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NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW



This issue illustrated by RAYMOND JONSON

Raymond Jonson by BEN WOLF

Erna Fergusson The New New Mexican

**Stanley Edgar Hyman James Gould Cozzens and the
Art of the Possible**

Kenneth Lash Captain Ahab and King Lear

Stories by David Cornel DeJong, Oliver La Farge, and others

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From Another Era

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VINCENT C. KELLEY — New Mexico's Position in a Western
Iron and Steel Industry

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Ralph Gustafson, Shirley Jackson, Alvaro de Silva and others

The Spring 1950 issue will be illustrated by HOWARD COOK, with cri-
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A

DIALOGUE.

C R I T E S.

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THE EDITOR'S CORNER



 **GUEST ARTIST, IV.**
In his critique, printed elsewhere in this issue, Ben Wolf gives biographical facts of our fourth guest artist, **RAYMOND JONSON.**

Under the sponsorship of the College of Fine Arts, the newly erected Jonson Gallery on the UNM campus will be opened on January 8, 1950, with a thirty-eight-year retrospective exhibit of paintings by Raymond Jonson selected from the collection of some four hundred examples of his art which he has presented (together with ninety-four works of other modern painters) to the University. Some twenty-five phases are discernible in Jonson's work—from the objective to what he terms the absolute, or that devoid of all immediate allusions. In this exhibition the eleven original drawings he has done expressly to illustrate this issue of the Quarterly will be included. These drawings are good examples of Jonson's interpretative range and sense of decoration. The Jonson Gallery announces that exhibitions by other contemporary artists will be organized. Since the establishment of the Jonson Gallery has aroused comment in New Mexico art circles, the Editor has invited Mr. Jonson to make a statement which follows:

"I have a belief in the creative aspect of painting that is being done

here in New Mexico. I recognize another aspect, namely, that of interpretation. Some excellent work is being done in this idiom, but it appears to me that the most exciting work is that which pertains to a different order—the abstract and absolute. I find that a considerable number of our younger painters have a tendency to work in a direction that holds some vision of the deeper and more fundamental principles involved in the character of the Southwest. Another group swings directly into pure creation or invention with no recourse to the physical aspects of the environment. In this latter direction we find some very stimulating works. I look forward to presenting in the Jonson Gallery from time to time some of the best work that turns out along the lines indicated above."

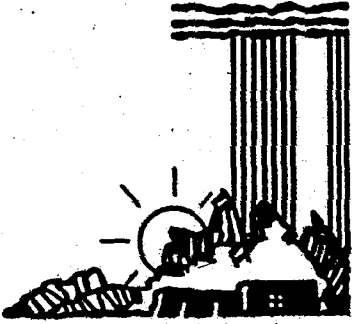
Readers interested in a discussion of abstract and absolute painting are referred to an article by Raymond Jonson, which appeared in the November 6, 1949, number of the *Santa Fe New Mexican* under the editorial caption "Art Transcendentalist Jonson Discusses Painting Approaches."

BEN WOLF, former art critic of the *Santa Fe New Mexican*, painter, critic, and art connoisseur, is now associate editor of the art magazine *Pictures on Exhibit*. Born in Philadelphia, 1914, he studied with Nordstrom, Pardi, and Hoffman. He was President of Warwick Galleries, Philadelphia, 1934-39; published *Philadelphia Art News*, 1937-38; served as Combat Artist, U. S. Coast Guard, 1942-44; taught at his own school,

continued on page 527

Erna Fergusson

THE NEW NEW MEXICAN



NEW MEXICO's most pressing social problem may well be unique in the United States. And its solution, going ahead rapidly but so quietly as to be generally unnoticed, gives evidence of rare and intelligent individual effort. In a sense it is a problem of Americanization. One thinks of Indians; but theirs is a distinct problem for they still remain largely apart from the general current of our life. The real problem is that faced by our large population of citizens with a European background but mother tongue not English. The picturesque charm of adobe villages and old Spanish customs has long been recognized as one of New Mexico's greatest assets. The difficulties faced by our young people who are handicapped by little or no facility in English have been overlooked, as their valiant efforts to adjust to a changing world and to master a new language at the same time have been too little appreciated.

The story begins more than a hundred years ago when the United States, taking over New Mexico from Mexico, declared its inhabitants citizens with all the rights of citizens. The terms were honorable. Unluckily, the United States made no provision to teach English to the new citizens, and English was the basic need—the tool for building a new life, the weapon and shield against dishonorable men who followed the honorable government. Here was a job of Americanization in which the foreign of language and custom were here first and in large majority. And the teachers, who were the interlopers, too often taught by evil example; seldom by wise and sympathetic meth-

ods. The only excuse is that in 1846 and for half a century thereafter such methods were unknown.

