

1948

Full Issue

University of New Mexico Press

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Recommended Citation

University of New Mexico Press. "Full Issue." *New Mexico Quarterly* 18, 3 (1948). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol18/iss3/1>

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QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOLUME XVIII

AUTUMN, 1948

NUMBER 3

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CRUCIBLE OF CONFLICT

Frank Waters

FROM THIS TINY LOG CABIN in a meadow among the pines, on the high slope of Lobo Mountain in the Sangre de Cristos of northern New Mexico, we stare down upon one of the most beautiful, paradoxical, and significant panoramas in the world today.

The tall dark pines marching down through sage and chamisa to the rugged plateau below. The Rio Grande patiently gnawing through its rocky gorge. The empty desert shimmering beyond. And farther, the distant Jemez Range lifting like the upturned edge of the horizon. All, mountain, plateau, and desert, seeming to comprise within one vast frame a world of pristine purity untouched by man.

But when we crawl down the rutted, rocky road all this beauty becomes an illusion. Its unbroken serenity is dispelled. The land is in travail. There is a schism in the soul of man. It is a vast battleground, perhaps the last, for the forces of man and nature, of past and future, of the cosmic dualities of the universe.

Below the gorge sprawl the sleepy little adobe villages of Pilar, Velarde, and Embudo settled by Spanish-Colonials from Mexico three centuries ago. . . . There bustles and rattles modern Anglo-American Riverside where the *deus ex machina* is the soul of progress—the omnipotent *máquina* which is a radio replacing the guitar, a reaper doing the work of the scythe, or the Ford driving the burro off the road. . . . Hidden by old cottonwoods are the ancient Indian pueblos of San Juan, Santa Clara, and San Ildefonso; rhythmically pulsing to the low beat of drums while men, naked and painted, file out of the sacred kivas to dance in the dusty plazas. . . . Dancing as men danced in the still more ancient cities that stood here before Columbus came; in the pre-historic cliff cities of Puyé and Rito de los Frijoles of the Pajarito Pla-

teau in the Jemez Mountains rising just above. . . . South in the Sandia Mountains near Albuquerque lies the cave in which an expedition from the University of New Mexico discovered the remains of what might be the earliest known man on the continent—the Sandia Man who lived 25,000 years ago. . . . North toward Abiquiu on Arthur Pack's Ghost Ranch paleontologists are now digging up the 200-million-year-old bones of small kangaroo-size dinosaurs antedating the gigantic Brontosaurus. . . . When suddenly a new road twists upward to a high shelf in the mountains above. Past armed MP's. Into a roaring settlement that is at once a frontier town, a boom mining camp, a construction camp and an army post. Roads crowded with trucks and tractors. Streets lined with auto-trailers, plank shanties, and barracks. No sidewalks, no hotels nor restaurants, no shops. But a drug store in a log cabin, an army commissary, a movie house with a tin roof. All clustered around a huge lodge of weathered logs that once was the boy's summer school of Los Alamos. Now The Hill, the Forbidden City of Atomic Research.

Perhaps in no other comparable area on earth are condensed so many contradictions, or manifested so clearly the opposite polarities of life itself. The oldest cities in America and the newest. The Indian drum and the atom smasher. Men invoking with prayerful rhythm the magic of pure feeling; and men evolving the new magic of atomic fission by the rational principles of ultra-modern science. The aristocracy of the humble, and the vulgarity of the proud. The white and dark races, the defeated minority. The oldest life forms discovered on this continent, and the newest universal agent of mass death.

It is an amazing coincidence, a monstrous jigsaw puzzle of irreconcilable differences. All within a stone's throw, bound within two mountain walls and divided by a river. And maintaining at safe perspective the illusion of tranquility.

Such is the valley of the north Rio Grande, and it is the world as well. A world standing on the threshold of a new age, but torn by a conflict between two principles—two opposites of nature—that must be understood and finally resolved.

Summer before last this writer submitted to the annual New Mexico issue of the *Southwest Review*, a short and simple article which attempted to equate the significance of ancient man's intuitive ceremonial magic and modern man's rational magic of atomic fission.

Surprisingly, it was printed as the leading article. More surprising

were the letters that came in about it—mainly letters of protest against its “far-fetched literary allusions,” its “pleasantly poetic but logically dubious assumptions,” the very use of the word “magic.” What else was it all but mere coincidence? Of what possible importance to anybody was the fact that within twenty miles of each other men were dancing for rain and others were splitting the atom? How could there be any relationship whatever between the ancient ceremonialism of Rito de los Frijoles and San Ildefonso, and the nuclear physics of Alamogordo and Los Alamos?

The best of these critical letters, an excellent one from a poet and another from a scientist at the Los Alamos Research Laboratory, together with the original article and a second one answering them, were published serially on the editorial pages of the *Santa Fe New Mexican*. These were followed by a long, commendable editorial summarizing the series and ending the controversy.

The only conclusions to be drawn from this tempest in a tea-cup were obvious. Our surprising interest as a practical people in such a nebulous subject. And our more surprising ignorance of the meaning of Indian ceremonialism after centuries of observation, and of the meaning of atomic fission which ushers all mankind into a new historic era.

The mechanics of both are diversified scientific arts intelligible only to the few; they lie in the realm of rational investigation—of ethnology and archaeology, physics and chemistry. Their meanings are pertinent to us all. But they lie within the limits of metaphysics, mysticism, religion, intuition, perception, a moral and psychological reality—whatever we choose to call it—whose validity we refuse to admit. Why?

Man everywhere has always recognized two opposite poles of man's nature, the duality of life itself.

The ancient Chinese named these two principles Yin and Yang. Yin, meaning shadow, the north side of a mountain and the shadowy south side of a river, stood for all that was dark and unconscious in man—his passive, feminine nature, his emotional depths, the realm of the intuition. Yang, its polar opposite, the south side of a mountain and the sunny north side of a river, designated his light, conscious nature—the active, masculine self, with its rational mind.

Plato in his philosophy postulated the same two general “ground principles”—the rational, mathematical, male principle, and the feminine, intuitive, emotional principle.

We today accept these fundamental approaches to the meaning of life, these components of life itself, under such names as F. S. C. Northrop's "undifferentiated aesthetic component" and "determinate theoretic component."

Primarily we feel, believe, divine. Or we think, know, prove.

So quite naturally, in the slow but ceaseless evolution of mankind, man has swung alternately from one pole to the other of this duality. We have had many times an Age of Faith, an Age of Reason. And at the same time there have been cultures, peoples, whole civilizations adhering mainly to one principle or the other.

The dark races immemorially have clung to one, the white to another. The ancient civilizations of America, the Pueblo, Mexic, and Maya, as well as the ancient civilizations of Asia, of India and China, were built upon the instinctual and intuitional approach. So, too, were their remnants and successors; the surviving little city-states of the Pueblo Indians, Mexico, and the countries of Latin America, and the modern civilizations of the Orient.

The modern Euro-American civilization, conversely, stands upon the rationalistic approach. Heraclitus declared the very air was full of reason for man to breathe. Socrates believed in the rational control of impulses and feelings. The great Roman Empire was founded upon a passion for the orderly arrangement of facts, and maintained by Roman Law which still dominates juridical thought, the most enduring product of classical rationalization. In 1793 there was inaugurated in Paris a festival of the "Goddess of Reason" in Notre Dame Cathedral. Man had begun to reason even in religion.

The civilizations of ancient Greece and Rome have perished. Europe has crumbled. And today our America is their successor. America is a peculiarly modern country. Without roots in its own ancient past, all its cultural traditions spring from Europe. But its umbilical cord with it has been cut. We are wholly the product of our own machine-made culture.

Where do we stand today?

America now sustains the world. Upon her full granaries the starving populations of Europe depend. Her political intercession is relied upon to lend stability to the new governments of Germany and Japan. Her diplomacy helps to shape the emerging governments of Greece, Korea, and China. Her financial support bolsters up the tottering British Empire. Twenty countries in Latin America depend on

her aid against possible aggression. A great merchant marine, carrying her flag and her commerce, encircles the globe. Her idiom is the universal language of the world. Her scientific inventions are the commonplace marvels of Eskimo and Hottentot alike. And over-shadowing all this is the monster-miracle of her atomic bomb.

And yet there is a growing, deep-rooted fear that America in her hour of triumph has struck the knell of failure; that somehow she has lost her sense of direction. Where is she going now?

We do not need the statistical evidence marshalled by P. A. Sorokin to prove our increasing paucity of qualitative creativeness in the fields of art, philosophy, and social science, nor the warning of Arnold J. Toynbee that we show the symptoms of a civilization on the threshold of disintegration. The proof is manifest everywhere. Americanization has become synonymous with vulgarization and standardization. Our insane asylums are increasingly overcrowded. We are a people ill with a neurosis of anxiety and discontent.

So it is that these basic differences of principle are not only juxtaposed today without regard for spatial boundaries and the continuity of the time-scale, but they have reached the peak of intensity. And so it is that we find here within twenty miles of each other caciques watching Our Father Sun for their people with the same meditative absorption of Tibetan yogis and Aztec priests, and scientists measuring the cosmic energy of the sun in the disintegration of subatomic mesons. Each unintelligible to the other, antipathetic as the civilizations they represent, and irreconcilable as intuition and reason. And both facing the threat of disintegration.

Hence in this shrinking one-world on the threshold of the Atomic Age, America finds herself obligated to leadership over a half of the world whose culture, civilization, and principle of life she does not understand at all. And at the same time she feels incapable of understanding it.

Art is for us but an unnecessary luxury to be indulged in by the fortunate few. How then can we understand a people to whom it is the substance of human life? Our politics is basically the tool for preserving property rights. We cannot understand a country whose legislation is an expression of the primary regard for human rights. Our religion is sterile. The Church with its outmoded vestments, its theoretical preachments and emotional frigidity has lost all appeal to the average man. Yet so bound is he by its orthodox constraints that he

is either frightened or contemptuous of any other. In economics, science, in every field we are constricted within the rational limits of demonstrable theory and practical use. And all else outside constitutes a vast realm of the unknowable which we have dismissed with the arrogant assumption that it has no validity whatever—not only the intangible truths of art, blind faith, and mysticism, but the peoples who perceive them.

Yet within our boundaries of the rational known there exists as it were an island of the unknowable in the surviving tribes of our own Southwest. And it is for precisely the same reason that we have ignored and abhorred them so consistently throughout the whole history of the United States. Because the Indian-American psyche is also diametrically opposed to that of the Euro-American; because it is polarized to the instinctual and intuitive rather than to the rationalistic and mechanistic.

Such then is the monstrous paradox of America and the essential difference between the Indian-American and the Euro-American.

What is the meaning of such a monstrous paradox? Perhaps Jung has given us a clue in his assertion that the cause of every nervous breakdown can be traced directly to the lack of a sustaining faith.

America, having gained the world, is searching for her soul. Where can she find it: in ruined, outworn Europe, antipathetic Asia, undeveloped South America? Or here, embodied in her own earth, at the roots of her own ignored, submerged and only indigenous faith?

A line of painted men, naked but for breechcloths and moccasins, filing out into the plaza; dancing and singing to the low beat of a drum. What can America find in an unintelligible, outmoded, pagan ceremonial that can be reconciled to modern science, politics, and the atomic bomb?

It is pertinent to ask. And fortunately the answer may still be found—if we seek diligently, and if we make haste.

The culture of the Navajo and the Pueblo is cut from the same cloth as the ancient civilizations of America, the modern civilizations of Mexico and Latin America, and India and China. They relate us not only to that half of the modern world from which we are so peculiarly alienated, but also to that pre-Columbian America which is our own ancient submerged past.

Now of what does this strange "otherness" of the "savage" Indian and the "heathen" Chinese consist? Of precisely its insistence upon the

indomitable, emotional, and ultimate values that eternally imbue all nature and mankind, rather than upon the postulated, theoretical, and impermanent values of our ever-changing ideologies.

Like the Indian we too seek a meaning in the life about us. But first we postulate a God who in Genesis creates the world in six days and breathes life into matter. With the discovery of the laws of astronomy, geology, and biological evolution, the universe becomes instead a self-sufficient, well-oiled machine. Matter becomes inanimate. Man begins to assume control of the machine. Then the physicists, reducing matter to nothing but energy, break down the machine completely. The universe looms as an abstract mathematical formula. And now having lost our simple faith in God and our successive faiths in mechanistic and mathematical theories, we believe in nothing at all.

The Indian meanwhile has remained traditionally immune to all these changing ideologies. Like his ancient predecessors he still sees the universe as a living entity imbued with life by one divine source. And like the modern Buddhists he regards all its constituents—the living stones, the breathing mountains, the corn plant, the deer, and man—as bound together into an unbroken solidarity, an enduring continuity.

There is the mountain. There is man. One cannot exist without the other. Neither is real in itself. The physical, transitory aspects of both are images of spiritual counterparts which alone have enduring reality.

So physical man may alter the physical mountain by gutting it of ore. He may transmute this ore into gold currency, and by possessing this he may likewise change the manner of his own existence. But these changes in the life of physical mountain and physical man, being built upon the changing laws of science and economics, are also impermanent and illusionary.

The spiritual mountain and spiritual man remain unchanged, for they alone possess reality. Likewise the relationship between them is unbroken; for it is a part of that solidarity which binds all constituents of the universe into one living whole, a ceaseless continuity.

And so it is that these differences in principle may be equated; for temporal, rational man also contains within himself the intuition of the immortality of his spiritual self. But how?

The ancient Maya, brooding upon the nature of the eternal, developed a calendar more accurate than the one we use now. But they

failed to develop a simple plow, and perished for lack of corn to supply the growing population. The present plight of the Navajos is a national disgrace; the days of the Pueblos are numbered. Both, as cultural minority groups, are doomed. Not only because of our treatment of them, but because they too have failed to meet the challenge of modern rational demands.

The Euro-American in turn has fixed his attention solely upon the mechanics of life, ignoring its ultimate meaning. He has seen Greece and Rome fall, the crumbling of Western Europe. And now, concurrent with the development of atomic fission, we too have reached the climax of scientific rationalization.

Where do we go now?

The pendulum of cyclic change swings back and forth. But the evolution of mankind is continually upward in a great ascending spiral. So that there is no going back to blind, irrational faith. We can only swing back on a higher level; a level that overlooks, as it were, the tenets of our earliest beliefs in the light of our latest rationalized thought.

The Indians' belief that Our Father Sun was the divine source of all life is matched by our own. Our scientists too are sun-worshippers. The sun is the gravitational center of the Solar System. The speed of light which travels from it, 186,000 miles a second, is the one basic fact on which science builds all its knowledge. When cosmic rays from outer space hit air atoms, mesons are produced which live only two-millionths of a second and then disintegrate with a burst of energy—the cosmic energy produced by the sun and imbuing all matter with life. This is science's definition of the Sun-Father, the infinitely expanding radiance that gives life.

The belief that dancing brings rain has advanced from the "tom-tom stage" to practical experimentation. The General Electric Laboratories of America and the Australian Council for Scientific and Industrial Research are doing their dancing in the clouds with pellets of dry ice. The United States Signal Corps has contracted for more research. Dr. Irving Langmuir, Nobel Prize Winner, is figuring out other plans.

The Indian belief that inorganic matter has life is not so pagan and anthropomorphic today as yesterday. Radioactive carbon 14, which lives at least 5,000 years, has been found in minerals and every living creature alike, human beings included.

Indeed, like the Indians themselves, we are beginning to believe

that even matter does not exist as a permanent reality. Physicists have decided that it is mostly emptiness, with atomic nuclei scattered thinly through it like stars in space, and even that the nuclei aren't very solid.

Einstein with his famous mass-energy equation, $E = MC^2$, has proved that all matter is merely condensed energy. If we today can transmute matter into energy by mechanical means, why was it not possible for the ancient Pueblos to transmute their energy by dancing into matter—into rain, into growing corn?

Only by such far-fetched literary parallels, perhaps, can the significance of ancient man's intuitive ceremonial magic and modern man's rational magic of atomic fission yet be equated. But it is certain we have reached a verge. The two opposing principles on which they are based clearly point to a convergence. And at that convergence lies the new faith for which we are crying so desperately. A faith big enough to embrace all of mankind's experiences of the past, all our religious tenets, and all our scientific advances toward the future.

It would not be too great a coincidence if that faith were found here: here in this crucible of conflict where there exist side by side the vestiges of man's earliest faith in the abstract, and man's latest achievement in the concrete. Nor would it be implausible to establish here with The Hill, another City of Research devoted to the study of the meanings implicit in both. The time is past when we can rely solely upon the pragmatic. The time is here when we must accept—if we can and before it is too late—the evidence of the intuitive.

TWO SONNETS

THE WOUNDED BATHER

The wounded bather wears his water wings
And towel of destiny about his loins
So buried in the Chinaberry shade
That when the sea birds come to pick his teeth
They can not find him. But in certain shells
The spot is marked and all their whisperings
Betray his helplessness, his hidden heart;
And as he bleeds there on a coral hearse
His mouth falls open and the birds dive in,
Nest on his soft protesting tongue; his hands
Adjust themselves about his pregnant neck;
His throat constricts to crush the wondrous egg.
When the water wings are down, the towel torn,
Helen of Troy is born, unholy ghost.

THE ONE ARMED BANDIT

The one armed bandit in the secret bank
Is bold, is brave, is spendthrift of my wish;
His guns are loaded and his eyes are ice,
No twitch deflects his aim, his iron deed;
He has been bled and mercy does not flow
In his clogged veins where bubbles of fatal air
Disturb his pulse, the hypodermic tick,
The toxic drum; his cruel parade, reviewed,
Inspected from an armored car where I,
Infallible detective check the clews,
The fingerprints, the history of his crimes.
I shall arrest him soon but not tonight;
We have appointments each of us must keep
Before the gun fight on the wharf of death.

PHILIP MURRAY

MEDIA VITA

John Conley

IT WAS DURING the first hot days that Father Tolan, while on his way to the little side chapel, collapsed. The novice who was to have served his Mass discovered him soon afterward; he was trying, without comprehension, to get up from the floor. Presently, propped with pillows, his eyes fixed and remote, he was speaking to Father Rector, who stood at the bedside like a negligent stranger. Father Master came in a moment later. He looked preternaturally tense and drawn, said nothing, but studied Father Tolan as if what lay there was already unfleshed. Father Tolan was driven to retracing his words, for puffs of air got in the way of speech—an old man without a tooth in his head. “It was nothing,” he was saying and tried to sit upright. Then he stopped, not being able to recollect himself, lifting and dropping one of his habitually unwashed hands.

Word got round to all the novices during the morning work period. Brother Hearne was among the last to know, since the greenhouse where he worked alone was some distance from the cloister. Earlier in the week, on coming upon him near the lavatory, Brother Hearne had, as usual, offered his arm to Father Tolan and as usual been refused. For Father Tolan insisted on accomplishing his marches without even the aid of a cane, shuffling one foot ahead of the other, pausing, then dragging the other foot and bending double. Wearing out the months in this manner, he awaited his end. Yet he would fulfill his span, trying neither to shorten nor to lengthen it, since all things lay with God.

Dying, Brother Hearne reflected, is in a sense an affair of language. The martyrs, having given violent testimony—the true athletes of Christ—“win the palm of glory.” The Church Fathers, who have earned dignified and intimate rest, decorously “sleep in the Lord.” Wayfarers in an insubstantial world, the saints “are received into everlasting

dwelling." But what phrase is there to fix the passing of God's ordinary servants, who, at most, become illegible crosses on weedy graves?

During the afternoon work period the novices talked of watches to be kept and made predictions, all in error: not in a week, not in two, would Father Tolan elude the vigilant community. He was surely dying, but as a votive candle dies within its glassy shell—flickering as if to husband wick and wax, then steady again, and at the last burning still, though all seems most certainly consumed. Indeed, days lay in store when strength would seem to return, when watching the sun strike through the tall, bare windows of his room, he might with some show of reason look forward to saying Mass again. He must expect to tire more and more easily—so much was true; and to despise arm, cane or crutch would come too dear. This once he would have prodigious amounts of time free from all accounting to his mother, the Order, and to his Master, Christ. Surely he might indulge himself!

Toward sundown he was helped to the balcony before the novices should leave the slope and the outlying buildings, and he had taken great pleasure in the youthful sounds and movements. So he had kept up his custom. He almost fell in a heap, however, and had to be carried back to his bed.

At supper the community was instructed to pray for Father Tolan—to pray, as everyone understood, for his happy death. There it was: Father Tolan had now to go to school again and learn the last great art, the art of dying well.

Everybody knows that if we are to have change, we must have anachronisms. Thus certain rules prescribed by St. Ignatius Loyola as part of the training for novices had in time become awkward, so that many Jesuit Novice Masters, particularly those holding office in the New World, had been put to it to make some show of having them enforced. These rules had to do with the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, and were looked upon, indeed denominated, as *experimenta*—trials or tests. Of these was the caring for the sick—quite a different matter a few centuries ago from what it has since become, when hospitals were not what they are now and nursing was done only by the charitable and heroic. But if it were out of the question now for novices to help out at a hospital, the Master of Novices might nevertheless contrive to have an extra room occupied nearly all the time. And when the word *contrive* is used, it is not necessarily meant that the Master of Novices need have gone out of his way. For truly, what is a more common ailment than

old age? And what is more usual than for the ripe religious to return to the walls of his scrupulous youth? So the thing was generally accomplished as if by itself; the visitor came, so to speak, on the wing.

The visitor! In recognizable ways he was always the same. He was the priest who was gradually forced to curtail his walks, who helped out with confessions until it became plain that yes, after all, there was other work for him to do; he was that ineluctable figure who was forever trying to reach the other end of the hall—he was Father Tolan.

Picture the man. He is stooped to the full—quite to the farthest limits; stooped, that is to say, until his back is well-nigh horizontal. His cassock twists on his shoulders and sags in front; then, wadding under the cincture, balloons to the floor. The upper lip is shriveled, accordion-like, in deep vertical lines. The lower jaw is hanging unregarded. The hands, though the dirt is ingrained in them, have yet a decided color of their own, and one, it happens, not so far different from that of dirt itself. There hovers about him, moreover, an odor that is not the odor of sweat and certainly not the odor of spring. It is an odor that, ordinarily, a person would not place offhand; a nurse might know it well, an embalmer could describe it in detail.

Meanwhile, with the help of Brother Beadle, Father Master had drawn up a list containing the name of every novice, arranged in pairs. Thus provision was made for the care of Father Tolan, the first pair of novices to attend him the first week, the second pair the second week, and so on for the whole of that indefinite time of his. But this arrangement meant that even at best not more than a small part of the hundred-odd novices would see duty, and over a period far shorter than the minimal month—in itself something to think about. But what of the second-year novices, who had not yet had the “opportunity,” and for whom there would be no other? But why run it into the ground? Provision has been made, stitched in the sleeve of the flesh, provision even for those who would be perfect! who would become exemplars of Christ! So think nothing of it when in the Garden of the Lord the part is offered up for the whole without the batting of an eye, and if there is irony here, it is only on the surface. For we live and die by the mean end of a synecdoche.

When Brother Hearne went out to the evening recreation, it was almost over. Although as head gardener he was exempt from scullery work, he frequently volunteered for it, since it was one of the things he liked to do least. Thus he put into practice the Ignatian principle of

contraries. Yet he would not volunteer for anything so often as to seem to overdo it—a penance in itself—going even so far as to give the impression that he had been asked to help out for that particular occasion. He carried the business to such limits that he had finally perfected a manner of seeming to help only as one who at night removes an object from the sidewalk, as much out of petulance as out of concern lest the next person fall. For nowhere is sanctity so difficult of attainment as among religious. None are so suspicious of motives as they, and none have greater reason to be. This is their antiseptic, yet no less their goad.

This evening Brother Hearne had helped with the dishes; the machine had broken down, and between trying to repair it and to wash and dry by hand, everyone there had got through much later than usual. Brother Hearne had then gone to the chapel, where he had lingered without having a scruple. Perhaps he had figured that, since he was late already, a few more minutes would hardly make any difference—if knowing him as we do, we have any right to accuse him of such a dodge. At any rate, he remained absorbed far longer than a conscientious novice ever should. But absorbed by whose aid? Would it not be just as reasonable to suppose, in this instance, as much by the aid of the Devil as of God? Read Palladius. Read Cassian. Read the *Vitae Patrum*. What confessor if put to it would not hedge?

On leaving the chapel, Brother Hearne had noticed something, something had caught his eye. It was a cassock with head and shoulders and a stink (great God!) all its own. Father Tolan? Not at all, but one who you might say had a certain claim on him.

The novices have gone in long since; reading lamps burn in all the cubicles; the late hour is at hand. But not really the late hour. If you hurry, there is still time to make the last complete showing; the marquee is bursting with colored light and people keep coming. Meanwhile, *examen*; and even that is over; the novices are filing down the corridors and into the chapel.

Father Master and perhaps another were already there. The windows were open wide, the air was warm. Brother Hearne was seated toward the front. All were in prayer. When Father Master rose from the *prie-dieu*, he took hold of the altar railing for support, and minutes passed before he turned, and slowly raising his head, faced the group. Does a liver complaint strike a man down? On the soul of Father Master weighed the soul of every novice. *Into thy keeping* whispers the Lord. Or what says the Founder: "See not in the person of the Superior a man liable to error and all manner of weakness but Christ Himself,

who is the compendium of wisdom, the deeps of goodness, the infinitude of charity; who can neither deceive nor be deceived." O God! O *Jesu Domine!* O nerves and sinews! O flesh and blood!

Every evening at this time Father Master gave the novices an outline—practically a scenario—of the meditation that they were to make on rising the following morning. This evening Father Master chose, instead of an incident from Christ's life, a text—what novice does not know it well! "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

Father Master read the whole with charged intensity. More, he sought and held in a feat of nervous power the eyes of all the novices—sought and held each eye in at once a single and collective beam of attention. Heads turned with his head. Faces became stern then and there; muscles in the cheek came and went.

Beyond the altar railing dwelt the Sacred Presence, whereof the vigil light was the sign. A scurrying wind blew in and out of the chapel momentarily, yet long enough to dry a little the sweat on Father Master's shining forehead. In the evening there, troubled young men had been known to watch and pray, while the Lord went out to them. *Thou art a vessel of election*, He had often spoken but never more plainly than now; the novices knew of a certain weight, and a few, indeed, seemed to roll their shoulders.

A child could have told that something was going wrong. It was not that Father Master was saying anything out of the way exactly; not, for there is a kind of theological modesty, that his words would have brought a blush to anybody's cheek. Yet a person more or less familiar with the norm of Scriptural exegesis within the Church might possibly have pricked up his ears. This is the way that the Jesuit theologian Suárez handles the passage: "*Who does not hate*, that is, he who does not love his father less than he loves Me. For *to hate* frequently means the same as *to love less*, as *I loved Jacob but hated Esau*, that is, I loved him less." In short, the Hebrew has the negative form of *to love* where the Latin has *hate*.

Those novices who had managed to free themselves from Father Master's gaze so that they might put down the date and, underneath, one right below the other, First Prelude, Second Prelude, already had decided what direction Points would take. In all truth they could not believe their ears. The novices were being asked—Father Master was drawing himself up and almost leaving the floor—to imagine not Christ,

not even Christ on the Cross. No, they were to return to their front doors or to the railroad station—wherever it was that they had left their families—and go through again the whole business of farewell. It was to be no mere repetition, not even a reordering of what had taken place, but something of a creation in itself. Father Master had never been clearer, never had he spoken with so much force and rhetorical effect.

The instructions were very simple. Up to a point nothing was to be changed. Let the members of the family take the positions that had been theirs. Make provision for a long pause and the ticking of the seconds. Fill in any special details. But at the last moment, when faces are being turned up for a kiss, draw back, yet not so far as not to leave some possibility of having been misunderstood; appear to have had to suppress a cough and hold a handkerchief half before your face while you make known regret with your eyes and invite with your head. Then be doubled over, but be sure to work your arm and wrist in a gesture of self-deprecation; finally, be up and off with a quick swing of the body, yet seem as if to pause, look back, but keep the handkerchief over your mouth and fix your gaze into a stare.

The novices waited, eager to think that the next words would nullify, would take away, would leave, indeed, that refuge for their feelings which decency enjoins and custom protects. Father Master, it was plain, however, considered the first prelude to be well behind him and was already on the second: "Ask Our Lord for the grace to become as men dead to the World and to love of self, living in Our Lord Jesus Christ alone." And the novices wrote, as Father Master stood large.

Then there came upon him an odd sort of disorder—a prolonged and distinct whistling at every breath. While it lasted, Father Master had recourse to the *prie-dieu*; and although he clearly wanted nothing so much as to bend and relax, he held himself erect. The whistling subsided; something of a quiet followed. Father Master seemed at first to be merely resting; his head hung low now, he leaned forward; but one hand sought his chest, and his face, before heart and lungs had begun to work properly again, took on a look of suffocation. The smell of earth was strong at that moment—and somewhere about was a rubbing noise. It could not have sounded nearer. Of whatever making, it was no beast's; here was no dog scratching at a pine box, yet any claw would have been put to shame before such persistence. The simplest explanation seemed to be that someone was drawing a heavy rosary over a wooden surface.

THE POETRY OF D. H. LAWRENCE

Charles I. Glicksberg

THERE IS NO CONTRADICTION in the fact that Lawrence's ideas on human nature and society are muddled while his poetry is flame-like, instinct with beauty organically felt and sensuously communicated. When he trusted his feelings he was on firm ground; when his powerful sensibility ruled him he could not go wrong. Each impression leaped forth like a radiant beam of sunlight; form and substance fused in a lyrical moment of incandescent, imaginative perception. His poems are vascular, charged with a living bloodstream. They could no more be composed according to rule than a flower can be prepared synthetically in a crucible. The art seems as instinctive as breathing, as natural as the beating of the heart.

Unfortunately, there was a raging conflict within him between heart and head, mind and body, thalamus and cortex, instinct and intelligence. In an intensely personal writer like Lawrence, this conflict was bound to make itself felt and inhibit the disciplined mastery of his material. His great strength was also his weakness. In his tirades against the desiccated intellect and the Dead Sea fruits of consciousness, in his embittered, chuckle-headed fight against science and industrialism, he was guilty of childish petulance — the eccentric individualism of one who found it hard to remain a poet in an uncongenial and oppressive environment. The world of the twentieth century did not suit him in the least: the regimentation of life, the hideously ugly, prison-like factories, the terrible gregariousness and mechanization of people in large cities, the crippling loss of spontaneity; therefore he vented his rage and spleen. He would throw this rotten civilization on the rubbish heap and start anew. Salvation lay in returning to the innocence and instinctive joyousness of primitive man who felt an organic connection with

earth and sun. Science was the great enemy to be destroyed, since it prevented the flowering of this organic consciousness.

Lawrence's individuality is unmistakably present in his first four volumes of poetry, *Love Poems and Others*, *Amores*, *New Poems*, and *Bays*, though as he matures, his poetic work betrays a steady growth in expressive power and in command of imagery and rhythm. These early poems, like his later productions, are intensely personal, revelatory of the conflicts through which Lawrence was passing at the time. He strips himself naked as he reveals the tumult of his passion, his fierce struggle for independence, but the conflict is not resolved. The lyric, "Monologue of a Mother," which thematically is not unlike the problem elaborated in *Sons and Lovers*, is nakedly subjective in tone and content. Lawrence understands imaginatively what a mother must feel whose son has grown a stranger to her, now that he has broken out of the maternal cage, and he records with painful honesty what must have gone on in the mind and heart of his mother:

I must look away from him, for my faded eyes
Like a cringing dog at his heels offend him now,
Like a toothless hound pursuing him with my will;
Till he chafes at my crouching persistence, and a sharp spark flies

In my soul from under sudden frown of his brow
As he blenches and turns away, and my heart stands still.

Here an emotional involvement, though poignantly rendered, has not been transmuted into the universal. As Lawrence admits in a note, many of his poems are so personal that despite their fragmentariness they constitute the story of his inner life, though a number of them are obviously imaginative in content and therefore timeless. Through the itinerary of his lyrics we are enabled to follow Lawrence as he leaves Nottingham and goes off to teach school in the fringes of South London—his feeling of loneliness and distress, his attachment to Helen, his experiences while in London, the death of his mother, his reactions to World War I, his leaving England, his aspirations and loves. Some of these poems had to be rewritten a good deal, since at the time he was still afraid of his demon. "A young man," he says, "is afraid of his demon and puts his hand over the demon's mouth sometimes and speaks for him. And the things the young man says are very rarely poetry."

Even in the early poems there is the same sensuous awareness, the same amazing descriptive power as in his later work, but not yet fully

mastered, integrated with the whole man. He is still experimenting, searching within for his real self, groping for poignant directness and inevitability of expression. But the lyrical gift, plangent and earth-nurtured, is abundantly present. Though there is a lingering trace of youthful sentimentality and uncurbed wonder, the freedom with which the verse forms are handled shows that the creative demon is breaking out of harness. Lawrence recalls with anguish memories of violent quarrels between his parents, as in "Discord in Childhood," with its sustained mood and image serving as objective correlative of the emotion communicated:

Outside the house an ash-tree hung its terrible whips,
And at night when the wind rose, the lash of the tree
Shrieked and slashed the wind, as a ship's
Weird rigging in a storm shrieks hideously.

Within the house two voices arose, a slender lash
Whistling she-delirious rage, and the dreadful sound
Of a male thong booming and bruising, until it has drowned
The other voice in silence of blood, 'neath the noise of the ash.

In addition to these recollections of cruelty and pain, there are lyrics dealing with lovers' quarrels, misunderstandings, the wisdom that the body of woman communicates. There is, above all, the internal conflict between virginity and animal passion, the passion insurgent, not to be resisted, flaring up from the abysmal depths. Also of interest are his vibrant lyrics about his experiences as a teacher and his poems grappling with the baffling mystery of death, the end of consciousness as well as the bewilderment and pain of life. "The Best of School" gives us this vivid picture:

The blinds are drawn because of the sun,
And the boys and the room in a colourless gloom
Of underwater float: bright ripples run
Across the walls as the blinds are blown
To let the sunlight in; and I,
As I sit on the shores of the class, alone,
Watch the boys in their summer blouses
As they write, their round heads busily bowed:
And one after another rouses
Its face to look at me,
To ponder very quietly,
As seeing, he does not see.

And in "Piccadilly Circus at Night," a poem concerned with street-walkers, we get this quatrain:

All the birds are folded in a silent ball of sleep,
 All the flowers are faded from the asphalt isle in the sea.
 Only we hard-faced creatures go round and round, and keep
 The shores of this innermost ocean alive and illusory.

Chiefly, these are lyrics of awareness and awakening, without intellectual conclusions—the quick of experience transmuted into singing words and shining images.

What is striking even in his early poetry is the impress of a powerful personality, eager for freedom, for the challenge of a larger life, for fulfillment. It is still groping for a sense of direction, waiting to be born in its own image, but the power and passion is there. The love poems are filled with the lacerating complexity of passion which Lawrence described in *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love*, and *Aaron's Rod*—the barbed hatred, the fierce anger, the dialectical play of attraction and repulsion. Each lyric is a kindling spark, the lines flowing with compelling naturalness, born as they are of the fire and heat of the moment. Lawrence knows that "The world within worlds is a womb," from which everything issues, the creative flame suffusing mortal flesh, giving and taking the incarnate seed of life—life which is eternal creation. The truth of love cannot be faked. In the root of his being, in the nether darkness of his soul, he can tell when he is not meant for a woman nor she for him. All this cannot be analyzed or known; it simply *is*. In "These Clever Women," he strikes the note that was later to become so obsessive: his distrust and detestation of those women who reason and dissect, ask probing questions, talk without end, when the true answer lies in intuitive surrender of body, the sensual response to the elemental mating call.

In "Look! We Have Come Through!" (the story of his love for Frieda, the woman who helped to free him from his mother, and his struggle to hold her love), Lawrence at last finds himself, hailing his deliverance from the cell of the old isolated self. Love is fruition and fulfillment. No more is needed, and yet—a characteristic Laurentian theme—how they suffer in spite of this! The fundamental conflict springs from Frieda's attachment to her children by a former marriage; motherhood is a spear of separation. In "Both Sides of the Medal," Lawrence gives expression to the cruel, inescapable polarity of love.

Finally they come through, achieve communion of body and spirit, the sacramental oneness. Hate and love are fused in a new consummating synthesis. There is the intimately revealing "Song of a Man Who Has Come Through," with its jubilant first lines:

Not I, but the wind that blows through me!
A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time.

Touching the body of the woman he loves, he touches the unknown, that which is not the eternal, oppressive I, and this is a "mystery beyond knowledge or endurance." This is the heaven that men seek—to cease to know, to surpass the self.

Few poets have stated with such piercing insight and vehemence the sickness that preoccupation with subjectivity breeds, the taint and blight of a self that pervades all and identifies itself with all: fields, flowers, government, nations, war, destructiveness, death. This hypertrophied ego was a horror, and Lawrence could not bear it. Then came the resurrection: out of his own ashes consumed in the fire of love rose the new and splendid phoenix. Now he can experience a new incarnation, transcend the sickly, fearful self. It was the flesh of his wife that carried him over to the new world of freedom. It is woman who has given him courage, strength, life, peace.

Freedom for man is bound up with freedom from the ego-bound soul rooted in mental consciousness. Men must sink their roots into the earth again. Beneath the superficial layers of the self slumbers a great desire for elemental passions, for all of life and experience. Over and over again Lawrence preaches the same impassioned theme: the need for transcending the limitations of the ego, for escaping from the cage of the self and experiencing the freshets of a new life. This repudiation of a restrictive, life-denying individualism (which he personally never achieved) is bound up with his attack on our artificial, commercialized civilization. The root of our present evil, as he sees it, is that we buy and sell, that we assume everything—including human beings—can be bought and sold on the market. What we want, he cries out, is a communion based not on wages or profits but on a religion of life.

This is the leitmotif that runs through his poetry. In "Money Madness" he charges that money is our collective madness, our doom. Therefore he would excise this perverted instinct from the brain and the blood. Society, he insists, must be established upon a different principle: "the courage of mutual trust," "the modesty of simple living,"

with house and food and animal comfort free to all. The only thing worth fighting for is the oneness of the self, inward peace, and that battie never ends.

Lawrence derives his patent of nobility, his true golden income, from the sun, from the core of the atom. His intuitive perceptions reach beyond conceptual limits. This earth-nurtured consciousness is poles removed from the sickly cerebral emotions people pretend to have in their minds. It is because people accept lies that they become emotionally stunted, incapable of distilling the precious essence of experience. Even if one feels nothing but frankly acknowledges his nothingness, there is still hope for him if he allows the potentialities to grow within him. These periods of lying fallow are creative pauses in which immense evolutionary changes are taking place. Like a modern Jeremiah, Lawrence warns us of the impending doom: how the house of civilization will come toppling down.

At the core of space the final knell
of our era has struck, and it chimes
in terrible rippling circles between the stars.

There is no averting this cataclysmic doom. The flesh must be resurrected in the new day which will mark the passing of the flesh-trammeled, ego-enslaved selves. The poem, "Nemesis," sums up his philosophy and his faith:

The Nemesis that awaits our civilization
is social insanity
which in the end is always homicidal.

Sanity means the wholeness of the consciousness.
And our society is only part conscious, like an idiot.

If we do not rapidly open all the doors of consciousness
and freshen the putrid little space in which we are cribbed
the sky-blue walls of our unventilated heaven
will be bright red with blood.

Lawrence sees the hopelessness of the situation, the slavery of the industrialized masses, millions of his fellowmen crushed by the iron of the machine. Modern man is the machine incarnate. But Lawrence hopes for amelioration once men are filled with disillusion and abandon the drugged dream of brotherhood and humanitarian progress. Then

the individual, alone with himself, no longer acknowledges the power of masses and classes, which are spawned by the machine. This enslavement to the machine breeds not the greatness of love but a grinding, nihilistic hate, a democracy of festering hate. Only the pristine men, looking straight into the eyes of the unknown gods, can save these twentieth-century robots from disintegrating.

"Democracy Is Service" sets forth Lawrence's conception of democracy; it is not the service of the mob, but the mob worshipping those few whose faces gleam with godliness. That is, man must not look to man for inspiration and guidance, only to the gods.

Democracy is service, but not the service of demos.

Democracy is demos serving life

and demos serves life as it gleams on the face of the few,

and the few look into the eyes of the gods, and serve the sheer gods.

Though the gods are nameless they are everywhere, and the experience of them is real. If one worships these gods—the born leaders of the earth, the natural aristocrats of the spirit—he does away with false Whitmanesque sympathy and false, indiscriminate humanitarian love. Truth is to be felt in all the senses, otherwise it does not exist. The injunction to love our neighbors is a great lie. Love cannot be coerced. It is when the blood is kindled that one is most alive; then the god flows through the veins; one acts instinctively, in tune with the primal energy of the cosmos.

Hence, a plague on both the revolutionary and the bourgeoisie. The only way to settle the question of property is to ignore it. The lovers of life, united by their indifference to property and money, must band together and open their consciousness to the deep, mysterious tides of life from which they are now cut off. Lawrence asserts that man must cease to know himself mentally, must give up knowledge and surrender to touch, the mystery of wonder. Thought is not a dialectical play of ideas but "the welling up of unknown life into consciousness." As he declares in "Terra Incognita,"

There are vast realms of consciousness still undreamed of
vast ranges of experience, like the humming of unseen harps,
we know nothing of, within us.

Oh when man escaped from the barbed-wire entanglement
of his own ideas and his own mechanical devices
there is a marvellous rich world of contact and sheer fluid beauty
and fearless face-to-face awareness of now-naked life.

The volume *Pansies* expresses intense disgust as well as a throbbing sensibility. If he hates the mercenary human animal, he has a plasmic awareness of the instinctive rightness of animals who trust their native impulses. Each of these poems is not only a pulse of thought but a vivid, self-sustaining image. Subject and object are brought together in flame-like oneness. In "Wealth" he declares:

Peace I have from the core of the atom, from the core of space,
and grace, if I don't lose it, from the same place.
and I look shabby, yet my roots go beyond my knowing,
deep beyond the world of man,
And where my little leaves flutter highest
there are no people, nor will ever be.

Beholding the new moon, a wave bursting on a rock, Lawrence becomes that white sibilant spray, quivers with its orgiastic rage, its beauty of violent frustration, and is diffused with the pearl-like pallor of moonlight. The secret of life is still touch, and it is the measure of our decadence today that we cannot bear touch, that we have become cerebrated, cut off from the primal sources of life. Touch comes slowly, especially when the mind is asleep and the blood can express its instinctive sympathy and longing. Touch is of the blood. It is best to leave sex strictly alone so that it may function spontaneously. "For while we have sex in our mind, we truly have none in our body."

There is a striking pattern of consistency in this preachment: an emergent philosophy of the unconscious, a religion of the instincts. Lawrence's feelings about sex are closely tied up with his views on consciousness, his opposition to the domination of the tainted, egocentric, possessive mind. The absolutism of human consciousness, the triumph of the cerebrated ego, must be ended once for all. Passionately Lawrence exalts intuitive knowing, the knowledge of the self and its mortality that the mind can never fathom, for it has only one mode of knowing. It sees in daylight but it is blind in the infinite dark; whereas the blood, forever dark, is at home in darkness. It knows "religiously," instinctively. "Only that exists which exists dynamically and unmentalised in my blood." Lawrence revises the philosophical epigram of Descartes to read: Man is; he does not think he is. What man needs is to re-establish communion with the dark gods, to yield to the influence of the moon, to release the dark ocean within him and its sea-beats of

brightness and anger. Man must dive down and be lost—and thus be saved—in the fathomlessly deep currents of the creative unconscious.

When Lawrence, in *Apocalypse*, as in his poetry, writes of establishing communion with the primitive gods, getting in vital touch with the cosmos, letting the sun and moon have their way with him, the reader who depends primarily on conceptual understanding must think him utterly mad. This is precious mystical nonsense parading as lyrical inspiration, but not so! The lyrical genius of the man confounds us, overcomes temporarily the resistance of our discursive skeptical intelligence. His poetry, in "Birds, Beasts and Flowers," betrays a quivering, clairvoyant sensibility able sensuously to project itself into the life of bird and beast and flower. It is even more passionately sensuous than the God-haunted, sense-intoxicated lyrics of Gerard Manley Hopkins. For Lawrence's poetry expresses more than an act of imaginative insight or mystical intuition. It is literal identification so that one catches the terrifying, non-rational sense of participating in the persistent sensual hunger of the male tortoise and his act of screaming coition; one flashes with the hummingbird and mocks with the blue jay. Like a Van Gogh, he is able to evoke the iridescent, palpable reality of fruits and flowers; he communicates not only their surface contours and brilliant colors but also their interior dynamism, the universal plasmic life that throbs in them. With a few sharp strokes he etches an object and then goes further to suggest its mysterious essence: pomegranates "like bright green stone," "barbed with a crown," actually growing; the heart of a peach: velvety, voluptuous, heavy, indented, "the lovely, bivalve roundness," "the ripple down the sphere." Or his rhapsodic evocation in "Medlars and Sorb-Apples":

Wineskins of brown morbidity
Animal excrementa:
What is it that reminds us of white gods?

This is the extraordinary power he possesses of bringing to pass before us the mystery of transubstantiation in nature, the sensuous particularity of an experience, the felt reality of the fruit-world in all its exquisite tactile and visual actuality. Each fruit is there before us, seemingly more real than any painting, more tempting to the imagination than the fruit itself. Figs and grapes and apples are dangled dazzlingly, appetizing, before our vision. As he beholds the cluster of grapes, Lawrence's imagination slips across the frontier of time, returns to the primordial begin-

ning of things when communion was naked and palpable and inexpressible. Though we have grown more democratic and more enlightened, we have lost, according to Lawrence, what is infinitely more precious: the ecstasy of immediate vision, the innocence of primitive perception. Lawrence sinks himself down into the earth where trees have their roots, feels the sap striving upward, the miracle of creation and renewal. He becomes the cypress or purple anemone or almond blossom he describes. With what sensuous intensity he paints this picture:

Dawn-rose
 Sub-delighted, stone-engendered
 Cyclamens, young cyclamens
 Arching
 Walking, pricking their ears
 Like delicate very-young greyhound bitches
 Half-yawning at the open, inexperienced
 Vista of day,
 Folding back their soundless petalled ears.

In "Birds, Beasts and Flowers" the senses quiveringly respond to something other than human life, yet powerfully alive. He tells how he once caught "a gold-and-greenish, lucent fish" and unhooked its "groping, watery-horny mouth," looked into its "red-gold, water-precious, mirror-flat bright eyes," and felt the beat of its "mucous, leaping life-throb." We are amazed at his gift of projecting himself into the skin of a fish whose life is "a sluice of sensation along your sides." He partakes of its watery life, its goggling gaze, its sensations, its mindless fear.

Lawrence's poetry represents the triumph of the mythical, intuitive thinking that he makes so much of in practically all of his writing, and it is clear that he spoke from deep, vital sources of experience within him. Certainly he gave expression to a lyrical strain which is not to be found in contemporary poetry with its post-Eliotic "dissociation" of ideas, its allusiveness, its deliberate richness of ambiguity, its pastiche of erudition, its intellectual toughness and sophisticated complexity. Lawrence scorned all that. He was not defining and formulating conceptual categories, fitting the contents of sensory experience within some antecedent order of cognition. He is thinking mythically, reveling in the immediate data of sensation and feeling, without seeking to impose uniformities: the kind of primitivistic, pre-logical thinking Cassirer describes in *Language and Myth*.

In *Last Poems*, Lawrence comes to grips with ultimate problems, the mystery of death, the meaning of the gods. Refusing to believe in the philosophy of pure spirit, he declares that first comes the sensual body, the body of the flesh and its instincts. The divine urge of creation is not to be identified with a Mind. It is the body that shapes beauty. Even God is but a great urge seeking incarnation in the body, whether it be the body of a woman or flower or animal. There is no god, Lawrence calls out in an ecstasy of discovery,

apart from poppies and the flying fish,
men singing songs, and women brushing their hair in the sun

Hence man should be at one with the living God, instead of prostituting himself to knowledge and suffering the endless torture of unattainable self-analysis. In "Mystic," Lawrence formulates his credo and in "Anaxagoras" he takes his fling at the stupidity of the scientists with their principles and laws and their apprehension of a dead reality. Such science is the product of mental conceit, a species of mystification. Snow is white, pure white, and not what science says it is. The self-centered will is the root of all evil. Lawrence has a perfect horror of mechanical men, soulless automatons. Science and mechanics and education and all abstractions, these constitute the essence of the evil he abhorred and repudiated.

Pansies is the anguished cry of Samson among the Philistines, only he is not blinded nor yet shorn of his strength. The whole man is implicit in this volume. The hate cuts clean like a knife. Lawrence is determined not to be deceived nor to deceive others. A recurrent theme in his poetry is the perception that death has overtaken Western civilization. The wealthy, the self-absorbed, the robots are slated for extinction; nothing can save them, but after them will rise a cleaner life. Mankind must now pay the price for having lost touch with the cosmos, the primitive gods, the primal realities. The long night of time is upon us. Coupled with this is his remarkable awareness of the primordial influence of sun and moon, sky and earth, on the tides of the soul. Lawrence maintains creative touch with the earth and its creatures and its subterranean fountains of energy.

In one sense, *Pansies* constitutes a unique experiment in poetic composition, since it brings to a head one of the important issues in contemporary criticism: the relation between thought and feeling. Though Lawrence repudiates the sterile, mechanical intellect, in these

poems he is plainly the man thinking as well as feeling, even though his thoughts are directed to the task of annihilating thought. Yet there is a distinctive difference. What these poems aim to do is to fuse thought and feeling, to incarnate a pulse of real thought, brief, compact, poignant. There is no attempt at formal elaboration, no offer of convincing proof. "That," Lawrence seems to say, "is how I think and feel, what I believe at this moment of time." *Pansies* is therefore not so much an intellectual autobiography as a confession of intense moments and moods, visions and perceptions, aversions and ecstasies, which are unified not by a strategy of conceptual coherence but by the lambent personality of the poet. In his Foreword, Lawrence tells us that he wishes them to be taken as "casual thoughts that are true while they are true and irrelevant when the mood and circumstances change." In short, the principle of consistency does not apply. There can be no objections to contradictions that emerge in Lawrence's lyrics, because change and contradictions are the very heart of the process of growth.

Though there are instances of intellectual contradiction, fundamentally these "pansies" articulate a fairly coherent *Weltanschauung*. To appreciate them at their full value, one must know Lawrence's letters and fiction and essays. He has not changed. He is giving an almost word for word restatement of his basic beliefs, his antipathies and attachments. The list of what he hates is long indeed. He hates the bourgeoisie and the Bolsheviks, industrialism, our mechanized civilization, the worship of money and the bitch goddess Success, the infernal desire for superiority and self-assertion, the blather about masses and classes, the empty talk about economic revolutions, the futility of the life of the poor and the deadness of the elite, the ennui that proliferates like cancer cells through the body of modern society, the ridiculous twaddle about equality and democracy. About these things he writes with inflamed earnestness, crying out hoarsely against the indecency and tragic waste of such a life.

But when he seeks to convey his own personal religion he becomes mystical, inspired but rhapsodically vague. He adumbrates a philosophy of touch, the need for vital contacts, and he has much to say about recovering the energy of the sun, each man being the focal source of solar energy. Each man must emancipate the god within him and worship no other gods, but those who have caught no such gleam must live by the gleam reflected in the faces of those who have experienced this vision in all its radiant fullness. That is "true democracy": the leader-

ship of those who are called and chosen and the service of those who are born to serve. That is the "revolution" he would inaugurate, the freedom he would establish in England and throughout the world. What we need is to be much alone. Those who are gods discover that loneliness is a creative experience, a period of renewal.

Lawrence is not only a man of intense feeling, he is also a man of shifting moods. He is carried away by what he happens to feel at the moment. Precisely for that reason is he not to be taken too seriously as a thinker? It is curious that one who raves so furiously against mental consciousness and the diseased tendency to indulge in intellectual analysis, should expend so much energy in emotionalized arguments. True, the debate is not conducted according to rules of logic and evidence. What we get is a magnesium flare of temper, a flaming negation, affirmation by contrariety. As soon as something irritates him, he is off on a crusade. A preacher in verse, he is almost fanatical in his hatred of fanaticism; he is frenzied in his condemnation of puritanism, money, ideal women, machinery, and America. This is the one tune he knows, and he plays it with virtuosity and passion.

For example, Lawrence wages guerilla warfare against science, the analytical and the mechanical. Though the chemist breaks up water into hydrogen and oxygen, he fails to know the force which binds the two energies; he is blind to the third thing that makes it water. This is obviously neither profound nor particularly original, but the lyrical energy of conviction with which it is enunciated helps to fix it in our memory. In the heart of the atom—in space and earth and water—there is sanity to be found. Contrasted with this is the irrationality and evil of contemporary society, the horribly abnormal life of contemporary civilization. The mania of owning things together with the fearful blight of poverty is threatening to destroy the world. Hence if a revolution is to be carried out, it should not be under the auspices of the priests of Communism with their talk of equality and fraternity, nor in the name of money and materialism. In the name of life and for the sake of life should the revolution be consummated. That is the banner under which he would gladly fight.

In actual life, however, Lawrence's beliefs cannot be applied, cannot be lived. It is not possible to scrap machinery altogether and revert to a stage of Arcadian simplicity and Adamic innocence. No one in his right senses would actually carry the Laurentian opposition to science to a point where he would forego the use of all medical aid. Yet Law-

rence is not in the least put out by such contradictions as he fulminates against the plague of science. For by fighting it he succeeds in preserving his integrity as an artist, his creative health and wholeness. And it is this which makes him so significant and representative a figure for our age. His lyrical protests bring to a head the dominant conflicts of our culture. He forces us to re-examine our implicit assumptions, our whole system of traditional values. He smashes the scientific philosophy of survival and adaptations to bits in order to make possible a more creative affirmation of life.

That is the whole of Lawrence: the alternation between absolute loneliness and the need for companionship, alienation and the fulfillment of his societal instincts, the polarity of love and hate. The truth was that most people with their Narcissus-like glorification of life, each one absorbed in ego-idolatry, repelled him. He tried to escape from it all into the fastness of the heart, the nameless, the unknown. The kind of democracy he looked forward to is not a democracy of ideas or ideals but a democracy of touch, the mystery of touch that transcends mind and spirit. This is the sovereign remedy against the cruelty and impersonality of the machine, the curse of cosmopolis, the centralizing drift of industrialism. Each one will then recoil into separateness, intensely alive and individual. When we have surrendered the possessive ego and the assertive will, we shall not need to be saved for we shall no longer feel lost. Once we realize that the Holy Ghost is the deepest part of consciousness, the understanding is born that we are dependent for the tides of our life on the creative beyond.

With such a mystical creed as his touchstone of value, it is not surprising that Lawrence held originality to be the sacred and supreme principle of poetic composition. He divided poetry into two categories: the poetry of the past, formalized, known, completed, dead; and the poetry of the future, throbbing with undiscovered potentialities. The poetry of the immediate present, Lawrence contended, must lack exquisite finish, consummate grace, classic perfection of form. It must be quick with the pulsations of immediacy, alive with the essence of creative change, emergent, Adamic, new. He wished to explore the quality of experience in all its concrete actual radiance, the incandescence of the mystical Now. Such poetry, he maintained in the preface to the American edition of *New Poems*, manages to suggest the protean, fluid, mobile, incalculable quality of life itself. Only thus can the strait-

jacket of habit and precedent be thrown off, inspiration pouring out spontaneously like flame, without artificial elegance or prescribed form. In his terror of chaos man builds walls and roofs and shuts himself within a formula until he begins to stifle for want of air and space and can no longer break through to the light of the sun. The poets can help us in this essential work of liberation by throwing off the fetters of convention and reaching back to chaos. Better than the starvation-diet of outworn thought-forms is the imaginative experience, taking the whole soul and body captive, even if this means the repudiation of reason.

"The quick of the universe is the *pulsating, carnal self*, mysterious and palpable," Lawrence declared. But his jeremiads against modern mechanical civilization are rendered absurd and ineffectual by his inner knowledge that he can make no headway against it. He is shouting furiously against the wind, and his mad, impassioned words are hurled back with terrific force in his teeth. Since he cannot make his peace with the insane present, he begins to idealize the mythical past and reconstructs a primitive utopia, a golden age of the remote past. He has thrown up the sponge; he reveals our evils, our follies and waste and tragic conflicts, but he has no solution—none except a precipitate retreat to solar-plexus feelings, instinctive savagery. He is waging a losing battle all the time and that adds a touch of feverish futility to his utterances. Modern man cannot hope to recapture the virtues of primitivism, he cannot again worship the primal mysteries of sex and blood, not even if psychologists like Jung recommend such reversions to archetypal patterns of experience. If we read Lawrence's pulse-like lyrics with suspended judgment, without intruding serious matters of belief, he is irresistible, overwhelming, but as soon as we begin to reflect, his power over us wanes and the defeatism of his cause becomes apparent.

Fortunately, the value of poetry is not judged by the validity of the logic or philosophy that can be abstracted from it. The lyrical heritage Lawrence left behind him has many precious qualities which can invigorate and fructify modern poetry. It is vital, passionate, intensely alive and affirmative. It expresses a self-contained, integrated personality. It is not afraid to be poignantly sensual, naked in its confession of man's response to earth and moon and sun. It gives voice to man feeling, man experiencing, man joyous, man liberated from the prison of selfhood, resurrected, quick to enjoy the beauty and miracle of life on earth. Experimental in form and original in content, it has, despite its aberrations, much to give that modern poetry, intellectualized and introverted, is urgently in need of.



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THE REVIVAL OF NATIVE ARTS*

Roland F. Dickey

PROVERBIAL, ROMANCE NEAR AT HAND is neglected, and the significance of the New Mexican village has been eclipsed very often by the more bizarre elements of Indian culture. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, when at last the Apaches and Navajos were confined quietly on reservations of unwanted land, a few souls began to worry about the "vanishing American." For some time travelers had been picking up pottery and blankets as souvenirs, and now that the Indian himself was in no position to be heroic, he was glorified in the Hiawatha tradition. Village arts frequently were mistaken for Indian products, and the receptive frame of mind already associated with the Indian thus was transferred gently to Hispanic phases of the Southwest. Regional pride was encouraged throughout the country when the bursts of patriotism set off by foreign wars sent journalists beating the brush for American themes. Meanwhile, the building of new highways for automobile traffic prompted the serving up of local lore as an appetizer for tourists. The creations of the "folk" and the non-industrial peoples of the world gained public attention when cosmopolitan artists, struggling to escape an overripe tradition which concerned itself with technical finesse, turned to so-called "primitive" art for fresh inspiration.

Few people indeed recognized the everyday things of their own culture as potential art, nor regretted the passing of grandfather's arm-chair and grandmother's butter-mold. Not until the old pattern of New Mexico village life was almost beyond recall was there serious effort to record it and to place its characteristic fruits under glass. Within the present generation it has seemed worthwhile to revive some of the village arts, and to utilize their virtues in modern homes.

* This article is extracted from Mr. Dickey's forthcoming book, *New Mexico Village Arts*, by permission of the University of New Mexico Press. Copyright, 1948, by Roland F. Dickey. Lloyd Lózes Goff, who drew the accompanying sketch, has illustrated the text.

The first attempt at revival of native styles was in architecture. Here again, the emphasis was on Indian tradition, and the earliest examples were called "Pueblo" buildings, although they incorporated such Spanish elements as doors, windows, corbels, and capitals. The Santa Fe Railroad took the lead, and designed its stations with pseudo-California mission exteriors, filling the interiors with furnishings made by New Mexico villagers, Southwestern Indians, and the artisans of Mexico, Spain, and Italy. Since these displays were intended to attract the attention of tourists, "curio" appeal was played up. Eventually the Fred Harvey System acquired some of the best collections of American-Spanish and Indian antiques in existence, and their agents became authorities in the field. Visitors were properly impressed, and the cult of regional architecture spread to business houses, private dwellings, and public institutions.

Santa Fe became once more a flat-roofed Pueblo. The Palace of the Governors was stripped of a Victorian façade, and "restored" to an earlier concept, yet retained its Territorial fenestration. This revival of native architectural styles was influenced more by ecclesiastical than by domestic themes. Architects have attempted to blend the notable features of historic churches in a harmonious style. The towers of Acoma, the balcony at San Felipe, the carved beams of Pecos and Humanas, the doors of Santo Domingo, details from Santa Cruz and Chimayo—such elements have been resolved into various institutional buildings, including the Art Museum in Santa Fe, the University of New Mexico and the Veteran's Hospital in Albuquerque.

In adapting religious architecture to secular purposes, and further altering it to meet the demands of concrete, electricity, central heating, and limitless window glass, the modern versions carry only a thin suggestion of their prototypes. In many cases the symbolism is quite absurd: bell towers on a business house, for instance. All too often tremendous discrepancy occurs between interior and exterior design. Because the essential functions of religious architecture have remained unchanged from mission times until the present, several of the newer Catholic churches—El Cristo Rey in Santa Fe, and St. Thomas at Abiquiu—have copied earlier models with eminent success.

Domestic houses in the Territorial style have had some effect on such buildings as the Carrie Tingley Hospital at Hot Springs, the Little Theatre in Albuquerque, the Supreme Court and the City Hall in Santa Fe. Except in architectural details—door and window trim and

roof coping — the construction can hardly be distinguished from standard practices throughout America. Nevertheless, the details lend an acceptable regional character.

Large adobe residences and other extensive housing, such as stores, even in ruins, are sought eagerly by Americans for conversion into modern homes. Aside from the practical advantages of thick, well-built walls, and perhaps an ancient grove of trees, historic associations are the chief appeal of these places. Like soldiers bedded down in a baronial castle, the present-day entrepreneurs seem to wish somehow to recover for themselves the supposed feudal grandeur of the former occupants. They reconstruct the architecture with elements borrowed in the main from native churches rather than from houses. A wealth of carved doors, handcut moldings, and wooden or iron grills is superimposed. Meanwhile the earthen walls are channeled for electric wires, and the floors piped for air conditioning, before both are sealed with concrete. Frequently, actual pieces from abandoned churches, such as *vigas* and corbels, the age of which makes them structurally unsound, are incorporated in these domestic museums. The architectural result has little resemblance to any *rancho* home of the Hispanic period.

In the course of thirty years, regional style has become so popular that it is now almost a cardinal sin to build otherwise in Santa Fe or Albuquerque. As interpreted, this style is by no means pure, and seldom has much relation to function. Often a flat roof and *viga*-ends (perhaps false) projecting on the outside of the house are the sole concessions to the fashion, while the interior cannot be distinguished from Dubuque or Walla Walla. The raw materials, adobe and logs, in which the architecture originated, are quite often conspicuously absent.

A few builders, fortunately, have approached the problem with genuine understanding, and their houses are a felicitous blend of historic practice and modern convenience. Blessed with insight and restraint, they have utilized native materials to great advantage, making their dwellings pleasant with the honest colors and textures of adobe and pine, comfortable and substantial in the generosity of simple materials and unbroken space. New Mexican furniture and fabrics are appropriate in such a setting, while tinwork and *colcha* embroidery give ornamental relief to solidness and severity. There are overzealous citizens of course, who, in a passion for romantic surroundings, create domestic museums. Perhaps the worst offense of this coffee-grinder-into-

lamp school is their use of honest pieces in flagrantly non-functional connotations.

After World War I, there was a concerted effort to gather evidences of dying folkways. The Spanish Colonial Revival movement, which had some of the fire of the old-fashioned Methodist revival, was led by Mary Austin, Frank Applegate, and other appreciative souls who recognized the intrinsic beauty of the New Mexican tradition and sought to perpetuate it. The term "Spanish colonial arts" came into use to identify native products, but the phrase is somewhat misleading, since it discounts the Mexican period when New Mexico was no longer an outpost province of Spain. Further, "Spanish colonial" fails to imply the strongly local character which developed in New Mexico in the absence of tropical materials and closer contact with Europe evident in the arts of colonies further south.

A common error of studies in the village arts has been the careless assignment of designs and techniques to the influence of neighboring Pueblo Indians. These misconceptions still persist, and many objects, such as the reredos in the New York Hispanic Museum, have been labeled as of probable "Indian" manufacture, when patently they are made by New Mexico villagers. Although cultures existing side by side are prone to copy each other, there was far less artistic commerce between Pueblo and Spaniard in the Southwest than is commonly assumed. Certain writers with exaggerated notions of reputedly inherent racial traits, have concocted theories about Indian talents rising from the bloodstream and coloring the Spanish arts. Although miscegenation undoubtedly occurred, the individuals leaving their parent race generally were ostracized by their own group, and normally assimilated the culture of the group they joined. Much has been made of the enslavement of Indians, particularly Navajos and Apaches, by the Spaniards. Here again, the influence upon the arts was small, for these slaves generally performed menial tasks, such as housework and spinning, and in most cases European techniques were imposed upon them. Even in the field of design there was very little interaction. Many of the figures pointed out in village arts as "Indian" are merely parallelisms, and stem, especially in textiles, from Oriental origins. These factors of separation apply equally to Indians and Spaniards, and most especially to the traditional religious arts of each group. Not Pueblo, but Old Mexico Indians seem to have implanted certain alien deriva-

tions in village culture, for numbers of them increased the early Spanish settlements of the upper Rio Grande.

Adversity invites resourcefulness, and the economic depression of the nineteen-thirties turned the hands of many village craftsmen to their ancestral arts in an endeavor to make a living. The New Mexico Department of Vocational Education, the Native Market Guild in Santa Fe, the Works Projects Administration, and other agencies, sought to augment the ready cash of skilled workers by providing markets, training and employment. Schools, such as the San José Training School, were established to encourage cabinetmaking, leatherwork, weaving, embroidery, and other enterprises requiring small capital outlay. Regional antiques — chests, chairs, blankets — were offered as models, and modern methods applied to their reproduction. The peak of this activity was not destined to be permanent, for there were only two logical outlets for most of the materials produced: the furnishing of public buildings, including museums, and sales to persons who wished to decorate their homes in native style. Some of the arts, furniture and embroidery particularly, are too time-consuming to warrant their continuance in times of prosperity when wages are high. Other crafts — tinwork, weaving — have survived because their price-range falls within ordinary means, and because they have appealed to tourists. Esoteric items, such as replicas of religious pieces, were of primary interest only to museums and collectors, a market quickly saturated.

Regional styles of architecture were exploited in many public buildings erected to provide employment during the Depression, and this trend has been followed widely in schools, civic institutions, hotels, and business houses constructed within the last few years. Many communities were fortunate in being able to have the interiors of their public buildings enhanced with authentically designed furnishings handmade by workmen of the Federal Art Project and the National Youth Administration. By this means the public made acquaintance with excellent examples of New Mexican chairs, *trasteros* and chests, weaving and *colcha* embroidery, and decorative tin. No longer sponsored by Federal funds, the greater number of the native craftsmen who produced these pieces turned to other work, but a few continue to make a living at the age-old trades. The designs, especially in furniture, have been taken over by commercial shops, which employ power tools in producing the pieces demanded by modern offices, hotels, and restaurants, often merely adding ornament to factory items. Home

workshops, and the vocational departments of schools and colleges are the chief exponents of the original crafts at the present time.

It is inevitable that in adapting New Mexico village art to present-day needs, materials, and tools, the character changes accordingly. For example, when a chest is constructed of machine-planed pine, tailored with square and level, cut with sharp saws and steel drills, fitted with standard dowels and chemical glue, hinged and locked with pressed hardware, patterned with the aid of compass and ruler, carved with a variety of precise chisels, smoothed with graded emery papers, and finally finished with a coat of alcohol-proof varnish, the result is vastly different from the handhewn prototype. Not only is the piece shorn of individuality, rugged texture and intrinsic color, it has lost the indigenous qualities of struggle and spontaneity with which the old-time craftsman, by necessity, endowed it. The modern carpenter who assays to "copy" an antique has taken on a task that is too easy, unless of course, he attempts an exact replica, which he can achieve only by the methods of a century ago, an extravagantly foolish gesture. The handworker may learn effective methods and suggestive designs from old pieces, but if his product is to have virility, it must exhibit an intelligent and harmonious use of his tools and materials.

From the soil itself, plus trees and stones, the New Mexican built his house. On a foundation of field stones, he laid thick walls of sun-dried mud, roofed them with logs and brush, and finished the entirety with earthen plaster. The qualities of mud gave the house a plastic unity, a warmth of color and texture, and a complete harmony with the landscape available in no other medium. The spectacular accomplishment of the turbulent seventeenth century was the construction of monolithic Pueblo churches . . . Abo, Quarai and Pecos, now deserted. Under the guidance of Spanish priests, the Indians applied their ancient building techniques to the traditional plan of the Christian church, and the result was one of the most original and effective styles of architecture on the American continent. The little village churches, modeled on the same lines, were centers of aesthetic expression, and, as everywhere in the Christian world, they received the best efforts of native builders and decorators. Regional designs in domestic and public architecture are among the important and lasting contributions of New Mexican culture.

Frugal use of wood and the absence of hardwoods distinguished Southwestern settlements from the forest-frontier of the Thirteen Col-

onies. The tall, straight pines needed for roof timbers, door frames, and furniture grew on the mountain slopes, often a day's journey from the village. New Mexican arts diverged from peasant arts of Europe in that wood never was used with complete familiarity, and never lavishly, even in furniture. "Whittling" was not a pastime here. Low-grade tools accounted for some of this timidity, and the structural limitations of pine and cottonwood were further inhibiting factors, but even sculptors did not realize the full artistic possibilities inherent in wood. Fettered by an unfortunate Continental fashion, the local sculptor hid honest wood under coats of gypsum plaster, completed his carving in this anemic medium, and then painted the piece realistically. By contrast, while his neighbor the Pueblo Indian painted ceremonial dolls, he did not destroy the virility of the wood, nor fail to relate his painted designs to the fundamental form at hand. Because they were functional, and not tainted by formal concepts of art, the villager's wooden tools and utensils were among his most pleasant accomplishments, although he rarely decorated them in any way. In architecture, wood was employed with complete frankness: ceiling beams were dressed logs not even adzed to squareness, corbels were carved with simple grace and no loss of function. Only in the altarpiece, and here again the craftsman felt himself in the artificial world of "art," was wood disguised under plaster and paint, those dishonest imitators of laborious carving and expensive surface. This is not to deny the power and effectiveness of native religious sculpture, but to observe that few native artists, any more than artists or other men anywhere in the world, were sufficiently daring to free themselves from the tyranny of tradition.

Gypsum and other minerals abundant in New Mexico were basic materials for artist and layman. Crystallized gypsum was an opaque substitute for window glass. Powdered gypsum, mixed with water and a cohesive, solidified to a hard white plaster used on interior and exterior housewalls. The artist evolved a similar formula which he used as plaster of Paris in sculpture and as an absorbent gesso base for paint. The use of gypsum in any form has virtually disappeared from native life in favor of modern chemical products. Of the selenite windows, quite common until 1880, only a few empty frames remain. Colored clays were ingredients of house paints, artists' pigments, and cosmetics. Pumice stone and sand were the abrasives for polishing wood and metal and sharpening tools.

Plants provided not only food, but medicines, dyes, brushes, fiber

rope, and the materials for basketry. Both Indians and Spaniards were expert tanners and leatherworkers, fabricating an enormous number of objects from skin. Not only clothing and bedding, but bags, ropes, bellows, hinges, harness, and chests, paintings, even sculpture involved the use of leather and rawhide. Tallow and sinew were likewise valuable. Sheep and the processing of wool were Spanish contributions, and both weaving and needlework achieved high levels of craftsmanship and originality in the villages.

Work in metal came late in the common tradition, but not too late to be influenced by regional cleverness. Ornamental tinwork became a popular art. Spanish silver techniques stirred the creative impulses of Navajo and Pueblo Indians to invent a style of jewelry now widely appreciated. New Mexican goldsmiths, stimulated by an active market during the nineteenth century, perfected filigree ornaments which represent an extreme refinement of the provincial tradition.

The fine arts — painting and sculpture — were associated almost exclusively with religion, and consisted of portraits of the saints and the Christian hierarchy. Emotional intensity characterized the work, lifting it above mere decoration, and into the realm of transcendent expression. Poverty of materials kept the artist from straying into the path of facility for its own sake, and the carved and painted saints speak to us with the directness of Gothic art. Color is secondary to linear design, but has the melodic harmony of low-keyed earth pigments. In the corners, the borders, the garments — areas not dictated by religious protocol — the artist freed his fancy with decorative inventions of great charm.

Our knowledge of religious arts and customs in New Mexico is much indebted to the fact that many nineteenth century travelers were Protestants, and wrote detailed accounts of matters which might have passed unnoticed by Catholic observers. Victorian Americans had very definite ideas on "art and beauty," and the items which did not conform to Raphael slickness and sweetness were vigorously condemned. "Mexican" art was a term of reproach, even as "Gothic" long ago was synonymous with *barbarous* to the admirers of Roman architecture. Yankees were, and still are, at loss to understand the terrifying emotionalism of village crucifixes, much less the bloody dramatization of Christ's last hours by members of the flagellant *Penitente* Order. They forget that Spain's bitter front-door crusade against Mohammedanism lasted eight hundred years and filled Spaniards with an indelible passion for Chris-

tianity which no people in Europe could match for fervor and fanaticism. New Mexican art branched off from the parent stock before Renaissance humanism could color it with the gentle realism evident in Velázquez and Murillo. It remains, therefore, stark, powerful, and histrionic.

Despite this austere approach to the fine arts, the villager practiced the greatest intimacy with his religion. The saints were his close friends, watching over his daily life, mentioned continually in his proverbs and sayings. If he awoke late, he had "slept until St. John lowered his fingers." St. Rita — the natives said "she burned her dress when she went to get her husband out of hell" — could be counted on to achieve the impossible. Even thieves had an intercessor in El Buen Ladrón, who was crucified beside Christ. At Christmas and Easter, the community dramatized stories from the Bible, chanting musical themes almost forgotten by the world outside. Twentieth century skepticism has not destroyed a comforting belief in the supernatural. Stories of religious miracles are current coinage, and in rural villages, processions and miracle plays still signalize the Christian holidays.

For more than a hundred years now, people of American parentage have called New Mexico their home. They have fallen in love with the landscape, the climate, and the picturesque heritage — the low earthen houses, the simple honesty of native furniture and fabrics, the cheerful fatalism of the inhabitants. Half a century ago artists, writers, and historians recognized the passing of a regional tradition, and begged the public to salvage its virtues. Slowly a revival of native arts was set in motion, first in architecture, and then in its complementary fields of furniture, weaving, and decoration. Today it is possible to escape from the commonplaceness of the machine world by furnishing an adobe house in what is reputed to be the Hispanic manner, conceding, of course, to the non-traditional elements of electricity, plumbing, and innerspring mattresses.

New Mexico village arts demonstrate that if the people of any society are left to their own devices long enough, they will call upon the resources of personality and environment to provide elements which make labor easier and life more interesting. Thus the New Mexicans, remembering European antecedents, carved plows and looms of wood, and portrayed the saints in homemade pigments. In matters of this sort, their chief claim to invention was the application of known principles to new situations. Conversely, if these things came ready-made

without undue expense, as when the natives had the opportunity to secure steel plows, factory-made clothing, and religious art printed on paper or molded in plaster, they were glad to relinquish whatever aesthetic pleasure existed in making these things for themselves.

Vanity is a factor in the perpetuation of art. There is no greater impetus to the spread of an artistic invention than for it to become fashionable, and no greater deterrent to a style of art than for it to pass from popularity or be slow of public acceptance. The provincial was pleased to emulate whatever styles reached him from the urban world, and the commerce in chests and metalwork was a prime example. But where the difficulties were many or the cost insurmountable, as in obtaining professional training, superior tools, or special materials, the native showed himself quite capable of original solutions. Measured in terms of obstacles overcome and completeness of self-expression, his success in art was sometimes very great.

It is always easier to copy than to create, and there is no debate about the acceptance of such practical techniques as irrigation and adobe. The present fetish of regional art is but a repetition of the nostalgic impulse to imitate the outer symbols of previous civilizations, whether they be Greek, Gothic, or Pennsylvania Dutch. This is not to deny essential values in the creations of people long-since dead, but to remind us that our own society contains the ability to originate and utilize art in ways fully as admirable as those of any historic group.

Beautiful things made by hand provide a relief from the systematic lines and textures of machine manufacture, and keep awake sensitivities that are dulled by standardization. But it is now a rare experience to have known the living tree from which our doorstep is cut, or to have fed the sheep from whose wool our suit is woven. Only the absence of these elementary patterns makes us mourn their passing, for our ancestors accepted such events as matters of course. The long-ago existence of the New Mexico village attracts us for certain elements that we seem to lack in our own lives, yet even if we forego the conveniences which we call modern, and accept the labor from daylight until dark which our ancestors endured, there is no returning, for the tide of history engulfs us all.

THE WIDOWER

David Greenhood

LIKE A JANITOR alone after hours in a gallery studying a painting, he gazed at her stranger's face in the coffin until it took possession of all actuality before his eyes and he felt surfeited with it. Maybe now he could better enable himself never to see her again, and let this be his last look. He looked once more to know how it would be to see her without needing to; even now in these time-stopped last few moments he could still do so with a kind of wantonness. She was blank. Quite not-her. A thing.

He walked away.

Before he had known any woman, someone had told him that the aim of love is to cancel love. He had never let that be so with her, though, because the spent feelings, inevitable as they were each time, were more transient than desire was. Each time it seemed the end of love and you felt you would never want any more, but that feeling always lasted only a short while, and you could if you wished keep a passion lasting much longer. It had been because she was still there that love could seem to end, just as it had been because of her being with him that it could revive.

But *this* cancellation was different. As he returned to be a widower in the rooms where he had been a husband, he was grateful for having allowed himself to look at that not-her so long and convince himself it was absolute. Now he would no more be looking for her than he would be looking around for his own former self.

Her shoes and his were still on the closet rack together. But so were their snapshots in which, as he told himself, you could see two people who no longer looked like the pictures; in fact, who did not now exist.

Before he gave her clothes away he tried to live with them until

they became just clothes without her. He learned how to do this one evening when, home from work, a restaurant dinner, and a movie, he was looking for a needle and thread to sew a button in place of one that had been smashed by the laundry, and he chanced to open her handkerchief box. Up came a tender, living perfume, almost like her voice; an idle laugh and caress. He started to shut the lid quickly, then slowed his hand so that the lid closed softly. The perfume came into the room like a visitor to stay for a while, and for that while he was stunned the same as a man can be by some woman's beauty — a brief trance in which the visitor seemed to come into his arms though he could neither see nor feel her. It was her personal self and way too, but nameless now, merely her. When the seconds of this had passed and he knew that it would not again occur like this, and that somehow it would not be quite right to try making it happen again, he opened the box and smelled the fragrance until its meaning was gone.

He had to do likewise with incidents that would unexpectedly come up from further pasts. Shortly after marriage he got his first pair of glasses, which cost more than he could afford in those days. And now in a crowd as he was trying to cross the double street at Harold Square during a green light timed for crossing but one street, with people from the opposite direction bumping into him because they were obtusely keeping to the left, the reminiscence of these first glasses and her surprised him. He remembered her dedicatedly polishing the lenses for him because they were precious and she, with her soft linen handkerchiefs, was good at delicate jobs. So, as soon as he got to the other side of the street he had to stop to let the tenderness of this be exhausted in the air while he stood there apparently awed by the height of the Empire State Building.

Eventually he moved away from their apartment to another part of town.

For all that people knew he was outwardly like almost any other widower: deeply mournful but undemonstrative about it; quietly reverent of his wife's memory, and with plenty of reasonably stoical courage to go on living the same as anybody else. And for all that he knew he was inwardly like any other man who had lost a well loved wife. It was something that never came up in conversation. He was not reticent and would have readily discussed anything with anybody if the occasion called for it, but there is often something in the way each of us experiences things that does not have the same wave-length that conversation

has, and we don't always tell ourselves about it either. For the self we would tell it to is the converser, while the experiencer goes on in the event, oblivious of the later report.

In a large company at a friend's house, a young girl who did not realize how young she was nor how old he was, made for him in that candid, trustful way a very young girl has with a middle-aged man: as if she kept a trace of the childhood habit of bounding into one's lap. As if, also, she had just that evening acquired her womanly limbs and bosom along with her new dress and was supremely delighted, trying all of it out at once. Other men there, he noted, were no less surprised by her than she was by herself. But had they forgotten, as he had, how fresh and amazing a young girl could be? Her lips parted to let words and laughter fly out and her teeth glisten and to show her small tongue curling for a taste of the adult world—all in sprightly innocence of any notion of her own privacy. Her name was Rosalie and she wore a corsage of red rosebuds and her lips were reddened the same red. But it was the roses and not the lips that did something to him. It was their florist smell, of which there had been so much at the funeral and which he had forgotten until now. It mixed with her flesh smell, which seemed to give the flowers their undeniable freshness.

Had it happened three years before this he might have come home and told his wife about it, but it couldn't then have been the same as this. Nor could it be if she had not once existed. And even if he should attempt to tell it to space, in the hope that somewhere within that space was a hearing, hers, still what could be told would then be something else again. For how could anyone, living or dead, know that quality in himself or herself that is being missed? How could one know what one's own absence feels like to others? She would not only have to be with him but within him to get it surely.

Another time, in a subway train, he was sitting next to a window. The train had stopped at a station, and on the next track was a train standing bound in the opposite direction. He turned in an abstracted way, and saw his partial reflection in the pane. It was a deep-eyed, heavy-browed face with marked features such as some engravers get by drawing only shadows and lights and no lines, and it was also as elusive as a thought or memory of a face. He tried to recapture it, which he was prevented from doing by becoming aware of the window of the other train. A woman sat there, glancing at the pane and then at him as if she had just turned from the momentary abstraction and caught and

lost her own image in the glass, for their eyes met with a faint smile of recognition in the fact. It was the frankest, most supportable look he had ever exchanged with a stranger. She was beautiful in a way that you believe at once and with a sense of security, as when you come upon a geometric truth for the first time and you love it for its sympathy with your awakening notions of reality. It was a pleasant, solemn face, as benignant and familiar as summertime and yet unlike any other thing in the world. Her look seemed to understand his marveling comfort in her beauty, and was glad that she had this for him. It was a face to keep close to oneself all one's life. While the trains pulled apart, she smiled as if to say we must expect this little joke to be played on us, but at the same time she winced, saying it was hard to take. Then, as desperately as he, she grasped at the last edge of the sight.

He thought a moment, and then decided not to think but get out at the next station and ride back. Surely she would get off at her next station expecting this of him. He held off all other thoughts and speculations and the wisecracks that could occur. He would not even think of what he'd say to her when he recovered her. When he got there she was not there. Nor did any train after another bring her. He rode to the station where the trains had stood together, and unwittingly he ascertained about where it was that the glances had crossed. He leaned over the edge of the platform and peered down the dark tunnel. But he could not find her there, of course—no more than one can find anyone in the grave. She was lost in the millions of people, but it was forever, the same as a death.

He walked away, feeling both sad and foolish. The kind of "foolish" that doubtless the one before had meant when she had told him he must not mourn for her, "It would be foolish."

Many hours later, the incident was still gripping him. He was working on a nightshift now, in an upper story of a very high building. When he looked out of the window upon the blocks and blocks, the vast cityful of people, it was with somewhat the same sensation as he'd had in childhood when he looked up at the stars with some other children shortly after one of them had died.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE UNIVERSITY *

Joaquin Ortega

THIS IS, in long strokes, the story of a college professor, a little man who does not amount to much according to the standards imposed by our materialistic outlook. He may be at times admired for his intellectual aptitude, but not for long, for it is hard to understand his kind in a land where everything else is so understandable. Big shots, and small shots who aspire some day to swell into big shots, despise him at heart, and regard him as a wayward son who has sidestepped from the path of real enterprise. He is just a professor, one of those queer creatures living almost on the margin of American acquisitive society indifferent to the centripetal force of "making money." This centripetal force, which is the source of nearly all our sins and of some of our virtues, has barely touched him. By preference, he would not have made much of it, anyhow.

The professor of my tale was born in Germany and brought to this country when he was five years old. He was dedicated all of his life to the business of thinking and making other people think. His Germanic roots took to the soil of Wisconsin, much of it tilled by hands of German stock, a progressive and hard-working group of Americans who have made of Wisconsin a model state. In its state university he studied in due succession for the B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees. He went for a short spell to Heidelberg. In spite of his German birth, his acclimatization to the German strain of Wisconsin, and his sojourn in Heidelberg, there is nothing in him of the Germany we fought in the last two wars.

* This essay was written in June, 1947, on the occasion of Professor M. C. Otto's retirement from the University of Wisconsin, and is now published as a homage to the State of Wisconsin in her Centennial and to the University of Wisconsin in the 99th anniversary of its foundation.

His brain contains gray matter, mellow and pliant, not hard steel. Goethe rather than Hindenburg. He is gentle. He is just an American professor.

His life has unfolded quietly and intensely, without great events. At forty-four he married another teacher, Rhoda Owen. They have a son and a daughter, now grown up, who have learned from their parents to respect what needs to be respected and to question what needs to be questioned. The professor's home is on a steep street overlooking Lake Wingra. There is always a good book on the living room table, a warm hearth, and a kitchen where, on occasions, very tasty dishes are produced without the encumbrance of intermediaries.

The professor drives no automobile, but has developed sturdy legs. He has simple habits and is spare in his wants, but man of parts that he is, it may be said he has spent in his lifetime a small fortune in good books, in good shows, in good concerts. In company, he enjoys a drink. Not many things have happened to him externally. He is just a professor. For instance, he has received good offers to go to other institutions at large increases in salary, which he always declined. At these times, his salary at Wisconsin was raised to meet the outside demand — the almost consecrated market procedure. In the case of this professor there was no need of bettering or even meeting the outside offer. He was so attached to Wisconsin that a gesture of appreciation was enough. Once he received a raise of \$250 as the result of a \$1,750 increase offered elsewhere. In 1929 he was president of the western branch of the American Philosophical Society. He attends professional meetings, has taught in other places, lectures to groups, reads a good deal and argues with anybody at hand on what he has read or somebody else has read, likes his students, pays his taxes, has no police record, and is a good citizen all around.

The professor's appearance is insignificant — some five feet tall, slight of body — were it not for that beautiful cranium of his (a massive one with an ample forehead), eyes that seem to be searching things all the time, a mouth persuasive and firm, from which pours, in irrefutable logic, what his cranium constantly distills, and a facility of manner that instantly envelops him in a sort of atmosphere. He is a statue with a garden around; not the statue alone on the pavement. Around him, there is reverberation, charm, interrogation marks, suspense, unfinished conversation that needs to be finished. The earthly shadow cast by him is puny, but his spiritual shadow is magnificent.

The professor is a very serious man with a very good sense of humor. He is urbane, and lets himself be teased and even abused, but he strikes back like a panther. He is a master in that nearly forgotten art of repartee. He teaches courses in logic, philosophy, and humanism. The professor is a man of sensibility and of complicated mental processes very difficult to describe. He qualifies, he accumulates, he analyzes, he gets involved, and then gropes for clarification. The German parenthetical baroque yearning for the lucid word of Greece. The Nordic pine bending to the Mediterranean olive tree. Butter, solid and opaque, sinking down, wanting to be transmuted into olive oil, liquid, transparent, and buoyant.

The professor is poor. He has made in his thirty-seven years of teaching, \$600, \$1,000, \$2,000, \$3,000, \$4,000, \$5,000, \$6,000, \$6,750 per annum, climbing slowly the salary scale, which is one of the indoor exercises of academic infusoria. His books and lectures are of the kind that do not bring heavy royalties or fees. Mind you, he has been well paid . . . as professors go; but with his family obligations and the need of satisfying his tastes for certain things, he has never been able to save a penny. He cannot purchase clothes, shoes, and hats every season, as well-groomed Americans of comparable social status do. He has to wear them for several years. One might say that his front is clean, but frugal. He is just a college professor. Nothing more nor less. Just a professor, with no other wealth than his mind in this land of railroads, factories, and mines. His mind, however, has been a quarry where generations of young American men and women have mined tons of intangible wealth.

He is just a professor, but behind this particular professor, behind the placid screen of his outward life, there is a strong, homely drama of idea and emotion, a great university which he helped as much as anybody else to build, a piece of American experience worth recording.

For he has handled all his life an explosive substance, the dynamite of thinking, which has caused havoc to all who have handled it since the world began. True knights make their own world in their minds, like Don Quixote, and carry it along, happen what may. Mental activity seems the right compensation to a physique that cannot be appreciably augmented. And mind is what counts in the long run. That is why the life of Max Otto is significant and more so when seen against the growth of the University of Wisconsin and the commonwealth of Wisconsin, as one of its products and makers at the same time.

The little professor was excellent, but out of tune in a society where excellence must be accompanied by conformity. The majority mind tried hard to crush the minority mind, as has happened before. The first concerted attack came in 1912, two years after he had begun teaching his course, "Man and Nature." As the result of the accusations made against Otto for teaching materialism and being a sectarian, President Van Hise was put on the spot of having either to protect a mere instructor, thus jeopardizing the interests of the University, or to compromise. He did not compromise. In June of that year he delivered his commencement address *The Spirit of the University* and tackled the issue with wise and courageous words:

All subjects in a university are plastic; no one is rigid in outline. Things taught in one generation vary from those taught in a previous generation. Indeed, in a university the teaching of any year is in advance of that of the previous year. This freedom of thought, this inquiry after truth for its own sake, this adjustment of the knowledge of the past in the light of the newest facts and highest reason — this is the essential spirit of a university, *which under no circumstances should it yield*. Without this spirit an institution is not a university; with this spirit, it is a university, whether it be large or small.

Whether the subject taught be that of the language or history of a people, knowledge of the universe without reference to the wants of man, or the application of this knowledge to his needs is a matter of indifference; provided only this broad, inexorable, uncompromising spirit, this unalterable determination to follow wherever truth may lead regardless of preconceived notions or ideas be maintained. This spirit makes whatever subject is studied a university subject, whether it be the humanities or the most modern of applied sciences. No other spirit is proper for a university; no infringement upon it can be permitted.

Thus disposing of the attackers, he goes on to say that this spirit makes a university a center of conflict. If a university were content to teach only those things on which there is unanimity of opinion there would be peace, but also stagnation. Struggle means progress. And then he focuses the young teacher in the case (though without identifying him) with implied approval mixed with severity and good advice:

That a university is to be free does not mean that its staff are to be propagandists, nor that they shall be arrogant. The university is no place for either the agitator or the pedant. For subjects concerning which there

is various opinion, the historical method should be followed. Different views should be fully and fairly presented in order that the student may be aware of all the essential facts bearing in every direction and thus be fully able to appreciate the different points of view.

Having pursued this method, a professor, one who professes, as pointed out by Paulsen, has the right to express his personal views and convictions, provided it be done with humility and with the realization that ultimate truth has nowhere been reached, that the advance of tomorrow may modify the statement of today.

Compare these words with others said in 1843 by a famous Spanish-American educator, the Venezuelan Andres Bello, at the installation of the University of Chile:

Liberty, as opposed on the one hand to the servile docility that accepts everything without inquiry, and on the other hand to the disordered license which rebels against the authority of reason and against the noblest and purest instincts of the human heart, will, without doubt, be the theme of the University in all its various departments.

The students did not compromise either. Alvin Reis, now a respected judge, wrote an editorial, "Speech Without Shackles," in the college paper, the *Daily Cardinal*, quoting the statement from the Board of Regents report in 1894, which as a "free speech memorial" of the class of 1910, is stamped upon a bronze tablet on Bascom Hall near the central doorway, facing the statue of Lincoln:

Whatever be the limitations that trammel inquiry elsewhere; we believe that the great state University of Wisconsin should encourage that continual and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found.

In 1915-1916 Otto's enemies were at it again. This time three students, now quite prominent personalities, brought from Chicago a crack reporter William Ludlow Chenery, then column conductor and editorial writer for the *Chicago Herald*, and now publisher of *Collier's Weekly*, who, after visiting Madison, penned a good defense of the right of free speech. Van Hise, once again put to the test, made his famous "Freedom of Teaching" convocation address.

An energetic politician by the name of John Chapple campaigned in 1932 for the United States Senate on a platform directed against the La Follettes. Radicalism at the University, particularly Otto's, was made the object of bitter attack. The "old herring" was taken from the can

and exposed to the horrified eyes of the burghers. Otto became a public figure in Wisconsin. Students admired him so much by this time that he had hardly to defend himself. They took the stump against Chapple in several cities, sometimes speaking from the same platform, sometimes at meetings of their own.

Glenn Frank, at the time President of the University — a much misunderstood man in Wisconsin history, and one of the best orators of modern America — made perhaps the best speech of his career in defense of Otto and academic freedom. Chapple won the nomination in the Republican primary from the supposedly unbeatable John Blaine, then United States Senator, but he was defeated in the general election by the Roosevelt landslide which swept Democrats into power.

There is a contemporary piece of literature well worth quoting, in order to demonstrate the ethical invulnerability of Otto. A. M. Brayton, editor and publisher of the leading Republican paper, *The Wisconsin State Journal* — ostensibly on the side of Chapple — devoted to the Otto case his "Rambler" column on May 15, 1932. After bestowing praise on him as a fine gentleman, an honest home man, a man who loves nature and children, and noticing his unassuming attitude and other virtues, he writes:

He is neither sinister nor cynical. I speak from the knowledge of many people. He is a lovable character, his is a winning personality. . . . But just for these very qualities that make him admirable and lovable, Professor Otto will be considered even more a menace to those of us who willy-nilly have a religious belief, because his sheer attractiveness and natural leadership are bound to affect the young students who come to take his courses. I'll leave this matter of the natural effect to any university psychologist.

The Devil in the accoutrements of the Angel, or the Wolf in the skin of the Lamb. Or rather an opportunistic politician being sorry that Otto was so good that it was too bad not to have him on his side. For Otto has never been a "menace" to anybody's genuine religious spirit. He has strengthened the moral aspiration of his students, made those genuinely religious more religious, and those less religious more responsive to spiritual values.

And now comes the closing chapter in Otto's career as a champion of liberty. Previously he had stood his ground. Now he took his Quixotic lance and attacked the windmills. On December 6, 1941, the Board of Regents of the University undertook to decide whether S. L. Ely's

book on *The Religious Availability of Whitehead's God* should, or should not be published. Ely, assistant professor of philosophy at the University, was a conscientious scholar against whom a charge of prejudice could hardly be leveled. The book had been accepted by the faculty publications committee and recommended for publication by the University Press. When the matter was brought up before the Board of Regents, one of them objected to the approval of the contract until he could have an opportunity to examine the manuscript. Otto protested as chairman of the department affected. His protest was not made public at the time. The regent reported at the January 20, 1942, meeting that he had found nothing objectionable except the title. But then another regent held up publication again in order to read the book too, and decide whether it should be published. Otto refused to concede the regents' right to censor university publications. Clarence P. Dykstra, then President of the University, was placed in a difficult position between a professor whom he highly esteemed and the Board of Regents. He did not let the professor down.

Otto scored in a communication to the *Daily Cardinal* — which carried on, as the students always have, a vigorous battle for university freedom. A few excerpts:

The regents of the University have called two strikes on the publication of a very good book. It sometimes happens that two strikes are followed by a home run. But it is also possible that it will be three strikes and out. We shall see before the game is over. . . . [Some regents] took a position which implies that the board of regents, not the designated publication committee, must assume responsibility for the character of university press publications. This leaves nothing to do but quietly surrender or openly declare oneself. I prefer to do the latter.

It is incredible that any regent of the University of Wisconsin would take the position . . . that an educational institution must keep away from controversial issues. In a world which has become one huge controversy, what is more important to talk about than the controversial issues in which we are involved? How else are we to discover the social, moral, and religious ideas and loyalties on which our destiny as a democracy depends? . . . The basic educational consideration is not that controversial issues be avoided, but that an honest effort be made to light up the elements of the controversy rather than to win a victory for one's own side by careless or deliberate neglect of relevant facts.

The department to which I belong can not, I believe, justly be accused of willful or incompetent blindness. . . . The regents of the university have

the power to eliminate any member of the department or the whole department of philosophy from the academic scene. . . . But they have not the power to kill in any member of any department the spirit of honest research if he wills it to be alive; and they cannot determine the area in which that spirit shall most fruitfully be at work.

The Student Board and other campus organizations aligned themselves with Otto. Emeritus Professor William H. Lighty and Reverend Alfred W. Swan of the Congregational Church sent letters to the press. The Board of Regents eventually decided that hereafter they would not undertake to pass on the contents of publications, but limit themselves to the question of finances involved in the publication contracts recommended by the Comptroller. The *Daily Cardinal* exulted: "The fact still remains that once more Wisconsin's tradition as a stronghold of free and independent thought and the untrammelled expression thereof has been upheld." The fact also remains, following the motif of my opening lines, that Otto is just a professor, a good professor, neither more nor less. A professor with manly attributes. The fact also remains that the students at the University of Wisconsin have always been a pretty decent lot to work with and for. The fact also remains that the regents had sufficient tolerance to see the light. Contenting themselves in their resolution with a "spanking" to the pugnacious professor, they did not carry the issue to an extreme as might have happened in another state less used to civility than Wisconsin.

The incorrigible child of all generosities recommended the appointment of Dr. Alain L. Locke, American philosopher and Negro educator, as Visiting Professor of Philosophy for the second semester of 1945-1946 to teach "The Philosophy of the Arts" and a seminar in "Value." I know that there was raising of eyebrows, but nobody by this time dared to question the will of the little man. They knew he had good American answers. And President E. B. Fred, Dean Mark Ingraham, and the Board of Regents who officially approved Otto's move deserve the gratitude of all Wisconsinites; for Dr. Locke gave Wisconsin besides the satisfaction of feeling itself humane, one of the most brilliant pages in its teaching history. To me this gesture of Otto extending a hand to the forgotten brother is the culmination of a life-long struggle in the pursuit of happiness for others.

It is almost impossible to write about Otto without writing about the University of Wisconsin, for the existence of both is inseparable.

The University of Wisconsin! I cannot but be lyrical in speaking of Wisconsin. I taught there twenty-five years. Transplanted as I was to this country at the age of twenty-three from my native soil of Spain, with my cultural attitudes already crystallized, I had to let those crystals melt and reform other crystals with the traditions and practices of the land of my adoption. In this process of acculturation I had to burrow into the earth that was to fertilize the other already plowed and fertilized earth. I, so to speak, grew again. I learned more America than those who are born Americans. And I am everlastingly grateful for the lesson. So much America I learned that when I was examined for citizenship, the "doorkeeper," on listening to one of my replies, threw up his arms and exclaimed: "Brother, you've got me there!"

Wisconsin taught me a lesson in quality. There were other universities in the land with larger enrollments and more income, but none better. Wisconsin taught me a lesson in public service. There were other universities in the land with ample research funds, but none with men imbued with a clearer conception of their role in society and the leadership that is incumbent upon a university. Wisconsin taught me a lesson in the nobility that comes when intelligence is nourished by character, a lesson in the joy of freedom and self-responsibility. Looking back at the Wisconsin I knew, I dare tell the world what a university should be and should not be.

A university is a good society for men, when everything in it is moving towards good. Wisconsin did not need artificial embellishments to make its campus supremely beautiful. God put there a hill, trees, water to look upon. A hill symbolic of ascension. Students and teachers every day have to walk up to old Bascom Hall, from where irradiates fervor in search of truth and beauty for their own sake, and also for making them operative in the life of men. There is intimacy in the landscape. There is in the peace of the surroundings an invitation to tensile inward life. Peace to disengage the mind, and peace to engage the mind, too.

A university is a place for men of decent intellectual inclinations to work, when the value of the teacher is felt alike by the teacher, the student, an enlightened academic and administrative leadership, and the community where it is set. The fiduciary reward is relatively unimportant for men who, dwelling in the Spirit, must sense how short life is. There are other rewards, perspective, sense of creation, satisfaction in moulding human beings. A university is a miserable place to work

when the teacher must yield all or part of his intellectual integrity to an opportunistic academic bureaucracy swollen by self-importance, or to outside pressures—pressures, low in spirit and high in arbitrary power, brought in by the fetid air of politics, prejudices, or self interests. For then, neither the teacher nor the student can ever gain full stature. They act like dwarfs walking amid shadows they cannot even challenge. A university gets to be a small world of supercitizens, when professors exercise their rights of free citizens instead of having to apologize for or defend such rights. A university transforms itself into a carburetor of ideas and visions, when men are not harassed by administrative minutiae, by statistical tabulations and other excrescences of the quantitative gentry, and can concentrate on the chores of learning to teach and teaching to learn; when abnormality, in the connotation of not being altogether “regular,” is tolerated, and a few so-called “nuts” are permitted to roam the precincts, for they usually have something on the ball, and add color and variety to the game. There is nothing more dull for professors and students, than to drink day after day from the same water served in the same containers. Let the water be mixed with something else, and the containers adopt differing shapes.

Universities until recent years were run chiefly by men of learning—Gilman, Eliot, Harper, Angell, Van Hise, Wheeler, Jordan, Neilson. Following the prevalent tendency in our overorganized large-scale production, they are now mostly run by administrators. Descending upon the campuses with so-called efficiency as their motto, these administrators pay more attention to building the frame than the inner structure. Thus they rely on external values, on operation, and soon there appear in the academic beehive too many bees who check and regulate the communal labor, but bring no honey. Public relations become a fetish, and professors are supposed to become caterers of pleasantries. When one of those powerful “fathers” comes in, the faculty shakes in its boots and girds itself for a hectic period of reform which in the long run reforms nothing and perturbs the normal function of the institution. More momentum in academic America has been arrested by spasmodic innovation than by any other cause.

Universities grow in quality by cultivating their garden zealously, without concerning themselves much with anything else. Wisconsin, for instance, has been for a long time a hatching ground for first-rate teachers. When a big man leaves for another place, there remains a waiting line of younger men and women ready to take over and in many

cases do better than the elders. The growth has been, as all legitimate growth is in human institutions, from within, feeding itself from its own reservoir by a continuous process that creates tradition and renewal at the same time. In recent years we have witnessed the spectacle of wealthy institutions buying name-professors here and there as if they were collecting masterpieces for a museum. These masterpieces are placed side by side with utter disregard of their character and what they are to represent in terms of enrichment of the "inner atmosphere"—which is what counts in enterprises of the spirit. The results of such schemes to make universities by purchase has been quite disappointing. Old professors, uprooted from the environment they had themselves made, can hardly add much more than the glamour of their careers to the alien environment. And they break the morale of the institution they come to. Let us concoct a "celestial image" to give a graphic description of the effect of these incursions. When the imported luminaries are superimposed on an already revolving firmament, the little stars no longer find incentive in shining, for they know they can hardly expect to become big stars, and so they scamper away to other skies. And some of the belated nomads are not very happy either.

Wisconsin has not needed to purchase the finished product in the market. Wisconsin has raised its own produce. It has given a chance to young scholars to show their stuff and make themselves and the institution they were serving. I have seen in Wisconsin strong graduate departments emerge from professional cells which had hardly taken shape when they came into the ground, but that through intensive work, imagination, self-criticism, and institutional spirit—the play is the thing, and not the actors—grew into commanding bodies.

A university is something like the Wisconsin I came to in 1916, a place where one breathed civic independence and where one sensed in all its doings the *tension of the spirit*. When one cast one's eyes about and saw practically all public institutions mediatized, becoming, more and more, through appetites of greed or privilege, vassals in the commonwealth, one realized that perhaps the university could be the only body of men still left somewhat free to build a better society, or at least to proclaim how it might be built. Wisconsin did the latter. Assailed as it was at times by petty interests, it kept on its catalytic role until its prescriptions—regulatory commissions to check monopoly, legislative libraries to help write intelligible laws, liason between university and government (it is fitting to have together, as in Madison, the domes of

learning and statesmanship) to put to work on state problems the best brains available, an extension service which brought the university to the threshold of every home, road marking to make it "harder to get lost in Wisconsin than to find your way in other states," etc., etc.—were accepted throughout the country. One felt this ferment of doing wise and humane things in the marrow of one's bones, and was tremendously proud of that "Wisconsin Spirit," an undefinable, permeating essence that I am awkwardly trying to put down in words.

And Wisconsin became known in the world as one seat of learning impregnated with virtue. Its then dilapidated halls were the refuge of men and women who sought, with urgency, wisdom and equity and justice for their fellow beings. Institutes, business associations and corporations, foundations, individuals—some of which were good and some of which were not so good—proffered funds, at times in good faith, at times with conditions attached. Wisconsin, in doubt, preferred to keep aloof from all entreaties to surrender an ounce of its Self. There were jokes about the policy: "Wisconsin is not a tincup institution." Perhaps it did go too far and made us lose bricks for a medical school, but it was heroic in substance, and produced more than one academic hero and more than one genuine public servant. In the rickety laboratories and in the overcrowded library, old and young bent their backs hour after hour. Citizens stood by, taking occasional potshots at the University when appropriations came up in the legislature, but in the end giving more than they could, in order to keep on making what they were proud to have made. They knew that Wisconsin, a relatively poor state surrounded by wealthier states, drew flocks of youngsters from those states. They saw, too, students coming in large numbers from faraway parts of the country and from foreign lands, and little by little they became aware that the University of Wisconsin was, after all, "something." Farmers, professional men, small and large business men, tasted the thrill of creation. On Wisconsin! In such a race of open hearts and open minds, one could not but open the throttle of one's heart and one's mind.

Nobody symbolizes better than Otto the Spirit of Wisconsin. Intensely religious, he questions all religions. Earnestly preoccupied with education, he questions all pedagogic panaceas. Liberal to the core, he questions all excessive ideologies. Almost pathologically chained to the workings of his intellect, he questions day after day the validity of his

intellect. Hardly touched by life in his academic seclusion, he has unceasingly created life about him. Respectful of the cultural tradition, he is also what Ortega y Gasset will call an "Adamist," one who faces the world as the first man upon it. True philosopher in the stream of comprehensive humanism, his interest spreads to other fields. He has made an effort to understand the sciences which have brought—with technological development and the failure of the social sciences to catch up with it—such challenge, and such a confusion, too, to modern life. A deep well of humanity and sentiment, he tries hard to harness sentiment with reason. He is a fervid skeptic, paradoxical as this may sound. A mild and cautious man, his head is hallowed by the pains left there by doubt. But doubts affect only the periphery of his mental processes. He has beliefs.

He believes in youth, corporeal and figurative. He has laundered the minds of young men and women in the water of fearless thinking. His course "Man and Nature" became a baptism, a "must" in the list of every student. Every day for him is a dawn, to be newly defined, and like the lay monk that he is, he prays for making that day a little brighter than the day before. The last time I saw him, two years ago, when discussing with him national matters and university matters and intellectual endeavors, I found him as young in outlook and thirst for knowledge as twenty years before. He believes in the integrity of the individual, rebel Christian that he is, and goes out of his way to champion the most unpopular causes whenever the rights of a self—his or another's—have been invaded. He believes in justice, objective justice that feeds upon itself. He believes in clarity, and has spent a lifetime unravelling his head to make it exude in spoken and written word some understandable postulates. Whether he has succeeded, is not very important for the Unamunesque writer of this sketch, who disagrees with his position toward Eternity. As a matter of fact we represent the two opposite poles of sensibility. He is essentially the *raisonneur* and I am essentially the mystic. His philosophy springs from experience, mine subjugates experience. The important thing for me has been to watch the tragic quest and feel in me the pathos of his experience.

A group of professors and townsmen formed many years ago a dinner club (FBM—first by merit—we called it conceitedly), which has been yeast in the academic life of Wisconsin. I remember once when Otto gave us a dissertation on the nature of free speech. He, a believer in free speech and in all the fundamental liberties, undertook with the equanimity of a judge to ponder all sides of the question, and after

exposing to us his pangs in reaching a definition, he concluded: "The truth of the matter is, gentlemen, that I really do not know what free speech is." Whereupon our good-natured physiologist, the "show-me" Claude Bernard retorted: "Max, if you do not know what free speech is, why bother with it?" "There you are!" Max replied.

Yes, "there you are!" There is Otto, chasing an idea until it escapes, which is authentic research. There is a university engaged in producing quantities of an imponderable commodity called "thinking," which has—in spite of the "vocationalists" and other educational subspecies—more "transferable value" than all other educational commodities. A university with liberal convictions, and with conservative convictions too, yet more devoted to teaching "how" to think than "what" to think—the "what" that stamps the seal of utilitarianism and corruption in our academic halls.

Otto is practical too. He wants knowledge to be translated into action. He wants to pierce the ranks of the misguided majority with glimpses of better living. He wants the citizen to affirm himself in terms of honest achievement rather than in terms of goals set up by a wrong conception of success. He wants the citizen to have independence of thought, and to acquire the habit of judging situations with knowledge of the facts, so that his decisions will be significant and equitable. Ideological, religious, or political labels divide man within himself and from other men, and predispose him to acceptance without examination. Otto has enriched the horizon of his students with vistas of peaceful grounds, abundant in fruits, where men can give and not lose, where men can make without destroying.

He believes in the university as the summum of intellectual and moral obligation. In a short article, "Keeping Civilizing Influences," which appeared in *The Capital Times* on January 31, 1941, anticipating the great holocaust that was coming and making a plea for the preservation of our cultural heritage, he wrote:

I have believed that a university should be, in a special sense, the place where the aspirations and intelligence of a people reach their highest level. It should be the place where the clearest vision is attained of life's better possibilities, and where the most humane attitude toward life finds its finest expression. I still believe this and am convinced that it was never so necessary that faith be actualized in practice.

Otto's philosophy is, in the ultimate analysis, a working philosophy

of education and a working philosophy of democracy. I mean by this that all his thinking has been directed towards ways and means of making students aware of the fundamental problems of life in our nation—a nation, not taken in the narrow sense of a political unit, but in the ample one of a tide of human beings from all the shores of the earth looking forward to a better physical and spiritual destiny than other men have had before. The outstanding feature of his effort has been the determination to give philosophy a thoroughly social character, in contraposition to the essentially individualistic streak of most present-day philosophy. Early preoccupation with technical philosophy took progressively a turn towards living philosophy. He realized that the blueprints provided by technical philosophers, who work in detachment from the struggles of men, were not enough. Blueprints, to be adequate, must be worked up by men in different fields co-operating with one another. From this co-operation as the basis of achieving a philosophy of life, there follows his theory of “Creative Bargaining,” which he has discussed in various places.

In the Foreword of *The Human Enterprise* he emphasizes his bias: “a militant interest in man’s earthly enterprise”; in “a life of happiness and dignity for all so far as this is obtainable”; in what he calls “living scholarship”—that is, a scholarship alive in itself and its uses and aware that mere technique is not necessarily scholarship, and that one can “adhere to rigorous standards of evidence and truth” and also have “a nose for truth” and “follow its scent on the run.” Otto is a teacher in the noblest meaning of the term. As he says in these or similar words, he does not want to be either the philosopher who plants doubts until skepticism colors all thinking, or one who conjures ultimate reality from personal experience, or a magician-like being who pulls ideological rabbits out of a hat, or the more common variety of the one who fishes for abstract ideas in the quiet pond of meditation in order to exhibit his catch oblivious of other “particulars” that are also swimming in the currents of events. In distinction to these types, Otto insists on finding philosophic problems in the context of daily life.

It may be said of him what he himself said of John Dewey: “His is a philosophy for these times, for all of us, but especially for the oncoming generation, for those who must navigate a river that has broken its banks, and who must chart their course by new headlands as traditional beacons grow dim and vanish from sight.” How true this sounds after

the atomic bomb experience, and after our having smashed a totalitarian regime only to see the menace of another rising in Europe!

It is for me difficult, not having had the fortune of being instructed by Otto, to make a coherent statement assembling the many praises I have heard for twenty-five years from hundreds of his students. To meet this vacuum I have asked—in the process of preparing this essay—some of his former students to write to me opinions on his teaching. I cannot resist reproducing part of a letter received from one of the foremost psychologists of present day America:

Max is the only professor whose classes I have sat through an entire semester as an auditor. This may cast reflections upon my own weakness of purpose, but it does indicate to me the magnetic character of Max's teaching. Indeed, I have sat through two entire courses of his, *The Human Enterprise* and *American Philosophers*. Max's technique is difficult to describe, but not its effects. You can feel his deep sincerity, even in his lightest moments, but you never feel that he is fanatical. He carries you along by methods you cannot detect, to conclusions you had not intended. His touch is never heavy, and yet you feel the importance of what he is saying. He has an extraordinary way of challenging, and sometimes infuriating, the members of his class. He does not hesitate to single out individuals for his attacks and, although I have seen students *get* genuinely angry with him, I have never seen one to *stay* angry more than a few minutes. On the other hand, those who attack him in anger quickly get a taste of the strong antagonist in Max. When it comes to things of which he is sure, he remains impregnable, and rejects a weak compromise with as great contempt as he might an inferior article of food. He is completely himself on the platform, or in a discussion group. . . . That seems to be one of the important secrets of his amazing popularity. One feels that he is not acting a part, or playing teacher, philosopher and friend for the sake of a salary. I think you would feel, even if you did not know it, that he would not compromise in teaching for any salary. He laughs publicly at himself for making mistakes, for being at a loss for something, for being worsted by a student, and even just because the students are enjoying a laugh on him. But right after the laugh, his antagonists had better look out. That is his point for hitting back hard. He is Socratic in his method, helping the student to set a trap for himself, and then closing the door neatly behind him. When he sees that a student is caught; however, he always becomes meliorative. He helps to make the student comfortable, and then later shows him a way out. He is always a leader but not a driver. . . . I may sum the business up by saying that, although I have had twelve years of college, graduate school and medical

school, I have never known a teacher who was more serious than he, and never met one who got more fun out of teaching.

He is a teacher; neither more nor less. Otto has always treated students as man to man. His students were not just students of philosophy, but persons, whole persons, studying philosophy. There is a difference. That is, it seems to me, another secret of his success which should be added to the secrets the psychologist has revealed. Youth is an ascension to full physical and mental being, and there is nothing more negative in educating youth than to arrest this march with the condescending attitude of the *dominus* who is making allowances or dishing out precious liquid from his golden cup. The cup must be passed around. In his early days Otto studied how to be a teacher, not through the stilted methods of the "professional educators" but through experience. He used to go out with his students on weekends to discuss with them philosophical problems—yes, philosophical problems—amidst the landscape of Wisconsin. It is easy to be philosophical on top of a ridge looking down on the waters of a river, after having disengaged oneself from urban relativities. The agora, the open space, is the right setting for dialogue. The Greeks knew well that teaching philosophy is an art of dialogue rather than an art of exposition. For with dialogue things are contrasted. And when an interlocutor misses the point, the teacher may quickly with a question transpose himself into his own interlocutor. True dialectic is to talk to and to listen to. Most professors simply talk to, and when they feign to listen, it is with the impatience of gaining an opportunity to talk to, some more. The value of these excursions for the budding teacher was, aside from comradeship on an equal plane, insight into student problems with which philosophy, his professed subject, might profitably make contact in the classroom, and light upon how to conduct himself from the professorial podium with regard to these problems. No wonder that the student rallied to his defense when he was accused of teaching a destructive philosophy. The worn-out images of the teacher burning his light to give light, or passing the torch to the oncoming generation, are not applicable here. There was a single torch kindled in indivisible offering by him and his students.

Perhaps the best statement Otto ever made on what he tried to be for his students, and what he hoped his students would be to him, is contained in his baccalaureate address of 1932, *The Ministry which*

Thou hast Received. This is a compact message on the higher purposes of education: building character so as to live on an ethical level in private and public life; idealism; frankness and honesty; sense of humor and sense of proportion; rejection of doctrines that might make right; the Christian precept of defining oneself by what one loves rather than by what one hates; acceptance of good will and understanding as the motivating forces for social change; resistance to mass pressure; and above all, "the equipment and training of the mind." Not a mind for ornament or to make of it an instrument for material gain, but mind for leadership, for sheer thinking and through thought bringing joy to oneself and betterment to others. In this address occurs the line, "We who still enjoy the boon of saying what is in our minds. . . ." Let not these words of Otto become through bigotry in America a paraphrase of the "*Ave, Caesar!, morituri te salutant*" of the Romans.

