welfare funds for the aged. No longer do they fight their white brothers with bow and arrow, but fight alongside of them on distant battlefields, all for one and one for all. The Indian, the Spanish, the Anglo lie side by side in the same graveyard, in the same hospital, and they join the same veteran's organization. The Indian is a citizen of the United States and is now knocking at the door of the state for the right to vote. The Indians carry their grievances to Washington in true political fashion, agitate for Indian control of so-called Indian affairs, demand Federal aid in true American manner, and probably bandy the word politician around with the same friendly meanness as the white citizen.

The less fortunate members of society are not forgotten. The collective responsibility for the general welfare has made marked inroads on the earlier philosophy and practice of individual responsibility. The penitentiary for the more troublesome members of society, with a population of 500 or more, is an old institution but now on a more pretentious scale, costing as much as one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to operate. An asylum for the insane is a marked innovation. It houses close to 1,000 patients at an annual cost bordering on half a million dollars. A school for mental defectives, an industrial school for the reformation of boys, a welfare home for girls, and an institution for the blind round out this phase of state activity.

For those people not in need of institutional care, but in distress of some form or other, suitable provision is made. An unemployed person can draw a weekly stipend for a limited period of time to tide him over economic difficulty. A pension for the aged is provided at public expense and assistance is rendered to needy mothers and children. A group of these activities termed public assistance requires an annual expenditure of about four million dollars. The unemployment benefits, of course, vary widely in amount with the ups and downs of the business cycle. Together they represent a change in social attitude,

a change in keeping with the general trend of the twentieth century. But collective activity through state agencies has not obliterated group activities, or individualism as it may be called, on a small and voluntary scale. These appear in astonishing variety, in business, in the arts, in literature, music, charity, and social activities in the narrow sense. They are motivated by personal ambition, individual restlessness, humanitarianism, and civic pride—products of the age of speed.

In retrospect New Mexico today is quite different from New Mexico of yesterday. In 1846 it lay on the edge of a new era; today it again lies on the edge of a new era with the explosion of the atomic bomb on its own soil. Between these two events great changes have taken place. Geographical isolation has given way; remoteness from the center of political activities is replaced by intensive association with forty-eight other units in a Federal union; customs, manners, and dress have become a mixture of the old and the new with the new predominant; the relatively simple way of life has been replaced by the excitement, the restlessness, the strife and turmoil generated in the age of industrialism and speed. Even the physical features of the area, on close examination, reveal a difference due to the power of wind and water. Perhaps in the last analysis the only characteristic of New Mexico that remains the same is the glow of the sunset on the western faces of the mountains.

## NO MATTER HOW LONG

*Edward De Roo*

"IF HE WANTS the children, there's no stopping him by law." The old man sat in the wicker rocker with a flannel bathrobe pulled around his skin and bones. The yellow light from the battered lamp by his chair made him look pallid and marked with deep-cut shadows. The rest of the box-shaped room was lighted by the lamp as well. Pale yellow faded into greys and gloom over in the old lady's corner.

"Those children were brought up by us since he left her, and there's no giving them up. He'll have to kill me to take them from this house." The old lady's voice brought out the words with slow determination. She lay on the dingy couch like a sack, tired and heavy. Finding the slippers for her bare feet, she stirred herself and scuffled onto the porch. She was too done-in to answer the old man further as he, half dozing in his chair, muttered, "The law's the law."

The porch lanterns burned two holes in the night. They were beacons to guide the doctor's car onto the dusty washboard mesa road that trailed lazily from the highway to the back sections. It had been an hour now since he was summoned. The scattered neighborhood was in complete darkness. Some old dog far in the distance howled at the night and smelled death in the air. The blaring radio of the people across the field was silent long since Mrs. Wilks returned from the auto court on the highway where she had used the telephone.

"Mrs. Grant died in her sleep," she choked into the mouthpiece. A heavy voice on the other end said, "I'll be right there." The doctor had promised an hour ago, and Mrs. Wilks returned to the small house on the mesa to await him.

Those people with the radio cannot know of our sorrow, she had thought as she passed the place filled with jazz music. But now it was turned off along with the neon sign of the auto court. Automobiles



on the highway were far between, and the whispering of death filled the night for the old lady who stood vigil with the porch lamps.

The two children were asleep. Their small heads lay nearly touching each other in the single brass bed. Their hands were curved slightly, but relaxed when the grandmother looked in on them. It's good that their hands are not clenched, she thought. The dreams of their mother's death have not reached them. She thought other things as she stood in the small dining room with the pot-bellied stove. That bed is too small for both of them. Brother and sister should not sleep like that. Soon there will be room. Sissie can have the vacant bedroom after I scald it good. She went back on the porch to watch for the doctor.

The night formed a tomb over the place. The moon did not show itself. Over the broad mesa that rolled to the mountains several miles behind the house there was an unbroken evenness as if the fields were paved in black cement. The mountains stood blackest of all against the edge of things as great walls with women's shapes on top. Mrs. Wilks watched a car throw its beam from far off. It approached their road and passed by into the darkness. She returned to the old man, her dead daughter, and the children.

The old man was asleep now. With a glance the old lady forgave him. "He deserves his rest. Works harder than he should," she thought as she passed him by. Through the children's room into the kitchen she went. Coffee made her feel better. As she spilled a drop of milk into her cup and watched the deep brown turn to mud color, she felt that all life must be liquid somehow. "He won't take the children," she kept repeating as the hot substance filled her. "He won't. I won't even tell him she's dead." She refilled her cup, watching the steam rise and disappear.

The old man was awakened by the thud of feet on the porch. He struggled out of his chair as Mrs. Wilks returned to the room. "I'll let him in. There's a wind out. You'll catch a chill." She passed the old man as he sat down again. The rocker creaked under his weight. "Shhh, don't wake the children, for God's sake," the old woman whispered. She opened the door quietly and greeted the doctor in low tones. The porch lights went out as the doctor entered the house. "Electricity is expensive," the old woman thought.

The doctor went about his business with a routine assurance. There is nothing so sure as death. Wrist pulse gone. Eyes set. Heart



at rest. He pulled the white sheet back over the body. The stethoscope was returned to the black leather case. He returned to the living room to write a certificate. The old lady followed without turning to look again on her daughter.

"Couldn't help my delay. Sorry." He took out a fat fountain pen. "Next of kin. Cause of death—tuberculosis." The old lady sat on the couch with her arms folded. "What are your initials, Mr. Wilks?"

"J. B.," the old man said.

"That's all then for tonight. I'll make all arrangements for you with the funeral home. They'll be out first thing in the morning. Are there any messages or anything you would like me to do for you in town?"

The old woman spoke quickly, "No, I believe not, thank you."

The doctor found his hat on the small table where he had left it. He started for the door followed by Mrs. Wilks. She looked back at the old man to warn him to leave things as they were. She was trying to hurry the doctor outside when she heard the old man draw breath and clear his throat to speak.

"Should her husband be notified—that is—if he went off—by rights I mean—even if he—well, wasn't much of a husband?"

The doctor turned back and let the old man's idea penetrate his mind. "She has a husband, then?" He spoke slowly. "Well—why yes, he should be notified by all means. He's really next of kin."

"He don't deserve to be called that, Doctor. I don't see no sense telling him. He didn't care nothing 'bout her when she was alive. Why should he know that she's dead?"

"Yes, perhaps so, but there's the problem of the children, you know. He's next of kin as I say and—" He looked for a way to avoid Mrs. Wilks' challenge. "If you'll give me his address I'll send a telegram out tonight."

"We don't have his address. We don't know where he is." The old woman felt happy she could say this truthfully.

"I got his address in my pocket somewheres. He's in Texas—Dallas, I think it is."

The old woman stood looking down at the shabby rug as if watching her world crumble away into the dust of the small room. She walked slowly back to the couch and sat down.

Mr. Wilks fumbled through his wallet and produced a slip of



soiled paper. "I think you kin read it. Copied off a letter he sent us once. Don't you remember that letter, Mother?"

The doctor took the slip from him. "This will change the certificate somewhat," he said.

The old woman's thoughts went back to that day they received the letter. Why hadn't she destroyed it before the old man copied it down? "If your daughter had any get-up-and-go about her she'd stop her bellyaching and join me here instead of sticking in that dust bowl of a desert town." That's the sentence Mrs. Wilks would never forget. She hoped it would be inscribed under his name on the Judgment Book.

"He will take the children, Doctor." The look on the old woman's face was stamped with anxiety. "We've cared for them since babies. Ever since our daughter came to us here we've cared for them."

"That will be up to the husband, you know. He can do what he wants with them. Legally they're his children."

"Ain't there somethin' we can do?" The old woman looked upon the doctor as a minister of justice as well as healing.

"Nothing that I know of. I've seen several such cases."

"He ain't fit to care for them. With his fancy clothes and big car and fast talk and women. A no-good sport, that's him. He killed my daughter he did. It weren't the T. B."

"You get a night's rest. I'll take care of everything." The doctor made his way out as soon as he saw the opportunity. The old woman rested her grey head in her hands.

She listened for the car driving off in the night. It was like waiting for a clock to finish striking twelve. The two of them sat there. Storm welled up in the old woman's moist eyes, storm with fire from her tongue which she vented on the old man in the next instant.

"What did you tell him for, you fool! You fool! You fool!" The last she cried until her hoarse tones sounded like a chorus of screaming condemnations. "You've lost them for us. That's what you've done. Lost them for us." The old woman began wailing, with her head resting on the couch arm. "And I love them so. I love them so." Her body quivered as she kept a feeble hold on herself. Then she let go and cried until there wasn't a tear left in her body.

The next morning Mrs. Wilks looked upon the hearse as a monster. The big black monster crawled to the house with uncanny mechanical grace. The huge tires worked themselves around in hy-



draulic precision. It was indeed the wagon for the dead, she thought. The old man let two men in serge suits into the house. They wheeled out the long cloth-covered bundle on a chromium cart which caught the light of the sun and sent it back in small flashes. The large mouth of the hearse stood gaping, ajar, resting on its hinges. A man stood on each side, lifted up the cart, and pushed the bundle inside. The mouth closed with an oiled click. The monster rolled away crunching small pebbles under its wheels. Once on the highway it zoomed toward the city to its velvet mansion.

Mr. Wilks got her some coffee. She sipped it, looking past the tawny curtains to the empty roadway. The old man slumped in his rocker vacantly. She had cried through the night, slept some off and on. Not a word had passed between them, simply looks of deep meaning. The children were still with their dreams.

"Get me some water, boiling hot," the woman said. "I'm going to scald that room this morning. Sissie must have a place by herself, no matter how long."

The old man welcomed her command. He went to the pump in the kitchen and from the windows he looked to the mountains. They were no longer black but full of the sun's gold and the sky's blue. The old woman was herself again and he knew it.

## BOOKS DISAPPEAR, YET BOOK-SHELVES REMAIN

*Ruy Ribeiro Couto*

(BRAZIL)

Translated by Helene Schimansky

NOT LONG BEFORE THE WAR, Mr. Paul Reboux founded a league against the lending of books. In the confusion of the following years of struggle, the league was forced to disappear. It was never heard of again.

Against the wishes of their respective owners, books continue to be lent, in France and elsewhere. There are even people who read only borrowed books.

These lovers of the property of others, and of temporary things, wear the most amiable of smiles when they look over the books in their friends' libraries. "Will you lend me this?" they say. "I will return it Monday."

They do not say which Monday they have in mind; they forget to add the month and year. In that way, they never deceive us. There are so many Mondays in the long line of centuries to come!

It is difficult to refuse the loan of a book. There are, however, persons who have skillful ways of avoiding it.

"Yes, whenever you wish. Today, if you don't mind, I have to take some notes from it. Monday I will drop by your office and leave it there. Without fail."

The law of retaliation: *that* Monday will never come, either.

Some people defend themselves by tacking up a placard on the wall of the library, bearing this proverb in big, round letters: "A book lent is a book lost." The visitor is warned by that malicious insinuation.

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Others go to the extreme of frankness: "No books lent." They are people who have already suffered many losses, and prefer the fault of impoliteness to a continuance of this pillage on the installment plan. I confess that when I entered one of those studies I had a sensation like that of someone who has been slapped by mistake. Because I hadn't come to ask for anything. I don't like to read borrowed books. I can't scribble in them as I please. And, frankly, a book which one reads without leaving a trace of the reading—a note, an exclamation point, a word of agreement or a "Not so"—does not become a part of one's soul. For the rest of us (who read with a ready pencil point and with finger-nail engravings) this is like five minutes of flirtation compared with five days of love.

There is, however, the reverse side of the medal: those people who try by brute force to lend us their books. They shame us into not refusing.

"An admirable study of the submarine flora of the Pacific Ocean! Take it along! Read it! It's wonderful!"

We manage a sickly smile. It will have to wait until another time, we say; just now we are reading about codfishing in Newfoundland . . . next we are going to read a treatise on Egyptology . . . next, *A Moreninha*, which is talked about so much by young girls . . . no thanks, not just now."

"But I insist! Take it along! Take this one too . . ."—a thick volume on the politics of Bismarck.—"You really should read them. And if you have them you will."

"Thanks, my dear fellow, but my program for this month is all planned."

"No, no—I insist. It will give me much pleasure to know that you share my own joy of reading them."

So we have to accept. And never again shall we have peace. At the very next meeting with this friend (getting off a street-car, going to a movie) comes the fatal question: "How are you enjoying the submarine flora?"

"I haven't started it yet."

"And the Bismarck? Didn't I tell you it was wonderful?"

"I haven't started that either."

The next time, a week later, the scene is repeated: "Well, what do you think of my Bismarck? Remarkable man, hum?"

We are confused. The friend who likes to lend books perceives

that we have not yet cared to give him the pleasure of reading the book, and asks: "But the other one—the one on the submarine flora—at least you have been curious enough by now to open that one?"

Further embarrassment. Yes, we opened it . . . interesting. The friend sees that it is a lie, and becomes angry. He takes leave of us coldly.

The third meeting will be marked by a distant salutation. He is hurt, evidently.

Then, our scruples of conscience overcome, we are obliged to send a note of thanks, returning the books, for which we invent a vague appreciation, without having read them. What else is there to do?

However, the friend who likes to lend books sees us on the street several days later, and comes to meet us with open arms: "So you really like it? Then listen, I have some eight or ten more at home on Bismarck. I'm going to send you all of them."

"But I don't. . . ."

"I insist! I know there are people who don't like to lend books. I am just the opposite. Don't think this will inconvenience me. I must send them to you, I *will* send them. . . ."

And he does send them. Really, the generous friend only wants his own pleasure, which consists of obliging us to admire his library. Since he has learned by experience that we are prompt in returning the volumes he has lent us, we are now under the yoke of his tyranny. We are lost.

But to return to my original thesis, the vast majority of people who own books are weak and timid. They do not know how to refuse. Books come and go, yet bookshelves remain—empty.

## STEVEDORES

*O'Kane Foster*

**K**NUT NEVER PLAYED CARDS with the gang, but Monday, the Negro, and George, the Bohemian, and Encarnación, the sad, saint-like Mexican from Chihuahua, did. They played viciously, barbarically whenever the dock was clear of boats. They tore the cards in two when they lost, or ripped off chunks of the table and threw them at Knut lying thoughtfully on the bed.

It was a wild game of savagery in which all the revengeful instincts of the species were used sorrowfully to while away the time. They were exiled here from life, and violence was their only solace.

Outside were the many musics of industry; the cables unraveling; the donkey engines backing; the boards crashing; the gulls cawing over the beautiful blue image of the city floating away on the muck-thick river. The thousand-noted noises of the exhausting processes seemed to fill the thoughts of the men with a strange serenity. They were a helpless-hopeful part of this inviolable song of industry. It filled the sky with meaning—with *their* meaning which another had slyly appropriated as his own. They were lost in the wonderment of their own creations—lost in the ever-present hinterland of mechanical melodies that sustained their love and hate of life.

Knut liked the lumber yard. He liked the teetering stacks of wood, seasoning; and the men in leather aprons piling the boards higher and higher in the afternoon sun. As far as you could see were long alleyways of lumber drying. The air was sultry with the smell of spruce and fir. There was a wind from the west—from across the stinking river. And the men went on sorting boards in the soft Chicago sunshine, heavy with the fragrance of the forests of Norway.

But when there was no boat at the dock, the stevedores would stay in the little tin shack and play cards and swear and plague Knut with dirty talk. Dirty talk was their revenge for the emptiness, the

frightfulness of their lives. Their hands were like leather, their muscles like snarled steel. They were jaded with their own strength and a dirty story tickled their sluggish bodies as would a feather drawn across a woman's naked shoulder.

"Knut, what would you do in case a woman . . . ?" asked Bump Jones, suggestively. Bump Jones was a six-foot battered Laocoon, who had worked on the Chicago River front for twenty years. "Knut!" he would jeer and jeer, "what would you do in a case like that?"

But Knut never answered.

Knut lay on the bunk in the shack and knew America was great if he could somehow throw off its surface slag from his tall, fair body. He had contempt but admiration for the virility of America's barbarism. He was locked in conflict with Bump Jones, and with the savage, dirty freedom America offered all who would renounce European civilization and be violently reborn on the dump heaps of America.

"In Norway—" explained Knut to Pat, the Irishman, the only stevedore who seemed always silent and sensitive, "In Norway—we haff fjords."

"Aye," said Pat, sympathetically, as he sat tipped back in an old chair against the metal wall.

"You bastard," said Bump Jones. "Why don't you stick to vodka?"

"I var live in Narvik," explained Knut to Pat.

"You daisy!" sneered Bump.

"And the moontons," gesturing with his fine white hands, "they come down to the vaater—schtraight."

"Whew!" whistled Bump Jones, suggestively, "Some woman!"

"Ja," said Knut, and he got up and went out into the lumber yard to see if the next steamer was ready for them.

When he was out, Bump Jones smeared the inside of Knut's sandwich with cinders.

"That's an illigant trick I wouldn't play on anyone," protested Pat, the Irishman.

"Sure," laughed Bump Jones.

Knut came in again from the noisy dock.

"Not yet. The ongine don't svitch the car," he said relieved. "I eat lonsch."

Very carefully the big blond hero unwrapped his lunch, and lov-

ingly took out his sandwich and pressed it to his soft red lips. Bump Jones and the rest of the men remained facetiously silent.

Knut chewed his bread slowly—and slowly realized his mouth and teeth were full of cinders. He spat out the black dirt and looked at Bump Jones.

Bump roared hideous laughter and reached over and crushed Knut's big legs between his mighty arms.

"Kvit," said Knut, sadly, "or I vill kill you." He expanded the strength of his legs and walked away from Bump Jones and threw his lunch out the door.

Bump laughed his big stevedore face red and went on playing cards savagely. "She's had enough, boys. Let her rest."

Knut sat down on the bunk and started to tell Pat about Norway again.

"And there var forests. Ja. And good lumber. We var leavin' the loggs on top the ice till Spreng and they float down the fjords. For six hondred year they float the loggs on top the vaater in Norway."

"Sure," said Bump. "On top. Where else?"

"Aaful cold—vinter," said the slow-worded Knut. "Schnow on the tris and you juse the skees."

"I don't use anything," boasted Bump Jones.

"Ja," said Knut, ignoring him.

Then the whistle on the freighter blew shrilly and the six vulgar friends strode out into the sunshine, into the lulling-swelling cacaphony that was Chicago. They were strong, fierce, silent men again, striding down the wharf toward the huge load of telegraph poles dangling over the flat car. Knut breathed deeply the horror, the hopefulness of Chicago.

All afternoon these strong lusty men unloaded sixty-foot creosoted trees on the flat car. All afternoon the huge loads see-sawed in the air above them. It was all the six men could do to guide the trembling mass of poles safely down to the flat car. Then Encarnación, the Mexican, unhooked the cable and Bump Jones signaled the boat quickly, and the sling was jerked away into the air and back over the black listing freighter from Norway.

It was a dirty and violent life. The men loved and hated one another. They were mute with vicious friendship.

"For Christ's sakes, get it over here," Bump Jones would say all afternoon. The long bundles of telegraph poles were unmanageable.



They swayed away from the top of the flat car. Monday, the Negro, had to jump up on them and lie on his belly and swerve them into place with his weight. "Watch out for your goddamn feet," Bump would say. They were viciously concerned for each other's safety.

Another bundle of sixty-foot poles was over their heads. The gang pulled it down and laughed at the danger. Encarnación's soft Mexican hands were always slow in slipping out. The men loved one another's stupidity; the helpless degradation of their bodies as beasts of burden. They spoke rudely, lewdly to one another, but each one of the vicious men was slyly concerned for his friends' hands and feet. "Get your goddamn hands out, you Greaser," they would say lovingly.

Encarnación laughed his sad Spanish smile.

When the last pole was loaded, they would signal to the captain on the iron freighter with a thumb to their noses. Then they would relax and drag themselves over to the tin shack where they would all sit down and sprawl their sweaty bodies on the table and play cards savagely.

But Knut would relax his big blond body and saunter across the docks to where a Norwegian freighter was getting up steam.

"God morgen," he would say to the mate at the rail.

"God morgen," would say the big blond Norwegian about to cast off anchor.

"Larvick?" would inquire Knut, putting his big foot on the creaking pile.

"No," would reply the sailor. "We are from Maldfjord."

Water rushed from ports in the engine room. The boat swayed with eagerness to be off on the fairy-green ocean.

"Oh, Maldfjord," Knut would say, delighted. "That is beautiful. The harbor crowded with sails. At night you can see the whole town reflected in the black water of the fjord. It is beautiful, no?"

"Yes, beautiful," would say his countryman, tapping his pipe on the rail. "And you?"

"I was from Narvik," confessed Knut wistfully. "I was teacher in Narvik."

"Oh, Narvik," and the man looked up at the tall phantoms of factories in the Chicago sky. He was measuring Knut's white strength against the inexorable sordidness of that background. It was hopeless.

"Bad, isn't it?" laughed Knut.



"I'll give you a passage back," said the mate, spitting into the thick slow river.

Knut looked at him; scratched his white veined arm. Then said:

"Thanks. It's bad, but maybe it will get better. I like it—not the dirt—but Chicago."

"It's a savage life for a gentleman. What's the use? You're just a stevedore on the dock, lad. You won't get anywhere in this country."

"Well," hesitated Knut. "I will think about it."

"We'll be here until sundown. Let me know."

"*Tak for sist,*"\* said Knut.

He strode back toward the shack where the men jumped on him before he could help himself. They tore off his blue shirt and painted large crude woman's breasts on his clean white chest with tar. Then laughed and laughed at their devil's work.

Knut struggled like a gorilla in a net. Finally he threw them off.

"I pitdche you all in the revver!" he cried, lifting up the Mexican bodily, and holding his frightened Christ's face high in the air. "You vant to get roff, eh?" But the terror in the man's eyes made Knut thoughtful, and he put the man down again gently.

"Vat kind svindleri is America? I vas better off titscher in Norway," he said enraged.

"She's just bashful, boys," said Bump Jones, coming for Knut with his strong stride. "One at a time."

Knut warded him off with his powerful arm, put on the shreds of his shirt and went out and sat in the shade of a lumber pile.

"Lofars," he said disgustedly.

He could see the scows of sand passing on the river. And the sienna and lilac smokes drifting away from the foundries. Behind him he could hear the lumber graders throwing down the boards from the tall piles.

"I var titscher. But now I vork in a sörkis vit aanimals," said Knut disgustedly. "Ja."

Bump Jones and the other men came out of the shack as though nothing had happened. It was part of their life—this wild revengeful perversion of their instincts. The only time they were happy was when they were thrilled into a noble state by work. Lifting three hundred pounds made them noble—but vicious also.

Another boat from Oregon slewed in the soft, smelling river and

\* Thanks for the pleasure of your company.

threw out its water-heavy hawsers. Monday, the Negro, dropped the big loops over the capstan on the dock. And a few moments later the men were a friendly gang again struggling with the enormous loads that came teetering out of the hold.

"Swing it over this way, you bastard," yelled Bump Jones to the man in shirt sleeves on the dock.

This time it was bridge trestles. Enormous fifty-foot beams weathered black. They see-sawed in the air, and the six sweating, panting men standing on the flat car reached for their rough sides eagerly. The great mass dangling over them made them love one another. "You goddamn son-of-a-bitch'n Swede, get your big paws away from between those timbers."

The beams jangled on the end of the enormous hook. They scissored their great flat sides back and forth across each other. But the mass swayed too far beyond the freight car.

Monday pulled himself up on the load and walked on the wide beams softly, changing their course of descent.

All eyes looked up anxiously.

"Watch out, you goddamn fool nigger!" said Bump Jones.

The Negro walked too far from the center! The beam tipped down and threw him on the freight car where he lay stunned.

"Get up! Get up!" yelled everyone.

The mass was coming down with a rush—you could hear the rattle of the cable unraveling on the boat. The engineer on the bridge was smiling. They couldn't be stopped now!

"Get up! Get up!" screamed the men.

Bump Jones leaped up on the freight car and seized the ends of the timber in his own gorilla-like hands. Braced himself for the crash.

The load came down!

The men could hear Bump Jones' back splitting like kindling. The muscles of his stomach tore in two and you could hear the bones of his legs crack. But he held it just long enough for the terrified engineer on the freighter to reverse his engines. The load reeled up again. But it was too late.

They laid Bump down on the cinders. He was drenched with blood. The Negro's wild white eyes were over him, thanking him in the only way he knew how—with terror.

"Bump—!" he said. "I couldn't help it—I couldn't help it!"

"Listen, you goddamn son-of-a-bitch'n nigger," said Bump, roll-

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ing his white eyeballs round and round in their sockets. "You don't owe me nothing! Get you a nice lean nigger girl tonight and pay her my respects. You goddamn fool nigger. You don't owe me nothing! Understand? Nothing! Just kid this big goddamn fool Swede now and then to keep him from being too human. It don't pay in this world. So long, you bastards," and he closed his eyes and died.

They took him away and the five men went on unloading the freight boat. When it was empty Knut went over to the water's edge and talked to the mate of the Norwegian boat leaving for Christiania.

"I don't go," explained Knut.

"Why not, lad?" asked his countryman.

"I don't know," said the big blond Norwegian.

"It's a vile country, lad."

"Yes, but it's something else, too." Then he added thoughtfully.

"No, I don't go. I don't know why. But I don't go."

"Just as you will."

"Thanks just the same," said Knut.

And he waved his friendly white hand to the man at the rail and went off down the docks.

## THREE ROCKY MOUNTAIN POETS

*Ray B. West, Jr.*

THE PROBLEM OF THE POET in the Rocky Mountains is made more than usually difficult by the contemporary trends away from a kind of verse for which his native materials are best suited: narrative verse which would utilize the many dramatic episodes of frontier history or nature poetry which would allow him to experiment with the exotic and picturesque qualities of the natural scene. He is caught between the Charybdis of popular poetry, on the one hand, and the Scylla of sophisticated modern verse, on the other. He can, in other words, give up his attempts to express himself in terms of his own specific environment (which is centered upon historical and scenic concepts) and accept the broader metaphysical concerns of the best poets among his contemporaries, or he can appeal to the popular taste through the falsely sentimental attitudes of the public toward Western scenery and the frontier myth.

Neither of these alternatives is attractive to the serious Rocky Mountain writer. He is faced with the tremendous facts of a natural environment which compels his attention, but is left without the means of obtaining sufficient apprenticeship to integrate those facts into an aesthetic form. There is reason to believe that most of the writing talent in the West has turned to prose, not, as is commonly believed, because there is a wider reading public (though this may have something to do with it), but because of the very difficulty of acquiring the proper technical ability to express the emotion inherent in his psychological relationship to his background. As always, however, there are those who have persevered, and who have begun to beat a path for other poets either to follow or to reject, which represents at least the beginning of a local tradition, the final unit binding the poet to that vast circuit of general culture which lies beyond his own geographic area.

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A Rocky Mountain poet who has taken the way of the crusader is Thomas Hornsby Ferril of Denver. Early impressed by the scenery of mountain and plain, by the legends of Indians, pioneers, trappers, and miners, Mr. Ferril has, both in his poetry and in a few prose essays, been extremely conscious of the problem of giving meaning to (or finding meaning in) the emotions aroused and the questions raised by the phenomena of nature. His first book of verse *High Passage* was published by the Yale University Press in 1926 as the twenty-second volume in their "Younger Poets" series. Yale University also published his second volume *Westering* in 1934, while a third book *Trial By Time* was issued in 1944 by Harper and Brothers.

We have rather a clear record concerning Mr. Ferril's intentions through several essays in which he has been at pains to outline his program as a Western poet, the first to concern us here being an article entitled "Writing in the Rockies" which appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature* in 1937. In this essay, Mr. Ferril, following the lead of Oscar Wilde, who visited Colorado during his American lecture tour, pointed out that the danger in writing of the Rocky Mountain scene consisted in the psychological necessity of most poets for some form of "God finding" or "God identification" as a result of the stupendous and sublime effects of the natural setting. The poet must learn, Mr. Ferril says, to overcome this tendency if he is to produce poetry. It is not enough to say, "Only God can make a mountain," but the scene must be conquered by the poet as man; it must be made to serve human and rational, not non-human and irrational, ends. It must go beyond the mere tourist-gazing of visitors from outside the region.

Without quarreling with Mr. Ferril's statement of the problem, we can point out the value of this attitude in such lines as the following from *Westering*:

But if I go before these mountains go,  
 I'm unbewildered by the time of mountains,  
 I, who have followed life up from the sea  
 Into a black incision in this planet,  
 Can bring an end to stone infinitives.  
 I have held rivers to my eyes like lenses,  
 And rearranged the mountains at my pleasure,  
 As one might change the apples in a bowl,  
 And I have walked the dim unearthly prairie  
 From which these peaks have not yet blown away.

But even such mastery of his materials as is indicated in these lines has come only since publication of Mr. Ferril's second volume. Some of the earlier attempts were almost purely descriptive, as:

This is the river's skeleton,  
 Bone white, desert dry,  
 The rocks are skulls with moss for hair  
 That moves when the wind is high;  
 This is the outworn channel,  
 The yellow shadows slant  
 Through sandy crypts of oven rocks  
 Where pallid lizards pant.

But it is unfair to Mr. Ferril to select his earliest poems as examples. More important would be an examination of the subject matter with which he has dealt. Almost every selection in *High Passage* makes some use of the Western theme. There is, however, much juxtaposition of frontier myth with classical and Old Testament mythology which has the air of experimentation and which the poet foreswore in his *Saturday Review* essay. There is, in almost every poem, a sense of straining on the part of the author to combine imagery and theme, to give meaning to the materials with which he is working. There is a noticeable dependency upon simple rhythmic forms and simple rhyme with a surprising number of the poems being written in a series of quatrains. There is, on the other hand, no experimentation with unusual forms, so that the feeling is that the regularity represents an effort on the part of the poet to compensate for an inability to fuse other elements.

Between 1926 and 1934, however, there is a definite indication of growth. In *Westering* there is little indication of fumbling for an integrated point of view. Mr. Ferril seems by this time to have decided also against the four-line stanza form, and to have adopted a kind of controlled free verse, not imitative, but reminiscent of Whitman, Sandburg, and the early Frost, which gives a more unified tone to the whole volume. The attitude toward the mountain scenery is firmer, as indicated in the excerpt from "Time of Mountains," quoted above, and there is a definite feeling for the Western myth.

We no longer find a mere reliance upon the simple juxtaposition of the present and the past. Mr. Ferril is now concerned with the problem of relating the one to the other, as in the poem "Fort Vasquez," where two travelers are passing the old fort in a new automobile.



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They are talking about the development of modern science, and one of them suddenly notices the ruined remains of the old buildings:

The driver usually says:

There's old Fort Vasquez;  
Somebody ought to put a marker there!  
And some one says:

*It ought to be restored!*

And I'm about to say:

*How beautiful,  
With what you know of earth and air and flesh  
To let these old walls go the way they're going!  
Let's bid them godspeed and be on our way!*

Or I'm about to say:

*How might we best  
Unwind a hundred years? How might we now  
Reorganize these elements again  
With certitude that those who pass this way  
Experience alone the works of Vasquez,  
And nothing that our different hands have added?*

There is no doubt in the poet's mind about how such landmarks can best be preserved. They are a part of history, and history is represented in us. We do not ". . . unwind a hundred years." History is still with us, but it is altered by us; it has become a part of us. This kind of mythological concern with history invariably leads to the problem of time. The Rocky Mountain poet is made doubly conscious because his history represents a telescoping of time. Sod shanties that did not appear until after Lincoln's time are now preserved as relics. Winchester rifles are antiques, and the buffalo, which furnished food for the laborers of the Union Pacific, is a symbol of the passage of time, of a past era. The poet can say, "I'm . . . half as old as the city is." He is impressed by what had happened in so short a time:

The prairie twinkles up the Rocky Mountains.  
Feel how the city sweeps against the mountains;  
Some of those higher lights, I think, are stars.  
Feel how the houses crowd and crack uphill.  
The headlands buckle with too many houses.  
They're trying to find a place where they can stand  
Until the red lights turn to green again.

But there are disadvantages to so much change, for:

. . . there's hardly a child in all the sleeping  
children  
From here to where we think the stars begin  
Who sleeps in a room where a child, his father,  
slumbered.

Mr. Ferril's preoccupation with time is suggested in the title to his latest volume *Trial By Time*, but the metaphysical aspects of the problem tend to lead him away from the Western scene. In this last volume there are occasional improvements in technical ability, a tightening of imagery, less dependence upon simple statement and easy associations of statement, and more variety in the verse forms in the poems concerned with the regional themes. When a broader view is attempted, however, as in "Let Your Mind Wander Over America" or in "The Gavel Falls," where the poet attempts to use American history divorced from the kind of emotion which is evident in his mountain poems, too much of the content is little more than a simple listing of familiar names and places, almost as though in the attempt to widen the scenic focus and to enlarge the scope of thematic concern, the poet has been called upon for a reorientation. The level of excellence on a strictly technical plane is higher than in the two previous volumes, and there are better individual passages, but there is less unity. Science and the meaning of scientific discovery have, partially at least, replaced the interest in nature as such. Science, like the mountains, is something that man must hold under control.

But despite this gesture away from the particular regional setting (or, perhaps, because of it), the general effect of this volume is one of diffuseness. While Mr. Ferril, in his introduction, deplores what he calls the "death-bed repentance" of American poets since the beginning of the war, it is clear enough to anyone who reads *Trial By Time* closely that the author has succumbed to the same malady. His best poems are confined to the familiar Rocky Mountain setting; his poorest are what he himself calls "road-map poetry, but no sense of where the road started a long time ago or where it was heading." I feel that Mr. Ferril knows a great deal about the West where it began (certainly) and where it is headed (perhaps), but what he has to say about Harper's Ferry and the freeing of the slaves does not seem nearly as important to me—or for America—as the following lines

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concerning a man who has just picked up a buffalo skull on the Cheyenne plains:

I entered the trench they cut through signal Butte,  
And I pulled a buffalo bone from the eight foot layer,  
And I watched the jasper shards and arrowheads  
Bounce in the jigging screen through which fell dust  
Of antelope and pieces of the world  
Too small to have a meaning to the sifters.  
One of them said, when I held the bone in my hand:  
    "This may turn out to be the oldest bison  
In North America," and I could have added:  
    "How strange, for this is one of the youngest  
    hands  
That ever squeezed a rubber bulb to show  
How helium particles shoot through water vapor."  
And the dry wind out of Wyoming might have answered:  
    "Today is going to be long long ago."

Another poet who has confined himself primarily to the subject matter of the Rocky Mountain area is Ted Olson. Like Mr. Ferril, Mr. Olson appeared first in the "Younger Poets" series, with his first volume, *A Stranger and Afraid*, published by Yale University in 1928. Since then he has published *Hawk's Way*, in 1941. The general point of view of the first volume is indicated by the lines from Housman which appear on the title page:

And how am I to face the odds  
Of man's bedevilment and God's?  
I, a stranger and afraid  
In a world I never made.

Mr. Olson has approached his material from a direction opposite to that of Mr. Ferril, and it is perhaps significant that the fourth line of the Housman stanza supplied the title for a novel by the American "naturalist," James T. Farrell, for Mr. Olson is nearer the tradition of most Rocky Mountain novelists, seeing the impersonal cruelty and terror of nature, instead of recognizing, with Thomas Hornsby Ferril, that there is a grandeur and sublimity in the natural setting which the poet may serve to bring into some kind of benevolent and humanistic focus. For Mr. Olson the gods are gone and man is left alone surrounded by an alien and cruel nature. Having risen from the slime of one creation, he has been thrown back into the slime of an-

other. "Ours is a race too lean of wit to swell Mythology with one red, lusty hell!" Man has, he says in one poem, only his laughter to preserve him.

When the eternal frost draws tight its net  
To strangle this half-conscious clod we tread,  
We shall go laughing back into the dread  
Dark ordure whence we came.

But there is something like a literary pose in the tone of some of this early verse, something immature in the combination of lusty dissent and "poetizing." We are not surprised to discover elsewhere in the volume an attempt to reveal some more positive view of mankind's relation to the earth, as in the following octave from a sonnet entitled "Farmers."

Farmers grow kindred to the soil they till,  
One with the swart hills where their cornlands reach.  
Granite is in their gaze, contained and still,  
And the slow pulse of rivers in their speech,  
They have their silences like those of loam  
In winter, obdurate and indifferent.  
They tread the land Antaeus-like, at home,  
Fed from the turf, indomitable, content.

But this is still a literary exercise. Mr. Olson's farmer is from Iowa, or anywhere except Wyoming, in the first place. The suggested mysticism, in the second, is neither as true as the statement of it would make it seem nor original enough to carry the full burden of the poet's feeling. A positive attitude toward nature in general is suggested, however, and it is presented less didactically in a great many other poems. Sometimes it is merely a sentimental celebration of the mountain seasons, as:

Now has another year of roses  
Scattered its bright, ephemeral flame  
Through river-bottom and arroyo  
In the high country whence I came.

Or:

A heart's a brittle thing at best,  
And easily reft—as you may learn  
Should yours be drawn to east or west,  
Somewhere your feet may not return.

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But it was not until the end of his second volume that Mr. Olson seems to have combined value and sensitivity into any kind of artful whole. His resolution is still a mystical one, but more original and inclusive than in his early poems, concerned not alone with the feeling of the farmer for his land, but with the feeling of all people in all places for the land which they know best and with which they have identified themselves. In an examination of his Norwegian ancestry and the fact that his father left Norway to settle in Wyoming, Mr. Olson finds a conflict between man's identification with place and his constant restlessness, which is more dramatic and more satisfying than the simple statement of mystic union. The concept came, presumably, as a result of a trip to Norway, and it is expressed in two poems of the second volume, "Salute to Norway" and "Notes Toward a Biography." The first is concerned with the knowledge that, even in a second generation, the feeling for place is not obliterated, and both poems take full advantage of the double-focus of the Old World and the New:

Surely I know that it is not alone  
 Your blood in me that suddenly knows its own.  
 It is Wyoming that I find  
 In Norway now because of old I found  
 So much of Norway in Wyoming, where  
 You planted all you thought to leave behind.

The second suggests an attempt to synthesize much of what has appeared in the earlier poems. It is, I think, the best of Mr. Olson's poems, though containing a fault which was particularly noticeable in the early short lyrics, that is, a tendency to end with a surprising and shocking statement not always growing out of what has gone before:

These waters, gray like iron (if iron could take  
 Snow to itself); bending as iron bends,  
 Stiffly reluctant; cold as iron is,  
 And as infertile—these are the same waters  
 My father knew long since, and loved, and left,  
 And did not see again. My father surely  
 Walked these same hills, and looked to sea, and saw  
 The world beyond it. Africa he saw,  
 And India, and Japan, and would not rest  
 Till he had known them. But these hills of Norway  
 He knew no more. He plowed himself at last  
 Into a new land—not so unlike his own—  
 Making Wyoming richer with his bones.

The long, inscrutable curve of space returns  
Upon itself. And so I come at last,  
Sixty years after, to these hills, these waters,  
Not quite perceiving why. Is it some hunger  
For home that lay recessive in the blood  
I had from him? Some stubborn tide that sets  
Back to familiar shores? I do not know.  
Rather, I think, I come from some obscure  
Desire to chart my origins, some hope  
These hills may tell me what and why I am.

My father held the wheels of tall Norse ships  
In tropic hurricanes; drove locomotives  
Hard on the trail the emigrant wagons made;  
Broke prairie sod, built ditches, proved to scoffers  
That grain would thrive where sage and greasewood  
throve,

Read history and poetry, and died  
At fifty-four. He did not plague himself  
With questions or attempt to torture words  
To devious attenuated uses,  
Or with their flimsy leverage to dislodge  
A brute immovable age. Words were a tool,  
Like axe, or plow, or sickle, hard and shining  
And unmysterious. He used them well  
When there was need for words.

The blood runs thin

And acid in these later generations.  
The brain is whetted to a finicking  
Acuteness, splintering when it cannot cut.  
The lusty curiosity that sent  
Our fathers forth to learn a world turns inward  
Upon itself, to starve and sicken now  
On questions.

I am glad sometimes my father

Did not live to know his son too well.

These taciturn iron waters take the snow  
No more indifferently than they take  
My questions to themselves. The hills lie shrunken  
Under the weight of winter; and one ship  
Goes seaward. Does some tall Norwegian boy  
Stand on the deck and look to Africa?  
And will he make some new barbarian land  
The richer for his bones—the poorer, maybe,  
For one questioner?



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For so the cycle

Rekurs: one generation hewing boldly  
 Its signature on life: another seeking  
 For meanings, doomed by some ironic chance  
 Never to be content with any meaning.

So let one cycle end. I have no sons.

Mr. Olson's poet is the decadent and effete child of the man of action. Art (so far as this concept is not a pose for him) represents an escape for the weakling. This is the opposite of Mr. Ferril's sounder conclusions, which see him as the myth-maker, the preserver of history. It is through Mr. Ferril's poet that Nature and the action of the pioneer are brought into focus, their multiple relationships made meaningful for our time.

A third poet, Brewster Ghiselin, does not belong so unreservedly to the Rocky Mountain region as either Mr. Ferril or Mr. Olson. Coming originally from California, he remains more sensitive to the traditional images of seascape remembered from his boyhood, less compelled to solve the particular problems that seem so urgent to the indigenous Rocky Mountain poets. The unique aspects of the mountain scene are less a general human riddle and more a specific fact of his own exile, so that the use of its imagery is often a contrast to something that seems richer and more meaningful in the imagery of the sea, as in "Inland Spring":

Here I shall see the mortal snow recede,  
 And over the gray the gradual greens renewed,  
 And peacock cherries spreading fans of bloom  
 On cloud, a counterpoint of flowers and foam.

But not the marvels of that carven coast,  
 The flowing shores, the sea-reach in the west,  
 Moon ruled, sun troubled, earth and heaven fed,  
 Beauty on which the depth of life will feed.

But Mr. Ghiselin is quick to grasp the symbols which have meaning for him, and he has the ability to invest them with a richness which is, on the whole, more complex and interesting than the work of the other two poets. In the first four lines of "Gull in the Great Basin Desert," Mr. Ghiselin has expressed the essential emotions of his mountain exile:

Sea gull in level lunge and long  
 By this white salt far from the foam,  
 Hungrier than hawk, who come,  
 Like me, to feed on the desert's fruit.

The gull on the barren waters of Salt Lake is an apt symbol for one conscious of removal from the sea. There are no fish in the heavily salted water of the lake, and the gull is forced, like the hawk, to forage for his food away from the water—to become a scavenger. Such foraging is likened to the poet's need to feed on that to which he is unaccustomed. The metaphorical significance is given fuller development in the next stanza.

Unrinsed beside the blue barren lake  
 You glide, unpuzzled by defect,  
 Corruption black upon the beak  
 That gorged the carrion flesh and fruit.

The unwashed gull with "corruption black upon the beak" expresses the feeling of the exile, but the whole scene is charged by the words "unpuzzled by defect," which explain both the nature of that feeling and point up the awareness of the man in contrast to the bird. The defect of the man exists not only on the single level of fact: that he had allowed himself to leave his proper environment (the word "unrinsed" puts the whole image on the level of religious ritual), but the more potent fact of his awareness raises the theme into a realm transcending the particulars of local imagery. The poem represents, at once, the specific facts of the incident as well as the general facts of the emotion with a compactness of form and a richness of language, which, finally, is the measure of Mr. Ghiselin's success and of his superiority as poet.

It is, of course, impossible to say that a poet would have been better or worse under this condition or that, but it seems reasonable to think that Mr. Ghiselin's poetry is of a richer texture, though less voluminous, for the double view of sea and mountain. As he says in his long poem "Meditation in Exile": "The mountains unmake me." It is an indication of his integrity that they do. He is not satisfied to solve everything by memory, to use a figure from the same poem, but he must search for the meaning in his new conditions and in the new landscape.

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Piled

Oppression strews the horizons, weighs on the  
 world,  
 Leans upward from the mass and myriad interest  
 Of the stricken hills, from the dazzle of windings  
 draining  
 The chine and height of the Oquirrhs, from the  
 slough of the Wasatch.  
 And yet this land lives: here as there,  
 The snake lies in the shadow of the flower,  
 sleeping;  
 The upsweep over the height hurls the hawk.

But I don't wish to make the fact of exile too important in the total of Mr. Ghiselin's production. It is but one facet, though an important one, in the many-sided concerns which his total work indicates, a means whereby he has expressed his own emotional tension and yet gone beyond to appeal to the sense of the exile inherent in his reader.

Mr. Ghiselin, though he has published widely in magazines, has just recently been given publication in book form. His first volume is titled *Against the Circle*, and its meaning is reinforced by a quotation from William Blake on the title page, the lines addressed to God:

If you have form'd a circle to go into  
 Go into it yourself and see how you would do.

The volume is divided into five sections, the first composed of poems which the author considers to be of critical value for our time, many of them late poems dealing with the war; the second made up for the most part of sea poems, including some of the earliest of Mr. Ghiselin's work; the third representing the personal world of one who stands on the line (of the circle), composed of the poems with the exile theme and poems in which the mountain and sea imagery are either in balance or in contrast; the fourth called "epistemological" poems; and the fifth composed of personal love poetry. Had Mr. Ghiselin published earlier it seems clear that there might have been at least two earlier volumes, the first representing those works in which the sea imagery predominates, a second containing the poems of exile, and a final volume containing the less personal reflections upon war and upon general philosophic themes. In this case, there would have been at least a directional resemblance between his development and the expanding interests of Mr. Ferril. As it is, *Against the Circle* gives

more the impression of being a collected work than the usual first volume of a promising poet. As with Mr. Ferril, there is a sense of achievement on several levels, the first two (the sea poems and the exile poems) culminating in the excellent "New World" with its integration of the two themes in a poem which unifies the two early, predominating types of imagery:

This is the land our fathers came to find;  
 They found the old world only, they found the  
     known  
 Measures of the moods of their own minds:  
 The blue mountains' dying, the plain's surmise,  
 The bones and bountiful nakedness and thought  
 Of barbarous rock, and the green peace of earth;  
 They found the hostile forests of the heart.  
 This is the earth that should have had our love,  
 The loam that deepens by the deepening streams,  
 The mould that feeds the forest and the flower,  
 The musk and metal of a stony dust:  
 Three centuries the foothold of our life,  
 Never the roothold. How could we love a path?  
 A place of passage or unwilling rest.  
 In our blood's need we came from the cold cliffs  
 Up from the low shores and the smell of spray,  
 Westward from the duneland and the pines.  
 We crossed the silent rivers in the plains  
 And climbed the abrupt west, and fed our need  
 With dust and sun and the humming juniper,  
 And came to a broken coast, the barrier sea:  
 No earth, a pathless glimmering of waves.  
 No way behind us but the travelled lands,  
 No way before us but the lemmings' grave.

This is the opening section of a fairly long poem, but sufficient to illustrate not only the use of the combined imagery of seacoast and mountains, but the use of the whole Western myth. It is, in addition, woven into a tougher fabric than either Mr. Olson or Mr. Ferril would have been capable of, perhaps tougher than either of them would have desired; but it indicates also that Mr. Ghiselin has felt more at ease with the discipline of contemporary trends than they have. Mr. Ferril has not presented the Western scene with the intensity of the following lines, in which Mr. Ghiselin asks, "Where is the new world?" and replies:

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Only in time,  
 In moments of the individual mind:  
 Flashes and fragments: seen in the waste wall  
 And rock-ridge, heart-defining height and  
     hawkfall  
 Isolations, and on joshua slopes  
 Blacked with burnt blocks of rock whose  
     drummings answer  
 Bourdon and hornvoice, grooves and gold of  
     hills,  
 Music to name our needs: too briefly seen  
 Between the many voices of the past.

In the final, title-poem of Mr. Ferril's last volume, on the other hand, one feels that he is striving for compactness of imagery, similar to Mr. Ghiselin's, but one recognizes also a failure to fuse the images with the thought, so that the poem is saved from almost complete obscurity only by the explicit statement. A few lines (not the least successful) will perhaps be sufficient to illustrate:

Out of the tide-slime  
 Credulous we come,  
 Singing our latest God stabbed and perfumed,  
 Springing the eye of the enemy from the socket,  
 Building a ladder to a broken bird,  
 Meadow and mine to the pocket,  
 Dream to the word.

Beginning with the loose statement of the first two lines, Mr. Ferril comes nearest to the form for which he is obviously striving in the Hopkinsian third and fourth. The fifth and sixth lines, however, are little more than a repetition of the third, with the exception that the fifth gains something from its position following the third—its contrast to it. But the final is an extremely slack generalization of the meaning inherent in the "latest God stabbed and perfumed" of the third line and of the idea expressed in the images of the ladder to the broken bird or of the act of transferring "meadow and mine" from the hills to the pocket in the fourth and fifth. The intrusion of Western images is unfortunate here, too, because they are almost isolated in a poem which has so little reference to the Western scene specifically. The poem falls apart primarily because there is no integration of imagery, because it lacks what most of the poet's verse uses

so skillfully: a unified scene or narrative as a vehicle for the expression of a general thought or emotion. The concept of evolutionary man which is used in this poem fails because it is obscured by inappropriate imagery and weakened by prose statement when it should be fused by a related imagery and charged by the exact metaphor.

I have brought up this point in regard to Mr. Ferril because he has raised it himself. In his introduction to *Trial By Time* he has indicated clearly that he has a quarrel with most modern poetry. As Alan Swallow, one of his most fervent well-wishers, has written in a recent review, this is unfortunate because it results only in making his friends into his enemies, his enemies into friends. It raises questions of only peripheral interest to the major body of his work. That Mr. Ferril has indicated a dislike for T. S. Eliot need not necessarily represent a limitation unless his work indicates, as it does with so many who have adopted a similar attitude, that he is not satisfied to continue doing what he can do well, but is desirous also of beating other poets at their own game. Undoubtedly the above poem is just such an attempt. Mr. Ghiselin, on the other hand, has succeeded in reconciling the materials of the region (of two regions as it happens in this particular case) to the uses of the present tradition. Without raising the question of why the majority of poets of the present have adopted what might be called loosely the metaphysical style, or the question of whether this particular style is suited to the Western theme, it seems clear that the conventions of the moment need not rule out the kind of verse written by any one of these authors. There is no reason why Mr. Ferril, for instance, should not have written such a poem as "Trial by Time"—if he could have brought it off successfully, but it seems clear from an examination of his work that his perception is primarily for the tone and color of a scene or for a relationship of man and nature which is nearer to Wordsworth's conception than it is to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, where most modern poetry has its roots. To say it differently, he is nearer to Robert Frost or to Carl Sandburg than he is to Yeats and Eliot, and I mean no disrespect to anyone in saying so. To continue the analogue for what general truth there is in it, Mr. Olson's position is reminiscent of the Victorian variations of nineteenth century romanticism, while Mr. Ghiselin would appear to be nearer the main-stream, with its sources in the Elizabethans and the metaphysical school, through Blake and the French symbolists to Eliot. Neither Mr. Olson nor Mr. Ferril, for



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example, would have written the following, the signature poem of Mr. Ghiselin's forthcoming book:

With tiger pace and swinging head,  
With gentle tread and turning grace  
The walking stripes, the walking stripes  
Of the mind stride in their too-little place.

But what if it escaped and walked  
In the green city?  
There is no city, said the tiger mind.

There is the cage, the absolute bar,  
Things as they are, that bind my rage  
And wrap my claws, said the turning jaws  
And prisoner eyes in their too-little place.

But what if it burst its world and ran  
To the snake-green jungle?  
There is no jungle, sighed the striped mind.

## WINTER GARMENT

*E. W. Tedlock, Jr.*

**A**T EIGHT O'CLOCK he suddenly stopped drying the dishes, put down the tea towel in a crumpled heap, and told his wife that he did not feel well. She did not question him but told him to lie down. She would finish. His action was rather ironic, since he seldom volunteered to help at all. Tonight there had been a sort of tenderness in him as he began wordlessly to help her.

At nine o'clock, when she had finally finished tidying the kitchen and the dining room, she opened the door to his study. He was sitting immobile in his old leather armchair — simply sitting there staring out at the room. On an impulse she went to him to kiss him, but he did not respond. He only patted her hand as it rested beside him, and she went away without saying a word.

She went upstairs and sewed until ten, then went to bed alone. Before she turned out the light, she looked at herself in the long mirror on the closed door. She noticed again that she was slightly stooped, that there were little concavities and sags of age. But she was still a big, round-limbed woman, her flesh still ruddy. She turned out the light, slipped into her cotton nightgown, lay down in the bed, and thought of him.

He, in the study below, had hardly stirred. He was enacting a scene with himself which had become increasingly frequent this last year, though he had never been entirely free from it. He was smoking what he told himself was a last cigarette before bed, a simple thing to do, a natural thing to do, except that for him it marked a dreaded decision, a little resolve painfully hard for him to make, to give up once more his conscious life for the uncertainties and fantasies of sleep. So he sat there doing nothing, staring sightlessly through the eddies of smoke refracting the light from the lamp beside his chair.

He sat there fascinated and repelled by the moment. It was painfully recurrent, familiar, this feeling of bodilessness, of being only a brooding mind, suspended curiously in some way in time and space, surrounded by intimate, remembered objects but in no way connected with them, unresponding, feeling nothing, only brooding timelessly and vastly. At this moment, this late decisive moment, after a day of acting, feeling, communicating, everything but mind fell away. The mind worked on. It sat aloof and remote and denied the moment of sleep and surrender.

The light from the lamp shone full on his bald head edged with quite gray hair which shed on the shoulders of his coat a powder of dandruff. The powder was cumulative, for he was a man who had stopped looking into mirrors. His face, half in light, half in shadow, was not entirely intellectual. There was strength in the high-arched nose, the sharp bony structure of cheeks and chin. Yet the taut skin suggested purification; the tiny lines about the eyes and mouth, concentration without calculation. His thinness suggested a gradual dwindling and diminishing as age advanced. The big leather armchair held him loosely.

The ash of the cigarette smoldered close to his fingers, and he crushed it, moving only his hand and arm, in the tray on the table in front of the lamp, took another from the pack lying there, lit it, and was immobile again. He had made a concession to the moment. He was staring straight out at three-quarters of the room, and without moving his head he looked at the clock on the big roll-top desk in the far corner. The arm of the second-hand swept on swiftly, round and round and round. The hour was only a meaningless point in the endless progression of the hand. It meant nothing except that it coincided with his being suspended thus between waking and sleeping.

He looked out at the room, and he knew, without being moved, that it was shabby. It was cumulative, like the dandruff on his coat. It bore in rough-carpentered shelves pushed against papered walls the accumulated books of forty years. It bore in the roll-top desk and on the table nearby other books and the accumulated jottings and scraps of jottings of thirty years of labor in the same house in the same room. It was not a slick, sharp, neat illustration of modern interior décor. It was worn and somber and jerry-built. It was improvisation and expedience. It was unpremeditated biography.

Scattered through a few of the shelves were the books he had

bought as an undergraduate, managed to buy by skimping on other things, but not to excess — he was no martyr. He knew when and where he had bought them, but, curiously, he could not remember how they had moved him, what absorbed eagerness, what passions they had aroused. He could only, at the moment, say they had done so. That was all. They were odds and ends, unconnected by method — poetry, novels, essays, some in handsome bindings, a few in tooled leather, bought for richness as well as reading. Some of them, he knew, were still unread. He had bought them to possess them.

Then, on the shelves, began the textbooks, anthologies from undergraduate courses, many of them obsolete, their margins bearing penciled notes, their bindings the marks of hard use, much carrying, much throwing upon tables and desks. They were formidable, serviceable books, bound in neutral colors, thick despite thin paper. Then there were the books from his graduate days, the books of specialization, many thin little volumes priced for the student, uniformly bound, but trimmer, more handsome, than the anthologies. And some of these had been bought for possession.

The rest of the room was lined with the accumulation of thirty years as a teacher, samples from publishers, textbooks, the choice of literary guilds finely printed and illustrated, specialists' books never widely circulated, all sorts of odds and ends of books picked up at bookstores in big cities and little cities wherever he had traveled and had time to browse, books bought for love, from curiosity, from a desire to let nothing perish, for usefulness in filling some vacant informational corner, sometimes because a friend or acquaintance had written them, the outpourings of university presses. Big books, little books, pamphlets, periodicals, there they were, the cumulation of a lifetime, uncataloged except in his mind.

His mind! He inhaled the cigarette deeply, and his hand dropped. His arm was far away. It hung far down, curiously detached from him. His mind contemplated it there for a moment, then went back to the books, and suddenly, queerly, familiarly, hatred swept outward and upward from some hidden, mindless source. Suppose tombs spoke, suppose sepulchers opened, suppose blood filled atrophied veins, suppose the miracle happened. But it would not. They were safely shut up, and the key, the miracle, vanished. The thing was lost in the mastery. Life dropped away in fragments until the mind sat stripped, capable only of brooding.

The hatred passed, and he brooded there, peering through the blue smoke, curiously contemplating. He noticed that he was listening too. He listened through the stillness of the room, and he noticed that when he concentrated, when he tried hard, he could hear. There were noises in the stillness. He listened. At first there were only little, fugitive noises: the slight rustle and crack of an old board expanding or contracting, a mouse gnawing patiently somewhere in a corner, the momentary rattle of a window from a gentle wind-push outside, faintly the whir of the electric clock, perhaps even the subtly shifting pressure of the floor above on the beams and joists below, and then, above his head, the muffled, just-caught groan and squeak of a bed. The noise caught his mind and held it.

She, in the room above, did not sleep. One would think she did, seeing the long form motionless under the sheet. She had turned her face to the window so that the cool, moist spring air moved across it. And, in a sort of receptiveness, her arms lay above her head. She liked to sleep thus with his arm flung across her breast, his hand resting in the little hollow between her neck and shoulder. Sometimes he did not make this gesture, and she turned and huddled on her side in isolation.

Now she lay waiting, thinking of their life together. She thought of their children, their handsome children, the slim, grave-faced boy with his lively, vagrant imagination, and the sturdy girl with her fine brow and independent way, begotten here in this house, nurtured and nourished in it like plants that must have rich soil. She had borne them for him, and she had joyed in the moments of his pride, when she could see in him, and share the pleasure in, his children. Those were the golden moments, the moments of gaiety and pride.

And she had found passion with him, the fierce, creative passion in which her patience and stillness were released. The routine days were intervals of duty performed steadily and slowly with an infinite trust in fruition, until she herself became a symbol in the house of that trust and fruition. It was as though fate played no part there, or that she herself was their fate and their destiny.

Of his intellect she understood little. It was enough to feel that something important to him was going on. It was enough to feel it as a power in him. She seldom read. Long ago he had prompted her to read more, and to please him she pretended to be interested. But in her woman's heart she did not want it. The golden moments of gaiety

and pride and passion were enough, and she moved through them like some full-limbed goddess born from the sea.

As she lay there, facing the window, a sudden scent of blossoms came into the room, the fragrance of lilacs in bloom in the garden below. And it brought to her suddenly the time of the awakening of their love, and she began to think of that.

Caught by the sound of her turning, he thought how distant she was to his brooding detachment, as though a stranger slept within the house, or he, a stranger, sat only thinking in the room below. He could think back; he could see in a vista of years her full, strong figure, advancing golden in sunlight slowly diffusing, the soft blond hair turning to mist, the well-featured face fading slowly, down through thirty years passing steadily through infinite duties endlessly repeated, with intervals of exultation. And hatred of the moment struck through his mind, and the ash of cigarette dropped in his lap, and the glowing tip burned upward to his fingers.

At last the sting aroused him. He crushed the cigarette and stared at the room, and the hatred within him welled up black and unstable. He got up and walked unsteadily along the shelves of books, and as he walked he hated them as dry symbols of his impotent spirit. In flames yellow and leaping, the pages writhed and twisted and fell back to blackness, leafing over and over in curling rhythm. With a shove and sweep of his hand he flung a row of them to the floor, would have done it again, then stopped in shocked reaction. For a long time he looked at them, stooping and peering at their tumbled chaos, thought to pick them up, and did not. Instead he went to the window and stared out at the night, and the dusty glass spotted from the spring rains was like a barrier between him and his desire. He forced open the latch, jerked the window up against twists and warpings of the channel, and pressed his face close to the screen, confronting the night. And it was like a deep, dark pool, infinitely liquid, stirring slowly with forms and shapes merging and blending tranquilly. It surged gently, surface and under-surface, with a power of an inevitable cycle, with the rhythm of time before time. It seemed to him it washed against the house and against his face at the window like a laving and a purification.

At first it seemed impalpable, the night, as though he had found transcendent, transmuting perception. Then he began to make out in the yard the shapes, the great elm overreaching the house, and the full, high lilacs beyond. And as he looked, a breath, a little push of air,



moved the fragrance to the window and to his face, and the clean sweet scent ran through him with a little shock of recognition, and he remembered a similar night and a similar scent years ago.

For weeks they had eaten at the same table. It was late spring, and he was working hard in the graduate school, so he had shut out the indolence and pleasure of the season. They had said a few polite words to each other, and he had admired momentarily her classic features and her sturdy body. He had even noticed the stillness and patience in her, the quality of passion at rest, but he had never known that she had thought of him. Then one night they met outside the library, on the sidewalk paralleling the great grass parks of the Midway, and, at whose suggestion he could not remember, they began to walk together out across the long gleaming vista of lawn and trees toward the lake.

Each rectangle of grass was concave, slanted sharply down and inward, so that they descended and finally rose again, into and out of ponds of deep, moist shadow. Poised on the brink, they were conscious of the intermittent shush of cars traversing the ribbons of roadway stretching back into the city. Within the declivities they moved light and alone, wading within the embrace of trees and banks under a warm, heavy sky. At the top of the second they took off their shoes and ran barefoot down the steep grass and out into the night until they were breathless. Then they walked slowly with their arms about each other to climb again. At the end of the roadway they crossed the railway tracks and turned into the curving paths of Jackson Park, and after a bit when they could hear the surging beat of the lake, they turned into a meadow sheltered by trees and bushes.

There they embraced, isolated thus between lake and city, enfolded in the night. Then they lay on the grass, her head on his arm, and there for the first time he discovered the secret of her nature. He flung his arm across her breast, and as it lay heavily there he discovered the strong fierce hammer of her heart beneath. It beat rapid and strong with the rhythm of the night and the pulse of the lake on the shore behind them. She was still, oh so still, patiently still and waiting, and only the thud of her heart beneath her round strong breast betrayed her. It leaped upward and outward with the impassioned force and timelessness of night and earth and sky and moving water. And as they lay there, there moved from the high, full bushes about them the clean sweet scent of the late lilacs remaining from spring.

This, as he stood at the window, flooded upon him suddenly and

swept away the sterile bitterness of his mood. He lingered there for a long time, savoring the night. Then he turned to the room and slowly, mindlessly, gathered up the tumbled, fallen books and placed them aimlessly on the shelf. By his chair he stopped and punched out the lingering, smoldering ash of a cigarette, turned out the lamp, and in the darkness traversed the hall and climbed the stairway. Inside the bedroom door he paused and looked for her figure by the window. He could see the long figure lying motionless, one arm flung behind her head, patiently still, patiently waiting. He took off his clothes, his thin figure moving methodically in the darkness, groped in the closet for his pajamas and put them on, then lay on the bed beside her. And his arm, in the familiar gesture, went across her breast until his hand rested in the little hollow between shoulder and neck, and beneath his arm, as he went to sleep, he felt the strong, sure, patient beat of her heart, measuring unfalteringly the passage of time which changed not.

## TALL MAN'S DILEMMA

*Irene Holt*

TALL MAN WAS TIRED. It seemed to him that he was always tired now. Even the fact that only twenty days ago he had been named a delegate to Washington failed to stir him. He felt old and used up. It was many months since he had chewed a satisfying cut of mutton. The food Round Woman was cooking for him, that one; and see how fat she was. From where he was propped against their hogan he could see her herding. See how fat the sheep were, the goats. And she was fat and young, and he was old and dried up as an autumn wash.

And he was broke. Not so much as a dime to get a sweet from the trader — he glanced tiredly down the left leg of his trousers; the cloth was worn and dirty. Tall Man considered a fat ewe mincing thriftily across the arroyo; she would be fat even when her lamb had dropped, fat and heavy with wool. After the shearing, he thought, he would have some money then; a little; but when this day of Washington would be, no one knew. Some said summer; some said soon. And he knew how it would be, tired and near to sleep as he was, he knew that they would come one morning and expect him to be ready, complete with new pants. . . . Gay, they would be, laughing and making quick jokes, and all of them in new pants and their best turquoise; and making jokes.

He had come to think of this trip as a very foolish business, not for himself alone, but for them all; he had long since tired of it. Still, it seemed always to be prowling somewhere along the edge of his mind. Tall Man brought his hand up and rubbed his face. And that was the worst of it: he had not a tooth in his head. No teeth . . . no pants . . . Washington . . . Tall Man wisely fell into a doze. . . .

"Hey, Ben. Ben!" Someone prodded his ribs. It was Mr. Smeeth. "Come on, Ben, we have to go down to Dorr."

Tall Man lay for a long moment, thinking it over. What was doing at Dorr? When at last he felt satisfied that Smeeth's business was not urgent, he got slowly to his feet and followed to the car. After they had reached the highway, Smeeth said, "Red Wash is running. The people aren't using the water. They plant soon and their ditches should be full."

Tall Man said nothing; there was nothing to say. Being head man, delegate to the Tribal Council, delegate to Washington, it was a good thing. Some of the time. He fell to pitying this Smeeth. He was a thin one, not so dried up as he himself was, but drying up. And with a head full of teeth. He wondered what he ate.

Instantly he was remembering how once he had come upon a man eating by the road and the man had held up an opened tin, asking him if he was hungry. On the paper around the tin was a picture of a fat, reddish grubworm with claws. He had peered into the tin then and it was true: that man was eating peeled grubworms, reddish-white, curled up and fat, the same as those he would find at his young bean roots. The tin was half-empty. It was revolting to him and he shook his head, but the man laughed and began to explain this worm. He had not listened; he had seen what they were. It may be this Smeeth ate them, too; he was a thin one. But he had good pants. And he had teeth. . . .

Two other men spoke after the people were gathered in front of the trader at Dorr. Then Smeeth nudged Tall Man to speak to them of the water . . . they should open their irrigation ditches . . . words . . . words. He hated to talk; the words mixed together in his mouth and those that would come out were soft and misshapen. He felt miserable and tired and shabby, not as a head man should feel. He looked at the people and they looked at him; he looked at Smeeth and Smeeth nodded and smiled. He looked from Smeeth's face to his good pants and then an incredible feeling came over him. He wanted to talk. He wanted much to talk.

The sun was at the halfway point of afternoon when he started and it had not moved an inch when he had finished with the water. He took off his jacket and flung it on the ground. And he had much to say. And while he talked, the people threw coins and bills into his jacket.

When the sun had disappeared behind the red cliffs of Dorr and they were on the way back and Tall Man found that he had sixty dollars,

TALL MAN'S DILEMMA

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Smeeth said, "What you taking up a collection for, Ben? Somebody's hogan burn down?"

"I told them to hear how I will talk in Washington with no teeth."

This Smeeth he was not a bad fellow. Tall Man gave himself to the jolting of the car and fell into a dreamy silence.

## STOCK AND LIVESTOCK

*Ina Sizer Cassidy*

**“H**OW'D I CUM to lose my ranch?” Tex asked me. “Why, by tryin’ to deal in stock I didn’t know nothin’ about, kid.

“Here I was settin pritty, two thousand acres a good ranch land an about foura five hundred blooded cattle, sellin bulls for breedin, all I could raise, an fer high prîces, too, an here comes a feller from the east, a Doctor on vacation from New York City atellin me about other kinds a stock which he was makin oodles a money buyin and sellin an me layin there crippled up like a damn yahoo, listenin to him.”

“Crippled up?” I asked.

“Yes, it was like this. You see, I’d been out chasin some stock that mornin an that doggone cayuse a mine stepped plum up to his knees in a prarie dog hole, and there we was pinned down flat. Somethin sure oughta be done about them dog holes, with all this Government work goin on, fill em up or somethin. They’s dangerous to humanity. Well, in gettin out from under that horse, I’d cleared my stirrups as he fell, an was crawlin out myself; then that horse o mine he just bumped his rump agin my back and plum busted a couple o ribs for me, and there I was writhin like a wounded rattlesnake when the Doctor comes ridin by. He’d been fer what he called his ‘constitootoonshunal,’ but I called it jest ridin over the hills, an he took me to the hospital at Vegas, an was kinda lookin after me.

“It was just at that time that he got me buyin this ‘stock’ a his in New York. Course I was a fool. I know that now, but I didn’t then. Me a buyin *paper* stock when the only stock I ever knowed anything about was covered with hair and had legs on four corners. Serves me right. No man’s got any business ridin another feller’s range, specially when he’s too far off to see the sights of his gun.

“So that’s the whole story. Stick to the kind of stock you know, young man, I says.”

"What had that to do with you losing your ranch?" I wanted to know.

"What did it have to do with losin by ranch, you ask? Why everything. I took all my money to buy this here paper stock, stead a payin what I owed on my ranch. I was goin to make a clean-up on this here Doctor's stock while the makin was good — the Doc said it was a *sure* thing — then I was goin to clean up on my ranch and set purty the rest a my life.

"When them ribs of mine got hitched solid, I come out a that hospital into the bright sun, a blinkin my eyes like a toad in a hail storm, an went back to the ranch to rake in my dough. When I got there I found there want a damned bit of dough to rake in. That paper stock was all burnt up, the Doctor told me, an all my money with it. They musta had a hell of a wind storm, I told him, to blow all that into the camp fire, and he said they shore did. Well, that left me at the end of my lariat an so here I am, workin for wages on my own ranch!

"An say, what do you think the Governor done while I was layin in that hospital nursin them broken ribs? He thought he'd be nice to me. I'd gathered in a lot of votes for him; so he sent me a great big bunch of roses, jest like he'd send em to a girl friend, an he got a lot a my other friends to send me flowers, too. They was so many my room's plum filled with em, an when some a my punchers from the ranch come over to see me, they see the flowers through the open door an wouldn't come in.

"'Hell, he's dead,' they said an tiptoed right out an got drunk.

"An maybe I was, s'far's the ranch was concerned, and so I says now, Boys, stick to the kinda stock you know — don't wander away onto a strange range you don't know nothin about."



## ON AND ON

*Spud Johnson*

### On the House Across the Creek

**T**HE GONZALES HOUSE was long and low and old. All of these qualities were somehow accentuated by the charming narrow portal, upheld by slender, unadorned posts, which extended along its entire front. The inner wall was whitewashed but this, in the shadow, was only a little lighter than the tierra blanca of the outer walls. A scattered row of dark Lombardy poplars grew in front, an orchard of ancient apple trees alongside, and above it the Truchas Peaks rose pale as ghosts in the blue sky.

I didn't know the family, but there were two great hulking sons, another yet-to-grow-hulking son, and a little witch of a mother — all of them completely poker-faced and somewhat sinister.

Seen from across my own front yard and through the big cottonwoods and willows that lined the stream and the country road that separated us, the house was a picture that I cherished and the Gonzales family were merely shadows that moved against it — menacingly. Or perhaps I only think that now, after what has happened.

One day the picture changed, and all of our lives changed with it. But so gently at first that no one suspected a thing. Just a few men in khaki breeches with tripods and stakes and lines and those delicate fiendish instruments that surveyors use. Followed, of course, by bulldozers and crews of men, trucks, teams, foremen, and pandemonium.

My shady grass plot under the big trees by the tiny river was piled with gravel. All the willows and cottonwoods on the side next the road were mercilessly butchered. A whole triangular corner of my property was hacked off as though it were a gangrenous leg. Cement mixers shattered the quiet days and a long concrete bridge soon spanned and practically annihilated the rural brook — and there was my precious

hide-out exposed and violated by a black-topped, straight-as-an-arrow Military Highway.

My house? How selfish of me; the whole village was desecrated, blown apart as by a bomb. My neighbors to the west were completely obliterated. Automobiles, trucks, and motorbuses have rushed for so many seasons now over the spot where those houses stood, that already I have almost forgotten what they looked like or who lived in them.

The Gonzales house was untouched, and there was certainly no reason why that lovely row of poplars should disappear; but one day I came home and they were gone. So was the charming portal. Perhaps, already, that graceful row of pillars was firewood, I thought with dismay. The Truchas Peaks were still there, serene in the sky, but the foreground, as though a throat had been cut, was ugly and ruined.

All that summer I planted trees, dozens of them, much too close together; and carried buckets of water night and morning, practically feeding them by hand, to heal the scar, to hide the ravages of Progress.

They grew all right, and now they are so big that every spring the telephone company sends a crew of men to lop off their tops, which, it seems, endanger the gossip between Taos and Arroyo Hondo.

But even so they have never completely hidden the degradation that has come upon the Gonzales house. The poplars were razed so that cars could park; the portal was erased presumably so that drunks could weave to and from the doors without mishap, alas. It is a barroom and dance hall. There is a juke box.

The first Saturday night brawl in the new saloon was held when my new trees were fragile twigs and when I thought disconsolately that they would probably never be more than a mere hedge. So on Monday morning a crew of workmen arrived to build a stone wall: the wall that was to have so many hundreds of whiskey and beer bottles hurled at it, but which nevertheless protected the baby forest I had planted, and which now is mercifully hidden in the verdure it helped to shield.

I went into the house and closed the door to wait for the wall to rise and the trees to grow, and to forget the Gonzales' perfidy until the next Saturday night.

But it was not as simple as that. In ten minutes one of the workmen was at the door, trowel in hand, his face gleaming with sweat and excitement. Would I please telephone for a lawyer.

A lawyer?

The story came out fast. Joe and Abenicio, the two older Gonzales

brothers who had converted their delightful ancestral home into a public house, exiling their witch-like mother and younger brother to a hovel in the back yard, had been spending a happy Monday morning counting the ill-gotten gains from their first rowdy week end. Inevitably a quarrel ensued. Dividing the spoils was apparently not just simple arithmetic. To change a decimal point, José had neatly clipped Abenicio over the head with a beer bottle.

A lawyer, indeed!

But that wasn't all. Abenicio had gone quietly out to the hovel in the back yard, ignoring brother Rafael, who was bringing in a bucket of water, and witch Lucia, who was mumbling over her cauldron in the kitchen. He got his gun out of his bureau drawer, calmly walked back to the brand new bar, and shot brother Joe plunk in the abdomen.

A lawyer. Yes, Joe wasn't dead and he wanted a lawyer at once.

I went to the phone and called a doctor. Then I phoned the undertaker, whose hearse is also the ambulance. After that I sent for the county sheriff. And then, just to be a really good neighbor, I called a lawyer. They all came. And eventually my workmen went back to building my stone wall, with much more zest and considerably more talk.

It was with a decidedly cheerful spirit that I called on Joe in the hospital next day. I was prepared to send flowers to the funeral and even contemplated some kind of cheerful present for Abenicio when he should be comfortably ensconced in the penitentiary.

But the movies and dime novels had let me down again. None of this happened. Joe smiled at me wryly and suspiciously from his bed in the hospital, looking as though the bullet didn't hurt him half as much as my veiled pleasure. He was up and home in a week. Abenicio didn't, as far as I know, even go to the local jail. And after another week or so, both brothers were again running their joint in apparent amity.

The trees grew; it *was* convenient having a paved road to my door; and the pain from the lopped-off limb of land gradually eased. I got accustomed to my slightly restricted acreage, took to wearing wax ear-stops on Saturday nights, and spent as many week ends as possible away from home.

It became a habit, instead of just an irritation, calling the State Police or the sheriff whenever some goon parked in my driveway so that I couldn't get into my own garage, or when friends who had spent

the evening with me couldn't leave. Or when drunken drivers plunged off the road down the embankment into the river. My telephone, being the only one in the village at the time, was obviously there principally to report tavern trouble.

Abenicio was always surly and unfriendly, but Joe and I settled down into a kind of armed truce, broken occasionally by bitter wrangles. He even did me a "good turn" once, which almost cost me the good will of all my other neighbors.

My house was broken into and my typewriter stolen. The police poked around gingerly but nothing happened. Then one day Joe came over and told me that one of the youngsters in the village had been trying to sell a typewriter, which seemed highly suspicious. That night, he got the lad drunk and he confessed—not only to Joe, but later, tearfully, to me. I said: "Fine. Return the typewriter and the incident is closed."

But Joe, suddenly very virtuous indeed, had meantime told the police, and one boy after another, tattling under pressure, presently involved practically every teen-ager in the town. A gang. And, naturally, in self-defense, all the parents ganged up on me.

It was a ticklish situation. Obviously the kids weren't really bad: just the usual adolescents seeking excitement. But the typewriter, having been buried out in a field when the Law began to snoop, was a considerable wreck when dug up. Even having the parents chip in on a new typewriter didn't seem to solve the problem of punishing the culprits; and certainly I had no wish to send even the ringleader to a reform school or have any of their families suffer the ignominy of a public trial or hearing.

A young friend of mine from New York solved the question brilliantly. At a private conclave with parents and Justice of the Peace, he suggested that the boys, all of them, be sentenced to work for me every Saturday for the remainder of the school year. A sort of private chain gang. No public stigma attached to it, yet a real punishment for the boys, and real dollars-and-cents remuneration to me. The parents were delighted, and my stock in the community rose perceptibly.

But of course Joe took the credit, loudly reminding me what a good friend he was to me, whenever I complained about his lousy bar—which of course went right on aiding and abetting juvenile delinquency with the greatest possible efficiency.

And so the trees grew tall and the boys grew tall. The trees got

their annual pruning from the telephone company, and the boys got drafted into the Army and Navy and were scattered over the earth as heroes. Joe and Abenicio went right on selling bad liquor just as though nothing were happening in the world. Joe got married and Abenicio got more sullen and their mother got more witch-like and their younger brother grew up and started a grocery store next door.

One day, a year or so later, while I was on a protracted "vacation," I was sitting out in the morning sun on the terrace of a little house in California. I was having my second cup of coffee when the postman came by. Among my letters was last week's home town paper. Idly I glanced down the columns. Dr. Muller was on his vacation. Mrs. Gribbroek was in town for a few days getting her house ready to rent. The Eastern Star had held a Convocation or something. Betty Lou had reopened her beauty shoppe. And Judge Taylor was in town holding the June term of court. He had sentenced a man named Atencio to the penitentiary for killing his son-in-law, whose name was Gonzales. . . .

Good heavens, it was Joe! His father-in-law had shot him dead; and I hadn't, after all, sent flowers to the funeral.

Again my hopes rose. Was this the end of my trial by juke box and bottle?

I don't know what ever happened to Abenicio. He had disappeared by the time I got home. Maybe he died of sullenness. But now baby brother Rafael runs the bar and dance hall, which is louder and rowdier than ever; and witch-mother Lucia has a new black dress and sometimes she even gets to ride to town in Rafael's car, instead of walking.



## POETRY

### A TRANSLATION AND ELEVEN EPIGRAMS

AN OLD ACTOR ADDRESSES JULIUS CAESAR

*Translated from the Latin of Decimus Laberius*

Necessity, the impact of whose sidelong course  
Many attempt to escape and only few succeed,  
Whither have you thrust down, almost to his wits' ends,  
Him whom flattery, whom never bribery  
Could in his youth avail to shake him from his stand?  
But see how easily an old man slips, and shows, —  
Moved by the clemency of this most excellent man—,  
Calm and complaisant, a submissive, fawning speech!  
Yet naught to a conqueror could the gods themselves deny,  
And who then would permit one man to say him nay?  
I who existed sixty long years without stain,  
A Roman Knight who went from his paternal gods,  
Now return home a mime. And certainly today  
I've lived out one more day than I should have lived.  
Fortune, unrestrained in prosperity and ill,  
Were it your pleasure with the lure and praise of letters  
To shatter the very summit of my good name,  
Why when I prospered, when my limbs were green with youth,  
When I could satisfy an audience and such a man,  
Did you not bend my suppleness and spit on me?  
Now you cast me? Whither? What brought I to the stage?  
The ornament of beauty, dignity of flesh,  
Fire of the spirit, the music of a pleasing voice?  
As twining ivy kills the stout heart of the tree,  
So has senility in time's embrace destroyed me  
And like a sepulchre I keep only a name.

EPIGRAMS

1. *A is A: Monism Refuted*  
The monist who reduced the swarm  
Of being to a single form,  
Emptying the Universe for fun,  
Required two A's to think them one.
2.  
Death in this music dwells. I cease to be  
In this attentive, taut passivity.
3.  
He weeps and sleeps with Dido, calls him cad  
Who followed God, and finds real Didos bad.
4.  
Silence is noisome, but the loud logician  
Raises more problems by their definition.  
Hence let your discourse be a murmured charm  
And so ambiguous none hears its harm.
5. *History of Ideas*  
God is love. Then by conversion  
Love is God, and sex conversion.
6.  
I showed some devils of a moral kind  
To a good friend who had a Freudian mind.  
Doctor, there was no need for therapy,  
I should have had myself to comfort me.
7.  
Kiss me goodbye, to whom I've only been  
Cause for uncloistered virtue, not for sin.
8.  
This is my curse. Pompous, I pray  
That you believe the things you say  
And that you live them, day by day.
9.  
Dear, my familiar hand in love's own gesture  
Gives irresponsive absence flesh and vesture.

10.

If I can't know myself it's something gained  
To help my enemy to know his sin —  
Especially since in him it's only feigned,  
For the ideal exemplar lies within.

11.

Action is memoir: you may read my story  
Even in pure thought — scandal in allegory.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM

### THE ECHO

When aping parrots cease their ceaseless chatter  
And folded in their sleep are gravely borne  
Upon the Piper's horn, ah then shall weep  
The pale unsad and nothing else will matter.  
The lamentations over truth will measure  
And hands like shadows fail to hold or save  
One morsel from the grave, one sweet travail;

And fall, attenuated by the strings  
Of soft denouement, lowly, woe as breath  
In quiet after-death, defeated wholly.  
Come Audience, the belfry murmurings  
Portend a jubilee: the man is dead —  
In death is comforted, divorced and free  
Of yes my dear and no my love's displeasure.

CLARENCE ALVA POWELL

### CAMOUFLAGE

A myriad sparrows twitter under the grey  
Sky of the snowless, bright December day.  
The last brown leaves from the white sycamore,  
Falling among them, seem to add a score  
Of brown birds hopping on the winter grass—  
Ash-colored, withered as the days that pass—  
And a dead leaf blown by the wind might be  
A living sparrow flying near the tree.

IRMA WASSALL



NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW  
TWO POEMS

AFTER-LETTER

An apparition rakes the letter slot  
And slips a wafer-shock into the room,  
Where smarting, pain-dulled eyes partake of what  
Now resurrects the body of his doom:  
A pen-and-ink spendthrift that speaks his hand,  
And singularly lines the name you bear;—  
His thoughts, filed into miles to countermand  
The habits of a world he could not share.

You might restore the paper pulse, or tie  
The broken veins of longing with pretense;  
But hands know not their uses where they lie  
In acquiescence to man's violence.  
Go, seal the casket of catastrophe,  
And lock his life, and put the key away!

DIDACTIC IN DEFENSE OF A MODERN POET

Admit the boldness of his verse if good:  
The manifest divine in man is brave  
Before his kind; a proper livelihood  
Depends on courage. If man misbehave  
The crime is cried upon the just degree  
Of intellect. And if the word aborts  
Within the image, still the force will be  
The shock that works carthetic in your hearts.

But probe too deeply into the line's eye,  
And you will even vivisect his vision,—  
The dream dissector being but the shy  
Possessor of the buried inhibition.  
Analysis may work the patient's cure:  
Physicians' own diseases are obscure.

IRENE BRUCE

## TWO POEMS

### THE KEENEST SONG

The keenest song will shake the ear  
past the wax behind the lobe,  
past the hurt of Mother's probe,—  
Tomorrow memory will steer  
the child from unlived days to what is here.

Remember song you heard when young?  
The cheerful note (but not too gay)  
that damped the dusty wind of day. . . .  
And in the song an alien tongue.  
And on a cross of joy the pain was hung.

### THE SIN OF PATIENCE

A girl too certain of my life,  
She waits, runs slow, to be my wife.

The dark blood shatters in the head,  
A post is missing from my bed.

Praise slipping hands, slow ecstasy,  
and damn her hands when slipping free.

The end of laugh is empty lung,  
The end of coy is bitter tongue,  
Like end of bee when it has stung. . . .

Her arms are crossed at me.

HERB GOLD

### JEREMIAH

In the ash grey dawn the burned Temple smoldered,  
The enemy had loosed his terror like a landslide  
And cast the vitals to the whitening skies  
And laughed with sardonic laughter. Sword in children's eyes.

But I, who warned the hills and woods  
 Of the mounting wrath in the Everlasting,  
 Sat stunned near pools of blood  
 And thought how low the citadel has fallen,  
 That Israel tied foot and hand, degraded  
 Should become like a harlot sitting at the roadside  
 Till my mind grew delirious and heart ignorant  
 Of the Almighty  
 And I began to rage and stamp with angry feet  
 O Israel, my Israel, I cried  
 For the love of whom I wasted  
 And rotted in the filthy pit.

JUDAH M. TURKAT

### SPINOZA

(1632 - 1932)

Brooding upon life's dark geometry,  
     He saw, not chaos, but an ordered plan  
     Where line on line in luminous beauty ran,  
 Precise as death, instinct with deity;  
 And yet the soul, beyond pure logic free,  
     He could not sever from the fate of man,  
     Nor could he solve (but there each line began)  
 The subtle theorem of mortality.

Spirit, curved upward from the finite clay,  
     Strove with its tangent destiny, to find  
 The parallels of need and nature lay  
     Across the brave parabola of mind:  
 He could not choose between that Yea and Nay,  
 Nor last "Quod erat demonstrandum" say.

L. R. LIND

### POMEGRANATES

Hard pomegranates split wide,  
 you yield excess of seeds  
 like sovereign brows whose deeds  
 of thought have burst them quite.

If suns you long withstood,  
o bright fruit gaping wide,  
so filled, so swelled your pride,  
your bins of rubies flood,

and if dry gold of skin  
at word of force within  
bleeds in gems of juices,

this rupture, clear and pure,  
my soul to dream induces  
of her secret architecture.