The American pioneer, rushing across the continent with his gun, his ax, his courage, and his greed, brought the simple faith of the frontier. God was his white-bearded prototype, his language the only sensible one, his ways forever best, his country forever right, and his morals the only true ones. In New Mexico this unlettered frontiersman came suddenly upon a wide fertile valley that cradled a relic of the Middle Ages. Along the Rio Grande and its tributaries was a society such as Europe knew before the Industrial Revolution. Great, ill-kempt, unfenced lands were held by rich families, by village communities, or by Pueblo Indians. The enemies were the nomadic Indians—Apaches, Comanches, Navajos, and Utes—who came raiding yearly and whose menace had made the people welcome the blue-coated Americans.

A map in the Federal Land Office in Santa Fe shows clearly how it was. To east and west, where Texas and Arizona now lie, New Mexico faded off into vast reaches of unexplored territory known only to hunters and a few intrepid traders who dared the dangerous trail to "the States." Spain and Mexico had made few and precarious settlements there; they had barely held the savages away from the villages on the Rio Grande watershed. But along those streams more than two hundred grants were recognized by the incoming United States. The land had been "granted by His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain" to the men who had explored it, won and held it against Indians, stocked and tilled it, and who paid taxes to support His Majesty's magnificence. When Mexico had established her independence of Spain, that republic made other grants to individuals of consequence, to communities, and to soldiers settled where they could protect the approaches to Mexico.

The rich built houses with large rooms and patios for pleasant living, but with walls too thick for an arrow to penetrate

and with wells and animal pens enclosed in case the whole must become a fortress. Long trains of burros or creaking ox-drawn wagons went yearly to Mexico with products of the land and back with luxuries. A grant produced more than a family could eat or use, so life was carefree and lavish. And there were plenty of workers—villagers who did not make quite enough in their own fields, peons, and slaves.

The villagers, owning their own grants, might be poor but they had their dignity. A man tilled his own fields, ran his stock on the communal pasture, shared in electing the ditch boss and the church and fiesta officials. Often related to the big house family and also of Spanish ancestry, he was more like the European small farmer than the medieval serf.

There was an unluckier class who got into debt to the *patrón* and stayed there, sometimes for generations. Debt peonage was an old Spanish and Mexican custom that some gringos found good; it has perhaps not altogether disappeared. Before 1850, when the New Mexico constitution abolished it, slavery existed; Indians caught in raids became part of the household just as did the victims of the wars of antiquity. Peonage and slavery, rather than the distinction between hacienda and village, were the basis for the snobbery which seems essential to every society. A certain lady still tickles her ego by referring to people of her surname but of humble origin as "*esos indios*." One politician describes his hearers as descendants of Spanish grandees and himself as a village boy who made good. Thus he bows at once to Spanish pride and the log-cabin tradition.

The earliest Nordic invaders—trappers, traders, and soldiers—accepted this formalized and peaceful life and did little to change it. But they were soon followed by government men and by lawyers, bringing standards as far as possible from those of customs founded on Spanish law. A strong property sense, respect for trade, reverence for money. They also brought familiarity with forms and usages new to the Mexican population,

and willingness to profit by that. Many a young man coming west knew only that he had come upon a good land and he wanted it; wanted all of it, in fee simple, and right now.

This acquisitive gringo found his first and best ally in the *rico*. People of other than Spanish heritage are now called Anglo-Americans in distinction to Spanish-Americans. But as "Anglos" were of every strain and very few in fact were primarily English the colloquial term seems best. The gringo was the stranger, strange of speech and custom.

The rich, some of whom had been educated in the States, quickly made friends with the English-speaking civil and military officers; many of their daughters and sons married gringos. Through these marriages, pleasant social intercourse, and business and political association, the rich went over easily into the new culture. Aristocratic in their thinking they naturally did nothing to educate, or even to protect their village neighbors. The *rico* of a hundred years ago was charitable, probably kind to those he considered inferiors; but social conscience was of a later date.

Nor did the Church, preoccupied with spiritual matters, distressed to see the Protestant churches making converts, make any unified effort to teach English. There were no parish schools; priests preached in Spanish and spoke it with their parishioners. Bishop Lamy opened a school for boys in Santa Fe in 1850, a few others followed. But only the well-off could afford these schools. A few bright youngsters learned good English in Protestant mission schools where English was emphasized. But the people remained Catholic and attended Catholic schools—or none. New Mexico's public school system dates from 1891, but for many years teaching jobs were considered political plums, teachers often knew little English; before World War I many counties had no high schools. New Mexico today spends proportionately more on education than any other state in the Union, but its illiteracy rate is one of the highest; high school

and even college students have difficulty with English, are still refused jobs because of a Spanish accent.

This is New Mexico's great tragedy. Citizens of the United States have been denied their right to its language. Its mark remains, a hundred years later, on every phase of the state's life. Lack of the language has served to perpetuate many old ways of thinking and thus to corrupt politics, to make it easy to maintain an underprivileged class of Spanish-speaking folk, and to hamper assimilation and adjustment.

Politics is the key to the whole puzzle. The rich, easily acquiring the new language, held onto their lands, and went into business. They also went into politics and were clever at it. From Spanish *patrón* to American political boss was no step at all. The dons could deliver the vote unfailingly and were themselves rewarded with a fair share of offices. But it is noteworthy that the Spanish-speaking counties were not favored in the distribution of political plums. This, in spite of the fact that Spanish-speaking voters were in the majority until the middle 1930's! Perhaps the political *patrón* was not clever enough; more likely he was closer in his thinking to the Spanish hidalgo than to the American faith in an enlightened citizenry. Even bosses from the poorer groups, as they gained power, joined the hidalgo class, married the real don's sister or daughter, and became dons themselves.

This social shift was matched by members of the old hidalgo class who lost out. Rich young men, knowing that if a storm wiped out 10,000 sheep there would be more sheep, used to finding plenty of money in the strongbox, trained to consider work degrading and close trading unworthy of a gentleman, were at a sad disadvantage against frontier lawyers with their tradition of hard work, canny trading and long saving. So the young hidalgo (son of somebody), when his horse failed to win, or gambling debts piled up, could easily find some son of nobody from "the States" ready to make a loan or at least to

talk business. Such talks usually concerned the family grant. And the grants changed hands at such a rate that few still belong to people with Spanish names.

This was particularly sad in the case of village grants. Here ignorance of the new laws was often decisive, especially as some lawyers developed a technique for getting grant owners—often they numbered hundreds—to “petition for partition” and sell the land. Often grants were sold for taxes. This is not ancient history; it is a recurring scene. Now and again a town gets good advice in time and holds its lands, as did Chilili. With the advice of the County Agricultural Agent, those owners negotiated a Farm Security Loan, paid up their back taxes, and formed a co-operative for the cutting and marketing of their timber. So the United States, a hundred years late, is at last helping its New Mexico citizens to keep their lands and help themselves.

But there are few Chililis. And thousands of displaced villagers. In town they struggle to adjust to new ways and a new language. Too often the examples they see are of the worst; too often the difficulties are too great. A boy too big for his grade in school turns, in his shame, to defiant fighting and ends in juvenile court. A girl, resentful of her old-fashioned family, evades their control and comes eventually to the Welfare Home. Most parents try to help. They keep their children in school as long as possible and urge them to speak English at home, hoping they will lose the Spanish accent. One mother required her sons as well as her daughters to turn all their wages over to her. She administered the family budget cannily, bought plain food, and worked hard. But she acquired good furniture and mechanical aids, all on the installment plan. She could not explain her policy in English but what she said was: “I want my children to have the best, and when they have to make payments they do not waste their money.”

Many such families, trying honestly and hard to get ahead, meet discrimination in getting jobs. New Mexico has a better

record of fair dealing than many states, but a native daughter must admit—with shame—that even here good people are often hurt and hampered by prejudice. This is most true in counties settled by people from the southern states and where the evangelical churches are strongest. New Mexico is fighting a battle for decency. The questions are: will the old easy friendliness of the Rio Grande region be strong enough to withstand the hordes of newcomers? or will there be, among the newcomers, enough people of good feeling and good sense to offset the prejudice of those who know no better?

Despite these manifold handicaps the young Spanish-speaking citizen is forging ahead, becoming a new New Mexican. And he is doing it—with her help—in the best American style of individual initiative, courage and brains. This is not new. Always the class that seemed doomed to be forever poor and ignorant has produced a few individuals who could force themselves up and out. First they thought the only way to get ahead was through politics. So they played politics, demanding certain offices for men with Spanish names. Young lawyers, fearing they would never get the fat fees, sought political appointment. Some, fearing discrimination, have left the state rather than face the long lean years any young lawyer expects to weather through.

This is one of the sequelae of discrimination. Fear of it is often more hampering than the fact itself. Some people have taken refuge in false pride. "Never marry a gringa," says a mother. "She will only take you for what she can get out of you. A girl of your own people will be a real help." Girls at the University, where a girl must state that she wishes to join a sorority, do not do so. "I refused the sorority invitations; I'd never give anybody a chance to discriminate against me." Boys sometimes are too stand-offish to attend fraternity smokers.

Discrimination has brought about, among people who hate it and who try to avoid even its appearance, certain odd locu-

tions and word taboos. Speeches and articles are combed for words that "might give offense." Politicians accuse each other of implying affront that their words certainly do not explicitly state.

All these problems are being solved now, and fast. The solution is not coming from the educators, well-wishers, and cautious speakers, but from sensible American citizens of Spanish background who have at last got things into perspective. They are beating down job discrimination by joining unions and by qualifying with better English for jobs they formerly could not hold. One sees this in stores, offices, and factories. They are getting their children educated better every year and so qualifying them to enter the professions. They are talking frankly and easily without fear of the taboo words, and they have quite completely got the number of the stupid newcomer who considers himself superior. Here enters humor.

This change in attitude began after World War I. Youths who had previously been no farther from home than Ranchos saw foreign lands and great cities; they heard many languages. English, then, was not God's only speech as the gringos had told them. Most of all the old *patrón* pattern was badly cracked, if not broken. "I didn't have to vote as Don José said." But the big change came through tragedy.

With the depression people were desperate for jobs, for food. "The old *patrón* game" had failed and federal agencies took over. Scrawny, sullen boys grew sturdy in CCC camps. Older men, who had never had a chance, wrestled with English and addition in adult classes. WPA projects, preserving old arts and crafts, developed confidence by approving Spanish folkways. But best of all many New Mexicans got, for the first time, the American conviction that poverty can be an incentive; that if presidents had come from log cabins and millionaires from work gangs, so might presidents come from adobe huts and millionaires from sheep camps.

The second World War, taking more young men and taking them much farther, has given us a new New Mexican who faces his special problems with both courage and humor. One said: "For an Hispano it's not enough to be good; you've got to be super. Okay, I'll be super."

This type can best be observed at the University of New Mexico where both men and women of Spanish heritage are registering in increasing numbers. Many have to work their way through, but they do well anyhow; many take scholastic honors and go on for advanced degrees. One professor said: "They work hard; naturally they are considered drips." This combination of poverty and hard work bears on the charge that these students are discriminated against by fraternities and sororities. But the record reveals that those whose families can pay the assessments and contribute social glamor are "Greeks." Admittedly social (and by connotation snobbish) these societies seek prestige rather than brains. One wonders if such exclusiveness is any harder on an Hispano at New Mexico than it was on Sinclair Lewis at Yale or Wendell Willkie at Indiana. Both were discriminated against by local snob groups and both mentioned it in later life.

Many students, especially veterans, don't care. One, who was slowed down in high school because he had to translate every question into Spanish and his answer back into English, graduated at the top of his class. After three grim years in Africa and Italy he is earning his way and supporting his wife as a salesman. When he broke the record his company offered him an agency in Mexico, but he has decided to finish his law course first. "Then I'll clean up a tidy sum in Mexico and come home to practice." He has no complaint of discrimination. His complete inner freedom is evidenced by the ease with which he uses the taboo words.

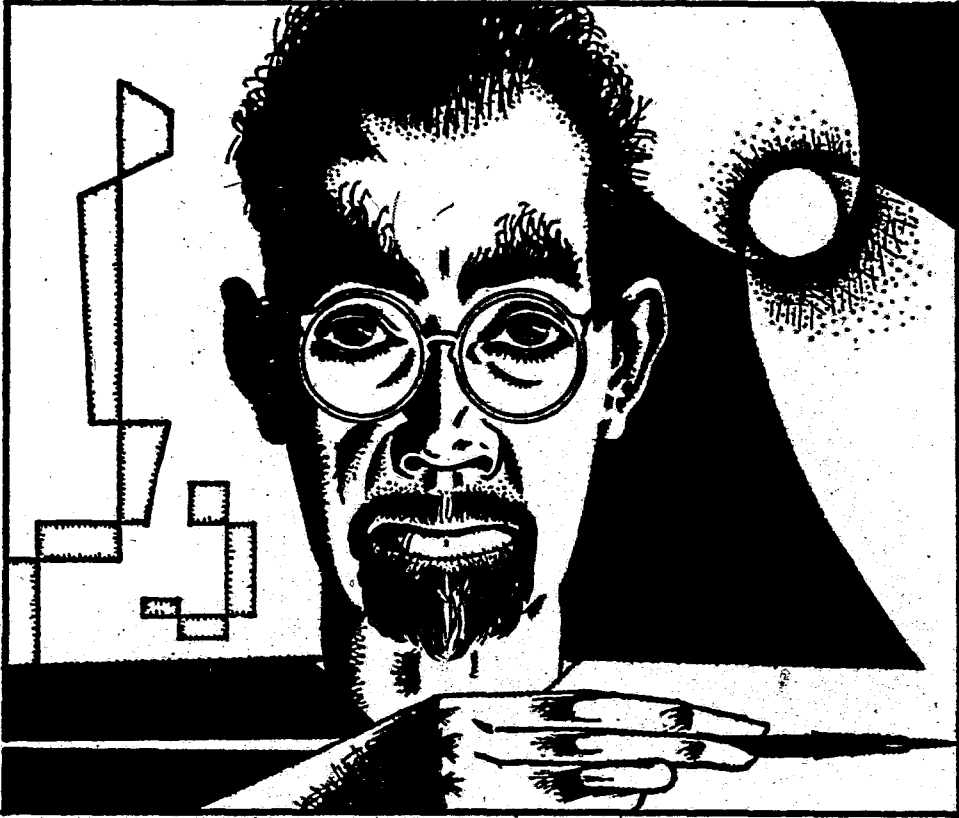
Even in politics, where appeals to prejudice and complaints of discrimination are standard procedure, one finds increasing

maturity and balance. One defeated candidate said: "I was getting along all right. Even in that Anglo precinct I was winning when old Whoosiz came out with that blast daring people to vote against me because I was Hispano. That cooked my goose. People who were going to vote for me changed their minds. I don't blame them. We've got to take our chances like anybody else."

These examples are certainly not all the New Mexicans of Spanish ancestry. But if they are a minority they are that significant and forceful minority that produces leaders in any society. These new New Mexicans, of both sexes, ask no special favors; they want only the chance that any American has. They are turning what used to be a language handicap into an asset as they enter the teaching profession and the foreign service, and perform brilliantly in both fields. They find their dual culture an enrichment of life wherever they are, and a widened opportunity. They are beginning to talk about how they, as the more developed and understanding citizens, may cure certain ignorant gringos of intolerance and prejudice.

New Mexico is not out of the woods, that darkling forest where good people have been held by lack of a chance to learn. But quietly and unnoticed by many people, we are developing leaders who, holding to the best in the Spanish tradition, have fully accepted the best United States tradition and are coming ahead on their own power, using every advantage that a free land offers, relying on themselves and making good. These are the new New Mexicans who will finally bring our state to its full maturity.

Raymond Jonson



By Ben Wolf

RAYMOND JONSON employs his brush as though it were a surgeon's scalpel. His studio is more an aesthetic operating room than the expected atelier of Bohemian renown. His resultant art is, as the foregoing would indicate, highly cerebral in approach. His paintings, music-wise, have closer kinship to Bach than Moussourgsky. Although Jonson does not like his particular metier referred to as "non-objective" painting, but employs a term of his own coinage, to wit, "absolute," he has a sympathetic appreciation of the experiments of the Bauhaus and many members of the group of painters

whose work may be seen at the Museum of Non-Objective Painting in New York.

Like so many painters who have synthesized their work during their careers, Jonson's has not always been the cerebral attitude. His early canvases are objective and his evolution through the years slow, reflecting a scholar's search for form, space and color.

To the layman, visually educated to seek surface realities in art, and who most appreciates slavish "nature" copying, much of Jonson's painting must of necessity prove baffling. But, just as one would neither expect nor desire the surgeon to employ archaic techniques, because we did not understand the complexities of current medicine, so we must not ask the artist to aid and abet our ignorance concerning his experimentation because it does not keep the snail's pace of our limited knowledge.

A good approach for the interested gallery-gazer, when confronted by the incisive forms, ordered space and unfamiliar color relationships in Raymond Jonson's paintings, is simply to relax . . . and with an unprejudiced eye look for a new dimension.

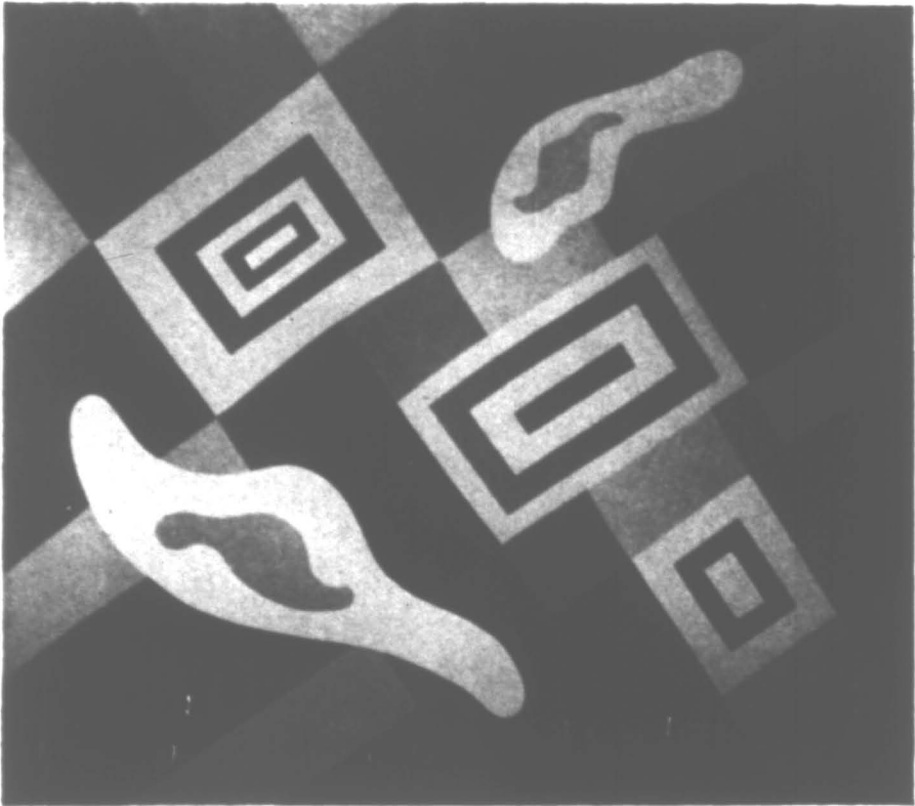
How is this to be accomplished? Don't seek recognizable forms, i. e.: "That must be the sun." Or . . . "Is that supposed to be a man's head?" It must be admitted that that reaction is frequently the fault of many artists who insist upon literary titles for such pictures. Look rather for spacial relationships, for example, one of the prime motivations in a Jonson canvas.

Raymond Jonson is not interested in the old compositional formulas which dictated where trees and horizons *must* be placed. His is the new concept of space, which intrigues the initiated eye with its unorthodoxy. One's eye is never bored by threadbare clichés, dogmatically dictated to our young painters by the academicians of an older generation.

Look for new and frequently disturbing color relationships . . . disturbing to the layman, at first, because they are unexpected and threaten his complacent reliance in the past on the "taste" of the interior decorator. Remember that Van Gogh,



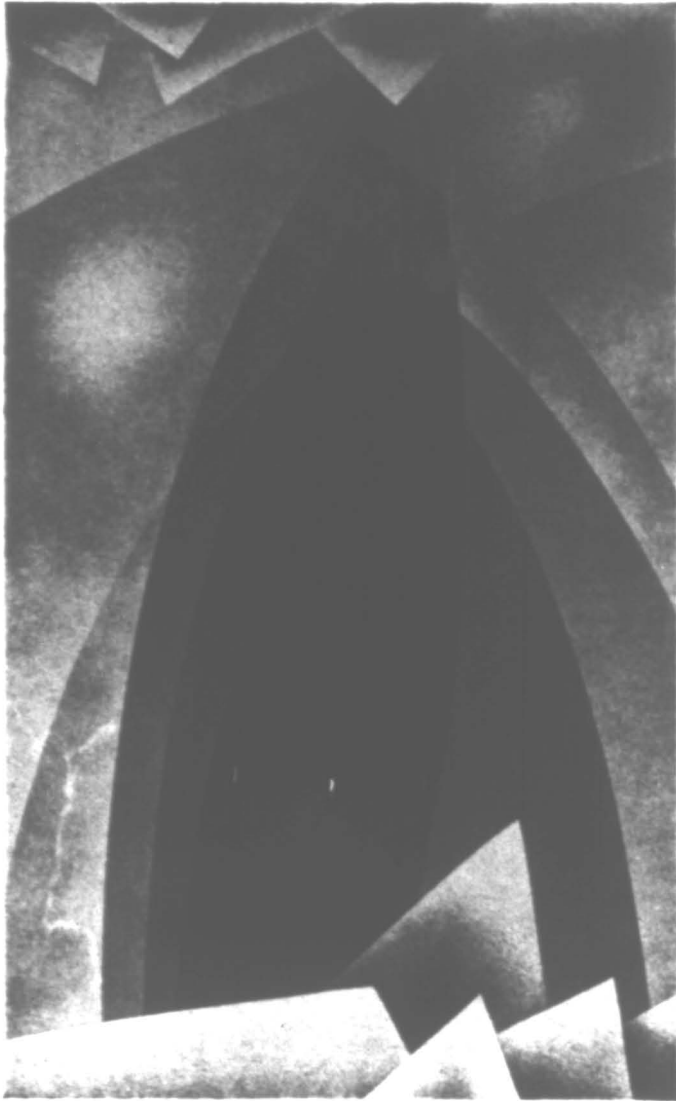
EARTH RHYTHMS NO. 5. Oil on canvas 32" x 41". Painted 1925. *Collection of William Strohm, Santa Fe, N. M.*



CHROMATIC CONTRASTS NO. 22. Oil on canvas 33" x 38". Painted 1947. *Courtesy of Museum of New Mexico.*



OIL NO. 1—1946. Oil on canvas 33" x 38". *Courtesy of Museum of New Mexico.*



CASEIN TEMPERA NO. 6-1938.
Oil on canvas 21" x 34". Collection of R. W.
Gerard, Chicago.

now universally accepted and hanging in some of our most conservative homes today, in place of "The Doctor at the Bed-side," in the recent past was castigated for his "harsh and horrid color." The more educated the eye becomes, the more it will seek fresh experiences.

Look for rhythms. Think, perhaps, in terms of music. There are in Jonson's "absolutes" staccato notes, swelling phrases, spiraling movements, etc., just as they exist in music. Let yourself go and you cannot help but to feel them. It is perhaps for that reason that in Manhattan's Museum of Non-Objective Painting classical music is played as a background for the exhibits.

In Jonson's own words, he designates "non-representative, or absolute, paintings as those that are purely imaginative and creative. No objects or subject matter have any place in the concept. It is pure painting. Just as in music we have absolute music, in the non-representative work we have absolute painting. It is not painting of the visual world, but rather the creation of an original set of forms and rhythms dictated by the medium. It is not imitative of anything. It is creative."

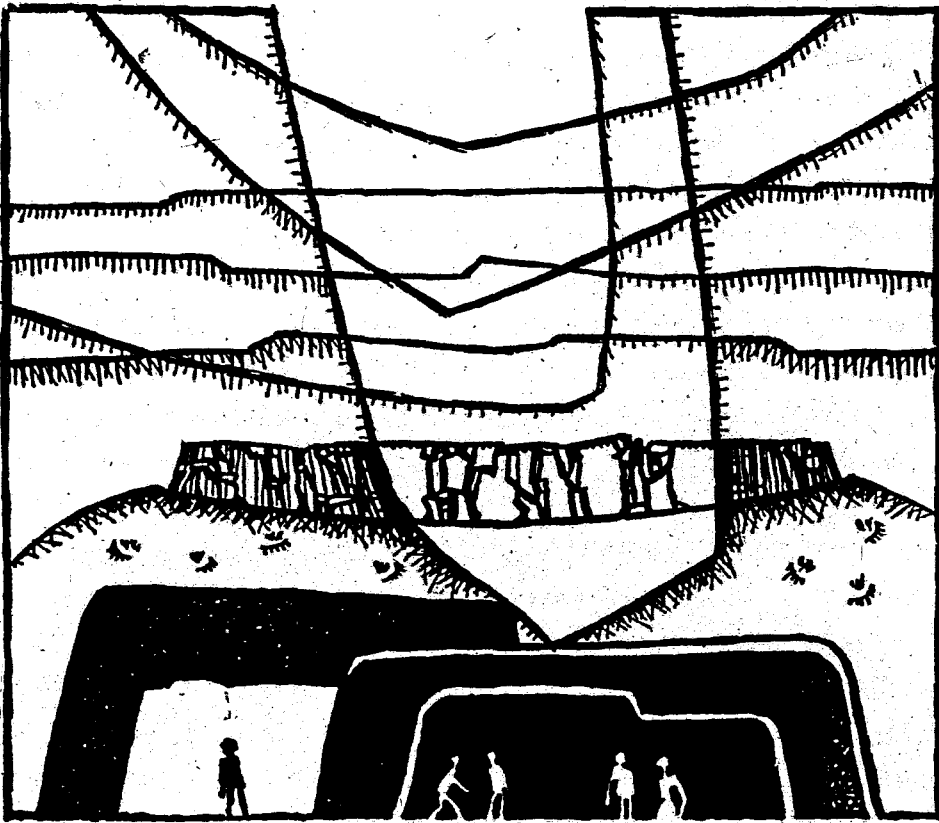
In my opinion, it is impossible to depart wholly from nature, by virtue of our being a part of nature ourselves. It is impossible for any of us to create any form not repeated somewhere in nature. Despite the fantasies that might find birth in our subconscious, they are nevertheless earthbound. We have yet to see a depiction of a Martian creature that does not have at least some vestigial remains of our earth-bound contacts with nature. But rather than seek out these references in contemplating the art of Raymond Jonson, the spectator will be robbing himself of an aesthetic experience if he does not explore his space, color relationships, and rhythms.

It will soon be possible for the public to trace for themselves the career of Raymond Jonson, through the generosity of Adele Levis Rand, Frank C. Rand, Jr., and Amelia Elizabeth White, who have helped erect a Museum to permanently house a col-

lection of the artist's work, executed during the past quarter century. All phases of Jonson's work will be displayed, including his earlier realistic efforts as well as his subsequent adventures in the realm of modern art.

The son of an itinerant missionary minister of the Gospel, Raymond Jonson was introduced to the Far West while still a small child. The artist-to-be was born July 18, 1891, in Chariton, Iowa, of Swedish parentage. After early schooling in Portland, Oregon, he attended the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts (where he was later to teach), during the years 1910-11, at which time he also studied at the Chicago Art Institute. It was at this time that the youthful artist first became interested in the theatre and in the early experimental work then taking place at the pioneering Chicago Little Theatre. His role was that of Graphic Art Director for the group, in which position, from 1913-19, he designed and executed sets, costumes and lighting effects. It was here that he met his future wife, Miss Vera White, who was then a member of the company.

The young couple vacationed in Santa Fe during the summer of 1922 and immediately fell in love with the Ancient City of the Holy Faith, and in 1924, just twenty-five years ago, made it their permanent residence. During the intervening years, Jonson's works have been shown throughout the United States, as well as Vancouver, B. C., and in collective exhibits throughout Europe. His one-man exhibitions have been seen in New York City, Chicago, Houston, Tulsa, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, as well as numerous other American cities. He is also represented in various museums, public institutes and private collections. Jonson's murals may be seen at the University of New Mexico (Albuquerque), where he has been a professor of art since 1934, and at Eastern New Mexico College, in Portales. Reproductions of Jonson's work can be found in Sheldon Cheney's *Primer of Modern Art*, and *Expressionism in Art*, as well as in Eliot O'Hara's *Watercolor Fares Forth*, and Leo Katz' *Understanding Modern Art*.



Oliver La Farge

BEATS FIRECRACKERS ALL HOLLOW

A BUNCH of native kids was setting off firecrackers at Padilla's place down the road. Ben knew very well who they were: Rudolfo and Joe Padilla, Frankie Romero, and Paca Luján who was only nine and a regular tag-along, and also inclined to be too smart for her britches. He hung on the post at the side of the cattle guard, looking that way with the longing, like a sickness in his stomach, of a boy who has played alone ever since school let out.

Last April, not long after his father first came to New Mexico, he had run with them until he made the dire mistake of saying that, even though Rudolfo was eleven going on twelve, he, Ben, should be the leader because he was American and they were Mexicans. He had said it innocently and sincerely, believing that that was the acknowledged order of the world. He had heard his father talking about the quality of the labor he got in these parts. The boys' reaction took him completely by surprise, unready to fight or to run. He got a black eye out of it, a nasty kick on the shin, a cut lip, and a bloody cut on the head where Rudolfo hit him with a stone while he was running.

Those dumb Mexicans, he told himself, bearing down hard in his mind on the word "Mexican," here it's still a week to the Fourth and they're shooting off their crackers. That's the kind of Americans they are. The kids formed in a line, small, black figures with pencilled arms and legs waving as they ran, Paca last and stretching to keep up. They dropped their firecrackers in turn as they passed a certain point. It was some sort of game. The wanting to know what game was a sharp pain.

School had taken up a lot of the day. There were some Anglo kids there from the other end of the valley, and he got together with them. After school let out, