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# QUARTERLY REVIEW

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## CONTRIBUTORS

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The emphasis upon poetry and critique of poetry in this issue is to signal the recent proclamation of a State Poetry Day in New Mexico, and the statewide interest shown in the New Mexico poetry contest sponsored by this magazine. Contributors of poetry, many of whom have appeared here previously, are with few exceptions poets of established reputation. KENNETH PATCHEN's new volume of poems, *Red Wine and Yellow Hair*, has just been released by New Directions. ELIZABETH DARYUSH, the eldest daughter of Robert Bridges, lives in Oxford, England; author of *The Last Man* and other books, her latest volume, *Selected Poems*, was published recently by The Swallow Press and William Morrow and Company. HAROLD V. WITT, BYRON VAZAKAS, LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN, ERNEST KROLL, W. WESLEY TRIMPI, JUDAH M. TURKAT, CLARENCE ALVA POWELL, LAWRENCE OLSON, and HOWARD GRIFFIN are all former contributors to this magazine and have published widely elsewhere. PETER VIERECK's second book, *Terror and Decorum*, was issued in September by Scribner's. EDITH WEAVER has had poetry in *Partisan Review*, *Poetry* and other magazines. LORI PETRI's verse has appeared in a number of magazines and newspapers. CLELLON HOLMES, a graduate student at Columbia University, had poems in the Autumn issue of *Neurotica*, and has had poetry, fiction, and criticism in other magazines.

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## THE NEW INTER-AMERICAN SYSTEM

*Miguel Jorrín*

**T**HE NINTH INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE of American States held in Bogotá last April is generally remembered, if at all, for certain sensational events which attracted public attention, and for what could not be achieved. Economically, little or nothing was attained, for the essential matters were postponed until this coming spring, when an Inter-American Economic Conference will be convened in Buenos Aires. The Latin-American Republics, which exhausted their dollar reserves buying manufactured goods from the United States under inflation prices caused by the abandonment of wartime controls, now feel disillusioned and remember that there were definite controls for their raw materials sold during the war period. Politically, the topics that attracted public attention were the condemnation of communism and of totalitarian regimes, and the revolt provoked by the assassination of Gaitán.

North American writers who know Latin America well, such as Sumner Welles and Samuel G. Inman, have been critical of the final results of the Conference. The Latin-American nations are not satisfied with the economic agreement signed at Bogotá on May 2, and are still less pleased with the reservations made by the United States in its attempt to effect a fair balance between the prices of raw materials and manufactured products, as outlined in Article III, paragraph 2, of this agreement.

Nevertheless, in spite of the economic disappointment and the unfavorable headlines given to general matters dealt with in the Conference, small groups of specialists have stressed the important achievement of Bogotá: the change in the inter-American system. The change is on two different levels: one we could call structural and administra-

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tive; the other legal, since it refers to the principles of inter-American international law.

On April 30, 1948, the representatives of the twenty-one American governments signed the Charter of the Organization of American States. This Charter was not improvised during the brief time in which the Conference was in session, but, on the contrary, was the result of more than half a century of inter-American collaboration. Among the structural administrative changes, we should point out that the Organization of American States was created for the purpose of giving a juridical and institutional reality to what had previously been a combination of practices and systems with no organic cohesion. The name is a happy choice. It comes from "organ," a member which serves and helps the functions of the whole. "Organization" implies harmonious co-ordination of several parts, never losing sight of the essential whole. It does not mean the creation of an entity superior to its components, but at the service of its components.

The Organization is to continue the established practice of holding Inter-American Conferences. These plenary meetings of delegates of all republics form the superior power of the new Organization. The relatively recent system of Meetings of Consultations of Ministers of Foreign Affairs and the practice of holding Specialized Conferences to deal with technical matters were not changed. For this purpose, Specialized Organizations were created. However, as stated, the Inter-American Conference, which meets from time to time, is the supreme authority. For reaching decisions on anything that might arise while this body is not in session, a permanent executive body called the Council of the Organization was appointed, to serve also in an advisory capacity in case of emergencies. This Council now occupies the place held before Bogotá by the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union, and is composed of the permanent delegates of the republics of the hemisphere. Its sphere of action is broader than that of the old Governing Board, since it now acts in an advisory capacity besides being an administrative organ. At the same time, this new Council retains its connection with the Pan-American Union, of which it is the governing body, and continues to function in the offices of the Pan-American Union in Washington.

Many people have recently wondered what would be the role of the Pan-American Union after the creation of the O. A. S. Under the Bogotá Charter, the Pan-American Union is more important than ever.

It is now the central controlling body and General Secretariat of the O. A. S. Its functions consist of convoking the Inter-American Conferences, preparing their programs, and providing the governments with the technical aid and personnel necessary to hold these conferences. All official documents referring to the inter-American system are kept in its offices. Under the new structure, the Pan-American Union is organized in five departments: International Law and Organization; Economic and Social Affairs; Cultural Affairs; Information; and Administrative Services. All these departments are authorized to do research, and draw up the plans to be considered by the deliberative bodies of the Organization of American States. I feel that these changes put the Pan-American Union in a more realistic position and relieve it from the semi-political functions it has been obliged to fulfill in the past, with the inevitable hindrance to its actions as a technical organism. In the future, it will function as an administrative secretariat; its Director is the Secretary General of the new organization while the Assistant Director is now the Assistant Secretary General of the O. A. S.

Among changes in the principles of international law achieved in Bogotá, I shall first mention the agreement to reach pacific solutions to all controversies which may arise among the nations of the hemisphere. If the creation of the administrative organisms that I mentioned before was the result of long years of experience in inter-American relations, the legal changes were due to more than half a century of efforts to accomplish the effective promulgation of basic principles of American international law, in which jurists from south of the Rio Grande have always had the initiative. These efforts cover a long period of meetings, conferences, and declarations of principle which commenced with the First Peace Conference of the Hague in 1899 and terminated with the treaty of Rio de Janeiro signed in 1947. The principle of a friendly solution to inter-American disputes found many obstacles in its path, among them the opposition of the Congress of the United States to the acceptance of arbitration in matters which might refer to national honor, independence, or the vital interests of this country. A step forward was taken when it was agreed to accept arbitration of controversies involving a clear principle of international law. But there was always the problem of those controversies named or misnamed, political; that is, those upon which no legal precepts would have any bearing. Last year, at the Rio de Janeiro Conference, all the American nations agreed to



solve all political conflicts by undefined pacific means — an agreement more moral in its connotation than legal or juridical.

In Bogotá some were of the opinion that when two nations did not agree on the "pacific means," the Meeting of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs should be the body in charge of finding such means. Other delegates insisted upon the acceptance of obligatory arbitration of all classes of controversies, including the political ones. Still a third group of delegates held that these disputes should be submitted to the Tribunal of the Hague, within the structure of the United Nations. This last opinion prevailed. Therefore, since the Bogotá treaty, all controversies, political or not, between American nations, are within the jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice. Should a case not be within the competence of the International Court, the parties concerned must submit to compulsory arbitration. This agreement clarifies and simplifies the principles of American international law, and brings to a satisfactory close the long cycle of efforts made to realize the peaceful solution to continental disputes.

Another principle of importance approved in Bogotá was the "American Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Man." In it are formulated, in the international sense, all the basic principles of the so-called rights of man and citizen which inspired the movement of independence in all the nations of this continent, principles that are to be found, more or less definitely expounded, in all the constitutions of the American republics. The declaration enunciates, together with political and civil rights, many social and economic rights of the American, including social security, workman's compensation, and the right to pensions. This approach to social problems gives the declaration a decidedly human connotation that was lacking before. We should also remark that this Declaration refers not only to the rights, but also to the duties of man toward other men and toward society, following a modern humanistic tendency which represents an innovation in this type of document.

An interesting agreement was the Declaration of Political Rights of Women: "the American States agree to grant to women the same civil rights that men enjoy," which was signed by all the Latin American nations, but not by the United States. The United States did not sign because such a provision conflicted with the federal structure of its government. The "Resolution for the Defense and Preservation of Democracy in America," condemns communism and all totalitarian forms of gov-

ernment. It is so well known that it needs not be explained. The same is true of the resolution regarding the "Colonies and Occupied Territories in America," a resolution which was not agreed upon, but referred to a committee for a final decision. The problem of recognition of *de facto* governments was referred to the Council of Jurists of the O. A. S. for consideration.

It is true that many of these principles (especially the one concerning the rights and duties of man) are vague and general; true also that it is rather ridiculous and contradictory for delegates of dictatorial governments, such as exist in several of the nations represented at Bogotá, to adopt principles which are in practice disregarded in their own countries. Nevertheless the history of the inter-American system prompts us not to be skeptical about these vaguenesses and contradictions. Pan-Americanism has taught us that what was once a vague and ideal agreement can gradually become a juridical precept. Let us remember the steps taken between the Arbitration Conference at the Hague and the Bogotá Treaty, which we have just reviewed. Let us remember the evolution of the principle of non-intervention from the Havana Conference in 1928, its acceptance "with reservations" in Montevideo in 1933, and its complete formulation in Buenos Aires in 1936. The new organization of the inter-American system will make it possible in the future for the principles accepted in Bogotá, which we now find rather utopian, to become a tangible reality.

In this century, two systems have been tried to avoid armed conflict between nations. The League of Nations and the United Nations represent the first system. Here absolute democratic equality was sacrificed for a complicated structure permitting the great powers to protect their basic interests, and obliging the weaker nations to form regional blocs, according to their economic condition or geographic situation. The second system is the one represented by the recently created Organization of American States, under which all nations enjoy absolute equality, and the vote of the most powerful country in the world is worth no more than that of the poorest of this hemisphere. We know why the system of inequality had to prevail in the United Nations. The Latin-American nations are aware of the real inequalities existent throughout the world, and especially between the great power of the United States and their own countries. Among the Latin-American nations themselves, there are inequalities, blocs, and spheres of influence. However, in spite of these realities, no one present in Bogotá raised his voice in favor of the

existent inequalities. This may be considered by many as mere "Latin idealism," but it is in fact a vanguard position presaging a timely future accomplishment. The guarantee of territorial integrity agreed to by several Latin-American republics in the Panama Congress of 1826 was also "idealism," but later it was incorporated in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

Early in the nineteenth century the nations of this hemisphere felt threatened by the European monarchs planning the reconquest of the new republics. To meet this threat two defensive systems also were thought of at that time. The first was primarily the creation of the United States — a declaration of unilateral action backed by her force — the Monroe Doctrine. The second was the result of Latin idealism again — proposed by Simón Bolívar — a plan for multilateral action by the nations of this continent. The first plan was put into effect but did not avoid international war, the attacks and conquests of European powers, or the acquisition of territories of weak nations by powerful neighbors within the very continent.

When this century was well on its way and the dangers of European attack again arose, the United States turned to the multilateral idea, and obtained the co-operation of all the countries of the continent. What had been idealism in 1826 became tangible reality in our century, and defended the liberty of the continent. By this precedent of ideas converted into action, we have reasons to hope that the new principles that inspired the Organization of American States may be a guide for the creation of similar other institutions to serve the cause of world peace.

## THREE POEMS

## TOMORROW

Tomorrow, when the lions are asleep,  
 We will leave this wood; the dragon and the dog,  
 Discovering each other, must not hear  
 Our children mock their monstrous utterings;  
 Someone must kill the giant with twenty hands  
 Quietly, ah, quietly, and the wind  
 Must freshen, for tomorrow we will go.

Once in our ship, all cliffs diminishing,  
 How we will vanish on the coasts of sun!  
 Until, uncovered in the rites of islands,  
 Our epics resurrected, and our bones  
 Wired behind glass, and labelled primitive,  
 We quarrel in a scholar's mind like giants,  
 And ride our lions across a schoolboy's dream.

## THE OWL

But when the lead-winged owl  
 Heaves through the yard in pantomime of flight,  
 And with its infantile, hysterical song  
 Freezes our warmed and bedded blood, will we go out  
 Half-disengaged from dream,  
 And stone that body down, and burn that tree?

Or will the dreaming half,  
 That knows the coward's shifts and antidotes,  
 Thrust iron at coals, turn over boots, and think  
 Of Christmas, O will snow bleach horror to a toy,  
 Make music of a voice  
 That crazes nature like a smothering child?

## THE MARBLE PRIVATE

I speak of separateness and unbelief  
 From centers that the weather only knows,  
 Scavenge the landscape like the greenest thief,  
 And caw my pale deception at the crows.

Being myself, not you, I am alone,  
And brutal summer will not let me in,  
For though she once was advertised my own,  
I cannot buy that property again.

But like a marble private in a square,  
Am shat upon by every bird that flies,  
And stand for orators who wreath me there  
A patriotic piece of merchandise.

LAWRENCE OLSON

### THE ORANGE BEARS

The orange bears with soft friendly eyes  
Who played with me when I was ten,  
Christ, before I left home they'd had  
Their paws smashed in the rolls, their backs  
Seared by hot slag, their soft trusting  
Bellies kicked in, their tongues ripped  
Out, and I went down through the woods  
To the smelly crick with Whitman  
In the Haldeman-Julius edition,  
And I just sat there worrying my thumbnail  
Into the cover—what did he know about  
Orange bears with their coats all stunk up with soft coal  
And the National Guard coming over  
From Wheeling to stand in front of the millgates  
With drawn bayonets jeering at the strikers?

I remember you could put daisies  
On the windowsill at night and in  
The morning they'd be so covered with soot  
You couldn't tell what they were anymore.

A hell of a fat chance my orange bears had. . . .

KENNETH PATCHEN

## STANZAS OF THE OLD UNREST

## I

In the garden  
 Where smooth pebbles are  
 And palm trees next to pine trees  
 And the many benches there,  
 A lawn is shining;  
 It is hedged in by a square.

## II

In the garden  
 Where the cherub-statues are  
 And the lake is often looked at  
 But never with a stare,  
 The heads of children growing  
 Out of the shining lawn  
 Were afraid of the cities;  
 They were glad the cities were far.

## III

But somewhere is much walking  
 On desolate dawns;  
 Somewhere are beaches,  
 Far from all lawns,  
 And the lovers the lovers  
 The lovers walk up and down.

## IV

"The world has a thousand cities;  
 Beware.  
 The world has a thousand cities,  
 Exactly one thousand cities,"  
 Warned a marble garden-child.  
 "And pains that nobody pities  
 And lonely sorcerers are there,  
 And birds have human voices,  
 And lovers are sick with love,  
 And the seagulls the seagulls  
 The seagulls are bitter and wild."

V

In the garden  
Where breezes and benches are kind,  
Where grave-eyed heads are growing  
But never threateningly,  
The mildest head asked sadly,  
"For the sake of her eyes and her hair,  
To where cities and beaches are,  
Why are you going?"

The garden shuddered suddenly in all its roots.

VI

"New eyes new hair  
Have changed you so,  
Now you must go.  
Now you must be  
Where waters are,"  
Said the gentlest statue there.  
"Now you will sometimes walk  
Where gulls talk."

*Viale dell'Aranciera,  
Borghese Gardens, Rome, 1944*

PETER VIERECK

# NAVAJO TRADING POSTS

*Frank Waters*

## I TWO BOOK REVIEWS

**M**ANY YEARS AGO in Colorado Springs my Columbia Grade School teacher was a tall, slim young woman named Ruth Jocelyn Wattles. Her penmanship was exquisite and she knew Navajo. Aside from these accomplishments she must have been a remarkable woman, for the debt I owe her seems to gain interest daily.

The school was on the edge of town, its windows opening to the empty prairies on one side and to the shining mountains on the other. We were an unruly class. Miss Wattles cured our predilections for both misbehavior and daydreaming by the most novel of expedencies. Instead of punishing us, she rewarded us at the end of the day for good behavior by telling us stories of the Navajos. Gradually we quieted down to earn this last half hour.

As far back as Miss Wattles could remember, there were Navajos sitting about the big fireplace of her home ranch waiting to be fed. But inevitably we learned that many of the stories she told us were taken from letters being written her by her cousin. At times she even read us excerpts directly. Who this cousin was we never learned nor cared. It was the stories themselves which held us, amplified by Miss Wattles' own personal experiences, her eye for significant detail, her immense feeling for life and her unbounded enthusiasm.

When school let out I forgot her stories completely. Life replaced them. I found myself for a time on the Navajo Reservation too; then in Wyoming, California, Mexico.

Miss Wattles meanwhile had been busy. Enthusiastic over our reception of the letters from her cousin she had sent excerpts of them to *Harper's Magazine*. Published here, they roused the enthusiasm of



Little, Brown and Company who persuaded her cousin to arrange them in book form. The book was released in 1928 under the title *Desert Wife* by Hilda Faunce, Miss Wattles' cousin. Not until it was reprinted in 1934 did I run into a copy; and then, over twenty years later, it all came back to me—the quiet schoolroom at the close of day, and the snow beating like moths against the windowpanes; Miss Wattles' tall figure and resonant voice; the simple, homely stories themselves, oddly familiar and amply confirmed by my own experiences at Shallow Water.

It is a beautiful, terrible, compelling book, one of the best that has ever been written on trading posts.

Ken and Hilda Faunce are living in Oregon. The fog and perpetual rain are depressing. The bank fails. The wife can endure these reverses and discomforts. But not the man. He was desert-bred, had once been an Indian trader in New Mexico and Arizona. That is the trouble. Homesickness. The land had touched him, he had to go back as we all do. Such a strange man! In seven years of marriage the woman had never understood him.

They abandon the place, pack supplies in a light road wagon, and start driving back the old Oregon Trail. Up to the top of the Coast Range, down the eastern slope. Oregon. Idaho. Utah. There are few automobiles, few fences. The ground where the ox teams had formed a square by the water holes is still trampled flat. The woman cooks over a campfire, sleeps beneath the wagon, disconsolately eyes each small village with its tidy homes and shady trees. The man drives steadily on. He is moody, taciturn, stranger than ever to her. It is 1913; it might have been 1848.

At last they reach the Four Corners. Hilda is terrified. The vast emptiness and barrenness threatens her as it always threatens the white. "To keep from going mad in the stillness," she closes her eyes and keeps muttering a silly jingle about the Eohippus:

There was a little animal no bigger than a fox,  
And on three toes he scampered over these Tertiary rocks.

Ken is home. From a prosperous trader at Lugontale he leases the abandoned trading post of Covered Water. It is twenty miles from the trading post at Chin Lee, their nearest neighbor, and 105 miles from Gallup, the nearest town.

The post is a decrepit two-room shack of rough planking held together by box boards, with battens covering the cracks. The back door opens into a storage tent for goat pelts, sacks of wool, supplies. In front, the seepage from a spring fills a hole covered with boards: "Covered Water."

There is not a tree, a blade of grass, a house in sight. All around, interminably, spreads the vast naked plain. From it into the post seeps snow, sand, loneliness—the strange place-spirit of America so inimical to the alien newcomer.

With the Navajos comes stark fear. Those strange dark faces. Queer customs. A language Hilda does not understand. Threats; the place has a bad name. . . . The sheathed animosity between the white and the red races.

Ken ignores his wife's terror. He speaks Navajo, feels perfectly at home. He keeps busy trading, making friends. Hilda huddles in the other room, but there is no door to give her privacy. Through a hung blanket she can always hear the Indians begging coffee, glimpse them spitting on the floor and picking lice from their hair.

How wonderfully, terribly, Hilda's fear is built up to its climax. She becomes seriously ill. She cannot eat. Her hair falls out. She "seemed to be turning into an Indian," becoming "a deep, burnt orange color all over." If she died in the house, the post would be a total loss. No Navajo would ever step inside it. They might burn it; that is their way. The Indians have stolen the shovel; Ken would be unable to dig her grave outside. There is no escape even in death. So she worries in moments of consciousness.

The doctor arrives from Gallup. He stays twenty minutes and charges \$225. It is not too much for the 105-mile ride. He leaves some pink pills and advises an operation in Gallup if she lives.

Hilda lives and undergoes the operation. A month later she walks out of the hospital. Ken has not written nor come to see her. Yet she knows he loves her. She returns to Covered Water, and asks him if he would have come to her funeral if she had died. "No," he answers. "I would have ridden the other way." That, she realizes, is what makes him so strange. It is the Indian way. Not to fail when they can help; when they cannot, to ride hard to forget.

This is the psychological turning point in the book, as it is the psychological turning point of every alien race on a new continent. To meet in mortal combat the inimical spirit-of-place. To succumb to it

and die. Or to accept its terms and henceforth be molded by its invisible forces.

How wonderfully now throughout the rest of the book Hilda opens up to the land and its people. She sees its naked beauty, its subtle colors, feels its strength and rhythm. She learns Navajo, makes friends with Old Lady, Slender Girl, Hosteen Blue Coat. En-Tso's tonic restores her hair. She sees ceremonies, learns to estimate the amount of sand the Indians put in their sacks of wool.

Trouble comes too. The Navajos kill one of their young school Indians for selling turquoise stolen out of a grave. They threaten to kill Ken for befriending some prospectors hunting for gold. Smallpox wipes out family after family. Hilda rides from hogan to hogan to persuade them to let her immunize them with vaccine. She allows Ken to sell her favorite Navajo blanket to a rich tourist in order to save money for a small place of their own some day. The First World War comes and Ken averts a massacre of all the whites around before soldiers like Kit Carson and his troops come. . . . Episode after episode, they all show a deepening awareness of The People and the land.

And finally, having saved their small stake for a ranch, they leave. Parting with mutual respect and understanding and sorrow; but still heeding the call of their own irrevocable destiny and leaving the Navajos to theirs, members of two races whose trails have crossed but lead yet in opposite directions.

In *Spin a Silver Dollar*, by Alberta Hannum (Viking Press, 1946), there's none of this. No intuition of the dark wings hovering over America. No overtones, no depth, nothing coming from the inside out. It's all surface whitewash, like Tom Sawyer's fence.

But it is a remarkably strange parallel. It too has an interested third party, Alberta Hannum, the author. It too developed from a magazine article, this time in *Collier's*. And it also covers a short time before a World War, number two.

Ken and Hilda Faunce in this case are "Bill" and "Sallie" Lippincott. They have made the long trek across the continent from New York to the wilderness of the Four Corners. Here they discover an old Navajo trading post. The post of Wide Ruins, eighteen miles north of Chambers, on the road to Ganado. They promptly buy it. It is an adobe building in simply shocking condition. It is even "without bathtub or shower." There is some sort of an individual there selling and trading

things to Navajos. But just what sort of a character he is we never know; he is kept in his proper place behind the counter.

The struggle begins to make the place habitable. The adobe is rebuilt with a nine-foot wall around the patio. An electric power plant is installed; butane gas is put in. One of the ancient terraces of the thousand-year-old ruins is converted into a badminton court. A swimming pool is made in one of the lower excavations used for ritual ceremonies.

At last it is livable. Bill and Sallie move in. Now come the Indians: a Navajo maid, a cook, and handyman Joe. Other Navajos come too, from across the arid plain. That character behind the counter takes care of them. For "the Lippincotts had not been in the trading post business very long before they realized it was not one they could revolutionize overnight."

This trading post business is not very important, really. For handyman Joe has a small son, Jimmie. And Jimmie likes to draw. He is given pencils and allowed to draw just what he likes and just the way he likes.

After this break in the narrative the book resumes its course and so do the Lippincotts. They go to the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs to buy Palomino ponies; for Kentucky thoroughbreds.

When they come back it is to see that Jimmie's drawings are excellent, quite excellent. He has a sense of form and rhythm and life. For a child and a Navajo this is astounding. They give him a set of colored crayons.

So throughout the book the two subjects alternate: little red Jimmie and the white Lippincotts. There is no real meeting of the two, no clash, no fusion.

Bill goes to San Francisco, California, to give a radio talk at the World's Fair on life in a Navajo trading post.

Jimmie does pictures of wild animals in colored crayon.

Christmas packages come from New York—from Marshall Field, Abercrombie and Fitch, I. Magnin.

Jimmie comes in with more pictures; they are getting better and he has had no lessons either.

Bill goes to the Art Center at La Jolla, California, to show Jimmie's pictures.

The trading post at Wide Ruins is becoming well known now. It is nurturing Navajo Art. The Government doesn't mind. Perhaps

it doesn't know. In four years the post has been visited only once by a government inspector.

The book ends as World War II breaks out. There is a surprise finale: the Lippincotts discover that they had bought not only the trading post but a considerable piece of land around it.

That is the book. Some of the beautiful drawings of Beatie Yazz reproduced in full color, well worth its price, and the narrative of the new owners of Wide Ruins thrown in free. There is no vital inward connection between them at all.

The great difference between these two strangely paralleling books is not in the superficial living conditions imposed by their times and circumstances. It is in tone and perception. And this throws into relief not only the life and needs of the Navajos, but the traditional function of the trading posts as a bridge between them and the impinging whites.

## II THE TRADERS

The usual trading post was a utility building rather than a country home. It was built to trade in and to live in, miles from any town or human habitation. It was necessarily built crudely with Indian help and from native material, and it was built strong to withstand driving sand and wind and rain, heavy snows, and possible trouble. There was no set pattern. But with all their variations, they conformed to a general type. The post at Shallow Water, remembered from boyhood, differed little from those found almost anywhere in the Four Corners. Smaller or larger, they were all solitary oases in the desert; sturdy little forts on the frontier.

The walls were of sun-baked adobe bricks, from two and a half to four feet thick. No bullet could pierce them; they retained the heat in winter and the coolness of night in summer. The roof beams or vigas were huge logs of pine or spruce hauled down from the mountains. Stripped of their bark, well seasoned, and cured like hams from the fireplace smoke of many years, they gleamed dark and smooth as honey. The roof itself was a layer of cross boards heaped with earth. The floor was of hard pressed adobe until flooring could be freighted in, covered with innumerable Navajo blankets grown into rugs with the coming of the traders, and so durable that they outlasted the floor. There was a fireplace in every room.

The main room was at best a huge hall. The walls were flanked with shelves of trade goods—bridles and spurs, bolts of flowered gingham and solid-color velveteen, canned goods, staples, Stetson hats, knickknacks, articles of clothing. Down one side, and across the back, stretched the long counter and showcases. The floor was littered with bushel baskets of onions and pinto beans, bags of flour, salt and sugar put away from mice each night. Strings of dried chiles and coils of rope hung from the rafters. In the center of the room sat a squat-bellied stove surrounded by boxes of sand to spit in.

Adjoining this was the rug room, often serving as a general store-room. Its windows, if not every window in the post, were stripped with iron bars. Here were piled stack on stack of rugs, perhaps 200 averaging \$50 apiece and representing \$10,000. There was an iron safe full of silver currency and valuable pieces of pawn silver, a few loaded rifles.