PAUL VALÉRY

Translated by HERMAN SALINGER

### BLACK CAT

A phantom still is something like a place  
against which your glance strikes with a sound;  
but here on this black fur in shadowed space  
your most intense fathoming gaze is drowned:

as a maniac, when he is in full  
frenzy, into blackness stamps, and then  
abruptly in the deadened padded cell  
the fury ceases — dies away — is gone.

All glances that upon her fall she keeps  
within herself, to hide thus and to hold,  
over them threatening, annoyed at last  
shivering — and then — and then she sleeps.  
But turning suddenly as if awaked,  
her face directly fronts upon your own:  
and there you meet your own glance in the gold  
amber of her widened round eye-stone  
unexpectedly again: enclosed, held fast,  
like an insect long ago extinct.

RAINER MARIA RILKE

Translated by JESSIE LEMONT

## PRIMORDIAL CURSE

As mountains hang in the air over a city,  
 Blotting the dark, bleeding the water-color  
 Wash at sun-set,  
 The Himalayas of childhood  
 Lift a red rhododendron heaven  
 Vertical over every Roncevalles.

Those hills were the first home of his longing,  
 Where great exotic apples, eaten by forest-fire,  
 Terraced to a brook  
 That leaked the eternal snow;  
 And a red insect moving across a stone  
 Died when he touched it with his finger.

Such was the first death, on a wide slab of stone,  
 In the tropic sun, between the world's heaviest rains.  
 When the insect died  
 The mountains never quivered.  
 He circled the world westward from the Himalayas.  
 Twice a finger stooped and touched him lightly:

Once in the private pass, where time and again  
 The horn blew forlorn and no one came.  
 This we expect:  
 The private expulsion from the garden,  
 Or the rending cry prepared by uneven odds  
 When the fool is self-sufficient in his folly.

This we expect and extricate, limp and glad,  
 A morning of blood; the recent clamor frozen  
 In peaks of silence;  
 Friends dead in a circle;  
 But the Christians had right and the pagans wrong  
 And an evil sword shall not be grasped by me.

When the finger touched him again, afternoon  
 Wavered in the valley, though the mountains stood still  
 With a loving shadow

In which the forests slumbered.  
 Traveling birds kept their usual distance.  
 Suddenly the black apples had never been green.  
 Suddenly snowview and the buttercup rill spouting  
 Through the child's looped finger curled black  
 Like a scorched picture,  
 Where now the pitiful apples,  
 That always bloomed in a mystic smell of pines,  
 Fell to that forest fire before he was born.  
 Touch of a finger and Nanda Devi crumbled.  
 Foul treason, no longer an episode, burned  
 The cold cisterns  
 Before they reached the valleys.  
 Only the birds take the long journey  
 To find a small grave, a blackened hill.

JOHN THEOBALD

## MORNING LIGHT

## I: AFTER LOVE

. . . And then the quiet, then the sound,  
 As of dark serpents underground:  
 Two breathings loud against the glare  
 Of naked bulb, clothes-tumbled chair.  
 And then, oh then the desperate dawn:  
 Day's golden teeth, day's yellow yawn.

## II: FUGITIVE

Abed he lies, the midnight raper,  
 The jackanapes, the lone escaper;  
 Hands innocent above the quilt,  
 (The sin without the sinner's guilt.)  
 The fellow lies in passive state,  
 His limbs arranged as cold as hate,  
 His body lost, he hopes, in fate,  
 Till dawn strikes like the morning paper.

JOSEPH CHERWINSKI

## NYTIS LODGE: THE ADIRONDACKS

Each breeze that cracks this placid glass of lake  
 Removes its spidered years. Here, rotund speech  
 Reverberates once more against the rafters.  
 Old smiles are immortelle, by summer eaten.  
 That some were happy here concerns me closely:  
 I shall unknot the stocking's hoard of time.

This generation, grave and kind and debonair,  
 Fitted these stubborn joists from careful lives.  
 Such builders never die. I know them well:  
 Charged with grace, their tall and stately days  
 Were wound in punctual clocks whose slow release  
 Uncoiled brief pleasure with a lazy yawn.

Now that the worms have girdled every beam,  
 I must be brief. Tale to rehearse with laughter:  
 How one dull heir to infinite allowance  
 Shook off the fiber of decorum's mesh  
 But found new bondage in a woman's lips  
 When stars eluded day above the pines.

Hands that burned these mottoes in the wall  
 Grasped stiff reality and moral flames.  
 No flippancy of mine outstares stern truth  
 More staunchly than the wise, embedded words,  
 And dust, a sermon shorter than a book,  
 Lies in the couch of reason it absolved.

Faint mice will run a crooked mile of rooms  
 Yet not devour the clear and wordless title  
 Woven in contemplation at the hearth.  
 Time lifts its casual skirts, attempts the stairs,  
 And mounts security with rhythmic tread  
 Toward cool chambers alien to regret.

LAWRENCE PERRY SPINGARN

DEATH ON A STRICKEN FIELD

Mud enshrined  
*dust thou art*  
mud was his home now  
and the grass was mud too  
since the howitzers passed here  
and the tanks  
and the heavy weary feet  
which had relinquished again  
all they had ever gained  
all, but the blood and the sorrow

Mud was his home now  
hunched and sprawled  
where the sniper left him

And all his cocky arrogance  
and all his proud boast  
gone too.

These fled faster even  
than the general staff did  
faster faster than the guns  
the motorized units  
and the frightened foot troops

Only pity stayed  
keeping his side  
pity in every fold of flesh  
slack as his lifeless garments  
pity only  
and the diffident mud

And terror  
terror stayed by his side too  
there on the drenched shore

And when his comrades found him  
these two still at his side  
those who hated him wept  
and those who loved him fled.

J. C. CREWS



## TERRESTRIAL HEADACHE

(From an American Indian sacred story)

"Old Woman at the egress of this world,  
I stand within your lodge, and I would eat."  
"Grandson, here is rice." Her whisper purled  
Across the kettle, and the rice was sweet.

"Old Woman, I have eaten and am filled  
Beyond the hunger of this life," I said,  
"And now that all the clamorous want is stilled,  
I bear a pain within my body's head."

"But I will cup it, child." Her ancient hands  
Broke the skull as gently as the rains  
Break the surface of the arid lands,  
And her pale fingers took the troubled brains.

"Now you may go," said she, "nor longer care  
If crystal guards the House of Dawn, or not,  
For you are clean of earth, and spirit-bare."  
I journeyed on, with all the world forgot.

GEMMA D'AURIA

## FOR THE UNKNOWN SAILOR

Weave a wreath of seaweed,  
And knot the fronds with shells.  
Leave the airbulbs swinging  
Like tolling searock bells.

Throw it out at midnight  
To join the undertow.  
Tides will know the tombless  
As neither friend nor foe.

E. MICHAEL WILKINS

SONNET

Feliciano loves me constantly;  
Lisardo hates me, who his name adore.  
For the indifferent one my tears will pour.  
I have no taste for him who weeps for me.  
To those who tarnish most I give my soul;  
The would-be worshippers I but despise.  
I scorn the man who would my honor prize,  
And favor him who goes away heart-whole.  
If I reproach myself with slighting one,  
The other takes offense at my misdeed.  
Between the two I finally am undone.  
They vex me with a torment cruel indeed,  
The one in asking that of which I've none,  
The other lacking that for which I plead.

SOR JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ

Translated by PAULINE COOK

THE CALL

Those who know that they know not,  
The equally bewildered,  
The voice parrots in a cage  
Speaking for the word  
By a word that will do.

I am, and you,  
With unneighbored house,  
With scattering children,  
With peopled prejudice,  
Possessed of the illness, not the cure,  
The malady visited upon all.

And when the day,  
It is not far off,  
Comes,  
That the flow in me shall cease away,  
Winds blow over me like sand,

And I sad of a sorrow,  
 Be it not sorriness of barrenness,  
 The feared ungiving.

Know enough to know,  
 That not fear of a bomb,  
 Fear is.

The unsaid fear is,  
 And death is.  
 But not life in the womb  
 As the freight of birds in sky,  
 As the dead,  
 Unsaid;  
 By death living.

MARCIA NICHOLS HOLDEN

### HUNTER AT HOME

In winter let the hunting mind  
 Abandon field and grange  
 To build a wall around the wind,  
 The darkness and the strange.  
 His fire shall fill the shadows out,  
 His watchful dog shall growl  
 To hush the chitter of the bat,  
 The fluting of the owl.

DOROTHY ALYEA

### NO DECIA PALABRAS

I wasn't saying words,  
 I was only bringing near a questioning body,  
 Because I didn't know that desire is a question  
 Whose answer does not exist,  
 A leaf whose branch does not exist,  
 A world whose sky does not exist.

Anguish expands gently among the bones,  
Goes up through the veins  
Until it spreads on the skin,  
Dream fountains  
Made flesh in a question returned to the clouds.  
A contact in passing,  
A fleeting glance among shadows  
Are enough to cause the body to cleave in two  
And to receive into itself  
Another body that dreams;  
Half and half, dream and dream, flesh and flesh  
Alike in the face, alike in love, alike in desire,  
Although it be only a hope,  
Because desire is a question whose answer  
Nobody knows.

LUIS CERNUDA  
Translated by LEE GILBERT

## A REVIEW OF SOME CURRENT POETRY

*Little Friend, Little Friend*, by Randall Jarrell. New York: Dial Press, 1945. \$2.00.

*War and the Poet: an Anthology of Poetry Expressing Man's Attitudes to War from Ancient Times to the Present*, edited by Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman. New York: The Devin-Adair Company, 1945. \$3.00.

*Poems*, by Franz Werfel; translated by Edith Abercrombie Snow. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1945. \$2.00.

*The Grist Mill*, by Haniel Long. Santa Fe: The Rydal Press, 1945. \$1.50.

*Eleven Lady-Lyrics and Other Poems*, by Fray Angelico Chavez. Paterson: St. Anthony Guild Press, 1945. \$1.25.

*The Cloth of the Flesh*, by Seán Jennett. London: Faber and Faber, Ltd., 1945. 6s.

*The Song of Lazarus*, by Alex Comfort. New York: The Viking Press, 1945. \$1.75.

*A Man Against Time: an Heroic Dream*, by William Ellery Leonard. New York and London: D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc., 1945. \$2.00.

*A Season in Hell*, by Arthur Rimbaud; translated by Louise Varèse. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, The New Classics Series, 1945. \$1.00.

*In Brief*, by George Hedley. Oakland, California: The Eucalyptus Press, Mills College, 1945. \$1.50.

*Brief Enterprise*, by Alice Monks Mears. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1945. \$2.00.

*The Constant Mistress*, by Tom Boggs. Baltimore: Contemporary Poetry, 1945. \$2.50.

*Selected Poems*, by Marsden Hartley, edited and introduced by Henry W. Wells. New York: The Viking Press, 1945. \$3.00.

Randall Jarrell's *Little Friend, Little Friend* ranks with Karl Shapiro's *V-Letter* as one of the two best books of poems by American soldier-poets I know of to come from the war. In the volume there is great violence of word and image, as if Jarrell said "God damn, God damn" under his breath as he wrote, feeling a nearly voiceless anger; as if the words had some existence which caused him to use them like enemies in the vague direction of his anger. With this violence we naturally expect to find the ineffectual firecracker:

Yet inside the infallible invulnerable  
Machines, the skin of steel, glass, cartridges,  
Duties, responsibility, and—surely—deaths,  
There was only you; the ignorant life  
That grew its weariness and loneliness and wishes  
Into your whole wish: "Let it be the way it was.  
Let me not matter, let nothing I do matter  
To anybody, anybody. Let me be what I was."

But we have in return such fine poems as "2nd Air Force," "A Pilot from the Carrier," "Mother, Said the Child," "The Carnegie Library, Juvenile Division," "The Difficult Resolution," and a scattering of poems in the last fourth of the book. They are a fine achievement and surely worth a fifth or sixth of the space in the last section of Eberhart and Rodman's anthology of war poems; instead, they are represented by a single short poem of extreme interest in violence, "The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner," of which the last line is "When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose." Jarrell's poems frequently extend more than a page; so I shall quote only the last stanza of one, "The Soldier Walks Under the Trees of the University":

When will the boughs break blazing from these trees,  
 The darkened walls float heavenward like soot?  
 The days when men say: "Where we look is fire—  
 The iron branches flower in my veins"?  
 In that night even to be rich is difficult,  
 The world is something even books believe,  
 The bombs fall all year long among the states,  
 And the blood is black upon the unturned leaves.

Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman have edited a topical anthology. On the dust jacket the publishers call it "a comprehensive anthology of the world's great war poetry." On the title page, the editors call it "an anthology of poetry expressing man's attitudes to war from ancient times to the present." The editors state the function of the anthology more accurately than do the publishers. Their definition of scope is naturally quite inclusive and quite justifiably includes work by both combatants and non-combatants. And Rodman in his introduction, at least, makes out a good case for the historical "transition in war poetry from the action level to the psychological level." I do not know that the selections support him any more than a selection of poems on almost any topic, and that is slightly. The essentially topical nature of the book may be shown by reversing the field, so to speak, and thinking, say, of an anthology of love poems to show the impact of war upon love. Or one might take the point of view that war is a part of the consciousness of modern living and thus select an anthology of modern poems to demonstrate, in a sense, that there are no non-war poems.

Aside from an irony directed at the conception of the anthology, one must make one other reservation about the book—on selections. A critic must grant the editors the licenses of their taste and not quibble because a favorite poem happened to be left out, but he can quibble about effort. In his introduction Eberhart remarks: "Such a history must give editors pause in their selections of the poets of this war. It is conceivable that those now considered excellent will suffer a diminution of their excellence in the perspective of the future, while writers either little recorded and regarded now, or not known at all, may duplicate a career like Rosenberg's." The difficulty is that the editors, even though aware of this pitfall, have selected very obviously among contemporaries and have made no extended effort to pry about a bit to see if their taste might recognize poems and poets not popularly recognized. There was a number of such poems and

poets, I should like to assure them. Trading upon the fairly well recognized is the privilege of the anthologist, but it is a vicious privilege of men of the critical consciousness of Eberhart and Rodman.

In the end the anthology, as with any anthology which does not have a productive thesis or theme, is valuable for giving us pieces we might otherwise miss. Eberhart and Rodman have done much of this. Adding to these pieces the mild historical interest, one feels the anthology is indeed worth having.

I believe that Franz Werfel was right in thinking that his poems might well outlast his prose. The manner of the poems may be indicated broadly by saying that they occupy a relation to the poems of Rilke about the same as the relation of Werfel's prose to the prose of Kafka. The poems are usually traditional, sometimes romantic, occasionally strong in this manner, as in such a fine poem as "Autumn Song." I think Werfel was very happy in his translator, Edith Abercrombie Snow, for the translations come through as good English poems more than any translations I have seen for a long time. I value the book highly.

Two new books by New Mexican poets are *The Grist Mill*, by Haniel Long, and *Eleven Lady-Lyrics*, by Fray Angelico Chavez. In his book Haniel Long shows his versatility, for here we have mainly occasional poems. Most of these are very fine. I especially admire "In Memoriam: H. C.," "Prairie Lark," "May Your Dreams Be of the Angels," "If Our Great Fragile Cities," "On a Raft," "For Tony, Embarking in Spring," "What Is the Most Quieting?" and "Now That March Is Ending." The sensibility which informs these poems of intimate occasion is lucid, purposive, and filled with an abiding moral humanitarianism. On the other hand, I cannot feel that Fray Angelico Chavez' book is worthy of the auspicious beginning he made in his *Clothed with the Sun*. He does not get on the page even the urgency of the religious paradox, but can write simply "Before I find / What angels see, my eyes / Must first be blind." The section of lighter verse seems to me the best in the book.

Frequently I get to thinking that a great many of the younger English poets are all of a piece. A similar manner runs through one after the other: a brittle surface compounded, I suppose, of Eliot, Owen, Hopkins, and Auden; like Hemingway, beneath the brittle surface a great deal of talk about simple sentiment. The style can be indicated by a stanza from Jennett:

His flesh shall be my stone, the word he speaks  
with no matter how uncaring tongue  
my epitaph; his living hours and weeks  
my subtle and proclamant song.

The style can be duplicated quite exactly, I'm sure, in the work of a number of English poets, including some of the Apocalypse group. It is a style with considerable virtue—a sort of communal guard against extravagance of sentiment and sentimentality on the one hand and against the wilds of the momentary, unmoving, unrationalized word and image on the other. Thus one does not often see in this style the magnificent failures or the pitiful failures one observes in American verse; the poet has a tradition for writing a decent poem. But the pitfalls here

seem to be that the tradition is not so rich as is available in the history of English verse and that it is easy enough that it frequently breeds quantity, poem after poem which looks, feels, and reads much like hundreds of others. Jennett is one of the best working in this style, and his book presents an evenness of accomplishment which Jarrell's book, for example, does not touch. Yet I do not find in it any poems which can equal the few by Jarrell I have mentioned or a number of those by Haniel Long.

Alex Comfort, though, is an English poet in a different style. His is the blurred image, the incessant movement from word to word with a minimum of interest or attending. The values of Jennett's style are easily demonstrated when placed beside the style of Comfort.

One must approach William Ellery Leonard's posthumous collection with misgiving. A group of sonnets about the love between a man of fifty-seven and a woman of twenty-four! The irony available is tremendous. But strangely enough it is in the poems dealing most closely with the themes of physical love, in the third section, that Leonard does some of the best work. Leonard's sensibility had qualities similar to those I remarked above in Haniel Long. Leonard certainly does not rise adequately to the situation. One could hardly think of a more vulnerable one. Yet the sensibility is there in the poems, and at times one reads the efforts with real admiration.

In its New Classics Series, New Directions presents a fresh translation of Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell*, together with the French text. It is, simply, one of the necessary books for an understanding of the symbolist movement and of the influence of that movement on more recent poetry. *In Brief* contains more than fifty very short poems by George Hedley. Hedley does not write with enough concentration for a fine epigrammatic style such as, for example, the readers of this journal have been able to enjoy in the epigrams of J. V. Cunningham. Hedley's poems are thin but occasionally pleasing in a small turn of phrase.

*Brief Enterprise* is the 1945 annual book award of the League to Support Poetry, the publishing of this annual volume now being done by Dutton's. Aside from Ted Olson's volume, Mrs. Mears presents the best book in the series. The League has chosen to take books of relatively little profundity in conception or ability, but Mrs. Mears' volume moves more in that direction than do most of the League's selections. It is an advance I am happy to see, although I do not feel that there is any considerable success in *Brief Enterprise*. The poems by Tom Boggs are mainly in what might be called the song tradition, one we normally have to go back to Blake or to the Elizabethans to distinguish at all clearly from another tradition of poetry. In this volume I like "Song" and one or two others. But apparently Boggs commits the error of identifying the song tradition with lack of intensity and a poorly managed metrics. The result too frequently is a poem moving at a low threshold of interest. The posthumous volume of poems by the painter Marsden Hartley shows little to give him a reputation in poetry comparable to the one he holds in painting. The poems are basically good notes for poems but do not often move toward thematic movement and the integration of poetry.

ALAN SWALLOW



## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Rebirth of Liberal Education*, by Fred B. Millett. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1945. \$2.00.

If the problems of reconversion in education are not solved adequately, the failure will not be due to any lack of surveys and analyses of its past record, present difficulties, and future responsibilities. Less ambitious than the Harvard report, Professor Millett's *Rebirth of Liberal Education* is no less stimulating. Sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation, this study is the outcome of visits to several institutions of higher learning (Reed, Scripps, Sarah Lawrence, Vassar, Bennington, Hamilton, Cornell, Michigan, Chicago, Iowa, California, Stanford, Colorado, Vanderbilt, Princeton, and Colgate), where the author talked with a great variety of people and, in the course of his interviewing, clarified his own thoughts on contemporary education in the humanities. Though the book is necessarily expository and much concerned with the methods and functioning of the various plans, it succeeds admirably in avoiding the cant of much academic writing about educational affairs.

The book opens with a severe indictment of the scientific method as applied to humanistic studies; it is this method, according to Mr. Millett, which accounts for the decline of the humanities in our day. Then follow three chapters dealing with the experimental programs in the colleges and universities cited, experimentation in the techniques of teaching, and the personnel in the humanities, respectively. The fifth and final chapter, perhaps the most suggestive of the five, is concerned with the future of the humanities.

And what is the future of liberal education? It is assured, for such education is "something, like breathing, without which life cannot go on. Liberal education is not something that can be laid on the shelf for five or ten years of a world war. . . . Any complete cessation in liberal education would mean a kind of death for our civilization." What is the factor which the humanities possess in common? Their mutual concern with values. The sciences and the social sciences of course are also concerned with values but, Mr. Millett reminds us, "It is possible and necessary to contend that the disciplines represent a scale of values, and that the humanities are unequivocally at the top of that scale." Among the humanistic subjects philosophy is given the central position because

it alone "can furnish that systematic investigation of values that will insure the proper and healthy emphasis on all the subjects in the liberal arts curriculum." Like many contemporary critics, the author gives scant mention to religion; it is disappointing to hear the constant chatter about values on the part of many critics and at the same time to note their almost complete neglect of the one discipline most comprehensively concerned with humane values.

*The Rebirth of Liberal Education* provides no pat formula to assure the future of the humanities. It does, however, synthesize much useful information and offer a good deal of intelligent criticism. It is a highly competent contribution to the perennial discussion of liberal education.

THOMAS A. KIRBY

*A Texan in England*, by J. Frank Dobie. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1945. \$2.50.

It is a long hop, in a multitude of ways, from the rough, grassy plains of Texas to velvet lawns sloping gently to the River Cam. That was the jump taken by J. Frank Dobie, cowboy professor of the University of Texas, when he went to Cambridge to accept the newly established Professorship of American History. On being invited to the post, Dobie explained that his knowledge of history "consisted mainly of facts relating to the length of the horns of Longhorn steers . . . the duels Jim Bowie fought with his knife . . . the location of the Lost Adams Diggings . . . and what, in general, the Southwest was like before 'bob wire played hell with it.'" Henry Steele Commager of Columbia University, the inviter, replied that it didn't matter since the students couldn't get out of his classes anyway; so Mr. Dobie flew to England.

*A Texan in England* is the inevitable product of Professor Dobie's year's experiences there. He explains that he didn't originally intend to write a book and that this one, therefore, was born "without malice aforethought." But what writer could resist jotting down his thoughts on the differences between university students in England and America, the bone-chilling damp of ancient beautiful buildings, the charms of an English spring, buzz bombs over the Gardens of Kew? It is out of such intimate, chatty material that *A Texan in England* is woven.

There is no doubt that Mr. Dobie saw England through a golden mist of words—the words of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Shelley and Burns and Wordsworth and all the others. He devotes a chapter to proving that "half of what is interesting and beautiful lies in accreted memories." Incidentally, perhaps subconsciously, he is explaining his own attitude toward everything English. In the opinion of this reviewer, however, the author's sincerity, his glowing enthusiasm, and his innate kindness more than compensate for his over-reverential treatment of his subject. In addition, *A Texan in England* contains a good deal of beautiful writing.

I defy anyone to read certain passages describing the spring in England or the searchlights conducting returning planes across the sky without a little thrill at their perfection.

THELMA CAMPBELL

*The Cherokee Strip: an Oklahoma Boyhood*, by Marquis James. New York: The Viking Press, 1945. \$3.00.

"It dripped human nature—acquainted you with characters whose counterparts could be found in any town." So Marquis James describes the personal column of the *Atchison Globe*, but he might as well have been describing his own book, *The Cherokee Strip*. Writing in the delightfully simple and breezy style which marks him as an old-time columnist on a country newspaper, James takes the reader back through his boyhood years in the zooming land of the Cherokee Strip, "a world populated by settlers, fringed with cowboys, stagecoach drivers, lawyers, outlaws, gamblers, saloonkeepers, store keepers, horse traders, Indians and Mexicans."

As an inquisitive lad with his long curls pinned up under his old hat, Markey first learned about the fascinations of pioneer life from Mr. Howell, an old buffalo hunter with a tongue for tall tales—"the only person," James says, "who was always doing something interesting."

The life of the boy on an Oklahoma land claim broadened when his father, a lawyer whose outlaw clients had the disconcerting habit of ending up wearing stripes, moved his family to the boom town of Enid. There Markey earned his first dimes by carrying special delivery letters to a lady known as Miss Jo. He saved money by having his hair cut at a barber college. He found out he could write poetry. And he received his first religious setback when lightning failed to strike's Enid's bad boys who gathered outside the church on prayer meeting nights to sing "Nero my dog has fleas."

Hanging around the newspaper offices he listened, pitcher-eared, to the tales of tramp printers and got the whiff of ink which has never left his nostrils: travel and newspapers—the two fascinations for the boom-town boy. At the railroad depot Markey made money by selling horny toads to travelers, and fed his grievance against Texas, whose north-bound citizens declared horny toads were not marketable commodities. Markey developed a rule of thumb by which he judged folks from the neighboring states. "Kansans were people you felt sorry for. They had such hard luck: grasshoppers, droughts, hot winds and Carrie Nation. Arkansas was a place you joked about. But Texans—they thought they owned the earth with a fence around it."

Markey's ambitions were kaleidoscopic—he wanted to be a stage driver, bear hunter, railroad brakeman, tramp printer. The most interesting chapters of the book introduce young Markey, the newspaperman. The summer he finished the eighth grade he became a reporter of personal items. Side line, the Poet's Corner. The latter was his undoing, for he

wrote a satire on the high politicians of the town, bringing the wrath of these lesser gods upon his boss's head. High school found him scooping veteran reporters, and the death of his father plunged him into a realistic world where newspaper reporting was a job and not a pastime.

*The Cherokee Strip* has that gentle melancholy touch which marks the reminiscence of a happy boyhood. For the inhabitants of today's troubled world of John L. Lewis, food shortages, and UNO it has a distinct appeal. It takes the reader back into the youth of the nation, to the days when land was still free for the taking. A man's ambition was as untrammelled as the rolling mesas. And brass spittoons, minstrel shows, revival meetings, bawdy houses, Confederate colonels, the Boys in Blue, and wooden sidewalks were growing pains of the American way of life. If the matured nation strikes the ear too harshly over the radio networks these nights, turn the dial, pick up *The Cherokee Strip*, and let Marquis James somersault you back through the years with a laugh and a nostalgic tear for the good old days.

MARGARET PAGE HOOD

*The Aztec and Maya Papermakers*, by Victor Wolfgang von Hagen; introduction by Dard Hunter; chapter by Paul C. Standley, Field Museum of Natural History, on "The American Fig Tree." Second edition. New York: J. J. Augustin, 1944. \$6.00.

The first printing of *The Aztec and Maya Papermakers* appeared in limited edition in 1943. Its make-up, illustrations, and general aesthetic appeal led to its being cited by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, and on the basis of this approbation the publishers issued a trade edition in 1944. This popular work parallels the original except for slight changes.

A short introduction by Dard Hunter, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, surveys the development of recording and illustrating ideas and sets the background for the study of papermaking in the New World. The body of the book begins with a pleasing recapitulation and abstract of Maya-Toltec-Aztec culture and the first contacts of the Aztec with Europeans. Although this section is based upon source material, von Hagen has allowed his literary talent full play. The bones of anthropological and historic fact are well disguised. Graphic accounts of everyday life during this period and the relations between Montezuma and Cortes are interesting but highly romanticized. It is definitely a popular portrayal, not a scholarly production.

The remainder of the work presents a survey of New World papermaking and the uses to which paper was put. The accounts are derived principally from historic sources, beginning with Peter Martyr and carrying through the period of Spanish exploration. The stress is upon the possible materials used in the manufacture of this commodity. Here again, the work lacks the convincing qualities inherent in scholarly publication, and scientific methodology is sacrificed to general appeal. In spite

of this limitation, however, von Hagen has succeeded in making a contribution. His book contains an excellent bibliography, is well illustrated, interesting, and should not be overlooked by specialists in the Middle American field.

W. W. HILL

*Village in The Sun*, by Dane Chandos. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1945. \$2.75.

*Mexican Village*, by Josephina Niggli. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1945. \$3.00.

*Bewitched Lands*, by Adolfo Costa du Rels. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1945. \$2.00.

*Village in the Sun* is a gentle, unpretentious little book, a round-the-calendar account of Dane Chandos' life in a Mexican village on Lake Chapala.

The endless complications involved in buying a piece of land and building a house, the day to day happenings of the temporary household he sets up meantime, provide the material, and the writer treats it with affection and a quiet humor.

The scamper of Candelaria's sneakers over the flat stones of the patio—the endless pat-pat of tortilla-making—a small child at the door anxiously clasping a warm egg in a dirty hand and inquiring, "If you don't want to buy an egg of me?"—the swish-swish of the "trapeador" which Eugenio uses to clean the patio—and the wonderful translucency of the air, "as though the world stood under a bell of polished glass" the morning after a storm—such things make the pattern of life in Ajiic.

Doña Porfiria arrives with her bolts of colored materials and a chipped yardstick, and Chandos' patio fills with servants and neighbors who dicker the morning away over magenta rayons and "long-bearded shawls."

A chick breaks his leg and immediately a slow-moving household leaps into action. Cayetano rushes in with a root. Candelaria meets him with a bowl and together they grind the root, smear the chicken's leg with cooking oil, and apply the plaster-of-Paris-like mixture. That done, Cayetano rushes off to kill another chicken for supper while Chandos inquires, "But why in the world do you kill a healthy chick and try to cure this one?"

"Ay, señor," says Candelaria with a look of horror. "With a broken leg? Break himself the leg and be killed all the same day? Ay, no, my poor little one?"

And then there are Chandos' visitors: Eliot and Verne, who have been in Mexico for three months, can't understand a word of Spanish and know all about everything; Charles with his swank luggage and air of having just left Cannes, whose presence "hung like a mist" over the household; Françoise, "hot after Mexican antiquities"; and Gudrun who asked questions of everybody she met, gave endless advice, and left everyone exhausted.

Mr. Chandos is a sensitive reporter who only occasionally departs from a smiling objectivity. But he becomes quite violent about people who think that because the Indian's time sense is different from theirs, he is lazy. "These bribbling dopes," he exclaims, "have never even tried to understand what they bribble and brabble about, doubtless because they are too busy peering bug-eyed to catch sight of flashing señoritas and *muy hombre* bullfighters, and embroidered *charros* and all the rest of the phony phooey in night-club novels about Mexico, ever to get an Indio into focus."

In spite of his usual perception, the writer now and then strikes a false note, especially when he employs what his publishers refer to as a "deft use of native idiom."

It seems to me both an arrogance and an absurdity to translate idiomatic expressions from a foreign language into literal English in a way that makes the speaker appear childlike and picturesque. "¿Cómo no?" and "dispénsame" and "descompuesto" sound as natural in Mexico as their counterparts "why not?" "excuse me" and "out of order" do here. Why should they be given the literal translation of "how not?", "dispense me" and "decomposed"? Why, except to lend that quality of coy picturesqueness which mars so many travel books?

In *Mexican Village* we have ten stories, all interrelated but each one complete in itself, of the people of Hidalgo.

That they are "good stories" no reader will deny. Skillfully plotted, vividly written, filled with warmth and humor, each one is an absorbing tale. Often they smell and sound and taste like Mexico. Always they hold one's attention from beginning to end. And "Plaza of the Viceroy" gives you the beauty and savagery and tension of a bullfight better than anything I have ever read.

But in spite of some brilliant writing and undeniable charm, the book is neither first-rate fiction nor the "document on Mexican life" that its publishers claim for it. Somehow its pattern is too tidy, its characters too carefully placed within their frames. And somehow one would know without being told that this could not be a story by a Mexican about Mexico.

Miss Niggli lived in Hidalgo, where her father was manager of a cement plant and her friends were village boys and girls. In a sense she knows her Mexico and loves its people. But somewhere one detects that unconscious condescension that seems to accompany an emphasis on quaintness, however sympathetic.

A glance at the table of contents and its subtitles reveals something of the quality of the book: "The Street of the Cañon—where a dead man's bones became the bones of contention"; "The River Road—where a man was too faithful, and a woman too beautiful"; "The Street of the Forgotten Angel—where a man at last comes home."

And yet we repeat. They *are* good stories. *Mexican Village* would be an excellent choice for the bedside table in your guest room.

*Bewitched Lands* is a confused and often melodramatic tale of violence on a feudal hacienda in the Chaco region of Bolivia.

Don Pedro Vidal, the stupid and brutal *haciendado*, rules his holdings with terror and cunning. Whippings, often resulting in death, are meted out in the don's court whenever his omnipotence is threatened. He manages to be perennially elected to the nation's senate, uses political patronage to keep relatives and protégés in control. A hint of murder lurks in the deaths of two former wives, while a young and pretty third wife keeps to her own apartment, pleading headaches. Meanwhile the master displays a reckless daring in roping jaguars and terrifies the villagers with his preference for adolescent girls.

Carlos, Don Pedro's son by his first marriage, is the antithesis of his gross and wily father. Intellectual and idealistic, he returns from his Paris schooling filled with ideas of service to his country and hopes of social reform. He finds his father repugnant and loathes the feudal tyranny he represents. Carlos quarrels with his superiors in the army, and after an abortive attempt at rebellion is sentenced to imprisonment on his family estate. He clashes with his father, falls in love with his sadly beautiful step-mother, and in the course of a violent quarrel with Don Pedro backs over the side of a precipice.

In a not-too-skillful epilogue the writer reveals that Carlos was rescued from the boiling waters of the Parapiti and lived to organize a successful rebellion against his tyrant father. But somehow Carlos' passion for social and economic justice remains romantic and cerebral. And despite long passages of soul-searching and philosophizing, he never emerges from his hero's aura into anything approaching flesh and blood reality.

The story is told in the first person by an ambiguous narrator who accompanies a prospecting Englishman to Don Pedro's estate and later, he tells us, comes to regard Carlos as his best friend. Just what these two characters contribute to the pattern of the book is difficult to say, since the author finds it necessary to abandon his narrator in describing Carlos' hallucinations during an attack of fever, and again in the "epilogue."

It seems a pity that despite sometimes vivid writing, acute perceptions, and what might have been a provocative theme, the novel dwindles away without making any very strong impression. One will remember the heady fragrance of an orange grove, the pungent smell of oil permeating a jungle—but not much of the story or its people.

More intriguing than the book is the jacket design by the Mexican painter, Carlos Merida.

JANET KROMER

*Anguish*, by Graciliano Ramos: translated from the Portuguese by L. C. Kaplan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1946. \$2.50.

Graciliano Ramos, considered by the modern Brazilian critic Érico Veríssimo, as "one of the most solid and profound of all Brazilian writers today," was born and spent most of his life in the northeast of Brazil.

In this section are laid the scenes of his novels: *São Bernardo*, *Vidas Secas*, and *Angústia*. In these works Ramos' style and mood accurately reflect the people and land from which he comes—bitter, hopeless, severe, arid, and sordid. *Anguish* is a translation of the last title.

*Anguish*, a psychological novel, portrays the life of Luís da Silva after he migrates from the backlands to his state capital, where he slowly degenerates, moving gradually but inevitably toward his final doom—insanity. Ramos' style artfully carries out this slow disintegration of Luís. There is a heaping of detail upon detail. There is, too, a continual repetition which reminds one of the dripping of water. All leads irresistibly to utter confusion at the end of the novel—madness.

Although Ramos may not be one of the most outstanding writers of modern Brazil, he probably deserves a better translation than this of Mr. Kaplan. There are inaccuracies throughout, culminating in a meager glossary that merely serves to increase the number of errors. In spite of the errors, however, the average reader will perhaps find this to be an adequate rendition of the original.

ALBERT R. LOPES

*The Peacock Sheds His Tail*, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1945. \$2.75.

Readers wearied of war stories and repatriate memoirs of World War II will welcome *The Peacock Sheds His Tail*, the latest work of the distinguished American novelist, Alice Tisdale Hobart. The peacock, a symbol of outmoded luxury, was the inspiration for many ballads of the Mexican Revolution, the first tangible achievement of twentieth century democracy and liberalism in the countries south of the Rio Grande.

This book substantiates the statement that often a novelist offers a more striking picture of a social problem than does the author of a thoughtful and informative work. In her story of the Navarros, Mrs. Hobart shows how the ultra-conservative Catholic family headed by the patriarch, Don Julian, tried to maintain the *status quo* in Mexico in the face of the encroaching Revolution and the great social leveler of which we hear so much today, Democracy.

Alice Tisdale Hobart is a skillful writer who has the ability to put the reader in complete understanding and sympathy with many of her characters. In this novel it is the hero, Jim Buchanan, whose problems become a personal equation. Nowhere does Mrs. Hobart show her insight more tenderly than in her compatriot, who is motivated by three ruling impulses: his love for his own native land, the United States; his love for the charm of the ancient cultural pattern of Mexico, the country where he was born; and finally, but all-compelling, his love for Concha Navarro. From the outset Concha's physical portrait is made perfectly clear. You know what clothes she wears and the texture of her skin. It is her psychological texture that is not so clear. You are ever conscious that she is of a different nationality; you accept the fact that her Aztec ancestry explains her passive



acceptance of life and her naïve manner of meeting the complexities of modern life. One thing you do know: Concha is in love with Jim Buchanan.

The story moves rapidly; the characters are dynamic because there is always something for them to do. There are scenes that constitute vivid, honest reporting: the first time Jim sees Concha at the Palacio de Bellas Artes; their wedding in the Navarro private chapel; Jim Buchanan's resignation at the American Embassy.

The scene where Concha learns of the automobile accident fatal to Jim is the greatest success in the book. Altogether, one feels that Mrs. Hobart has seen enough of the aristocratic Navarros to depict their mood upon seeing the husk of formality and tradition fall away; she has seen them closely enough to give them a meaningful story and to raise them to a very high level of interest.

The author will not object if, with the rather meticulous habit of the professional linguist, the reviewer remarks on some Spanish expressions which should be corrected in a future edition. On page 80 *a sus ardenes* is found for *a sus ordenes*; the feminine form, *soldadera*, should replace *soldadero* (page 205); *poblamo* (page 218) should be corrected to *poblano*.

These, however, are minor errors and by no means detract from the value of the novel. It goes without saying that Mrs. Hobart has the "feel," and this comes over in her book. She brings her story up to date, showing that the fundamental problems and beliefs of the early days, the Colonial Period, have carried into the present, that Mexico, although changed outwardly, is still harnessed to its past. A tremendously interesting book, *The Peacock Sheds His Tail* is a vivid and authentic picture of a crucial period in the history of Mexico.

EDNA LUE FURNESS

*The Fields*, by Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1946. \$2.50.

If Mr. Richter adds more books to the family chronicle which he began in *The Trees* and continues now in *The Fields*, he will be the creator of a prose epic on American frontier life more true to the spirit of the times than anything since Crèvecoeur. There is room for such an epic in an America troubled as never before by uncertain responsibilities and nameless fears; for far too much of what we read and hear is but a reflection of our own fear and uncertainty, sensationally presented.

Mr. Richter is no romantic hiding his head under a coonskin cap to blot out sight and thought of a chaotic world. He has too much common sense, too much faith, too much of the genuine artist in him for that. The past which he recreates was once a present, with insurmountable difficulties of its own to face, and by showing how some of life's problems were solved or overcome by human beings not too unlike ourselves, he helps to restore faith in our heritage.

The story of Sayward Wheeler began in *The Trees* when as Saird Luckett, an illiterate Pennsylvania "woodsie," she migrated to the unsettled

Ohio country. There she survived the death of her mother and the desertion of her father, helped rear her younger brother and sisters, and finally married, when he was dead drunk, the Bay State lawyer Portius Wheeler.

*The Fields* is the story of this marriage—sixteen years of it—in a pioneer community which was changing slowly from a backwoods settlement to a thriving river town. It is primarily the story of Sayward, for much of what occurs is seen through her eyes. A hardy, capable woman—good wife, mother, neighbor, and farmer—she succeeds because she has the spiritual strength to do what she considers to be right without autocratically imposing her will upon others.

Richter's knowledge of his material is complete down to the last detail. The daily round of frontier existence is as familiar to him as though he had lived it himself. Of equal importance is his insight into the souls and minds of his characters, whose fears and hopes and longings are an outgrowth of the environment which surrounds them. The sense of the past is aided too by a skillful use of the homely idiom of the day—not dialect—but a careful choice of colloquial expressions which are used with discriminating taste. But the quality which raises *The Fields* well above the level of most historical narratives is Mr. Richter's selectivity. A combination of knowledge, artistry, and self-restraint, it creates a vivid impression by means of scenes and episodes brilliantly woven together.

Sayward's marriage did not have a propitious start. It has no basis in romantic love but it endures because Sayward, knowing herself, has a surprising knowledge of human nature in others. She bears and rears her children, makes her farm self-supporting, takes a leading interest in the church and in the establishment of the school, and hangs onto her land despite the temptation to move from the menacing shadow of the trees. Only once does she falter badly, and then she is saved by her common sense.

The life described is hard and difficult. The business of keeping alive is a full-time job, in which the cultivation and preparation of food, the spinning and weaving and clothes-making, the concocting of "yarb" remedies, and the care of small and growing children are the chief time consumers, but several extraordinary events occur during the course of years which give the novel its dramatic intensity. The big hunt, which cleared the woods of "varmints and vermin"; the famine year and the Biblical trek to Kentucky for corn; and Judah MacWhirter's slow and terrifying death by hydrophobia are superbly pictured. But the most moving episode in the book is the restrained, almost cryptic, description of the tragic death of little Sulie, and Sayward's grief-stricken commentary upon it.

Breathtaking events have had us in thrall for so long that it is difficult to remember that the "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" continue among the most important things in life. Mr. Richter has never forgotten this truth and nowhere has he shown it more clearly than in *The Fields*.

BRUCE SUTHERLAND

*The Writing of Fiction*, by August Derleth. Boston: The Writer, Inc., 1946. \$2.50.

*Supernatural Horror in Literature*, by H. P. Lovecraft; with an introduction by August Derleth. New York: Ben Abramson, 1945. \$2.50.

*H. P. L.: a Memoir*, by August Derleth. New York: Ben Abramson, 1945. \$2.50.

*Best Supernatural Stories of H. P. Lovecraft*, edited by August Derleth. Cleveland and New York: The World Publishing Company, 1945. \$.49.

*The Lurker at the Threshold*, by H. P. Lovecraft and August Derleth. Sauk City, Wisconsin: Arkham House, 1945. \$2.50.

*Something Near*, by August Derleth. Sauk City, Wisconsin: Arkham House, 1945. \$3.00.

*Green Tea and Other Ghost Stories*, by J. Sheridan Le Fanu; edited by August Derleth. Sauk City, Wisconsin: Arkham House, 1945. \$3.00.

*Who Knocks? 20 Masterpieces of the Spectral*, edited by August Derleth. New York: Rinehart and Company, 1946. \$2.50.

August Derleth, I suspect, formed as a youth a picture of himself as a successful man of letters and has worked prodigiously to realize that picture with, as he grew older, very little revision of its outlines. His first published story appeared—in *Weird Tales*—when he was seventeen. Now, at thirty-seven, he is the author or editor of forty-four published volumes, with another dozen scheduled or in progress. Here is accomplishment to fulfill any youthful desire for distinction. Derleth is, beyond cavil, a man of letters: a novelist, poet, editor, and anthologist, listed in *Who's Who*, and director of his own publishing house. But there remains about his work, I think, a curious boyishness, which is engaging only at times. Even Derleth's most serious writing, his *Sac Prairie Saga*, in which he has projected a *Comédie humaine* of Wisconsin village life in some fifty volumes, too often has about it a quality of a bumptious, if gifted, youth putting his townsmen in their place. His verse, apparently written with great speed and facility, rarely rises above a youthful response to the natural landscape. In his less ambitious writing, Derleth gives a free rein to his somewhat adolescent enthusiasms. He has written a volume or two of Sherlock Holmes pastiches; he has created his own detective, Judge Peck, and has written nine or ten volumes of his adventures; he is writing a history of comic strips and a history of the Milwaukee railroad. But it is in the field of the weird tale that he has been particularly busy.

Here Derleth's mentor has been H. P. Lovecraft, whose stories, when he died in 1937, were scattered through the pages of such magazines as *Weird Tales* and *Astounding Stories* and a few anthologies. Derleth has been an indefatigable collector, editor, and publisher of Lovecraft, and is largely responsible for what seems to be a growing Lovecraft cult. Derleth is the director of Arkham House—named for an imaginary town in Lovecraft's work—which has published a number of volumes of Lovecraft's

stories, of Derleth's, and of other writers whose work seems to be in enough demand by the readers of *Weird Tales* to make the venture profitable.

As one who is not an initiate, I should think that the best buy is the well-gotten-up volumes published by World, *The Best Supernatural Stories of H. P. Lovecraft*, which contains fourteen stories—including *The Colour Out of Space*, which is quite a yarn—and sells for forty-nine cents. The Arkham House volumes, published in editions of two or three thousand copies, appear to be for the specialized trade and hardly seem worth the price for the average reader. *The Lurker at the Threshold*, an unfinished Lovecraft novel completed by Derleth, is a part of the elaborate "Cthulhu mythos" which is pretty dull going. *Something Near* is a collection of twenty of Derleth's stories from *Weird Tales* which show only how dry the pot can boil. *Green Tea* is a collection of good old-fashioned ghost stories by the Irish writer Le Fanu, who lived in the middle of the last century. Lovecraft's *Supernatural Horror in Literature* says some very sensible things about his craft, and traces the history of the Gothic tradition; Derleth's *H. P. L.: a Memoir* is an appreciative biographical sketch.

*Who Knocks?* is designed for a wider audience. It includes a story apiece by Lovecraft, Derleth, and Le Fanu, but it also contains stories by Wilbur Daniel Steele, Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, Algernon Blackwood, Lady Cynthia Asquith, and thirteen others. Perhaps the best of the lot is the story *It* by the young writer Theodore Sturgeon.

*Writing Fiction*, a handbook, is more interesting for what it tells about Derleth than what it tells about writing. It contains the usual advice, but has the advantage over most of the books of the sort of holding up the example of Derleth's own tirelessness. He records, without a trace of humor: "The formation of this habit early in life [writing every day] made it possible for me to write my novel *Evening In Spring* in twenty days, at the rate of five thousand words a day—at the same time that I was lecturing for an hour daily at the University of Wisconsin (twenty-five miles away) on 'American Regional Literature,' and keeping up with all my correspondence, and my *Sac Prairie Journal* (seven hundred fifty to one thousand words daily), to say nothing of a book of poems written and revised while traveling to and from the lecture room."

COLEMAN ROSENBERGER

*The Towers of Manhattan: a Spanish-American Poet Looks at New York*, by Alfredo Ortiz-Vargas; done into English verse by Quincy Guy Burris. Inter-Americana Translations I. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. \$2.50.

The non-professional reviewer rarely has the opportunity of expressing his opinions twice on the same book. This pleasant task has fallen to my lot with Ortiz-Vargas' poem, *Las Torres de Manhattan*, published by Chapman and Grimes some five years ago. Critics often bewail the fact that in this materialistic age of ours we no longer honor the poets. Ortiz-Vargas

cannot make this complaint, since in the land of his adoption his epic poem has appeared in two forms, first in his native tongue, Spanish, and now in English dress.

Never in the history of the American continent has there been so much intercultural penetration as today. Our universities and museums have done much to foster this exchange of thought and artistic expression, and with the help of the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs much excellent work has been done in introducing the art and culture of the other Americas to the people of the United States. This translation published under the auspices of the School of Inter-American Affairs of the University of New Mexico forges yet another link in the chain of continental understanding.

Mr. Ortiz-Vargas comes from Colombia, a country which perhaps more than any other of the Americas has encouraged its poets, and poetry is a genre in which Latin-Americans have excelled. Manhattan's towering skyline is the theme song of this epic poem of some four thousand lines. It expresses the hope that the new Tower of Babel which is New York City, instead of bringing confusion to mankind, will be a center which will radiate brotherly love among the peoples of the Americas. It is a prayer that there will be forged in this vast metropolis a new civilization based on international good will. Ortiz-Vargas sees in the city of New York the future center of the world's civilization. His poem is neither the Messianic hope of a millenialist nor the doctrinaire principle of a political ideologist. It is a *cri du cœur* of admiration and awe on the part of a philosophical poet who is a lover of mankind.

Professor Burris of New Mexico Highlands University, a poet in his own right, is not "a harmless drudge who has been content to keep faith only with the words of the original," an accusation which can be made against so many translators. His rendering of this twentieth-century epic has preserved all the eloquence and fire of the Spanish verses. Fortunately his task has not been unduly difficult, because Ortiz-Vargas does not stem from the modernistic school of Spanish-American poets whose elegant and often trite symbolism was more European than American. This school of poetry, whose greatest exponent was Ruben Darío, has no place in Ortiz-Vargas' scheme. His free verse is more reminiscent of Walt Whitman, who incidentally has left his mark on Spanish-American measures. And Ortiz-Vargas is familiar not only with Whitman; he has published penetrating studies of MacLeish, Millay, Masters, Frost, and Sandburg. Then too in Ortiz-Vargas there is much of the spirit of the Hebrew prophets of the Old Testament, which is not a very common source of inspiration for Hispano-American poets, who hark back rather to Castilian and French models.

I for one hail this translation with great enthusiasm, for Mr. Burris has shown how a Spanish-American poet has been inspired by our own great poetry. Here is a poem whose language is Spanish but which breathes

the spirit of the American continent. Mr. Burris has done a double service to the Americas. He has made it possible for Americans of the North to get a picture of their great cultural center made by a man of Spanish-American birth, and at the same time he has made a beautiful gesture to the culture of Spanish America.

And now let the reader who has acquired a bit of Spanish judge for himself. I quote the opening lines from both the original and from Mr. Burris' translations:

¡Más alto, más alto, más alto  
que las más altas cimas  
y los más altos vuelos!  
¡Más alto que el mismo  
corazón luminoso del lucero más alto,  
torres áureas, subid!  
La férrea estructura que asienta el abismo,  
os da los azules  
magníficos reinos del combo zafir.

Upward and upward, still higher,  
over the loftiest summits,  
over the loftiest flying!  
Aye, higher, higher  
into the luminous heart of light,  
O lustrous towers lifting!  
And the chasmed streets, the valleys of steel  
Magnificent, azure kingdoms  
of sapphire bending.

An Italian has coined the pithiest epigram in all epigrammatism: "Traduttore, traditore," a translator is a traitor. Mr. Burris has proved that every rule has an exception. We can say of him: 'Tis the spirit he gives us, not the letter.

SAMUEL M. WAXMAN

*The Correspondence of Thomas Percy and Edmund Malone*, edited by Arthur Tillotson. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1944. \$3.50.

This volume is the first of a projected series of "some eight or ten volumes" of *The Percy Letters*, of which David Nichol Smith and Cleanth Brooks are the general editors. This initial selection covers the period from 1779, a year before Malone published his *Supplement to Shakespeare* and three years before Percy went to live in Ireland upon his appointment as Bishop of Dromore, to 1811, the year of Percy's death. Some nineteen of the ninety-six letters known to have been exchanged between Percy and Malone during this period are missing; the others, forty-two from Malone and thirty-five from Percy, are here given, with the positions of the missing letters noted. Most of the missing items are from Percy and some of his other letters are represented by extracts only, the letters them-

selves having been lost. The result is that much more than half the book is Malone's correspondence to Percy; nevertheless, the continuity of a reciprocal correspondence is much less broken than one might anticipate, and the interest is well sustained.

Two principal topics predominate in the letters. The first is of course literary intelligence, not only of the activities of Percy and Malone themselves, but of all the others, large and small, of the age. Percy, isolated in Dromore from the busy literary scene, begged Malone for news of the world he had left, and Malone complied with detailed accounts of his own Shakespeare and Dryden studies, information about sales and collections, reports of current publishing and editing, an account of his own system of collation, and scores of miscellaneous comments on the literary scene. Percy, who was engaged on the revisions of the *Reliques* which were incorporated in the 1794 edition and on additions to his *Surrey*, also produced at this time his *Memoir of Goldsmith*. His reports of these activities and his comments on information received from Malone make his share of the correspondence just as interesting and important as the letters he received. The second main topic of the letters is news of the Club, Malone reporting faithfully at Percy's reiterated request additions to membership, loss of members by absence or death, and news of meetings and attendance. More than most letters, these are therefore filled with names, and the editor has with great care and thoroughness supplied identifying footnotes. Indeed, the editing everywhere is of the highest quality, leaving no room for any critical objection. The reader will feel none of the annoyance, either with omissions or inconsistencies, so frequently felt in books of this kind. The introduction is ample and informative, the index is painstakingly thorough, the footnotes, as has been implied, are complete and satisfying.

These letters throw a hundred sidelights upon the times and upon nearly all the men, prominent or obscure, of the period. Since most of the letters have not before been printed, students of the age and of Shakespeare, Johnson, and Goldsmith particularly will find the volume indispensable. The whole series, when complete, will represent one of the most important acquisitions to eighteenth-century scholarship. All who find abiding interest in that field will look forward to the next volume, which will be *The Correspondence of Thomas Percy and Richard Farmer*, extending from 1761 to 1778, the period of Percy's greatest activity, including the first edition of the *Reliques*. The special editor of this volume will be Cleanth Brooks.

C. V. WICKER

*Samuel Johnson: a Biography*, by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1944.

Although this book was not received for review, and this and other circumstances have heretofore prevented the appearance in these pages of a notice of the book, Krutch's *Samuel Johnson* is of such outstanding im-

portance that this occasion is taken, not to present a formal review, but merely to call attention to it briefly. A new life of Johnson, than whom perhaps no author but Shakespeare has been more studied, researched, and written about, is a bold undertaking, but Dr. Krutch possesses the scholarship and enthusiasm to have written a thorough and most readable life which will long remain the final word. In his Foreword he says that his attempt was to "produce a large inclusive book which would serve to give the general reader a running account of Johnson's life, character, and work as they appear in the light of contemporary knowledge and of contemporary judgment." This and more Dr. Krutch has done. In a most complete and satisfying fashion he has made the great Doctor live and has presented his work, his coterie, and his times for the benefit of all, scholar as well as general reader, who are interested. In some six hundred pages, and not one too many, the whole story is told. The style is admirable in this age of much careless and bad writing. The many fine illustrations add much to the interest. As has been said by another reviewer, the appearance of this book is a literary event of the first importance.

C. V. WICKER

*Why Abstract?* by Hilaire Hiler, Henry Miller, and William Saroyan. New York: New Directions, 1945. \$2.50.

Why Pauline? Who are you to whom Hilaire Hiler addresses his "Letter" and "Postscript" in his little book called, *Why Abstract?* (It more accurately should have been called "Why I Paint Abstractly.") Why the dutiful essays on Hiler by William Saroyan and Henry Miller sandwiched between Hiler's "letters"? Perhaps we shall never know and it is of doubtful importance that we should, because a book planned to make a "splash," as this one is, often falls flat the way this one does.

Determined to be Significant and obviously intent on being a "sensation" in the art book field, *Why Abstract?* indulges in considerable name-dropping calculated to elevate the artist-author to the authoritative position his peremptory remarks require. This book, ostensibly written to justify Hiler's painting, tries to justify Mr. Hiler, to influence other painters to follow him, and to advertise his other writings, his teaching, and his pictures. All this is supposedly to aid the bewildered layman; actually it is for the *trade*. In all probability it will be read, if at all, by artists and students, and we may give them credit for remaining unimpressed. Some undoubtedly will succumb to the currently popular "snob" advertising copy technique (Does your painting look dated?) employed by Hiler to stampede satellites to his point of view. Although he does not actually say so, Hiler's conclusion is that he must be of, what he calls, the *avant garde* painters, those who are aware of, indeed prepared for through science (psychoanalysis in his case), the new plastic age our author sagely predicts.

The planned tomorrow envisioned for us is very reminiscent of the last World's Fair and is described in the now hackneyed terms of "functional



architecture" and "streamlining." Artists will become architectural engineers, scientific draughtsmen, and photocell color-chemists. They will work for, and in close conjunction with, the managers in the "managerial form of government" to be. These test-tube, scientific painters will face "the brave new world" armed with bright new color never known before. Too bad, Pauline, that this was written before the dramatic advent of the Atomic Age. It might have made a difference.

As for the filler of the sandwich: is it possible that the noted authors were innocent of the sarcasm we read into their appraisal of the painter-author, Hiler? Saroyan's clever note, in which the self-admitted genius offers an analysis of the nature of genius, is burdened with an undisguised quality of an I-promised-so-here-it-is chore. Because he pleads with the reader to buy Hiler pictures, he suggests that he may be accused of being "vulgar." He is highly amusing, for while facetiously recommending the purchase of these canvases by others, he adroitly excuses himself on the dubious grounds of lacking both the hanging space and the price of even one painting. Saroyan knows, as we all do, that his shock-treatment technique will bring forth more "copy" than any other. Therefore, he laughs off Hiler paintings and the purchase of one: "Buy it for your country. Be a patriot. Buy it for your children. Be a hero and give them a head-start. Unless you yourself can paint. In that case, try to sell your paintings and give everybody a head-start." Mr. Saroyan already has a head start!

Henry Miller, on the other hand, is not so facetious in his essay, which starts out as a recommendation of Hiler as a teacher and ends in praise of Picasso. The generous recommendation would carry more real weight if Miller were a well-known painter instead of a well-known expatriate writer. He says Hiler is "one of those sane madmen whose sanity is a disease, a curse, a blight." We are not sure what he means by this, but most of his remarks on Picasso reflect his contact with the school of Paris and give insight into perhaps the greatest single influence on contemporary art. Picasso, he believes, "has only one defect—he is *not* God. [He is] single-minded . . . works as an artisan: thinks as a god. All his labor is pure creation only because each task is already accomplished in advance." Miller then concludes, "And so, apart from Picasso who goes on in an unending stream of pure creation, the artists of today are divided in their labors. Part of every artist's time and energy is devoted to *destruction*, willful, deliberate, purposive destruction." We do not question this. The work at hand might be an example.

To return to Hiler and Pauline (and I got so tired of this sort of thing), he readily admits acquaintance with Walter Pach's stimulating book, *Ananias, or The False Artist*, but he fails to own his debt to it for much of his attack upon popular, academic art. These attacks, like Pach's before him, seem quite valid. Hiler uses too many terms in referring to this spurious art. The best, perhaps, is "ham," already familiar through

its theatrical connotation. "Chewing gum" and "Kitsch" (from Clement Greenberg) are obscure. By implication, the *avant garde* art he keeps referring to, avoids being "ham" by being always abstract. Simply, the logical conclusion is that his way and work escape being "academic," in the worst sense of the word, by the same token.

Unlike most devotees of a certain system of painting, except the great Picasso, our artist-author readily concedes there are other ways where he says, "You could tell me that geometrical design and composition are not incompatible with more or less representational painting. You could cite masterpieces from Giotto, and before him, or from Picasso to bolster up your case. I would have a very hard time getting around such evidence." Hiler feels he can "leave these things, basically important though they may be, out of the discussion" and still "explain" his position.

Mr. Hiler, sure of himself and confident of the future of the world in general and the art world in particular, tells us that he is now painting for that future. He designs for the house of tomorrow, for "a little plastic palace," as a popular song once said. And he proudly owns that "It is not hard to see why I haven't as many acquaintances and can no longer indulge in entertaining double talk. In short someone is getting stuffy." *En garde, Pauline! Touché!*

LLOYD LÓZES GOFF

*Artists on Art*, compiled and edited by Robert Goldwater and Marco Treves. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1945. \$4.50.

Sculptors and painters, "artists" being the general and accepted term, often feel alone, or that each is separated in thought from his fellow artists. Particularly is this tendency felt in regard to artist predecessors and the cultural tradition in particular. A few of the writings in *Artists on Art* will reassure any artist and convince any reader that the artist is actually related to his fellows both past and present by bonds of interest, of thought, of integrity, and by numerous other ties which show that he is definitely part of an order. Here are echoes of what the artist may have considered his personally unique observations. He will agree and disagree with the written observations and opinions of the artists of the past and the present, but he cannot fail to note that many have pertinence today. The distinguished work edited and compiled by Robert Goldwater and Marco Treves is an anthology on art, a compilation of excerpts from the writings of painters and sculptors from the fourteenth to the twentieth century. This excellent art reference book fills a distinct need in the field. The editors are to be congratulated on doing more than simply transposing their material. They have given a usable text, and one that is excitingly presented.

For the first time we have a comprehensive history of art written by the *artists* who helped to make that history. At least half of the writings used have been translated into English for the first time; and for many readers, as was the case with this reviewer, there will be many first ac-

quaintances among the artists used. The editor, Robert Goldwater, points out in his introduction that lesser-known artists and less-well-known artists' writings were given preference over such familiar writings as Delacroix's *Journal*, Leonardo's *Notebooks*, and others. One hundred and forty-two men of various nations and epochs in authentic, personal language give an over-all art history free from the bias of one author. The material is well arranged chronologically and there are national subheadings for each century and under the principal art movement captions. Cross references, introduced into the text of the book, aid in comparing similar and contrasting opinions on important topics.

Most of the early writing shows that the artist of that time took for granted the reason for art, the aesthetic purpose, and that he was more concerned with technical and subjective problems. Later the concern becomes increasingly one of certain art movements, such as Neo-Classicism, Romanticism, Realism, Impressionism, and so on. But in spite of this variance of thought from one age to another, there is a startling unity of purpose and an amazing recurrence of topics which artists have considered important. There are too many to note fully, here, but a few will be apposite illustrations.

One recurring "problem" concerns portraits, in the sense of *commissioned* portraits. The majority who write on this issue feel such a commission to be degenerating to the painter or sculptor because the artist has to please, not himself, but the sitter, the sitter's family and friends, and therefore cannot do his best work. Vincente Carducho pronounces that "Great painters paint no portraits." Vincent Van Gogh sighs, "Ah, portraiture, portraiture with the thought, the soul of the model in it, that is what I think must come."

Each epoch has artists who decry the "decline of art," and each those who evaluate the masters; but since the advent of the public exhibition of the salon type in the nineteenth century, a point of contention has been the jury system of choosing paintings to be shown in exhibitions. David d'Angers, writing in 1840, suggests that painters should have the same rights that writers have. "Would it not be absurd," he asks, "to make up a jury of writers, no matter how distinguished they might be, to decide which books are worth publishing?"

Among the early writings are a number of how-to-do-it paragraphs. Many of these are more amusing than instructive and were no doubt in one of what kind of subject to limit art to it, remains one of subject matter. *zation of matter* is of fundamental importance "in order that art should not be excluded for this reason. The seventeenth-century artist, Francisco Pacheco, writes on "How To Paint Women." He advises that to "avoid the danger" of "stripping women (as the ancients did) in order to depict them to perfection" [the painter should] "take the hands and faces with all the required variety and beauty—from virtuous women whom [you] might see without danger, and for the rest of the bodies make use of good paintings, prints,

drawings, plaster casts, ancient and modern statues and the excellent outlines of Albrecht Durer." Another bit of advice which seems funny to us now was no doubt pertinent in its day. Antonio Palomino, court painter to Charles II of Spain, counsels the portrait painter always to begin his portrait in a "standing position." Then he continues, "Now make your model sit down, and sit down yourself. So it is done even in the presence of the King, if His Majesty orders it. If he does not, beg him to allow you to, in order to be comfortable during your work."

A great deal of dogmatism has always clung to the problem of subject matter, it would seem from reading *Artists on Art*. Whether the discussion is one of today's subjective (objective) or subject-less (non-objective), or one of what kind of subject to limit art to, it remains one of subject matter. There is almost constant insistence upon some limitation. For instance, Pietro Da Cortona wants "every artist to restrict himself to the production of sacred works alone. . . ." By way of contrast let us paraphrase Piet Mondrian of the present century. He thinks the "law of the *denaturalization of matter* is of fundamental importance" in order that art should not represent the natural aspect of things. Contrast the over-all view and the open-minded wisdom of a man like Picasso, who says, "There is no abstract art. You must start with something. . . . Nor is there any 'figurative' and 'non-figurative' art. Everything appears to us in the guise of a 'figure'." Another man whose writing in this book shows open-mindedness is Kandinsky. He asks, "Must we then abandon utterly all material objects and paint solely in abstractions?" To which he answers, "There is no 'must' in art, because art is free." This man is credited with being the father of the abstractionist school of painting.

*Artists on Art* is beautifully printed and the format makes the book handsome, manageable, and readable. It is a definite contribution and one no art library can afford to be without.

LLOYD LÓZES GOFF

# A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

*Lyle Saunders*

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**T**HIS BIBLIOGRAPHY, a service of the Inter-American Section of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau on Latin America and Cultural Relations in the Southwest, attempts to list, with as much thoroughness as time and resources permit, current materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as here defined, includes all of New Mexico and Arizona and parts of Texas, Utah, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada, and California.

The symbol (F) designates fiction; (J) is used to indicate materials on the juvenile level. Included here are mainly those items which were published or came to our attention between January 1 and March 31, 1946.

Materials for this issue were mainly compiled by Richard Niditch and Robert G. Conway.

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## LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

The summer literary season along the Rio Grande is flowing adequately and profitably along, although there was a time when the state was threatened with a \$2,000,000 crop loss. In spite of the heat and the drought, and international worries, the literary-minded are very busy. Not very long ago the New Mexico Folklore Society had such an enthusiastic luncheon meeting that the tables were being laid for dinner at La Placita before the folklorists broke up. The Society was reorganized to get wider active participation, several committees were appointed, and plans were formulated for the coming year. Pauline Snapp's new play *Invitation to Doubt*, produced early in the season at Rodey Theatre under the able direction of her husband, Edwin Snapp, was an outstanding event. All admirers of this talented playwright are eagerly awaiting word in regard to the contract that is in the "offing" for professional production.

The special number of the *Southwest Review*, edited by Willard Hougland, was very interesting, I thought. Twenty-six New Mexico writers of varying reputations contributed to the edition. Mabel Dodge Luhan, in the lead article, "Holiday from Science," reports that miracles are being performed at Ojo Caliente: "I have seen many of these. After trying the drugs and medicines of the outside world, men and women still uncured come here in wheel chairs and are soon walking. They come unable to eat and are soon digesting everything. The arsenic water so rare in the outside world heals almost everything." Spread the good news around, paisanos! New Mexico will be ready to take care of you all just as soon as we get the veterans housed, but don't forget your vitamins.

Robert Hunt's scholarly evaluation of the poetry of Fray Angelico Chavez in the edition is the finest appraisal that has been made of this gifted poet, in my opinion. I am sure that you must have enjoyed

T. M. Pearce's picaresque account of a pedestrian tilting with "el coche" in his "Mexican Notebook" article. The surprise poet of the year in these parts is E. W. Tedlock, Jr., whose poem "Credo, 1946" is memorable.

*The Little Magazines: a History and a Bibliography*, by Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen, and Carolyn F. Ulrich, recently published by Princeton University Press, has been widely and very favorably reviewed. Friends of Dr. Allen's at the University of New Mexico are very much pleased, and send congratulations on to him at Highlands University, where he is a visiting professor of English this summer.

. . . *Henry Meiggs: Yankee Pizarro*, by Dr. Watt Stewart, head of the history department at Albany State Teachers College, is just out and the author is receiving the congratulations of New Mexico friends, particularly here in Albuquerque, where he is teaching at the University this summer. The book, a definitive study of a fascinating individual, should have wide appeal. Nils Hogner, close friend of the author, has done a very interesting end-paper map. . . . Charles Poore, in a recent *New York Times Book Review* article, names three possible candidates for the Pulitzer award—Conrad Richter, Eudora Welty, and Ann Petry. . . . Mrs. John Erskine, the former Helen Worden, is scheduled for a New Mexico visit in order to collect folklore material for a forthcoming book. . . . Local followers of Luke Short of Santa Fe are enjoying his Western, *Corner Creek*. . . . Vivian Vance, who has appeared in many Broadway productions, and more recently as the star of the Chicago production of *The Voice of the Turtle*, is here for a holiday with her family. . . . *Life*, some time ago, featured the beauty and talent of another New Mexico actress of whom this state is proud, Jan Clayton, star of *Carousel*. Miss Clayton, here for a visit with her family at Tularosa, recently gave a concert in Albuquerque. She was born and reared not very far from the historic little settlement of La Luz. . . . La Luz, you remember, is where Anthony Adverse, after 999 pages of adventures in Europe, Africa, and the United States was finally killed off by Hervey Allen in the process of cutting down a tree. If I remember correctly, the ax slipped. . . .

Hasta la próxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

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# The New Mexico Quarterly Review

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- Three Rocky Mountain Poets . . . . . Ray B. West, Jr.  
Stevedores. A Story . . . . . O'Kane Foster  
New Mexico: Yesterday and Today . . . . Frank D. Reeve  
No Matter How Long. A Story . . . . . Edward De Roo  
Stock and Livestock. A Story . . . . . Ina Sizer Cassidy  
Poetry, by J. V. Cunningham, Irene Bruce, Jessie Lemont,  
John Theobald, Lawrence P. Spingarn, Joseph Cher-  
winski, and others.  
Book Reviews . . . . Book Lists . . . . Other Features

♦♦

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# QUARTERLY REVIEW

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## CONTRIBUTORS

FRANK D. REEVE teaches history at the University of New Mexico and edits the *New Mexico Historical Review*. The translation of the familiar essay by RUY RIBEIRO COUTO was made by HELENE SCHIMANSKY and was contributed through the courtesy of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. RAY B. WEST, JR. has long been known in the Rocky Mountain region as a teacher in Utah and Montana and as an editor of the *Rocky Mountain Review*. He is also one of the editors of the new anthology, *Rocky Mountain Reader*.

Contributors of fiction to this issue of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW are both old and new. "No Matter How Long" is EDWARD DE ROO's second story in these pages; he has been in the department of drama at the University of New Mexico and will be with the Cleveland Playhouse this fall. O'KANE FOSTER's "Stevedores" is his third story in this magazine. He is the author of several novels and is at present living in Ranchos de Taos, New Mexico, where he is working on another. E. W. TEDLOCK, JR. has published poetry in this magazine and in *Southwest Review*. "Winter Garment" is his first piece of fiction to be published, although a book by him on the manuscripts of D. H. Lawrence is to be published soon. IRENE HOLT lives in Fort Defiance, Arizona, where she has had constant contact with the Navaho. She has published widely on Navaho life. "Tall Man's Dilemma" is her first appearance in these pages. INA SIZER CASSIDY, who has lived for many years in Santa Fe, has long been interested in Anglo-American folklore in the Southwest. She was a frequent contributor to the *New Mexico Quarterly*.

The poetry section of this issue is made up mainly of short pieces by many authors. Only the briefest mention can be made of contributors who have appeared here previously. J. V. CUNNINGHAM, whose *The Judge Is Fury*, his second book of verse, is to be published by the Swallow Press—William Morrow; CLARENCE ALVA POWELL who lives in Detroit; IRMA WASSALL, a native of New Mexico, now of Wichita, Kansas, who has contributed frequently to the *New Mexico Quarterly*; IRENE BRUCE, author of *Crag and Sand*; HERB GOLD, who appears here for the first time, recently released from Army service, lives in Cleveland Heights, Ohio; JUDAH M. TURKAT, Russian immigrant to the United States in 1922, who has published in several poetry magazines; L. R. LIND, teacher of Classics at the University of Kansas, formerly a contributor to *Sewanee Review* and other magazines; HERMAN SALINGER, recently of the University of Wisconsin, now teaching in the modern language department at the University of Kansas City; JESSIE LEMONT, author of *White Nights* and *Where Stillness Lies the Deepest* and frequent translator of Rilke ("Black Cat" is from Rilke's *Neue Gedichte*); JOHN THEOBALD, teacher in the Summer Session at the University of New Mexico, author of recent poems in *Poetry* and *Kenyon Review*; JOSEPH CHERWINSKI, librarian in Lansing, Michigan; LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN, whose book, *Rococo Summer and Other Poems*, to be published by Dutton's next year, will include the poem published here; J. C. CREWS, who has returned to his home in Waco, Texas, and who once edited *Vers Libre* and *Motive*; GEMMA D'AURIA, of Hollywood, author of *Resurrection at Sundown*, which is being made into an opera by Raoul Georges Vidas; E. MICHAEL WILKINS, Canadian by birth, now of San Francisco, who has published verse and fiction in various magazines; PAULINE COOK, Foreign Languages Librarian at the University of Iowa, translator of SOR JUAN INÉS DE LA CRUZ's poem; MARCIA NICHOLS HOLDEN, of New York, who has published poems and articles in a number of magazines; DOROTHY ALYEA, of Montclair, New Jersey, author of *All My Argument* and numerous other poems; and LEE GILBERT, teacher at St. Louis University, translator of the poem by LUIS CERNUDA, Spanish ambassador in Paris during the Loyalist regime.

Of the reviewers of books, few are new to these pages. THOMAS A. KIRBY teaches at Louisiana State University, and BRUCE SUTHERLAND, whose article on Conrad Richter was in a previous issue of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW, teaches at Pennsylvania State College. THELMA CAMPBELL, of La Grange (Illinois) Junior College, MARGARET PAGE HOOD, Las Cruces, New Mexico, newspaperwoman, W. W. HILL, of the University of New Mexico department of anthropology, JANET KROMER, former Albuquerque newspaperwoman, now teaching on the Navaho reservation, ALBERT R. LOPES, department of modern languages, University of New Mexico, EDNA LUE FURNESS, Casper (Wyoming) Junior College, COLEMAN ROSENBERGER, now living in Riverdale, Maryland, SAMUEL M. WAXMAN, modern languages, Boston University, C. V. WICKER, University of New Mexico English department, and LLOYD LÓZES GOFF, formerly of the University of New Mexico art department—all are old contributors to the book review section.

SPUD JOHNSON, LYLE SAUNDERS, and JULIA KELEHER, all associated with the University of New Mexico, contribute their regular features.



## NEW MEXICO: YESTERDAY AND TODAY\*

*Frank D. Reeve*

**O**NE HUNDRED YEARS ago in August, 1846, General Stephen Watts Kearny marched the Army of the West across the Arkansas River, over the Raton pass, and on to the high plain that led into the heart of New Mexico. On August 15, the General ascended a roof top in the recently established town of Las Vegas and announced to those who would listen that the country now belonged to the United States of America. He promised to protect the people "in their property, their persons, and their religion" if they remained at peace, and tendered the oath of obedience to the chief military and civil officers of the community. With these formalities completed, the mounted soldiers unfurled their battle standards for the first time, trotted briskly toward a pass in the hills where the enemy was reported in battle line, broke into a gallop at the proper moment, and charged the unseen—and non-present—foe. Three days later the invaders entered Santa Fe, the ancient capital of the region.

In the year 1946, after a hundred years of American occupation, it is interesting to look back and see what New Mexico was like when General Kearny seized it, and to note the changes that have taken place.

### YESTERDAY IN NEW MEXICO

The boundary lines of New Mexico were not yet fixed by the artificial lines of the surveyor. The towns were the most definitive guide posts. Anton Chico, located timidly in the farther reaches of the southeastern Sangre de Cristo foothills, was the eastern limit of the

\* This article, commemorating 100 years of American occupation of New Mexico, was written by the author on assignment from the Division of Government Research of the University of New Mexico and is published here by arrangement with the Division.

area. Taos, rancho and pueblo, snuggled in the close embrace of the same range on its western slope, but far to the north, and marked the boundary in that direction. Abiquíu, the frontier outpost on the Chama River, and small settlements on the sunny side of Mount Taylor, marked the western boundary. To the southward Socorro, on the banks of the Rio Grande, guarded on the east by the San Andres Mountains and on the west by the Madalena, or Magdalena, was the outpost. Ladrone Peak to the northwest of this settlement warned the traveler that he would soon reach the jumping-off point on a trip to Chihuahua.

In political terms the country was spoken of as the Department of New Mexico, and was divided into districts and counties. Rio Arriba and Taos counties constituted the northern district; Santa Fe, Santa Ana, and San Miguel, the central district; and the counties of Valencia and Bernalillo, the southeastern district. Judicial courts of first resort were located in Santa Fe, Los Luceros, and the village of Valencia; each of these towns, including Taos, enjoyed the privilege of an *ayuntamiento*, or local governing body. The Departmental Assembly was elected by an electoral college; the Assembly nominated the governor, who was then approved by the President of Mexico. The administration of this imposing organization was relatively simple and inexpensive, especially the courts. The wheels of justice could be set in motion by an oral command to appear before the *alcalde*; delay was not encouraged, and a decision was soon reached.

New Mexico was a relatively isolated region, a frontier outpost, guarded by three presidial troops and two *Compañías Activas*, but guarded with great difficulty against Indians. Postal service, with offices located at Tomé and Santa Fe, brought an exchange of letters between Santa Fe and Mexico City in two to three months. A resident venturing forth from this mountain-fringed Department spoke of going to "the outer country."

Members of a caravan following the Cimarron route from the Arkansas River to the ancient capital of New Mexico, experienced a rugged but interesting journey. The old prairie schooner, with its bed painted a blue color and its white canvas top, was familiar to all travelers in the Southwest. A brake was not used to ease the passage down a steep hill, but a chain locking the rear wheels served the purpose. The wooden axles, when used, and they were frequently used, and the long tongue extending forward from the wagon, occasionally broke, but repairs could be made and the journey resumed without

too costly loss of time. The wooden axle against wooden wheel, despite the use of tallow and resin, squeaked with a noise that could entertain only a child, but the traveler became oblivious to it in time. Eight, ten, or twelve span of animals, either mules or oxen, drew this wagon with its load of four to five thousand pounds of merchandise, and the lord and master of it all, the bullwhacker, trod alongside, wielding his long whip and snapping the end with a report like a pistol.

Many caravans were on the trail in the year 1846 with more than four hundred vehicles of various kinds and sizes, carrying merchandise at an estimated value of one million dollars or more. Mental calculations of profit and loss on the trip no doubt kept some minds busy, but the observant person could not avoid being diverted by other matters as the train lumbered on its way. Large rattlesnakes were met with at times, to the annoyance of both the animals and the men. The wolf was near, if seldom seen; the loss of stock at night gave sufficient testimony to this predator's appetite for meat, and even the environs of the settlements were sometimes visited by the hungry beast in quest of food. The animals that man could prey upon were numerous and varied: the antelope, the deer, elk, rabbits, the buffalo and the bear, and bands of wild horses roamed the mesa land, ever on the alert for sudden death.

Another form of "wild life" not so welcome to the traveler and townsmen was the ubiquitous Redman, alternately friend and foe. He appeared stealthfully in either capacity, from Taos on the north to Socorro on the south. The Comanche and occasionally other prairie tribesmen hovered on the northeastern side of the Department of New Mexico; the Utah and Jicarilla Apache infested the northern border; the Navaho on the west, and the Apache to the south completed the ring of indigenous people around the intruding settlements of the white man. They raided the flocks of the New Mexicans, molested caravans, and occasionally killed an inhabitant. To attack a lone shepherd was a simple task; to waylay the traveler in small groups was no difficult undertaking; but to strike and run was their tactic. Fighting between the two peoples was not chronic. The Comancheros, or traders to the Comanche, made annual trips to the eastern plains for the exchange of goods with the Redskins. The Comanche in turn visited Taos for the same purpose, and the Utah and Jicarilla were occasionally seen in the settlements. The southern Apache ventured into Socorro for limited trade and probably for a sight of city life. The

Navaho were not so welcome in the settlements, and forays were made into their country by the New Mexicans under the guise of retaliatory warfare, although the commercial motive could be detected; human captives were a profitable commodity, as were Navaho sheep, if they could be captured. The Indians were aware of these same facts, and many a New Mexican and his kinsmen elsewhere in the Republic became servants to the children of the great out-of-doors, preparing stolen sheep for their masters' repast.

Thoughts of Indians and other bugbears of the road eventually gave way to the delight of entering the settlements. They were not large in size, but to the prairie traveler they represented civilization in its good and bad aspects. The first of these centers of population was Las Vegas, a comparative newcomer among the towns of New Mexico. About 700 people lived there in adobe houses clustered around the plaza for defense. The small openings in the rear of the dwellings served as windows for air and sunshine or as portholes to fire through at an enemy. Tecolote to the southwest of Las Vegas boasted about 500 people, and farther on the traveler entered the metropolis of San Miguel, where perhaps as many as 2,000 folk lived. But Santa Fe was the crowning glory of the country, with more than 3,000 inhabitants. The initial impression of the place and the narrow, crooked, dirt streets might be a bit disappointing, but the sight of green fields of corn and wheat interspersed among the dwellings on the fringe of town gave a touch of beauty that softened the harshness of the otherwise drab-looking place. Furthermore, the spirit of civic improvement had recently appeared; the plaza was not so frequently used now as a corral for stock, and a row of cottonwood trees for the first time encircled the area. A new park to the northwest had been laid out as a scene for Sunday sports. In other respects there was little progress, however; the church was falling into ruin on the south side of the plaza and only one store in town could boast of a plank floor.

Before entering Santa Fe, the traveler either participated in or at least watched others go through the ritual of brushing up. The dust of the road must be removed, and those who could boast of a clean shirt donned it with pleasure and excitement. The bullwhacker tied a new popper to his whip; the sound from cracking it must be sharp and loud; no squeaky falsetto could be allowed to mar the occasion. Thus prepared, the entry was made down the last winding stretch of road. The admiring señoritas within the settlement watched and were

watched; the children scampered around; householders peered from their doorways; and the customs officials gently rubbed together the palms of their hands; the arrival of a caravan meant money for the payment of local salaries, and sometimes a little extra that might be termed a gift from the entrepreneur. The trader paid a fee of seven hundred and fifty dollars for each wagon, doled out additional sums for translating manifestos from one language to another, and submitted to an examination for contraband goods by the customs officer. With these details attended to, the initial stage of a journey through New Mexico for commercial purposes was completed; the newcomer could settle down for a while or continue onward to more distant markets.

A journey southward from Santa Fe followed a route to the southwest that skirted the Rio Grande past the pueblos of San Felipe and Santo Domingo, or along a route farther to the east that led into the green-clad slopes of the Sandia Mountains past the placer mines and the village of San Antonio into Tijeras Canyon. Along either road few travelers ventured other than those on business trips. Along the valley route the first settlement beyond the pueblos was Algodones, a small, pleasantly shaded village with a population of perhaps one thousand. The gardens of the settlers surrounded with walls provided a variety of foods that might be offered to the passerby. A short distance beyond lay Bernalillo, famous for its vineyards and cleanly appearance, then Albuquerque, about the size of Algodones, with its Casa Armijo and rich farmlands. Belen, another pleasant rural village not yet disturbed by the smoke and noise of the steam engine, greeted the visitor as he plodded through to Tomé, now past its heyday because of the troublesome Navaho, but boasting a population of about four hundred. Other small settlements were scattered in the valley towards Socorro, a town of about 200 folk. The dreaded Jornada del Muerto then had to be crossed before another center of population was met with, but this pleasing experience occurred sooner now than in former years because of the successful planting of a small colony in the Mesilla Valley in 1843. In total population the Department was small; probably 70,000 people dwelt in it, including the Pueblo Indians. But life was quite pleasant.

The dwellings of the New Mexicans were built of adobe bricks with a flat roof supported by logs. To the uninitiated they were unattractive and melancholic to behold, more like a series of brick-kilns

than habitable places. But on the inside a more cheerful aspect presented itself, not quite in keeping with the living quarters of inhabitants beyond the eastern plains, but quite acceptable after the long, wearying journey across a vast expanse of desert-like country. Dirt floors were commonplace, sawed timber being practically unknown; there were probably not more than three planked floors in the whole Department. A carpet might cover part of the floor in the better homes, even a Brussels carpet! And underneath it were corn shucks within easy and convenient reach when time came to roll a cigarette. Mattresses, some of them stuffed with wool, lay doubled up near the wall, serving in the daytime as a divan and at night as a bed. A colorful Navaho or Mexican blanket was used as a cover to sit on during the day and to lie under at night. Again the best homes might sport something better, a real bedstead, for instance, and right comfortable too. But beds, and even mattresses, were not essential for sleep; an animal skin of some kind served the purpose quite as well in most dwellings, and the majority of people had little else to use.

The inside walls were commonly whitewashed to make the rooms more cheerful and attractive. Since this coloring matter rubbed off easily, they were also covered along the lower half with a calico cloth to protect the lounge on the divan or carpet. In the houses of the few well-to-do, mirrors were used for decorative purposes; an occasional chair and table formed part of the furnishings, sometimes a candelabra; and curtains covered the windows which admitted light through the mica. But the bulk of the homes were simple in their furnishings. In eating habits, however, uniformity was more widespread. Seated on the animal skin, carpet, or mattress divan, the wayfarer regaled himself with savory food eaten without modern utensils such as knives and forks. Somebody might produce a common pocket knife or butcher knife to slice a bit of cheese, but the tortilla served commonly as a substitute for more modern gadgets.

Agriculture was the mainstay of the economy in the year of 1846. The fertile lands along the rivers were irrigated and an abundance of corn, wheat, chile, and beans was grown, supplemented by melons, onions, large and tasty, and in the Rio Abajo by the grape, not always eaten fresh. The traveler passing through Bernalillo could peep over a wall and see girls collecting grapes in large baskets balanced on their heads; and not far distant reposed long rows of vats made of ox-hide wherein the juice of the grape fermented and made a drink for quench-

ing the thirst and stimulating jaded spirits. A thin mush was made from the corn and served at breakfast, dinner, and supper. For sweetening, the corn stock was pounded with wooden mallets, steamed and pressed; the resulting fluid was stored in earthen jars for evaporation, the end product being termed molasses and used accordingly.

Farming was carried on without benefit of modern implements of husbandry. The plow was a piece of crooked wood with a long handle, usually drawn by a yoke of oxen, and quite inadequate for turning a deep furrow; on rare occasions, a piece of metal was added as a sharpened edge on the plowshare, indicative of basic improvements yet to be made. The grain was stacked in the open, protected by a shelter constructed of poles which supported a grass-covered roof, and in due time was trod out on the ground by mules. This simple and ancient technique of growing and preparing grain for food was illustrative of the Arcadian life in New Mexico. The spinning wheel and the loom, operated by handpower, were other revelations, although the machine-made cloth from "the outer country" was used in some quantity.

Sheep raising, another prime source of wealth, provided a common sight to the traveler in the "large flocks of sheep and goats herded by Mexicans dressed in leather with blankets around their shoulders. They carried bows and arrows in their hands and had dogs by their sides. Some had staffs on long sticks with sharp spear points in the ends." This description might well fit the twentieth century except for the costume and weapons. And the latter were not for show! The lone herder was easy prey for the Indian, and the wolf was a menace to the flocks. The bulk of the sheep were owned by the few wealthy families, as high as 300,000 to one owner, but the market for quantity sale was far distant; thousands annually traveled the dusty route to Chihuahua, and similar expeditions to California were not unknown. The market at home was limited, and the price low; a small, range-toughened "woolly" could be purchased for one dollar and fifty cents. The meat was of good quality, but not too tender, and the wool was coarse and ill suited for making fine cloth.