We come to the end of the tale. I could write a few paragraphs on influences which have played a formative role in the development of Otto's philosophic personality: E. A. Birge, the magnificent old man, now ninety-six and still carrying on his shoulders what is best in Wisconsin, whose conspicuous all-around culture, dignity, and devotion to work have always seemed to us the university ideal; George Sellery, a staunch friend, sparing in praise but loyal in action, teasing Otto for two decades to better effort by precept and example in his educational wisdom and ripe, urbane, and dependable scholarship; Frederick Jackson Turner; F. C. Sharp; Boyd H. Bode; B. I. Kinne; Eduard Lindeman; Dickinson S. Miller; Eugene Debs; William James' and John Dewey's writings, etc. But such paragraphs have reluctantly to be omitted in order to keep this essay within prescribed bounds.

Otto is retiring and with him—under the inexorable law of change—much of what was Wisconsin is fading too. But Wisconsin, true to its motto, is still intent on going *forward*. New ideas will grow there, with devotion to beauty and truth, for the seeds are deep in the land. There will be one more emeritus professor of that powerful combination of teacher-scholars who will adequately bear the title of merit. Youth is merciless, and has no deference to those in its way. These emeriti, in Wisconsin and elsewhere, are soon pushed aside, ostracized by aggressive newcomers. Had I money, I would establish here in this sober land of New Mexico a little free university for those of quality, up in the mountains, a Mecca, where all who have toiled for

and dreamt of a better world could come to give off the last and best sparks of their talents.

Otto is retiring at seventy with three or four books; numerous articles, technical and non-technical, thirty-seven years of university teaching at Wisconsin, Harvard, Chicago, Ohio State, Minnesota, U. C. L. A., and a meager pension. Of material resources—what bankers call “collateral”—he has accumulated very little. No lamentation is in order. Through the ages the cash price of the Spirit has been small, but that circumstance shall never stop the bargain.

When, however, one invests so much as Otto did without thought of the return, assets are inevitably left behind. Some six hundred of his students and friends crowded on May 6, 1947, in the Great Hall of the Memorial Union of the University of Wisconsin, to celebrate the “Max C. Otto Jubilee.” At the dinner given in his honor distinguished persons spoke: George C. Sellery, former Dean of the College of Letters and Science at the University, who acted as Master of Ceremonies; Philip F. La Follette, former Governor of Wisconsin; Joyce Erdman of the Wisconsin Student Association; Frederick H. Burkhardt, Professor of Philosophy at Wisconsin and President-elect of Bennington College; Samuel Rogers, Professor of French and well-known novelist and pianist; Alain Locke, Professor of Philosophy at Howard University; Lloyd K. Garrison, former Dean of the Law School at Wisconsin and Chairman of the National War Labor Board; and Otto himself. Messages were read from John Dewey and others. The proceedings have been printed in a handsome 23-page brochure.

The Sponsors' Committee announced that there was a surplus of \$8,500 from the Jubilee Dinner which was offered to the little professor as a “scholarship at large.”

TWO POEMS

DIFFICULTIES OF HISTORY

Pardon O custodians of silence
this archeology

There was lost a statement overbrief and prayerful
that still in happiness was phrased
of schoolday mortal Margaret
sane as April day
skilled in April ways
her crystal-sparkle dimples praised
in a boy's dreamed pastoral

Even now, when a scene is clear
with plain persons historical
men dying who are not I
in events I know as mine
it is a muted ritual
as of rural folk whose sober church
became an ancient ruin

or forsaken on the moon nearby
one could not read Earth's charactery

AN APRICOT TREE

In its infancy it looked so pert and frail
appealing for growth
we set it out in the crowded yard
in the sunniest part beyond the roses

It grew and grew
in very name meaning "precocious"
"ripen soon"
but it bore no fruit

We spared it from the ax
 it wasn't fit for kitchen wood
 but gave a tidy piece of shade
 enough to cool a lazy man
 from head to foot

One June when about to die of age
 it handed out a twig of cots
 all clear and sound and full
 We never forgot that fruit
 nor could ever be sure
 the sudden-from-heaven flavor it had
 was not our pity

DAVID GREENHOOD

FROM A PLANE OVER BALBOA

Much have I travelled in this western world,
 Seen cities, governments of people strung
 Glittering on the lands and strewn among
 Green islands of the sea. And I have hurled
 Past shadowed jungles where dark rivers curled,
 Gazed downward on Andean ranges wrung
 From the first rock, and over harbors hung
 Where white the western ocean broke and furled—
 All in a day.

For watchers of the skies
 The cosmos wheels; for me—as deep in awe—
 Horizons sink and continents arise,
 While fifty unHomeric people draw
 Southward on octane-powered Odysseys,
 Pulsing above a peak in Panama.

QUINCY GUY BURRIS

TWO POEMS

LAST DAY ON THE ISLAND

TO D. L. S.

The surfdogs raised white heads to yelp
and disappear through stringy fogs
like dogs that would not drown, like dogs
littered in ooze sea-bitches whelp.
We walked in gardens of brown kelp:

We mourned the slowly sinking barge
of summer, childhood's matchless summer,
the frail and rare, the seldom-comer.
We stood upon the weed-strewn marge;
she floated seaward: strange and large.

INLAND ISLAND

In some deep sense which half appalls,
the sea strives inland with her gulls,
and I, who never was of those
who grew by blue and emerald coves,
count her among my honored loves.

When my two hands were still to me
an ever-present mystery,
I built a lighthouse by the waves
of early thought, safe for the doves
I counted as my early loves.

Here on an island hill it stands
and sentinels the sea-green lands,
still islanded among the groves
and shepherding the thinning droves
that are my loves, my later loves.

HERMAN SALINGER

MY LOVE, MY LOVE, MY LOVE

Frances Long Morgenroth

My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?

My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

—James Joyce

WITH HER EYELIDS CLOSED against the sun Ella saw orange. Anyway, it was not black. Nature lover, she thought, basking, serene, an animal. She failed to convince herself and flicked open her lids. She could see the brown skin of his thigh. By slightly turning her head she saw his closed sleeping face. Ah, then . . . if he was asleep. And so she began the minute tireless journey against which, a moment before, she had closed her eyes.

His close-shaven black beard was almost obliterated by the sun so that his face seemed very much as it must have been in adolescence. Charming. She would have liked a new word for his face but automatically she had thought charming. On up to his black hair on an almost flawless head with the strong short neck going into really fine shoulders. She couldn't see the small of his back but she knew that he had one and that it was covered, rather shockingly it had been for her at first, with fine brown hair. And his legs satisfyingly sturdy. She hated thin-legged men. She had often told herself that if he had had thin legs she would not have married him. It was her only loophole and might conceivably have been true of any other man.

They were lying on the grass of an enclosed courtyard belonging to a group of apartment buildings. Ella looked horizontally at the other tenants taking the sun. The couples all looked different, one from the other, and mostly the women were better looking. They interested her so that her mind was filled with little spent exclamations — "Ah, so? And then. If I may say so. So — so —" Whenever her mind said "*Voilà*" she wanted to laugh. She would have liked to tell Dick

about the *voilà*, but it had to be brought off, and that was for another time.

As though she had awakened him, Dick opened his eyes without turning to look at her. He looked at the sky and then down and across to the other people. A full-figured blonde girl crossed not far from them and Ella saw that she was close to being beautiful. She knew that Dick had seen all of her beauty instantly in the subtle ways of bone-joining and personal mannerisms. He would almost know what she would say in any hypothetical instance. He knew women without knowing any of them well. It was because of men like him that women had pride and felt justification and did not resent their weaknesses.

He turned toward Ella and smiled. Her returning smile was just right, very easy. He turned on his belly and buried his head in his arms.

Ella held her wrists close to her face and looked at them. They were quite brown and the tan made them seem strong. She propped herself quietly on her elbows and looked at her legs. Long and nicely shaped with knobby knees that looked as they had when she was ten. She lay again on her back. Dick had not stirred. "Yes? Well? So?" Her mind rejected its little coquetries. And the cumulative urgency returned as though it had never been away.

Her stare swung doggedly back to the other couples. It was so easy to see the telltale signs. Now, for instance, nothing was so funny as that woman in the big sun hat would have it. And they always looked at their husbands when they spoke. Some of them even walked around aimlessly. Fighting the good fight, Ella thought, and could feel her contempt for them becoming displaced by an incipient pity.

"Dick."

"Mmmmm."

"Were you happy when you were a kid?"

She heard her own light words and almost simultaneously saw the old and artful escape she had made for herself. Poets had always been unhappy. But he turned on his arms to look at her.

"I'd say yup."

"I suppose you ate drumsticks in paper pants."

"Sure."

"And had your own ball and bat and a nickname and swam when you were four."

"Well," he laughed. "Does my happy childhood disturb you the way it disturbs my agent?"

"No. Only mine was different. I was kind of grubby."

"Oh, well, I was constipated for an entire week at summer camp just because I liked being."

She laughed unbelievably.

"Finally on the last day I started up a hill and fell down. I couldn't get up. And Jack Betz came running and I said, 'Get the Scoutmaster' and Jack started to howl because I couldn't get up so I said, 'My God, I'm constipated, you fool.'"

Their laughter destroyed her resolve. Walking in front of Dick back to their apartment she was glad to be leaving the sun, toneless even in Virginia, falling like whitewash on the concrete and the filling station at the corner. The moment had passed and with it most of its urgency. Only she had wanted to tell him about the small-town grocery stores she'd sat in on Saturday nights, and all the thinking she'd done. And how she'd noticed this one thing all the time about men and women.

She composed her massive theorem.

You see, Dick, I saw so many marriages and I was always struck by the woman's vitality. Really ruthless! How to describe it! The wife devoured her husband without appetite and when there was nothing left she shopped. With him in tow and the children. (I saw them only in grocery stores, you see, those awful Saturday nights!) And there was no longer any appeal she could have made to him. Only she didn't know it. Because silently and long ago and for a long time she had devoured him and all of it without embarrassment. I was the only one embarrassed. Yes, yes, yes. Have you noticed this survival of women? And how they are not shamed that a man has been stripped of his adventure and all romance and how they don't turn away from him when he looks at them and sees them. How can I say it?

She wondered how Dick would have replied, but nothing suggested itself. She had a feeling that the summer-camp story had been inevitable. At any rate, there would have been a laugh. She squinted at him. Sometimes it seemed irrational even to her that he wrote poetry. He did not look or act like any sort of artist. How did he live so secretly? Lightly, lightly—like a leaf. His talent was osmotic. She saw the little feelers of his talent absorbing life. A great relief seized her. She could have wept.

Their apartment was cool after the sun, all red and green and gold. Like a stranger she surveyed it.

"What's the schedule?" He was eating cold chicken at the same time

that he plucked dishes from the icebox and opened lids. She came up back of him and clasped his waist, resting her cheek against his sun-warmed shoulder. He grinned round at her.

"What chic white little teeth you have," she said.

She moved away from him through the apartment to their bedroom where she stripped, got into a robe, and took towels and soap into the shower. He knocked on the bathroom door as she was adjusting her shower cap; then opened the door to look around it.

"Some tomato."

They grinned at each other.

"It's Hilary and Van and that blasted movie tonight, isn't it?"

"Yup."

He withdrew. She leaned forward and looked intently at her reflection in the mirror.

What had she wanted him to say? That she had a nice tan? He did not know that she had never been tanned before. She stretched her arms above her head and looked at them. He didn't know that the curve of her forearm was a delicate thing and had never appeared in anyone in her family before. Nor that it was miraculous—this line from her hip to knee; nor the miracle of words that only occasionally smacked of a schoolmarm on an Iowa prairie, nor the pensive expression on a face that was called *sérieuse* rather than serious.

He did not know that she was a starved and desperate fugitive from farmers and washing machines and easy-installment terms of yellow oak and Max Parrish. He did not know that she was the weary survivor of summer nights when she'd known for sure the world was going to end. He hadn't heard the voices of children on the thin summer air and known thereby that the world was going to end sometime for sure.

For a moment she felt quite overcome with fear of loneliness and the ailing to be held and comforted. Or to hold, she thought, sickened at herself. After the careful months of touching him only when she was quite sure he wanted to be touched, of being clever only at a significant moment, after all the sly distortions of reality and the choking of country passion, she remained exactly what she'd always been—the devouring female.

When she returned to the bedroom Dick was sitting in white shorts on the edge of the bed. He was reading the funny papers. Walking past him gave her a queer disembodied feeling, as though she did not exist. He continued to read but her own glance fell bright and deadly

on his shoulders. *Regardez-moi!* He did not look up and, the spell broken, she crossed to the bureau and began meticulously to gather her clothes. Snares and pitfalls! these gossamer hose and delicate underpants. Then she wanted to laugh. He had no idea what her underclothes consisted of. She had a mole high on her left thigh, too. And in one place on the nape of her neck her hair was very fine and light—much finer and lighter than the rest so it didn't look good shingled. Remarkable, hey? She'd had a paper route, too, when her brother got one, and sometimes when it stormed the lightning was pink and she'd been scared but had always put the paper inside the screen the way she was supposed to.

Well, she'd known it for a little while now. He had never really possessed her. He didn't want to, she reflected, being free of a certain base craving. His ego needed no propping. For—after all—wasn't that what she needed when it came right down to it? For a certainty. But, oh, how sad it made her feel! so that her body seemed actually to have shrunk and she hurried to cover it. It occurred to her that she would grow increasingly thin throughout her lifetime. Some women got fat but she would gradually strip down. She might even look a little hectic and feverish. Suddenly she wanted to say something cruel and bitter, cruel and bitter.

When they were both dressed, he put his arms around her and pretended to spoil her lipstick.

"You look nice," he said.

"You feel proud of me?"

"I'm always proud of you."

The buzzer sounded and they went hand-in-hand up the hall to let in Hilary and Van.

She found herself watching them too closely as they settled atop their little green chairs, integrated by the black oval of the table into a charming composition of dark and light, man and woman. She busied herself with the fragrant Chinese tea and the tiny spice cakes. Two lumps for Hilary, the same for Dick. She hated the meek womanly pose that pouring tea required of her. It made her feel like a servant. Handing Hilary his tea she looked squarely into his eyes. He was kind and intelligent, and, God help her, she had always liked him. There was nothing to fight against. The small of her back touched her chair as she sat sipping her tea.

It was when Hilary and Dick started talk about their projected

hunting trip that she finally had her say. She had known for a week that they planned on the next week end. Now it was no, no, it could not be! They were surprised and looked at her in polite expectation. To tell them of her deathly fear of guns seemed like a self-violation. She gave no reasons.

"But darling . . ."

"Please, Dick, I just don't want you to go . . ."

"Some other time, Hilary." She saw Dick was only faintly embarrassed. There was something mild and patient in his face. She had never seen that look in his face before. Yet she had seen it a hundred times before on the faces of the men who walked in front of their wives into the stores. She had seen the men, lounging over the counters, mild and impotent while their wives picked over the vegetables and haggled at prices. She had seen a man's face when he was going out the door, close to his wife so that he saw the crooked parting in her hair and the coarse pores around her nose.

And she had been fooled, by Christ! She'd felt sorry for those poor men with their wives grown monstrous before their eyes. And the idle feminine gossip while the men (hah!) waited.

Oh she'd like to see the bonfire those red hair ribbons would make that had been thrown away the second month of a marriage. Ribbons that'd never been looked at. She'd like to see it! And all the quiet pretenses of sleep when a husband climbed into bed, they'd fill a book. Because there'd been too many other times of refusal, only going the other way. The bastards.

Walking to the neighborhood movie, she felt like a gargoyle in the shadows. She even touched her face to see whether its features had changed, and averted her eyes from her friends, unable to see them except as mortal enemies walking stride in stride. Hilary helped Van over a curbstone and it caused in her a silent fit of laughter. The obsequious way Van looked up at him, accepting the crumbs of his felicity, his gratitude for a good dinner (and more to come, hey, hey), a proffered hand at a curbstone. Well, the way had been swept clean for fine gestures. Hilary lived in a woman-made freedom. For Van always stopped short of him. Carefully, discreetly, in word and look she allowed him to live as he pleased. And the day Van's vitality could no longer be satisfied with such meager fare? Oh, the fine contempt. The fine everlasting contempt.

The dark of the moviehouse was welcome, and the anonymity of

MY LOVE, MY LOVE, MY LOVE

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being a body in a seat while a story of young and exquisite love unfolded before them. It was the way everyone wanted to be in love and few ever were. But Ella and Dick had attained it. For every phrase uttered on the screen Ella could match it with one of their own. She saw the lightness of a gay moment turned into sorrow and the deft turn from sorrow before it should become grief. She saw the irretrievable loss taken courageously and heard the words which were human but always a syllable away from humanity.

This is well done. The audience sighed, enraptured. This is the way it should be. Isn't love wonderful when it's lovely like this? And see, they suffer, they suffer too.

Then it was over. They moved back up the aisle to stand blinking under the garish light of the marquee. Dick captured Ella's hand. He had known (O insufferable ape). Feel the soft pressure of his hand, knowing (O pedant poet). It had been their story. Feel the soft sheen in his eyes, like a caress falling in pride upon you.

Oh you go in to see Ginger Rogers and the gayety and the lightness and the incredible humanness of Ginger Rogers in love and you go out again and you find the heaviness of your own love under the marquee waiting the leprosy the red light the trundling lumber truck of your love the methodism of your love the unbearable crushing weight slowing swelling your movements today it is not wanted today I will dance for you with my big feet making little movements with the great arcs of my arms performing incredibly small loops a ton and a half of stone poised on a nine-inch base.

He smiled at her. Her returning smile was just right, very easy.

COMMUNION

I

I hold communion with my god
in a black two-lane pavement that runs to the mountains,
in a hammer on a nail,
in a crew (and crews) of eleven that the Pacific submerged.

God holds communion with me
in my little black dog's bark,
in the blade in my razor,
in the green and brown, the thorns of desert plants.

Here I place my hand in god's,
his lips kiss my brow,
we walk a rutted road
that fringes the mountains.

God and I, we sing, the old hundreth,
danny deever, shine on harvest moon,
I slap his back. We joke
and laugh in each other.

What's god's surname?

It is God.

And mine?

It, too, is God.

Kin?

Brothers.

II

O, Christ is the axe
and you are the block
and the head that rolls
is me.

O, You are the axe
and Christ is the block
and the head that rolls
is me.

Yes, I am the axe
and I am the block
and the head that rolls
is me.

What's your surname?

It, too, is God.

Kin to Christ, to God, to me?

Brothers.

SAM SCHULMAN

O

From this curved syllable depend
Miracles of mood: despair rounds
Lips everywhere, pain weeps a wound
With oval woe, and questions sound
So; ecstasy moans, grief is groaned,
Greed gloats through inflected command

Of this circular sound that sits
Silent toned on page and O waits.

TED ISAAC

JOAQUIN ORTEGA has been appointed Editor of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW. For the last few months he has been working closely with the QUARTERLY in the preparation of a reorganization plan which has been unanimously recommended by the Publications Committee and approved by the Administration of the University of New Mexico.

Mr. Ortega, who is at present in Europe, will assume his full duties with the Winter 1948 issue. The Winter number will carry a statement of the important changes, the new policies, and the new features to be inaugurated with Volume XIX, Number 1, Spring, 1949.

CHARLES ALLEN
Acting Editor

BOOK REVIEWS

The Frieda Lawrence Collection of D. H. Lawrence Manuscripts: a Descriptive Bibliography, by E. W. Tedlock, Jr. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1948. \$3.50.

This book presents a thorough, descriptive summary and bibliography of the manuscripts and typescripts which Frieda Lawrence has saved from the mass of work which her husband left at his death. The author has included nine other manuscripts, owned by Lawrence's friends and made available in Taos. The thoroughness of the work makes it an indispensable first step in any future criticism and scholarship concerning Lawrence. Tedlock has laid the foundation for accurate, discerning and complete scholarship, which has been notoriously missing from the work produced since Lawrence's death. He has also made an excellent beginning of his own study of Lawrence in America, a work which needs to be done by such a man as he, if the highly impressionistic accounts by Lawrence's contemporaries are ever to be put into intelligible and credible order.

Tedlock's introduction provides a clear accounting of the work which went into the preparation of this book. Each manuscript and typescript receives adequate bibliographical description, with alterations of title, changes of or errors in pagination, descriptions of paper and watermark, and statements of publication. In addition, a discussion of the origin of each is given, wherever the information has been available; Tedlock has gone to several sources for this information: the invaluable *Letters*, the collection of his posthumous papers, and the many biographical accounts written by his friends. The annotative comments frequently include comparisons of manuscript with published versions—this last to show the changes and corrections of style and organization which occurred in the progress of Lawrence's writing. These notes are necessarily reduced to publishable size, but in their present form they are still extremely valuable.

Two inclusions merit special mention: the notes written by Lawrence between February, 1920, and November, 1924, which provide factual detail concerning his work and his financial arrangements with publishers during these years; and a study of the still unpublished second version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, comparing it with the first and third versions. This essay offers Tedlock his only real opportunity for demonstrating his ability as a critical scholar, and even here his observations are confined to the evi-

dence which the manuscript contains. There is almost no direct suggestion in the book of its author's talent as a critic; but the reader has every reason to hope that the care and skill shown in this study will also mark his ventures into Lawrence biography and criticism.

Lawrence's posthumous reputation and influence have yet to be adequately measured. Numerous critical reactions to his work have been published since 1930; many of these are perceptive and stimulating, but every one of them shows in one way or another the lack of the scholarly equipment needed to give any critical statement factual authenticity. Tedlock's description of the bulk of Lawrence manuscripts does not provide all of that equipment, but it is the most satisfactory move made in recent years toward completing the preparations. Biography and criticism of Lawrence should show considerable improvement in the future because of Tedlock's work.

FREDERICK J. HOFFMAN

The King and the Queen, by Ramón J. Sender. New York: The Vanguard Press, Inc., 1948. \$3.00.

In a painting by El Greco, "The Burial of Count Orgaz," a remarkable conjunction appears between two worlds of feeling and faith, which I take to be typical of the Spanish character. It is a painting bisected almost exactly in the middle: the lower section shows a group of darkly costumed, realistic figures in prayerful postures, their eyes turned upward; above them in a scene of swirling clouds, the mobile figure of the Virgin accompanied by child and cherubim float in attitudes of mercy. One is not startled by the subject, which is after all conventional enough, but by the the happily conceived duality of the divine and the mortal, the metaphysical and the real, so sharply separated and yet so congruent and aware of each other. It is the same conjunction one notices between Don Quijote and Sancho Panza; between Don Juan and the Lady Death; and in many places in the Spanish *romances* between the earthy heroes of history and legend, and the symbolically divine figures who claim them suddenly in an unearthly reunion.

The best way I know of introducing Ramón Sender's latest novel, *The King and the Queen*, is to draw attention to this historical precedent in Spanish art and to indicate that the conceptual character of the novel allies it to those masterpieces I have mentioned.

The "lower section" tells the story of Rómulo, the gardener, and the Duchess imprisoned by circumstance in her palace during the first few weeks following the outbreak of the war of rebellion in Spain. It is also concerned with the first idealistic flourishes of Republican enthusiasm during the defense of Madrid, and the dreary catastrophes and acts of courage which followed, showing that the war would last months and years longer than either side had expected. But the "upper section," to which one's interest is gradually urged, carries the poetic theme of the book: the trans-

formation of the gardener from servility to the manhood and kingliness of his aspirations, and the concurrent transformation of the cold and socially stratified Duchess to the womanhood and queenliness of the dream made possible by the gardener's own awakening to the ideal of man's dignity.

Rómulo moves in both worlds, since the process of his transformation drives him upward. From his place in an adjacent lodge he moves into the basement of the palace, coming and going from the world of other men stationed on the grounds, to the tower where the Duchess esconces herself without the knowledge of those below. (In another sense, the Duchess is therefore only a figment of Rómulo's imagination — his dream — since she is identified and known throughout only by him.) The Duchess, to find herself, can only move downward, floor by floor, till she and the gardener, physically, and spiritually as well, have reached the same level. And her arrival to the station of woman and queen is reached only by her death on that level, while Rómulo reaches the station of man and king only when he accepts her condition and when this acceptance has frozen her just an arm's distance away from her burning reality as his dream. This platonic act is fatalistically prefigured through a fictitious book which the Duchess reads during her last days. In it are found the words:

... when the king — man — desireth to fulfill himself in the ideal possession of the queen, even unto attaining the absolute of God, then is the harmony destroyed and the order of matrimony ended. For to attain ambition is to slay the same, and to realize therein the ambition of self-ideal is beyond the power of man, save by passing through death and misfortune.

Except for the relationship between the Duchess and the gardener, which is a constant *becoming*, the book does not depend on the usual means of character development and motivation, to be found in the so-called realistic or psychological novel. There is Estéban, the donjuanesque lover and cynic, who is called "the devil," and Midge, the knee-high midget who draws swastikas on the walls, speaks of the Fascist triumph, and battles rats in the cellar; the puppets of the Duchess's childhood now filled with a horrible power of malevolence, since only they can speak the truth; and finally Rómulo and the Duchess themselves — they are all states of the soul, pushed to the extremity of temptation and endurance. And when the latter realize themselves in a final meeting of reconciliation, they rediscover the lesson of *acta est fabula*, which is in substance the same lesson one finds in the Calderón play, *La vida es sueño*.

But Sender's climax and dénouement are intrinsically human. His heaven of mercy is not the Catholic *deus ex machina* of misericordia. It is an achievement which man has realized through his blood and his faith in the ideal of the only life we have to lead under the sky. That is why *The King and the Queen* has the proportions of greatness in the Spanish sense. With its Gothic atmosphere of romance, with its often melodramatic character of mystery and suspense, with its interlarding of symbols, it is always more than a mere narrative or tour de force, celebrating as it does, not the

cataclysms of violence, or the accidents of defeat, but the dignity of man when he is most himself, nearest the angels in his dark costume of mortality.

EDWIN HONIG

The Creative Critic, by Carl Grabo. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1948. \$3.00.

In most of its concepts this little book differs from the trend of modern criticism. It is neither "formal," nor "analytical," nor "classical," and for those very reasons serves as a challenge to critical thought today. *The Creative Critic* regards criticism as principally justified in its stimulation of new work; it holds that literature has an almost exclusively ethical bearing. According to it, the best art is a liberated art, and a successful art must achieve social purpose through wide dissemination. Mr. Grabo presents these ideas with brisk affirmation and (again pointing the difference from most of the New Critics) in a few pages.

My own critical predilections would lead me to deny or strongly qualify most of the assumptions and conclusions of the book. Yet reading it was an exciting experience, and I hope a valuable one for me and others, because of its sense of aggressive exuberance that a great deal of the New Criticism lacks. Very fittingly, in view of Mr. Grabo's several studies of Shelley, the tone of that poet in his *Defense of Poetry* is felt again.

Just as Shelley's answer to Peacock is rather indirect, so Mr. Grabo does not directly state his case against the criticism of such writers as Winters, Burke, and Ransom. While to do that is probably not a part of his intention, his opening pages attack the Aristotelian tradition in criticism; and I believe they would be more pointed if they attacked those survivals of that tradition that are present in modern times. Also, I would confess myself disappointed in the specific suggestions that Mr. Grabo makes for new departures in the novel. His proposals for experimentation in both form and content do not strike me as particularly original or interesting.

The specific suggestions — unlike the spirit of the book, which promises either to persuade or awaken — will probably leave a good many readers drowsy. Yet nearly all readers interested in the encouragement of literature will feel that the author's "proposed literary foundation," which he describes in his last chapter, deserves consideration. In brief, the foundation would underwrite certain selected books in which publishers see great merit but little market; it would be simple in organization, and would use channels of publication already in existence. The need of such a foundation is strongly urged and the possible objections are happily met.

Though disagreement in critical theory is more evident than agreement, practical judgments of what is great literature are more often in accord than not. In similar fashion, though many may disagree with the theoretical part of this book, the practical step that it proposes ought to secure widespread approval. I hope that Mr. Grabo, who since last year has been a visiting professor at the University of New Mexico, will find in our state the "man of wealth and vision" upon whom he calls to endow the foundation.

GEORGE ARMS

Of Good Family, by Hans Otto Storm; edited by David Greenhood. New York: The Swallow Press and William Morrow and Company, 1948. \$3.00.

David Greenhood has done an admirable job of editing this volume of the works of Hans Otto Storm, who was killed in 1941 while at work on an Army radio transmitter in San Francisco. It includes all of Storm's writings on Spanish-America and consists of the satirical novel, "Pity the Tyrant," two short stories, three essays, and a series of notes. The setting for most of his writing is Lima, Peru, during the late 1920's and 30's. The original typed manuscripts of all works appearing in the volume, except "Pity the Tyrant," have been deposited in the University of New Mexico Library together with a quantity of unpublished material.

Although Storm's untimely death cut short what promised to be a notable career in the field of contemporary social analysis and satire, his writings have established him as "one of our first-rank writers" in the words of a *New York Times* review of his "Count Ten." Hans Otto Storm was a combination, all too unusual, of the practical scientist and the artist. In 1929 while in Lima, Peru, to install a new radio transmitter, he wrote "Pity the Tyrant" which first brought him to the attention of literary circles.

Sensitive in the extreme, Storm's was a creative spirit not only in the realm of natural phenomena but also in the more intricate field of human relationships. Here was a man who, through acute awareness of the human elements of his surroundings, could portray them accurately and intensely, fitting them into an overall pattern of man's struggle which showed a far-reaching sense of perspective. Philosophically, his direct antecedent was Thorstein Veblen to whose thought many references can be found. Aware of the sultry decadence of the civilization which surrounded him, Storm displayed an ever-present sense of humor, but one loaded with satire and irony. By weaving together all of the relatively small day-to-day components of the situation in which he found himself, he achieved in his works a narrative which mirrored the social currents of the region so faithfully that the reader can feel not only the normality of the course of events but also the impending breakdown which must take place in the social pattern of much of Latin America in order for its civilization to conform to the realities of the present day. In his painstaking analysis of details the reader can find laid bare the actual workings of an outmoded civilization like the inner mechanism of a complicated machine. Due perhaps to his training and experience in the field of natural science, Storm's style is simple and direct. His impressions are laid before the reader with clarity and force so that the impact of his thought hits one squarely and creates an unmistakable impression.

Pity the Tyrant, which won for Storm the acclaim of such American critics as Clifton Fadiman and the warning of the Peruvian government not to return to that country, is pervaded with a feeling of foreboding which builds up almost to the point of a definite climax then relaxes under the influence of fear and lack of confidence. It mirrors the decaying middle-class

morality of much of Spanish America. The entire picture is one of eternal endings, of frustrations.

In his essay, "Plain Men in the City of Kings," Storm scientifically investigates some basic differences between Lima and a North American city of similar size and reaches conclusions regarding these differences. He sees the presence of a subject class of people and the power of tradition as dominant factors in the contemporary Spanish-American culture.

Other works in the volume include the short stories, "Quotation on Romance" and "The Well-worn Mantle"; the essays, "Some Reflections on South American Language and Literature" and "Censorship in Peru"; and, a final section called "Notebook," a series of impressions gleaned by Greenwood from Storm's notes and letters home.

At times Storm's analysis is almost too painstakingly clear and one is aware of a Teutonic "thoroughness" and assuredness which make one question the validity of his conclusions. In all, *Of Good Family* is the record of an engineer's impressions and analysis of a civilization no longer able to meet the exigencies of the time and his attempts to come to grips with its outstanding evils. Though the setting is Peru for the most part, the same problems exist and the same influences are at work throughout most of Spanish America; and, regarding the broader aspects of the problem, in the words of David Greenwood, ". . . Spanish America only happens to provide the light and atmosphere in which the moribund world-organisms show up unmistakably."

FRANK L. BAIRD

María: the Potter of San Ildefonso, by Alice Marriott. Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press, 1948. \$3.75.

This is no book for the professional — artist or ethnologist. There is practically no aesthetic evaluation of the pottery made at San Ildefonso, the most famous of the Tewa Pueblo pottery-making villages of the Rio Grande Valley north of Santa Fe. And much of this pottery — whether by María and her husband Julian, or by a dozen other disciplined artists — is of exquisite proportion and exciting texture. The ethnologist seeking an insight, even one, regarding social structure, process of acculturation, religious organization, or a glimpse into the Tewa heart, will find nothing that he does not already know to the point of satiation; and, I suspect, he will find a great deal that is questionable or downright wrong. All of which is a little vexing, and also a little beside the point.

For Miss Marriott is not writing a biography of María and Julian for the professional. She is writing for the moderately intelligent and moderately educated layman, who may be curious, or can be made curious, about the great María and how she fashions art. As such *María* is partially successful. The not too critical reader should finish the book with a fairly clear notion of how María and Julian (mainly the volatile, slightly unstable, double-visioned Julian) "discovered," more accurately rediscovered, the

technique for firing black, for red, for black on black. Unfortunately, however, the reader may in the end have an itching feeling that he has read the biography of an Arkansas housewife — or of Alice Marriott — rather than of María Martinez. He may slightly resent, also, Miss Marriott's not too subtle implication that the above average American of voting age must be addressed with a language slightly similar to that which Uncle Wiggily readers are customarily expected to relish.

María is a delicate, strong, fierce observer and transformer; Julian, as inventor and stimulator, must have been equally talented. Such persons are not merely beings of joy and sorrow, of patience and endurance, of sophistication and courage — not merely pleasant and respected citizens living in the best of all possible worlds, Little Rock or Ildefonso. They are, and in several ways, exciting personalities of complexity, imponderables, intense ego; and unassessed balance.

One reason for Miss Marriott's inability to analyze more than the surface aspects of character probably lies in her unfortunate choice of narrative strategy — a strategy consciously selected, I am afraid, on the base assumption that the moderately educated and intelligent reader carries the experience, judgment, and understanding of a twelve-year-old. Her strategy is the all too familiar one that depends entirely on the dramatic episode, the time of exterior happening and crisis; it is the approach that deliberately neglects to search for the result, the meaning of the happening as it begins to take form and philosophic value in the mind of the observer. Despite what the radio, Hollywood, the newspaper, and Miss Marriott believe, I am convinced that even the twelve-year-old is ultimately more concerned with his judgment of the experience than with the experience itself.

But with all its shortcomings, *María* will serve its laudable purpose of arousing a good deal of sympathetic interest in Pueblo pottery, and of stimulating further sympathetic feeling for Pueblo culture. This is no slight accomplishment, especially when one reminds himself that Miss Marriott was faced with a most difficult subject. To penetrate the meaning of a talented personality of one's own culture requires a mighty effort, discipline, and intelligence. To sound beneath the surface of a person from an alien culture requires the fire and agony of a great artist.

CHARLES ALLEN

Los Hispanos, by Aurora Lucero-White; illustrated by James Morris. Denver: Sage Books, Inc., 1947. \$1.00.

It is an unpleasant comment upon American society that words designating cultural groups often are freighted with more insidious meanings than words like "bankers, teachers, mechanics," which also distinguish segments of our population. Biased connotations make necessary the invention of unstigmatized terms like *Los Hispanos*, the title of Aurora Lucero-White's pamphlet. As long as *Los Hispanos* remains strictly within the author's definition — "persons of Spanish speech" — the term is useful, although it fails

to imply limitation to the American Southwest. But if "Hispano" is spoken by "certain persons, with ulterior motives (who) insisted upon calling the natives Spanish-Americans," as the author points out in her foreword, that word, too, could lose its savor. New names may help, but understanding is more important, and on this score the book *Los Hispanos* is a contribution.

With grave simplicity and a childlike clarity of vision, Aurora Lucero-White has written a primer of distinctive social events in the lives of *Los Hispanos*, her own people. Brief essays entitled Baptisms, Weddings, Wakes, Penitentes, and Fiestas, give basic descriptions of these affairs, employing (with translations in parentheses) New Mexican terms for the participants and the parts of each ceremony. "Penitentiism is not on the decline," notes the author, and "in the *placitas* where the order exists, the *morada* continues to be the hub of the wheel in the pattern of rural community living." While outlining the various rituals, she hints at the complex structure beneath, and poses a rhetorical question: "What possible chance could any outsider have in untangling the skein of blood and social relationships that existed in the New Mexico *Hispano* folk pattern?"

A frank over-simplification, *Los Hispanos* may be recommended to anyone who wishes to begin to know the sensitive and admirable rural New Mexicans. James Morris, basing his style upon native designs, has added power to the book with six bold illustrations.

ROLAND F. DICKEY

The Republic of Texas: a Social and Economic History, by William Ransom Hogan. Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press, 1947. \$3.00.
Rehearsal for Conflict: the War with Mexico, 1846-1848, by Alfred Hoyt Bill. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1947. \$4.50.
Juarez and his Mexico, by Ralph Roeder. New York: The Viking Press, 1947. Two volumes. \$10.00.

Texas history merits much study, for the political status of the Lone Star State runs the gamut from a Spanish colony through a republic to a state in the United States. Her military history is varied and colorful from border and Indian wars to world conflicts. Although much has been written on both the political and military history of Texas, little has been done in social and economic history. This volume, therefore, finds a real welcome.

Texas secured her independence from Mexico in 1836 when Sam Houston triumphed at San Jacinto, and the struggle of the Alamo created a shrine dear to the hearts of all Texans. Her separation from the Mexican Republic came during troublous times, and troublous times continued. Yet the leaders of the Republic, as Mr. Hogan points out, a notable group of men, among them Sam Houston, Stephen F. Austin, Mirabeau B. Lamar, David G. Burnet, and others, gave to the new state a heritage of real worth. Perhaps some Texans of today have speculated whether the republican days might not have been better. But annexation brought an economic stabilization that laid the basis for the splendid progress of today.

Mr. Hogan writes a solid, well-documented volume, whose sources range from contemporary letters and journals, mission and church records, official papers, newspapers, to an amazing collection of varied manuscripts from the University of Texas Archives. From these sources we learn of immigrants "gone to Texas," what experiences they had in settling, how they lived there, building homes and towns, their amusements, their struggles, defeats and victories. From 1836 to 1845 the Lone Star Republic existed, and in that short period the pioneers in a new land established "a Texan way of life that still exists. . . ."

With annexation to the United States, the Texas problem soon brought war between the United States and Mexico. Mr. Bill in his volume sets out to counter, if possible, the rather common interpretation of the Mexican War "as an act of unprovoked aggression." He feels that much real cause was present even though a backward Mexico suffered from inefficient, brutal leaders, revolutionary armies, and unscrupulous dictators. Yet she had failed to keep her international pledges, had provoked a number of diplomatic crises, and was paid for the territory she lost five-sixths of the sum offered her at the outset of the war. To President James K. Polk goes the credit for the vision of his country extending from ocean to ocean. And to Mr. Bill, this often maligned executive is the "hero of the piece." Upon his inauguration in March of 1845, Mr. Polk was confronted with many problems: Britain faced the United States on the Great Lakes, was on the Colombia River, and held Jamaica and part of Honduras; south of Louisiana a weak republic in Texas was a further threat. The annexation of the Lone Star Republic, the boundary dispute, and other unsettled issues with Mexico brought war. Campaigns were planned by land and sea; Mr. Bill devotes considerable discussion to the military aspects of the struggle. Political rivalries lost Mr. Polk his next term as president, and he retired from Washington. In retrospect, Mr. Bill says of President Polk:

History has dealt harshly with him. Written chiefly by his political opponents and their descendants, it has presented him as little more than a small-minded mediocrity and denied him due credit for either the vision that gave his country its continental extent or the steadfastness with which party man though he was, he placed the integrity of the Union above every other consideration.

In following the narrative of this military episode, Mr. Bill shows the Mexican War to be but the "rehearsal" for the civil conflict of the war between the states.

There are a number of interesting illustrations, several maps, and a short selected bibliography, but the volume is without documentation. Although written in a clear, flowing style, and interesting to read, this book will not serve to bring a widespread revision of the interpretation of the Mexican War.

One of the Mexican leaders whose life is interwoven with the Texas question is the military dictator-president Santa Anna. In sharp contrast to this opportunist is Mexico's great nineteenth century liberal leader Benito Juarez.

Mr. Roeder devotes two volumes to this remarkable Mexican. Born of humble parents of Zapotecan Indian stock in the mountains of Oaxaca, Benito Juarez through sheer courage and determination educated himself in the law. His integrity, ideals, and unremitting labor brought him to the leadership of his country. Interrupted in his liberal leadership by the French episode, he returned after the death of Maximilian to restore the farsighted constitution he had in part prepared. With a liberal instrument of government, President Juarez worked to alleviate the sufferings of the masses and bring about social reform. His efforts were somewhat rewarded, but the task was too colossal for the efforts of one man's life time. Mexico lost much in the death of Benito Juarez, her great liberal idealist, and Porfirio Diaz soon permitted the return of the *caudillismo* pattern of earlier days. This account is not only a vivid picture of the times in Mexico, but also a study of the character of the man whose leadership is paramount and whose ideals inspired his countrymen.

In *Juarez and His Mexico*, Mr. Roeder has drawn a vivid picture of a remarkable person. Although undocumented, and with only a short bibliography, this work is the most complete study of Juarez in English to date. The two volumes are a fine addition to the works interpreting this great Mexican; more such studies would be most welcome. There is yet to be written, however, the definitive biography of Benito Juarez.

DOROTHY WOODWARD

The South During Reconstruction 1865-1877 (A History of the South, v. 8), by E. Merton Coulter. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1947. \$5.00.

The appearance of the initial volume in an elaborate history of the South is of great interest, especially since it deals with one of the most difficult periods in American history. It would be impossible for anyone to write 402 pages on *The South During Reconstruction* and please everyone. Professor Coulter, however, has done an honest job and tells the story from the usual Southern point of view.

Approximately half of the book deals with political history. We are told in detail of how the South suffered at the hands of revengeful soldiers, thieving Treasury agents, and corrupt legislators. The Negroes were wronged, too. At a time when few Northern states allowed them to vote, and none allowed them to hold office, visionaries and designing politicians dangled suffrage, social equality, and free land before their eyes. Coulter says they set up suffrage and office-holding in the South "in the name of justice" but "they were thoroughly insincere in their protestations." The promise of land was "one of the cruelest frauds practiced upon the Negroes by his supposed benefactors," "there was not the slightest chance that Congress would pass the confiscation bill . . ." Thaddeus Stevens is usually regarded as a warm friend of the Negroes, but Coulter refuses to believe that he was sincere. He says that if Stevens' controlling principle had been to help the Freedmen,

he would have worked out a Federal Aid program whereby the Government would have bought from Southerners their surplus land and given it to the Negroes, or sold it to them on a long-term payment plan. How humanitarian it really would have been if the money denied Southerners for their slaves could have reached them by this other method, and the Freedmen have received their worth in land! The Negro's high hopes were left to fade away; how much better for him, had they never been raised.

Coulter admits that the southern whites failed to do all they could to rebuild the nation. Not a few left for Brazil, Mexico, or other parts. Some refused to believe that free Negroes would make good workers and schemed to replace them with Chinese or European immigrants. Some southern leaders advocated teaching the Negroes; many southern whites taught in the schools of the Freedmen's Bureau; but education was allowed to become only "a fad which soon lost its novelty for the majority of Negroes." The unwillingness of southern planters to co-operate with the Freedmen's Bureau in its efforts to improve race relations certainly contributed to the failure of that institution. Southerners would have done well to have followed Lincoln's advice to grant the suffrage to Negroes who seemed most deserving of it. At a time when there was no lack of interest in the defeated South, even newspapermen failed to see the importance of getting favorable publicity for their section. A decade was to pass before Henry W. Grady was to preach that the people of the South must forget the war, make friends with the Yankees and build factories.

The last half of the book deals with economic and social history. The author adds much to our knowledge of the growth of banks and cities, the development of regional literature, and the leaders of the New South. Abundant quotations from a wide variety of sources show that, while there was much bitterness, the people did not lose their morale.

Professor Coulter's scholarly and interesting volume promises well for this *History of the South*, of which it is a part.

MARION DARGAN

The Horse of the Americas, by Robert Moorman Denhardt. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1947. \$5.00.

The reader leaves *The Horse of the Americas* with a vicarious soreness, having adventured in the saddle of every celebrated New World horseman from Cortez on his black Morzillo, who became a "hippomorphous deity," to Felix X. Aubrey, who raced from Santa Fe to Independence, Missouri, in six days to win a thousand-dollar bet from Kit Carson. For the timbers of his corral, Robert Moorman Denhardt uses the theme of introduction, spread, and differentiation of horses throughout the Americas. Pitching and kicking within this historic barricade is a herd of illustrious horses, each branded by exploits shared with his rider.

While frankly partial to Spanish deeds and Spanish steeds, Denhardt lays his biggest bet on the Quarter Horse, "which can trace one side of the family to the Mayflower and the other to the *conquistadores* of Spain."

Quarter-mile races achieved popularity in the Atlantic States by the middle seventeenth century because of "the lack of race tracks and straight stretches of road." The Quarter Horse was developed as a utility animal, "the common man's horse," which had the virtues of a quick start and great speed for short distances. "For three hundred years he has herded cattle, pulled stumps, and planted cotton six days a week — and on the seventh he has raced."

The Iberian strain in the Quarter Horse came with the early and perpetually vigorous trade between the Americans and Spanish colonies of what is now the Southwestern and Southeastern United States. As might be supposed, the modern horse was brought to America by Columbus, who carried fifteen stallions and ten mares on his second voyage. *Equus* seemed glad to be home, having been absent since the Glacial epoch, for he multiplied with astonishing rapidity, making possible the European conquest of America, and changing the lives of hitherto footsore Indians. These tough Spanish horses were the result of centuries of crossing between the heavy, hairy-legged European jousting horse, and the light "Barb" (not Arabian) which the Moors brought from Africa to Spain along with the basic type of saddle and method of riding now characteristically American. Ranches were established in Cuba and other islands for the lucrative business of supplying mounts to conquering expeditions.

In assembling Hispanic material heretofore little known in English, the author has condensed his notes on the horsemanship of the Atlantic States and the "Gringo West," but the brief material is fresh and amusing, with a clearcut analysis of the development and specifications of various American breeds — Pintos, Mustangs, Albinos, and Appaloosas. The Palomino he calls a "glamour boy," which runs in color from "a well-seasoned and polished Osage orange bow to the light color adorning the upper portion of a bottle of city-bought milk." He acquaints us with Latin American horses — Peruvian *Morochucas*, *Caballos Chilenos*, and the *Criollo* popularized by Dr. Emilio Solanet of the Agricultural College in Buenos Aires.

While pivoting around a single theme, *The Horse of the Americas* does not suffer dullness, and if the book were still larger it would have given the author time to explore for us such points as why Alonso de Ojeda, whose mare was bitten by an alligator, should have been "dancing a jig on a plank for Queen Isabella." Particularly in the earlier sections, less compression would have improved the author's style. The bibliography, effectively handled as a running commentary, might be enlarged to the advantage of students. It is pleasant to note the author's affection for Robert Cunningham Graham, whose stories are even more penetrating than those of W. H. Hudson. The book is far more useful than the index implies. Place and proper names are not always easy to recall, and most modern indexes have a paucity of subject headings. Arms, armor, costume, gold, missions, ships and shipping might have been added, as well as cinch, cow horse, diseases of horses, hackamore (Indian use), roundup, shoeing, and veterinary

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practice. But these are minor defects in a stimulating, valuable, and well-written book.

ROLAND F. DICKEY

The Constitutions of Colombia, by William Marion Gibson. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1948. \$6.00.

When part of the population of Bogotá on April 9 of this year looted and burned a number of buildings and interrupted the session of the Ninth Pan American Conference, the press of the world in general was amazed that such an act should have taken place in Colombia, a country always held to be extremely peaceful and democratic. This amazement vanishes on reading the political history of Colombia as presented by Gibson.

The old struggle between the *Centralistas* and the *Federalistas*, which later became a feud between conservatives and liberals, came to a head in 1886 and again in 1930. In 1886 the *Centralistas* won the dispute and drew up the Constitution which essentially still governs the country. The conservatives remained in power until 1930, when Enrique Olaya Herrera, on becoming President, started off the liberal era which lasted until 1946. At that time, Mariano Ospino Pérez was elected and is still occupying the presidency.

Ospina Pérez governed with a coalition of liberals and conservatives until early in 1948, when the liberals withdrew from the government and the President appointed a totally conservative cabinet.

It is against this government and, above all, against Laureano Gómez, Foreign Minister and leader of the conservative extremists, that the liberal masses made their violent protest last April.

Gibson's book is a complete historical study of the constitutional evolution of Colombia.

Each English translation of the twelve important constitutional texts is preceded by a brief historical outline, followed by an analysis of the political organization. The combination of the two is valuable to the student of comparative government.

The author, who knows his political science thoroughly, has known how to stress important changes in the political picture and the essential points in the ideological battle that still divides Colombia.

However, Mr. Gibson's preference for the chronological method causes the important events, revolutions and such, to loom larger in the reader's mind, while he slides over institutional changes and forgets to a certain extent the economic and social factors. He devotes the same space or more to the historic constitutions, and mentions only sketchily those of this century, principally the ones of the liberal administration of 1930-1946.

M. JORRIN

East of the Andes and West of Nowhere: a Naturalist's Wife in Colombia, by Nancy Bell Bates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947. \$3.50.

Yankee travel books on South America usually run to pattern. Nancy

Bell Bates' *East of the Andes and West of Nowhere* is an exception. It has the usual anecdotes, but the humor is not always at the expense of the Latin Americans. The conventional pattern is altered by the sincerity of an American who genuinely lives and works in South America. The book is a frank account of an isolated region in Colombia, the vicinity of Villavicencio, cattle town at the foot of the mountains on the edge of the great eastern plains that slip off into the unknown jungles of the upper Orinoco and Amazon Rivers. Here the author's husband carries on yellow fever research under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation. And here Mrs. Bates, the first "foreign woman" in Villavicencio, sets up housekeeping, sees three daughters through their babyhood, brings up a much longer line of wild and exotic pets, and helps her husband in the laboratory and on field expeditions into the surrounding "bush."

Between the lines one glimpses the developing Colombian frontier, uncolored by pseudo-political interpretations or romantic adventures. On every page there is the desire for understanding of an extremely poor and uneducated people in their struggle for freedom and progress. Perhaps the secret is that Nancy Bates is really "at home" here, for she has been brought up with a deep love for the tropical wilderness itself, and a scientist's ready acceptance of the "different" as interesting and instructive rather than merely incongruous. The reader is bitten by a multitude of insects, is drenched in tropical downpours, sleeps in hammocks in the homes of poverty stricken frontiersmen, and copes with all the irritations and frustrations that confront the American in out of the way parts of Latin America. But he will lay down the book with a warm sympathy for Colombians and a desire to know more about their country.

JOHN COLLIER, JR.

Reflections on the World Today, by Paul Valéry. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1948. \$3.50.

There is hardly a sense in which these lectures and notes, covering a period of fifty years, fit into any category of specialist observation. Yet they are disciplined, dispassionate, and lit by the poet's headlamp, product of a sensibility, strong as it is rare, fed by the richest vein of imagination and speculation of the French renaissance.

Paul Valéry was the poet who, with an already established reputation, gave up writing for twenty years to study philosophy and science. Thereafter he produced the now celebrated *Le Cimetière Marin* and *La Jeune Parque*, poems as magnificent in structure and vision as any that have been written in this century.

Reflections on the World Today is dedicated to "those who adhere to no system or political party and who, therefore, are still at liberty to question what is in doubt, and not free to deny what is beyond question." Without the accustomed agility of the declassified artist vaunting his anarchic subjectivism, and without the self-conscious scientificism of the social specialist,

Valéry evaluates the situation of Europe and France with a sense of responsibility only to the truth of man's intellectual struggle with the elements of liberation and enslavement implicit in society since the Renaissance. Certain aspects of history, as the rise of dictatorships, he views as fatalities engendered by the half-truths of politics and man's fear of his own freedom. Because Valéry's thinking is always definitive and anatomical, rather than analogical or merely partisan; he is likely to offend in the same way that Machiavelli used to, or still does, offend: by simply stating the case as it is from the dictator's point of view and from that of the often wilfully subjected majority. It is not cheap cynicism which impels Valéry to see in the establishment of the dictator one fulfillment of a people's normative aspirations, the last degree of those imposed by a liberal industrial state on a people "by means of time-tables, by all kinds of physical impacts upon their senses, by the demand for speed, by compulsory imitation, by the abuse of mass production . . . rendering them as similar as possible even in their very tastes and amusements."

In one sense, Valéry's views corroborate the accounts of psychologists like Erich Fromm, in his *Escape from Freedom*, and of historians like Carl Becker, in his last essays. In another sense, Valéry is enacting the time-honored role of the artist as a dramatic protagonist of ideas. As a humanist and Frenchman, Valéry does not involve himself in a sweetbread of nationalist sentimentality as W. B. Yeats and Thomas Mann have done. As a thinker, he is more tough-minded; as an artist he is more aware of his positive role as value-maker in a devaluating and devaluated epoch than are many writers who have espoused the "right" causes at the "right" moments. One does not therefore take his considerable French culture-centrism as an aberration. One accepts it as a legitimate basis to his claim for the historically enfranchised intellect, instead of excusing it, as one must Yeats' Irish fairyland and visionary mythology or Mann's heroized Germanicism.

Finally: there are two facts which are important as indications of the texture of Valéry's thinking. First, his love of craftsmanship and solidity — in a sense akin to Henry Adams'; whenever he would illustrate some manifestation of mental stature in its complexity and civilized greatness, he uses the evidence of architecture. And second, his disdain for intellectual sops, the characteristic philosophic balms and props of theological speculation; nowhere in his book is there any talk about faith or lack of faith as a religious concern. The discipline, freedom and power of the mind as a creative instrument is, however, everywhere affirmed and exemplified.

EDWIN HONIG

Cervantes Across the Centuries, edited by Angel Flores and J. J. Bernardete.
New York: The Dryden Press, 1947. \$1.85.

To publish a new book on Cervantes is no easy task. Critics and literary historians have just about drained the sources dry. Nevertheless, Flores and Bernardete have managed to give us, in celebration of the four-hun-

dredth anniversary of Cervantes' birth, a collection of critical essays by contemporary writers published for the first time in English, and arranged with systematic care.

Articles by Cassou and Morel Fatio provide a stimulating introduction for the reader. The names of Menéndez Pidal, Casaldueiro, Unamuno, Américo Castro, Groce, Waldo Frank, and others are in themselves an example of the selection made by the editors. Classified as purely interpretative, philosophic, or of an international perspective, the subjects are as varied as literary criticism and the musical settings to Cervantes' texts. I would not say that this collection is the best of the essays on Cervantes, but that the aim of the editors was mainly to achieve the combination of a new presentation in English with the high quality of the writers presented. In the case of Unamuno, for instance, was selected an article on Castile and not one of his valuable investigations on Cervantes already available in English.

The editors have not restricted their selections to the work of Spanish authors, but have gathered material from writers of other tongues and cultures, denoting a universality of art which is perhaps one of the few reasons we may have for optimism in an age of world crisis. If art can transcend political, economic, and social barriers, it is because it is nourished directly by man and in man. We need not search far for Cervantes' eternal originality, because his two marvelous characters are in the depths of every conscience. They struggle always, and come together again; they contradict each other — and later agree. Man sees the two sides of the case, but lets himself be tempted by desire. Cervantes lives not only in all space but in all time. The contents of *Cervantes Across the Centuries* show this to be a fact and justify the title.

M. JORRIN

Matthew Arnold: a Study in Conflict, by Edward K. Brown. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1948. \$3.00.

Mr. Brown's *Matthew Arnold: a Study in Conflict* traces the growth of Arnold's life-long conflict between disinterestedness and action, artistic detachment and practical criticism. Disinterestedness, which to Arnold meant repose, dignity, serenity, and urbanity — in short, "the calm . . . the disinterested objectivity" of the Age of Pericles — was a *sine qua non*. Arnold taught that the man of culture must "see life steadily and see it whole" and not espouse narrow loyalties and provincial views. Above all he must not engage in angry controversy. In matters which stir the emotions and often destroy serenity and detachment — religion and politics, for example — the true artist must avoid harsh personal comments, dogmatism, and contention. He must suggest and insinuate, not pronounce. "I wish to decide nothing as of my own authority," he said; "the great art of criticism is to get oneself out of the way and to let humanity decide." His goal was "to look at the ins and outs of things . . . without hatred and without partiality, and with a disposition to see the good in everybody all round."

Unfortunately, theory and practice clashed throughout his life. We see Arnold, "a relatively unsystematic thinker," torn between an ideal of disinterested social and literary analysis and an irresistible urge to lay about him with a stick. Impatience and anger, the arch foes of disinterestedness, appear throughout his essays, often side by side with his most elaborate detachment. His attacks upon the debasement of English culture and the Philistinism of the English middle class are often less serene than splenetic. He describes the Westminster Confession as "whatever Principal Tulloch may think . . . a document absolutely antiquated, sterile, and worthless" and the Presbyterian church services as "perhaps the most dismal performance ever invented by man" — emphatic pronouncements which prompted Sir Leslie Stephen to remark: "I often wish that I too had a little sweetness and light that I might be able to say such nasty things of my enemies." In *God and the Bible* Arnold denounces the late Bishop of Winchester as a user of "claptrap": "No talents and acquirements can serve in this crisis without an absolute renunciation of claptrap. Those who cannot attain to this have no part in the future which is before us. Real insight and real progress are impossible for them; Jesus would have said of them: *they cannot enter into the kingdom of God.*" Many men and many institutions felt the lash of his tongue.

In concluding his valuable study, the author attributes Arnold's frequently juxtaposed artistic triumphs and dismal lapses to his undisciplined and divided mind and spirit, which oscillated between disinterestedness and heated personal feeling. The light which Mr. Brown has shed upon Arnold's mental and spiritual conflict is invaluable for the student of Arnold and for the general reader.

NORTON B. CROWELL

Rage for Order, by Austin Warren. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1948. \$3.00.

Edmund Spenser and the Faerie Queene, by Leicester Bradner. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1948. \$2.75.

The nine metaphysical poets and novelists to whom Mr. Warren devotes separate essays are somewhat loosely related by an aesthetic theory abbreviated in the title, *Rage for Order*, itself a phrase out of a Wallace Stevens poem. The idea is that the artist seeks to recreate through the passion of his perception "an ikon or image of the 'real world' " in his work — a superiorly ordered universe. If he succeeds "there is an equilibrium which is also a tension, where there is a rage waiting to be ordered and a rage to find, or to make, that ordering." It is a good principle, though somewhat over-obvious as a basis for extended literary criticism. Fortunately, after his Preface, Mr. Warren drops it, so that we come to accept it rather as a convenient epigraph than as the goal of study.

Mr. Warren is not fetishistic about terminology. He is comfortable with words. In a discussion of Edward Taylor, the seventeenth century American

primitive, the term *metaphysical*, which has in recent years outraged so many literary consciences, is gingerly replaced by the blander, less definitive and less accusatory counter, *baroque*. Then later, in an enthusiastic review of the novels of E. M. Forster, the original sense of the word *equilibrium* is fluffed out to signify both the best habit of humanist perception and the canny balance achieved by the acrobat who juggles the world like a ball from his wire near the top of the circus tent. Because the book is really a collection of separate essays previously published in the quarterlies, one does not question its unity, especially since it is possible to appreciate the writer's muscular style, his epigrammatic sentence, and the supple, inobtrusive way he uses his considerable learning.

Warren is best with his poets: Taylor, Herbert, Pope, Hopkins, and Yeats. For he has a way of vivifying uniquely poetic problems through in-offensive biographical and historical allusions to personal and traditional concerns, and through his careful and invariable perceptions of prosodic elements in poetry. Occasionally this leads him into sensational analogy; yet, as in the case of Hopkins, it is sometimes an analogy which can be fruitful of an insight beyond the scope of immediate intention:

. . . Hopkins' poetry finds partial parallels in Holst, Delius, and Vaughan Williams. Avoiding the archaism of Warlock and Dolmetsch, they sought to resume the line of English music where its genuine succession was interrupted—at the Restoration, and to go creatively back to the English glory of folksong and madrigal and the modal scales, to Dowland, Bull, and Byrd. Similarly, Hopkins seems to be reaching back, while he is reaching forward, to an "English" poetry. Probably, we may add, to an "English Catholic" poetry; and suppose that his pushing back to the Elizabethans had some incentive in his desire to get back of the Reformation to an England at once Catholic and English.

And fruitful again when, as in Pope's last work, the *Dunciad*, he sees the poet's rumorously sense of the doom of the Enlightenment.

With the novelists, Hawthorne, Kafka, Forster, and James, Mr. Warren achieves less of the kind of definitive clarity one finds in his use of the poets. His style becomes almost sartorial as his statements bob to the surface. He rephrases the ideas of other critics, and is satisfied, less reasonably, with simply descriptive and comparative adumbrations of creative problems. Except for the treatment of E. M. Forster, in whom he delights as an ideal stylist, the humanist's novelist, the essays on the prose writers seem disappointing and incomplete.

Yet *Rage for Order* deserves consideration with Eliot's famous essays on the metaphysical poets as one of the best written and most perceptive books of recent years in that field.

Mr. Bradner pretends to no original evaluation of Edmund Spenser or the *Faerie Queene*. It is a book meant for the non-academic reader who was once given the impression by the wrong professor that Spenser was a stuffy and dead allegorist. Mr. Bradner is a professor who loves Spenser, and he is determined to make him palatable without unnecessary oversimplification. The nice thing is that he succeeds with a minimum of private

lecture-platform humor. One gets a man-sized picture of a bustling sixteenth century poet's life, accurate summaries of all Spenser's poems, including the *Faerie Queene*, and fairly well digested portions of literary interpretation from the better Spenser critics and scholars.

One is finally grateful to Mr. Bradner because he manages to communicate, what other books on Spenser in solemn concourse have agreed to ignore, that a great deal of the genuine excitement in the *Faerie Queene* comes from the same kind of mixed ribaldry and melodrama (bedroom scenes, last-minute rescues, near-seductions, primitive animal and nature lore) which one finds in modern Grade B romances, mystery thrillers, and cowboy films.

EDWIN HONIG

The James Family, Including Selections from the Writings of Henry James, Senior, William, Henry, & Alice James, by F. O. Matthiessen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1947. \$6.75.

Reading this book is much like looking through a family scrapbook while a friend of long standing in the family sits beside you. He explains the documents and the occasional pictures. Additional anecdote, not included among the items of the collection, he also gives with zest and accuracy. If you do not know the family very well, his commentary will make the event important as an introduction; and if you already know the family, or are acquainted with one or two of its members, you will also feel well rewarded by a filling out of your knowledge of it.

In *The James Family*, Mr. Matthiessen performs excellently in his role of a friend of long standing. Within seven large sections he has arranged many letters, essay fragments, and complete essays or chapters from the extensive writing of the family. The arrangement is loosely chronological; we progress from the father through the family circle to certain "formulations" of each of the children at an early stage in their careers. Then we come to four sections which emphasize the mature thought and character of the two most famous members, the psychologist and novelist. The displays in these sections include material that is widely available as well as material that is little known: in the latter category are letters, some of which are now printed for the first time, and reviews; in the former category the reader will find such selections as "The Will to Believe" and "The Moral Equivalent of War" by William James, and "The Art of Fiction" and part of *The American Scene* by Henry James.

The four final sections do not, however, overlook the ideas of the elder James or of the daughter Alice. The book centers in the family as a group. As William James said of his brother Henry, "He's really . . . a native of the James family, and has no other country." But the family also represents the American intellectual tradition at its best. Showing greatly the influence of Emerson, the family realized most truly that influence in differing from Emerson and in directing its attention to those corners of experience into

which he did not move. Looking at man theologically, scientifically, and aesthetically (depending on the point of view of the father or the elder or younger son), the family constantly urged man's dignity and the ultimate recognition of that dignity by sympathetic understanding from within.

In developing his group biography in this way, Mr. Matthiessen has produced a work with an effect of unity that certainly surpasses that of a scrapbook. As he says in the preface, he regards his own role as that of a director of a play. Whether *The James Family* is play or scrapbook, Mr. Matthiessen has produced a kind of critical group biography that results in a novel form and spirit. It is true that at times one may feel that the documents suffer from too much explanation or that conversely the explanatory matter is too casual to justify the documents. But one leaves the whole book feeling that its editor has happily handled an abundance of material and given to it a new sense of significance.

GEORGE ARMS

Hart Crane, by Brom Weber. New York: The Bodley Press, 1948. \$4.50.

Mr. Brom Weber's *Hart Crane* is a thick, ambitious book which, when it is more widely acknowledged, will undoubtedly become the standard guide to the life and work of the poet. It is a compendious effort, bright in its insights, brighter in its unfulfilled promises, but dark in its over-scrupulous explications of theory, and darker in its prosaic rendering of the poet's intense life and spirit. It is poorly organized, somewhat illogically chaptered, and most notably, defensive in tone — a contagion quite possibly contracted from the poet's own lifelong fear of the world's three-headed monster: hostility, misinterpretation, indifference. And defensiveness in a militant conscience breeds the sense of prolific obligations; then the need to fulfill them all results in stacking the table so high that proportion, the ability to weight and balance, yields to the finicky impulse to count each item in the pile.

Hart Crane wrote poetry from 1916 to 1932, a period full of the fractured drama of modern history. And Crane no less than any other sensitive artist was fed and denied by its energies. Thus we are interested in knowing how and why he was impelled to live in and travel from Akron, Cleveland, New York, Woodstock, Patterson, Paris, the Isle of Pines, etc. We are also interested in knowing why he was so disastrously thwarted by the parental, economic, and literary standards of his time (and our time), which he half-revered. And we want to know about the exciting books he read and about his closest friendships. Mr. Weber fills half his book with a close documentary account of just these things. But the account is heavy-footed, overloaded with long deviations on the results of readings from books which Crane himself read or must have read. And from such intellectually bloated sources we are asked to shape some idea of Crane's "literary personality." The readings of adolescence which kindled the poet's first imaginative responses suddenly grow into a massive faggot of ideas called "Crane's aesthetic

theories." Mr. Weber, of course, offers countless examples of Crane's prose. And through these we see the poet's frantic need to be understood and to understand himself: writing self-consciously, justifying himself against unfavorable opinion with as little real calm as Gerard Manley Hopkins before him, writing about prosody to rationalize his own poetic experiments. But one feels that in the case of both these poets there were deeper things than their face-valued aesthetic theories to explain their devoted poetic distortions: their personal aberrations and alienations from an unpropitious time, from the battering tides of economic disorder which continually left Crane, at least, a fish gasping on the shore. It is not that Mr. Weber does not imply the existence of these deeper things; the voluminous facts themselves, simply by being uncovered, say as much. But they are nowhere tied together, firmly delineated and summed up within a cogent pattern. And so the picture one gets of the poet is on the run, up and down through Crane's year-to-year spiritual disintegration, in and out of Mr. Weber's often ponderous asides, here and there through occasional fragments of poetic quotation.

The critical section of the book — at least the section devoted to a structural analysis of Crane's longest poem, *The Bridge* — is more unified and more illuminating. Requiring no narrative sense and no dramatic ability to reconstruct the facts of history and biography, it allows Mr. Weber full use of his own best talent, which is exegetical. Through the writer's close familiarity with Crane's most difficult and most brilliant passages, the reader is impelled to a startling recognition of the poet's exact genius. Such close analysis does more to justify Mr. Weber's faith in Crane's poetic stature than the overwhelming bulk of his patiently gathered data which make up most of the book.

The book has a great many virtues which cannot, unfortunately (and perhaps, in a sense, unfairly to Mr. Weber), be rehearsed in a brief review. The material one finds in the large appendices — from Crane's uncollected verse and prose, his letters, reviews and essays, and a discarded draft of *The Bridge* — provide fascinating laboratory material for anyone delving into the poetic process. Further: in the year-to-year predicament of Hart Crane one senses the predicament of nine tenths of the serious writers in the world today. And finally, nowhere recently has there appeared as truthful and as typical a portrait of the American artist, dressed in all his tragic rags, as in this book about Crane. To those who are shaken by the work and fate of Poe, Whitman, and Melville, Mr. Weber's book will provide alarming confirmation of the view that great poetic failures, which demand a super-human expense of spirit, provide the American tradition with its strongest literary distinction.

EDWIN HONIG

The Road through the Wall, by Shirley Jackson. New York: Farrar, Straus and Company, Inc., 1948. \$2.75.

Whichever street in the neighborhood that children pick to meet and play on has a figurative wall which marks off the boundary between the

permissible and the forbidden. In depicting the combined feeling of security and imprisonment which characterizes such a street for the children, and in tracing the little walls of discrimination which they build up among themselves with mortar supplied by their parents, Shirley Jackson does a convincing job of writing. But in making this wall a physical reality, and in introducing a character who reads portentous excerpts from the Bible pertaining to the tearing down of walls and the consequent destruction, the author employs a central symbol which is at once both obvious and over-convenient. Admittedly the wall serves to implicate more closely the parents of the neighborhood, which is important to the author. But she is not as successful in handling them as she is the children. They tend to be types rather than three-dimensional portraits, and the author's use of restrained language does not preclude inappropriate caricature. The result is that the adults emerge as representations, and to this extent at least the seams of purpose show too plainly.

This purpose involves various interplays: children and adults, neighborhood and society, permanence and flux — with the meaning attempting always to move outward from the incidental to the symbolic. Perhaps the attempt is too conscious. It is my feeling that with fewer ambitions the book would have achieved more. Separate scenes are powerful and the ending produces effective vibrations, but on the whole there is too much wash on this fragile line.

KENNETH LASH

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

*Lyle Saunders and
Frank L. Baird*

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THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY, a service of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau on Latin America and Cultural Relations in the Southwest, attempts to list, with such 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 in this issue are mainly those titles which were published or came to our attention between April 1 and June 1, 1948.

In order to conserve space and avoid needless repetition, general, recurring items (indicated in the Spring, 1948, issue by a star) will be listed only once a year in the Spring numbers of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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