Behind the big room and built at right angles to it were the living quarters of the trader, one room to a half dozen depending on the size of his family and the help he required. In one of these might be a woman working on a loom or a man pounding silver if the trader was trying to improve the design and color of the wares in his district.

At sunrise the doors were opened. All day The People straggled in from the vast pelagic plain. Riding their shaggy ponies. Bumping along in their springless wagons, the man slimly erect in front, the woman slumped in her blanket beside him, the box full of children. In the post they stood spitting around the stove and sitting on the floor picking lice from each other's hair. The children knelt at the candy case rubbing dirty noses against the glass, silently staring at the peppermint sticks inside. A woman would inspect a dozen bolts of velveteen before dickering for a piece of calico.

Outside, the horses and wagons multiplied. People stood or squatted against the sunny walls rolling cigarettes. Talking. Saying nothing. Everything was relaxed and easy. But pervaded too with a lurking tenseness, a sharp awareness. The trading post was a country store, but it was also the verbal newspaper of the region, a common meeting ground, and the focal point of perhaps a thousand square miles.

The undeniable master of all this was the trader. He supplied all the staples necessary for a people's changing existence, and was the only outlet for their wool, blankets, and silverwork. Loaning money on goods or articles given him for pawn, he tided them through drought and famine. He was their only contact with an alien, encroaching civili-

zation. He interpreted this to them and them to it, excusing the ignorant foibles of greedy Government Indian agents and sheriffs. He acted as a lawmaker, a judge and jury, a schoolteacher. At any hour of the night he might be awakened to set a bone or break a fever. He was often called upon to bury the dead, as Navajos would not approach a dead body. He contributed to all "sings" or ceremonials held in his area. . . . All this required courage, absolute self-reliance, a quick wit, and a diplomacy as subtle as ever existed.

This writer could never subscribe to the obsession held by Oliver La Farge and other extreme romanticists that the traders were invented by Satan expressly to plague and cheat the Navajos. Among them, as among other groups, there were some who did cheat and contrive trouble of all kinds. They were few and they did not last. If they were not killed outright, they suffered peculiar accidents, went broke, or disappeared. The traders were the first group of Anglos not expressly bent on obliterating the Navajos. Individually, each became to all purposes the Great White Father in his wide domain.

The best proof of this is the simple fact that during the first thirty years after the Navajos moved back from Bosque Redondo to what was now a reservation, twenty successive men held the post as Government agent—a comedy of Indian administration.

What would have happened had the traders suddenly been expelled from the country as were the Chinese in Sonora? The two groups are interesting parallels.

By some strange series of circumstances, it was a group of rural Chinese storekeepers who established themselves among the Yaquis in the remote slopes of the Sierra Madres. Existing mainly by barter, they carried in their tiny ledgers the debts of one generation into another. Parsimonious, scrupulous and unforgetting, they built their humble stores into the only banking structure of northern Mexico.

Late in the 1920's, if I remember correctly, Mexico suddenly became self-conscious. "Mexico for Mexicans!" It was decreed that all Chinese should go. I was in Sonora when they were driven out. They had no time to balance their accounts or appeal for help. Some were old men to whom China was but a dim, childish memory. Their sons, affluent in Spanish and Yaqui, could not speak Chinese or English. Their wives, Mexican women, were giving up their homeland with the traditional faithfulness of their kind for their husbands. At Buena Vista, Cumuripa, La Dura, and Navajoa I saw them camped beside the

tracks, waiting days for the train. They were surrounded by heaps of squash and melons and Mayo blankets, the farewell offerings of their grateful Yaqui and Mayo neighbors. At Nogales I saw the first group ejected from Mexico. Hill-traders with thousands of pesos in beans and corn and beef in their ledgers, they did not have the price of a single tortilla.

The result was predictable. With no one to supply goods on credit, the abandoned stores were pillaged, groups of bandits formed and ran riot through the tiny villages, and another Yaqui uprising was in the making. . . .

But in the Four Corners the traders were unmolested by the government, and it was they who enabled the Navajos to come through the difficult period following Bosque Redondo.

Probably the first trading post devoted primarily to the Navajo trade was established at Lee's Ferry, the principal articles exchanged being Mormon horses and Navajo blankets. Al Lee, grandson of its famous Mormon founder, John D. Lee, started the post at beautiful Tselani which his son, Art Lee, now runs. His other son, Hugh Lee, operates the post at Ganado and is president of the United Indian Traders Association.

"Old Man" Leonard about 1875 opened the first post at Ganado. J. Lorenzo Hubbell first worked for a Mr. Coddington at Fort Wingate. In 1876 he opened a post three miles upstream from Leonard on the Pueblo Colorado wash—probably the site of the former Fort Canby and the ancient Pueblo Colorado. Three years later he moved down to Ganado, bought out Leonard and took C. N. Cotton as partner. Later he moved to Gallup, founding the oldest and largest Indian trading firm in the Southwest. Hubbell was by all odds the most colorful trader in the area. For half a century his post was a mecca, his hospitality a legend.

In 1876 there was but one licensed trader on the reservation proper, Thomas V. Keam, a former government interpreter. In 1882 he took up a homestead and established a post in the canyon now named for him. It was in Hopi territory, just ten miles east of First Mesa, but drew Navajos as well. He later sold out and retired to his old home in Cornwall, England.

A man named Brown opened the first post at Manuelito, named for Ute-scar-red-chested Manuelito, Mr. Blackweed, one of the two famous Navajo chiefs and signers of the treaty at Bosque Redondo.



In 1882 J. W. Bennett and S. E. Aldrich also located there, soon branching out with another in Washington Pass. Elias S. Clark and Charles Hubbell were in charge. The Navajos objected to this post. Although promised a troop of cavalry from Fort Defiance to protect them, the two young men gave up the post.

Charles Hubbell, years later—in 1918, was killed and his trading post burned at Red Lake. Aldrich in 1890 then established a post at Round Rock on Lukachukai Creek. For a new partner he took Henry Chee Dodge, destined to be the last great chief of the Navajos.

The first store at the important trading center of Chin Lee, at the mouth of Cañón de Chelly, was opened by Hubbell and Cotton. It was not a success and was later replaced by one built by William Stag. The Lynch brothers in 1881 started a post at Navajo, the farthest west; George W. Sampson in 1883 located at Sanders; Billy Weidemeyer in 1885 at La Ciénega, later settled by the Franciscans and now called St. Michaels; Joe Wilkins, a freighter, the old post at Crystal in 1890. Near Gallup a man named Smith was killed by the Indians as a result of gambling with them to enliven business. But Charlie Fredericks opened a successful post at Navajo Church, the towering red cliff eight miles east.

By 1890, then, there were nine traders on the reservation and some thirty traders surrounding it. The main article of trade were Navajo blankets—the best obtainable. Apaches, Utes, and Piutes preferred them to the blankets issued by the government. Mexicans still used them for serapes and ponchos. American cowpokes and settlers used them for bed blankets and lap robes. For the first time an estimate was made of the yearly output valued at \$40,000, of which \$25,000 was sold to the traders and \$15,000 kept for tribal use.

It was Cotton, of the Cotton and Hubbell trading post, who took the decisive step to create a market for them back East. With a mimeograph he “circularized the whole country” with such success that he soon moved to Gallup as a wholesaler. By a stroke of undeniable genius and shrewd salesmanship he suggested that the best grade of blankets, because of their durability, be used as rugs.

Hence about 1890 the Navajo shoulder blanket began to grow thicker and heavier. It became a rug. And with its change the trading post business grew to enormous proportions. Within fifty years there were 146 trading posts, most of them licensed and bonded under government control, paying in 1940 some \$1,865,000 for Navajo products,

selling \$2,640,000 worth of goods, and advancing \$190,670 on pawned articles.

During this time when Congress refused to authorize the marking of all authentic Indian goods for their protection against imitation and unfair competition, and the Beacon Manufacturing Company was advertising its machine-made bed blankets as "Indian," the traders revolted against cheap aniline dyes, synthetic designs, and cotton warp. Lorenzo Hubbell employed the artist, E. A. Burbank, to make color paintings of old Navajo blankets with which to encourage his weavers. Dick Simpson up near Farmington insisted on his weavers copying the old classical "Moqui" pattern of Navajo designs on the Hopi blue and black striped background. J. B. Moore at Crystal helped his weavers to evolve the intricate Crystal rug, and developed the famous Two Grey Hills rug on whose paramount excellence this writer was brought up to believe. Cosy McSparron, of the Chin Lee post at the mouth of Cañón de Chelly, revived native dyes and evolved the Chin Lee rug with its clear green-yellow.

The first quarter of the century: this was the "golden age" of the trading posts when for a brief span the integrity of Indian work and Indian thought achieved its only recognition. It was the traders who made this possible, and it is these old-timers I remember with a boy's love and respect for their high traditions.

Sam Drolet and Bruce Barnard at Shiprock. Walter Beck and Dick Simpson at Fruitland and Farmington. The Kirks of Manuelito and Gallup. Tom Patvetea at Polacca. . . . So many more too numerous to record here. Primarily and paradoxically they were not "business" men. Like the Wetherills at Kayenta, they made the most important archaeological discoveries in the Southwest. Like the Newcombs, they recorded some of the first sand paintings. Like Ralph Myers of Taos, they were accepted by ethnologists as authorities on Indian life as well as Indian handicraft. Their remote posts were oases in the desert, landmarks in an unmarked wilderness. They were bankers, doctors, interpreters, schoolteachers, art agents, representatives of an encroaching white civilization to the Indians, and champions of Indian tribes against an inimical government. Scarcely 150 men in an area over 25,000 square miles for a period of fifty years, the Indian traders were the media through which were exchanged the values of two ways of life.

TWO POEMS

CHINA

Spring moves north in China and the season  
Of war returns with the opening buds.  
The silkworm casts its skin, the millet  
Ripens on hillside terraces.  
Troops in the gorges pass in a dusty cloud.  
They go to lay their bodies on the plain  
Somewhere to the north, under a cover of birds.  
The smell of the land is bitter to them,  
Bitter with expected death.  
Dusk in the amber and violet hills  
And bivouac in mist, their rifles stacked  
In cocks among the knotted buds.  
They rise in rain, their bayonets like grass  
Blown back in the morning wind.  
Spring moves north in China and the landscape  
Flowers into war. The farmer treading his water wheel  
Pauses at the early thunder.

HUGHIE MCPADDEN, BANTAM

He flourished in his time in green tights,  
The bantam scourge, and in his own class  
Ruled the rope and canvas world.  
But, never having seen him strike a blow  
Or shuffle wisely in his celebrated stance,  
Who would believe this of him,  
Old, a slight figure in the streets,  
Toothless, with an unholy bloom  
About the nose and cheeks?  
Those who knew him saw him go  
Wrapped in a faded aura of vanished prowess,  
Lingering out a live oblivion.  
Toward the end he stalled a little,  
Not like his old self, holding on,  
Loath to be counted out.  
He faded till he had become  
Less than the shadow that he used to box.

ERNEST KROLL

## TWO POEMS

## WINTER MUSIC

The plastic season chips and spins.  
Ice weathers moonlight. And  
the chilly typists sprint for  
home. Hard by the jagged

Fences, wind whoops up. Pulse  
raps at skin. The snow  
sleeks boughs like padded  
porcelain. As glassy as

The glassy stars, a music mints  
above the grocer's, snouts  
for Mozart. The violent  
air shakes down the nacreous

Coin. The frigid city is complete,  
white in the withers, keen  
with time. From pain to  
contemplation, thence to

Pain, the music falls. Plink-  
ting-de-dal Where feeling  
froze, a diamond formed,  
and showed its lineaments.

## THE MORNING OF ESCAPE

The sun eludes the night of  
fretfulness. The sky  
breaks like a tidy  
pox. Now it is easy

To forgive, as easy as to  
rise and leave known  
roadbeds and dishonest  
grins. Dislike will

Keep; and irritation fish  
for bubbles in the  
city pond. This is  
the morning of escape,

The will to scrap tired  
mirrors; just to go.  
The distance leaps  
like mercury. Illness

Of gutters, gloves of  
environment . . . Leaf  
prisms dazzle the  
demolished air!

BYRON VAZAKAS

## BUTTERCUPS IN HER HAIR

*David Cornel DeJong*

**W**HEN SHE CAME HOME with buttercups in her hair, Martha exclaimed, "Oh, there you are," and "Oh, don't you look nice." But no one hinted that she'd been gone for more than five hours, and that they had waited, and called, and then searched. Now Martha put her supper before her, all the asparagus on toast she could eat, and then there would be strawberries in heavy cream.

She smiled at the food and then at them, before she said, "This is very nice. Oh, this is nice," and then she started eating, but her expression remained enigmatic. They were all very wise not to ask her any questions, and even tried to take the buttercups casually, as if she had a perfect right to twine them through her hair. Which, of course, she had, the boys decided a bit anxiously, while they watched Martha waiting on her.

Back in the kitchen, however, out of earshot, Mark said eagerly to his father, "I know where there's lots of buttercups, Dad. Oh, loads of them. But there are a lot of cows there, too, and of course she wouldn't want to go among all those cows, would she?"

"There are lots of buttercups everywhere," his father rebuked him. "Don't be childish."

Even so, Mark left the house, and Fred wanted to follow him but didn't quite dare, because Father looked forbidding. He saw Mark saunter up the hill, then past Joe Welch's orchard, on toward the meadow. Mark went with a bearing which was intended to hint: I'm certainly not going to look for buttercups, or cows, or any traces she might have left behind. Fred realized suddenly that Mark, for being two years younger, was allowed that much more leeway. Or latitude. That was the word they used in regard to Mother. Latitude, a word which had Dr. Lester's trademark on it, he thought resentfully.

"Besides," his father was saying emphatically, "buttercups are poisonous, you know that, don't you, Fred? That's why cow's won't eat them and they are so abundant. Mark is being very foolish."

"Yes, Father," he answered, and returned to the dining room to watch his mother eat her asparagus. She looked up and smiled and then said bemusedly, "Oh my, the time passed beyond all control, didn't it? But why not, after all?"

Before he could answer, Father started clearing his throat at the doorway, but it was Martha who said buoyantly, "Today nothing needed the clock somehow. It was that sort of a day. I think we all felt it."

"Did you?" Fred's mother asked incredulously, nibbling an asparagus stalk. "Did *you*, too, really?"

"Of course, we all did," Father said hurriedly.

"Oh darling, you are so consoling," she answered. "And Martha, too. I dare say Fred would be also, if he were old and articulate enough." She winked at Fred, and he felt both inordinately pleased and guilty. Especially guilty, because obviously Father would have to take measures again, and explain to him that all wasn't well with Mother, but that he must be brave and patient. And above all that he and Mark must be guided by Martha, especially now that they were in the country. And that Doctor Lester had advised only recently. . . .

Rebelliously Fred vowed to himself that he refused to know what Dr. Lester had advised. He didn't want to know, and above all he didn't want to explain it to Mark.

His father said now, "Fred, do not stand there with your mouth open as if you were a nighthawk ready to catch flies."

"And why shouldn't he?" Mother asked gently.

"You see," Father said sharply, "you've upset your mother again. Go and find Mark before he gets himself into all sorts of foolishness. But don't bother Joe Welch with your monkeyshines and questions."

Fred ran out of the house. Suddenly all the delight of having been allowed to quit school three weeks early to go to the country seemed very tricky and even apprehensible. It was altogether too obvious now that they had come here because Mother was "irresponsible."

He realized he wasn't running any longer, but that he was approaching the creek behind Joe Welch's place almost reluctantly. Then he sputtered to no one there on the quiet wagon path: "It isn't true. It isn't." At the same time he realized that if any grownup were to challenge him there, he'd burst out in tears. And *that* he wasn't going to

do. He started whistling stridently and unexpectedly came upon Mark, emerging from a hazelnut coppice. He made his face go hard, even while Mark started to shout: "I found it. I knew it. I know she's been sitting there. Because it's nice there, and no cows."

"Where?" Fred asked.

"Over there, where we wouldn't be able to see her anyway. Behind the bushes there. And the grass is flat where she sat, and there are buttercups all around," he continued triumphantly.

That for the time being seemed to settle everything for Mark. It wasn't necessary at all to explain anything. Together they started pushing through the undergrowth, and emerged into a little sunlit cove with high, lush grasses and buttercups, and daisies with only nubbins of buds, because it was so early in the season.

"And why shouldn't she?" Fred demanded defiantly.

"Yes, why shouldn't she?" Mark echoed, but then with his face turned away he added, "That old Martha. That Martha, I hate her. I think I'm going to kill her. Maybe. . .," he concluded uncertainly.

It was with them then: the problem. And their puzzlement, and their hopeless responsibility toward it. There it was, but they'd have to be inarticulate before it, especially toward each other. Especially Fred, because he might reveal too much, so much that they'd both start siding against Father. It was more loyal and angry to side with Mark against Martha.

"I think half-sisters are awful anyway," he said ineptly.

"I do too," Mark shouted, beating the bushes with a stick. "The old pickle-mouth."

Suddenly Fred laughed, inordinately and repeatedly. "Old pickle-mouth," he repeated, and mighty pleased with himself, Mark joined in. Still laughing they turned their feet back home, but Fred kept remembering that he should keep Mark's interest away from Joe Welch's farm. Because either he himself or Mark might say too much, to Joe, or Joe's mother, or some of the farm help. They'd been warned repeatedly by Martha not to "say too much," or better still "not to say anything."

Which was about Mother, of course. Even though that didn't seem reasonable now, because it had been Joe Welch's mother, that Mother was going to call on this afternoon. But she hadn't. After one week of carefully avoiding all neighbors, unless Father was present, it seemed that Dr. Lester had given different instructions. That in spite of the fact that Mother hadn't seen Dr. Lester at all, who seemed to be Father's



and Martha's friend exclusively. "We must allow her greater latitude, Martha," Fred had heard Father explain. "Doctor Lester says we mustn't make our vigilance obvious. She could start with calling on old Mrs. Welch. You might be able to cajole her into it."

But it seemed that after Martha's cajoling, Mother hadn't visited the Welch farm at all. She'd simply stayed away five hours, even a whole hour after Father had returned from the city. So now there was this new dilemma. Which was simple enough, if you merely believed correctly that Mother had preferred to sit in the green grass and pick but-tercups to visiting Old Lady Welch. But that was being irresponsible.

"I don't think it is," he said.

"What?" Mark asked.

"Irresponsible," he said precisely.

"Of course, it ain't," Mark said loyally. "That ole Martha, that ole pickle-mouth." Again they laughed inordinately. But they approached the house soberly, and they nodded their heads solemnly when their father met them and said: "You have an hour before bed time. Better take advantage of it and play outdoors. But stay near the house." He scrutinized them expectantly, waiting for them to explain if there was anything to explain. "Thank you, Father," they shouted, and ran toward the swing beneath the apple tree.

The next day, without actually rehearsing anything, they knew what they were going to do. When Mark said: "Let's find Mother," it was no more than a cue, for which they had both waited. It was afternoon again, and Mother had wandered away again, though all of them seemed to know implicitly that she wasn't visiting any of the neighbors. Martha by her freighted but smiling silences seemed to be challenging them. At least so Fred thought. But some illusive sort of loyalty prevented him from asking Mark if he felt it too.

During their morning games and wanderings, Fred had become more and more rebellious. Also more and more articulate to himself. Of course, Mother's unexpected and untoward leaving last month had brought everything to a head. She had stayed away only two weeks, and he and Mark were still uncertain as to whether their father had fetched her back, or whether she'd been ready to return anyway. But they had expected explanations and clarifications after her return, while trying to garner the utmost from Father's almost cryptic: "Now, Fred and Mark, you must be very careful how you treat Mother." Or Martha's:

"Poor pets, Martha will take care of everything. You mustn't worry. And we must lighten things for Father, mustn't we?"

It was more than a year since Martha had come into the family, but both boys still resented her calling their father "Father," as if she shared him equally with them. Fred especially. Because Martha was a grown-up woman of nineteen, even if things had happened to her. It seemed odd that so grown-up, competent, and calculating a young woman could have "things happen to her" like they did to children.

Martha, they had learned, had been left homeless. Homeless, because Martha's mother had remarried, and no longer wanted Martha around. And that event in turn revealed that Martha was actually Father's daughter, and that Father had been married before to Martha's mother, and that he'd been paying all these years for Martha's support. It seemed incredible and unjust, especially since they hadn't known anything about all this. According to Father, then, they hadn't been told before because Mother had insisted on keeping Father's earlier marriage a secret. But according to Aunt Emily, who was equally voluble to children as to grownups, it was Father who had insisted that his former marriage was not to be mentioned after he married Mother. According to Aunt Emily, Father had insisted that it would confuse issues, render the boys resentful, and Father vulnerable, whatever that all meant.

Then Martha had arrived. A very affable, capable, and dominant Martha, who seemed extremely domestic and who called Father "Father," and Mother, "Mom" because she couldn't bear calling her mother, which she had called her own mother, who had forsaken and wronged her. All the details, neither Fred nor Mark were supposed to understand. Hence, all their knowledge came to them obliquely, but never through Mother.

Martha had immediately proved herself to be very efficient, very eager to serve, but even more eager to take over the management of the entire household. She said she wanted to do that out of gratitude. Mother kept control of the boys, however. That was up until the time she became "irresponsible," after which Father instructed them: "Now you must do everything Martha tells you to do. Just remember that Martha loves you dearly, and is only thinking of your own good. You must not add any difficulty to your mother's irresponsibility. We must put all our shoulders to the wheel now, you know. It's a matter of co-operation."

Not until a week later, in the midst of a geography lesson at school,

did that word co-operation suddenly assume a menacing meaning. It meant co-operation against Mother. Fred had meant to think more about it, perhaps with the help of Mark, but then the great excitement, that they would be allowed to leave school three weeks before the term ended in order to go to their country place, simply had swamped everything. It was an amazing privilege, and young Mark especially seemed to have been thrown completely out of balance by it. But he himself had also started obeying Martha much more readily, even more than he had intended, and humoring Mother, and being very responsive to Father.

Up until yesterday. It seemed then that the simple matter of buttercups in Mother's hair had brought him to a turning point. And obviously Mark, too. So now this afternoon, they set out casually in the opposite direction of the one they intended to go. First of all they were in conspiracy against Martha. Next they were going to find Mother.

They set forth, silent with anticipation. They skirted the swamp, describing a wide arch around the Welch farm. "Whatever comes," he warned Mark, "we're not going to leave her be." He didn't even know exactly what he meant, but Mark echoed staunchly, "We won't let her be, will we, Fred?"

They spied her then exactly where they had expected to find her, there in the green cove with the buttercups. They pretended, however, that they didn't know she was there. She mustn't suspect that they knew her hiding place. "I hope she has buttercups in her hair," Mark said defiantly. "That ole Martha."

First they did a great deal of galloping around, pretending they were at some complicated game, so as to give her a fair warning of their presence. Then at the proper moment Fred allowed Mark to shout: "Why look, there's Mother. Hey, Ma, Ma. . . !"

They went cantering toward her, and plunked themselves down on either side of her. She smiled at them, and touched them with her hands. Fred tried to keep his heart from pounding, and even tried to act natural like Mark, so that she wouldn't suspect his anxiety. "Aw shucks," Mark shouted, "you haven't got any buttercups in your hair. Aw shucks."

"Why, Mark," she laughed, "if I'd put them in my hair now they'd wilt, wouldn't they?"

"Will you when you go home?" he asked eagerly.

"It could be arranged," she said quietly. "It will be arranged, in fact, if you boys want it."

"We do," they shouted. "We want to pick them, too."

"So you came to find me?" she asked them gravely, and suddenly they knew they couldn't go on dissembling. And Fred knew that he couldn't look at her now. There might be tears in her eyes as there seemed to be in her voice. "We just wanted to find you," he said.

"Good boys," she said softly, but her voice was firm enough, so that he dared to look at her. Still, it was a silly thing he went and did, for a boy as old as he: he started rubbing his cheek against her bare arm, as if he were an affectionate cat. Simultaneously Mark started butting her, as if he were a young goat. It was an old game of his, which he hadn't played for years. And then he shouted impetuously: "And we want to kill that ole Martha, don't we, Fred? We want to kill her, once and for all."

"Mark," she cried, cupping his round, red head in her hands and pivoting it, to make him face her. "Mark, what are you saying? Fred, what have you and Mark been talking about?"

"Well, it's so," Fred said stubbornly. "It's so, isn't it, Mark?"

"The old pickle-mouth," Mark shouted, but this time, neither of them got the laugh out of it they'd had yesterday.

When she remained silent, they looked at her uneasily, because this wasn't the reaction they had expected. It wasn't the scolding they had feared, nor the agreeing that they had desperately hoped for. Somehow they'd missed out, but only slightly, very slightly. Because she was smiling a reassuring smile. A smile which included them all; not one of those vague, cryptic ones, which had excluded everybody but herself, as she seemed to have done so many times these last several weeks.

"Yes," she started to say then, speaking to them as adult to adult, which made it so important, even though they wouldn't be able to understand all of it, "yes, I'm afraid I tried to run away from it. But then I learned that that didn't fix anything. So I guess I simply surrendered and gave up, as if I was already beaten. But I am not, of course. I almost knew that yesterday, when I was sitting here too. I have almost lost out, but not entirely. But yesterday I decided to keep playing in their hands, that there was nothing to do but that, even if it meant spiting myself. And just to see if I could reach the point where their consciences started. Ridiculous, isn't it? And of course, they are right in this respect; I did go under. I did for a while, but not too far. And

now. . ." she stopped and she stroked their hair, before she concluded calmly, "well, now we're going home together, aren't we?"

"Yes," they answered. Hurriedly Mark started picking buttercups, and both helped her put them in her hair. Only then did Fred ask, "It is Father, too, isn't it, Mother?"

She looked at him appraisingly and shook her head. "It's your father and me and Martha, all three," she said.

"But it is Father," he persisted, unable to put his fear and hurt into other words.

"Your father is just being clumsy," she said firmly. "But perhaps he's less foolish than I have been. We all are foolish and clumsy occasionally." She got to her feet.

"Are we going to kill Martha now?" Mark asked eagerly.

"Well no, Mark," she laughed, "we are too nice for that sort of thing, aren't we? Poor Martha, she'd be so surprised."

"But," Fred persisted, "if Father. . ."

She interrupted him. "That, son, is a matter which you are too young to understand."

"But I want to," he said angrily.

"We'll see," she said gently.

There was something triumphant in their return home, each holding one of her hands. It seemed exactly right that Martha came to the door, stared, and then cried smiling: "Oh, don't you all look happy! Don't you look as if you've had barrels of fun!"

"We did," Mark pronounced.

But their mother said to Martha, "Yes, we did. It does one so much good, going out. You should try it yourself, Martha. Just take yourself into the fields, for hours."

"That's very sweet of you, Mom," Martha said with smiling forbearance, "but who would take care of the house, and the boys?"

"I would, naturally," their mother said.

Martha looked at her sharply. "But you shouldn't, dear. You know, dear, don't you. . ."

"That's enough, Martha. I'll take over now. You know, where I left off, before you came. And I'll simply do what I did every summer we were here in the country. I really managed fairly well. Of course, you're with us now, but that won't matter."

"I will speak to Father about this," Martha said bitterly, hurrying back into the house. They heard her feet tapping sharply up the stairs,

and they remained quiet until they heard the door of her room slam shut.

They looked at their mother's face expectantly. She had to say something now; she had to reassure them. She smiled at them, but she was going into the house without saying anything. Then she stopped, just as she had put her hand on the screen door, and she said gravely: "Now don't forsake me when your father comes home. Don't boys. Don't then, especially." She touched their shoulders. "But don't hate him. Don't blame him, even. You see how wise you have to be. And you are, you know." Then she walked into the house.

For a while they sat silently swinging on the swing. Then they sat down beneath the catalpas, but their words remained locked in their throats. It might be a long time before Father came home, but they didn't want to go into the house now to see what time it was. They felt they shouldn't. From here they could watch the road to the city. Then Mark said a little desperately: "And I thought she oughta kill that Martha. But she didn't even have to, did she, Fred?"

"No," Fred answered.

A long time later, when they had both spied the gray car nosing over the hill, Mark said: "We've got to be wise, don't we, Fred?"

"Yes, Mark," he said.

They walked into the house several paces behind their father, silently and tensely. They followed him as he walked through the house toward the kitchen from which there came a clattering of dishes. They knew that he was expecting to find Martha there, and that whatever speech there was in his mouth was attuned to Martha. But then their mother faced him, and she said gently to him: "Hello, Robert. Are you tired, dear?"

He stared, and at last he said uncertainly, "Why, hello, Dorothy," and then he stopped. The boys waited.

"Where is Martha?" he asked then, but almost apologetically, as if he didn't quite dare to ask the question.

It seemed to them at that point that their mother was going to fail. The faded, limp buttercups in her hair trembled a little, and she lowered her eyes. Hurriedly Fred said: "She's upstairs in her room, Dad."

Their father whirled around and faced them. But they looked at him unwaveringly, standing close together.

"What is this?" he demanded of them. "What is all this? What

are you up to now? You haven't hurt her, have you?"

"We wanted to," Mark said simply. "Me and Fred, we wanted to, but Mother didn't have to. Not at all."

"Mark," their mother cried despairingly, "Mark, you shouldn't have, Mark."

"Oh yes he should," Fred shouted defiantly. "Oh yes," he repeated more stridently, when he saw his father look puzzled and completely uncertain of himself. Against all his intentions he wanted to do something violent, something he knew would turn out to be wrong. This coming to Mother's defense, but against Father — not against any stranger — was a disturbing role. There were no rules for it; it seemed entirely wrong and out of place.

He and Mark continued standing there mutely staring at their father, not quite daring to look at their mother now, who had turned her back and was retreating to the door leading to the back porch. The situation was out of their control they felt, and more than anything they wanted to run away. But they remained standing there, much more defiantly than they felt. Then the screen door fell shut behind Mother, but they saw their father turn sharply and hurry after her. "Dorothy, Dorothy," they heard him cry, "Dorothy, what have I done . . . ?"

They waited until the door had clattered shut upon him, too. Then Fred said: "I think we'd better go away. I guess we'd better go to the swing maybe. I guess we can't do anything more, Mark."

## MANNEQUIN

Turn the slick pages to this countenance  
 Between the cold cream and a recipe  
 For Christmas pudding. Mutes from Tartary  
 Counsel her elongated radiance  
 Against tomorrow's haste, next week's excess,  
 The tempting cocktail in a midtown bar,  
 Features gone haggard and crepuscular,  
 Ashes and powder tumbling down her dress.  
 Announce her body's promise to your friends:  
 The girl upstairs whose uncle pays the rent,  
 A fairy down the hall, that circus tent  
 Labelled an heiress, weaned on dividends.  
 In a tureen of manners she revives  
 At liquid day her hard and splendid core.  
 She flees from history with a semaphore  
 Flashing her dictates to suburban wives.  
 She preens a myth for women: to achieve  
 Detachment from the fires in the sky,  
 The dead, the wounded, those who starve and die,  
 Cities abandoned to the few who grieve.  
 Depict her in a balmoral, a cape,  
 Gloves from the birds burying their own gaunt heads  
 And Austral pearls from shark-infested beds:  
 She touches deity in every shape.  
 Her skin is reticent. Do not profane  
 Her tinted ear with whispers of regret.  
 Delicate, dainty, molded in a net,  
 She stares through crinkling sheets of cellophane.  
 Her price enormous and its payment strict,  
 The trudge of time echoing as usual,  
 She feeds on rinds from the ephemeral  
 Kitchen whose rules are those of Benedict.  
 Diet has slimmed her to a nice perfection,  
 Envy of callow girls, despair of age,  
 St. Agnes carried primping in a cage  
 Designed for lions or love's disaffection.  
 She is transfigured by the ultimate



And neon halo of our dubious pause<sup>ex</sup>  
Between the void and quondam natural laws.  
Tepid and tense, distinctly temperate,  
Unused to labor in the couch of birth,  
A mandrake torn consenting from the ground,  
She rides insouciant on the merry-go-round,  
The hag of fashion for a penny's worth.

LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN

P O E M

This is the last night that my love is here;  
I will not sleep, I'll sit beside my dear

Watching the worn face that I know so well,  
Staring the thoughts out that no words can tell.

He does not speak, he gives no sign; the room  
Familiar chills me, is no more a home.

Tomorrow we shall drive away, not side  
By side now, but apart, like groom and bride

To church to start another life; yes, there  
I'll feel my being vanish into air,

Watch, far away, a woman stand or kneel,  
Hear as in dream her voice, cold, hard as steel,

Then, after, see her slowly turn, go back,  
Unlock the door, take off her new-bought black,

And set about to do what must be done  
In the still house where she now lives alone. . . .

This is the last night that my love is here;  
He sees me not; I sit and dumbly stare.

ELIZABETH DARYUSH

## BOOKSHOP IN THE SLUMS

*Marvin Magalaner*

THE DAY WAS FAIR, and a good-sized crowd found its way, on January 1, 1913, to a store which was celebrating its formal opening. That the route wound through the narrow streets of the slum district in the heart of old London, "five minutes' walk from the British Museum," did not appear to dishearten the customers, the visitors, or the idly curious. Those who knew the state of modern poetry, financially at least, probably saw nothing incongruous in the indigent surroundings of 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road; those who knew Harold Monro's romantic idealism certainly were not shocked to discover that he had brought his commercial enterprise into line with his view that poetry should be easily accessible to all the people. Robert Frost was there, unknown and uninvited, sitting on the stairs. F. S. Flint spoke to him of Ezra Pound, a name which meant nothing to the American.

Hopefully, Monro had sounded the opening gun in his campaign to make the Bookshop a success as a business and as a directing force in Georgian letters. The November, 1912, issue of his little magazine, the *Poetry Review*, had stated the case:

Let it not be imagined that we intend to enter into competition with the recognized booksellers of London; we are merely undertaking to supply the class of literature which they . . . consider unmarketable . . . the public for poetry is not a small one; but . . . unorganized, scattered and strangely unguided. Our purpose is to draw this public together and bring it into touch, through the Bookshop, with poetry as a living art, and as represented in the work of living poets.

Strange as it must seem to those who have been accustomed to a world of almost unrestricted economic competition, Monro, whose singleness of purpose and artistic integrity are vouched for even by his enemies,

refused to enter the race for profit. Believing "the circulation of poetry a spiritual, or, at the least, an artistic, rather than an economic enterprise," he needed no additional, practical assurances that the venture would be financially sound. Such devotion to an ideal resulted in his being, throughout most of his life, referred to as "poor Harold" by those who were better able to cope with the world of affairs.

He was practical enough, however, to recognize the extreme desirability of joining the forces of his *Poetry Review* and his shop, using the former to "recommend the public what to read" and the latter to "sell them what we have recommended." To accomplish the physical juncture, Monro leased, in the name of the *Poetry Review*, an eighteenth century house which was large enough to serve as the shop, as the office of the *Review*, as a lecture hall, and as a kind of literary boarding house whose rooms were "let at a moderate rate to those in sympathy with our aims, who are temporarily in London, and care to avail themselves of our hospitality." As might have been expected, kind-hearted Monro soon turned the rooms over to indigent poets who remained until their fortunes improved or until they could stomach no longer the unsavory neighborhood in which their quarters were situated. The father of Imagism, T. E. Hulme, took advantage of the free bed-sitting rooms above the shop, and delivered one of the "Poetry Review Lectures" in payment, perhaps, of his debt. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson and Wilfred Owen also made Monro's building their headquarters in the pre-war years.

Even before the bookshop could hold its formal opening celebration, however, a long series of clashes between Monro, as editor of the *Poetry Review*, and his backers in the venture, The Poetry Society, culminated in Monro's dismissal from the magazine. Immediately, he entered into competition with his former employers by establishing his own periodical, *Poetry and Drama*, and by linking closely the activities of his shop and the new little magazine.

The press was in general hostile to the new shop. Stephen Phillips, who had replaced Monro as editor of the *Poetry Review*, summed up the attitude of the conservative journals: "When the novelty of the venture has ceased to interest and amuse, we are afraid that the recently opened poetry bookshop will fail to attract our callous London, which will never appreciate an exclusive 'poetry' shop." If the criticisms which attended the opening of the shop are justified, then Monro was defeating his own purpose — to have poetry considered "in relation to life." To get as

close to the people as possible, he had chosen to place his store in a slum, but, according to F. S. Flint, "the people cared nothing for his poetry, and . . . regarded him as a possible source of free drinks." Once more idealism had apparently come off second best in a practical world. The wonder was that the shop was able to function for as many years as it did.

Although the lay public may have been little impressed by the bookshop, it attracted the poets, especially the younger group, in great numbers. Most of them came in the hope of meeting the right people, for they realized, with John Gould Fletcher, that the "path to literary success in London, as elsewhere, lay less in merit than in cleverly handled contacts with the dominant figures of the day." In Monro, his shop and his periodical, they sensed the answer to their problem of gaining entree to the charmed circle. Even Ezra Pound acknowledged Monro's gift of organization and publicity, and was careful to divide his time between Ford Madox Ford, whose *English Review* was still an influence in poetry, and Monro, whose stock as a literary leader was on the rise.

Not one to compromise when the subject was poetry, Monro often appeared unfriendly to the young hopefuls who browsed among his books — looking eagerly at the special shelf "reserved for the most recent poetry." Thus John Gould Fletcher, fresh from Arkansas and bewildered in the maze of British literary politics, reported:

I still made desperate efforts to penetrate within, frequenting Harold Monro's recently opened Poetry Bookshop, despite Monro's iron gruffness and lack of cordiality, and speculating endlessly on whether I could really seek admission into some of London's exclusively literary clubs. . . . I even sent Monro a laudatory sonnet, entitled "The Bookshop in the Slum," in order . . . through flattery . . . to enkindle somehow his interest . . . only to receive in reply a vaguely noncommittal note that was even more deadly than a flat refusal.

Another young hopeful got the same impression. Gerald Cumberland admits sheepishly that "he received me rather heavily at his office : . . read some of my verses, and told me quite frankly that he did not consider me much of a poet." Robert Frost's young friend, Edward Thomas, met with the same rebuff. "I am anxious to know," he wrote to Monro, "whether anyone really likes them [his verses] or some one of them." Monro rejected them and sent them back to the poet. Monro's conscientious nature and his love of literature made him a strict, demanding

critic. What fell short of the stringent standards which he established was discarded, no matter how well recommended; what met his requirements, no matter how conventional or bizarre, was accepted and published with boyish enthusiasm.

Certainly, he did not hesitate to change his mind when he felt that he had made a mistake. Thus he accepted the poems of Thomas a short time later, and he thumped the drum for Fletcher as part of his contribution to the Imagist movement. His pronouncements may not have been completely accurate, but all of the tweed-clad country poets and many of the sophisticated city-bred writers longed for a word of encouragement from the man who was responsible in large measure for shaping the taste of the time in poetry.

Some poets and laymen came to the shop for another reason. They were drawn by the poetry readings which had been organized to allow poets to display their wares to best advantage and lovers of poetry to hear it from the author himself, with no slight flavor lost through misinterpretation. In June, 1913, it was announced that poetry readings would be held twice a week at the shop, and that among the readers would be W. B. Yeats, Ernest Rhys, Harold Monroe, and Francis Meynell. There was to be no charge for the first "trial" reading. Admission was to be by card. The room in which the meetings were held is described by Edward Marsh as "a kind of loft which looked as if it was meant to keep apples in, and one ought to get into it by a ladder through a trap door. It was illuminated by a single night light, which I thought at first must be a Futurist tenet; but it turned out to be only a fatuity of Monroe's . . ." and again by a journalist of the *London Mercury* as a "candle-lit barn at the back of the house." Atmosphere was the watchword. To preserve it, even during the hot summer months the shades were kept tightly drawn, the curtains were heavy and dark, the room illuminated by lighted candles. To an American of Amy Lowell's vitality and practicality, it was an atmosphere of "overwhelming sentimentality" which seemed not at all disturbing or incongruous to young country poets with long hair and flowing neckties who assumed airs and read poetry.

The roster of readers and listeners is long and impressive, including almost everybody who was anybody in the field of poetry just before the first World War. Ernest Rhys, the critic and editor of the older generation, was one of the staunchest supporters of the recitations. Rupert Brooke, probably through his friend and Monroe's colleague, Edward Marsh, gave readings of his poems. Monroe himself and Alida Klemann-

taski, whom he married in 1920, interpreted aloud the new poetry in their peculiar way. In the audience sat Frost, his Yankee mind open to the new, cosmopolitan influences about him. Pound listened and, no doubt, chafed visibly when all the attention of the group was centered on another speaker. Edward Marsh, secretary to prime ministers and friend of letters, was present on the night that the Italian Marinetti startled his British audience in the course of his lecture on Futurism, delivered vehemently with much waving of the hands. Perhaps the late Satanist, Aleister Crowley, put in an appearance. Monro had inexplicably taken a liking to this man whom Marsh calls a "baleful apparition, in conjuror's evening dress [who] talked wittily, cruelly, and diabolically," causing the wholesome country poets to feel that they "had been in the presence of Evil with a capital E." Amy Lowell, whose talent for organization equaled that of Monro, paid her respects, and ran true to form by interrupting Rupert Brooke's reading three separate times to shout: "Louder." At the second poetry reading, with the audience sufficiently softened by the atmosphere and the verses, Monro attempted to boost his sagging finances by asking those who attended to subscribe to his new little magazine, *Poetry and Drama*.

Poetry recitals attract an audience which is, under ordinary circumstances, composed of those people who have a professional interest in poetry, as poets or critics, or those to whom poetry gives pleasure. It was to be expected that Monro's project would appeal to such people although it did not bring joy to the hearts of his neighbors in the Bloomsbury slum. Rather, Alfred Noyes is quoted as saying, it earned the "contempt of the man in the street for all poetry." It did succeed, however, in giving confidence to the young and untried poets who lacked the polish and poise to feel at home in the presence of the self-assured Yeats or the worldly Marsh.

To widen still further the sphere of influence of his shop and his magazine, Monro accepted invitations to lecture throughout England on the state of modern poetry. A few months before, he had sponsored, in the name of the *Poetry Review*, a series of lectures, the first of which was delivered by the Irish patriot, Darrell Figgis. The *Review* reported a large attendance. Monro selected T. E. Hulme to give the next lecture, held on July 15, 1912, on the "new philosophy of art as illustrated in poetry." For undisclosed but obvious reasons, the Hulme lecture was offered to the public at half price, one shilling instead of two, and that was made the standard price for subsequent lectures.

Lectures and readings, no matter how brilliant and well-intended, can reach only a tiny portion of the public directly. Realizing this, Monro sought other means to prove that "modern English poetry was very good." But it remained for chance to provide the key to international fame — even notoriety — for the bookshop and for the people who ran it.

The Georgian poetry anthologies, the first of which was published by the Poetry Bookshop in December, 1912, were the result of a chance conversation between Edward Marsh and Rupert Brooke. In Marsh's words, "Rupert announced one evening, sitting half-undressed on his bed, that he had conceived a brilliant scheme. He would write a book of poetry, and publish it as a selection from the works of twelve writers . . . all with the most convincing pseudonyms. . . ." That was on September 19, 1912. At noon the next day, Marsh held an informal luncheon in his flat for Wilfrid Gibson, John Drinkwater, Rupert Brooke, Harold Monro, and Monro's sub-editor, Arundell del Re. Brooke's facetious suggestion was examined and discarded; but from the discussion emerged a serious plan whose origin must be credited to Marsh who was shrewd enough to see the possibilities for its execution in Monro's bookshop.

The Poetry Bookshop, it was decided, would publish a new kind of anthology "of poems drawn entirely from publications of 1911 and 1912." In this way the planners hoped that good but neglected modern verse might get a hearing. There was, Monro emphatically insists, "no smallest intention of founding a school, or of tracing a course for poetry to follow." Among the writers selected for inclusion were Lascelles Abercrombie, Gordon Bottomley, Rupert Brooke, Gilbert Chesterton, Walter de la Mare, W. H. Davies, Wilfrid Gibson, D. H. Lawrence, John Masefield, and Harold Monro. The men who planned the book argued constantly over what should be excluded. Had it not been for the force and the disinterested devotion to poetry which Monro showed, the whole project might have ended in chaos. Luckily, it didn't.

Considering that poetry was out of fashion, that most of the names in Marsh's anthology were relatively unknown, and that it was published with little ballyhoo from its sponsors, it was almost unbelievably successful. To the astonishment of the group in the bookshop, *Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912* sold fifteen thousand copies, and the demand was still unabated. The poets fortunate enough to have been included were delighted. Walter de la Mare immediately penned a poem to Marsh

expressing boyish satisfaction with the profits from its publication and sale. To the hard-pressed Bookshop went half the profits; the equally needy contributors divided the other half. So effective a propaganda weapon for the New Poetry could not be lightly abandoned, and five additional Georgian anthologies appeared in the next thirteen years. But it was the first, the work of Marsh and Monro, which seems to have roused the poetry world from its torpor and to have set in motion, unwittingly to be sure, strenuous movements and countermovements. Ezra Pound quickly set to work to bring out "an anthology that would serve as a counterblast to Harold Monro's *Georgian Poetry*." Indirectly, then, the formal publications of the Imagists were a reaction against the poetry of the country, and it is just another indication of the speedy turn of events at that time that Monro himself, "after a good deal of hesitation and misgiving," should have published the London edition of *Des Imagistes*, a short time later, at the Poetry Bookshop.

The reception of the Georgian volume was mild compared with that accorded *Des Imagistes*. People unaccustomed to the sharp, un-blurred images and the brittle phrases of Pound's proteges were not sure what tack to adopt. Reported Richard Aldington: "One copy was angrily returned from the Savoy Hotel by an American, and an old gentleman came into the shop and made a row." The newspapers, with the surprising exception of the staid *Morning Post*, howled epithets in chorus. Even Monro's Georgian fledglings were hard put to it to conceal their displeasure. But he stuck by his literary guns, determined to discover good poetry and to present it unashamedly whenever and wherever he found it. From the Poetry Bookshop came such books as Richard Aldington's *Images, Old and New* (1915); Ford Madox Ford's *Antwerp* (1915); and Charlotte Mew's short volume, *The Farmer's Bride* (1916).

On the merits of the books it published alone might well rest the reputation of the Poetry Bookshop. They were fresh, provocative, usually of literary value, always controversial. And poetry appears to have thrived on controversy during the first two decades of this century. Had there been no *Georgian Poetry*, 1911-1912, the battle lines between the old and the new, the pleasant and the startling, might not have been clearly drawn. But for Monro and his shop, there is reason to speculate whether there would have been an Imagist *school*, or whether that other "counterblast to *Georgian Poetry* called *Wheels*" would have come to raging life, under the Sitwells, as the vehicle of expression for those



poets who had not made Marsh's collection. Through its publications, the shop gained an international reputation; yet it did not make enough money to cover the expenses of running it.

It was a success, according to F. S. Flint, but not a commercial success. Not one cent of profit came to Monro from the shop or from the publishing business. Pound blames Monro's financial failure on the fact that he "intrigued not at all. He sold nobody's books in his shop with enough vigour or partiality to make friends. . . ." Conversely, he chose to be independent and high-handed on questions of principle. Thus he insisted that "justice be done to . . . the better element among writers," and he refused to compromise with his original intention to sell only poetry in his shop. When going along with the literary crowd would have meant relative prosperity, he would not "adopt a fashion for the sake of adopting a fashion."

In the present time of comparative plenty for the little magazines, Harold Monro, his reviews, and his Bookshop deserve mention for their pioneering efforts in the lean years.

## TWO POEMS

## SONG OF SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

It was here that first I touched the ground,  
 Here, in these shallow waters with long curve  
 Of coral and mass of mangoes on the hill.  
 The afternoon was in bloom when I climbed the slope  
 And rested against blue-tipped aloes.  
 I slept amidst rhododendrons and pandanus flowers.

My sleep was luminous and quiet  
 And the tip of the mast floated between violet reefs;  
 Mother-of-pearl shadows lapped at opal prows.  
 There was no wind in the rigging but the boat  
 Sailed on towards vague, pale dunes  
 Drifting like emerald foam on unvoyaged seas.

My mind was in a web of yellow crescents  
 Until dawn ended the dialogue between lagoon and beach;  
 The water purred but could not tell me how  
 The strand silvered its loneliness and combers  
 Whitecapped their ecstasy. The years ran as if traced by scarabs  
 And dived headlong into the final spray of spring.

## ON THE SKILL OF MAKING DUCKS

Between one stone and another little bronze ducks  
 Sail the surface of the water.

Wave willow and lime snake roots in the water.

Between one stone and another dogs bite the bark  
 Of willow reeds in the water.

Between one stone and another frogs leap from banks  
 Into the mirror of the water.

Wave willow and lime shingles on the water.

JUDAH M. TURKAT

TWO POEMS

NO BEGINNING

The reason is nothing—a feather,  
a scent, a glimpse on the stair,  
and once one fears or suspects, one has learned  
to care.

As soon as the heart asks If or Whether,  
wondering Why and How,  
the storm has started, lost in secrecy—  
furrows of snow, on snow.

INSTRUCTION

Puggy Booth went on drunken tears  
and the rain beat in, the snow beat in.  
From Van Gogh's letters we learn how to save,  
we are taught the cost of coal.  
The life poison seeped in a Gauguin's veins,  
gave valor to his reds;  
Millet worked till he left the sheriff's hand.  
Rembrandt asked for paint and gin, he had many debts  
and  
even Dante crept through a street of straw.

HOWARD GRIFFIN

END OF A NOVEL

Years passed. The heroine descended  
a long stair down the endless dark  
and the once gold stars in her hair  
guttered and went out as her eyes did  
leaving black sockets oozing wax tears  
over cheekbone and chinbone.  
She could not, being lipless, even scream  
or work her way across the river  
by a wiggle toward the boatman, being hipless  
but stood helpless in nowhere and hopeless  
knowing the wind played sad-sounding tunes  
over her xylophonic ribs  
like anybody else's music.

HAROLD V. WITT

## BY COACH FROM NEW ORLEANS

*Powell Murchison*

**J**OHNNY STARED AT PANTHO. From the cement platform he watched the cook lift the sea bag up the ladder of the coach, and thought how he would like to step forward swinging. He could drop his own luggage, grab Pantho by the shoulder, and hold him for a solid smash. No one would be able to stop him.

The luggage was heavy in Johnny's hands. The straps cut into his palms, and sweat oozed under the band of his felt hat. His winter suit was wet under the armpits and along the back. The overcoat slung over his shoulders made his neck itch.

He knew that the travelers in Panama hats and Palm Beach suits were wondering about the winter clothes. It was June and although the sun was down, the weather was hot in New Orleans. The drinks taken on the way to the station made Johnny want to shout out the story: He had not expected to leave the ship before Christmas. There had not been time to wash khakis or to buy new clothes. Pantho had insisted on taking the first train, and Johnny had to go along. The cook owed him two hundred dollars, and buddy, they were hard to collect.

Johnny, however, said nothing. He stared back at the travelers so that they would look away. He did not like the superior attitude of the few who seemed to understand that he was a merchant seaman. As a matter of fact, he had liked nothing since the cook had pulled that stunt in the messhall.

A couple of hours ago they had been paid off on the ship. Johnny had been directly behind Pantho in the line so that the debt could be settled immediately. When they came near the agent, Johnny saw the five-hundred-dollar bill lying on the table. The agent jokingly tried to pass it off on every man, but no one would accept it. You could starve trying to change a five-century note.

Just before his turn came up, Pancho pressed his hands to his stomach. "I am seeck," he said, leaving the line. "I see you later, Johnny."

Johnny received his own pay, which after deductions was only one hundred and seventy-five dollars. He had spent freely in port, having counted on getting back the loan.

Then he waited in the messhall for Pancho. Finally, when everyone else was paid, the cook returned completely recovered. He got the last of the money on the table. The five-hundred-dollar bill was included.

"Now I pay you, Johnny," Pancho had said. "You change thees beell and I give you two hundred dollars." He smiled and slapped Johnny on the back.

There had been no way to make change. Johnny's shipmates laughed when he asked for their help. He insisted that Pancho try various places on the way to the train, but the banks were closed, and the bartenders shook their heads. The man at the station ticket office said all merchant seamen were crazy.

"I am sad for you," Pancho had said. "I pay you een New York. The money ees safe weeth me like een the Rock of Gibraltar."

Johnny had suggested that they wait for another train. This one had nothing but coaches, and there were canceled pullman reservations for the next day. He thought, but did not mention, that the banks would open in the morning.

"But Johnny, my dear wife ees waiting," Pancho had said, spreading his hands and shrugging his shoulders. "You take the next train, amigo. I meet you een New York."

Now, as he boarded the train, Johnny wondered whether the cook really thought him that dumb. He became more and more angry as he thought of Pancho's sly stunts. The cook was tight all right, but there was more to it than that.

Johnny knew that he had saved Pancho from a bad situation. He had loaned him two hundred dollars after the trip before last, when Pancho had nothing to send home. Johnny felt sorry for him, because Pancho had been rolled in a bar while he was out with him. Every last dollar made during a three-month trip had been stolen when Pancho passed out. At the time Johnny was not in the room.

"I never forget a favor," Pancho had said, but then he had begun to act strangely. All during the last trip he avoided Johnny. At meals Johnny could feel a hostile stare from across the table, but when he

glanced up the cook looked away. Always the latter was brooding, and Johnny did not like that on a long trip.

While Johnny, laden with bags, staggered down the aisle of the coach, he knew that Pancho still was brooding. Sea bag over shoulder, the cook led the way into the smoking compartment, where several seats were empty. Johnny did not feel better when he noticed that Pancho's khakis were free from sweat.

Pancho slung the sea bag on the rear seat, and then sat by the window, leaving no room for Johnny. The latter saw that the chair directly across the coach was piled with luggage.

He was not going to let Pancho sit behind him. He watched the cook gazing out at the platform as though unaware that Johnny was standing by him. Unconcernedly, Pancho picked at the single yellow tooth in the front of his mouth.

"Get your gear out of the way," Johnny exclaimed. "Me and you're traveling together."

Pancho was still smiling as he turned around.

"Oh Johnny, I forget you," he said. "Put my bag een the rack, please."

Johnny slung it up violently.

"We are friends," Pancho continued. "Johnny, I weesh you to have a dreenk weeth me...."

He paused and looked dejected.

". . . I forget. My bottle ees een the bag. Maybe we dreenk yours first. I remember you buy one too." He smiled and held out his hands.

"Sure, sure," Johnny said. He wanted to knock out the cook's tooth.

He looked around to make sure that the conductor did not see him. Then he opened one of the bags and passed the bottle to Pancho, who took a long drink.

As Johnny was stowing his luggage the train started with a lurch. He was hurled against the seat. His nerves were ready to explode as Pancho chuckled. He stared at the cook.

"Take eet easy, amigo," Pancho said. "Life ees too short for men to act thees way. I tell you frankly, on the ship everybody hate each other. That ees bad."

"Now we're buddies, huh," Johnny said bitterly.

"Sí!" Pancho replied, smiling eagerly. "Always we are friends. Johnny, I want you to come to my house een New York. Eet ees nothing fancy, maybe not so clean like a hotel, but you can take eet easy. You

can seet around without your shirt, and nobody care. My wife, she ees very nice. She feex up a room for you. She do everything. You be very happy."

"Sure," Johnny said. "That'd be ducky."

What was the guy trying, he wondered. Did Pancho think he would forget the money?

However, he could not afford to antagonize his shipmate. He could not very well say, "Pancho, you give me the money at the first bank. Then you go your way and I'll go mine." He could say that with the money in his hands, but now he had to be polite.

At the last moment he would make some excuse. He would say that he had business to attend to. He needed the money to take care of it. Afterwards he would come to Pancho's house. At least that was what he would say.

After a long pause Pancho began to speak again. "Johnny, men get very crazy on ships. They theenk theengs they have no business to theenk even eef they are right. Maybe they hurt a friend. Once I have a good friend. We are very poor, and I have no job. He say, 'Pancho, do not worry. I see you through.' He do, and I am — how ees eet called? — thankful for heem. I try to pay heem back double, and what you theenk, he take not one penny. He say, 'Pancho, thees ees insult. We are friends. Now you are een trouble. I help you. Some day I be een trouble. Then you help me.' "

"He had a big heart," Johnny said impatiently.

Pancho smiled. "Sí, he very good fellow. But I tell you, honest, eet ees not so easy as eet seem. Long before thees he take from me five dollars. I know he has eet because he ees only one een my house. Never I say notheeng. I wait for heem to speak, but he ees very proud. He never admeet what ees happen, although he like to. We do not feel so good together, but I do not weesh to say: 'You are thief.' Then he do thees favor for me. We are very, very good friends. I tell you frankly, I geeve him anytheeng — even two hundred dollars."

Pancho laughed and slapped Johnny on the knee.

Johnny began to perspire more freely, although he had removed his coat. He stood up and opened the window. The evening air felt good. Outside it was dark. A ribbon of red light streaked past as they crossed an intersection. He could hear a clicking of the wheels which was echoed by the coach farther aft.

"Sometheeng wrong, Johnny?" Pancho asked with a leer. "You do not look well."

"I'm okay," Johnny exclaimed. He wondered whether he should poke the cook now. Maybe it would be smarter to pay no attention. If he did not show his anger perhaps Pancho would forget his suspicions. Certainly there was no reason for his having them.

As the train slowed down to stop at a station, Johnny tried to seem unconcerned. From the corner of his eye he watched Pancho, who was grinning and taking frequent drinks from the bottle. Johnny saw him raise his hand and lightly touch a pocket of the khaki shirt. At the same time Johnny saw a faint sparkle of metal from the flap, and thought that the pocket was fastened by a pin from inside. The wire band was scarcely noticeable unless turned to the light.

So that was where he kept it, Johnny thought. The five hundred bucks were behind thin cotton. That was nice to know. He had never stolen anything in his life, but maybe now he would since Pancho was trying to rob him. Once the cook went to sleep, helped along by good whiskey, it would be easy to get the money.

That would not really be stealing. Hell, he didn't even have to take it for keeps. He could hold on to the bill until they got to New York. Pancho would not know the difference if the five hundred bucks were replaced with a one-dollar bill. The cook would feel it in his pocket and be happy all the way to the city. Then Johnny would be sure that no tricks were played on him.

The train had stopped. Johnny saw three fat-shouldered men walking down the aisle. He thought that they were too sure of themselves to be ordinary travelers.

"Bulls," Johnny whispered fiercely. "Duck that bottle."

Pancho did not seem to understand. He finished taking a drink before responding. Then, when he did act, it was too late. The three men were looking at him.

Johnny put on his most innocent expression as the men approached. The conductor followed them.

"No drinking on this train," the first man declared. "Now you hand over that there bottle. Any trouble and we'll lock you up."

Pancho did not move. Johnny saw that he suddenly looked very drunk. "You can't do thees," Pancho said. "I am American ceetizen."

"Shut up!" Johnny exclaimed, and grabbed the bottle. He gave it to the detective.



"Don't get mad," Johnny said. "I'll take care of him."

The conductor stepped forward. "We don't take no crap from drunk Yankees. I'm going to put y'all off."

"Please, mister," Johnny answered. "There won't be no trouble. You won't hear another peep from us."

The detectives stared at him coldly. "If these bums bother you, Joe, you let us know," said the one who previously had spoken. "Now sailor, you come along and watch me pour this stuff down the basin."

Johnny went along to the lavatory. The train was moving again. While the whiskey splashed into the sink he was furious. Good old Pancho! One trick after another to get away with the money. . . . Johnny knew that Pancho had made this trip before. He was certain the cook knew the schedule. The whole thing had been planned. First Pancho had tried to get Johnny to slug him, thinking that Johnny would be put off the train. Then, when that didn't work, he had tried to have himself locked up.

When Johnny returned to the seat the detectives and the conductor were gone. Pancho was leaning back and smiling.

"Look," Johnny said, "I ought to murder you. You watch your step from now on." He kept his voice low.

Pancho looked surprised. "But Johnny, eet ees only bottle of wheeskey. Why you get excited? Wheeskey ees cheap. I give you my bottle — een New York."

"It ain't the booze," Johnny replied. "You know that. Let's get it straight right now. I didn't pinch your dough trip before last."

Pancho grinned, showing the yellow tooth. "Johnny, for months I wait for you to say that. I do not sleep at night because I wait. Now I know."

His smile vanished. The tooth was hidden by thin lips. His eyes flashed hysterically.

"You dirty double-crosser," he said. "All the time I theenk you crook."

"Didn't do it," Johnny exclaimed. He noticed that several passengers were looking around, and so he lowered his voice again: "Are you deaf?"

"If you no thief, why you tell me, eh?" Pancho continued. "A thief say he innocent. I never say you do eet. You prove yourself a crook. I'm no — what ees eet called? — dumbbell. I read books."

Johnny tried to be calm.

"Books don't make me a crook when I didn't steal nothing. Look, I was the one that brought you to the police station when you said that would be no use. Hell, I wouldn't go to the cops with hot cash on me."

Pancho smiled, but his dark eyes were dull.

"My friend, you very smart man," Pancho said. "Maybe you know how to cover yourself. I tell you, honest, you geeve the money back and I forget everytheeng."

Johnny clutched at the seat ahead.

"Look Pancho, I loaned you two hundred bucks to send to your wife. I couldn't help it if that gob you picked up rolled you. I told you how it happened. I ducked into the men's room in the joint and when I come back the guy was gone. You was passed out cold at the table. How did I know you was going to pass out with all that dough in your pocket?"

Pancho continued to smile, and reached into his pants.

"I'm passed out, certainly, but maybe I can still hear. I tell you, honest, I make another long treep to sea just to pay you back. I theenk about eet all the time and I remember leetle theengs. I know eef I theenk hard enough I learn the truth. Eet come out of the back of my head. And I remember I ask you to put my money een your pocket because I am drunk."

"Sure, sure," Johnny replied, "and I said: 'No, take care of your own lousy dough.' After all, I was drunk too and didn't want to lose your stuff. Hell, a crook would of taken it."

Pancho was leering.

"Amigo, a smart crook say no. He feegure he get money anyway. Then he be in clear."

"You think too damned much," Johnny retorted, "but you dig back into your mind some more and remember how I told you not to flash that roll. You was waving it around like a Distinguished Service Medal. And don't forget you was the one that picked up the sailor. You was saying how bad it was they got only sixty bucks a month. I said it was awful, and let him go to hell."

Pancho shrugged his shoulders. He was smiling, but Johnny did not like the look in his eyes.

"You smart, Johnny, very, very smart. . . ."

He removed his hand from the pocket and pressed with his thumb. There was a click and several inches of sharp steel blade were pointing from his fist.

"I keel you," he cried.

"Don't," Johnny yelled, fending with his forearm and trying to rise. He was off balance.

Pancho swung. His wrist hit Johnny's elbow. The blade dug into the back of the seat.

Then they were fighting for the knife. Johnny squeezed Pancho's wrist and with the other hand clipped him on the mouth. The cook let go of the knife.

In an instant Johnny had it. He clenched it firmly. It felt wet in his hands. One swing at the arms, he thought, and then straight into the stomach.

Pancho was cowering in the corner with both arms out. He was whimpering, and his eyes were wide. Johnny grabbed him by the neck with one hand. With the other he raised the knife.

"No!" Pancho gasped. "Once we are friends." Johnny heard a cry from the passengers.

He felt his arms trembling. He thought of the thud when the knife connected. He imagined Pancho's convulsive movement and the blood on his hands.

A chill came over him. He shook violently.

Then, just above where he was aiming, he saw the pin on Pancho's pocket. The bill that had caused all the trouble was there.

Murder for two hundred dollars, Johnny thought. What a bargain!

He grabbed the flap of the pocket. Pancho looked at him in terror. Johnny tore the cloth. His fingers felt the smoothness of the five hundred dollar bill.

He released Pancho after clutching the money. The cook fell back weakly. Johnny looked at the bill for a second. Then he glanced out the window. Not a light was in sight. The train was hurtling through unsettled country.

Johnny threw the knife out the window. From the corner of his eye he noticed that the aisle was jammed with passengers. He saw the three detectives forcing their way down the forward part of the car.

He held the money outside. The wind whipped at his hand. Then he let go.

The bill flew back into the coach. Johnny grabbed and missed. It hit against the wall behind him and landed on the floor near Pancho's feet. Johnny could see the figures, 500.

He braced himself for the impact with the cook. If he hurried he could get rid of the money. He thought that next time he would hold it farther out.

He bent and snatched at the bill. Pancho's foot came down hard on one end of it. Johnny pulled, and the bill ripped in two. Pancho immediately picked up the other half.

Johnny stared at him. Pancho held one half and he had the other. The cook glanced at the fragments, shrugged his shoulders, and tried to smile.

"Amigo," he said, somewhat sadly.

Johnny suddenly began to laugh. Brother, they had to travel together in spite of everything! They wanted to get rid of each other in the worst way, but the money made that impossible. They would be buddies all right. He laughed harder and harder while Pancho looked at him uncomfortably.

Finally Pancho seemed to understand. Through hazy eyes Johnny saw the cook chuckling. In a few seconds Pancho was bellowing. His face became red as he gasped for breath.

When the detectives came up Johnny was weak. The hatred in their eyes made it worse. His shoulders moved spasmodically.

"We've a nice little room for you all," said the chief detective, swinging a pair of handcuffs in a circle. "Air-conditioned, heavy screens, and solid stone walls." He spoke without humor.

Johnny stopped laughing. "Yes sir," he replied, holding out his wrists. "Sign us up for a double room. We like being together."

NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW  
LINES TO AN ANTIQUE QUEEN

I

Palette, brush, transpose  
Upon the rainbow colors, form,  
The outer poise and pose  
And inside, heart, and blood, and storm.

A halo on the head  
And all the whirling world inside,  
And in the heart unsaid  
Emotions guarded, ships untried.

A casual causerie,  
Ambrosial figure, captured mood  
Upon the canvas, the  
Essential goddess, semi-nude.

A spritely nonchalance,  
Impetuous lips and subtle eyes,  
Chameleon romance  
Of liquid motion, limpid thighs.

II

In the luminosity of mind,  
Celestial auras swim around the  
Goddess; candelabra, gleaming, cast  
Upon her patterns: shadows rise  
And fall with intermittent flame.

Pictures, bric-a-brac, and china  
Statuette remain aloof with cold  
Detachment, staring into distance,  
Silent, unconcerned.

(Unseen censers stir, dispell the  
Shadows.)

Curtains, drawn against the night,  
Embrace the sullen, seasonal  
Impulse, and summer sounds a strong  
Battalion in her blood, a flowering  
Of passion.

The silken dais shimmers, fold on  
Fold, and flows with silver magic  
From her feet, unsandaled, naked.—  
Throws, in sharp relief, her profile  
On the wall.—And lies, a pool of  
Fire, in melting flame beneath her.

CLARENCE ALVA POWELL

### ASTERIA

Born of a star, they say,  
You dropped to sea,  
Though now you stay  
In foliage  
With grass and tree  
For heritage.

Take from the star your name,  
For few will know  
You are the same  
Who fled from Zeus  
And flew below  
The heaven's loose

And ranging floor, a girl  
Transformed into  
A quail to hurl  
Herself from him  
From whom she flew.  
But now each limb

Again has changed itself;  
Your breast now lies  
A sandy shelf,  
An island hull,  
Where nests and dies  
The mortal gull:

Your bones now hold the hills;  
Turned stone, they make  
The dikes and sills  
Beneath the earth;  
The shallow lake,  
Which streams gave birth,

Lies inland from the shore:  
And now your feathers  
On the tor  
For mile on mile  
Have bred the heathers  
Of the isle.

W. WESLEY TRIMPI

### LOVE AND CHEMISTRY

The water on the circular rings of the electric plate  
Boils and on the pan the moisture springs in clots  
Pellucid. Outside the rain is rivers in the lots.

Watching it, love simmers in my heart, corrodes my loin,  
But as I make the tea I see the heated stain  
Of steam upon the wall, and on the window, rain

That once was steam and once, unoxidized before  
That, water. Now my fingers, adding sugar, pore,  
Each weighted with a kind of love that cares to care.

Cerebral longing, seeping to my nails, congeals.  
The limp tea-sack spreads tannic like an oil  
In rusty bubbles and the water, left there, boils.

CLELLON HOLMES

## ARE THE NEWSPAPERS SO BAD?

*Keen Rafferty*

**E**VERYBODY READS THE PAPERS, everybody from the savant to the man on the corner. All of them watch for the delivery boy each evening, and stumble out to the front yard for the paper every morning, and thus seem enamored of the public prints; and yet, aside from Congress, it is doubtful if any American institution comes in for so much criticism as the press.

Often editors say that you may not agree with what we print, but you *will* find the paper interesting. If they understand that those who disagree are not at all reluctant to say so, that when the press is free so are the people on the corners, they also understand that derogatory criticism is an old American pastime. There is nothing new about it. For that matter, it has been a habit elsewhere, and not just in the United States, from the days of the first public pamphlets.

A look at the records of such criticism makes it clear that since the first newspapers and magazines, or their equivalents, men have been constantly irritated and horrified at the temerity of the practitioners of press freedom. Mankind, at least in the western countries, seems to believe in "freedom of the press," but never to have accustomed itself fully to that freedom's exercise. Men's ideas of privacy, of personal honor, of good taste; their belief in themselves; their longing for prestige and social inviolability—all these things have made even the high-minded publicly rebel against the evidences of the very freedom they insist upon. The literary, political, and other lights of the past, and some newspaper cynics themselves, often have joined in the rebellion.

To get an idea of what people have been saying since the papers began, 189 quotations relating to newspapers and newspapermen, or their early equivalents, were compiled from many sources. All of these opinions came from intelligent persons: persons whose words were



important enough to become embalmed for later generations. When these quotations are classified (as neutral, favorable and unfavorable, say), the press comes off rather badly.

This is not an effort to give an objective appraisal of what men have said both for and against newspapers. Statesmen, philosophers, and newspapers themselves have long sung in praise of the American press. It is what people have said against the press that is most pungent and instructive. For even when most bitter, the adverse criticisms contain large elements of truth. There are bad newspapers and newspapermen, and among the best there is imperfection.

The point here is to try to show that there are elements of miscomprehension, as well as truth, in much of the faultfinding.

Of the 189 quotations, seventy-two were classified as neutral, fifty-three as favorable, and sixty-four as unfavorable. The classifications were somewhat arbitrary, but they were made without any preconception of result.

Perhaps the greatest single American influence behind our freedoms, and particularly freedom of the press, was Thomas Jefferson. What did Jefferson think about the papers? He was not at all sure about them. At the very times when he stood most strongly for the principle of freedom, he was often scathing in his remarks about the practice of journalism. Of the thirteen quotations from him, two went down as neutral, six as favorable, and five as unfavorable.

He could say at one time that "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter," and then deliver himself of this:

The man who never looks into a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them, inasmuch as he who knows nothing is nearer the truth than he whose mind is filled with falsehoods and errors.

Here are his other "unfavorables":

Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper.

I read but one newspaper and that . . . more for its advertisements than its news.

Perhaps an editor might . . . divide his paper into four chapters, heading the first, Truths; 2nd, Probabilities; 3rd, Possibilities; 4, Lies.

But on the principle of freedom:

When the press is free and every man able to read, all is safe.

The press is the best instrument for enlightening the mind of man, and improving him as a rational, moral, and social being.

The only security of all is in a free press. The force of public opinion cannot be resisted when permitted freely to be expressed. The agitation it produces must be submitted to. It is necessary to keep the waters pure.

No government ought to be without censors; and where the press is free none ever will.

Our liberty depends on freedom of the press, and that cannot be limited without being lost.

Classified as Jeffersonian neutrals were:

Newspapers serve to carry off noxious vapors and smoke.

The printers can never leave us in a state of perfect rest and union of opinion. They would be no longer useful and would go to the plow.

Thus Jefferson. Thus, indeed, most critics. In all the 189 quotations there are only a few false notes—on freedom of the press, that is. Some such false notes have been recent, as in Russia and Russian-dominated countries, where our ideas of freedom seem foolish. Twenty-eight years ago Lenin said:

Why should freedom of speech and freedom of the press be allowed? Why should a government which is doing what it believes to be right allow itself to be criticized? It would not allow opposition by lethal weapons. Ideas are much more fatal things than guns. Why should any man be allowed to buy a printing press and disseminate pernicious opinions calculated to embarrass the government?

Pope Leo XIII said in 1885 that "The liberty of thinking and publishing whatever one likes . . . is the fountainhead of many evils," and

If unbridled license of speech and of writing be granted to all, nothing will remain sacred and inviolate; even the highest and truest mandates of nature, justly held to the common and noblest heritage of the human race, will not be spared.

Newspapermen and former newspapermen have thrown some heavy punches, not at press freedom, but at the way the press acts. Charles A. Dana said that journalism consists in buying white paper at two cents a pound and selling it at ten cents a pound. H. L. Mencken wrote:

All successful newspapers are ceaselessly querulous and bellicose. They never defend anyone or anything if they can help it; if the job is forced upon them, they tackle it by denouncing someone or something else.

Said another practitioner, identified as "A New York Editor" in E. W. Howe's *Monthly*, June, 1917:

There is no such thing as an independent press. You know it, and I know it. I am paid \$150 a week for keeping honest opinions out of the paper. We are intellectual prostitutes, and our time and our talents are the property of other men.

The philosophers and the literary men speak out through the centuries. Schopenhauer thought that exaggeration of every kind is as essential to journalism as it is to the dramatic art. "What is the newspaper but a sponge or invention for oblivion?" asked Emerson. "A newspaper consists of just the same number of words, whether there be any news in it or not," said Fielding. "The more of these instructors a man reads," wrote George Crabbe, "the less he will infallibly understand."

Statesmen and orators are in the company. "The press is like the air, a chartered libertine," said William Pitt. "We live under a government of men and morning newspapers," said Wendell Phillips.

Mark Twain, once an editor, said:

I have been reading the morning paper. I do it every morning—well knowing that I shall find in it the usual depravities and baseness and hypocrisies that make up civilization, and cause me to put in the rest of the day pleading for the damnation of the human race.

Even if this is a criticism more of humanity than of the press, it leaves the feeling that Mr. Clemens was a little disillusioned with the papers, too.

There was a "silent revolution" in England "when the press fell off from literature," said Coleridge. Fenimore Cooper said that we ought not to boast about the number of public journals in the United

## ARE THE NEWSPAPERS SO BAD?

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States, "since the quality . . . diminishes in an inverse ratio to the quantity;" and at another time, he questioned whether ". . . one half of the circumstances that are related in the newspapers of America as facts are true in their essential features."

Thoreau declared:

Blessed are they who never read a newspaper, for they shall see Nature, and through her, God.

Oscar Wilde said modern journalism justifies its own existence "by the great Darwinian principle of the survival of the vulgarest." John Quincy Adams called newspapermen "the sort of assassins who sit with loaded blunderbusses at the corner of streets and fire them off for hire or for sport at any passenger they select."

Arnold Bennett declared that "Journalists say a thing that they know isn't true, in the hope that if they keep on saying it long enough, it *will* be true." And, as Kipling put it:

He wrote for divers papers which, as everybody knows,  
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the crows.

From a source "Unidentified" comes the pronouncement that "The function of the newspaper is to make the ignorant more ignorant, and the crazy crazier."

Is it all so? Or are human beings unable to take human journalism without blowing off the steam of resentment at really pitiless freedom, at real representation of the push and pull and agony and joy of the business of living? Are newspapermen and newspapers really worse than doctors and clinics, politicians and governments, clergymen and churches, professors and universities, businessmen and corporations, scientists and atomic cities? Or are they just human, like everybody else? How many men, even the greatest of them, have fully understood the newspapers and all the *implications* of the practice of news freedom? One begins to think, looking over the criticisms, that, despite the faults of the press and its abuses of its privileges, men have sometimes understood people and principle better than they have understood themselves and the papers.

Once in a while someone has come up with an idea that the loudest denouncers can be those who know the press the least. Richard Sheridan had one of his characters speak as follows:

The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—not that I ever read them—no—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

The New York editor who said that “We are intellectual prostitutes, and our time and our talents are the property of other men” may have misunderstood his own profession. In a much more subtle way, Henry Adams said a great deal more:

The newspaper-man is, more than most men, a double personality, and his person feels best satisfied in its double instincts when writing in one sense and thinking in another.

Adams seems in this extraordinarily calm and perceptive statement to have meant that the newspaperman writes as popular feeling runs, whereas his personal conviction may run the other way. He wrote at the time when President Grant faced his battles with the United States Senate, and when the people and the papers were with Grant. But Adams seems to feel that the Senate was right and Grant was wrong, and that newspapermen knew it.

Adams could also have meant that newspapermen sometimes write what publishers and editorial executives want them to write, even when such writing goes against conviction. Or he could have meant that no *one* newspaperman can consider himself an oracle on all issues.

Or he *could* have meant that newspapermen try to write fairly and objectively, regardless of their personal feelings.

Whatever any extension of his remarks might mean, it can apply to both kinds of newspaper writing: that is, to the main job of writing the news, and to the incidental job of writing the editorials.

Some reporters write as publishers and editors want them to. But good newspapermen cherish the ethic of the objective approach to their job, and good editorial writers are men who write not so much what they think as what the many minds of the paper think.

The idea of objectivity in news is one not always grasped by people who may follow through their lives a set of convictions, or spend their lives in a battle for one cause, or devote themselves to some particular code or dogma or sectarianism, and who therefore have difficulty with any other viewpoint than their own.

The newsman recognizes his fallibility; and for that very reason he knows when he sits down to write the news that he must avoid the ave-

nues of pressures. He learns a kind of aloofness, partitioning himself off from the public he serves, as well as from a biased publisher if he can. He can serve only by keeping away from biased contact. I have said before in the *NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW* that in time nearly everybody—every freak, every power in town, every rich man, every intellectual, every bum, every *grande dame*, every statesman—tries to get into the newspaper office, and that every one of them has an ax to grind, sometime, somehow. It may be a very fine, useful ax, worthy of being ground. It is inconceivable to its possessor that any newspaper might not want to grind it. The paper is his first and last recourse for this sharpening.

The man who writes the news comes to understand the world in a special crazy way. He sees the minister seeking publicity for his sermon, the corporation sending its legman for free advertising. He sees the doctor, reserved and contemptuous of public notice in professional character, secretly elated, as Mr. Hyde, at appearance of his name in a news story. He has to fend off the lady of teas and drawing rooms, the scholar and his new book, the statesman and politician.

If he gives in and helps, sometimes, the once is not enough. Nearly all come back for more. Contestants for newspaper space—who are nearly everybody except the most selfless of men—are insatiable, and there is always a cause good enough to convince the outsider that he is justified in demanding the paper's help anew.

Editors are men who struggle to keep themselves free, and who do so, in good part, in order to retain a full balance of belief in mankind under the difficult circumstance of having to see so much of the cheapness in men.

Such a man was the editor who, though he drew a high salary, would own no stock in anything, not even his own paper. He was known to argue with his publisher. He never registered under any political party. He divided his personal insurance among five companies so as to have no prejudice for any one of them. He would join no Kiwanis club for fear of bias against the Lions. He refused to see, or talk by phone to, anyone but his own professional staff, unless trapped. Editors, he used to say, have no friends. Perhaps he was remarkable, but there are more like him, working anonymously in news-rooms, than the outsider who sees only the columnists' by-lines might think.

If he thought in one sense and wrote in another, it was when he

insisted upon objectivity no matter what he thought, or took the judgment of his colleagues no matter how his own opinions ran. If Adams, talking of double personality, meant that the newsman often exerts titanic effort to write honestly, perhaps he understood the character of such an editor. In such a case—and it is not a very untypical one—“double personality” becomes something pretty good and pretty inspiring.

Ethically, then, opinion has no place in the news. Opinion emerges in the editorial columns. It emerges often in the news columns, too, and it should not. It emerges there because editors and reporters and publishers are human beings.

But when it emerges in the editorial columns, *it does not often represent the full opinion of any one man*. This statement will have to be even further qualified than it is because on many papers the editorials come pretty close to representing only the opinion of the publisher or the owner. Nevertheless, on a majority of newspapers and magazines, editorial opinion represents to a great extent *what the paper thinks*, not altogether what some individual thinks.

I doubt if even the worst publisher is always sure he is right on all issues. Even the worst publisher must at times seek counsel and take up some of the wisdom of his editorial leaders. Usually editorial policy is determined by several persons connected with a newspaper or magazine, in conference on the given issue. No one man is capable of reaching sound decisions on all questions, and most editorial writers and publishers know it.

Any good editorial writer knows it and hence can approach the paper's policy, which may conflict with his own views, with more equanimity than might seem possible. It would be impossible to find an editorial writer whose real personal views always were the same as all those of the paper. Editors and publishers often have in their “double personalities” a kind of humility in the face of events which enables them to take the wisdom of many, or several, even when the conflict exists. Most editors know they are not God, sitting in judgment. Laymen would do well to know as much.

Your best editorial writer is sure of nothing except that the wisdom of many is greater than the wisdom of one; and your best news writer is sure of nothing except the validity of the idea of the objective approach. Moreover, they know that, whatever the approach or the policy, it will never have one hundred per cent support from readers. No

matter what the paper's stand, large groups will be angered, insulted, and aggrieved. They will attack the paper under any circumstances. One stand frequently may be as valid as another. It is not easy to decide where you stand on issues which can confuse and deceive the best of men.

The editor has as much reason to be cynical of the public as the public has to be cynical of the editor. It is as difficult for him to avoid being carried away by mass whim and desire as it is for him to be sure that his paper is an organ of the people. It is as bad for him to listen too often to the demands of public taste as it is for him to fly in the face of public will. If it is true that during recent national campaigns, when the people were for Roosevelt or Truman, the newspapers were against them, it is also true that every good newspaper constantly refuses to become the kind of paper which large segments of the public are known specifically to want.

This is a fact which the critic of the newspaper, and especially the academic kind of critic, so frequently fails to understand. No one is more voluble about the newspapers than professors, and I have frequently sat over a cup of coffee with a campus colleague and listened to him explain the press. There is a kind of arrogance, among the very intelligent and the highly trained, with respect to the newspaper, which cannot be matched anywhere; and the college professor will explain anything to you (including the newspaper), no matter how far removed it is from his field or how little he knows about it. He simply cannot help believing that he knows not just a lot about a few things, but everything about all things.

Now, no one can very well argue that newspaper attitudes are not frequently determined by conservative business attitudes of publishers. Every critic of the press for the past fifteen years has made this point. It is an old point and it is accepted as having much truth in it.

I submit that this conservatism of the American newspaper, deriving from the conservatism of the American businessman-publisher, is usually sincere. And I am not so sure, any more, that all right is on the "liberal" side and all wrong on the "conservative" side. I am not so sure that Hamilton was a bad man because Jefferson was a good one, or that Charles Evans Hughes was a small man while Woodrow Wilson was a big one, or that Arthur Sulzberger of *The New York Times* is a bad publisher because he is "conservative," or that Marshall Field is a good publisher because he is "liberal."



There has been too much assumption for a long time, among intellectuals particularly, that to be conservative is automatically to be bad, and that to be liberal is automatically to be good. I am not saying that selfishness, and abuse of responsibility, on the part of the American businessman are justified; I am only saying that the conservative American businessman has been a great American, and that if he is human and has human weaknesses that is to be expected.

Our greatness has not been in literature, or art, or music, but rather in politics, the sciences—and business and manufacturing and production. Let us admit it and have done with the contention that to be a leader in America's most expert field is somehow to be bad and cheap. We should have had many less living young Americans had it not been for American business and American production in World War II, and I for one shall not be driven, by the assumptions of others, to the point of asserting that all businessmen—and all publishers—are evil because they humanly defend the system under which they have been able to participate so heavily in the creation of a great nation.

The fact that a newspaper publisher is usually primarily a businessman does not necessarily make him usually a venal man. It might not be any easier to demonstrate that most publishers fail to understand and represent the public than it would be to demonstrate that frequently large parts of the public, especially the intelligent public, fail to understand the aims and honesty of the newspaper. The present quotations seem to show as much passion and error among the critics of the press as there are among those who own and produce the newspapers. And nearly all these quoted critics were men of superior intellect.

There is certainly error in any assumption that the spirit behind the paper is always selfish, always opportunistic. I am convinced that a great many of the attacks on newspapers as a business are really a reflection of the same old resentment against journalism in general; indeed, against the vigorous and honest manifestations of a truly free press.

For today as well as yesterday there is a kind of fiery get-into-trouble character in the newspaper; and in the criticisms, today and yesterday, there is a kind of character, too. Most of them, then and now, express indignation and grievance, and many have a tone of pious intellectuality and snobbery. One gets the feeling that whether the journal is a Colonial postoffice newssheet, or a nineteenth-century paper, or a present-day

big business, it is simply an ideal butt for freedom of speech, since it so fully practices freedom of publication. The people are as free as the papers, and don't mind illustrating it.

Newspapers were "licentious, dishonest, inconsistent" in the nineteenth century, and they are described the same way today. If they seem so at times, remember two things: that they represent life, and that that's the way life looks at times; and that they are human organizations staffed with human beings, so that when it comes to making a profit in order to survive, and getting advertising to make a profit, and seeking circulation to get the advertising, and kissing babies to get the circulation, they are, like everything and everybody else, far from infallible. They are doing what the system demands of them for survival. If they cannot survive, they are nothing. But in surviving, journals and journalists cling stubbornly, even if with too many forced compromises, to the ideals that make them great, the ideals of factuality and of consultation.

That is why even bad publishers cannot fully enslave their staffs. It is also why good publishers employ good staffs and leave them relatively alone. There are more publishers like this, and more editors with high ethical sense, than recent criticisms might imply.

It is as hard for the outsider with his many fixed ideas to understand devotion to facts or to the editorial writer's peculiar kind of open-mindedness as it is for him to understand the character which permits a newspaperman to break with his devotion under pressures, either from outside or inside. After the break, the devotion remains, and that is what is important.

Editors find detachment gives them courage. They are freer than many of us think. Push them and they are not afraid of trouble. Wilbur Storey may have had the key when he wrote the statement of the *Chicago Times* in 1861:

It is the newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell.

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MADREPORARIA

We do not know that we are walking  
on the bottom of the seas,  
having desert in us, echoes talking  
in a painted place.

Beyond heart's desert and its walls of dust  
light thickens and turns aquamarine.  
We waver in the eddies; our fingers rust;  
our eyes, seagreen,

note Cathay sway like kelp in the tide's fist,  
but we laugh,  
protected by the agate forest  
of our own belief.

Yet as the soul explores its fossil heritage  
the swift sands pass,  
drawing that permanent and rouge mirage  
down through the hourglass,

and, as skeleton on coral skeleton  
constructs the atoll,  
our history rises through an unknown ocean,  
animal on dead animal.

EDITH WEAVER

FARMER LOOKS AT SKY

Heaven is a big-bellied dam,  
A mare expectant of her colt,  
A ewe who soon will yield her lamb.  
Will she deliver with a bolt,  
Or roll and rumble in the pain  
And labor of slow-dropping rain?

LORI PETRI

## SOME CURRENT POETRY

- The Long Reprieve and Other Poems from New Caledonia*, by Hubert Creekmore. New York: New Directions, 1946. \$2.50.
- Lament for the Sleepwalker*, by Dunstan Thompson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1947. \$2.50.
- The Iron Pastoral*, by John Frederick Nims. New York: William Sloane Associates, 1947. \$2.50.
- Selected Poems*, by Oscar Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947. \$2.50.
- The Amazing Year: May 1, 1945—April 30, 1946, a Diary in Verse*, by Selden Rodman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947. \$2.50.
- The Wound and the Weather: Poems*, by Howard Moss. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1946. \$2.00.
- The Beautiful Changes and Other Poems*, by Richard Wilbur. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1947. \$2.00.
- The Sun My Monument*, by Laurie Lee. Garden City: Doubleday, 1947. \$2.00.
- Slick but not Streamlined: Poems and Short Pieces*, by John Betjeman; selected, and with an introduction by W. H. Auden. Garden City: Doubleday, 1947. \$2.50.
- Forbid Thy Ravens: Didactic and Lyrical Poems*, by Rolfe Humphries. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947. \$2.50.
- Heroes and Heroines: Poems*, by Reed Whittemore; drawings by Irwin Toster. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1946. \$2.50.
- Burr Oaks*, by Richard Eberhart. New York: Oxford University Press, 1947. \$2.50.
- The Ego and the Centaur*, by Jean Garrigue. New York: New Directions, 1947. \$2.50.
- The Selected Poems of Kenneth Patchen*. New York: New Directions, 1946. \$1.50.
- A Map of Verona and Other Poems*, by Henry Reed. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1947. \$2.50.
- The Dispossessed*, by John Berryman. New York: William Sloane Associates, Inc., 1948. \$2.50.
- Transport to Summer*, by Wallace Stevens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1947. \$2.50.
- The Odes of Pindar*, translated by Richard Lattimore. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1947. \$2.75.
- Death in the Cathedral*, by Fred Marnau; English translation by Ernst Sigler. London: The Grey Walls Press, 1946. 8s.6d.

The books listed above are being reviewed here approximately a year after their publication. A number of factors have caused this delay; and,

although the delay has certain disadvantages, it also has many advantages. Attempting to escape any topical interest<sup>3</sup> in the books, I have tried to examine them with an eye to a representative conclusion. The list by no means includes all the books of poetry published in 1947; however, it includes a selected list of the books of that year, with a few from 1946 and one from 1948; in addition, it has the first collections of some poets who have gained initial fanfare, collections in poets' mid-career, two selected volumes, and the latest volume of one of our finest poets.

Early in my reading of the books I began to wonder about the style of the lines I was reading. Now — in the fifth decade of the twentieth century and in the fourth decade of the highly-touted "poetic renaissance" — what does modern American poetry offer in the way of a style? What does it offer the new poet, what has the established poet gained? And style I would take to be that result, that manner, when the sensibility of the poet apprehends experience and attempts to bring the apprehension off into the realms of human knowledge, human judgment and assimilation, if you will. In what way does the recent poet achieve style, assimilation, apprehension, judgment?

Obviously the answer is as various as the number of poets. But after one has examined carefully such a list of books as the above, he will find the books falling into groups. The divisions are arbitrary and influenced by the factors of personal taste, of course; but I have put first the five books which seem to me not to achieve a style, or to achieve an avoidance of the problem; next six books which I believe achieve a style but a style very mannered and dependent upon practices commonly available to many poets; and finally six books in which the authors seem to be reaching for, in part attaining, a style which is individual and suited to the individual sensibility. The two translations are considered apart from this grouping.

A period of poetry has certain surface manifestations of a common style which are available to anyone. In the Renaissance we recognize common Petrarchan imagery which went into thousands of stale sonnets; in the eighteenth century we quickly grow tired of poetic circumlocutions in the second and third rate poets; the apprehension of nature and an emotive response to nature in late romantic poetry frequently became thinned out to innocuous words. Unless the manifestations of a style are used for their original purpose of leading to important insights into human experience, one can surely say that they add up to no style at all, or at least to avoidance of the problems involved in creating a style.

Such, I believe, is largely true of the first five books I have listed. The surface qualities of a "modern" style which each appropriates will vary considerably. Mr. Creekmore appears emboldened by recent practice to launch into his poems as if there were no tradition behind him; he will invent one as he goes. Unlike some of the other five, he does not borrow a violent, homeless language; instead his language is quite expansive, even diffuse at times, and in some kind of comparative judgment I can feel that this is far superior to a language which is typical, unindividualized. Indeed, Mr. Creekmore makes a worthy effort to make his observations of a time and of a

somewhat strange culture available to us. But much is lacking — management of rhythm, tensivity in language equal to what we may presume Mr. Creekmore would communicate with us. Techniques of fiction, to which Mr. Creekmore has turned for two novels, may provide him with a better medium; the poetry, surely, needs abandonment of the role of inventor and pioneer in what is, probably, a desert of possibilities. Very much the same comment can be made of Dunstan Thompson's second collection of poems. In addition, his work nudges at us awareness of a facility in much modern poetry, a quality we may call "wit." Many modern poets have taken up the juxtaposition of language, wrenching it out of ordinary usage, to force the reader to new insights, new awarenesses. In such a work as that of Thompson, "wit" is likely to be the only quality worthy of notice; sometimes it does achieve a very limited success in its intention; more frequently it is likely to fall on its face in a boorish comedy, as in his "Love, I farewell you out of sight." John Frederick Nims and Oscar Williams, the former with his first collection and the latter with his selected volume, are even more dependent than Thompson upon the witty use of language. Not very often do these practices lead to any valuable insights. Mr. Nims' quality, both in the use of language and in the point toward which it seems he drives, can be summarized somewhat fairly by the last line of his poem "Letter": "Little glass figure in a world of stone." Neither the language nor the observation appears very significant. Similarly Mr. Williams: in a thirty-six line poem "The New Sphinx" the third line asks "What is reality?" and the last two lines seem to provide the only answer:

And only when the drums stop to let the future pass  
Does the man hear the small feet of the frightened ideal.

The jacket of Mr. Williams' *Selected Poems* quotes a review by John Malcolm Brinnin of a former volume by Oscar Williams: "This, in effect, is his central preoccupation and theme — the problem of identity in the civilization represented by modern urban life, particularly that of New York City." One might easily say that this is the problem of any modern poet in the creation of a style, for style is assertion of identity, or individual insight. But Mr. Williams, in handling modern urban life, largely gives us images of it, not insight into it; rather than asserting his identity in this life, he largely loses his identity in at least his images of it. And, in many of his poems, he largely gives up to the language he uses, to the surface violences of a modern "style," and the language attains little other interest. This is not to say that his poems are alike; he has practiced with a good many styles; an interesting example is "City Tree on a Windy Day" with echoes of the language and the theme of Frost's "Tree at My Window"; another, the handling of the presumably romantic attitude toward "Spring":

O truly now, it is gayer and warmer,  
Tomorrow's the only dark bush on the land  
And full of its doubts, but God the performer  
Is walking about with the bird in His hand.

Mr. Williams has a particular liking for a long, loose line; I believe it has much of the hackneyed rhythm of the poulter's measure of the early Elizabethan period. His poems written on the occasion of a presented subject, as it were, are often shrill and shouting, lacking management of appropriate tone. What is left is a bundle of images of modern life, frequently interesting by themselves, plus a determined and even exciting effort to write and write about something which he can't quite digest. Mr. Rodman has arranged a large number of poems in a topical reference. The commentary on the times is interesting and worthy, but the poems achieve some other dimension — for which many of them presumably were written before Mr. Rodman made his topical arrangement — only hesitantly and infrequently. His rhetoric is often exact in the short poem but more frequently thunders with righteousness.

A poet may borrow, with little adaptation to his own individual insights, a style which is available to him. If the style is good enough and borrowed with enough completeness, the poet is likely to turn up with secondary poems which achieve significant insight, even if the poems be slightly mannered. Such, I believe, to be descriptive of the next six books of my list. Reed Whittemore, Howard Moss, and Richard Wilbur have borrowed their style from modern "metaphysical" poetry and the most distinguishing characteristic in their use of the style is "wit." In their hands, one would think the style appropriate for setting down a momentary insight but not for the composition of a full poem. Mr. Whittemore has one style, not adapted to the separate speeches or poems of his many heroes and heroines; the poems are amusing, the vision offered is petite and clever. Mr. Moss has difficulty combining his borrowed style with a real gift for lyrical phrasing; his best poems are likely to be those in which he has adapted his "metaphysical" style to such pedestrian subjects as a natural scene. Mr. Wilbur, although he appears more youthful in manner than the other two, is more arresting in his struggle to subdue his witty style when he needs to get down his appropriate insight. His title poem, "The Beautiful Changes," is excellent evidence: much the quality of a fine poem peculiarly suited to his language, but still marred by some compulsion which he seemed to feel that he make the surface witty, as in "a chameleon's tuning his skin to it."

Laurie Lee, an English poet, attempts to give a modern appearance to poems which, in the style communicated, are largely late romantic. It is a style which, happily, I think, we do not often return to; yet Mr. Lee's handling is good and many of his poems worthy of real respect. W. H. Auden has had fun in introducing John Betjeman's first collection of poems in America, and we may appropriately accept them in the same spirit. The central factor is a term, "topographical verse," poems of places and people. Mr. Auden makes a good plea for the relatively small yet real values of such verse, and Mr. Betjeman turns the trick pleasingly. *Slick but not Streamlined* is a volume like a stranger among the others, but a worthy suggestion of one other quality in poetry which we can find interesting. The new vol-

ume by Rolfe Humphries, *Forbid Thy Ravens*, is not, I believe, important in Mr. Humphries' development as a poet; it has the air more of a throw-off, casual volume. Here, at least, he is content with an easy, casual rhetoric, a longish poem of quite a few stanzas, and a pertness of statement particularly evident in the last lines of many poems. Mr. Humphries has done better than even the best poems in this volume and will undoubtedly do much better in the future.

Developing a style individualized appropriately to the particular talent is rare and difficult. The attempt may be studied in the next six books on my list. Richard Eberhart and Jean Garrigue have been working at it; it may be said that neither is entirely successful but that the attempts have been fruitful. Mr. Eberhart has been developing a style which gives surface flatness, rather than wit, appropriate to ruminating poems upon broad themes about life, death, religious experience; occasionally, as in "Triptych," the style is adapted to "witty" dialogue and word-play. When he works carefully and does not lose control of the movement of his lines — his greatest fault — he has a style of value:

For death has doné this and he will  
Do this to me, and blow his breath  
To fire my clay, when I am still.

Without too much dependence upon such contemporary masters of the type of poem as Marianne Moore and William Carlos Williams, Miss Garrigue has done remarkable work at apprehending and communicating the details of interesting experience. She, like so many poets here examined, has a fondness for a longish poem of thirty lines and more; in many of these poets, the length seems lack of economy and management of language, and in Miss Garrigue the length is not required by developing logic of the poem — it is required, instead, by the density of detail worked into the poem. She is best at the poem which remains close to the minutiae of experience and only tentatively probes for symbolic integration or meaning; when she loses this tentativeness and strikes out verbally for meanings for the experiences, a development she apparently is trying now, she launches into a land which is still strange and difficult for her.

Coming to critical terms with the poetry of Kenneth Patchen is difficult and, possibly, not very useful at this moment. The fault is largely Patchen's: as a writer, he seems to be less interested in the accomplishment in any one poem or even in any one book than in appearing always on the move and unsubstantial; his vision of the literary world seems to be that of a "four-horseman" backfield, in which he is the shifty, triple-threat, scat halfback. *Selected Poems* does do him some justice, I believe; whoever made the selection kept representation of his work at its most accomplished level and chose liberally from Patchen's second volume, where he was most congenial with his reader. Through the volume a number of observations insert themselves upon a careful reading: Patchen's progenitors are primarily Whitman and transcendental Emerson; note the doctrine of "Who made the snow waits



where love is" and "Who made the sky knows of our love." Patchen's pacifism is hardly based upon an urgent moral or intellectual basis — he would have rather little to do with either aspect of experience — but more upon his messianic pose, indicated in the title of one of the poems:

HE WAS ALONE (AS IN REALITY) UPON HIS HUMBLE BED, when imagination brought to his ears the sound of many voices again singing the slow and monotonous psalm which was interrupted by the outcries of some unseen things who attempted to enter his chamber, and, amid yells of fear and execrations of anger, bade him "Arise and come forth and aid"; then the confined form, which slept so quietly below, stood by his side and in beseeching accents bade him "Arise and save what is beautiful."

Mr. Patchen's role is amusing and sometimes fruitful.

John Berryman has written in great praise of Henry Reed's first volume to appear in America. The reason, I believe, is that Berryman recognizes in Reed a fellow toiler on the same road. Reed, even more strongly than Berryman, indicates a strong reaction to the witty, metaphysical style imitated by so many young poets; a reaction to Eliot, Yeats, and Auden as gods of the young poet. Berryman has moved, less sharply, perhaps, in a similar situation. By analogy they can be compared with Robinson and Hardy, in that they turn away from a popular style which had inserted itself everywhere and was leading more and more to innocuous repetition and third-rate writing; they strike out for a new style. And, like Robinson and Hardy, the two young men have dabbled in a variety of efforts in their search; like the two older poets, Reed and Berryman occasionally lapse into one aberration of style or another, losing the identity of apprehension. At that point, the analogy ends; Reed and Berryman have far to go to attain the achievement of the two older men, and, fortunately, with good luck they will have great chance to attempt that achievement. Reed is attracted to a long line which, by its control of rhythm and other aspects of language, contrasts remarkably with the long line in the poems of Oscar Williams. Reed's language moves within the qualities of heightened, controlled speech; the style is equally prepared for argument and logical development, for the economy of a short lyric, and for irony. It is an important achievement for one at the beginning of a career. Much the same can be said of Berryman's style and his ability to adapt it, but with somewhat more reservation than in the case of Reed; Berryman has seemed a bit more confused, somewhat less willing to launch forth on his own, than has Reed. This may well be accounted for by the poetic climate in England, which has already moved farther in Reed's direction than has the poetic climate in this country. Berryman's achievement is best in the few poems, such as "At Chinese Checkers" and "Farewell to Miles," in which he manages a ruminative rhetoric which has the ability of carrying its thinking with it and come out at the end with a fully developed poem. Those few poems are a considerable achievement for a first book.

Wallace Stevens is, of course, a master at a style which is peculiarly his

own development; indeed, he is now a "classic" and bequeathing his style on to younger poets who probably do not have Stevens' own sensibility and hedonistic attitude. Each new volume by Stevens proves the old points again; he extends his thinking and his feeling into slightly new realms, and always interestingly so, but Yvor Winters is surely correct in believing that Stevens was at his best in earlier poems and that the sensibility seems thinner nowadays, in part by repetitiveness. In fact, Stevens has come to be something of the jester, the entertainer for those who care to be amused by his kind of entertainment; in him there is a kind of terrible smugness and self-satisfaction. Probably now he writes too much. But these are small detractions. Stevens has a great style, he writes with the qualities of language (particularly, for these days, the sound quality) under his fingertips. He is always accomplished and witty, always has an answer for any occasion; and, at times, he can weld to this a strong, dramatic movement to his verse. In *Transport to Summer* I have particularly noted certain statements of his attitude:

The obscure moon lighting an obscure world  
Of things that would never be quite expressed,  
Where you yourself were never quite yourself  
And did not want nor have to be,

Desiring the exhilarations of changes. . . .

To picnic in the ruins that we leave. . . .

Secrete us in reality. . . .

And I taste at the root of the tongue the unreal of what is real. . . .

The total past felt nothing when destroyed. . . .

Spent in the false engagements of the mind. . . .

. . . . because everything we say  
Of the past is description without place, a cast

Of the imagination, made in sound;  
And because what we say of the future must portend,

Be alive with its own seemings, seeming to be  
Like rubies reddened by rubies reddening. . . .

The two books of translations which end my list are both worthwhile and interesting. Richmond Lattimore makes Pindar odes into accomplished English poems; I cannot judge the relationship with the Greek originals, but the translations are evidently done with a respectful and ordered conception of Pindar's quality. Fred Marnau is plagued by a usual difficulty for a modern poet: nervousness and only the momentary insight of separate lines or images. In their isolation, they have considerable power. His point of view is indicated by the closing lines of his third ode:

over the old pathways of those gone, westwards, where once more  
the setting sun fantastically illuminates our faces.

It is an attitude one would think appropriate to a young European poet.

ALAN SWALLOW

*Paterson (Book Two)*, by William Carlos Williams. Norfolk, Connecticut:  
New Directions, 1948. \$3.00.

*The Pisan Cantos of Ezra Pound*. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions,  
1948. \$2.75.

*Poems 1937-42*, by David Gascoyne. London: McCorquodale and Company,  
1948 (Third Impression). 8s. 6d.

*Selected Poems*, by Vernon Watkins. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Direc-  
tions, 1948. \$3.00.

*The Residual Years*, by William Everson. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Direc-  
tions, 1948. \$3.00.

*Spontaneous Now*, by Sophie Himmel. New York: The Fine Editions Press,  
1948. \$2.00.

*Poems*, by David Ignatow. Prairie City, Illinois: The Decker Press, 1948.  
\$2.50.

Readers familiar with William Carlos Williams' *In the American Grain* will remember the inexorable precision with which Williams molds the prose line. And those who have read his earlier poems including the first book of his present work-in-progress, *Paterson*, must be aware of this poet's uncompromising craftsmanship, that chiselled care for absolute integrity of language and experience which seems to strip poetry to the beauty of its bone and to make of the most ordinary word a stubborn symbol of that somber meaning in man's chaotic dust.

*Paterson (Book Two)* leaves no doubt, I think, as to the magnitude of Dr. Williams' undertaking. Particularized about a single locality, this long poem seems to embrace the wholeness of man's life from the dark ramifications of his past, through the troubled complications of his present and the terrifying implications of his future. Nor by *wholeness* do I mean the lengthy data of the statistician's record, but rather man whirled heedlessly in his time-and-space, existing in fearful fusion of cosmos and trivia before the imperturbable eye of relativity. For in this public park where Williams localizes his poem, everything — the dirty scrap of refuse, the shards of history, the guilty lovers, the stone, the tortured poet — moves in organic relationship of thing and being.

The stone lives, the flesh dies  
— we know nothing of death.

And even

The dogs and trees  
conspire to invent  
a world — gone!

A poem of such scope naturally involves commensurate technical difficulties. Williams, however, is an expert technician whose final accomplishment can hardly be spoken of in discrete terms. Yet there are certain characteristics of a Williams poem which should be noted: spacing and the visual pattern, for example, a device which Williams has probably used more successfully than any other modern poet; the effective variations in rhythm and colloquial speech; that apparent surface candor of word and line which subsumes a taut density of thought and feeling; the fine prose passages which give both contrast in tone and diversity to thematic treatment; and that strategic maneuvering of silence whereby even ellipses become significant.

Although one may regret in this long poem the loss of that perfection of pattern which characterizes some of Williams' shorter and slighter poems, the loss is largely compensated by the gain in depth and amplitude of meaning, by the vigor of affirmations which underlie this poet's sure grasp of harsh reality. For Williams has grown, to use his own phrase "up flinty pinnacles," has learned the poet's lesson that

The descent  
                     made up of despairs  
                                     and without accomplishment  
 realizes a new awakening :  
                                     which is a reversal  
 of despair.  
                     For what we cannot accomplish, what  
 is denied to love,  
                     what we have lost in the anticipation —  
                                     a descent follows,  
 endless and indestructible .

Final appraisal of Ezra Pound's *Pisan Cantos* must depend, as that of his earlier cantos, on the exegesis of scholars. Nevertheless, the reviewer who has some acquaintance with Pound's earlier poetry need not feel entirely baffled by these latest cantos. The general pattern of previous cantos is maintained. Mythology, history, literary allusion, journalistic tidbits, biographical and autobiographical anecdotes jostle each other in a babel-like confusion of language and sense with Pound's ancient antagonist Usury serving as a kind of central theme or unifying factor. But there is a difference. Written as they were during Pound's incarceration in a Pisan prison camp, these new cantos are more intimately concerned with the tragedy of Pound's own life. Now though this accounts in part for an unwonted aura of seriousness in the Pisan poems, it also explains, I think, the noticeable falling-off from that suave and elegant irony which one has come to associate with Pound's better work. Whatever the reason, there is a falling-off, both of irony and of memorable lines — those great lines which, together with Pound's vigorous leadership of the poetry revolt earlier in our century, will surely sustain his fame. Yet all in all, *The Pisan Cantos* constitutes

a nightmarish tour through the ruins of civilization, conducted by a guide whose personal wreckage still smoulders in the general debris. It is not a pretty scene, but camera as well as poet testify to its reality. And more than one of us might echo, I think, the concluding lines of Canto LXXXIV,

If the hoar frost grip thy tent  
Thou wilt give thanks when night is spent.

Vitally concerned with man's most baffling and persistent questions — why? and to what end? — the poems of David Gascoyne seem to me among the most exciting now being written. Although he began his career as a surrealist, Gascoyne has succeeded, I think, in translating that heritage into the terms of powerful poetry. Larger than categorical *isms*, he stands in the lonely line of poets who have heard the hungry roar of time against man's pitiful door, who have seen the new-nourished fury of the beast-in-man rage through their particular years. Even the arbitrary divisions — religious, metaphysical, elegiac, personal, of time and place — under which Gascoyne has grouped his poems hardly seem applicable. For all of his poems, it seems to me, are primarily religious. Not religious in the sense of exalting the tenets of orthodoxy or glorifying approved attitudes of worship, but rather in the sense of that radical religious concern which motivates even the most secular poetry of Blake. What I mean is perhaps most explicitly stated in the following lines from Gascoyne's "Ecce Homo,"

Not from a monstrance silver-wrought  
But from the tree of human pain  
Redeem our sterile misery,  
Christ of Revolution and of Poetry,  
That man's long journey through the night  
May not have been in vain.

And more implicitly in "Amor Fati,"

. . . Do not break  
The vacuum out of which our silence speaks  
Of its sad speechless fury to the star  
Whose glitter scars  
The heavy heaven under which we lie  
And injure one another O incurably!

Remarkably versatile in his handling of rhythm, verse forms, imagery, and the long, weighted line, Gascoyne possesses a technique, I think, correlative to his vision which stares apocalyptically through chaos toward eternity.

Those on whom the cerebral, neo-classic mannerism of much contemporary verse has palled, will particularly enjoy the poems of Vernon Watkins. Unafraid of the sensuous, singing lyric, Watkins is well-grounded in his native Welsh legendry and poetry and carries over into his own poetry something of the strength of that tradition. Although at times his work may seem

diffuse and over-burdened with epithet, his better poems stem directly from authentic emotional depths. Like the great romantics, Watkins looks out on a world clothed in translucent wonder, where the sea is a riderless horse, and leaves and trees and shells and the savor of changing seasons conspire to prove that

Everything made must be  
More exquisitely wrought  
Than human eye can see

Yet Watkins' poetry is by no means a fragile late-blossom of romanticism; rather it represents, I think, a thriving hybrid of past and present influences, nourished richly by the poet's own highly original talent.

Perhaps because his personal life has been subjected to so much external regimentation, William Everson has chosen to construct his own discipline for poetry — a discipline rooted rather in feeling than in formal laws. According to his preface to *The Residual Years*, Everson's earliest poems were written in a labor camp for the unemployed and the latest in a labor camp for conscientious objectors in 1946. One might expect, after such experiences, verse self-consciously concerned with social problems and injustice. Everson, however, gives us the sensitive record of individual experience, experience from which ramify implications of grave social indictment. The first, longest, and most recently written poem in the book — the five-part "Chronicle of Division" — seems to me by far the best and a conclusive demonstration of Everson's capacity for poetic development. Molded in a kind of compulsive cadence, this poem moves through speech of unusual lucidity in which imagery and rhythm channel toward some final, desperate meaning.

In the necropolic heart,  
Where crime and repentance  
Merge in the attitudes of fear;  
Where pity and hate  
Grove together and are one;  
Where wisdom,  
Sprawled like a bayoneted priest  
Raises its face  
To speak once more and once more be struck,  
The great hide of the map  
Oozes and drains,  
And all the forsaken immitigable dead  
Groan in their fitful sleep.

Well-done in a tidy sort of way, the verses of Sophie Himmel's *Spontaneous Now* fall considerably below the level of serious poetry. The pat, epigrammatic line, the easy lilt, the pretty image, the sentimental twist of thought may make for pleasant reading for that special audience which presumably enjoys this kind of versifying but will hardly suffice for those accustomed to more difficult and meaningful poetry. Although neither tidy

nor pleasant, the poems of David Ignatow succeed no better than those of Mrs. Himmel. Mr. Ignatow is obviously somewhat perturbed about the state of man and his world. Unfortunately his perturbation does not get beyond the surface anxiety of his Whitmanesque line and muddled statement.

DEANE MOWRER

*A Little Treasury of American Poetry*, edited by Oscar Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948. \$3.75.

An anthology is a compromise between the anthologist's presumption to suit as many tastes as possible and the capacity of miscellaneous readers to move out of inertia to be suited. An anthology is also an attempt to reproduce variety in the uniform of inclusiveness where variety can only be partial selection and where inclusiveness does not exist. The anthologist himself must be a painfully optimistic man or a dogged classifier of perfumed reputations. Invariably his prejudices predominate over those of any single writer whom he chooses to represent. They may cripple generations of taste by being too commodious, or they may injure the uninitiated by inducing superficial satisfaction with modishly obscure performances. As a source of information and potential enjoyment, the anthology, especially the literary anthology, is a more lively threat to the innocent reader who swallows it whole, and for whom it is so intended, than to the critical reader, who delicately picks it apart, and into whose hands it only falls accidentally.

Mr. Williams, whose collections of "best poems" and "little treasures" announce themselves brightly year after year, is an enthusiast of modern poetry. But he is an enthusiast advised by critical perception and by his own competence as a practising poet. His principal bias, however, leads to an unorthodox exclusion of the overhonored dead and a liberal inclusion of underhonored contemporaries and near contemporaries. But in at least one respect his liberalism and unorthodoxy have an unexpected ethical consequence. His conscience is pricked by the presence of a vast pre-Columbian Indian lore which the conventional anthologist "arrogantly" disregards. And so to atone for "white men's" previous negligence, he assembles in the first section a literal translation, together with glyphs, of an early creation epic, and some "re-expressions" by Mary Austin and others of a few Amerindian lyrics. Unfortunately the result is a botch of incoherence with some traces of primitive but feminized imagery. One wonders whether the original was worth re-expressing at all or whether its principal vitality has been abandoned by the translation.

This section is followed by a curt nod in the direction of two recently discovered colonial poets and a wink at Philip Freneau, a grazing of the surfaces of Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Melville, and Lanier, and three long bows to Poe, Whitman, and Dickinson.

At this point — we are at the end of the 19th century — Mr. Williams is free to exploit his (and our?) interest in modern poetry in the remaining

three-quarters of the volume. One must be willing to share the editor's enthusiasm for the works of a few dozen American poets of the past fifty years (as I am willing to do), or go elsewhere to allay one's ignominiously slighted idols choking behind a pall of rose dust. For the company now are brilliant, young, mocking, formally-informal, daylight-crackling intellects. The wit is fast and sharp, the imagery precise and gem-like, the sense of doom clairvoyant and illuminating as an atomic conflagration. But the rewards of discovery and pleasure yielded through close line-by-line attention, through the deciphering of an image, or through the capture of one's whole consciousness by a rhythm, affirm the existence of an art having a sense of perfection and relevance rarely admitted in stockpiles of current novels and magazines. Unhampered by editorial intrusions, the deadening hand of historical classification, or the irrelevant biographical tidbit, the poems are free to breathe and captivate in their own right as created bodies. Also, one is glad to find a few long poems of genuine importance like *The Waste Land*, *Song of Myself*, and *The Bridge* printed in their entirety. All these are unusual virtues in a poetic anthology.

If there is anything to question in the Introduction, it is the editor's irresolute case for an emergent American literature, based on his own selections. One would like to ask what distinguishes three-fourths of this collection from any collection of modern British or French or even Spanish poetry. Except for the accident of the poets' birthplace, *A Little Treasury of American Poetry* might easily pass undisguised as another version of the poetry of any surviving country in modern Europe. This is not to criticize Mr. Williams' selection. One doesn't criticize a fact — one tries not to overlook it. And the fact is that despite the disclaimers of folklorists, sectionalists, literary Anglophobes and Francophobes, modern American poetry is no more distinguished by national accent or tradition than is the latest theory of nuclear physics. In more than one sense, poetry resembles scientific research and discovery, because like science, it is exclusive, and having lost its local character, is mainly concerned with a universal, in the sense now of an international, impasse. Mr. Williams' optimism which anticipates "our Shakespeare" among future Americans who can utilize their tradition (whatever *that* is), seems to me unduly parochial. The great poets utilize all traditions, and the greater they are the more easily do they infiltrate the culture of any civilized country. Shakespeare has been more celebrated and perhaps better understood by Frenchmen, Germans, and Russians than by Englishmen or Americans. With their talent for imitation and their scrupulous distaste for following any single tradition, American poets may conceivably be eligible to produce another Shakespeare. But such a hope seems violently irrelevant. For the universal poetic genius is just as likely to appear when the hazy distinction between American and anyone else ceases to exist and when our children are all busy domesticating sheep on the plains of Tibet.

EDWIN HONIG



## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Armed Vision*, by Stanley Edgar Hyman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1948. \$5.00.

Stanley Edgar Hyman believes that contemporary literary criticism is about the best in our language — not because we have greater gifts than our predecessors, but because we have fruitful new techniques derived from all our new knowledge about human behavior. In *The Armed Vision*, he has accordingly made a study of modern critical methods, as exemplified in the work of twelve representative critics. He offers an extensive account of their theory and practice, of their relation to the history of criticism and to modern scientific thought, and of their influence on other critics. Since he has managed to read almost all the important critical work done since 1920, and to digest most of it, his book is a remarkably thorough, comprehensive, illuminating survey. It is also frankly and thoroughly opinionated, running the whole gamut from vitriolic scorn to hushed reverence, and therefore invites some further criticism of his criticism of criticism. For this purpose his twelve main chapters conveniently fall into three distinct, though unlabeled, sections.

In the first four chapters Mr. Hyman has a gay time demolishing Edmund Wilson, Yvor Winters, T. S. Eliot, and Van Wyck Brooks — exemplifying, respectively, the methods of translation, evaluation, tradition, and biography. After a perfunctory note on their virtues, he rips into them in the manner of Claire Booth Luce at a Republican convention. Although I enjoyed his performance and agreed with most of his criticisms, the total impression he leaves is obviously unfair to all these men except Brooks. His animosity toward Edmund Wilson in particular is rather embarrassing, suggesting what he elsewhere calls “the arbitrary venom the corrector of opinion seems almost always to feel toward the holder of any established reputation.” But the main objection is that he dwells chiefly on their misuse of their method; he has little to say about the method itself, which is supposedly his chief concern. One reason for this neglect, I imagine, is that these are traditional methods, which do not fit so readily into his thesis that literary criticism is developing toward a science. Mr. Hyman’s heart is in the “modern.”

In the next four chapters he does admirably the exact job he announces in his preface. He presents a critical but sympathetic study of Constance Rourke and folk criticism, Maud Bodkin and psychological criticism, Christopher Caudwell and Marxist criticism, and Caroline Spurgeon and scholar-

ship in criticism. Among his valuable contributions here is that he rescues from neglect the important work of Maud Bodkin and Christopher Caudwell. Above all, however, he gives an excellent account of these critical methods, with much useful information about other practitioners of them, and with acute comments on both their possibilities and their limitations.

On approaching his final group—R. P. Blackmur, William Empson, I. A. Richards, and Kenneth Burke—Mr. Hyman falls on his knees. These are the masters. He apologizes for his arbitrary, inadequate labels for their original methods; but in general he reveres Richards as the very founder of modern criticism, Blackmur and Empson as the most acute readers of the immediate poetic text, and Burke as the most brilliant exploiter of the rich possibilities afforded by our specialized knowledge and skills. Although he conscientiously finds some fault with them, he spares them the humor he indulged so freely at the outset. In the same solemn spirit I should add that I again largely agree with Mr. Hyman in his estimate of these men, but for this reason believe it important to keep more aware of their limitations, so as to make still better use of their work. Burke, for example, seems to me the most fertile and stimulating of our critics, up to the problem of evaluating literature. His methods have been leading him away from the final act of judgment. This is always a dangerous act: it cannot be so objective or precise as the preliminary analysis of techniques, forms, structures; yet it is the crowning fulfillment of criticism, in literary as in moral, political, and all other matters. Mr. Hyman tends to slight it because of his interest in the "scientific" tendencies in criticism.

Nevertheless I agree with his main thesis, that modern criticism is distinguished by its wealth of new materials and methods, and that our chief need is to co-ordinate and integrate them—welcoming all positive contributions, avoiding all unnecessary negations. As Kenneth Burke writes, "The main ideal of criticism . . . is to use all that there is to use." The great merit of Mr. Hyman's book is that he makes clear how much there is to use and makes so much of it available.

HERBERT J. MULLER

*The King and the Corpse*, by Heinrich Zimmer; edited by Joseph Campbell.  
The Bollingen Series XI. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1948. \$3.75.

In the preface, "The Dilettante Among Symbols," the late Dr. Zimmer identifies himself as a professional psychologist who had to strip himself of anything resembling "a scientific approach" before he could allow his imagination to move among the popular Oriental and Occidental myths which he loved. His protest against the confinements of specialist methodology when dealing with human subject matter is both an apology for the voluminously unyielding performances of his colleagues and a justification for his own richly informed "dilettantism." *The King and the Corpse* is therefore not the sort of book which would enhance the reputation of a scientific worker. In fact, if the writer previously had any reputation in his own field, the book might easily bring it tumbling. But if Dr. Zimmer had no *method*,

he did have something worthier — a belief in the capacity of intellect and imagination to be informed, stimulated and enriched by the apparently innocent but morally reverberating symbols of ancient tales, without the need to conclude that such symbols could be caged by a convenient formula. He had what few investigators ever have — a freedom from inherited preconceptions and a susceptibility to the universal implications of his discoveries.

Unfortunately it is only possible to describe the book, to say what it's about, and not how it proceeds or where it goes or even why it ends where it does. (Joseph Campbell, who collected the material, indicates that the manuscript had "outlines of projected augmentations" none of which "were in a final state." One might visualize an indefinitely expanding volume which only the death of Dr. Zimmer unhappily and accidentally brought to an end.)

The author chooses at random a dozen folk tales: "Abu Kasem's Slippers," "A Pagan Hero and a Christian Saint," "Four Romances from the Cycle of King Arthur," "The King and the Corpse," "Four Episodes from the Romance of the Goddess," and "On the Sipra Shore." He summarizes these stories informally, much as though he were chatting with the reader. At the end of each story — just as one is about to say, "But that sort of thing is only a fairy tale, like all the nonsensical ones I used to gobble up as a child" — the author returns with a handful of questions to every inconsequence, every irrelevant detail, every empty repetition. And suddenly the tinsel of fantasy falls away as the reader avidly follows the delineation of a slowly widening moral problem which opens his gaze into the bottomless consequences of any human action. By the time one has followed through two or three of the tales, one becomes sensitized to the mystery of casual involvement so that one's own imagination lights up to anticipate the unraveling of symbol after symbol. Once the reader has been won over in this manner, he not only grasps the still-living interrelations between widely separated myths, but by "shock of recognition" is convinced that the greatness of any literature is proportionate to the intensity with which it treats the recurrent and constantly potential theme of the old myths, which is "the soul's conquest of evil."

Part of Dr. Zimmer's many-sided accomplishment derives from the fact that he successfully made the poetic leap in a field growing progressively more dense with single-track minds.

EDWIN HONIG

*Prose Poems from the Illuminations*, by Rimbaud, translated by Louise Varèse. New York: New Directions (The New Classics), 1946. \$1.50.  
*Rimbaud*, by Wallace Fowlie. New York: New Directions, 1946. \$2.00.

Rimbaud, in translation, has come into his own in America today. I believe that he considerably outsells most modern American poets. James Laughlin's New Directions publishing firm has had much to do with promoting this position for Rimbaud. The firm now publishes the Louise

Varèse translations of both *The Season in Hell* and *Prose Poems from the Illuminations* in its low-price New Classics series, and it has issued Wallace Fowlie's study of Rimbaud and his work.

Miss Varèse has been an important workman in providing the English versions of this work. I believe that publishing the English translation face-to-face with the French has encouraged her to make her English version more literal than it need be. The reader might wish for at least occasional attempts to recreate an English poem roughly equivalent to the French original. The problem is difficult for translation at any time; one can say merely that these versions are important and valuable to us but that, whereas they escape some of the florid pitfalls of an Ezra Pound as translator, they also miss the brilliant successes.

It is difficult to imagine a better introduction to the life and work of Rimbaud than that provided by Wallace Fowlie. His four sections are "Biographical Interpretation," "Critical Interpretation," "Philosophical Interpretation," "Conclusion." Mr. Fowlie has a penchant for straining after the myth and the elusive in a life and a work; yet equally he has the facility for suggestion and illumination.

ALAN SWALLOW

*Supplement II: The American Language*, by H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1948. \$7.50.

*Four in America*, by Gertrude Stein; introduction by Thornton Wilder. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1947. \$3.75.

*Portraits of Places*, by Henry James. New York: Lear Publishers, 1948. \$3.50.

Mencken, Stein, James — any compulsion to review them together will hardly derive from their novelty as subject matter. Their fascination, considered unexpectedly together, lies for me in their preoccupation with definition, with some single meaning for being an American.

The comparison is absurd, granted: *Prejudices*, and *Alice B. Toklas*, and *Portrait of a Lady*. But still. . . . Of the three, two were expatriates and the third made special point of attacking whatever in America he could lay his pen on. Again, James and Stein are notorious for their unconcern with the reader's understanding; and by his casual inconsistencies even Mencken has seriously misled so excellent a critic as Maxwell Geismar. Around and around their subject they stalk, testing, criticizing, rejecting, trying thereby to find some positive residuum in this "America," preferably one to explain their own compulsions.

Mencken, of course, has found in language itself that which he will defend. Not that his *American Language* and its supplements need to symbolize anything. *Supplement Two*, added this year, is a delight regardless — though alas, I was less amused than in 1936. If the attacks on pedants seem a little more tired and crabbed (e.g., the charge that a forty-year-old philologist did not fight in the Civil War), the raw material remains fascinating. Here, then, is further and wonderful lore on the pronunciation

of American (268 pages), American spelling (61 pages), the common speech (64 pages), proper names in America (247 pages), and American slang (144 pages). Reviewer can only wish reader happy hunting.

So far as I can make out, Mencken has no set criteria whereby we may choose our own compromise between harsh vulgarity and false elegance. Without specific claim that "What is, is right," he can nevertheless attack every critic of "what is," and properly marshal his examples of superior strength in the American popular speech. If in other fields "the people" do not act recognizably or to his taste, Mencken can still claim that "the people" create their own speech, and well.

Miss Stein's *Four in America* is far more direct in its choice of something American to praise. We have been told already in *Brewsie and Willie* that Miss Stein liked the strength she found in American speech and even the inarticulate ideas. Now she has chosen one special American skill or perhaps a value: improvisation. She imagines U. S. Grant as a religious, Wilbur Wright as a painter, Henry James a soldier, and George Washington a novelist. It is, I think, Miss Stein's thesis that these four have like herself felt more the necessity of finding a way to be an American than of being compelled to a particular art or trade. Obviously, she has chosen heroes who stumbled, took the long way round, yet finally and forcefully expressed what they had learned. For these four she has imagined alternate careers and left them the necessity of rephrasing that expression. That Washington could have written novels is not her meaning; rather that, if by chance he had so begun, he would somehow have improvised expression for that in himself which he knew was necessary to be shown, then, in America.

The inclusion of Henry James as one of the *Four in America* is a very convenient tag, naturally foreseen when I began this review. I shall not properly review his *Portrait of Places*, anyway. He wrote most of it as separate sketches in the 1870's and had enough "to fill out the volume" in 1883. The present publishers have omitted the American sketches because these have been recently reprinted. The result is further piecemeal rendition of James, of which we have had enough.

I am not especially fond of these sketches; at most they are another notebook for the novels. They contain, naturally, first-rate observations on places and peoples. But it is the impression of Europe on himself as the American traveler which James stresses, self-consciously. As essays they seem limited, if only by that gentlemanly convention whereby the essayist must control his material rather than other way around, and first-person-singular must maintain its consistent identity. But when the European impression is allowed to overwhelm his fictional Americans, Winterbourne and Isabel Archer, we have *Daisy Miller* and a keyed passage for Americans into the whole world-scheme of James' other novels. It is as if, seventy years ago, James had already decided that being an American must involve a testing against whatever, anywhere, might be. Here, in his *Places*, is his taking-off.

ROBERT BUNKER

*Spearhead: 10 Years' Experimental Writing in America.* New York: New Directions, 1947. \$5.00.

*Five Prose Pieces by Rainer Maria Rilke*, translated by Carl Niemeyer, with woodcuts by Wightman Williams. Cummington, Mass.: The Cummington Press, 1947. \$8.15.

Mr. James Laughlin, to celebrate the first ten years of New Directions, called upon his friends to help him choose forty writers of the last decade who have displayed experimental tendencies in their work. An exhibition of pieces by these forty writers comprises *Spearhead*; a forty-first writer is Mr. Laughlin himself.

A critic could easily quibble with Mr. Laughlin regarding certain choices: why some of the writers are included as experimental—Robert Penn Warren, Josephine Miles, Karl Shapiro, for examples; why most writers should be given space for one selection whereas Paul Goodman, William Carlos Williams, Parker Tyler, Delmore Schwartz have two or more. Yet an editor has the right to his own vision and policy, and the finished volume of 604 pages represents the total choice. It must be said at once that Mr. Laughlin has done a distinguished job of collecting pieces to show variety and accomplishment of recent experimental writing.

The effect of the whole book is mildly terrifying. Turning page after page, one is forced to observe wrenchings, distortions, pleasant insanities with the language and with perception. Fortunately, one need not presume *Spearhead* to demonstrate the overpowering concern of most serious writers of the last decade. Meantime, here is fittingly exhibited one of the modern writer's concerns; indeed, here are selected many important and fine pieces of writing in poetry and prose.

Rilke's *Five Prose Pieces* are pleasant, perceptive, impressionistic—experimental, if you will. One wishes that *Spearhead* might have contained a larger proportion of work as suggestive and satisfying as these.

ALAN SWALLOW

*Medieval English Verse and Prose: In Modernized Versions*, by Roger Sherman Loomis and Rudolph Willard. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1948. \$4.50.

The lack of any richly representative anthology of English literature covering the period from the Norman Conquest to the Renaissance has prompted two of the country's most distinguished medievalists to prepare this welcome volume. Divided into four sections on a chronological basis, the book covers four centuries with the following emphasis: late twelfth and early thirteenth century, 57 pages; thirteenth century, 29 pages; fourteenth century, 248 pages; and fifteenth century, 199 pages. Although most of the modernizations have been done by the editors, several of their contemporaries have assisted them, Mrs. Loomis, for example, having done the selections from *Havelok*, Richard Rolle, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and *The Book*

of *Margery Kempe*. It is good, too, to find here such a classic of translation as Wordsworth's "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale."

The problem of how best to modernize Middle English is not an easy one to resolve. We have here most of the possible solutions. *The Brut*, for example, is rendered in a fairly literal poetic version which admirably suggests the spirit and character of the original as well as its form. *Sir Orfeo* succeeds almost equally well even though it is rendered in an eight-line stanza with an a-b-a-b-b-c-b-c rhyme scheme, which of course contrasts sharply with the short couplets of the original. In the case of *Everyman* the problem has been solved with little loss simply by modernizing the spelling. And in several instances the pitfalls of a poetic rendering have been side-stepped by the use of prose versions (*Havelok* and *The Tale of Beryn*, for example, as well as the selections from Manning, Barbour, Hoccleve, and Lydgate). It is not until one is really confronted with the variety of treatment here offered that one is actually reminded of the difficulties of translating or modernizing or adapting. The prose version of *The Temple of Glass*, for instance, is above criticism in so far as its rendering of the content of the original is concerned, but it fails completely of course in suggesting anything about one of Lydgate's most interesting and important phases, his versification.

It is traditional for any critic commenting on an anthology to find fault with the editor's choice of selections, but in the present instance the discrimination of the editors has reduced to a minimum the occasion for such caviling. The present-day cost of book production almost automatically places a real limitation on the size of a book of this character and hence it must have been particularly difficult for the editors to omit certain items. Chaucer is not represented at all on the theory that users of this book will be able to read him in the original, whereas they could not do so in the case of such a writer as Layamon; too, good modernizations of the great fourteenth-century poet are readily available at no great expense. Only two ballads are to be found in the collection, "St. Stephen and Herod" and "Robin Hood and the Monk." Since what has been said about the readability and availability of Chaucer applies equally well to the ballads, one wonders if these selections might not have been omitted in favor, say, of a selection from one of the later romances.

Ten pages of bibliography and notes provide general clues for further exploration of the many fields opened up to the student and the general reader by this superbly edited and finely printed volume. The editors are to be commended particularly for not having equipped their book with the usual all-embracing introduction, which normally serves as a deterrent to the general reader, a soporific to the student, and an insult to the learned.

THOMAS A. KIRBY

*Chaucer's World*, compiled by Edith Rickert; edited by Clair C. Olson and Martin M. Crow; illustrations selected by Margaret Rickert. New York: Columbia University Press, 1948. \$6.75.

Chaucer's age, George Lyman Kittredge long ago suggested, "was vastly like our own." There is inclination to agree with this comment when one picks up *Chaucer's World* and in the course of his reading comes upon accounts of a hit-and-run driver, heavy traffic in the streets, football and cock-fighting, a smooth-tongued villain, games of chance, midnight roisterers, headache remedies, the pay of teachers, the servant problem, demands for higher wages and refusals to work, greedy parsons, church attendance, fashions for men and women, pure-food regulations, the smoke nuisance, black-listed books, even the returning of the dead from overseas. For any of these is likely to find space in the morning newspaper. There is doubt about the comparison, however, when one reads that in 1378 a pair of children's boots (albeit "of white woolen cloth") cost twopence, that a white cap could be purchased for threepence, that "the best roast lamb" was fixed by order of the municipal authorities at a price of sevenpence, and that ten eggs sold for a penny.

Whatever conclusions one may reach on the similarities and differences between Chaucer's times and our own, there is no denying that in *Chaucer's World* (as in *The Canterbury Tales*) fourteenth-century England comes alive. The book is an anthology of contemporary accounts in prose and verse chosen from a great variety of sources — some of the items are here printed for the first time — and "fitted into a pattern which forms a mosaic of fourteenth-century life, picturing Chaucer's London and illustrating chronologically typical aspects of the life span of people from various social classes and occupations." The first of the ten chapters, then, treats London life — the homes of its citizens, its streets and streams, buying and selling, law courts and prisoners, London pageantry, the keeping of the city, and certain aspects of its religious life. The second chapter, which begins the survey of the people themselves, deals with the home; and in it one reads of marriage and setting up housekeeping, family life, the family's food, and bringing up the children. The next chapter is devoted to training and education; here there are precepts on conduct and passages about apprenticeship, making provision for education, the boy at school, and university life. Careers is the theme of the fourth chapter, which is especially rich in background information about the Canterbury pilgrims and the characters whom they create in their tales, for selections are included on such topics as service in royal and noble households, knightly adventure, law and government, medicine, commerce and banking, craftsmanship, agriculture, and those without the law who live by their wits. The fifth chapter deals with entertainment: tournaments and feats of arms, sports, games of skill and chance, minstrelsy, processions and feasts, and convivial life. Chaucer's own life, as well as the lives of his characters, is illuminated by the chapter on travel, where one comes upon passages treating experiences on the road,



lodgings by the way, pilgrimages, journeys on the king's affairs, and private travel beyond the seas. The military historian will be particularly interested in the chapter on war, for here there is material on preparations for war, maintaining garrisons, battles and military expeditions, and the aftermath of war. The eighth chapter points up the social extremes of the age, for it deals with the rich and the poor. The ninth chapter is concerned with religion, which looms large in Chaucer's poetry as in all other medieval art, and here there are passages devoted to the church and churchmen, personal religion, and devotional guilds. The final chapter, on death and burial, contains selections descriptive of burial rites, tombs, mourning, and provisions for the soul.

Though it is not designed exclusively as a commentary on Chaucer's greatest poem, *Chaucer's World* can be used for that purpose. For example, the record of the famous Scrope-Grosvenor case here set down throws light on the sort of adventures that Chaucer's Knight experienced. The account-book of Gilbert Maghfeld, a fourteenth-century English merchant, inevitably calls to mind Chaucer's Merchant, who

... ful wel his wit bisette;  
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,  
 So estatly was he of his governaunce,  
 With his bargaynes, and with his chevisaunce.

The professional code of John Arderne, a well-known physician and contemporary of Chaucer, reveals a man who differs from Chaucer's Doctor of Physic in his attitude towards religion but who resembles him in his love of gold. Chaucer emphasizes the Franklin's delight in good living ("It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke"), and along with records of the food consumed monthly in a country household one may here find recipes and menus that surely would have pleased him. And there are passages from contemporary records which add to our understanding of the Monk, the Friar, the Pardoner, and many another of the pilgrims who came together on that memorable occasion at the Tabard.

This book is, in a sense, both the final work of and a memorial to Edith Rickert. Most of the selections included in it were collected during her years of work on the manuscripts of *The Canterbury Tales* and the *Life-Records*. They are now edited, from her notes and from other sources, by two of her students, who have widened the appeal of the book by translating the selections from Latin and French and modernizing those in Middle English. They have included also a bibliography of the sources used and an admirably full index. There is, too, an abundance of illustrations chosen with unusual care by Margaret Rickert, who was thoroughly conversant with her sister's plans for the book. The volume, in sum, is one that should prove indispensable to students of every aspect of fourteenth-century England. At the same time it is a book which any man can keep alongside his bed, for no matter to what part of it he turns, he will find reading that the college freshman would describe as both interesting and instructive.

H. B. WOLF

*Cervantes*, by Aubrey F. G. Bell. Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press, 1947. \$3.00.

Aubrey F. G. Bell, who wrote this volume for the Cervantes quadricentennial, believes that "it is probably the duty of every Spanish scholar to write a book on Cervantes." However, his own remarkable book, *Cervantes*, has obviously not been inspired by a sense of duty, but by an all-encompassing love for his subject. He has written for those who, like himself, have read all the works of Cervantes with curious care, offering nothing but a reprimand to those who have read only an English translation of Part I of the *Quixote*.

To the serious student Mr. Bell provides a thought-provoking analysis of the great writer and his times. According to him, "Cervantes is the most personal of writers and his literary works and his biography are inextricably interwoven." Thus, he draws his conclusions almost exclusively from statements which Cervantes made in his works — always a dangerous thing to do. It does not necessarily follow that "when A and B make the same remark in slightly different words, we may legitimately infer that it is not A or B but C (ervantes) who is speaking." However, whether or not the reader approves either the method or the conclusions, Mr. Bell gives him something to think about and a standard by which to judge his own interpretation. He must also admire the author's profound knowledge of his subject, since the examples which make up a great part of the book are taken from all the works of Cervantes, not just from *Don Quixote* and *Novelas Ejemplares*. Mr. Bell knows intimately the most obscure drama and poem which Cervantes produced.

One of the most valuable interpretative chapters is the comparatively non-controversial one entitled "The Probing of Reality." Cervantes, according to Mr. Bell, is constantly trying to answer the question that has puzzled mankind for three thousand years: What is Truth? He attempts to probe appearances and strip away pretense, "anxious to penetrate behind the shadows to where the lamp of truth burned with a steady glow." Don Quixote continually transforms reality to a higher plane and can see more in ordinary appearances than is evident to the ordinary eye; and both the Knight of the Woeful Figure and his creator come to the conclusion that nothing is certain and therefore that everything is possible, that man should not set too much value on the arguments of his reason or the testimony of his senses. Thus, "in the great adventure of this life and of the life after this life, he will, as Don Quixote advises in all actions, give a little to reason and much to faith and imagination, ever ready humorously and with a spice of charity to see both sides and give the run to his creative fancy."

Other chapters which invite thoughtful attention are "The Birth of Humor" and "The Popular Vein." However, Chapter X, "The Purpose of Don Quixote" offers a constant invitation to loud cries of indignation and disagreement, a fact which Mr. Bell doubtless knows and enjoys. According to him, Cervantes is preaching a doctrine of laissez-faire, every man minding

his own little business and letting everything else alone. "Christ bids each man bear his cross, but He does not bid him bear the cross of his neighbor," a theory which seems to make the Golden Rule apocryphal. Mr. Bell admits that this doctrine is hard, running "counter to the whole trend of modern humanitarianism, which exhorts us to live vicarious lives and to renounce the much neglected virtue of selfishness." But he maintains his position: this is what Cervantes wishes to teach.

Mr. Bell will not be offended if his readers disagree with him as long as they are thinking about what he says. Probably the most salutary effect of this book will be the marshaling of other quotations to disprove the points made by this one author. But any work of art must provide material for disagreement and for different interpretations. As Mr. Bell himself says of *Don Quixote*, "our imagination is roused, we begin to criticize and add and alter, becoming in our little way creators with its great creator." So if another reader, provided he is an intelligent one, creates a work far different from the one he has created, Mr. Bell will be the last to criticize him. He will know that his book *Cervantes* has not been wasted.

ELIZABETH STOUT

*The Philosophy of Francis Bacon*, by Fulton H. Anderson. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1948. \$4.00.

It is indeed a rare and satisfying experience to find thorough scholarship combined with a keen sense of proportionate values. These qualities are markedly present in Professor Anderson's compact summarization of the philosophy of Francis Bacon. In a volume of scarcely more than three hundred pages, he has combined a careful exposition of the most salient features of Bacon's thought with introductory remarks on Bacon's political ambitions and suit for science and concluding remarks on Bacon's influence. Thus, this is not in any sense a critical work — simply one of presentation together with initial and concluding evaluations.

However, the writings of Francis Bacon form such a stalwart oak in the forest of British and Anglo-American philosophical traditions that we can be eternally grateful to the compiler of the present work. Its utility is enhanced by the author's practice of appending references to pertinent passages in Bacon's works at the end of almost every paragraph. In addition, two indices, one for proper names and titles and another for subject matter, give valuable directions.

Controversial issues in connection with Bacon are kept to a minimum. However, Professor Anderson's views concerning one of these at least deserves mention. It is a genuine pleasure to find an author who is willing to take the nobler view of Bacon's obvious political ambitions, and to demonstrate, as he so successfully has done, that Bacon regarded the posts he sought primarily for the ultimate purpose of educational reform rather than for more selfish ends.

In this condensed form, Bacon's own statements of his hope for a new

learning and a new logic take on added meaning and a dramatic fervor which is often obscured by the verbosity and the curious language of the original. Enough, however, of this language is preserved in direct quotations that the spirit of Bacon himself never seems far distant from Professor Anderson's pen.

It is to be hoped that this work will be followed by others of like nature on some of Bacon's successors, though the selection of Bacon as the key to the Anglo tradition is unquestionably sound.

HUBERT G. ALEXANDER

*Prehistoric Pottery and Civilization in Egypt*, by Max Raphael; translation by Norbert Guterman. The Bollingen Series VIII. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1947. \$7.50.

Out of form, sign and symbol, the eminent scholar Max Raphael attempts to reconstruct and to interpret the culture of prehistoric man in Egypt. This study will interest archaeologist and artist alike.

According to Raphael, the art of the paleolithic hunter was an art of life; the art of the neolithic tiller of the soil was an art consecrated to death. The paleolithic nomads neither feared nor sought the power of the dead in any particular way. But when the wanderers became sedentary they developed, of necessity, attachment to soil and property and thus the concept of inheritance and continuity through generations. To secure the inherited property, the dead had to be cared for, propitiated, and their power both preserved and curtailed. The boon of harvests had to be stored and the dead, the true owners of the soil, had to be fed from the crops of their lands; thus the need for vessels was born. From the outset, Egyptian pottery served this double purpose: the practical end of storing and preparing food, and the ideological end of providing the dead with everything they were thought to require in the afterlife. Clay became the very foundation of neolithic existence; clay yielded the crops, and clay yielded the material for the vessels in which to store the crops and in which to offer the dead the ritual food.

Based on the fieldwork of the most outstanding Egyptologists, Raphael reviews the archaeological remains of the three basic Egyptian neolithic eras and attempts, more or less convincingly, to interpret their cultural significance. Any student of archaeology will be grateful for the succinct summaries of the three cultures with their subdivisions: the Fayum era and the Merimda culture (interesting for the custom of burying the dead in the house and keeping them with the living) and the Tasa Period; then the Badari and Amratian periods of the Second Culture; and finally the Third or Gerzean Culture.

Methodologically, Raphael is guided by the premise that form, sign, and symbol rest less on purely aesthetic needs and more on social, ideological, and historical foundations. Furthermore the author believes that out of the shape of a vessel, out of the particular position of a triangle or the curve of a spiral used in ornamentation, the spiritual forces of the culture, of which

the vessel and its ornamentation are part, may be reconstructed with reasonable certainty. Much as the serious-minded student will agree with the first premise, the second will fill him with distrust; and frequently he will find himself unable to follow Raphael's interpretations and reconstructions with confidence. It seems questionable, for instance, whether "the expression of a pessimistic sense of life, a form variant in an ideology according to which life on earth is meaningless and transitory and the afterlife a frightening uncertainty" may be seen in the use of a particular spiral on a particular pot of the Gerzean period. Doubtless in his interpretations of signs and symbols of the prehistoric period, Raphael is inspired by his thorough acquaintance with the literary documents of the later dynastic epoch.

The book is well designed and equipped with a wealth of illustrations.

MARGOT ASTROV

*The Plague*, by Albert Camus; translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1948. \$3.00.

Collect ten thousand people in any city, add a few familiar faces to the group, and force them all to die in a heap in the city square. In this fashion, says Dr. Rieux, protagonist of Camus's latest novel, the plight of the city of Oran during a nine-months' siege of bubonic plague can be imagined.

The clanging of ambulance bells through deserted streets, the foul-smelling smoke rising from the city crematorium, the groans of patients lying in hospital wards were the outward signs of the epidemic. Albert Camus, however, is more interested in the larger meaning of "plague"; for a city whose population is mortgaged to death tends to look more closely at life.

Father Paneloux preached the plague in terms of Christian fatalism: the ways of God are inscrutable and men are obligated either to accept everything, even the death of an innocent child, or to deny everything. Dr. Rieux, however, does not agree with Paneloux. As a doctor who has never been able to resign himself to human suffering, all his energies are spent in maintaining some vestiges of order and humanity in an apparently meaningless, absurd universe. Thinks Dr. Rieux, "Since the order of the universe is shaped by death, mightn't it be better for God if we refuse to believe in Him and struggle with all our might against death, without raising our eyes toward the heaven where He sits in silence?"

Rieux's friend, Tarrou, has an even broader explanation of plague. The entire world is plague stricken, Tarrou believes, and each man is an instrument of his fellow's death. Unlike Rambert, Parisian journalist who values only the pursuit of happiness, Tarrou's goal is the conquest of inner peace.

What then is the interpretation Camus would give to "plague," this frightening symbol of modern evil and modern war? Rieux's conclusion is probably the author's — "To state quite simply what we learn in time of pestilence: that there are more things in men to admire than to despise." Against the would-be-saint Tarrou's world-shaking reforms, Camus opposes Rieux's simple determination to be only a man, and to do as much as one

man can do to give others a chance for happiness. Rieux would have men choose the human rather than the heroic.

Camus has taken a step forward since the publication of his first novel, *The Stranger*. In this novel humanity itself was as absurd as the scheme of things into which it had been thrust. The protagonist lived and died a meaningless existence, wandering through a world of disgust and hate. In *The Plague* man is still "alone under the vast indifference of the sky," but at least there are indications that Camus has discovered some redeeming elements in humanity.

Camus fashions his prose in a careful, almost cold-blooded, conversational pattern. All emotional, dramatic expression is forced out of the narrative, as if the author wrote with a weariness that allowed only the intellect to function clearly.

BETSY SCONE

*The World is a Wedding*, by Delmore Schwartz. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, 1948. \$2.75.

It is significant that the first work in this volume, the short novel *The World is a Wedding*, ends after painful defeats, frustrations, and perversions on a note of optimism:

It [life] is a wedding, the most important kind of party, full of joy, fear, hope, and ignorance. And at this party there are enough places and parts for everyone, and if no one can play every part, yet everyone can come to the wedding feast, and anyone who does not know that he is at a wedding feast just does not see what is in front of him. He might as well be dead if he does not know that the world is a wedding.

It is also significant that the second is a depressed and mildly depressing piece about a literary party; that the third, "A Bitter Farce," is just that, delineating the humiliating evasions of the impotently sensitive intellectual; that the fourth, although portraying the delighted wonder of the naturalized American "when the toilet-bowl flushed like Niagara," still shows the protagonist after seventy years of ebullient living "a disappointed and disillusioned man"; that the fifth ends with a suicide after a twentieth century version of the Biblical writing on the wall; that the sixth concludes with "No, I have no light"; and that the last, a wildly tortured dream involving the courtship of his parents, reveals the twenty-one year old sleeper shouting:

"Don't do it. It's not too late to change your minds, both of you. Nothing good will come of it, only remorse, hatred, scandal, and two children whose characters are monstrous."

Man is not born trailing clouds of glory; rather he is burdened with the terrifying weight of "events which occurred 5000 years ago." "The child is the meaning of this life" — and he is corrupt. Not only corrupted, he is stereotyped and stultified by his background of oppression, insecurity, and devotion to the false gods of organized religion, a background intensified

and shaped into new patterns by the depression and the cruel incongruities of a materialistic world.

These stories, written in apt and often beautiful imagery as well as in the idiom — albeit self-consciously — of the middle class he portrays, describe relentlessly but with compassion the escapist “intellectuals” who are without imagination and who are caught up in their meaningless abstractions and speculations; the “artists” who “renounce” creation; the dilettantes who in their sterile vacuums give proud but lifeless birth to inconsequential “masterpieces.” The grown man strangles at the hands of unconscious participation in centuries of culture, of the over-solicitous family which ejects him into a materialist culture where the only values are those of success and failure: “How much money does he make?”

Few understand what or why they are, and the little understanding that exists is on the elemental level of the necessity for money and mate. “If the ideas of love supplanted the ideas of success and failure, how joyous every one might be! and how different the quality of life!” exclaims the author’s spokesman in the first story. Yet since love has become unalterably tied to these concepts, there is no love that does not end in disaster. The mother through love ruins her son for adult participation in the world; the daughter who loves her mother sinks into material and spiritual poverty; the student doctor who loves his work dies before it is really begun. Mostly there is no love: “The world is a funeral.”

The understanding and rich perception with which these stories are written lift them out of the mire of defeatism and place them in the milieu of honest studies of American life.

HELEN HAIGHT

*A Foreign Policy for the United States*, edited by Quincy Wright. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1947. \$4.50.

It is to the credit of those who arranged the twenty-second series of lectures under the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation that they chose lecturers of considerable perspective. Although they were delivered two years ago, the lectures have retained much of their freshness in analysis and even in their interpretations of American policy. The verbatim discussions which followed the lectures have been included and add vitality to them.

In an appraisal of Soviet-American relations, John Hazard of the Russian Institute, Columbia University, concludes “that Soviet foreign policy is based upon suspicion tempered with cautious missionary zeal.” One may query whether today Mr. Hazard would still qualify the zeal of the Soviets. In our negotiations with the Soviet he points up the necessity for persuasion. But if that fails Professor Hazard offers no positive alternative. He only warns against a negative alternative — driving proposals through the United Nations by majority votes. Such a procedure produces the illusion of settlement. It is to be regretted that, from his intimate and broad knowledge of the Russians, the lecturer does not explore the positive alternatives left us if persuasion fails.

Bernard Brodie of Yale University, speaking on "The Security Problem in the Light of Atomic Energy," offers another one of his closely reasoned analyses on this subject. He argues that the existence of the bomb has made defense "synonymous with measures to guarantee the ability to retaliate if attacked and also of measures to diminish the ease with which the enemy can overwhelm the country by his attack." The effects of such a policy are to diminish the role of the navy in warfare, to reduce further the importance of geography as a barrier to attack, and to make a threat of war a much greater instrument in the hands of irresponsible governments.

The volume is divided into five parts: The Great Powers, General Security, Regional Policies, International Economic Policies, and International Informational Policies. Perhaps the least convincing part is the fifth because of the intangible and the personal considerations that must enter into any informational program. It appears to this reviewer that it is time to approach that problem from the point of view of the peoples we are trying to reach rather than to proceed solely from the concept of what we should transmit to them.

ALBERT C. F. WESTPHAL

*American Historians and European Immigrants*, by Edward N. Saveth. New York: Columbia University Press, 1948. \$3.00.

Dr. Saveth, a former visiting professor at New Mexico Highlands University, wrote this volume under the direction of Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia as an essay in American historiography. His method is to consider historians separately, arranging them in groups according to their approach to the subject. Thus Fiske, Burgess, and Lodge form the group most closely identified with the theory of Teutonic superiority. The scheme has its advantages, but it tends to obscure the chronology of changing historical thought. The author points out at the beginning that immigration did not command much attention from the historians in the period of his volume, 1875-1925.

Yet the importance of immigration for American history is obviously great: the vast stream of Europeans who have entered since colonial days can hardly have come without producing some effect. Or could they? Saveth's historians seldom discussed the question of whether immigration merely added to our population or changed its character, although the question was posed early in the century. They devoted little attention to the relationship of immigration to political corruption, despite the fact that the two appeared in the great cities at about the same time. Nor did they devote much time to research upon the adjustment of the immigrant to his new environment. Was it easier for the English or Irish to make the change than for the Germans, Slavs, or Italians with their language handicap? Or was the cultural superiority of the German of 1848 a factor in adjusting him to the American scene? Now these are primarily sociological problems, and American historians have not been much interested in sociology. What Dr. Saveth found was something quite different.



He points out that the normal attitude of historians of the period was that which might be expected from scholars of the historians' social class and training. They were either distrustful or fearful of this mass of Europeans who for the most part were little educated and less experienced in democratic ways. Turner was an exception, since he had grown up among immigrants in Wisconsin and felt certain of the power of the frontier to bring the new citizens into the group; but even he was not sure that the city could do the same. Eventually two of the historians, Roosevelt and Wilson, were persuaded by their political experience into expressions of confidence in the immigrant; however they were later writers who had been able to view the process of European assimilation longer.

The earlier members were influenced largely by two European schools of thought: the theory of Teutonic origins of English institutions and Darwinism. Both of these, in general, tended to create confidence in the theoretical superiority of the earlier English and German migrants into the United States over the later southern and eastern immigrants. In all of this there was very little research and not much originality.

Dr. Saveth's historian here is not Turner but his Harvard colleague, Channing. Turner's favorable attitude toward the immigrants derived largely from his experience, and while laudable, did not necessitate a struggle on his part. Channing, however, came to his position in spite of a background which predisposed to conservatism and conventionality, and therefore he deserves more credit for his intellectual achievement. In his revolt Channing had at least the sympathy of that strange character, Henry Adams.

To the reviewer the chapter on Adams was the most interesting, although it was almost in the nature of a digression, particularly the larger part which showed him a member of that curious company who have been disturbed by Jewish bankers in Europe. The least interesting, although a very useful part, was the last, in which the author traced the rise of a critical approach to immigration and a real understanding of the problems involved. In general the volume is readable and a welcome contribution to our knowledge of American historians and historiography.

JOSIAH C. RUSSELL

*The Memoirs of Cordell Hull.* (Two volumes.) New York: The Macmillan Company, 1948. \$10.50.

For twelve consecutive years Cordell Hull held the highest cabinet post in our Government. In itself this record would qualify him to write of his tenure even if it were no more exciting than that of some of his late nineteenth-century predecessors. But Mr. Hull's stewardship encompassed years that brought no long intervals of quiet. He entered upon his duties when the world was at the nadir of its economy; ill health forced his resignation when the military might of the Allied forces was approaching its zenith. Except for 150 pages of background the 1750 pages of these two volumes constitute Mr. Hull's account of our foreign policy from 1933 to 1944.

Obviously Mr. Hull has a story to tell. If it could be told in his native Tennessee dialect, it would be a classic. But the former Secretary has never been noted for a fast-moving and sparkling prose style. In contrast to the furbished and rolling phrases of Churchill or the light touch of James Byrnes, his story makes slow reading. Yet the style mirrors the man—unpretentious and direct with a strong undertone of rigid convictions. History may mark him, as one writer has observed, among the last in the Lincoln tradition.

As a young Congressman he did not dissipate his energies over the legislative lot. Aptitude and interest led him into a study of the tariff question. By 1916 he was convinced that “unhampered trade dovetailed with peace; high tariffs, trade barriers, and unfair economic competition with war.” These beliefs he carried to the State Department and, by persuasion and political acumen, saw them written into the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act.

In the light of these memoirs the late Charles Beard's thesis that the President drove for war will have to be re-examined and probably discarded as an historian's personal bias. Neither the President nor his Secretary neglected an opportunity to impress upon successive Japanese governments that the United States was willing to examine their grievances. Their conditions of settlement mounted as the Allied cause declined in Europe. By November, 1941, the evidence was ample “from the tone of the intercepts [of Japanese coded messages], from the inflamed statements made in Tokyo, from the unyielding and drastic nature of the Japanese demands, and from constant reports of Japanese military activity” that nothing short of this Government's capitulation to Japan's demands for an exclusive sphere in the whole Far East would stop her. One may properly ponder whether this abject appeasement would have won the plaudits of the Beard school.

Both our Vichy and North African policies have been singled out for attack and these memoirs attempt a vindication of them. Our main objective was to keep the Vichy Government from exceeding the terms of the armistice with Germany. The judicious use of relief supplies for unoccupied France and economic supplies for French North Africa was our main weapon.

Britain alternately approved and disapproved of our stand on Vichy and North Africa, but the President and I never wavered in adopting and sticking to a consistent policy. On the one hand we resisted the emotional wave in favor of breaking with the legal Government at Vichy and recognizing as the Government of France General de Gaulle's group which as yet had apparently won comparatively little following among the French. And on the other we passed by no opportunity to show Petain and his group how we felt about any concessions to the Germans, while at the same time demonstrating through concrete actions what assistance they might expect from us if they lived within the terms of the armistice.

The former Secretary is satisfied that “the United States came through the crisis as the strongest foreign influence in Vichy.”

No administration can be insensitive to public opinion in the field of foreign affairs and Mr. Roosevelt's was no exception. The vigor of our policies before 1941 frequently had to be tempered by the knowledge that

the isolationists were a hardy species, particularly where the League was concerned. Our action therefore had to be parallel rather than joint. In the Italo-Ethiopian war the President had to issue the arms embargo prior to the League's action to avoid the accusation that our steps were dictated by Geneva. For identical reasons we could not lend our support to the League in the Russo-Finnish war.

President Roosevelt on occasion took the reins from his Secretary and thereby brought embarrassment to the latter and confusion to our Allies. Such was the case when the President, in Mr. Churchill's presence, dropped a remark at a Casablanca press conference that we stood for unconditional surrender. The postwar planning of the State Department had never envisioned the Allies taking over all phases of national and local government in the defeated countries. It took a year and a half of three-way conversations to iron out the implications of this "off the cuff" remark. Although the Nazi propaganda machine made the most of the phrase to rally its followers for a last-ditch fight, it is open to question whether Germany would have yielded earlier had the British formula of "prompt surrender" been offered them.

It is unfortunate for the reader that Mr. Hull does not paint his contemporaries in large lines. With few exceptions his characterizations are restrained and superficial. He deeply resented the intrusion of his Washington associates outside the Department in the field of foreign affairs. Chief among the offenders were Morgenthau, Ickes, and Wallace. The diplomatic efforts of Harry Hopkins are mentioned but not evaluated. Within the Department Welles, Moley, and Peek overstepped their jurisdiction and felt the Secretary's wrath. Abroad Mr. Hull found Churchill "most approachable" and Eden "thoroughly coöperative and broad-minded." Molotov impressed him with "his ability, shrewdness and resourcefulness." He shared the President's contempt for de Gaulle. In telling Mr. Hull of their meeting in Casablanca, the President said that

. . . de Gaulle, walking up to him rather stiffly, remarked, "I am Joan of Arc. I am Clemenceau." Mr. Roosevelt commented pointedly to me on the contrast between the two characters de Gaulle professed to embody.

Out of his rich experience Mr. Hull bequeaths a political testament for the guidance of his fellows.

All peace-seeking nations should make every effort without ceasing to prevail on one another to do teamwork, on a basis of fair dealing, equality, mutual respect, and nonintervention in one another's affairs — with understanding and trust but without favoritism or appeasement — toward the attainment of the basic principles of international relations to which they committed themselves in accepting the Charter of the United Nations.

Mr. Hull's own story is itself an eloquent testimony that these requisites cannot be produced by mere incantations. The actions of nations bear a weight all their own that no verbiage can cover. If one detects a flaccid

character in Mr. Hull's prescription, let him note that there is included the phrase "without favoritism or appeasement."

ALBERT C. F. WESTPHAL

*The Indians of the Americas*, by John Collier. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1947. \$3.75.

Disillusioned with a sick America after World War I, John Collier found his faith restored by witnessing a functioning Indian pueblo culture. His whole life plan was changed by this experience at the Pueblo of Taos, New Mexico, in the winter of 1922. Here, Mr. Collier found the cure for our "sick" Western civilization.

The Indian knew the meaning of society as creator of personality and as organizer of man with universe, through many aeons before ever the white man came. He kept alive, and was made alive by a multiplicity of contrasting societies. . . . The Indian record is the bearer of one great message to the world. Through his society, and only through his society, man experiences greatness; through it, he is freed from all fear. Those who accept the Indian message and lesson will know how intense, even how awful, is the need for creators and creative effort in the field of understanding and discovery of nature and meaning of the societies of mankind.

However faulty and misguided may be John Collier's solution gained from his interpretation of the Indian's cultural experiences, the complete reorientation he gave the Indian Service and the fight he waged for the Indian's cause has improved and brightened the lot of a disillusioned and downtrodden people. He interested thousands of people in the Indian's problem and brought influence and money to wage relentless war on Congress.

Before Mr. Collier and other friends of the Indians started their fight, Indian administration had passed through many phases. These earlier regimes were all designed to make the Indian a white man. He was forbidden to use his native language; rebuke and even force were used to tear him away from his religion and culture. Indian educators and missionaries joined hands to destroy the Indian way of life. Under various pretexts, land was taken away from him for the gain of the encroaching white man. From the time they were forced into reservations until the middle 1920's, the Indians were pathetic, disillusioned pensioners of the government. Their death rate was two to three times the national average. Hampered on all sides by attacks on religion, language, and social organization, American Indians viewed the white world with suspicion and a waning spirit.

After the Taos experience, Collier, working with the Indian associations, started his attacks on Congress. He killed bills that would divest the Indians of more land. He carried on a relentless fight against the deplorable Indian school system, the inadequate health service — in fact, against the entire diseased Indian Service. Appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1933, he launched a consistent, long-range program designed to lift the Indian from his deplorable state. The new policy sought to restore lands

for tribal use, to give every tribe the opportunity for self-government, and to encourage all arts, crafts, languages, and folkways which were discouraged under the earlier system. John Collier's program, carried on by his successor after his resignation in 1945, has given new hope to the Indian and has started him on a creative path.

Anthropologists and social scientists, however, while admiring Mr. Collier's fight and reforms, will criticize his view of culture and his philosophy for the world's social betterment. First of all, Mr. Collier speaks of "societies" rather than "cultures." The social sciences have used consistently the convenient term "culture" for many years in referring to a people's way of life; needless confusion is introduced by Mr. Collier's use of the term "societies."

John Collier exalts social (or cultural) pluralism:

Societies exist. They create a people's temperament, the world-view and the color and structure of personality among their members. They deep-dye the peoples; and myriad are the patterns. Present-day men are not everywhere the same; men on the average through recorded time have never been everywhere the same. This is because societies differ one from the other; they make the man. To individuals they are nurture, shaper and fate.

While praising cultural diversity, Mr. Collier condemns all Western cultures. Yet toward American Indian cultures his attitude is one of complete approval. Is it reasonable to suppose that all Indian cultures are superior to Western cultures? In an effort to depict an Indian way of life in a favorable light, he says of a dance he witnessed at Taos, "... a whole race of men, before my eyes, passed into ecstasy through a willed discipline, splendid and fierce. . . an objectively impassioned discipline. . . ."

Every sincere student of pueblo culture knows that participation in pueblo ceremonials is not a matter of choice: members are coerced into it. Unwillingness to follow the dictates of the cacique may result in violent punishment or banishment from the village. This is not to condemn a given pueblo culture or Indian culture as a whole. There are certainly qualities which are superb, perhaps finer than in other cultures; but an objective observer cannot be blind to the faults of one group and aware of them in others.

There is also the element of change. Cultures are never static. John Collier's program aims to return the Indian to his own native culture. What does he mean? To a pre-Columbian level? Indian cultures of today are the product of centuries of change; much of that change is post-Columbian. Under the influence of Western European cultures, the trend seems inevitably to be toward assimilation — racially, linguistically, and culturally. Government administration should help prevent the disorganizing effect of assimilation and aid the Indians in making satisfactory adjustments between the old and the new. Indians would then be set off from other peoples only as cultural variants which, though distinctive in many ways, participate in a universal social change.

John Collier has borne more criticism than any previous commissioner. His administration has been under constant attack since its inception, but a more vigorous champion for the Indian could hardly have been found. With incredible energy he completely reorganized the Indian Service and filled its ranks with experienced, capable administrators. He called upon science and people of influence to right the wrongs of ages toward the Indian.

In *The Indians of the Americas*, John Collier reveals his philosophy and the admiration for Indian cultures that drove him relentlessly on in his fight. He traces vividly the history of the American Indian and exposes boldly the ruthless treatment of these peoples at the hands of a fumbling government. This book is indispensable for understanding the drive and energy of this great man and for a clear picture of the Indian movement.

EDWARD DOZIER

*Forts and Forays*, by James A. Bennett; edited by Clinton E. Brooks and Frank D. Reeve. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1948. \$1.75.

Never is the flavor of history so strong and fresh as in the hastily scrawled reactions of a man who was there when it happened. Even at best, retrospective history is a drawn-out jury trial, overcautious and unnecessarily minute. With the perspective of many points of view, research can give us a ghostly facsimile of truth, but it cannot touch the drama of the raw document.

On November 22, 1849, James Augustus Bennett, eighteen-year-old farm hand from New York State, falsified his age as twenty-one and his name as Bronson to join the United States Army. *Forts and Forays* is the transcribed diary of Bennett, *A Dragoon in New Mexico*, from his day of enlistment until August 15, 1856. There was such discrepancy between the glowing promises of recruitment and the actualities of the army that of 274 men in the original detachment, 104 deserted or died from cholera between New York and the Missouri River. Bennett watched soldiers "who would not submit to being almost starved to death" given fifty lashes and branded on the left hip with the "D" of deserter. In forays against the Apaches, Bennett subsisted "on horse and mule flesh," and crossed the Manzano Mountains "barefoot over sharp rocks and ice" because his mount was too starved to carry him and his boots wore out. "To endure a long journey," he wrote, "get in sight of the Indians, have a spirited action in anticipation, and then our cowardly old Major from mere personal fear orders a 'Countermarch!'" Twice Bennett saw officers discipline soldiers with swords.

Soldiering was not entirely frustrating. Bennett saw plenty of action, and relished it. He re-enlisted, although the fact that the Army discharged him at Ft. Union with \$410 as final pay and no transportation, board being \$12 a week in New Mexico and laundry 12½ cents per piece, seems to have influenced his decision.

The chief worth of this diary lies in its enlisted man's eye-witness record

of Army life in New Mexico during the Indian campaigns. The entries are tantalizingly brief and the reader must glean closely for new facts, but the spirit of the piece is rewarding.

ROLAND DICKEY

*Rural Social Organization in a Spanish-American Culture Area*, by Sigurd Johansen. University of New Mexico Publications in Social Sciences and Philosophy, No. 1. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1948. \$1.50.

This monograph is a revision of a doctoral dissertation accepted by the University of Wisconsin in 1940 which, until now, has been available only in manuscript form. It is a statistical and analytical study of two villages and six hamlets in Dona Ana County, the data for which were gathered largely through field work in the communities in the years 1939 and 1940. Its purpose is to describe the social organization of an area predominantly inhabited by Spanish-Americans and to analyze the role which various social-cultural processes play in that organization.

The statistical data which Dr. Johansen and his associates laboriously gathered from 297 of the 306 households in the communities studied are now somewhat out of date, but his analysis of the social situation in which the Dona Ana villagers live and the processes which are changing and molding that situation is still valid, although certain important changes have come about as a result of the forces set in motion by our organization for World War II. The monograph is admittedly technical and will be of interest chiefly to social scientists, to students of ethnic relations and rural social organization, and to workers in related fields. It contains, nevertheless, much that will be of value to an interested layman seeking an understanding of the conditions under which people live and the inter-relations they have developed in the rural communities of the Rio Grande Valley.

The University Press is to be commended for its awakening interest in the field represented by this study. The rural people of New Mexico constitute a population group about which too little is known. Such good studies as have been made are few in number and, for the most part, remain unpublished and inaccessible. It is to be hoped that the appearance of Dr. Johansen's excellent basic study is indicative of a continuing interest which will serve to make available more of the hitherto unpublished materials on the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest and will stimulate the undertaking of new studies which will add to our understanding of this relatively neglected population group.

LYLE SAUNDERS

*Lewis and Clark, Partners in Discovery*, by John Bakeless. New York: William Morrow and Company, 1947. \$5.00.

*The Conquest of the West*, by Walter F. McCaleb. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1947. \$3.75.

*Lewis and Clark, Partners in Discovery* takes as its theme the dual biography of two men who seem to have disagreed on few points other than

the edibility of dog meat, which Lewis preferred "vastly to lean Venison or Elk." Thomas Jefferson, choosing wisely the instruments for his secret dream of American expansion, took as his private secretary "one of the most meticulous mortals that ever lived," Meriwether Lewis, an Army paymaster who never quite learned how to spell. Red-headed William Clark, who had been an intelligence officer under brilliant "Mad Anthony" Wayne, was selected by Lewis with Mr. Jefferson's approval. Both men kept thorough and quotable journals of their great expedition up the Missouri and down the Columbia, Lewis contributing a knowledge of botany, and Clark a flare for maps.

John Bakeless, fully as meticulous as Lewis, has a talent all too rare in conscientious historians—the man can write. His bibliography is impressive and cleverly keyed to the book in a satisfying substitute for footnotes. His interviews are even more impressive, his maps helpful, and his personal travel evident. The author never lets the narrative relax its grip, and seldom strays too far in pursuing anecdotes—the attraction York the Negro had for the Indians, the tricks of the Newfoundland dog Scannon, the wisdom of Sacagawea and the wiles of her French cook husband Charbonneau, the rough opinions of Sergeant Cass. Himself a veteran of two wars, Colonel Bakeless enjoys examining the structure and operation of the American Army in Jefferson's day, turning up many amusing points, such as junior officers wearing only one epaulet and soldiers powdering their hair for military uniformity. The book succeeds in the difficult goal of unearthing fresh material for the specialist while giving the general reader a clear and entertaining account of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, its personalities, contemporary background, and achievements in science and history.

Walter McCaleb's *The Conquest of the West* falls somewhere between a survey and an earnest endeavor to avoid the obvious. The author has chosen as America's "heroic age" a period demarked by two official acts: the purchase of New Orleans and Louisiana in 1803 and the ratification, in 1848, of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The bulk of pagination and the weight of Dr. McCaleb's interest is so much in favor of the Southwest, particularly the annexation of Texas and the pursuit of the Mexican War, that the cursory attention to the Northwest seems almost to inhibit the narrative. The author has an enthusiasm for international and domestic political intrigue and the circumstantial compulsion of history by "extraneous incident." Cases in point are Jefferson's enmity toward Aaron Burr, the perfidy of General James Wilkinson, and the "filibustering" expeditions into Spanish territory, of which Zebulon Pike's visit to Santa Fe was an example. There is an edifying outline of the real and apparent matters at stake with the countries concerned in the Louisiana Purchase, the Oregon question, and the war with Mexico, but there seems too great a faith in contemporary newspapers for the direction of the wind. *The Conquest of the West* offers some interesting leads to the specialist; but the style, except in the Texas passages, is hardly compelling enough to hold many readers.

ROLAND DICKEY



# THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW

## EDITORIAL STATEMENT

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW is now in its eighteenth year. Under the able editorship of its founder, T. M. Pearce, and in more recent years of Dudley Wynn, the periodical attained an enviable position of regional-literary leadership. Dudley Wynn, in his editor's farewell which appeared in the Winter, 1947, issue, said that the Review "under a new editor will undoubtedly go upon new paths, as it should."

The new editors approach their task humbly. No revolutionary changes are contemplated, for we consider the central tenets of the former editors' policy sound. All enterprises, however, must evolve. Changes in emphasis there will be, reflecting the added resources the University of New Mexico has generously placed at our disposal and reflecting, also, the personality of a different editorship. Fully recognizing the challenge of our position, and our limitations as well, we enter upon a venturesome course, yes, but knowing, very definitely, what we want. We are by nature optimistic, and the more so in enterprises of the kind that gravitate on ingenuity and personal devotion.

In the course of last spring and summer we had the opportunity of approaching many writers, artists, editors, educators, and other leading citizens, in search of help and counsel. The response has been enthusiastic without exception. Quite a large number of the best writers and artists of the region are actually working or have promised to work for the Quarterly. We feel very keenly our responsibility and will endeavor, in faith, to keep this confidence and not to cause disappointment. We will do everything in our power to enlist the good will and friendship of all those who are seriously concerned with the past, present, and future of our region. Workers are judged by what they do rather than what they propose to do. To promise is easier than to act, and it is better psychology to promise nothing and to deliver something. Overstatement kills expectation. Nevertheless, the many individuals who are interested in THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW are entitled to a *full* and candid explanation of our plans.

In the past year, under the competent editorship of Charles Allen, several persons have collaborated in formulating paths for the future—Ada Rutledge, Katherine Simons, Julia Keleher, Edwin Honig, Jane Kluckhohn, Thelma Campbell, and the members of the Publications Committee and officers of the Administration of the University, in whom we have found encouragement. The four numbers under Charles Allen's acting editorship (Winter, 1947, and Spring, Summer, and Autumn, 1948), together with the present one, which he helped to supervise while the Editor-elect was in Europe, must be considered transitional towards the establishment of the new policies.

Beginning with the Spring issue of 1949, our preparations will be completed, and readers and contributors can expect to see in concrete form the direction we hope to explore. We will attempt to give THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW a warm personality—a personality that will primarily reflect the meaning of the Southwest in general and New Mexico in particular: the historical tradition, the spirit, the

interests, the forms, the values, the needs, and the significance of all these as they cast their influences upon the national cultural pattern.

New Mexico and the Southwest is a land of grandeur and elemental beauty, a heroic symphony of contours, space, colors, forgotten sounds. Nature here offers bounty to the senses, leads the mind to ideals of beauty and order. But it has its cruel aspects too: its human tragedies, its broad ungiving skies, its vast miles of arid desolation and waste. Prehistoric ruins and still surviving ancient mores remind us of the sweep and mystery and continuity of life. New Mexico and the Southwest is a land of impressive contrasts—human and physical.

The people of New Mexico are the peoples of the Americas: Pueblos, Navajos, and Apaches; descendants of the early seventeenth century Spanish settlers; sons and daughters of the Anglo pioneers who conquered the West. The Indian, Spanish, and English languages are heard throughout the country. The three psychologies permeate rural and urban life. Although the dominant Anglo culture has imposed its major tone, especially in the larger cities, the Spanish and Indian influences assert themselves, in quiet undertones, upon all thinking and attitudes. Here in New Mexico is a blending unique in the Americas—the aboriginal population and the two main conquering peoples. Here is seen the alertness of group self-consciousness, but here also is flexibility and adaptiveness.

Because of the awareness of artists and writers to what is at once rich and unique in the physical and human resources of the Southwest, there has been produced during the past few decades a body of art and literature that compares favorably with that of any other region.

A region cannot be conceived of as a unit, however, isolated from the rest of the nation and the world, and we do not wish to give the impression of being intoxicated with regionalism. The roots of the general and universal are in the particular and individual. Universality is found when we sink our feet in the soil around us and see our locale, our microcosm, as a mirror reflecting the light of the whole and also as a beacon casting its light on the whole. It is in its global significance that the region realizes its larger meaning. We invite contributions upon any subject bearing on the region that is constructive to better national and international life. It is those regional values that have a national and a universal application that we wish to emphasize—not the provincial, picturesque, and banal. We do not invite so-called “impressions” of the region. What we do wish is profound thought and feeling, acute and interpretive understanding. We do not object to sentiment, but when immersed in the object and not in the subject of the work.

The spirit of the critical times we are going through should be sounded. The Review should be dynamic in its search for orientations in this disoriented moment. Neither despair nor complacency, but discipline and understanding—both of religious and philosophical flavor—should characterize and clarify the complexities of our age. Fluidity of perception and alertness of mind do not imply a surrender of established tenets of beauty and truth. Technical accomplishment surely has its place in a review which aims at literary excellence. But technique is a very cold fare when content is ignored in the quest of it. Force resides in having something to say and saying it decently and to the point. Force resides in writing—each in tune with his capacity—with a historical category of values, writing for the few and for the many, for the present and for all time.

In these confused and confusing times we must often return to the simple and elemental sources to get our bearings. We want a literary-cultural review that will communicate to a maximum degree universal inflexions and meanings, a “human,”

intimate voice to please, instruct and upset a little the discriminating: a magazine of civilized tissue without affected displays of erudition, preciousness of expression, or solemn ideological argument; a magazine of balanced seriousness and humor, reflecting throughout its pages the humanizing values of courtesy, sympathy, and critical fortitude. Above all, a magazine that is *interesting*, by intrinsic quality and variety of appeal.

Beyond what has already been indicated, we will try to keep in mind certain principles in deciding upon the contents of the magazine. The Review will endeavor to obtain material written expressly for it. We will publish translations occasionally, but only from unpublished foreign manuscripts. We will not publish concurrently with anybody else, but will welcome a good chapter from a book that is scheduled to appear later than our own date of publication.

The Review will try to be authoritative. Information will be carefully sifted and research done when necessary. One of our aims is to make accessible, in readable form, regional scholarly material that now lies semi-inert, because of its ponderousness, on the shelves of librarians and specialists.

Because we wish freedom to shape each issue, no fixed departments will be maintained except the "Guide to the Literature of the Southwest" (which will be considerably strengthened with annotations), and a concise editorial section. This editorial section under the title "The Editor's Salad," written by the editors and friends of the Review, will publish brief items of sundry nature and diverse tone and aspire to record any cultural activity of the region worth recording—including the best thought and commentary of those communing with us.

Former contributors and potential new ones will want to know *specifically* what kind of material we plan to use.

*Imaginative Writing.* Fiction: Preference will be given to short pieces, with strong narrative interest, psychological insight, maturity of theme, and distinguished style. Poetry: Monographic presentations in 6-8 pages of the best unpublished work by individual poets, illustrated by a line drawing portrait and critical estimate of the poet. Single poems will also be accepted when possible. Dramatic sketches:—if we can get them.

*Literary Prose.* No subject limitations within the framework of our policy as previously outlined. So far as regional essays are concerned, we would like biographies of past and present personalities: explorers, missionaries, traders, governors, pioneers, churchmen, etc.; general and monographic features on the arts and crafts, painting, sculpture, music, architecture, photography, ceramics, textiles, etc.; Indian, Spanish, and Anglo life; critical essays on regional literature in general and on individual authors who have already attained or deserve national recognition; essays on history, anthropology, folklore, language, etc.

*Prose of fact and exposition.* Articles on pure science, with a general appeal (preferably written by Southwesterners, for the region is becoming a center of scientific research); applied science, business, agriculture, engineering, economics, geography, politics, sociology, education—any matters of practical regional concern.

Applicable to all sections are these points: 1. No restrictions on subject matter, or on vein in which it is treated. Fiction, poetry, essays, etc., may be on general topics, though, of course, we will constantly seek good pieces of a regional character. The proportion of regional and general matter in the annual volume we will calculate to be fifty-fifty. 2. Contributors may be known or unknown. We want to feature the existing values, and also to discover new ones. Merit, pure and simple,

shall be the paramount criterium for acceptance. 3. Any form, experimental or conventional, will be welcomed, so long as the work is moving and intellectually stimulating.

*Book Reviews.* We will review as many of the important books as possible, making a special effort to secure penetrating, critical estimates of books written by New Mexicans and books about New Mexico and the Southwest in general. The editors will carefully study the forecasts of all regional books, select those to be reviewed, and assign them to critics most competent to give an accurate idea and a sharp evaluation of the book's content and of its comparative worth, together with an original contribution to the subject of the book. Besides this essay section, in which every review will bear an independent title, there will be a section devoted to brief but pointed reviews of significant books of a general nature.

*Format and Makeup.* The number of pages, and general appearance of the Quarterly will be maintained, but other physical features may be restyled by the noted designer Helen Gentry. We will entrust each issue for embellishment to an outstanding regional artist who will contribute original line drawings, vignettes, initials, or whatever seems adequate. An essay on the work of the artist thus featured will be contributed by a leading art critic. We will also use halftones, graphs, diagrams, and other illustrative material as profusely as any piece will demand for satisfactory presentation.

The Review will be managed by an editorial board composed of the members of the editorial staff, operating in a democratic fashion, and always welcoming suggestions from the outside. In order to profit by wide and representative counsel in the development of our program, besides the editorial board, there will be appointed an advisory board of experts in the various subjects that will be of most concern to the magazine. The members of this board will be consulted individually on specific cases and also meet with the editorial board from time to time to discuss matters of overall policy.

The editors and the University of New Mexico realize that without compensation to the contributors the magazine would have to depend on the "free lunch counter" to feed its pages. That kind of nourishment has never made robust any magazine in this country. On a remunerative basis, there should be larger independence on the author's as well as on the editor's side. Our fees cannot be large, but every piece will be paid for, whether solicited or unsolicited. Our little checks, therefore, must be accepted not as "payment due" but as a token of appreciation.

Conceiving the Review as a stimulator of thought and enterprise, we will make every effort to increase the circulation. We will co-operate with zeal in any movement designed to improve the cultural status of our area. The Poetry Awards announced in our last issue is our first venture in such direction, fittingly so, because the Quarterly has been a significant factor in recent times, under the distinguished editorship of Alan Swallow and Edwin Honig in the poetic renaissance of America. When we are strong enough, we may wish to sponsor other literary awards, exhibits, folklore festivals, and the like.

We know that such a program as is here outlined sounds a little fantastic with the means at our disposal. Yet we believe it can succeed if we have the good will and help of the persons who are deeply concerned with the well-being of the Southwest: the writers and artists and the responsive readers who, we hope, will give us their understanding and their subscriptions.

JOAQUIN ORTEGA, *Editor*

December, 1948

## FICTION IN THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW

Fiction writers and discriminating readers of good short stories might be interested to know that for the third successive year the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW has been honored by having one of its stories reprinted in the annual collection of twenty-three *Prize Stories: The O. Henry Awards*, selected and edited by Herschel Brickell (Doubleday & Company, Inc.).

THE TALKING STICK, by Virginia Sorensen (Winter, 1947)

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Seventeen short stories published in the Quarterly during 1947 were awarded distinctive mention in *The Best Short Stories of 1948*, edited by Martha Foley (Houghton Mifflin Company).

*The Necessary Illusion*, by Bruce P. Woodford (Spring)

*The Visit With Jimmy Baxter*, by W. L. Woodhouse (Spring)

*The Sling*, by James L. Summers (Spring)

*War in Peace*, by Peggy Harding Love (Spring)

*Old Man*, by Allen Parrott (Spring)

*Another Word Entirely*, by Jessamyn West (Spring)

*Oldest Inhabitant*, by Richard Summers (Spring)

*Reconciliation*, by Sanora Babb (Summer)

*Shepherd*, by Carol Ely Harper (Summer)

*The Harvest*, by Edward John De Roo (Summer)

*The Return From Stalag Z*, by Robert J. Levin (Summer)

*You Aim So High*, by Frank Brookhouser (Autumn)

*The Talking Stick*, by Virginia Sorensen (Winter)

*Portrait of Joe*, by Gustav Davidson (Winter)

*A Taste of the World*, by Wingate Froscher (Winter)

*Wade in the Water*, by Irma Wassall (Winter)

All these stories appeared in the four 1947 issues of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW among a total of nineteen published in the period. Not a bad score.

A limited number of those issues is still available. Before our reserve supply is exhausted, they may be ordered at \$1.00 each.

Besides the fiction listed above, the reader will find poems of comparable excellence and a variety of articles of interest and importance.

## A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

*Lyle Saunders and  
Frank L. Baird*

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**T**HIS 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, Arizona, and Texas, and parts of 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 June 1 and September 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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