California was a market for New Mexicans dealing in mules and horses. A large party of men, fifty, a hundred, or more in number, sometimes accompanied by boys, and on rare occasions by women, their animals laden with blankets and other easily packed goods, journeyed over the Old Spanish Trail that led northwestward from Santa

Fe to central Utah and southwestward to Los Angeles. They traveled under strict discipline for safety against the dangers of the wilderness, but once arrived safely at their destination they traded as individuals, and were not quite so well disciplined. The inhabitants and officials of that land were sometimes annoyed by illegal acts, even theft, by the visitors, but the transactions in general were mutually profitable and the venturesome traders carried on. The long trek home was marked by a path beaten out by the hooves of two or three, or even four, thousand animals.

To the eastward lay the buffalo country, and the haunts of the Comanche. The skillful New Mexico horseman, mounted on a small, wiry range pony, and armed with a lance or bow and arrow, or perhaps a musket, killed the buffalo on the run. The meat was dried in the open air and transported to the settlements for sale or personal consumption during the winter months, and the skins provided a warm covering for the bed or divan, or even for the floor. If the task of killing was not done by the hunter himself, the Comanche could be bargained with for a supply of buffalo products. The Indian also offered mules for sale or trade, mules stolen from Mexicans living south of the Rio Grande.

In addition to the horse, the mule was a valuable beast of burden. Traveling in droves of hundreds, they carried much of the goods in distant enterprises, and were worthy contenders with the oxen in dragging the Conestoga wagon over the Santa Fe Trail and onward to the Chihuahua market. Competing with them in service was the ubiquitous burro, smaller than the mule, less intelligent in looks, and more unpredictable in behavior. An observing person stationed in Santa Fe could watch the goings and comings of this diminutive animal in a constant daily routine of work. If tender of heart, one might experience a slight twinge of conscience at the seeming abuse the burro was subjected to when a load weighing as high as 400 pounds burdened its back, but the animal seemed oblivious to his torment and jogged along with only moderate prodding. Loaded with firewood for sale at a price of twenty-five cents, they contributed to the warmth and comfort of their masters; Taos whiskey, brought down from the north for disposal in the chief market town of the Department, alleviated the thirst of some and temporarily drove away the cares of others; salt from the distant saline lakes east of the Manzano Mountains arrived in quantity to make food more palatable; bundles of hay or grass



selling for ten or twelve cents, and a miscellaneous assortment of other commodities, all these and more were transported on this patient beast of burden. The burro was the spark plug of the local economy.

The burro was also a carrier of persons, even as the mule and horse, but at a slower pace and usually for shorter distances. A trip to town from a nearby rancho could be negotiated on burro-back; with a little patience, and occasional use of a bludgeon, one or more persons traveled on the same animal. But in this duty the patient creature was forced to meet competition from the ancient *carreta*, or two-wheel cart. This contraption was indeed a sight for the stranger, even as it is today in some parts of the world. The wheels, hewn from a cottonwood log, rimmed with an extra piece of timber, rolled along on wooden axles without benefit of grease, or the smoother surface of metal, with a sound likened to a "respectable tenor for a double-bass horsefiddle," or with "horrible screechings and groans, as if one was approaching the portals of Erebus." On feast day, or holy day, or for some other reason that our ancestors a hundred years ago found sufficient, they made the trip "in their primitive wagons, rough boxes on solid wooden wheels. Women came on donkeys and mules, on which last they invariably ride in front of men, who nevertheless hold the reins."

With slow-moving modes of transportation, more time and thought were devoted to merrymaking. People welcomed the visitor, even when technically a foe, as witness their treatment of the Texas-Santa Fe Expedition prisoners of 1841: "At Algodonez and San Dia, and their neighborhood, the inhabitants came out and gave the men watermelons, eggs, tortillas and bread. . . ." And they also appeared glad to see the Army of the West which had come to demand their allegiance to a foreign flag. Their hospitality was accompanied with an Old World courtesy in striking contrast to the social behavior often exhibited by the occasional Anglo-American, boisterous, abrupt, and even rude in the eyes of the native inhabitant. The New Mexicans often uncovered their heads and embraced upon meeting, inquired into one's health and that of the family, and parted with some expression of good will and an invocation to a saint.

The typical costume for men consisted of long white cotton trousers with an outer pair made of leather, fitted with varying degrees of tightness, and open along the seam to nearly the height of the hip, revealing the inner garment. A shirt and leathern jacket, with both

jacket and trousers embroidered and spangled, completed the outfit with the addition of a sash around the waist and the ubiquitous sarape, or long blanket, thrown over the shoulder or draped around the back and chest. Not all dressed quite so gaily or comfortably, however. Many of the humbler people wore animal skins, usually deer, and sometimes moccasins, if they did not go barefooted. The few foreigners with different dress, or a native unduly influenced by them, afforded a slight contrast for the sake of variety.

The women clung to the long dress and the simple chemise, the latter far too revealing if worn in social circles dominated by the conventions of the Victorian age. Their feet were encased in moccasins, in rare instances by the leather shoe from the East, and frequently were bare. The reboza, a shawl-like head cover, was always worn out-of-doors. Dress was not fashionable in the sense of an annual change in style, and so the wearers might be described as old-fashioned; but in another respect their behavior was curiously modern: they smoked and they painted their faces. The latter was done to increase the natural freshness of the skin, and the substance used was removed when the occasion arrived for making one's best appearance. But smoking was indulged in on all occasions, indoors and out; even at the fandango, while circling the floor in the arms of a partner, a girl would have a cigarette hanging from the corner of her mouth.

And how the people loved to dance. The fandango, next to the siesta, was the most common form of relaxation from the cares of the day. A variety of dances was known, but some form of the waltz ruled as favorite, especially the cradle waltz, where the couple seemed to sway in each other's arms as they glided around the hall. With a natural feeling for time and rhythm, they danced on the dirt floor to the music of the fiddle and guitar, breathing in a faint mixture of smoke and dust which made more enjoyable the glass of wine at the end of a set. Drinking was not excessive, unless a few North Americans were present. Ordinarily, the New Mexicans enjoyed their good times without trouble-making, and with little heed for the morrow, even the distant morrow when life comes to an end; the tunes played at the fandango were heard at the funeral, accompanied with a murmur of voices far from sad.

Organized sports as a source of entertainment developed in later times, but in those earlier days the men indulged in the game of riding a horse at top speed and trying to yank off the head of a chicken buried

up to its neck in the sand; the stunt required skill and daring, as did tailing an ox, that is, grabbing its tail from on horseback and toppling it over for the amusement of the crowd and the annoyance of the animal. Gambling was prevalent. It was not limited to the formal spots in town, but was widespread, although the stakes were usually small.

The genial behavior of the people masked a certain shrewdness, particularly in business. Dickering for food or other commodities in the market place was not a simple matter of buying at a fixed price, but represented a play of wits in coming to an understanding. This shrewdness shaded easily into petty roguery; so the traveler had to be watchful in guarding his possessions. Major crimes, however, were rare. Weapons were carried for protection in travel between towns, but more in fear of Indians than highwaymen; a sword lying close against the saddle was handy for close-quarter fighting.

The chief marks of an advanced society, education and religion, were present in New Mexico, but not to a degree that left no room for criticism from our present point of view. The church had lost some of its vitality and awaited the invigorating touch of the great Bishop Lamy. Education was existent, since many could read and write, but formal schooling was lacking. The sons of the well-to-do families were sometimes sent to the United States for training, and others picked up a smattering of literacy from the priest and the parents. Professional men were practically non-existent, especially doctors and lawyers. The crafts were better represented, and more essential, of course; but on the whole, the bulk of the people lived by farming, many in debt servitude, and by trading; wages were low, and living on the grand scale was limited to the very few. This way of life was destined for radical change with the advent of the Army of the West.

When General Kearny announced the military occupation of New Mexico, the stage was set for many changes. Far more important than the transference from one political jurisdiction to another was the switch in relationship from the agricultural-commercial economy traditional in the lands under the rule of Spain, to the rising industrialism of the westward-moving Anglo-American, and from the Spanish-Indian culture to the conglomerate culture coming from the East. The history of these changes has not yet run its course, but it can be told in part.

NEW MEXICO TODAY

The Department of New Mexico is now a part of the Union after long tutelage as a Territory, no longer unaware of its true greatness in size. Newcomers from the East have marked out definite boundaries and created an artificial entity known as a state, the fourth largest in the Union, boasting 121,666 square miles, according to careful calculation by experts. Such exactitude is chilling to the soul, but helpful, even necessary, in the complex arrangement of modern society, particularly in economic practices where land titles must be true and taxes paid to the proper jurisdiction.

Popularly known to the tourist as the "sunshine" state, New Mexico has now acquired a more complex political organization. It is divided into thirty-one counties of varying size and importance. Santa Fe is still the capital city where reside the members of the three branches of the government, some of them all the time and others in season when the government is operating in full force. There are eight chief elective administrative officials and a legislature with twenty-four members in the Senate and forty-nine in the House of Representatives. A host of other state, county, and municipal officials perform a multitude of tasks, and altogether these officials and tasks constitute a mysterious and tantalizing subject for study by the political reformer. The maintenance of the state government and its agencies costs about forty million dollars a year.

In order to gain a closer view of New Mexico, a traveler no longer finds it necessary to join a caravan of traders making the slow, perilous trip from the Big Bend of the Arkansas to Las Vegas. At the base of the mountain range of the same name is the new-born town of Raton. There the Super-Chief train of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company may be boarded, and in the figurative twinkling of an eye the journey is completed to Albuquerque in five hours and five minutes, at a speed sometimes reaching ninety miles an hour! The long mournful sound of the engine whistle warns the citizens well in advance to get off the track as the train swishes along, clicking a rhythmical tit-tat when the wheels cross the rail joint. The powerful airbrakes bring it to a stop without a jolt and without a sound. This ease of travel, if not always at ninety miles an hour, can be duplicated on nearly 2,600 miles of main-line steel rails in New Mexico.

The wild life no longer plagues the traveler nor does he levy on it for food; it has retreated to the more remote fastnesses of the moun-

tains, away from the whistle of steam engines, where it must be searched out by the sportsman. There it is protected by law, except the predatory animal, to be hunted only in season and after payment of money into the state treasury. The buffalo, of course, has disappeared, but the elk has been brought in; otherwise the kind of beast to be hunted remains about the same as a hundred years ago. Modern means of transportation assist the hunter in this sport and cater to the needs of the public in myriad ways.

The gasoline-driven vehicle, automobile and truck, plies the highways of New Mexico by the thousands, and the routes of travel are numerous and varied. More than 62,000 miles of roads, paved, graveled, or just smoothed over, now beckon the motorist bound on business or pleasure. The building of this highway system is expensive, but it is paid for in small sums by many citizens, both state and national, and is no appreciable burden on the individual. A one-year expenditure by the state highway department of about four and one-half millions of dollars is offset by the collection of a five-cent gasoline tax which nets a sum of money of about the same figure.

If tired of driving an automobile, and not content with the speed of a modern train, another marvel of the century, the aeroplane, provides travel convenience. The flight from Santa Fe to El Paso can be made in about two and one-half hours, and flights to points in the "outer country" are made at speeds that recently left us bewildered, but are now too commonplace to stir the imagination. The sportsman, the playboy, and the business man can have a private plane, and land on any one of seventy-three airports, or fly over 847 miles of official airways, not to mention the rest of the boundless space between earth and heaven. When one is not inclined to travel, but desirous of communicating with distant points, a few twists of the dial on any one of the 53,500 telephones in the state make possible the instantaneous oral transmission of thought.

The age of speed does not decrease the need for food and shelter; on the contrary, there is a decided increase, at least in want if not in need. Some of the older means of satisfying these needs, such as agriculture, sheep raising, and commerce, are still important, but changed. The growing of food crops is done with modern technology, and is no longer limited to the irrigable portions of the land. Although the irrigated area has greatly increased in quantity because of dams for the storage of water, and reclamation projects involving drainage tech-

niques, dry farming is now widespread in the eastern side of the state and in higher mountain valleys. An annual production of about 2,250,000 bushels of wheat and a comparable quantity of corn, and many other food and feed crops, testify to the continuing importance of agriculture. The annual value of all farm crops will run to forty million dollars, and their production requires the services of about one-third of the total labor force.

The livestock industry still deals with sheep and mules, but in addition the raising of cattle has become very important; horses are quite an item, and hogs have entered the picture. On an average, about 1,300,000 cattle roam the range with a present-day value of about eighty million dollars. The scrawny sheep of yesterday has given way to a well-fed "woolly" numbering about 2,000,000 and selling at eight dollars a head. Mules are numerous, although not comparable to the others in numbers and value; ten to twelve thousand, valued at about three quarters of a million dollars, are raised; and hogs, about 100,000 annually, will sell for around one million dollars. The over-all value of this industry will amount to about one hundred million dollars a year.

The great advance in expanding the wealth of the state comes from mining. The workings at the old and new placers, in central New Mexico, that produced intermittently as high as two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold in a year, have yielded pre-eminence to metals that exist elsewhere in much greater quantity. Copper, long a leading mineral, valued as high as thirteen million dollars in a year, has recently found a competitor in potash, now selling at a comparable figure. Coal worth five million dollars is mined in a year, zinc will run over six million dollars, and the precious metals, although below the million-dollar mark, are still an important item. An inspector of mines in the employment of the state is now necessary to keep statistics on the business for the curious-minded, and to enforce many and necessary rules for the safety of miners who constitute about six per cent of the labor force.

The wealth derived from these basic economies provides support for a great variety of middlemen, especially the banker. Forty-one banks are operated in the state with total deposits of about two hundred and twenty-five million dollars. Eighteen savings associations add another nine million dollars in deposits to the total wealth. Professional men exist in great numbers; artisans of all kinds ply their trades; and

the humbler workman labors for three or four dollars a day instead of a like amount for a month.

Another economic activity is manufacturing. New Mexico does not have the great industrial developments found elsewhere, but a variety of small establishments contribute to the prosperity of the state. Close to 300 of these can be found, employing three to four thousand men and women, or six per cent of the labor force, and paying about four million dollars in wages. Baking establishments, the milling of grain, the publishing and printing business, the lumber industry, petroleum refining, and a variety of other activities produce commodities to the value of about twenty-five or thirty million dollars. The Indian too has become a participant in this activity, especially in the manufacturing of costume jewelry. The value of these attractive but quite unessential products will run as high as four million dollars a year.

The centers of population are no longer limited to the Rio Grande Valley with a few offshoots to the east and west. The great, broad Pecos Valley on the east side supports several towns; the old Apache country in the southwest is settled by the white man; the San Juan Valley, the former fighting ground of Navaho and Ute, is filled in with farms and towns; and likewise the northeastern reaches of the state. About 530,000 people claim New Mexico as their home, with as many as 40,000, or possibly more, living in the metropolis of Albuquerque.

The towns, at least the recent ones, are laid out on the common quadrangular street system. The paved street, lighted at night with lamps of startling brightness, has superseded the natural surface of dirt and mud that served for so many generations as an avenue of travel. The colored neon signs that grace the store fronts create an impression of the proverbial fairyland, and stimulate jaded or tired senses into new vigor for the moment. Shade trees, lawns, and a profusion of flowers afford a sharp contrast to the surrounding mesa land with its dusty-colored appearance. Entering a town is like approaching an oasis rather than a brick-kiln yard, as early travelers wrote.

The town and people of today represent a fusion of three cultural strains. The flat-roofed pueblo style home is still popular, oftentimes covered with a permanent coat of plaster which is colored to harmonize with the soil, although not always successfully. In place of the door and window with a flat lintel, the ancient Roman arch may be substituted. The viga is still used, but sometimes in an artificial way. A log

projecting from the side of a house, drooping at an angle of about forty-five degrees, but not intentionally in the plan of the architect, is inserted for decoration, not for service; if it projects outward with straight and sturdy appearance, it may be assumed that it is supporting a roof.

The pueblo style faces competition from other ideas in home-building. The peaked roof is a commonplace, and is sometimes painted in a startling shade of red, green, or blue. Many varieties of building material are used besides the adobe brick. The kiln-dried brick in red or yellow, or a painted white, was popular around the turn of the century and marked the first significant change in building construction. The old-fashioned brick home with ten or twelve rooms, graced with a wide veranda and formalized with the Greek column, was the early sign of opulence among the commercial class in New Mexico. It is still to be seen, but is yielding pre-eminence to the smaller bungalow style in a variety of forms and designs, constructed of wood and stucco, tile brick, cinder block, or cement. If really up-to-date it will possess a rounded corner with a glass wall that admits the light of the out-of-doors, but not the gaze of the passerby, and a sun deck on the second floor for indulging the modern fad of sun worship—or sun-bathing, to be more literal.

The interiors of these homes are furnished with a bewildering assortment of furniture styles from the heavy stuffed piece to the chaste wooden article of the so-called Mission style. Past ages are drawn upon freely for design, and that person is rare whose taste cannot be satisfied. The venetian blind is an ingenious contraption that often serves in place of the curtain and heavy drape, collecting no more dust than its predecessor, and being much more easily cleaned. The corner fireplace, a pueblo arrangement, is still popular, but cooking of meals is done after a more mechanical fashion in a kitchen furnished with gas or electric stoves, and with foods kept in abundance in a cold-air box conditioned by artificial means.

The public buildings, and more so the business buildings, present an assortment of designs, but less variety in construction material. Brick is the common material for walls, supplemented occasionally with sandstone blocks. The store front permits the fancy of the proprietor unlimited scope of action in his attempt to apply the proverbial invitation of the spider to the fly to enter its parlor. Tile, in garish color, is common; great plate-glass windows shelter the goods on display with



an air of open honesty; and the store sign overhead jealously competes with its neighbors for attention. The second story often retains its original face for many years; only the street-level front is changed with the current fancy in architectural design. The second story, therefore, portrays the history of the town to the curious-minded. The fancy carving of the late nineteenth century, or the massive strength of stone and brick, the bay window and the Classical column, the Gothic arch and the flat lintel, stand side by side and give mute testimony to the growth of the town and differing tastes of pioneer business men. The pueblo style is also used, and sometimes in combinations with these other styles, but utilitarianism is the key to business building plans and the older design is outmoded.

The cultural fusion also appears in the dress of the people. The reboza is only occasionally seen, worn by the older generation of the Spanish-speaking New Mexican, especially in the more remote rural villages. In general, the styles of dress come from Paris through the moderating hands of the clothing manufacturers of the East, who reproduce a model in an abundance of low-priced garments and flood the country from coast to coast. Some styles, of course, are designed in the United States, but regardless of origin, the people of New Mexico dress alike, except for the minor differences necessary to satisfy the ego. Even the First American is succumbing, although slowly, to the influence of the melting pot, both receiving and contributing to the common dress. A pair of shoes of a design from south of the Border will consort with a store-bought shirt of Eastern origin, and a bit of Navaho jewelry gives sparkle to the ensemble; blue jeans are worn by workmen and nylon stockings by women regardless of racial origin; the degree of emphasis varies among the groups, but time will change that condition.

Likewise in the field of entertainment the same development has occurred. The Spanish Colonial tunes are still heard in the dance hall, but they find competition from the jazz music of African origin. The youth of Indian, Spanish, and so-called Anglo ancestry, all find common enjoyment in the same lyrics. The Indian is slower to accept this common denominator, but he is accepting it. The motion picture appeals to all, and helps to fashion the common mold in style and interest, even while portraying the diversities of the past. The Spanish caballero, the Indian warrior, and the Anglo pathfinder can be seen in the same film, sometimes co-operating, sometimes as antagonists, but they are portraying the people of 1846 whose descendants now sit side

by side in the darkened house enjoying the spectacle, with the mental reservation that it is Hollywood hokum.

Sports are no longer limited to plucking a chicken head from on horseback. Most of the activities known to the country at large are found within the state. They represent another phase of the greatly expanded life of the people and afford another influence for the fusion of races. The Indian plays the white man's football; the white girl practices on the Indian's bow and arrow for pleasure and the development of a correct carriage; and the Indian love of foot-racing finds satisfaction in the white man's track meets. All three people appear in the boxing ring, equal in talent, skill, and courage. In short, they mingle in most of the sports, and they mingle in the home.

A fusion of the people is taking place through marriage, and a proper name is no longer clearly indicative of national ancestry. Bilingualism is common, and the several languages show an increasing affinity through the borrowing of words and phrases. These developments are promoted by the basic institutions of society; the home, the church, and the school are the ladles of the melting pot and slowly, steadily, and continuously stir the brew, producing a people now commonly known as American; inevitably the hyphenated terms of Spanish-American, Anglo-American, and the word Indian will become historical curiosities of the language, buried deeply in the largest of dictionaries and uncovered only by scholars interested in the past.

The support of the church is markedly better than a hundred years ago, and the educational facilities represent a change almost as startling as that found in transportation. Every town and village has one or more schools in keeping with its size, and where centers of population are not found the school is still present, drawing its clientele from rural surroundings. As many as 650 rural schools are scattered throughout the state. They are staffed by approximately 1,600 teachers and cater to the educational needs of about 50,000 pupils. The cost of maintenance runs as high as four and a quarter million dollars annually, but the critic still remarks that education is neglected. The city children are just as well provided for; in round figures, 250 schools, housing 70,000 pupils, operated by 2,000 teachers at an annual cost of five and three-quarter million dollars, represent the municipal efforts at providing a general education free to all alike. The Indian, still receiving considerable attention in a separate school system at Fed-

eral expense, and the children in parochial schools, swell the total attendance figure.

The fusion of the Indian is retarded by the reservation system, but even that barrier cannot arrest the forces of change. The Pueblo farmer uses modern implements of steel and drives to town in a wagon; the Navaho has accepted the practice of range control for the better conservation of his arid acres; and the Apache are in the forefront of social progress with welfare funds for the aged. No longer do they fight their white brothers with bow and arrow, but fight alongside of them on distant battlefields, all for one and one for all. The Indian, the Spanish, the Anglo lie side by side in the same graveyard, in the same hospital, and they join the same veteran's organization. The Indian is a citizen of the United States and is now knocking at the door of the state for the right to vote. The Indians carry their grievances to Washington in true political fashion, agitate for Indian control of so-called Indian affairs, demand Federal aid in true American manner, and probably bandy the word politician around with the same friendly meanness as the white citizen.

The less fortunate members of society are not forgotten. The collective responsibility for the general welfare has made marked inroads on the earlier philosophy and practice of individual responsibility. The penitentiary for the more troublesome members of society, with a population of 500 or more, is an old institution but now on a more pretentious scale, costing as much as one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to operate. An asylum for the insane is a marked innovation. It houses close to 1,000 patients at an annual cost bordering on half a million dollars. A school for mental defectives, an industrial school for the reformation of boys, a welfare home for girls, and an institution for the blind round out this phase of state activity.

For those people not in need of institutional care, but in distress of some form or other, suitable provision is made. An unemployed person can draw a weekly stipend for a limited period of time to tide him over economic difficulty. A pension for the aged is provided at public expense and assistance is rendered to needy mothers and children. A group of these activities termed public assistance requires an annual expenditure of about four million dollars. The unemployment benefits, of course, vary widely in amount with the ups and downs of the business cycle. Together they represent a change in social attitude,

a change in keeping with the general trend of the twentieth century. But collective activity through state agencies has not obliterated group activities, or individualism as it may be called, on a small and voluntary scale. These appear in astonishing variety, in business, in the arts, in literature, music, charity, and social activities in the narrow sense. They are motivated by personal ambition, individual restlessness, humanitarianism, and civic pride—products of the age of speed.

In retrospect New Mexico today is quite different from New Mexico of yesterday. In 1846 it lay on the edge of a new era; today it again lies on the edge of a new era with the explosion of the atomic bomb on its own soil. Between these two events great changes have taken place. Geographical isolation has given way; remoteness from the center of political activities is replaced by intensive association with forty-eight other units in a Federal union; customs, manners, and dress have become a mixture of the old and the new with the new predominant; the relatively simple way of life has been replaced by the excitement, the restlessness, the strife and turmoil generated in the age of industrialism and speed. Even the physical features of the area, on close examination, reveal a difference due to the power of wind and water. Perhaps in the last analysis the only characteristic of New Mexico that remains the same is the glow of the sunset on the western faces of the mountains.

## NO MATTER HOW LONG

*Edward De Roo*

“**I**F HE WANTS the children, there’s no stopping him by law.” The old man sat in the wicker rocker with a flannel bathrobe pulled around his skin and bones. The yellow light from the battered lamp by his chair made him look pallid and marked with deep-cut shadows. The rest of the box-shaped room was lighted by the lamp as well. Pale yellow faded into greys and gloom over in the old lady’s corner.

“Those children were brought up by us since he left her, and there’s no giving them up. He’ll have to kill me to take them from this house.” The old lady’s voice brought out the words with slow determination. She lay on the dingy couch like a sack, tired and heavy. Finding the slippers for her bare feet, she stirred herself and scuffled onto the porch. She was too done-in to answer the old man further as he, half dozing in his chair, muttered, “The law’s the law.”

The porch lanterns burned two holes in the night. They were beacons to guide the doctor’s car onto the dusty washboard mesa road that trailed lazily from the highway to the back sections. It had been an hour now since he was summoned. The scattered neighborhood was in complete darkness. Some old dog far in the distance howled at the night and smelled death in the air. The blaring radio of the people across the field was silent long since Mrs. Wilks returned from the auto court on the highway where she had used the telephone.

“Mrs. Grant died in her sleep,” she choked into the mouthpiece. A heavy voice on the other end said, “I’ll be right there.” The doctor had promised an hour ago, and Mrs. Wilks returned to the small house on the mesa to await him.

Those people with the radio cannot know of our sorrow, she had thought as she passed the place filled with jazz music. But now it was turned off along with the neon sign of the auto court. Automobiles

on the highway were far between, and the whispering of death filled the night for the old lady who stood vigil with the porch lamps.

The two children were asleep. Their small heads lay nearly touching each other in the single brass bed. Their hands were curved slightly, but relaxed when the grandmother looked in on them. It's good that their hands are not clenched, she thought. The dreams of their mother's death have not reached them. She thought other things as she stood in the small dining room with the pot-bellied stove. That bed is too small for both of them. Brother and sister should not sleep like that. Soon there will be room. Sissie can have the vacant bedroom after I scald it good. She went back on the porch to watch for the doctor.

The night formed a tomb over the place. The moon did not show itself. Over the broad mesa that rolled to the mountains several miles behind the house there was an unbroken evenness as if the fields were paved in black cement. The mountains stood blackest of all against the edge of things as great walls with women's shapes on top. Mrs. Wilks watched a car throw its beam from far off. It approached their road and passed by into the darkness. She returned to the old man, her dead daughter, and the children.

The old man was asleep now. With a glance the old lady forgave him. "He deserves his rest. Works harder than he should," she thought as she passed him by. Through the children's room into the kitchen she went. Coffee made her feel better. As she spilled a drop of milk into her cup and watched the deep brown turn to mud color, she felt that all life must be liquid somehow. "He won't take the children," she kept repeating as the hot substance filled her. "He won't. I won't even tell him she's dead." She refilled her cup, watching the steam rise and disappear.

The old man was awakened by the thud of feet on the porch. He struggled out of his chair as Mrs. Wilks returned to the room. "I'll let him in. There's a wind out. You'll catch a chill." She passed the old man as he sat down again. The rocker creaked under his weight. "Shhh, don't wake the children, for God's sake," the old woman whispered. She opened the door quietly and greeted the doctor in low tones. The porch lights went out as the doctor entered the house. "Electricity is expensive," the old woman thought.

The doctor went about his business with a routine assurance. There is nothing so sure as death. Wrist pulse gone. Eyes set. Heart

at rest. He pulled the white sheet back over the body. The stethoscope was returned to the black leather case. He returned to the living room to write a certificate. The old lady followed without turning to look again on her daughter.

"Couldn't help my delay. Sorry." He took out a fat fountain pen. "Next of kin. Cause of death—tuberculosis." The old lady sat on the couch with her arms folded. "What are your initials, Mr. Wilks?"

"J. B.," the old man said.

"That's all then for tonight. I'll make all arrangements for you with the funeral home. They'll be out first thing in the morning. Are there any messages or anything you would like me to do for you in town?"

The old woman spoke quickly, "No, I believe not, thank you."

The doctor found his hat on the small table where he had left it. He started for the door followed by Mrs. Wilks. She looked back at the old man to warn him to leave things as they were. She was trying to hurry the doctor outside when she heard the old man draw breath and clear his throat to speak.

"Should her husband be notified—that is—if he went off—by rights I mean—even if he—well, wasn't much of a husband?"

The doctor turned back and let the old man's idea penetrate his mind. "She has a husband, then?" He spoke slowly. "Well—why yes, he should be notified by all means. He's really next of kin."

"He don't deserve to be called that, Doctor. I don't see no sense telling him. He didn't care nothing 'bout her when she was alive. Why should he know that she's dead?"

"Yes, perhaps so, but there's the problem of the children, you know. He's next of kin as I say and—" He looked for a way to avoid Mrs. Wilks' challenge. "If you'll give me his address I'll send a telegram out tonight."

"We don't have his address. We don't know where he is." The old woman felt happy she could say this truthfully.

"I got his address in my pocket somewheres. He's in Texas—Dallas, I think it is."

The old woman stood looking down at the shabby rug as if watching her world crumble away into the dust of the small room. She walked slowly back to the couch and sat down.

Mr. Wilks fumbled through his wallet and produced a slip of

## BOOKS DISAPPEAR, YET BOOK-SHELVES REMAIN

*Ruy Ribeiro Couto*

(BRAZIL)

Translated by Helene Schimansky

NOT LONG BEFORE THE WAR, Mr. Paul Reboux founded a league against the lending of books. In the confusion of the following years of struggle, the league was forced to disappear. It was never heard of again.

Against the wishes of their respective owners, books continue to be lent, in France and elsewhere. There are even people who read only borrowed books.

These lovers of the property of others, and of temporary things, wear the most amiable of smiles when they look over the books in their friends' libraries. "Will you lend me this?" they say. "I will return it Monday."

They do not say which Monday they have in mind; they forget to add the month and year. In that way, they never deceive us. There are so many Mondays in the long line of centuries to come!

It is difficult to refuse the loan of a book. There are, however, persons who have skillful ways of avoiding it.

"Yes, whenever you wish. Today, if you don't mind, I have to take some notes from it. Monday I will drop by your office and leave it there. Without fail."

The law of retaliation: *that* Monday will never come, either.

Some people defend themselves by tacking up a placard on the wall of the library, bearing this proverb in big, round letters: "A book lent is a book lost." The visitor is warned by that malicious insinuation.



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Others go to the extreme of frankness: "No books lent." They are people who have already suffered many losses, and prefer the fault of impoliteness to a continuance of this pillage on the installment plan. I confess that when I entered one of those studies I had a sensation like that of someone who has been slapped by mistake. Because I hadn't come to ask for anything. I don't like to read borrowed books. I can't scribble in them as I please. And, frankly, a book which one reads without leaving a trace of the reading—a note, an exclamation point, a word of agreement or a "Not so"—does not become a part of one's soul. For the rest of us (who read with a ready pencil point and with finger-nail engravings) this is like five minutes of flirtation compared with five days of love.

There is, however, the reverse side of the medal: those people who try by brute force to lend us their books. They shame us into not refusing.

"An admirable study of the submarine flora of the Pacific Ocean! Take it along! Read it! It's wonderful!"

We manage a sickly smile. It will have to wait until another time, we say; just now we are reading about codfishing in Newfoundland . . . next we are going to read a treatise on Egyptology . . . next, *A Moreninha*, which is talked about so much by young girls . . . no thanks, not just now."

"But I insist! Take it along! Take this one too . . ."—a thick volume on the politics of Bismarck.—"You really should read them. And if you have them you will."

"Thanks, my dear fellow, but my program for this month is all planned."

"No, no—I insist. It will give me much pleasure to know that you share my own joy of reading them."

So we have to accept. And never again shall we have peace. At the very next meeting with this friend (getting off a street-car, going to a movie) comes the fatal question: "How are you enjoying the submarine flora?"

"I haven't started it yet."

"And the Bismarck? Didn't I tell you it was wonderful?"

"I haven't started that either."

The next time, a week later, the scene is repeated: "Well, what do you think of my Bismarck? Remarkable man, hum?"

We are confused. The friend who likes to lend books perceives

that we have not yet cared to give him the pleasure of reading the book, and asks: "But the other one—the one on the submarine flora—at least you have been curious enough by now to open that one?"

Further embarrassment. Yes, we opened it . . . interesting. The friend sees that it is a lie, and becomes angry. He takes leave of us coldly.

The third meeting will be marked by a distant salutation. He is hurt, evidently.

Then, our scruples of conscience overcome, we are obliged to send a note of thanks, returning the books, for which we invent a vague appreciation, without having read them. What else is there to do?

However, the friend who likes to lend books sees us on the street several days later, and comes to meet us with open arms: "So you really like it? Then listen, I have some eight or ten more at home on Bismarck. I'm going to send you all of them."

"But I don't. . . ."

"I insist! I know there are people who don't like to lend books. I am just the opposite. Don't think this will inconvenience me. I must send them to you, I *will* send them. . . ."

And he does send them. Really, the generous friend only wants his own pleasure, which consists of obliging us to admire his library. Since he has learned by experience that we are prompt in returning the volumes he has lent us, we are now under the yoke of his tyranny. We are lost.

But to return to my original thesis, the vast majority of people who own books are weak and timid. They do not know how to refuse. Books come and go, yet bookshelves remain—empty.

## STEVEDORES

*O'Kane Foster*

**K**NUT NEVER PLAYED CARDS with the gang, but Monday, the Negro, and George, the Bohemian, and Encarnación, the sad, saint-like Mexican from Chihuahua, did. They played viciously, barbarically whenever the dock was clear of boats. They tore the cards in two when they lost, or ripped off chunks of the table and threw them at Knut lying thoughtfully on the bed.

It was a wild game of savagery in which all the revengeful instincts of the species were used sorrowfully to while away the time. They were exiled here from life, and violence was their only solace.

Outside were the many musics of industry; the cables unraveling; the donkey engines backing; the boards crashing; the gulls cawing over the beautiful blue image of the city floating away on the muck-thick river. The thousand-noted noises of the exhausting processes seemed to fill the thoughts of the men with a strange serenity. They were a helpless-hopeful part of this inviolable song of industry. It filled the sky with meaning—with *their* meaning which another had slyly appropriated as his own. They were lost in the wonderment of their own creations—lost in the ever-present hinterland of mechanical melodies that sustained their love and hate of life.

Knut liked the lumber yard. He liked the teetering stacks of wood, seasoning; and the men in leather aprons piling the boards higher and higher in the afternoon sun. As far as you could see were long alleyways of lumber drying. The air was sultry with the smell of spruce and fir. There was a wind from the west—from across the stinking river. And the men went on sorting boards in the soft Chicago sunshine, heavy with the fragrance of the forests of Norway.

But when there was no boat at the dock, the stevedores would stay in the little tin shack and play cards and swear and plague Knut with dirty talk. Dirty talk was their revenge for the emptiness, the

frightfulness of their lives. Their hands were like leather, their muscles like snarled steel. They were jaded with their own strength and a dirty story tickled their sluggish bodies as would a feather drawn across a woman's naked shoulder.

"Knut, what would you do in case a woman . . . ?" asked Bump Jones, suggestively. Bump Jones was a six-foot battered Laocoon, who had worked on the Chicago River front for twenty years. "Knut!" he would jeer and jeer, "what would you do in a case like that?"

But Knut never answered.

Knut lay on the bunk in the shack and knew America was great if he could somehow throw off its surface slag from his tall, fair body. He had contempt but admiration for the virility of America's barbarism. He was locked in conflict with Bump Jones, and with the savage, dirty freedom America offered all who would renounce European civilization and be violently reborn on the dump heaps of America.

"In Norway—" explained Knut to Pat, the Irishman, the only stevedore who seemed always silent and sensitive, "In Norway—we haff fjords."

"Aye," said Pat, sympathetically, as he sat tipped back in an old chair against the metal wall.

"You bastard," said Bump Jones. "Why don't you stick to vodka?"

"I var live in Narvik," explained Knut to Pat.

"You daisy!" sneered Bump.

"And the moontons," gesturing with his fine white hands, "they come down to the vaater—schtraight."

"Whew!" whistled Bump Jones, suggestively, "Some woman!"

"Ja," said Knut, and he got up and went out into the lumber yard to see if the next steamer was ready for them.

When he was out, Bump Jones smeared the inside of Knut's sandwich with cinders.

"That's an illigant trick I wouldn't play on anyone," protested Pat, the Irishman.

"Sure," laughed Bump Jones.

Knut came in again from the noisy dock.

"Not yet. The ongine don't svitch the car," he said relieved. "I eat lonsch."

Very carefully the big blond hero unwrapped his lunch, and lov-

ingly took out his sandwich and pressed it to his soft red lips. Bump Jones and the rest of the men remained facetiously silent.

Knut chewed his bread slowly—and slowly realized his mouth and teeth were full of cinders. He spat out the black dirt and looked at Bump Jones.

Bump roared hideous laughter and reached over and crushed Knut's big legs between his mighty arms.

"Kvit," said Knut, sadly, "or I vill kill you." He expanded the strength of his legs and walked away from Bump Jones and threw his lunch out the door.

Bump laughed his big stevedore face red and went on playing cards savagely. "She's had enough, boys. Let her rest."

Knut sat down on the bunk and started to tell Pat about Norway again.

"And there var forests. Ja. And good lumber. We var leavin' the loggs on top the ice till Spreng and they float down the fjords. For six hondred year they float the loggs on top the vaater in Norway."

"Sure," said Bump. "On top. Where else?"

"Aaful cold—vinter," said the slow-worded Knut. "Schnow on the tris and you juse the skees."

"I don't use anything," boasted Bump Jones.

"Ja," said Knut, ignoring him.

Then the whistle on the freighter blew shrilly and the six vulgar friends strode out into the sunshine, into the lulling-swelling cacaphony that was Chicago. They were strong, fierce, silent men again, striding down the wharf toward the huge load of telegraph poles dangling over the flat car. Knut breathed deeply the horror, the hopefulness of Chicago.

All afternoon these strong lusty men unloaded sixty-foot creosoted trees on the flat car. All afternoon the huge loads see-sawed in the air above them. It was all the six men could do to guide the trembling mass of poles safely down to the flat car. Then Encarnación, the Mexican, unhooked the cable and Bump Jones signaled the boat quickly, and the sling was jerked away into the air and back over the black listing freighter from Norway.

It was a dirty and violent life. The men loved and hated one another. They were mute with vicious friendship.

"For Christ's sakes, get it over here," Bump Jones would say all afternoon. The long bundles of telegraph poles were unmanageable.

They swayed away from the top of the flat car. Monday, the Negro, had to jump up on them and lie on his belly and swerve them into place with his weight. "Watch out for your goddamn feet," Bump would say. They were viciously concerned for each other's safety.

Another bundle of sixty-foot poles was over their heads. The gang pulled it down and laughed at the danger. Encarnación's soft Mexican hands were always slow in slipping out. The men loved one another's stupidity; the helpless degradation of their bodies as beasts of burden. They spoke rudely, lewdly to one another, but each one of the vicious men was slyly concerned for his friends' hands and feet. "Get your goddamn hands out, you Greaser," they would say lovingly.

Encarnación laughed his sad Spanish smile.

When the last pole was loaded, they would signal to the captain on the iron freighter with a thumb to their noses. Then they would relax and drag themselves over to the tin shack where they would all sit down and sprawl their sweaty bodies on the table and play cards savagely.

But Knut would relax his big blond body and saunter across the docks to where a Norwegian freighter was getting up steam.

"God morgen," he would say to the mate at the rail.

"God morgen," would say the big blond Norwegian about to cast off anchor.

"Larvick?" would inquire Knut, putting his big foot on the creaking pile.

"No," would reply the sailor. "We are from Maldfjord."

Water rushed from ports in the engine room. The boat swayed with eagerness to be off on the fairy-green ocean.

"Oh, Maldfjord," Knut would say, delighted. "That is beautiful. The harbor crowded with sails. At night you can see the whole town reflected in the black water of the fjord. It is beautiful, no?"

"Yes, beautiful," would say his countryman, tapping his pipe on the rail. "And you?"

"I was from Narvik," confessed Knut wistfully. "I was teacher in Narvik."

"Oh, Narvik," and the man looked up at the tall phantoms of factories in the Chicago sky. He was measuring Knut's white strength against the inexorable sordidness of that background. It was hopeless.

"Bad, isn't it?" laughed Knut.

"I'll give you a passage back," said the mate, spitting into the thick slow river.

Knut looked at him; scratched his white veined arm. Then said:

"Thanks. It's bad, but maybe it will get better. I like it—not the dirt—but Chicago."

"It's a savage life for a gentleman. What's the use? You're just a stevedore on the dock, lad. You won't get anywhere in this country."

"Well," hesitated Knut. "I will think about it."

"We'll be here until sundown. Let me know."

"*Tak for sist,*"\* said Knut.

He strode back toward the shack where the men jumped on him before he could help himself. They tore off his blue shirt and painted large crude woman's breasts on his clean white chest with tar. Then laughed and laughed at their devil's work.

Knut struggled like a gorilla in a net. Finally he threw them off.

"I pitdche you all in the revver!" he cried, lifting up the Mexican bodily, and holding his frightened Christ's face high in the air. "You vant to get roff, eh?" But the terror in the man's eyes made Knut thoughtful, and he put the man down again gently.

"Vat kind svindleri is America? I vas better off titscher in Norway," he said enraged.

"She's just bashful, boys," said Bump Jones, coming for Knut with his strong stride. "One at a time."

Knut warded him off with his powerful arm, put on the shreds of his shirt and went out and sat in the shade of a lumber pile.

"Lofars," he said disgustedly.

He could see the scows of sand passing on the river. And the sienna and lilac smokes drifting away from the foundries. Behind him he could hear the lumber graders throwing down the boards from the tall piles.

"I var titscher. But now I vork in a sörkis vit aanimals," said Knut disgustedly. "Ja."

Bump Jones and the other men came out of the shack as though nothing had happened. It was part of their life—this wild revengeful perversion of their instincts. The only time they were happy was when they were thrilled into a noble state by work. Lifting three hundred pounds made them noble—but vicious also.

Another boat from Oregon slewed in the soft, smelling river and

\* Thanks for the pleasure of your company.

threw out its water-heavy hawsers. Monday, the Negro, dropped the big loops over the capstan on the dock. And a few moments later the men were a friendly gang again struggling with the enormous loads that came teetering out of the hold.

"Swing it over this way, you bastard," yelled Bump Jones to the man in shirt sleeves on the dock.

This time it was bridge trestles. Enormous fifty-foot beams weathered black. They see-sawed in the air, and the six sweating, panting men standing on the flat car reached for their rough sides eagerly. The great mass dangling over them made them love one another. "You goddamn son-of-a-bitch'n Swede, get your big paws away from between those timbers."

The beams jangled on the end of the enormous hook. They scissored their great flat sides back and forth across each other. But the mass swayed too far beyond the freight car.

Monday pulled himself up on the load and walked on the wide beams softly, changing their course of descent.

All eyes looked up anxiously.

"Watch out, you goddamn fool nigger!" said Bump Jones.

The Negro walked too far from the center! The beam tipped down and threw him on the freight car where he lay stunned.

"Get up! Get up!" yelled everyone.

The mass was coming down with a rush—you could hear the rattle of the cable unraveling on the boat. The engineer on the bridge was smiling. They couldn't be stopped now!

"Get up! Get up!" screamed the men.

Bump Jones leaped up on the freight car and seized the ends of the timber in his own gorilla-like hands. Braced himself for the crash.

The load came down!

The men could hear Bump Jones' back splitting like kindling. The muscles of his stomach tore in two and you could hear the bones of his legs crack. But he held it just long enough for the terrified engineer on the freighter to reverse his engines. The load reeled up again. But it was too late.

They laid Bump down on the cinders. He was drenched with blood. The Negro's wild white eyes were over him, thanking him in the only way he knew how—with terror.

"Bump—!" he said. "I couldn't help it—I couldn't help it!"

"Listen, you goddamn son-of-a-bitch'n nigger," said Bump, roll-



ing his white eyeballs round and round in their sockets. "You don't owe me nothing! Get you a nice lean nigger girl tonight and pay her my respects. You goddamn fool nigger. You don't owe me nothing! Understand? Nothing! Just kid this big goddamn fool Swede now and then to keep him from being too human. It don't pay in this world. So long, you bastards," and he closed his eyes and died.

They took him away and the five men went on unloading the freight boat. When it was empty Knut went over to the water's edge and talked to the mate of the Norwegian boat leaving for Christiania.

"I don't go," explained Knut.

"Why not, lad?" asked his countryman.

"I don't know," said the big blond Norwegian.

"It's a vile country, lad."

"Yes, but it's something else, too." Then he added thoughtfully.

"No, I don't go. I don't know why. But I don't go."

"Just as you will."

"Thanks just the same," said Knut.

And he waved his friendly white hand to the man at the rail and went off down the docks.

## THREE ROCKY MOUNTAIN POETS

*Ray B. West, Jr.*

THE PROBLEM OF THE POET in the Rocky Mountains is made more than usually difficult by the contemporary trends away from a kind of verse for which his native materials are best suited: narrative verse which would utilize the many dramatic episodes of frontier history or nature poetry which would allow him to experiment with the exotic and picturesque qualities of the natural scene. He is caught between the Charybdis of popular poetry, on the one hand, and the Scylla of sophisticated modern verse, on the other. He can, in other words, give up his attempts to express himself in terms of his own specific environment (which is centered upon historical and scenic concepts) and accept the broader metaphysical concerns of the best poets among his contemporaries, or he can appeal to the popular taste through the falsely sentimental attitudes of the public toward Western scenery and the frontier myth.

Neither of these alternatives is attractive to the serious Rocky Mountain writer. He is faced with the tremendous facts of a natural environment which compels his attention, but is left without the means of obtaining sufficient apprenticeship to integrate those facts into an aesthetic form. There is reason to believe that most of the writing talent in the West has turned to prose, not, as is commonly believed, because there is a wider reading public (though this may have something to do with it), but because of the very difficulty of acquiring the proper technical ability to express the emotion inherent in his psychological relationship to his background. As always, however, there are those who have persevered, and who have begun to beat a path for other poets either to follow or to reject, which represents at least the beginning of a local tradition, the final unit binding the poet to that vast circuit of general culture which lies beyond his own geographic area.

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A Rocky Mountain poet who has taken the way of the crusader is Thomas Hornsby Ferril of Denver. Early impressed by the scenery of mountain and plain, by the legends of Indians, pioneers, trappers, and miners, Mr. Ferril has, both in his poetry and in a few prose essays, been extremely conscious of the problem of giving meaning to (or finding meaning in) the emotions aroused and the questions raised by the phenomena of nature. His first book of verse *High Passage* was published by the Yale University Press in 1926 as the twenty-second volume in their "Younger Poets" series. Yale University also published his second volume *Westering* in 1934, while a third book *Trial By Time* was issued in 1944 by Harper and Brothers.

We have rather a clear record concerning Mr. Ferril's intentions through several essays in which he has been at pains to outline his program as a Western poet, the first to concern us here being an article entitled "Writing in the Rockies" which appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature* in 1937. In this essay, Mr. Ferril, following the lead of Oscar Wilde, who visited Colorado during his American lecture tour, pointed out that the danger in writing of the Rocky Mountain scene consisted in the psychological necessity of most poets for some form of "God finding" or "God identification" as a result of the stupendous and sublime effects of the natural setting. The poet must learn, Mr. Ferril says, to overcome this tendency if he is to produce poetry. It is not enough to say, "Only God can make a mountain," but the scene must be conquered by the poet as man; it must be made to serve human and rational, not non-human and irrational, ends. It must go beyond the mere tourist-gazing of visitors from outside the region.

Without quarreling with Mr. Ferril's statement of the problem, we can point out the value of this attitude in such lines as the following from *Westering*:

But if I go before these mountains go,  
I'm unbewildered by the time of mountains,  
I, who have followed life up from the sea  
Into a black incision in this planet,  
Can bring an end to stone infinitives.  
I have held rivers to my eyes like lenses,  
And rearranged the mountains at my pleasure,  
As one might change the apples in a bowl,  
And I have walked the dim unearthly prairie  
From which these peaks have not yet blown away.

But even such mastery of his materials as is indicated in these lines has come only since publication of Mr. Ferril's second volume. Some of the earlier attempts were almost purely descriptive, as:

This is the river's skeleton,  
 Bone white, desert dry,  
 The rocks are skulls with moss for hair  
 That moves when the wind is high;  
 This is the outworn channel,  
 The yellow shadows slant  
 Through sandy crypts of oven rocks  
 Where pallid lizards pant.

But it is unfair to Mr. Ferril to select his earliest poems as examples. More important would be an examination of the subject matter with which he has dealt. Almost every selection in *High Passage* makes some use of the Western theme. There is, however, much juxtaposition of frontier myth with classical and Old Testament mythology which has the air of experimentation and which the poet foreswore in his *Saturday Review* essay. There is, in almost every poem, a sense of straining on the part of the author to combine imagery and theme, to give meaning to the materials with which he is working. There is a noticeable dependency upon simple rhythmic forms and simple rhyme with a surprising number of the poems being written in a series of quatrains. There is, on the other hand, no experimentation with unusual forms, so that the feeling is that the regularity represents an effort on the part of the poet to compensate for an inability to fuse other elements.

Between 1926 and 1934, however, there is a definite indication of growth. In *Westering* there is little indication of fumbling for an integrated point of view. Mr. Ferril seems by this time to have decided also against the four-line stanza form, and to have adopted a kind of controlled free verse, not imitative, but reminiscent of Whitman, Sandburg, and the early Frost, which gives a more unified tone to the whole volume. The attitude toward the mountain scenery is firmer, as indicated in the excerpt from "Time of Mountains," quoted above, and there is a definite feeling for the Western myth.

We no longer find a mere reliance upon the simple juxtaposition of the present and the past. Mr. Ferril is now concerned with the problem of relating the one to the other, as in the poem "Fort Vasquez," where two travelers are passing the old fort in a new automobile.

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They are talking about the development of modern science, and one of them suddenly notices the ruined remains of the old buildings:

The driver usually says:

There's old Fort Vasquez;  
Somebody ought to put a marker there!  
And some one says:

*It ought to be restored!*

And I'm about to say:

*How beautiful,  
With what you know of earth and air and flesh  
To let these old walls go the way they're going!  
Let's bid them godspeed and be on our way!*

Or I'm about to say:

*How might we best  
Unwind a hundred years? How might we now  
Reorganize these elements again  
With certitude that those who pass this way  
Experience alone the works of Vasquez,  
And nothing that our different hands have added?*

There is no doubt in the poet's mind about how such landmarks can best be preserved. They are a part of history, and history is represented in us. We do not ". . . unwind a hundred years." History is still with us, but it is altered by us; it has become a part of us. This kind of mythological concern with history invariably leads to the problem of time. The Rocky Mountain poet is made doubly conscious because his history represents a telescoping of time. Sod shanties that did not appear until after Lincoln's time are now preserved as relics. Winchester rifles are antiques, and the buffalo, which furnished food for the laborers of the Union Pacific, is a symbol of the passage of time, of a past era. The poet can say, "I'm . . . half as old as the city is." He is impressed by what had happened in so short a time:

The prairie twinkles up the Rocky Mountains.  
Feel how the city sweeps against the mountains;  
Some of those higher lights, I think, are stars.  
Feel how the houses crowd and crack uphill.  
The headlands buckle with too many houses.  
They're trying to find a place where they can stand  
Until the red lights turn to green again.

But there are disadvantages to so much change, for:

. . . there's hardly a child in all the sleeping  
children  
From here to where we think the stars begin  
Who sleeps in a room where a child, his father,  
slumbered.

Mr. Ferril's preoccupation with time is suggested in the title to his latest volume *Trial By Time*, but the metaphysical aspects of the problem tend to lead him away from the Western scene. In this last volume there are occasional improvements in technical ability, a tightening of imagery, less dependence upon simple statement and easy associations of statement, and more variety in the verse forms in the poems concerned with the regional themes. When a broader view is attempted, however, as in "Let Your Mind Wander Over America" or in "The Gavel Falls," where the poet attempts to use American history divorced from the kind of emotion which is evident in his mountain poems, too much of the content is little more than a simple listing of familiar names and places, almost as though in the attempt to widen the scenic focus and to enlarge the scope of thematic concern, the poet has been called upon for a reorientation. The level of excellence on a strictly technical plane is higher than in the two previous volumes, and there are better individual passages, but there is less unity. Science and the meaning of scientific discovery have, partially at least, replaced the interest in nature as such. Science, like the mountains, is something that man must hold under control.

But despite this gesture away from the particular regional setting (or, perhaps, because of it), the general effect of this volume is one of diffuseness. While Mr. Ferril, in his introduction, deplores what he calls the "death-bed repentance" of American poets since the beginning of the war, it is clear enough to anyone who reads *Trial By Time* closely that the author has succumbed to the same malady. His best poems are confined to the familiar Rocky Mountain setting; his poorest are what he himself calls "road-map poetry, but no sense of where the road started a long time ago or where it was heading." I feel that Mr. Ferril knows a great deal about the West where it began (certainly) and where it is headed (perhaps), but what he has to say about Harper's Ferry and the freeing of the slaves does not seem nearly as important to me—or for America—as the following lines

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concerning a man who has just picked up a buffalo skull on the Cheyenne plains:

I entered the trench they cut through signal Butte,  
 And I pulled a buffalo bone from the eight foot layer,  
 And I watched the jasper shards and arrowheads  
 Bounce in the jigging screen through which fell dust  
 Of antelope and pieces of the world  
 Too small to have a meaning to the sifters.  
 One of them said, when I held the bone in my hand:  
 "This may turn out to be the oldest bison  
 In North America," and I could have added:  
 "How strange, for this is one of the youngest  
 hands  
 That ever squeezed a rubber bulb to show  
 How helium particles shoot through water vapor."  
 And the dry wind out of Wyoming might have answered:  
 "Today is going to be long long ago."

Another poet who has confined himself primarily to the subject matter of the Rocky Mountain area is Ted Olson. Like Mr. Ferril, Mr. Olson appeared first in the "Younger Poets" series, with his first volume, *A Stranger and Afraid*, published by Yale University in 1928. Since then he has published *Hawk's Way*, in 1941. The general point of view of the first volume is indicated by the lines from Housman which appear on the title page:

And how am I to face the odds  
 Of man's bedevilment and God's?  
 I, a stranger and afraid  
 In a world I never made.

Mr. Olson has approached his material from a direction opposite to that of Mr. Ferril, and it is perhaps significant that the fourth line of the Housman stanza supplied the title for a novel by the American "naturalist," James T. Farrell, for Mr. Olson is nearer the tradition of most Rocky Mountain novelists, seeing the impersonal cruelty and terror of nature, instead of recognizing, with Thomas Hornsby Ferril, that there is a grandeur and sublimity in the natural setting which the poet may serve to bring into some kind of benevolent and humanistic focus. For Mr. Olson the gods are gone and man is left alone surrounded by an alien and cruel nature. Having risen from the slime of one creation, he has been thrown back into the slime of an-

other. "Ours is a race too lean of wit to swell Mythology with one red, lusty hell!" Man has, he says in one poem, only his laughter to preserve him.

When the eternal frost draws tight its net  
To strangle this half-conscious clod we tread,  
We shall go laughing back into the dread  
Dark ordure whence we came.

But there is something like a literary pose in the tone of some of this early verse, something immature in the combination of lusty dissent and "poetizing." We are not surprised to discover elsewhere in the volume an attempt to reveal some more positive view of mankind's relation to the earth, as in the following octave from a sonnet entitled "Farmers."

Farmers grow kindred to the soil they till,  
One with the swart hills where their cornlands reach.  
Granite is in their gaze, contained and still,  
And the slow pulse of rivers in their speech,  
They have their silences like those of loam  
In winter, obdurate and indifferent.  
They tread the land Antaeus-like, at home,  
Fed from the turf, indomitable, content.

But this is still a literary exercise. Mr. Olson's farmer is from Iowa, or anywhere except Wyoming, in the first place. The suggested mysticism, in the second, is neither as true as the statement of it would make it seem nor original enough to carry the full burden of the poet's feeling. A positive attitude toward nature in general is suggested, however, and it is presented less didactically in a great many other poems. Sometimes it is merely a sentimental celebration of the mountain seasons, as:

Now has another year of roses  
Scattered its bright, ephemeral flame  
Through river-bottom and arroyo  
In the high country whence I came.

Or:

A heart's a brittle thing at best,  
And easily reft—as you may learn  
Should yours be drawn to east or west,  
Somewhere your feet may not return.



But it was not until the end of his second volume that Mr. Olson seems to have combined value and sensitivity into any kind of artful whole. His resolution is still a mystical one, but more original and inclusive than in his early poems, concerned not alone with the feeling of the farmer for his land, but with the feeling of all people in all places for the land which they know best and with which they have identified themselves. In an examination of his Norwegian ancestry and the fact that his father left Norway to settle in Wyoming, Mr. Olson finds a conflict between man's identification with place and his constant restlessness, which is more dramatic and more satisfying than the simple statement of mystic union. The concept came, presumably, as a result of a trip to Norway, and it is expressed in two poems of the second volume, "Salute to Norway" and "Notes Toward a Biography." The first is concerned with the knowledge that, even in a second generation, the feeling for place is not obliterated, and both poems take full advantage of the double-focus of the Old World and the New:

Surely I know that it is not alone  
 Your blood in me that suddenly knows its own.  
 It is Wyoming that I find  
 In Norway now because of old I found  
 So much of Norway in Wyoming, where  
 You planted all you thought to leave behind.

The second suggests an attempt to synthesize much of what has appeared in the earlier poems. It is, I think, the best of Mr. Olson's poems, though containing a fault which was particularly noticeable in the early short lyrics, that is, a tendency to end with a surprising and shocking statement not always growing out of what has gone before:

These waters, gray like iron (if iron could take  
 Snow to itself); bending as iron bends,  
 Stiffly reluctant; cold as iron is,  
 And as infertile—these are the same waters  
 My father knew long since, and loved, and left,  
 And did not see again. My father surely  
 Walked these same hills, and looked to sea, and saw  
 The world beyond it. Africa he saw,  
 And India, and Japan, and would not rest  
 Till he had known them. But these hills of Norway  
 He knew no more. He plowed himself at last  
 Into a new land—not so unlike his own—  
 Making Wyoming richer with his bones.

The long, inscrutable curve of space returns  
 Upon itself. And so I come at last,  
 Sixty years after, to these hills, these waters,  
 Not quite perceiving why. Is it some hunger  
 For home that lay recessive in the blood  
 I had from him? Some stubborn tide that sets  
 Back to familiar shores? I do not know.  
 Rather, I think, I come from some obscure  
 Desire to chart my origins, some hope  
 These hills may tell me what and why I am.

My father held the wheels of tall Norse ships  
 In tropic hurricanes; drove locomotives  
 Hard on the trail the emigrant wagons made;  
 Broke prairie sod, built ditches, proved to scoffers  
 That grain would thrive where sage and greasewood  
 throve,

Read history and poetry, and died  
 At fifty-four. He did not plague himself  
 With questions or attempt to torture words  
 To devious attenuated uses,  
 Or with their flimsy leverage to dislodge  
 A brute immovable age. Words were a tool,  
 Like axe, or plow, or sickle, hard and shining  
 And unmysterious. He used them well  
 When there was need for words.

The blood runs thin

And acid in these later generations.  
 The brain is whetted to a finicking  
 Acuteness, splintering when it cannot cut.  
 The lusty curiosity that sent  
 Our fathers forth to learn a world turns inward  
 Upon itself, to starve and sicken now  
 On questions.

I am glad sometimes my father

Did not live to know his son too well.

These taciturn iron waters take the snow  
 No more indifferently than they take  
 My questions to themselves. The hills lie shrunken  
 Under the weight of winter; and one ship  
 Goes seaward. Does some tall Norwegian boy  
 Stand on the deck and look to Africa?  
 And will he make some new barbarian land  
 The richer for his bones—the poorer, maybe,  
 For one questioner?

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For so the cycle

Rekurs: one generation hewing boldly  
 Its signature on life: another seeking  
 For meanings, doomed by some ironic chance  
 Never to be content with any meaning.

So let one cycle end. I have no sons.

Mr. Olson's poet is the decadent and effete child of the man of action. Art (so far as this concept is not a pose for him) represents an escape for the weakling. This is the opposite of Mr. Ferril's sounder conclusions, which see him as the myth-maker, the preserver of history. It is through Mr. Ferril's poet that Nature and the action of the pioneer are brought into focus, their multiple relationships made meaningful for our time.

A third poet, Brewster Ghiselin, does not belong so unreservedly to the Rocky Mountain region as either Mr. Ferril or Mr. Olson. Coming originally from California, he remains more sensitive to the traditional images of seascape remembered from his boyhood, less compelled to solve the particular problems that seem so urgent to the indigenous Rocky Mountain poets. The unique aspects of the mountain scene are less a general human riddle and more a specific fact of his own exile, so that the use of its imagery is often a contrast to something that seems richer and more meaningful in the imagery of the sea, as in "Inland Spring":

Here I shall see the mortal snow recede,  
 And over the gray the gradual greens renewed,  
 And peacock cherries spreading fans of bloom  
 On cloud, a counterpoint of flowers and foam.

But not the marvels of that carven coast,  
 The flowing shores, the sea-reach in the west,  
 Moon ruled, sun troubled, earth and heaven fed,  
 Beauty on which the depth of life will feed.

But Mr. Ghiselin is quick to grasp the symbols which have meaning for him, and he has the ability to invest them with a richness which is, on the whole, more complex and interesting than the work of the other two poets. In the first four lines of "Gull in the Great Basin Desert," Mr. Ghiselin has expressed the essential emotions of his mountain exile:

Sea gull in level lunge and long  
 By this white salt far from the foam,  
 Hungrier than hawk, who come,  
 Like me, to feed on the desert's fruit.

The gull on the barren waters of Salt Lake is an apt symbol for one conscious of removal from the sea. There are no fish in the heavily salted water of the lake, and the gull is forced, like the hawk, to forage for his food away from the water—to become a scavenger. Such foraging is likened to the poet's need to feed on that to which he is unaccustomed. The metaphorical significance is given fuller development in the next stanza.

Unrinsed beside the blue barren lake  
 You glide, unpuzzled by defect,  
 Corruption black upon the beak  
 That gorged the carrion flesh and fruit.

The unwashed gull with "corruption black upon the beak" expresses the feeling of the exile, but the whole scene is charged by the words "unpuzzled by defect," which explain both the nature of that feeling and point up the awareness of the man in contrast to the bird. The defect of the man exists not only on the single level of fact: that he had allowed himself to leave his proper environment (the word "unrinsed" puts the whole image on the level of religious ritual), but the more potent fact of his awareness raises the theme into a realm transcending the particulars of local imagery. The poem represents, at once, the specific facts of the incident as well as the general facts of the emotion with a compactness of form and a richness of language, which, finally, is the measure of Mr. Ghiselin's success and of his superiority as poet.

It is, of course, impossible to say that a poet would have been better or worse under this condition or that, but it seems reasonable to think that Mr. Ghiselin's poetry is of a richer texture, though less voluminous, for the double view of sea and mountain. As he says in his long poem "Meditation in Exile": "The mountains unmake me." It is an indication of his integrity that they do. He is not satisfied to solve everything by memory, to use a figure from the same poem, but he must search for the meaning in his new conditions and in the new landscape.

## Piled

Oppression strews the horizons, weighs on the  
 world,  
 Leans upward from the mass and myriad interest  
 Of the stricken hills, from the dazzle of windings  
 draining  
 The chine and height of the Oquirrhs, from the  
 slough of the Wasatch.  
 And yet this land lives: here as there,  
 The snake lies in the shadow of the flower,  
 sleeping;  
 The upsweep over the height hurls the hawk.

But I don't wish to make the fact of exile too important in the total of Mr. Ghiselin's production. It is but one facet, though an important one, in the many-sided concerns which his total work indicates, a means whereby he has expressed his own emotional tension and yet gone beyond to appeal to the sense of the exile inherent in his reader.

Mr. Ghiselin, though he has published widely in magazines, has just recently been given publication in book form. His first volume is titled *Against the Circle*, and its meaning is reinforced by a quotation from William Blake on the title page, the lines addressed to God:

If you have form'd a circle to go into  
 Go into it yourself and see how you would do.

The volume is divided into five sections, the first composed of poems which the author considers to be of critical value for our time, many of them late poems dealing with the war; the second made up for the most part of sea poems, including some of the earliest of Mr. Ghiselin's work; the third representing the personal world of one who stands on the line (of the circle), composed of the poems with the exile theme and poems in which the mountain and sea imagery are either in balance or in contrast; the fourth called "epistemological" poems; and the fifth composed of personal love poetry. Had Mr. Ghiselin published earlier it seems clear that there might have been at least two earlier volumes, the first representing those works in which the sea imagery predominates, a second containing the poems of exile, and a final volume containing the less personal reflections upon war and upon general philosophic themes. In this case, there would have been at least a directional resemblance between his development and the expanding interests of Mr. Ferril. As it is, *Against the Circle* gives

more the impression of being a collected work than the usual first volume of a promising poet. As with Mr. Ferril, there is a sense of achievement on several levels, the first two (the sea poems and the exile poems) culminating in the excellent "New World" with its integration of the two themes in a poem which unifies the two early, predominating types of imagery:

This is the land our fathers came to find;  
 They found the old world only, they found the  
     known  
 Measures of the moods of their own minds:  
 The blue mountains' dying, the plain's surmise,  
 The bones and bountiful nakedness and thought  
 Of barbarous rock, and the green peace of earth;  
 They found the hostile forests of the heart.  
 This is the earth that should have had our love,  
 The loam that deepens by the deepening streams,  
 The mould that feeds the forest and the flower,  
 The musk and metal of a stony dust:  
 Three centuries the foothold of our life,  
 Never the roothold. How could we love a path?  
 A place of passage or unwilling rest.  
 In our blood's need we came from the cold cliffs  
 Up from the low shores and the smell of spray,  
 Westward from the duneland and the pines.  
 We crossed the silent rivers in the plains  
 And climbed the abrupt west, and fed our need  
 With dust and sun and the humming juniper,  
 And came to a broken coast, the barrier sea:  
 No earth, a pathless glimmering of waves.  
 No way behind us but the travelled lands,  
 No way before us but the lemmings' grave.

This is the opening section of a fairly long poem, but sufficient to illustrate not only the use of the combined imagery of seacoast and mountains, but the use of the whole Western myth. It is, in addition, woven into a tougher fabric than either Mr. Olson or Mr. Ferril would have been capable of, perhaps tougher than either of them would have desired; but it indicates also that Mr. Ghiselin has felt more at ease with the discipline of contemporary trends than they have. Mr. Ferril has not presented the Western scene with the intensity of the following lines, in which Mr. Ghiselin asks, "Where is the new world?" and replies:

Only in time,

In moments of the individual mind:  
 Flashes and fragments: seen in the waste wall  
 And rock-ridge, heart-defining height and  
     hawkfall  
 Isolations, and on joshua slopes  
 Blacked with burnt blocks of rock whose  
     drummings answer  
 Bourdon and hornvoice, grooves and gold of  
     hills,  
 Music to name our needs: too briefly seen  
 Between the many voices of the past.

In the final, title-poem of Mr. Ferril's last volume, on the other hand, one feels that he is striving for compactness of imagery, similar to Mr. Ghiselin's, but one recognizes also a failure to fuse the images with the thought, so that the poem is saved from almost complete obscurity only by the explicit statement. A few lines (not the least successful) will perhaps be sufficient to illustrate:

Out of the tide-slime  
 Credulous we come,  
 Singing our latest God stabbed and perfumed,  
 Springing the eye of the enemy from the socket,  
 Building a ladder to a broken bird,  
 Meadow and mine to the pocket,  
 Dream to the word.

Beginning with the loose statement of the first two lines, Mr. Ferril comes nearest to the form for which he is obviously striving in the Hopkinsian third and fourth. The fifth and sixth lines, however, are little more than a repetition of the third, with the exception that the fifth gains something from its position following the third—its contrast to it. But the final is an extremely slack generalization of the meaning inherent in the "latest God stabbed and perfumed" of the third line and of the idea expressed in the images of the ladder to the broken bird or of the act of transferring "meadow and mine" from the hills to the pocket in the fourth and fifth. The intrusion of Western images is unfortunate here, too, because they are almost isolated in a poem which has so little reference to the Western scene specifically. The poem falls apart primarily because there is no integration of imagery, because it lacks what most of the poet's verse uses

so skillfully: a unified scene or narrative as a vehicle for the expression of a general thought or emotion. The concept of evolutionary man which is used in this poem fails because it is obscured by inappropriate imagery and weakened by prose statement when it should be fused by a related imagery and charged by the exact metaphor.

I have brought up this point in regard to Mr. Ferril because he has raised it himself. In his introduction to *Trial By Time* he has indicated clearly that he has a quarrel with most modern poetry. As Alan Swallow, one of his most fervent well-wishers, has written in a recent review, this is unfortunate because it results only in making his friends into his enemies, his enemies into friends. It raises questions of only peripheral interest to the major body of his work. That Mr. Ferril has indicated a dislike for T. S. Eliot need not necessarily represent a limitation unless his work indicates, as it does with so many who have adopted a similar attitude, that he is not satisfied to continue doing what he can do well, but is desirous also of beating other poets at their own game. Undoubtedly the above poem is just such an attempt. Mr. Ghiselin, on the other hand, has succeeded in reconciling the materials of the region (of two regions as it happens in this particular case) to the uses of the present tradition. Without raising the question of why the majority of poets of the present have adopted what might be called loosely the metaphysical style, or the question of whether this particular style is suited to the Western theme, it seems clear that the conventions of the moment need not rule out the kind of verse written by any one of these authors. There is no reason why Mr. Ferril, for instance, should not have written such a poem as "Trial by Time"—if he could have brought it off successfully, but it seems clear from an examination of his work that his perception is primarily for the tone and color of a scene or for a relationship of man and nature which is nearer to Wordsworth's conception than it is to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, where most modern poetry has its roots. To say it differently, he is nearer to Robert Frost or to Carl Sandburg than he is to Yeats and Eliot, and I mean no disrespect to anyone in saying so. To continue the analogue for what general truth there is in it, Mr. Olson's position is reminiscent of the Victorian variations of nineteenth century romanticism, while Mr. Ghiselin would appear to be nearer the main-stream, with its sources in the Elizabethans and the metaphysical school, through Blake and the French symbolists to Eliot. Neither Mr. Olson nor Mr. Ferril, for



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example, would have written the following, the signature poem of Mr. Ghiselin's forthcoming book:

With tiger pace and swinging head,  
With gentle tread and turning grace  
The walking stripes, the walking stripes  
Of the mind stride in their too-little place.

But what if it escaped and walked  
In the green city?  
There is no city, said the tiger mind.

There is the cage, the absolute bar,  
Things as they are, that bind my rage  
And wrap my claws, said the turning jaws  
And prisoner eyes in their too-little place.

But what if it burst its world and ran  
To the snake-green jungle?  
There is no jungle, sighed the striped mind.

## WINTER GARMENT

*E. W. Tedlock, Jr.*

**A**T EIGHT O'CLOCK he suddenly stopped drying the dishes, put down the tea towel in a crumpled heap, and told his wife that he did not feel well. She did not question him but told him to lie down. She would finish. His action was rather ironic, since he seldom volunteered to help at all. Tonight there had been a sort of tenderness in him as he began wordlessly to help her.

At nine o'clock, when she had finally finished tidying the kitchen and the dining room, she opened the door to his study. He was sitting immobile in his old leather armchair — simply sitting there staring out at the room. On an impulse she went to him to kiss him, but he did not respond. He only patted her hand as it rested beside him, and she went away without saying a word.

She went upstairs and sewed until ten, then went to bed alone. Before she turned out the light, she looked at herself in the long mirror on the closed door. She noticed again that she was slightly stooped, that there were little concavities and sags of age. But she was still a big, round-limbed woman, her flesh still ruddy. She turned out the light, slipped into her cotton nightgown, lay down in the bed, and thought of him.

He, in the study below, had hardly stirred. He was enacting a scene with himself which had become increasingly frequent this last year, though he had never been entirely free from it. He was smoking what he told himself was a last cigarette before bed, a simple thing to do, a natural thing to do, except that for him it marked a dreaded decision, a little resolve painfully hard for him to make, to give up once more his conscious life for the uncertainties and fantasies of sleep. So he sat there doing nothing, staring sightlessly through the eddies of smoke refracting the light from the lamp beside his chair.

He sat there fascinated and repelled by the moment. It was painfully recurrent, familiar, this feeling of bodilessness, of being only a brooding mind, suspended curiously in some way in time and space, surrounded by intimate, remembered objects but in no way connected with them, unresponding, feeling nothing, only brooding timelessly and vastly. At this moment, this late decisive moment, after a day of acting, feeling, communicating, everything but mind fell away. The mind worked on. It sat aloof and remote and denied the moment of sleep and surrender.

The light from the lamp shone full on his bald head edged with quite gray hair which shed on the shoulders of his coat a powder of dandruff. The powder was cumulative, for he was a man who had stopped looking into mirrors. His face, half in light, half in shadow, was not entirely intellectual. There was strength in the high-arched nose, the sharp bony structure of cheeks and chin. Yet the taut skin suggested purification; the tiny lines about the eyes and mouth, concentration without calculation. His thinness suggested a gradual dwindling and diminishing as age advanced. The big leather armchair held him loosely.

The ash of the cigarette smoldered close to his fingers, and he crushed it, moving only his hand and arm, in the tray on the table in front of the lamp, took another from the pack lying there, lit it, and was immobile again. He had made a concession to the moment. He was staring straight out at three-quarters of the room, and without moving his head he looked at the clock on the big roll-top desk in the far corner. The arm of the second-hand swept on swiftly, round and round and round. The hour was only a meaningless point in the endless progression of the hand. It meant nothing except that it coincided with his being suspended thus between waking and sleeping.

He looked out at the room, and he knew, without being moved, that it was shabby. It was cumulative, like the dandruff on his coat. It bore in rough-carpentered shelves pushed against papered walls the accumulated books of forty years. It bore in the roll-top desk and on the table nearby other books and the accumulated jottings and scraps of jottings of thirty years of labor in the same house in the same room. It was not a slick, sharp, neat illustration of modern interior décor. It was worn and somber and jerry-built. It was improvisation and expedience. It was unpremeditated biography.

Scattered through a few of the shelves were the books he had

bought as an undergraduate, managed to buy by skimping on other things, but not to excess — he was no martyr. He knew when and where he had bought them, but, curiously, he could not remember how they had moved him, what absorbed eagerness, what passions they had aroused. He could only, at the moment, say they had done so. That was all. They were odds and ends, unconnected by method — poetry, novels, essays, some in handsome bindings, a few in tooled leather, bought for richness as well as reading. Some of them, he knew, were still unread. He had bought them to possess them.

Then, on the shelves, began the textbooks, anthologies from undergraduate courses, many of them obsolete, their margins bearing penciled notes, their bindings the marks of hard use, much carrying, much throwing upon tables and desks. They were formidable, serviceable books, bound in neutral colors, thick despite thin paper. Then there were the books from his graduate days, the books of specialization, many thin little volumes priced for the student, uniformly bound, but trimmer, more handsome, than the anthologies. And some of these had been bought for possession.

The rest of the room was lined with the accumulation of thirty years as a teacher, samples from publishers, textbooks, the choice of literary guilds finely printed and illustrated, specialists' books never widely circulated, all sorts of odds and ends of books picked up at bookstores in big cities and little cities wherever he had traveled and had time to browse, books bought for love, from curiosity, from a desire to let nothing perish, for usefulness in filling some vacant informational corner, sometimes because a friend or acquaintance had written them, the outpourings of university presses. Big books, little books, pamphlets, periodicals, there they were, the cumulation of a lifetime, uncataloged except in his mind.

His mind! He inhaled the cigarette deeply, and his hand dropped. His arm was far away. It hung far down, curiously detached from him. His mind contemplated it there for a moment, then went back to the books, and suddenly, queerly, familiarly, hatred swept outward and upward from some hidden, mindless source. Suppose tombs spoke, suppose sepulchers opened, suppose blood filled atrophied veins, suppose the miracle happened. But it would not. They were safely shut up, and the key, the miracle, vanished. The thing was lost in the mastery. Life dropped away in fragments until the mind sat stripped, capable only of brooding.

The hatred passed, and he brooded there, peering through the blue smoke, curiously contemplating. He noticed that he was listening too. He listened through the stillness of the room, and he noticed that when he concentrated, when he tried hard, he could hear. There were noises in the stillness. He listened. At first there were only little, fugitive noises: the slight rustle and crack of an old board expanding or contracting, a mouse gnawing patiently somewhere in a corner, the momentary rattle of a window from a gentle wind-push outside, faintly the whir of the electric clock, perhaps even the subtly shifting pressure of the floor above on the beams and joists below, and then, above his head, the muffled, just-caught groan and squeak of a bed. The noise caught his mind and held it.

She, in the room above, did not sleep. One would think she did, seeing the long form motionless under the sheet. She had turned her face to the window so that the cool, moist spring air moved across it. And, in a sort of receptiveness, her arms lay above her head. She liked to sleep thus with his arm flung across her breast, his hand resting in the little hollow between her neck and shoulder. Sometimes he did not make this gesture, and she turned and huddled on her side in isolation.

Now she lay waiting, thinking of their life together. She thought of their children, their handsome children, the slim, grave-faced boy with his lively, vagrant imagination, and the sturdy girl with her fine brow and independent way, begotten here in this house, nurtured and nourished in it like plants that must have rich soil. She had borne them for him, and she had joyed in the moments of his pride, when she could see in him, and share the pleasure in, his children. Those were the golden moments, the moments of gaiety and pride.

And she had found passion with him, the fierce, creative passion in which her patience and stillness were released. The routine days were intervals of duty performed steadily and slowly with an infinite trust in fruition, until she herself became a symbol in the house of that trust and fruition. It was as though fate played no part there, or that she herself was their fate and their destiny.

Of his intellect she understood little. It was enough to feel that something important to him was going on. It was enough to feel it as a power in him. She seldom read. Long ago he had prompted her to read more, and to please him she pretended to be interested. But in her woman's heart she did not want it. The golden moments of gaiety

and pride and passion were enough, and she moved through them like some full-limbed goddess born from the sea.

As she lay there, facing the window, a sudden scent of blossoms came into the room, the fragrance of lilacs in bloom in the garden below. And it brought to her suddenly the time of the awakening of their love, and she began to think of that.

Caught by the sound of her turning, he thought how distant she was to his brooding detachment, as though a stranger slept within the house, or he, a stranger, sat only thinking in the room below. He could think back; he could see in a vista of years her full, strong figure, advancing golden in sunlight slowly diffusing, the soft blond hair turning to mist, the well-featured face fading slowly, down through thirty years passing steadily through infinite duties endlessly repeated, with intervals of exultation. And hatred of the moment struck through his mind, and the ash of cigarette dropped in his lap, and the glowing tip burned upward to his fingers.

At last the sting aroused him. He crushed the cigarette and stared at the room, and the hatred within him welled up black and unstable. He got up and walked unsteadily along the shelves of books, and as he walked he hated them as dry symbols of his impotent spirit. In flames yellow and leaping, the pages writhed and twisted and fell back to blackness, leafing over and over in curling rhythm. With a shove and sweep of his hand he flung a row of them to the floor, would have done it again, then stopped in shocked reaction. For a long time he looked at them, stooping and peering at their tumbled chaos, thought to pick them up, and did not. Instead he went to the window and stared out at the night, and the dusty glass spotted from the spring rains was like a barrier between him and his desire. He forced open the latch, jerked the window up against twists and warpings of the channel, and pressed his face close to the screen, confronting the night. And it was like a deep, dark pool, infinitely liquid, stirring slowly with forms and shapes merging and blending tranquilly. It surged gently, surface and under-surface, with a power of an inevitable cycle, with the rhythm of time before time. It seemed to him it washed against the house and against his face at the window like a laving and a purification.

At first it seemed impalpable, the night, as though he had found transcendent, transmuting perception. Then he began to make out in the yard the shapes, the great elm overreaching the house, and the full, high lilacs beyond. And as he looked, a breath, a little push of air,

moved the fragrance to the window and to his face, and the clean sweet scent ran through him with a little shock of recognition, and he remembered a similar night and a similar scent years ago.

For weeks they had eaten at the same table. It was late spring, and he was working hard in the graduate school, so he had shut out the indolence and pleasure of the season. They had said a few polite words to each other, and he had admired momentarily her classic features and her sturdy body. He had even noticed the stillness and patience in her, the quality of passion at rest, but he had never known that she had thought of him. Then one night they met outside the library, on the sidewalk paralleling the great grass parks of the Midway, and, at whose suggestion he could not remember, they began to walk together out across the long gleaming vista of lawn and trees toward the lake.

Each rectangle of grass was concave, slanted sharply down and inward, so that they descended and finally rose again, into and out of ponds of deep, moist shadow. Poised on the brink, they were conscious of the intermittent shush of cars traversing the ribbons of roadway stretching back into the city. Within the declivities they moved light and alone, wading within the embrace of trees and banks under a warm, heavy sky. At the top of the second they took off their shoes and ran barefoot down the steep grass and out into the night until they were breathless. Then they walked slowly with their arms about each other to climb again. At the end of the roadway they crossed the railway tracks and turned into the curving paths of Jackson Park, and after a bit when they could hear the surging beat of the lake, they turned into a meadow sheltered by trees and bushes.

There they embraced, isolated thus between lake and city, enfolded in the night. Then they lay on the grass, her head on his arm, and there for the first time he discovered the secret of her nature. He flung his arm across her breast, and as it lay heavily there he discovered the strong fierce hammer of her heart beneath. It beat rapid and strong with the rhythm of the night and the pulse of the lake on the shore behind them. She was still, oh so still, patiently still and waiting, and only the thud of her heart beneath her round strong breast betrayed her. It leaped upward and outward with the impassioned force and timelessness of night and earth and sky and moving water. And as they lay there, there moved from the high, full bushes about them the clean sweet scent of the late lilacs remaining from spring.

This, as he stood at the window, flooded upon him suddenly and

swept away the sterile bitterness of his mood. He lingered there for a long time, savoring the night. Then he turned to the room and slowly, mindlessly, gathered up the tumbled, fallen books and placed them aimlessly on the shelf. By his chair he stopped and punched out the lingering, smoldering ash of a cigarette, turned out the lamp, and in the darkness traversed the hall and climbed the stairway. Inside the bedroom door he paused and looked for her figure by the window. He could see the long figure lying motionless, one arm flung behind her head, patiently still, patiently waiting. He took off his clothes, his thin figure moving methodically in the darkness, groped in the closet for his pajamas and put them on, then lay on the bed beside her. And his arm, in the familiar gesture, went across her breast until his hand rested in the little hollow between shoulder and neck, and beneath his arm, as he went to sleep, he felt the strong, sure, patient beat of her heart, measuring unfalteringly the passage of time which changed not.



## TALL MAN'S DILEMMA

*Irene Holt*

**T**ALL MAN WAS TIRED. It seemed to him that he was always tired now. Even the fact that only twenty days ago he had been named a delegate to Washington failed to stir him. He felt old and used up. It was many months since he had chewed a satisfying cut of mutton. The food Round Woman was cooking for him, that one; and see how fat she was. From where he was propped against their hogan he could see her herding. See how fat the sheep were, the goats. And she was fat and young, and he was old and dried up as an autumn wash.

And he was broke. Not so much as a dime to get a sweet from the trader — he glanced tiredly down the left leg of his trousers; the cloth was worn and dirty. Tall Man considered a fat ewe mincing thriftily across the arroyo; she would be fat even when her lamb had dropped, fat and heavy with wool. After the shearing, he thought, he would have some money then; a little; but when this day of Washington would be, no one knew. Some said summer; some said soon. And he knew how it would be, tired and near to sleep as he was, he knew that they would come one morning and expect him to be ready, complete with new pants. . . . Gay, they would be, laughing and making quick jokes, and all of them in new pants and their best turquoise; and making jokes.

He had come to think of this trip as a very foolish business, not for himself alone, but for them all; he had long since tired of it. Still, it seemed always to be prowling somewhere along the edge of his mind. Tall Man brought his hand up and rubbed his face. And that was the worst of it: he had not a tooth in his head. No teeth . . . no pants . . . Washington . . . Tall Man wisely fell into a doze. . . .

"Hey, Ben. Ben!" Someone prodded his ribs. It was Mr. Smeeth. "Come on, Ben, we have to go down to Dorr."

Tall Man lay for a long moment, thinking it over. What was doing at Dorr? When at last he felt satisfied that Smeeth's business was not urgent, he got slowly to his feet and followed to the car. After they had reached the highway, Smeeth said, "Red Wash is running. The people aren't using the water. They plant soon and their ditches should be full."

Tall Man said nothing; there was nothing to say. Being head man, delegate to the Tribal Council, delegate to Washington, it was a good thing. Some of the time. He fell to pitying this Smeeth. He was a thin one, not so dried up as he himself was, but drying up. And with a head full of teeth. He wondered what he ate.

Instantly he was remembering how once he had come upon a man eating by the road and the man had held up an opened tin, asking him if he was hungry. On the paper around the tin was a picture of a fat, reddish grubworm with claws. He had peered into the tin then and it was true: that man was eating peeled grubworms, reddish-white, curled up and fat, the same as those he would find at his young bean roots. The tin was half-empty. It was revolting to him and he shook his head, but the man laughed and began to explain this worm. He had not listened; he had seen what they were. It may be this Smeeth ate them, too; he was a thin one. But he had good pants. And he had teeth. . . .

Two other men spoke after the people were gathered in front of the trader at Dorr. Then Smeeth nudged Tall Man to speak to them of the water . . . they should open their irrigation ditches . . . words . . . words. He hated to talk; the words mixed together in his mouth and those that would come out were soft and misshapen. He felt miserable and tired and shabby, not as a head man should feel. He looked at the people and they looked at him; he looked at Smeeth and Smeeth nodded and smiled. He looked from Smeeth's face to his good pants and then an incredible feeling came over him. He wanted to talk. He wanted much to talk.

The sun was at the halfway point of afternoon when he started and it had not moved an inch when he had finished with the water. He took off his jacket and flung it on the ground. And he had much to say. And while he talked, the people threw coins and bills into his jacket.

When the sun had disappeared behind the red cliffs of Dorr and they were on the way back and Tall Man found that he had sixty dollars,

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Smeeth said, "What you taking up a collection for, Ben? Somebody's hogan burn down?"

"I told them to hear how I will talk in Washington with no teeth."

This Smeeth he was not a bad fellow. Tall Man gave himself to the jolting of the car and fell into a dreamy silence.

## STOCK AND LIVESTOCK

*Ina Sizer Cassidy*

**“H**OW'D I CUM to lose my ranch?” Tex asked me. “Why, by tryin’ to deal in stock I didn’t know nothin’ about, kid.

“Here I was settin pritty, two thousand acres a good ranch land an about foura five hundred blooded cattle, sellin bulls for breedin, all I could raise, an fer high prîces, too, an here comes a feller from the east, a Doctor on vacation from New York City atellin me about other kinds a stock which he was makin oodles a money buyin and sellin an me layin there crippled up like a damn yahoo, listenin to him.”

“Crippled up?” I asked.

“Yes, it was like this. You see, I’d been out chasin some stock that mornin an that doggone cayuse a mine stepped plum up to his knees in a prarie dog hole, and there we was pinned down flat. Somethin sure oughta be done about them dog holes, with all this Government work goin on, fill em up or somethin. They’s dangerous to humanity. Well, in gettin out from under that horse, I’d cleared my stirrups as he fell, an was crawlin out myself; then that horse o mine he just bumped his rump agin my back and plum busted a couple o ribs for me, and there I was writhin like a wounded rattlesnake when the Doctor comes ridin by. He’d been fer what he called his ‘constitootoonshunal,’ but I called it jest ridin over the hills, an he took me to the hospital at Vegas, an was kinda lookin after me.

“It was just at that time that he got me buyin this ‘stock’ a his in New York. Course I was a fool. I know that now, but I didn’t then. Me a buyin *paper* stock when the only stock I ever knowed anything about was covered with hair and had legs on four corners. Serves me right. No man’s got any business ridin another feller’s range, specially when he’s too far off to see the sights of his gun.

“So that’s the whole story. Stick to the kind of stock you know, young man, I says.”

"What had that to do with you losing your ranch?" I wanted to know.

"What did it have to do with losin by ranch, you ask? Why everything. I took all my money to buy this here paper stock, stead a payin what I owed on my ranch. I was goin to make a clean-up on this here Doctor's stock while the makin was good — the Doc said it was a *sure* thing — then I was goin to clean up on my ranch and set purty the rest a my life.

"When them ribs of mine got hitched solid, I come out a that hospital into the bright sun, a blinkin my eyes like a toad in a hail storm, an went back to the ranch to rake in my dough. When I got there I found there want a damned bit of dough to rake in. That paper stock was all burnt up, the Doctor told me, an all my money with it. They musta had a hell of a wind storm, I told him, to blow all that into the camp fire, and he said they shore did. Well, that left me at the end of my lariat an so here I am, workin for wages on my own ranch!

"An say, what do you think the Governor done while I was layin in that hospital nursin them broken ribs? He thought he'd be nice to me. I'd gathered in a lot of votes for him; so he sent me a great big bunch of roses, jest like he'd send em to a girl friend, an he got a lot a my other friends to send me flowers, too. They was so many my room's plum filled with em, an when some a my punchers from the ranch come over to see me, they see the flowers through the open door an wouldn't come in.

"'Hell, he's dead,' they said an tiptoed right out an got drunk.

"An maybe I was, s'far's the ranch was concerned, and so I says now, Boys, stick to the kinda stock you know — don't wander away onto a strange range you don't know nothin about."

## ON AND ON

*Spud Johnson*

### On the House Across the Creek

THE GONZALES HOUSE was long and low and old. All of these qualities were somehow accentuated by the charming narrow portal, upheld by slender, unadorned posts, which extended along its entire front. The inner wall was whitewashed but this, in the shadow, was only a little lighter than the tierra blanca of the outer walls. A scattered row of dark Lombardy poplars grew in front, an orchard of ancient apple trees alongside, and above it the Truchas Peaks rose pale as ghosts in the blue sky.

I didn't know the family, but there were two great hulking sons, another yet-to-grow-hulking son, and a little witch of a mother — all of them completely poker-faced and somewhat sinister.

Seen from across my own front yard and through the big cottonwoods and willows that lined the stream and the country road that separated us, the house was a picture that I cherished and the Gonzales family were merely shadows that moved against it — menacingly. Or perhaps I only think that now, after what has happened.

One day the picture changed, and all of our lives changed with it. But so gently at first that no one suspected a thing. Just a few men in khaki breeches with tripods and stakes and lines and those delicate fiendish instruments that surveyors use. Followed, of course, by bulldozers and crews of men, trucks, teams, foremen, and pandemonium.

My shady grass plot under the big trees by the tiny river was piled with gravel. All the willows and cottonwoods on the side next the road were mercilessly butchered. A whole triangular corner of my property was hacked off as though it were a gangrenous leg. Cement mixers shattered the quiet days and a long concrete bridge soon spanned and practically annihilated the rural brook — and there was my precious

hide-out exposed and violated by a black-topped, straight-as-an-arrow Military Highway.

My house? How selfish of me; the whole village was desecrated, blown apart as by a bomb. My neighbors to the west were completely obliterated. Automobiles, trucks, and motorbuses have rushed for so many seasons now over the spot where those houses stood, that already I have almost forgotten what they looked like or who lived in them.

The Gonzales house was untouched, and there was certainly no reason why that lovely row of poplars should disappear; but one day I came home and they were gone. So was the charming portal. Perhaps, already, that graceful row of pillars was firewood, I thought with dismay. The Truchas Peaks were still there, serene in the sky, but the foreground, as though a throat had been cut, was ugly and ruined.

All that summer I planted trees, dozens of them, much too close together; and carried buckets of water night and morning, practically feeding them by hand, to heal the scar, to hide the ravages of Progress.

They grew all right, and now they are so big that every spring the telephone company sends a crew of men to lop off their tops, which, it seems, endanger the gossip between Taos and Arroyo Hondo.

But even so they have never completely hidden the degradation that has come upon the Gonzales house. The poplars were razed so that cars could park; the portal was erased presumably so that drunks could weave to and from the doors without mishap, alas. It is a barroom and dance hall. There is a juke box.

The first Saturday night brawl in the new saloon was held when my new trees were fragile twigs and when I thought disconsolately that they would probably never be more than a mere hedge. So on Monday morning a crew of workmen arrived to build a stone wall: the wall that was to have so many hundreds of whiskey and beer bottles hurled at it, but which nevertheless protected the baby forest I had planted, and which now is mercifully hidden in the verdure it helped to shield.

I went into the house and closed the door to wait for the wall to rise and the trees to grow, and to forget the Gonzales' perfidy until the next Saturday night.

But it was not as simple as that. In ten minutes one of the workmen was at the door, trowel in hand, his face gleaming with sweat and excitement. Would I please telephone for a lawyer.

A lawyer?

The story came out fast. Joe and Abenicio, the two older Gonzales

brothers who had converted their delightful ancestral home into a public house, exiling their witch-like mother and younger brother to a hovel in the back yard, had been spending a happy Monday morning counting the ill-gotten gains from their first rowdy week end. Inevitably a quarrel ensued. Dividing the spoils was apparently not just simple arithmetic. To change a decimal point, José had neatly clipped Abenicio over the head with a beer bottle.

A lawyer, indeed!

But that wasn't all. Abenicio had gone quietly out to the hovel in the back yard, ignoring brother Rafael, who was bringing in a bucket of water, and witch Lucia, who was mumbling over her cauldron in the kitchen. He got his gun out of his bureau drawer, calmly walked back to the brand new bar, and shot brother Joe plunk in the abdomen.

A lawyer. Yes, Joe wasn't dead and he wanted a lawyer at once.

I went to the phone and called a doctor. Then I phoned the undertaker, whose hearse is also the ambulance. After that I sent for the county sheriff. And then, just to be a really good neighbor, I called a lawyer. They all came. And eventually my workmen went back to building my stone wall, with much more zest and considerably more talk.

It was with a decidedly cheerful spirit that I called on Joe in the hospital next day. I was prepared to send flowers to the funeral and even contemplated some kind of cheerful present for Abenicio when he should be comfortably ensconced in the penitentiary.

But the movies and dime novels had let me down again. None of this happened. Joe smiled at me wryly and suspiciously from his bed in the hospital, looking as though the bullet didn't hurt him half as much as my veiled pleasure. He was up and home in a week. Abenicio didn't, as far as I know, even go to the local jail. And after another week or so, both brothers were again running their joint in apparent amity.

The trees grew; it *was* convenient having a paved road to my door; and the pain from the lopped-off limb of land gradually eased. I got accustomed to my slightly restricted acreage, took to wearing wax ear-stops on Saturday nights, and spent as many week ends as possible away from home.

It became a habit, instead of just an irritation, calling the State Police or the sheriff whenever some goon parked in my driveway so that I couldn't get into my own garage, or when friends who had spent



the evening with me couldn't leave. Or when drunken drivers plunged off the road down the embankment into the river. My telephone, being the only one in the village at the time, was obviously there principally to report tavern trouble.

Abenicio was always surly and unfriendly, but Joe and I settled down into a kind of armed truce, broken occasionally by bitter wrangles. He even did me a "good turn" once, which almost cost me the good will of all my other neighbors.

My house was broken into and my typewriter stolen. The police poked around gingerly but nothing happened. Then one day Joe came over and told me that one of the youngsters in the village had been trying to sell a typewriter, which seemed highly suspicious. That night, he got the lad drunk and he confessed — not only to Joe, but later, tearfully, to me. I said: "Fine. Return the typewriter and the incident is closed."

But Joe, suddenly very virtuous indeed, had meantime told the police, and one boy after another, tattling under pressure, presently involved practically every teen-ager in the town. A gang. And, naturally, in self-defense, all the parents ganged up on me.

It was a ticklish situation. Obviously the kids weren't really bad: just the usual adolescents seeking excitement. But the typewriter, having been buried out in a field when the Law began to snoop, was a considerable wreck when dug up. Even having the parents chip in on a new typewriter didn't seem to solve the problem of punishing the culprits; and certainly I had no wish to send even the ringleader to a reform school or have any of their families suffer the ignominy of a public trial or hearing.

A young friend of mine from New York solved the question brilliantly. At a private conclave with parents and Justice of the Peace, he suggested that the boys, all of them, be sentenced to work for me every Saturday for the remainder of the school year. A sort of private chain gang. No public stigma attached to it, yet a real punishment for the boys, and real dollars-and-cents remuneration to me. The parents were delighted, and my stock in the community rose perceptibly.

But of course Joe took the credit, loudly reminding me what a good friend he was to me, whenever I complained about his lousy bar — which of course went right on aiding and abetting juvenile delinquency with the greatest possible efficiency.

And so the trees grew tall and the boys grew tall. The trees got

their annual pruning from the telephone company, and the boys got drafted into the Army and Navy and were scattered over the earth as heroes. Joe and Abenicio went right on selling bad liquor just as though nothing were happening in the world. Joe got married and Abenicio got more sullen and their mother got more witch-like and their younger brother grew up and started a grocery store next door.

One day, a year or so later, while I was on a protracted "vacation," I was sitting out in the morning sun on the terrace of a little house in California. I was having my second cup of coffee when the postman came by. Among my letters was last week's home town paper. Idly I glanced down the columns. Dr. Muller was on his vacation. Mrs. Gribbroek was in town for a few days getting her house ready to rent. The Eastern Star had held a Convocation or something. Betty Lou had reopened her beauty shoppe. And Judge Taylor was in town holding the June term of court. He had sentenced a man named Atencio to the penitentiary for killing his son-in-law, whose name was Gonzales. . . .

Good heavens, it was Joe! His father-in-law had shot him dead; and I hadn't, after all, sent flowers to the funeral.

Again my hopes rose. Was this the end of my trial by juke box and bottle?

I don't know what ever happened to Abenicio. He had disappeared by the time I got home. Maybe he died of sullenness. But now baby brother Rafael runs the bar and dance hall, which is louder and rowdier than ever; and witch-mother Lucia has a new black dress and sometimes she even gets to ride to town in Rafael's car, instead of walking.



## POETRY

### A TRANSLATION AND ELEVEN EPIGRAMS

AN OLD ACTOR ADDRESSES JULIUS CAESAR

*Translated from the Latin of Decimus Laberius*

Necessity, the impact of whose sidelong course  
Many attempt to escape and only few succeed,  
Whither have you thrust down, almost to his wits' ends,  
Him whom flattery, whom never bribery  
Could in his youth avail to shake him from his stand?  
But see how easily an old man slips, and shows, —  
Moved by the clemency of this most excellent man—,  
Calm and complaisant, a submissive, fawning speech!  
Yet naught to a conqueror could the gods themselves deny,  
And who then would permit one man to say him nay?  
I who existed sixty long years without stain,  
A Roman Knight who went from his paternal gods,  
Now return home a mime. And certainly today  
I've lived out one more day than I should have lived.  
Fortune, unrestrained in prosperity and ill,  
Were it your pleasure with the lure and praise of letters  
To shatter the very summit of my good name,  
Why when I prospered, when my limbs were green with youth,  
When I could satisfy an audience and such a man,  
Did you not bend my suppleness and spit on me?  
Now you cast me? Whither? What brought I to the stage?  
The ornament of beauty, dignity of flesh,  
Fire of the spirit, the music of a pleasing voice?  
As twining ivy kills the stout heart of the tree,  
So has senility in time's embrace destroyed me  
And like a sepulchre I keep only a name.

EPIGRAMS

1. *A is A: Monism Refuted*  
The monist who reduced the swarm  
Of being to a single form,  
Emptying the Universe for fun,  
Required two A's to think them one.
2.  
Death in this music dwells. I cease to be  
In this attentive, taut passivity.
3.  
He weeps and sleeps with Dido, calls him cad  
Who followed God, and finds real Didos bad.
4.  
Silence is noisome, but the loud logician  
Raises more problems by their definition.  
Hence let your discourse be a murmured charm  
And so ambiguous none hears its harm.
5. *History of Ideas*  
God is love. Then by conversion  
Love is God, and sex conversion.
6.  
I showed some devils of a moral kind  
To a good friend who had a Freudian mind.  
Doctor, there was no need for therapy,  
I should have had myself to comfort me.
7.  
Kiss me goodbye, to whom I've only been  
Cause for uncloistered virtue, not for sin.
8.  
This is my curse. Pompous, I pray  
That you believe the things you say  
And that you live them, day by day.
9.  
Dear, my familiar hand in love's own gesture  
Gives irresponsive absence flesh and vesture.

10.

If I can't know myself it's something gained  
 To help my enemy to know his sin —  
 Especially since in him it's only feigned,  
 For the ideal exemplar lies within.

11.

Action is memoir: you may read my story  
 Even in pure thought — scandal in allegory.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM

## THE ECHO

When aping parrots cease their ceaseless chatter  
 And folded in their sleep are gravely borne  
 Upon the Piper's horn, ah then shall weep  
 The pale unsad and nothing else will matter.  
 The lamentations over truth will measure  
 And hands like shadows fail to hold or save  
 One morsel from the grave, one sweet travail;

And fall, attenuated by the strings  
 Of soft denouement, lowly, woe as breath  
 In quiet after-death, defeated wholly.  
 Come Audience, the belfry murmurings  
 Portend a jubilee: the man is dead —  
 In death is comforted, divorced and free  
 Of yes my dear and no my love's displeasure.

CLARENCE ALVA POWELL

## CAMOUFLAGE

A myriad sparrows twitter under the grey  
 Sky of the snowless, bright December day.  
 The last brown leaves from the white sycamore,  
 Falling among them, seem to add a score  
 Of brown birds hopping on the winter grass—  
 Ash-colored, withered as the days that pass—  
 And a dead leaf blown by the wind might be  
 A living sparrow flying near the tree.

IRMA WASSALL

NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW  
T W O P O E M S

A F T E R - L E T T E R

An apparition rakes the letter slot  
And slips a wafer-shock into the room,  
Where smarting, pain-dulled eyes partake of what  
Now resurrects the body of his doom:  
A pen-and-ink spendthrift that speaks his hand,  
And singularly lines the name you bear;—  
His thoughts, filed into miles to countermand  
The habits of a world he could not share.

You might restore the paper pulse, or tie  
The broken veins of longing with pretense;  
But hands know not their uses where they lie  
In acquiescence to man's violence.  
Go, seal the casket of catastrophe,  
And lock his life, and put the key away!

D I D A C T I C I N D E F E N S E O F A M O D E R N P O E T

Admit the boldness of his verse if good:  
The manifest divine in man is brave  
Before his kind; a proper livelihood  
Depends on courage. If man misbehave  
The crime is cried upon the just degree  
Of intellect. And if the word aborts  
Within the image, still the force will be  
The shock that works carthetic in your hearts.

But probe too deeply into the line's eye,  
And you will even vivisect his vision,—  
The dream dissector being but the shy  
Possessor of the buried inhibition.  
Analysis may work the patient's cure:  
Physicians' own diseases are obscure.

I R E N E B R U C E

## TWO POEMS

## THE KEENEST SONG

The keenest song will shake the ear  
 past the wax behind the lobe,  
 past the hurt of Mother's probe,—  
 Tomorrow memory will steer  
 the child from unlived days to what is here.

Remember song you heard when young?  
 The cheerful note (but not too gay)  
 that damped the dusty wind of day. . . .  
 And in the song an alien tongue.  
 And on a cross of joy the pain was hung.

## THE SIN OF PATIENCE

A girl too certain of my life,  
 She waits, runs slow, to be my wife.

The dark blood shatters in the head,  
 A post is missing from my bed.

Praise slipping hands, slow ecstasy,  
 and damn her hands when slipping free.

The end of laugh is empty lung,  
 The end of coy is bitter tongue,  
 Like end of bee when it has stung. . . .

Her arms are crossed at me.

HERB GOLD

## JEREMIAH

In the ash grey dawn the burned Temple smoldered,  
 The enemy had loosed his terror like a landslide  
 And cast the vitals to the whitening skies  
 And laughed with sardonic laughter. Sword in children's eyes.

But I, who warned the hills and woods  
Of the mounting wrath in the Everlasting,  
Sat stunned near pools of blood  
And thought how low the citadel has fallen,  
That Israel tied foot and hand, degraded  
Should become like a harlot sitting at the roadside  
Till my mind grew delirious and heart ignorant  
Of the Almighty  
And I began to rage and stamp with angry feet  
O Israel, my Israel, I cried  
For the love of whom I wasted  
And rotted in the filthy pit.

JUDAH M. TURKAT

SPINOZA

(1632 - 1932)

Brooding upon life's dark geometry,  
He saw, not chaos, but an ordered plan  
Where line on line in luminous beauty ran,  
Precise as death, instinct with deity;  
And yet the soul, beyond pure logic free,  
He could not sever from the fate of man,  
Nor could he solve (but there each line began)  
The subtle theorem of mortality.

Spirit, curved upward from the finite clay,  
Strove with its tangent destiny, to find  
The parallels of need and nature lay  
Across the brave parabola of mind:  
He could not choose between that Yea and Nay,  
Nor last "Quod erat demonstrandum" say.

L. R. LIND

POMEGRANATES

Hard pomegranates split wide,  
you yield excess of seeds  
like sovereign brows whose deeds  
of thought have burst them quite.



If suns you long withstood,  
 o bright fruit gaping wide,  
 so filled, so swelled your pride,  
 your bins of rubies flood,

and if dry gold of skin  
 at word of force within  
 bleeds in gems of juices,

this rupture, clear and pure,  
 my soul to dream induces  
 of her secret architecture.

PAUL VALÉRY

Translated by HERMAN SALINGER

### BLACK CAT

A phantom still is something like a place  
 against which your glance strikes with a sound;  
 but here on this black fur in shadowed space  
 your most intense fathoming gaze is drowned:

as a maniac, when he is in full  
 frenzy, into blackness stamps, and then  
 abruptly in the deadened padded cell  
 the fury ceases — dies away — is gone.

All glances that upon her fall she keeps  
 within herself, to hide thus and to hold,  
 over them threatening, annoyed at last  
 shivering — and then — and then she sleeps.  
 But turning suddenly as if awaked,  
 her face directly fronts upon your own:  
 and there you meet your own glance in the gold  
 amber of her widened round eye-stone  
 unexpectedly again: enclosed, held fast,  
 like an insect long ago extinct.

RAINER MARIA RILKE

Translated by JESSIE LEMONT

PRIMORDIAL CURSE

As mountains hang in the air over a city,  
Blotting the dark, bleeding the water-color  
Wash at sun-set,  
The Himalayas of childhood  
Lift a red rhododendron heaven  
Vertical over every Roncevalles.

Those hills were the first home of his longing,  
Where great exotic apples, eaten by forest-fire,  
Terraced to a brook  
That leaked the eternal snow;  
And a red insect moving across a stone  
Died when he touched it with his finger.

Such was the first death, on a wide slab of stone,  
In the tropic sun, between the world's heaviest rains.  
When the insect died  
The mountains never quivered.  
He circled the world westward from the Himalayas.  
Twice a finger stooped and touched him lightly:

Once in the private pass, where time and again  
The horn blew forlorn and no one came.  
This we expect:  
The private expulsion from the garden,  
Or the rending cry prepared by uneven odds  
When the fool is self-sufficient in his folly.

This we expect and extricate, limp and glad,  
A morning of blood; the recent clamor frozen  
In peaks of silence;  
Friends dead in a circle;  
But the Christians had right and the pagans wrong  
And an evil sword shall not be grasped by me.

When the finger touched him again, afternoon  
Wavered in the valley, though the mountains stood still  
With a loving shadow

In which the forests slumbered.  
 Traveling birds kept their usual distance.  
 Suddenly the black apples had never been green.  
 Suddenly snowview and the buttercup rill spouting  
 Through the child's looped finger curled black  
 Like a scorched picture,  
 Where now the pitiful apples,  
 That always bloomed in a mystic smell of pines,  
 Fell to that forest fire before he was born.  
 Touch of a finger and Nanda Devi crumbled.  
 Foul treason, no longer an episode, burned  
 The cold cisterns  
 Before they reached the valleys.  
 Only the birds take the long journey  
 To find a small grave, a blackened hill.

JOHN THEOBALD

## MORNING LIGHT

## I: AFTER LOVE

. . . And then the quiet, then the sound,  
 As of dark serpents underground:  
 Two breathings loud against the glare  
 Of naked bulb, clothes-tumbled chair.  
 And then, oh then the desperate dawn:  
 Day's golden teeth, day's yellow yawn.

## II: FUGITIVE

Abed he lies, the midnight raper,  
 The jackanapes, the lone escaper;  
 Hands innocent above the quilt,  
 (The sin without the sinner's guilt.)  
 The fellow lies in passive state,  
 His limbs arranged as cold as hate,  
 His body lost, he hopes, in fate,  
 Till dawn strikes like the morning paper.

JOSEPH CHERWINSKI

NYTIS LODGE: THE ADIRONDACKS

Each breeze that cracks this placid glass of lake  
Removes its spidered years. Here, rotund speech  
Reverberates once more against the rafters.  
Old smiles are immortelle, by summer eaten.  
That some were happy here concerns me closely:  
I shall unknot the stocking's hoard of time.

This generation, grave and kind and debonair,  
Fitted these stubborn joists from careful lives.  
Such builders never die. I know them well:  
Charged with grace, their tall and stately days  
Were wound in punctual clocks whose slow release  
Uncoiled brief pleasure with a lazy yawn.

Now that the worms have girdled every beam,  
I must be brief. Tale to rehearse with laughter:  
How one dull heir to infinite allowance  
Shook off the fiber of decorum's mesh  
But found new bondage in a woman's lips  
When stars eluded day above the pines.

Hands that burned these mottoes in the wall  
Grasped stiff reality and moral flames.  
No flippancy of mine outstares stern truth  
More staunchly than the wise, embedded words,  
And dust, a sermon shorter than a book,  
Lies in the couch of reason it absolved.

Faint mice will run a crooked mile of rooms  
Yet not devour the clear and wordless title  
Woven in contemplation at the hearth.  
Time lifts its casual skirts, attempts the stairs,  
And mounts security with rhythmic tread  
Toward cool chambers alien to regret.

LAWRENCE PERRY SPINGARN

## DEATH ON A STRICKEN FIELD

Mud enshrined  
*dust thou art*  
mud was his home now  
and the grass was mud too  
since the howitzers passed here  
and the tanks  
and the heavy weary feet  
which had relinquished again  
all they had ever gained  
all, but the blood and the sorrow

Mud was his home now  
hunched and sprawled  
where the sniper left him

And all his cocky arrogance  
and all his proud boast  
gone too.

These fled faster even  
than the general staff did  
faster faster than the guns  
the motorized units  
and the frightened foot troops

Only pity stayed  
keeping his side  
pity in every fold of flesh  
slack as his lifeless garments  
pity only  
and the diffident mud

And terror  
terror stayed by his side too  
there on the drenched shore

And when his comrades found him  
these two still at his side  
those who hated him wept  
and those who loved him fled.

J. C. CREWS

## TERRESTRIAL HEADACHE

(From an American Indian sacred story)

"Old Woman at the egress of this world,  
I stand within your lodge, and I would eat."  
"Grandson, here is rice." Her whisper purled  
Across the kettle, and the rice was sweet.

"Old Woman, I have eaten and am filled  
Beyond the hunger of this life," I said,  
"And now that all the clamorous want is stilled,  
I bear a pain within my body's head."

"But I will cup it, child." Her ancient hands  
Broke the skull as gently as the rains  
Break the surface of the arid lands,  
And her pale fingers took the troubled brains.

"Now you may go," said she, "nor longer care  
If crystal guards the House of Dawn, or not,  
For you are clean of earth, and spirit-bare."  
I journeyed on, with all the world forgot.

GEMMA D'AURIA

## FOR THE UNKNOWN SAILOR

Weave a wreath of seaweed,  
And knot the fronds with shells.  
Leave the airbulbs swinging  
Like tolling searock bells.

Throw it out at midnight  
To join the undertow.  
Tides will know the tombless  
As neither friend nor foe.

E. MICHAEL WILKINS

## SONNET

Feliciano loves me constantly;  
 Lisardo hates me, who his name adore.  
 For the indifferent one my tears will pour.  
 I have no taste for him who weeps for me.  
 To those who tarnish most I give my soul;  
 The would-be worshippers I but despise.  
 I scorn the man who would my honor prize,  
 And favor him who goes away heart-whole.  
 If I reproach myself with slighting one,  
 The other takes offense at my misdeed.  
 Between the two I finally am undone.  
 They vex me with a torment cruel indeed,  
 The one in asking that of which I've none,  
 The other lacking that for which I plead.

SOR JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ

Translated by PAULINE COOK

## THE CALL

Those who know that they know not,  
 The equally bewildered,  
 The voice parrots in a cage  
 Speaking for the word  
 By a word that will do.

I am, and you,  
 With unneighbored house,  
 With scattering children,  
 With peopled prejudice,  
 Possessed of the illness, not the cure,  
 The malady visited upon all.

And when the day,  
 It is not far off,  
 Comes,  
 That the flow in me shall cease away,  
 Winds blow over me like sand,

And I sad of a sorrow,  
Be it not sorriness of barrenness,  
The feared ungiving.

Know enough to know,  
That not fear of a bomb,  
Fear is.

The unsaid fear is,  
And death is.  
But not life in the womb  
As the freight of birds in sky,  
As the dead,  
Unsaid;  
By death living.

MARCIA NICHOLS HOLDEN

### HUNTER AT HOME

In winter let the hunting mind  
Abandon field and grange  
To build a wall around the wind,  
The darkness and the strange.  
His fire shall fill the shadows out,  
His watchful dog shall growl  
To hush the chitter of the bat,  
The fluting of the owl.

DOROTHY ALYEA

### NO DECIA PALABRAS

I wasn't saying words,  
I was only bringing near a questioning body,  
Because I didn't know that desire is a question  
Whose answer does not exist,  
A leaf whose branch does not exist,  
A world whose sky does not exist.



Anguish expands gently among the bones,  
Goes up through the veins  
Until it spreads on the skin,  
Dream fountains  
Made flesh in a question returned to the clouds.  
A contact in passing,  
A fleeting glance among shadows  
Are enough to cause the body to cleave in two  
And to receive into itself  
Another body that dreams;  
Half and half, dream and dream, flesh and flesh  
Alike in the face, alike in love, alike in desire,  
Although it be only a hope,  
Because desire is a question whose answer  
Nobody knows.

LUIS CERNUDA  
Translated by LEE GILBERT

## A REVIEW OF SOME CURRENT POETRY

*Little Friend, Little Friend*, by Randall Jarrell. New York: Dial Press, 1945. \$2.00.

*War and the Poet: an Anthology of Poetry Expressing Man's Attitudes to War from Ancient Times to the Present*, edited by Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman. New York: The Devin-Adair Company, 1945. \$3.00.

*Poems*, by Franz Werfel; translated by Edith Abercrombie Snow. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1945. \$2.00.

*The Grist Mill*, by Haniel Long. Santa Fe: The Rydal Press, 1945. \$1.50.

*Eleven Lady-Lyrics and Other Poems*, by Fray Angelico Chavez. Paterson: St. Anthony Guild Press, 1945. \$1.25.

*The Cloth of the Flesh*, by Seán Jennett. London: Faber and Faber, Ltd., 1945. 6s.

*The Song of Lazarus*, by Alex Comfort. New York: The Viking Press, 1945. \$1.75.

*A Man Against Time: an Heroic Dream*, by William Ellery Leonard. New York and London: D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc., 1945. \$2.00.

*A Season in Hell*, by Arthur Rimbaud; translated by Louise Varèse. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, The New Classics Series, 1945. \$1.00.

*In Brief*, by George Hedley. Oakland, California: The Eucalyptus Press, Mills College, 1945. \$1.50.

*Brief Enterprise*, by Alice Monks Mears. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1945. \$2.00.

*The Constant Mistress*, by Tom Boggs. Baltimore: Contemporary Poetry, 1945. \$2.50.

*Selected Poems*, by Marsden Hartley, edited and introduced by Henry W. Wells. New York: The Viking Press, 1945. \$3.00.

Randall Jarrell's *Little Friend, Little Friend* ranks with Karl Shapiro's *V-Letter* as one of the two best books of poems by American soldier-poets I know of to come from the war. In the volume there is great violence of word and image, as if Jarrell said "God damn, God damn" under his breath as he wrote, feeling a nearly voiceless anger; as if the words had some existence which caused him to use them like enemies in the vague direction of his anger. With this violence we naturally expect to find the ineffectual firecracker:

Yet inside the infallible invulnerable  
Machines, the skin of steel, glass, cartridges,  
Duties, responsibility, and—surely—deaths,  
There was only you; the ignorant life  
That grew its weariness and loneliness and wishes  
Into your whole wish: "Let it be the way it was.  
Let me not matter, let nothing I do matter  
To anybody, anybody. Let me be what I was."

But we have in return such fine poems as "2nd Air Force," "A Pilot from the Carrier," "Mother, Said the Child," "The Carnegie Library, Juvenile Division," "The Difficult Resolution," and a scattering of poems in the last fourth of the book. They are a fine achievement and surely worth a fifth or sixth of the space in the last section of Eberhart and Rodman's anthology of war poems; instead, they are represented by a single short poem of extreme interest in violence, "The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner," of which the last line is "When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose." Jarrell's poems frequently extend more than a page; so I shall quote only the last stanza of one, "The Soldier Walks Under the Trees of the University":

When will the boughs break blazing from these trees,  
 The darkened walls float heavenward like soot?  
 The days when men say: "Where we look is fire—  
 The iron branches flower in my veins"?  
 In that night even to be rich is difficult,  
 The world is something even books believe,  
 The bombs fall all year long among the states,  
 And the blood is black upon the unturned leaves.

Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman have edited a topical anthology. On the dust jacket the publishers call it "a comprehensive anthology of the world's great war poetry." On the title page, the editors call it "an anthology of poetry expressing man's attitudes to war from ancient times to the present." The editors state the function of the anthology more accurately than do the publishers. Their definition of scope is naturally quite inclusive and quite justifiably includes work by both combatants and non-combatants. And Rodman in his introduction, at least, makes out a good case for the historical "transition in war poetry from the action level to the psychological level." I do not know that the selections support him any more than a selection of poems on almost any topic, and that is slightly. The essentially topical nature of the book may be shown by reversing the field, so to speak, and thinking, say, of an anthology of love poems to show the impact of war upon love. Or one might take the point of view that war is a part of the consciousness of modern living and thus select an anthology of modern poems to demonstrate, in a sense, that there are no non-war poems.

Aside from an irony directed at the conception of the anthology, one must make one other reservation about the book—on selections. A critic must grant the editors the licenses of their taste and not quibble because a favorite poem happened to be left out, but he can quibble about effort. In his introduction Eberhart remarks: "Such a history must give editors pause in their selections of the poets of this war. It is conceivable that those now considered excellent will suffer a diminution of their excellence in the perspective of the future, while writers either little recorded and regarded now, or not known at all, may duplicate a career like Rosenberg's." The difficulty is that the editors, even though aware of this pitfall, have selected very obviously among contemporaries and have made no extended effort to pry about a bit to see if their taste might recognize poems and poets not popularly recognized. There was a number of such poems and

poets, I should like to assure them. Trading upon the fairly well recognized is the privilege of the anthologist, but it is a vicious privilege of men of the critical consciousness of Eberhart and Rodman.

In the end the anthology, as with any anthology which does not have a productive thesis or theme, is valuable for giving us pieces we might otherwise miss. Eberhart and Rodman have done much of this. Adding to these pieces the mild historical interest, one feels the anthology is indeed worth having.

I believe that Franz Werfel was right in thinking that his poems might well outlast his prose. The manner of the poems may be indicated broadly by saying that they occupy a relation to the poems of Rilke about the same as the relation of Werfel's prose to the prose of Kafka. The poems are usually traditional, sometimes romantic, occasionally strong in this manner, as in such a fine poem as "Autumn Song." I think Werfel was very happy in his translator, Edith Abercrombie Snow, for the translations come through as good English poems more than any translations I have seen for a long time. I value the book highly.

Two new books by New Mexican poets are *The Grist Mill*, by Haniel Long, and *Eleven Lady-Lyrics*, by Fray Angelico Chavez. In his book Haniel Long shows his versatility, for here we have mainly occasional poems. Most of these are very fine. I especially admire "In Memoriam: H. C.," "Prairie Lark," "May Your Dreams Be of the Angels," "If Our Great Fragile Cities," "On a Raft," "For Tony, Embarking in Spring," "What Is the Most Quieting?" and "Now That March Is Ending." The sensibility which informs these poems of intimate occasion is lucid, purposive, and filled with an abiding moral humanitarianism. On the other hand, I cannot feel that Fray Angelico Chavez' book is worthy of the auspicious beginning he made in his *Clothed with the Sun*. He does not get on the page even the urgency of the religious paradox, but can write simply "Before I find / What angels see, my eyes / Must first be blind." The section of lighter verse seems to me the best in the book.

Frequently I get to thinking that a great many of the younger English poets are all of a piece. A similar manner runs through one after the other: a brittle surface compounded, I suppose, of Eliot, Owen, Hopkins, and Auden; like Hemingway, beneath the brittle surface a great deal of talk about simple sentiment. The style can be indicated by a stanza from Jennett:

His flesh shall be my stone, the word he speaks  
with no matter how uncaring tongue  
my epitaph; his living hours and weeks  
my subtle and proclamant song.

The style can be duplicated quite exactly, I'm sure, in the work of a number of English poets, including some of the Apocalypse group. It is a style with considerable virtue—a sort of communal guard against extravagance of sentiment and sentimentality on the one hand and against the wilds of the momentary, unmoving, unrationalized word and image on the other. Thus one does not often see in this style the magnificent failures or the pitiful failures one observes in American verse; the poet has a tradition for writing a decent poem. But the pitfalls here

seem to be that the tradition is not so rich as is available in the history of English verse and that it is easy enough that it frequently breeds quantity, poem after poem which looks, feels, and reads much like hundreds of others. Jennett is one of the best working in this style, and his book presents an evenness of accomplishment which Jarrell's book, for example, does not touch. Yet I do not find in it any poems which can equal the few by Jarrell I have mentioned or a number of those by Haniel Long.

Alex Comfort, though, is an English poet in a different style. His is the blurred image, the incessant movement from word to word with a minimum of interest or attending. The values of Jennett's style are easily demonstrated when placed beside the style of Comfort.

One must approach William Ellery Leonard's posthumous collection with misgiving. A group of sonnets about the love between a man of fifty-seven and a woman of twenty-four! The irony available is tremendous. But strangely enough it is in the poems dealing most closely with the themes of physical love, in the third section, that Leonard does some of the best work. Leonard's sensibility had qualities similar to those I remarked above in Haniel Long. Leonard certainly does not rise adequately to the situation. One could hardly think of a more vulnerable one. Yet the sensibility is there in the poems, and at times one reads the efforts with real admiration.

In its New Classics Series, New Directions presents a fresh translation of Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell*, together with the French text. It is, simply, one of the necessary books for an understanding of the symbolist movement and of the influence of that movement on more recent poetry. *In Brief* contains more than fifty very short poems by George Hedley. Hedley does not write with enough concentration for a fine epigrammatic style such as, for example, the readers of this journal have been able to enjoy in the epigrams of J. V. Cunningham. Hedley's poems are thin but occasionally pleasing in a small turn of phrase.

*Brief Enterprise* is the 1945 annual book award of the League to Support Poetry, the publishing of this annual volume now being done by Dutton's. Aside from Ted Olson's volume, Mrs. Mears presents the best book in the series. The League has chosen to take books of relatively little profundity in conception or ability, but Mrs. Mears' volume moves more in that direction than do most of the League's selections. It is an advance I am happy to see, although I do not feel that there is any considerable success in *Brief Enterprise*. The poems by Tom Boggs are mainly in what might be called the song tradition, one we normally have to go back to Blake or to the Elizabethans to distinguish at all clearly from another tradition of poetry. In this volume I like "Song" and one or two others. But apparently Boggs commits the error of identifying the song tradition with lack of intensity and a poorly managed metrics. The result too frequently is a poem moving at a low threshold of interest. The posthumous volume of poems by the painter Marsden Hartley shows little to give him a reputation in poetry comparable to the one he holds in painting. The poems are basically good notes for poems but do not often move toward thematic movement and the integration of poetry.

ALAN SWALLOW

## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Rebirth of Liberal Education*, by Fred B. Millett. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1945. \$2.00.

If the problems of reconversion in education are not solved adequately, the failure will not be due to any lack of surveys and analyses of its past record, present difficulties, and future responsibilities. Less ambitious than the Harvard report, Professor Millett's *Rebirth of Liberal Education* is no less stimulating. Sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation, this study is the outcome of visits to several institutions of higher learning (Reed, Scripps, Sarah Lawrence, Vassar, Bennington, Hamilton, Cornell, Michigan, Chicago, Iowa, California, Stanford, Colorado, Vanderbilt, Princeton, and Colgate), where the author talked with a great variety of people and, in the course of his interviewing, clarified his own thoughts on contemporary education in the humanities. Though the book is necessarily expository and much concerned with the methods and functioning of the various plans, it succeeds admirably in avoiding the cant of much academic writing about educational affairs.

The book opens with a severe indictment of the scientific method as applied to humanistic studies; it is this method, according to Mr. Millett, which accounts for the decline of the humanities in our day. Then follow three chapters dealing with the experimental programs in the colleges and universities cited, experimentation in the techniques of teaching, and the personnel in the humanities, respectively. The fifth and final chapter, perhaps the most suggestive of the five, is concerned with the future of the humanities.

And what is the future of liberal education? It is assured, for such education is "something, like breathing, without which life cannot go on. Liberal education is not something that can be laid on the shelf for five or ten years of a world war. . . . Any complete cessation in liberal education would mean a kind of death for our civilization." What is the factor which the humanities possess in common? Their mutual concern with values. The sciences and the social sciences of course are also concerned with values but, Mr. Millett reminds us, "It is possible and necessary to contend that the disciplines represent a scale of values, and that the humanities are unequivocally at the top of that scale." Among the humanistic subjects philosophy is given the central position because

it alone "can furnish that systematic investigation of values that will insure the proper and healthy emphasis on all the subjects in the liberal arts curriculum." Like many contemporary critics, the author gives scant mention to religion; it is disappointing to hear the constant chatter about values on the part of many critics and at the same time to note their almost complete neglect of the one discipline most comprehensively concerned with humane values.

*The Rebirth of Liberal Education* provides no pat formula to assure the future of the humanities. It does, however, synthesize much useful information and offer a good deal of intelligent criticism. It is a highly competent contribution to the perennial discussion of liberal education.

THOMAS A. KIRBY

*A Texan in England*, by J. Frank Dobie. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1945. \$2.50.

It is a long hop, in a multitude of ways, from the rough, grassy plains of Texas to velvet lawns sloping gently to the River Cam. That was the jump taken by J. Frank Dobie, cowboy professor of the University of Texas, when he went to Cambridge to accept the newly established Professorship of American History. On being invited to the post, Dobie explained that his knowledge of history "consisted mainly of facts relating to the length of the horns of Longhorn steers . . . the duels Jim Bowie fought with his knife . . . the location of the Lost Adams Diggings . . . and what, in general, the Southwest was like before 'bob wire played hell with it.'" Henry Steele Commager of Columbia University, the inviter, replied that it didn't matter since the students couldn't get out of his classes anyway; so Mr. Dobie flew to England.

*A Texan in England* is the inevitable product of Professor Dobie's year's experiences there. He explains that he didn't originally intend to write a book and that this one, therefore, was born "without malice aforethought." But what writer could resist jotting down his thoughts on the differences between university students in England and America, the bone-chilling damp of ancient, beautiful buildings, the charms of an English spring, buzz bombs over the Gardens of Kew? It is out of such intimate, chatty material that *A Texan in England* is woven.

There is no doubt that Mr. Dobie saw England through a golden mist of words—the words of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Shelley and Burns and Wordsworth and all the others. He devotes a chapter to proving that "half of what is interesting and beautiful lies in accreted memories." Incidentally, perhaps subconsciously, he is explaining his own attitude toward everything English. In the opinion of this reviewer, however, the author's sincerity, his glowing enthusiasm, and his innate kindness more than compensate for his over-reverential treatment of his subject. In addition, *A Texan in England* contains a good deal of beautiful writing.

I defy anyone to read certain passages describing the spring in England or the searchlights conducting returning planes across the sky without a little thrill at their perfection.

THELMA CAMPBELL

*The Cherokee Strip: an Oklahoma Boyhood*, by Marquis James. New York: The Viking Press, 1945. \$3.00.

"It dripped human nature—acquainted you with characters whose counterparts could be found in any town." So Marquis James describes the personal column of the *Atchison Globe*, but he might as well have been describing his own book, *The Cherokee Strip*. Writing in the delightfully simple and breezy style which marks him as an old-time columnist on a country newspaper, James takes the reader back through his boyhood years in the zooming land of the Cherokee Strip, "a world populated by settlers, fringed with cowboys, stagecoach drivers, lawyers, outlaws, gamblers, saloonkeepers, store keepers, horse traders, Indians and Mexicans."

As an inquisitive lad with his long curls pinned up under his old hat, Markey first learned about the fascinations of pioneer life from Mr. Howell, an old buffalo hunter with a tongue for tall tales—"the only person," James says, "who was always doing something interesting."

The life of the boy on an Oklahoma land claim broadened when his father, a lawyer whose outlaw clients had the disconcerting habit of ending up wearing stripes, moved his family to the boom town of Enid. There Markey earned his first dimes by carrying special delivery letters to a lady known as Miss Jo. He saved money by having his hair cut at a barber college. He found out he could write poetry. And he received his first religious setback when lightning failed to strike's Enid's bad boys who gathered outside the church on prayer meeting nights to sing "Nero my dog has fleas."

Hanging around the newspaper offices he listened, pitcher-eared, to the tales of tramp printers and got the whiff of ink which has never left his nostrils: travel and newspapers—the two fascinations for the boom-town boy. At the railroad depot Markey made money by selling horny toads to travelers, and fed his grievance against Texas, whose north-bound citizens declared horny toads were not marketable commodities. Markey developed a rule of thumb by which he judged folks from the neighboring states. "Kansans were people you felt sorry for. They had such hard luck: grasshoppers, droughts, hot winds and Carrie Nation. Arkansas was a place you joked about. But Texans—they thought they owned the earth with a fence around it."

Markey's ambitions were kaleidoscopic—he wanted to be a stage driver, bear hunter, railroad brakeman, tramp printer. The most interesting chapters of the book introduce young Markey, the newspaperman. The summer he finished the eighth grade he became a reporter of personal items. Side line, the Poet's Corner. The latter was his undoing, for he



wrote a satire on the high politicians of the town, bringing the wrath of these lesser gods upon his boss's head. High school found him scooping veteran reporters, and the death of his father plunged him into a realistic world where newspaper reporting was a job and not a pastime.

*The Cherokee Strip* has that gentle melancholy touch which marks the reminiscence of a happy boyhood. For the inhabitants of today's troubled world of John L. Lewis, food shortages, and UNO it has a distinct appeal. It takes the reader back into the youth of the nation, to the days when land was still free for the taking. A man's ambition was as untrammelled as the rolling mesas. And brass spittoons, minstrel shows, revival meetings, bawdy houses, Confederate colonels, the Boys in Blue, and wooden sidewalks were growing pains of the American way of life. If the matured nation strikes the ear too harshly over the radio networks these nights, turn the dial, pick up *The Cherokee Strip*, and let Marquis James somersault you back through the years with a laugh and a nostalgic tear for the good old days.

MARGARET PAGE HOOD

*The Aztec and Maya Papermakers*, by Victor Wolfgang von Hagen; introduction by Dard Hunter; chapter by Paul C. Standley, Field Museum of Natural History, on "The American Fig Tree." Second edition. New York: J. J. Augustin, 1944. \$6.00.

The first printing of *The Aztec and Maya Papermakers* appeared in limited edition in 1943. Its make-up, illustrations, and general aesthetic appeal led to its being cited by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, and on the basis of this approbation the publishers issued a trade edition in 1944. This popular work parallels the original except for slight changes.

A short introduction by Dard Hunter, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, surveys the development of recording and illustrating ideas and sets the background for the study of papermaking in the New World. The body of the book begins with a pleasing recapitulation and abstract of Maya-Toltec-Aztec culture and the first contacts of the Aztec with Europeans. Although this section is based upon source material, von Hagen has allowed his literary talent full play. The bones of anthropological and historic fact are well disguised. Graphic accounts of everyday life during this period and the relations between Montezuma and Cortes are interesting but highly romanticized. It is definitely a popular portrayal, not a scholarly production.

The remainder of the work presents a survey of New World papermaking and the uses to which paper was put. The accounts are derived principally from historic sources, beginning with Peter Martyr and carrying through the period of Spanish exploration. The stress is upon the possible materials used in the manufacture of this commodity. Here again, the work lacks the convincing qualities inherent in scholarly publication, and scientific methodology is sacrificed to general appeal. In spite

of this limitation, however, von Hagen has succeeded in making a contribution. His book contains an excellent bibliography, is well illustrated, interesting, and should not be overlooked by specialists in the Middle American field.

W. W. HILL

*Village in The Sun*, by Dane Chandos. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1945. \$2.75.

*Mexican Village*, by Josephina Niggli. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1945. \$3.00.

*Bewitched Lands*, by Adolfo Costa du Rels. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1945. \$2.00.

*Village in the Sun* is a gentle, unpretentious little book, a round-the-calendar account of Dane Chandos' life in a Mexican village on Lake Chapala.

The endless complications involved in buying a piece of land and building a house, the day to day happenings of the temporary household he sets up meantime, provide the material, and the writer treats it with affection and a quiet humor.

The scamper of Candelaria's sneakers over the flat stones of the patio—the endless pat-pat of tortilla-making—a small child at the door anxiously clasping a warm egg in a dirty hand and inquiring, "If you don't want to buy an egg of me?"—the swish-swish of the "trapeador" which Eugenio uses to clean the patio—and the wonderful translucency of the air, "as though the world stood under a bell of polished glass" the morning after a storm—such things make the pattern of life in Ajiic.

Doña Porfiria arrives with her bolts of colored materials and a chipped yardstick, and Chandos' patio fills with servants and neighbors who dicker the morning away over magenta rayons and "long-bearded shawls."

A chick breaks his leg and immediately a slow-moving household leaps into action. Cayetano rushes in with a root. Candelaria meets him with a bowl and together they grind the root, smear the chicken's leg with cooking oil, and apply the plaster-of-Paris-like mixture. That done, Cayetano rushes off to kill another chicken for supper while Chandos inquires, "But why in the world do you kill a healthy chick and try to cure this one?"

"Ay, señor," says Candelaria with a look of horror. "With a broken leg? Break himself the leg and be killed all the same day? Ay, no, my poor little one?"

And then there are Chandos' visitors: Eliot and Verne, who have been in Mexico for three months, can't understand a word of Spanish and know all about everything; Charles with his swank luggage and air of having just left Cannes, whose presence "hung like a mist" over the household; Francoise, "hot after Mexican antiquities"; and Gudrun who asked questions of everybody she met, gave endless advice, and left everyone exhausted.

Mr. Chandos is a sensitive reporter who only occasionally departs from a smiling objectivity. But he becomes quite violent about people who think that because the Indian's time sense is different from theirs, he is lazy. "These bribbling dopes," he exclaims, "have never even tried to understand what they bribble and brabble about, doubtless because they are too busy peering bug-eyed to catch sight of flashing señoritas and *muy hombre* bullfighters, and embroidered *charros* and all the rest of the phony phooey in night-club novels about Mexico, ever to get an Indio into focus."

In spite of his usual perception, the writer now and then strikes a false note, especially when he employs what his publishers refer to as a "deft use of native idiom."

It seems to me both an arrogance and an absurdity to translate idiomatic expressions from a foreign language into literal English in a way that makes the speaker appear childlike and picturesque. "¿Cómo no?" and "dispénsame" and "descompuesto" sound as natural in Mexico as their counterparts "why not?" "excuse me" and "out of order" do here. Why should they be given the literal translation of "how not?", "dispense me" and "decomposed"? Why, except to lend that quality of coy picturesqueness which mars so many travel books?

In *Mexican Village* we have ten stories, all interrelated but each one complete in itself, of the people of Hidalgo.

That they are "good stories" no reader will deny. Skillfully plotted, vividly written, filled with warmth and humor, each one is an absorbing tale. Often they smell and sound and taste like Mexico. Always they hold one's attention from beginning to end. And "Plaza of the Viceroy" gives you the beauty and savagery and tension of a bullfight better than anything I have ever read.

But in spite of some brilliant writing and undeniable charm, the book is neither first-rate fiction nor the "document on Mexican life" that its publishers claim for it. Somehow its pattern is too tidy, its characters too carefully placed within their frames. And somehow one would know without being told that this could not be a story by a Mexican about Mexico.

Miss Niggli lived in Hidalgo, where her father was manager of a cement plant and her friends were village boys and girls. In a sense she knows her Mexico and loves its people. But somewhere one detects that unconscious condescension that seems to accompany an emphasis on quaintness, however sympathetic.

A glance at the table of contents and its subtitles reveals something of the quality of the book: "The Street of the Cañon—where a dead man's bones became the bones of contention"; "The River Road—where a man was too faithful, and a woman too beautiful"; "The Street of the Forgotten Angel—where a man at last comes home."

And yet we repeat. They *are* good stories. *Mexican Village* would be an excellent choice for the bedside table in your guest room.

*Bewitched Lands* is a confused and often melodramatic tale of violence on a feudal hacienda in the Chaco region of Bolivia.

Don Pedro Vidal, the stupid and brutal *haciendado*, rules his holdings with terror and cunning. Whippings, often resulting in death, are meted out in the don's court whenever his omnipotence is threatened. He manages to be perennially elected to the nation's senate, uses political patronage to keep relatives and protégés in control. A hint of murder lurks in the deaths of two former wives, while a young and pretty third wife keeps to her own apartment, pleading headaches. Meanwhile the master displays a reckless daring in roping jaguars and terrifies the villagers with his preference for adolescent girls.

Carlos, Don Pedro's son by his first marriage, is the antithesis of his gross and wily father. Intellectual and idealistic, he returns from his Paris schooling filled with ideas of service to his country and hopes of social reform. He finds his father repugnant and loathes the feudal tyranny he represents. Carlos quarrels with his superiors in the army, and after an abortive attempt at rebellion is sentenced to imprisonment on his family estate. He clashes with his father, falls in love with his sadly beautiful step-mother, and in the course of a violent quarrel with Don Pedro backs over the side of a precipice.

In a not-too-skillful epilogue the writer reveals that Carlos was rescued from the boiling waters of the Parapiti and lived to organize a successful rebellion against his tyrant father. But somehow Carlos' passion for social and economic justice remains romantic and cerebral. And despite long passages of soul-searching and philosophizing, he never emerges from his hero's aura into anything approaching flesh and blood reality.

The story is told in the first person by an ambiguous narrator who accompanies a prospecting Englishman to Don Pedro's estate and later, he tells us, comes to regard Carlos as his best friend. Just what these two characters contribute to the pattern of the book is difficult to say, since the author finds it necessary to abandon his narrator in describing Carlos' hallucinations during an attack of fever, and again in the "epilogue."

It seems a pity that despite sometimes vivid writing, acute perceptions, and what might have been a provocative theme, the novel dwindles away without making any very strong impression. One will remember the heady fragrance of an orange grove, the pungent smell of oil permeating a jungle—but not much of the story or its people.

More intriguing than the book is the jacket design by the Mexican painter, Carlos Merida.

JANET KROMER

*Anguish*, by Graciliano Ramos: translated from the Portuguese by L. C. Kaplan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1946. \$2.50.

Graciliano Ramos, considered by the modern Brazilian critic Érico Veríssimo, as "one of the most solid and profound of all Brazilian writers today," was born and spent most of his life in the northeast of Brazil.

In this section are laid the scenes of his novels: *São Bernardo*, *Vidas Secas*, and *Angústia*. In these works Ramos' style and mood accurately reflect the people and land from which he comes—bitter, hopeless, severe, arid, and sordid. *Anguish* is a translation of the last title.

*Anguish*, a psychological novel, portrays the life of Luís da Silva after he migrates from the backlands to his state capital, where he slowly degenerates, moving gradually but inevitably toward his final doom—insanity. Ramos' style artfully carries out this slow disintegration of Luís. There is a heaping of detail upon detail. There is, too, a continual repetition which reminds one of the dripping of water. All leads irresistibly to utter confusion at the end of the novel—madness.

Although Ramos may not be one of the most outstanding writers of modern Brazil, he probably deserves a better translation than this of Mr. Kaplan. There are inaccuracies throughout, culminating in a meager glossary that merely serves to increase the number of errors. In spite of the errors, however, the average reader will perhaps find this to be an adequate rendition of the original.

ALBERT R. LOPES

*The Peacock Sheds His Tail*, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1945. \$2.75.

Readers wearied of war stories and repatriate memoirs of World War II will welcome *The Peacock Sheds His Tail*, the latest work of the distinguished American novelist, Alice Tisdale Hobart. The peacock, a symbol of outmoded luxury, was the inspiration for many ballads of the Mexican Revolution, the first tangible achievement of twentieth century democracy and liberalism in the countries south of the Rio Grande.

This book substantiates the statement that often a novelist offers a more striking picture of a social problem than does the author of a thoughtful and informative work. In her story of the Navarros, Mrs. Hobart shows how the ultra-conservative Catholic family headed by the patriarch, Don Julian, tried to maintain the *status quo* in Mexico in the face of the encroaching Revolution and the great social leveler of which we hear so much today, Democracy.

Alice Tisdale Hobart is a skillful writer who has the ability to put the reader in complete understanding and sympathy with many of her characters. In this novel it is the hero, Jim Buchanan, whose problems become a personal equation. Nowhere does Mrs. Hobart show her insight more tenderly than in her compatriot, who is motivated by three ruling impulses: his love for his own native land, the United States; his love for the charm of the ancient cultural pattern of Mexico, the country where he was born; and finally, but all-compelling, his love for Concha Navarro. From the outset Concha's physical portrait is made perfectly clear. You know what clothes she wears and the texture of her skin. It is her psychological texture that is not so clear. You are ever conscious that she is of a different nationality; you accept the fact that her Aztec ancestry explains her passive

acceptance of life and her naïve manner of meeting the complexities of modern life. One thing you do know: Concha is in love with Jim Buchanan.

The story moves rapidly; the characters are dynamic because there is always something for them to do. There are scenes that constitute vivid, honest reporting: the first time Jim sees Concha at the Palacio de Bellas Artes; their wedding in the Navarro private chapel; Jim Buchanan's resignation at the American Embassy.

The scene where Concha learns of the automobile accident fatal to Jim is the greatest success in the book. Altogether, one feels that Mrs. Hobart has seen enough of the aristocratic Navarros to depict their mood upon seeing the husk of formality and tradition fall away; she has seen them closely enough to give them a meaningful story and to raise them to a very high level of interest.

The author will not object if, with the rather meticulous habit of the professional linguist, the reviewer remarks on some Spanish expressions which should be corrected in a future edition. On page 80 *a sus ardenes* is found for *a sus ordenes*; the feminine form, *soldadera*, should replace *soldadero* (page 205); *poblamo* (page 218) should be corrected to *poblano*.

These, however, are minor errors and by no means detract from the value of the novel. It goes without saying that Mrs. Hobart has the "feel," and this comes over in her book. She brings her story up to date, showing that the fundamental problems and beliefs of the early days, the Colonial Period, have carried into the present, that Mexico, although changed outwardly, is still harnessed to its past. A tremendously interesting book, *The Peacock Sheds His Tail* is a vivid and authentic picture of a crucial period in the history of Mexico.

EDNA LUE FURNESS

*The Fields*, by Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1946. \$2.50.

If Mr. Richter adds more books to the family chronicle which he began in *The Trees* and continues now in *The Fields*, he will be the creator of a prose epic on American frontier life more true to the spirit of the times than anything since Crèvecoeur. There is room for such an epic in an America troubled as never before by uncertain responsibilities and nameless fears; for far too much of what we read and hear is but a reflection of our own fear and uncertainty, sensationally presented.

Mr. Richter is no romantic hiding his head under a coonskin cap to blot out sight and thought of a chaotic world. He has too much common sense, too much faith, too much of the genuine artist in him for that. The past which he recreates was once a present, with insurmountable difficulties of its own to face, and by showing how some of life's problems were solved or overcome by human beings not too unlike ourselves, he helps to restore faith in our heritage.

The story of Sayward Wheeler began in *The Trees* when as Saird Lockett, an illiterate Pennsylvania "woodsie," she migrated to the unsettled

Ohio country. There she survived the death of her mother and the desertion of her father, helped rear her younger brother and sisters, and finally married, when he was dead drunk, the Bay State lawyer Portius Wheeler.

*The Fields* is the story of this marriage—sixteen years of it—in a pioneer community which was changing slowly from a backwoods settlement to a thriving river town. It is primarily the story of Sayward, for much of what occurs is seen through her eyes. A hardy, capable woman—good wife, mother, neighbor, and farmer—she succeeds because she has the spiritual strength to do what she considers to be right without autocratically imposing her will upon others.

Richter's knowledge of his material is complete down to the last detail. The daily round of frontier existence is as familiar to him as though he had lived it himself. Of equal importance is his insight into the souls and minds of his characters, whose fears and hopes and longings are an outgrowth of the environment which surrounds them. The sense of the past is aided too by a skillful use of the homely idiom of the day—not dialect—but a careful choice of colloquial expressions which are used with discriminating taste. But the quality which raises *The Fields* well above the level of most historical narratives is Mr. Richter's selectivity. A combination of knowledge, artistry, and self-restraint, it creates a vivid impression by means of scenes and episodes brilliantly woven together.

Sayward's marriage did not have a propitious start. It has no basis in romantic love but it endures because Sayward, knowing herself, has a surprising knowledge of human nature in others. She bears and rears her children, makes her farm self-supporting, takes a leading interest in the church and in the establishment of the school, and hangs onto her land despite the temptation to move from the menacing shadow of the trees. Only once does she falter badly, and then she is saved by her common sense.

The life described is hard and difficult. The business of keeping alive is a full-time job, in which the cultivation and preparation of food, the spinning and weaving and clothes-making, the concocting of "yarb" remedies, and the care of small and growing children are the chief time consumers, but several extraordinary events occur during the course of years which give the novel its dramatic intensity. The big hunt, which cleared the woods of "varmints and vermin"; the famine year and the Biblical trek to Kentucky for corn; and Judah MacWhirter's slow and terrifying death by hydrophobia are superbly pictured. But the most moving episode in the book is the restrained, almost cryptic, description of the tragic death of little Sulie, and Sayward's grief-stricken commentary upon it.

Breathtaking events have had us in thrall for so long that it is difficult to remember that the "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" continue among the most important things in life. Mr. Richter has never forgotten this truth and nowhere has he shown it more clearly than in *The Fields*.

BRUCE SUTHERLAND

*The Writing of Fiction*, by August Derleth. Boston: The Writer, Inc., 1946. \$2.50.

*Supernatural Horror in Literature*, by H. P. Lovecraft; with an introduction by August Derleth. New York: Ben Abramson, 1945. \$2.50.

*H. P. L.: a Memoir*, by August Derleth. New York: Ben Abramson, 1945. \$2.50.

*Best Supernatural Stories of H. P. Lovecraft*, edited by August Derleth. Cleveland and New York: The World Publishing Company, 1945. \$.49.

*The Lurker at the Threshold*, by H. P. Lovecraft and August Derleth. Sauk City, Wisconsin: Arkham House, 1945. \$2.50.

*Something Near*, by August Derleth. Sauk City, Wisconsin: Arkham House, 1945. \$3.00.

*Green Tea and Other Ghost Stories*, by J. Sheridan Le Fanu; edited by August Derleth. Sauk City, Wisconsin: Arkham House, 1945. \$3.00.

*Who Knocks? 20 Masterpieces of the Spectral*, edited by August Derleth. New York: Rinehart and Company, 1946. \$2.50.

August Derleth, I suspect, formed as a youth a picture of himself as a successful man of letters and has worked prodigiously to realize that picture with, as he grew older, very little revision of its outlines. His first published story appeared—in *Weird Tales*—when he was seventeen. Now, at thirty-seven, he is the author or editor of forty-four published volumes, with another dozen scheduled or in progress. Here is accomplishment to fulfill any youthful desire for distinction. Derleth is, beyond cavil, a man of letters: a novelist, poet, editor, and anthologist, listed in *Who's Who*, and director of his own publishing house. But there remains about his work, I think, a curious boyishness, which is engaging only at times. Even Derleth's most serious writing, his *Sac Prairie Saga*, in which he has projected a *Comédie humaine* of Wisconsin village life in some fifty volumes, too often has about it a quality of a bumptious, if gifted, youth putting his townsmen in their place. His verse, apparently written with great speed and facility, rarely rises above a youthful response to the natural landscape. In his less ambitious writing, Derleth gives a free rein to his somewhat adolescent enthusiasms. He has written a volume or two of Sherlock Holmes pastiches; he has created his own detective, Judge Peck, and has written nine or ten volumes of his adventures; he is writing a history of comic strips and a history of the Milwaukee railroad. But it is in the field of the weird tale that he has been particularly busy.

Here Derleth's mentor has been H. P. Lovecraft, whose stories, when he died in 1937, were scattered through the pages of such magazines as *Weird Tales* and *Astounding Stories* and a few anthologies. Derleth has been an indefatigable collector, editor, and publisher of Lovecraft, and is largely responsible for what seems to be a growing Lovecraft cult. Derleth is the director of Arkham House—named for an imaginary town in Lovecraft's work—which has published a number of volumes of Lovecraft's



stories, of Derleth's, and of other writers whose work seems to be in enough demand by the readers of *Weird Tales* to make the venture profitable.

As one who is not an initiate, I should think that the best buy is the well-gotten-up volumes published by World, *The Best Supernatural Stories of H. P. Lovecraft*, which contains fourteen stories—including *The Colour Out of Space*, which is quite a yarn—and sells for forty-nine cents. The Arkham House volumes, published in editions of two or three thousand copies, appear to be for the specialized trade and hardly seem worth the price for the average reader. *The Lurker at the Threshold*, an unfinished Lovecraft novel completed by Derleth, is a part of the elaborate "Cthulhu mythos" which is pretty dull going. *Something Near* is a collection of twenty of Derleth's stories from *Weird Tales* which show only how dry the pot can boil. *Green Tea* is a collection of good old-fashioned ghost stories by the Irish writer Le Fanu, who lived in the middle of the last century. Lovecraft's *Supernatural Horror in Literature* says some very sensible things about his craft, and traces the history of the Gothic tradition; Derleth's *H. P. L.: a Memoir* is an appreciative biographical sketch.

*Who Knocks?* is designed for a wider audience. It includes a story apiece by Lovecraft, Derleth, and Le Fanu, but it also contains stories by Wilbur Daniel Steele, Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, Algernon Blackwood, Lady Cynthia Asquith, and thirteen others. Perhaps the best of the lot is the story *It* by the young writer Theodore Sturgeon.

*Writing Fiction*, a handbook, is more interesting for what it tells about Derleth than what it tells about writing. It contains the usual advice, but has the advantage over most of the books of the sort of holding up the example of Derleth's own tirelessness. He records, without a trace of humor: "The formation of this habit early in life [writing every day] made it possible for me to write my novel *Evening In Spring* in twenty days, at the rate of five thousand words a day—at the same time that I was lecturing for an hour daily at the University of Wisconsin (twenty-five miles away) on 'American Regional Literature,' and keeping up with all my correspondence, and my *Sac Prairie Journal* (seven hundred fifty to one thousand words daily), to say nothing of a book of poems written and revised while traveling to and from the lecture room."

COLEMAN ROSENBERGER

*The Towers of Manhattan: a Spanish-American Poet Looks at New York*, by Alfredo Ortiz-Vargas; done into English verse by Quincy Guy Burris. Inter-Americana Translations I. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. \$2.50.

The non-professional reviewer rarely has the opportunity of expressing his opinions twice on the same book. This pleasant task has fallen to my lot with Ortiz-Vargas' poem, *Las Torres de Manhattan*, published by Chapman and Grimes some five years ago. Critics often bewail the fact that in this materialistic age of ours we no longer honor the poets. Ortiz-Vargas

cannot make this complaint, since in the land of his adoption his epic poem has appeared in two forms, first in his native tongue, Spanish, and now in English dress.

Never in the history of the American continent has there been so much intercultural penetration as today. Our universities and museums have done much to foster this exchange of thought and artistic expression, and with the help of the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs much excellent work has been done in introducing the art and culture of the other Americas to the people of the United States. This translation published under the auspices of the School of Inter-American Affairs of the University of New Mexico forges yet another link in the chain of continental understanding.

Mr. Ortiz-Vargas comes from Colombia, a country which perhaps more than any other of the Americas has encouraged its poets, and poetry is a genre in which Latin-Americans have excelled. Manhattan's towering skyline is the theme song of this epic poem of some four thousand lines. It expresses the hope that the new Tower of Babel which is New York City, instead of bringing confusion to mankind, will be a center which will radiate brotherly love among the peoples of the Americas. It is a prayer that there will be forged in this vast metropolis a new civilization based on international good will. Ortiz-Vargas sees in the city of New York the future center of the world's civilization. His poem is neither the Messianic hope of a millenialist nor the doctrinaire principle of a political ideologist. It is a *cri du cœur* of admiration and awe on the part of a philosophical poet who is a lover of mankind.

Professor Burris of New Mexico Highlands University, a poet in his own right, is not "a harmless drudge who has been content to keep faith only with the words of the original," an accusation which can be made against so many translators. His rendering of this twentieth-century epic has preserved all the eloquence and fire of the Spanish verses. Fortunately his task has not been unduly difficult, because Ortiz-Vargas does not stem from the modernistic school of Spanish-American poets whose elegant and often trite symbolism was more European than American. This school of poetry, whose greatest exponent was Ruben Darío, has no place in Ortiz-Vargas' scheme. His free verse is more reminiscent of Walt Whitman, who incidentally has left his mark on Spanish-American measures. And Ortiz-Vargas is familiar not only with Whitman; he has published penetrating studies of MacLeish, Millay, Masters, Frost, and Sandburg. Then too in Ortiz-Vargas there is much of the spirit of the Hebrew prophets of the Old Testament, which is not a very common source of inspiration for Hispano-American poets, who hark back rather to Castilian and French models.

I for one hail this translation with great enthusiasm, for Mr. Burris has shown how a Spanish-American poet has been inspired by our own great poetry. Here is a poem whose language is Spanish but which breathes

the spirit of the American continent. Mr. Burris has done a double service to the Americas. He has made it possible for Americans of the North to get a picture of their great cultural center made by a man of Spanish-American birth, and at the same time he has made a beautiful gesture to the culture of Spanish America.

And now let the reader who has acquired a bit of Spanish judge for himself. I quote the opening lines from both the original and from Mr. Burris' translations:

¡Más alto, más alto, más alto  
que las más altas cimas  
y los más altos vuelos!  
¡Más alto que el mismo  
corazón luminoso del lucero más alto,  
torres áureas, subid!  
La férrea estructura que asienta el abismo,  
os da los azules  
magníficos reinos del combo zafir.

Upward and upward, still higher,  
over the loftiest summits,  
over the loftiest flying!  
Aye, higher, higher  
into the luminous heart of light,  
O lustrous towers lifting!  
And the chasmed streets, the valleys of steel  
Magnificent, azure kingdoms  
of sapphire bending.

An Italian has coined the pithiest epigram in all epigrammatism: "Traduttore, traditore," a translator is a traitor. Mr. Burris has proved that every rule has an exception. We can say of him: 'Tis the spirit he gives us, not the letter.

SAMUEL M. WAXMAN

*The Correspondence of Thomas Percy and Edmund Malone*, edited by Arthur Tillotson. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1944. \$3.50.

This volume is the first of a projected series of "some eight or ten volumes" of *The Percy Letters*, of which David Nichol Smith and Cleanth Brooks are the general editors. This initial selection covers the period from 1779, a year before Malone published his *Supplement to Shakespeare* and three years before Percy went to live in Ireland upon his appointment as Bishop of Dromore, to 1811, the year of Percy's death. Some nineteen of the ninety-six letters known to have been exchanged between Percy and Malone during this period are missing; the others, forty-two from Malone and thirty-five from Percy, are here given, with the positions of the missing letters noted. Most of the missing items are from Percy and some of his other letters are represented by extracts only, the letters them-

selves having been lost. The result is that much more than half the book is Malone's correspondence to Percy; nevertheless, the continuity of a reciprocal correspondence is much less broken than one might anticipate, and the interest is well sustained.

Two principal topics predominate in the letters. The first is of course literary intelligence, not only of the activities of Percy and Malone themselves, but of all the others, large and small, of the age. Percy, isolated in Dromore from the busy literary scene, begged Malone for news of the world he had left, and Malone complied with detailed accounts of his own Shakespeare and Dryden studies, information about sales and collections, reports of current publishing and editing, an account of his own system of collation, and scores of miscellaneous comments on the literary scene. Percy, who was engaged on the revisions of the *Reliques* which were incorporated in the 1794 edition and on additions to his *Surrey*, also produced at this time his *Memoir of Goldsmith*. His reports of these activities and his comments on information received from Malone make his share of the correspondence just as interesting and important as the letters he received. The second main topic of the letters is news of the Club, Malone reporting faithfully at Percy's reiterated request additions to membership, loss of members by absence or death, and news of meetings and attendance. More than most letters, these are therefore filled with names, and the editor has with great care and thoroughness supplied identifying footnotes. Indeed, the editing everywhere is of the highest quality, leaving no room for any critical objection. The reader will feel none of the annoyance, either with omissions or inconsistencies, so frequently felt in books of this kind. The introduction is ample and informative, the index is painstakingly thorough, the footnotes, as has been implied, are complete and satisfying.

These letters throw a hundred sidelights upon the times and upon nearly all the men, prominent or obscure, of the period. Since most of the letters have not before been printed, students of the age and of Shakespeare, Johnson, and Goldsmith particularly will find the volume indispensable. The whole series, when complete, will represent one of the most important acquisitions to eighteenth-century scholarship. All who find abiding interest in that field will look forward to the next volume, which will be *The Correspondence of Thomas Percy and Richard Farmer*, extending from 1761 to 1778, the period of Percy's greatest activity, including the first edition of the *Reliques*. The special editor of this volume will be Cleanth Brooks.

C. V. WICKER

*Samuel Johnson: a Biography*, by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1944.

Although this book was not received for review, and this and other circumstances have heretofore prevented the appearance in these pages of a notice of the book, Krutch's *Samuel Johnson* is of such outstanding im-

portance that this occasion is taken, not to present a formal review, but merely to call attention to it briefly. A new life of Johnson, than whom perhaps no author but Shakespeare has been more studied, researched, and written about, is a bold undertaking, but Dr. Krutch possesses the scholarship and enthusiasm to have written a thorough and most readable life which will long remain the final word. In his Foreword he says that his attempt was to "produce a large inclusive book which would serve to give the general reader a running account of Johnson's life, character, and work as they appear in the light of contemporary knowledge and of contemporary judgment." This and more Dr. Krutch has done. In a most complete and satisfying fashion he has made the great Doctor live and has presented his work, his coterie, and his times for the benefit of all, scholar as well as general reader, who are interested. In some six hundred pages, and not one too many, the whole story is told. The style is admirable in this age of much careless and bad writing. The many fine illustrations add much to the interest. As has been said by another reviewer, the appearance of this book is a literary event of the first importance.

C. V. WICKER

*Why Abstract?* by Hilaire Hiler, Henry Miller, and William Saroyan. New York: New Directions, 1945. \$2.50.

Why Pauline? Who are you to whom Hilaire Hiler addresses his "Letter" and "Postscript" in his little book called, *Why Abstract?* (It more accurately should have been called "Why I Paint Abstractly.") Why the dutiful essays on Hiler by William Saroyan and Henry Miller sandwiched between Hiler's "letters"? Perhaps we shall never know and it is of doubtful importance that we should, because a book planned to make a "splash," as this one is, often falls flat the way this one does.

Determined to be Significant and obviously intent on being a "sensation" in the art book field, *Why Abstract?* indulges in considerable name-dropping calculated to elevate the artist-author to the authoritative position his peremptory remarks require. This book, ostensibly written to justify Hiler's painting, tries to justify Mr. Hiler, to influence other painters to follow him, and to advertise his other writings, his teaching, and his pictures. All this is supposedly to aid the bewildered layman; actually it is for the *trade*. In all probability it will be read, if at all, by artists and students, and we may give them credit for remaining unimpressed. Some undoubtedly will succumb to the currently popular "snob" advertising copy technique (Does your painting look dated?) employed by Hiler to stampede satellites to his point of view. Although he does not actually say so, Hiler's conclusion is that he must be of, what he calls, the *avant garde* painters, those who are aware of, indeed prepared for through science (psychoanalysis in his case), the new plastic age our author sagely predicts.

The planned tomorrow envisioned for us is very reminiscent of the last World's Fair and is described in the now hackneyed terms of "functional

architecture" and "streamlining." Artists will become architectural engineers, scientific draughtsmen, and photocell color-chemists. They will work for, and in close conjunction with, the managers in the "managerial form of government" to be. These test-tube, scientific painters will face "the brave new world" armed with bright new color never known before. Too bad, Pauline, that this was written before the dramatic advent of the Atomic Age. It might have made a difference.

As for the filler of the sandwich: is it possible that the noted authors were innocent of the sarcasm we read into their appraisal of the painter-author, Hiler? Saroyan's clever note, in which the self-admitted genius offers an analysis of the nature of genius, is burdened with an undisguised quality of an I-promised-so-here-it-is chore. Because he pleads with the reader to buy Hiler pictures, he suggests that he may be accused of being "vulgar." He is highly amusing, for while facetiously recommending the purchase of these canvases by others, he adroitly excuses himself on the dubious grounds of lacking both the hanging space and the price of even one painting. Saroyan knows, as we all do, that his shock-treatment technique will bring forth more "copy" than any other. Therefore, he laughs off Hiler paintings and the purchase of one: "Buy it for your country. Be a patriot. Buy it for your children. Be a hero and give them a head-start. Unless you yourself can paint. In that case, try to sell your paintings and give everybody a head-start." Mr. Saroyan already has a head start!

Henry Miller, on the other hand, is not so facetious in his essay, which starts out as a recommendation of Hiler as a teacher and ends in praise of Picasso. The generous recommendation would carry more real weight if Miller were a well-known painter instead of a well-known expatriate writer. He says Hiler is "one of those sane madmen whose sanity is a disease, a curse, a blight." We are not sure what he means by this, but most of his remarks on Picasso reflect his contact with the school of Paris and give insight into perhaps the greatest single influence on contemporary art. Picasso, he believes, "has only one defect—he is *not* God. [He is] single-minded . . . works as an artisan: thinks as a god. All his labor is pure creation only because each task is already accomplished in advance." Miller then concludes, "And so, apart from Picasso who goes on in an unending stream of pure creation, the artists of today are divided in their labors. Part of every artist's time and energy is devoted to *destruction*, willful, deliberate, purposive destruction." We do not question this. The work at hand might be an example.

To return to Hiler and Pauline (and I got so tired of this sort of thing), he readily admits acquaintance with Walter Pach's stimulating book, *Ananias, or The False Artist*, but he fails to own his debt to it for much of his attack upon popular, academic art. These attacks, like Pach's before him, seem quite valid. Hiler uses too many terms in referring to this spurious art. The best, perhaps, is "ham," already familiar through

its theatrical connotation. "Chewing gum" and "Kitsch" (from Clement Greenberg) are obscure. By implication, the *avant garde* art he keeps referring to, avoids being "ham" by being always abstract. Simply, the logical conclusion is that his way and work escape being "academic," in the worst sense of the word, by the same token.

Unlike most devotees of a certain system of painting, except the great Picasso, our artist-author readily concedes there are other ways where he says, "You could tell me that geometrical design and composition are not incompatible with more or less representational painting. You could cite masterpieces from Giotto, and before him, or from Picasso to bolster up your case. I would have a very hard time getting around such evidence." Hiler feels he can "leave these things, basically important though they may be, out of the discussion" and still "explain" his position.

Mr. Hiler, sure of himself and confident of the future of the world in general and the art world in particular, tells us that he is now painting for that future. He designs for the house of tomorrow, for "a little plastic palace," as a popular song once said. And he proudly owns that "It is not hard to see why I haven't as many acquaintances and can no longer indulge in entertaining double talk. In short someone is getting stuffy." *En garde, Pauline! Touché!*

LLOYD LÓZES GOFF

*Artists on Art*, compiled and edited by Robert Goldwater and Marco Treves. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1945. \$4.50.

Sculptors and painters, "artists" being the general and accepted term, often feel alone, or that each is separated in thought from his fellow artists. Particularly is this tendency felt in regard to artist predecessors and the cultural tradition in particular. A few of the writings in *Artists on Art* will reassure any artist and convince any reader that the artist is actually related to his fellows both past and present by bonds of interest, of thought, of integrity, and by numerous other ties which show that he is definitely part of an order. Here are echoes of what the artist may have considered his personally unique observations. He will agree and disagree with the written observations and opinions of the artists of the past and the present, but he cannot fail to note that many have pertinence today. The distinguished work edited and compiled by Robert Goldwater and Marco Treves is an anthology on art, a compilation of excerpts from the writings of painters and sculptors from the fourteenth to the twentieth century. This excellent art reference book fills a distinct need in the field. The editors are to be congratulated on doing more than simply transposing their material. They have given a usable text, and one that is excitingly presented.

For the first time we have a comprehensive history of art written by the *artists* who helped to make that history. At least half of the writings used have been translated into English for the first time; and for many readers, as was the case with this reviewer, there will be many first ac-

quaintances among the artists used. The editor, Robert Goldwater, points out in his introduction that lesser-known artists and less-well-known artists' writings were given preference over such familiar writings as Delacroix's *Journal*, Leonardo's *Notebooks*, and others. One hundred and forty-two men of various nations and epochs in authentic, personal language give an over-all art history free from the bias of one author. The material is well arranged chronologically and there are national subheadings for each century and under the principal art movement captions. Cross references, introduced into the text of the book, aid in comparing similar and contrasting opinions on important topics.

Most of the early writing shows that the artist of that time took for granted the reason for art, the aesthetic purpose, and that he was more concerned with technical and subjective problems. Later the concern becomes increasingly one of certain art movements, such as Neo-Classicism, Romanticism, Realism, Impressionism, and so on. But in spite of this variance of thought from one age to another, there is a startling unity of purpose and an amazing recurrence of topics which artists have considered important. There are too many to note fully, here, but a few will be apposite illustrations.

One recurring "problem" concerns portraits, in the sense of *commissioned* portraits. The majority who write on this issue feel such a commission to be degenerating to the painter or sculptor because the artist has to please, not himself, but the sitter, the sitter's family and friends, and therefore cannot do his best work. Vincente Carducho pronounces that "Great painters paint no portraits." Vincent Van Gogh sighs, "Ah, portraiture, portraiture with the thought, the soul of the model in it, that is what I think must come."

Each epoch has artists who decry the "decline of art," and each those who evaluate the masters; but since the advent of the public exhibition of the salon type in the nineteenth century, a point of contention has been the jury system of choosing paintings to be shown in exhibitions. David d'Angers, writing in 1840, suggests that painters should have the same rights that writers have. "Would it not be absurd," he asks, "to make up a jury of writers, no matter how distinguished they might be, to decide which books are worth publishing?"

Among the early writings are a number of how-to-do-it paragraphs. Many of these are more amusing than instructive and were no doubt in one of what kind of subject to limit art to it, remains one of subject matter. *zation of matter* is of fundamental importance "in order that art should not be excluded for this reason. The seventeenth-century artist, Francisco Pacheco, writes on "How To Paint Women." He advises that to "avoid the danger" of "stripping women (as the ancients did) in order to depict them to perfection" [the painter should] "take the hands and faces with all the required variety and beauty—from virtuous women whom [you] might see without danger, and for the rest of the bodies make use of good paintings, prints,



drawings, plaster casts, ancient and modern statues and the excellent outlines of Albrecht Durer." Another bit of advice which seems funny to us now was no doubt pertinent in its day. Antonio Palomino, court painter to Charles II of Spain, counsels the portrait painter always to begin his portrait in a "standing position." Then he continues, "Now make your model sit down, and sit down yourself. So it is done even in the presence of the King, if His Majesty orders it. If he does not, beg him to allow you to, in order to be comfortable during your work."

A great deal of dogmatism has always clung to the problem of subject matter, it would seem from reading *Artists on Art*. Whether the discussion is one of today's subjective (objective) or subject-less (non-objective), or one of what kind of subject to limit art to, it remains one of subject matter. There is almost constant insistence upon some limitation. For instance, Pietro Da Cortona wants "every artist to restrict himself to the production of sacred works alone. . . ." By way of contrast let us paraphrase Piet Mondrian of the present century. He thinks the "law of the *denaturalization of matter* is of fundamental importance" in order that art should not represent the natural aspect of things. Contrast the over-all view and the open-minded wisdom of a man like Picasso, who says, "There is no abstract art. You must start with something. . . . Nor is there any 'figurative' and 'non-figurative' art. Everything appears to us in the guise of a 'figure'." Another man whose writing in this book shows open-mindedness is Kandinsky. He asks, "Must we then abandon utterly all material objects and paint solely in abstractions?" To which he answers, "There is no 'must' in art, because art is free." This man is credited with being the father of the abstractionist school of painting.

*Artists on Art* is beautifully printed and the format makes the book handsome, manageable, and readable. It is a definite contribution and one no art library can afford to be without.

LLOYD LÓZES GOFF

## A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

Lyle Saunders

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**T**HIS BIBLIOGRAPHY, a service of the Inter-American Section of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau on Latin America and Cultural Relations in the Southwest, attempts to list, with as much thoroughness as time and resources permit, current materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as here defined, includes all of New Mexico and Arizona and parts of Texas, Utah, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada, and California.

The symbol (F) designates fiction; (J) is used to indicate materials on the juvenile level. Included here are mainly those items which were published or came to our attention between January 1 and March 31, 1946.

Materials for this issue were mainly compiled by Richard Niditch and Robert G. Conway.

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## LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

The summer literary season along the Rio Grande is flowing adequately and profitably along, although there was a time when the state was threatened with a \$2,000,000 crop loss. In spite of the heat and the drought, and international worries, the literary-minded are very busy. Not very long ago the New Mexico Folklore Society had such an enthusiastic luncheon meeting that the tables were being laid for dinner at La Placita before the folklorists broke up. The Society was reorganized to get wider active participation, several committees were appointed, and plans were formulated for the coming year. Pauline Snapp's new play *Invitation to Doubt*, produced early in the season at Rodey Theatre under the able direction of her husband, Edwin Snapp, was an outstanding event. All admirers of this talented playwright are eagerly awaiting word in regard to the contract that is in the "offing" for professional production.

The special number of the *Southwest Review*, edited by Willard Hougland, was very interesting, I thought. Twenty-six New Mexico writers of varying reputations contributed to the edition. Mabel Dodge Luhan, in the lead article, "Holiday from Science," reports that miracles are being performed at Ojo Caliente: "I have seen many of these. After trying the drugs and medicines of the outside world, men and women still uncured come here in wheel chairs and are soon walking. They come unable to eat and are soon digesting everything. The arsenic water so rare in the outside world heals almost everything." Spread the good news around, paisanos! New Mexico will be ready to take care of you all just as soon as we get the veterans housed, but don't forget your vitamins.

Robert Hunt's scholarly evaluation of the poetry of Fray Angelico Chavez in the edition is the finest appraisal that has been made of this gifted poet, in my opinion. I am sure that you must have enjoyed

T. M. Pearce's picaresque account of a pedestrian tilting with "el coche" in his "Mexican Notebook" article. The surprise poet of the year in these parts is E. W. Tedlock, Jr., whose poem "Credo, 1946" is memorable.

*The Little Magazines: a History and a Bibliography*, by Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen, and Carolyn F. Ulrich, recently published by Princeton University Press, has been widely and very favorably reviewed. Friends of Dr. Allen's at the University of New Mexico are very much pleased, and send congratulations on to him at Highlands University, where he is a visiting professor of English this summer.

. . . *Henry Meiggs: Yankee Pizarro*, by Dr. Watt Stewart, head of the history department at Albany State Teachers College, is just out and the author is receiving the congratulations of New Mexico friends, particularly here in Albuquerque, where he is teaching at the University this summer. The book, a definitive study of a fascinating individual, should have wide appeal. Nils Hogner, close friend of the author, has done a very interesting end-paper map. . . . Charles Poore, in a recent *New York Times Book Review* article, names three possible candidates for the Pulitzer award—Conrad Richter, Eudora Welty, and Ann Petry. . . . Mrs. John Erskine, the former Helen Worden, is scheduled for a New Mexico visit in order to collect folklore material for a forthcoming book. . . . Local followers of Luke Short of Santa Fe are enjoying his Western, *Corner Creek*. . . . Vivian Vance, who has appeared in many Broadway productions, and more recently as the star of the Chicago production of *The Voice of the Turtle*, is here for a holiday with her family. . . . *Life*, some time ago, featured the beauty and talent of another New Mexico actress of whom this state is proud, Jan Clayton, star of *Carousel*. Miss Clayton, here for a visit with her family at Tularosa, recently gave a concert in Albuquerque. She was born and reared not very far from the historic little settlement of La Luz. . . . La Luz, you remember, is where Anthony Adverse, after 999 pages of adventures in Europe, Africa, and the United States was finally killed off by Hervey Allen in the process of cutting down a tree. If I remember correctly, the ax slipped. . . .

Hasta la próxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER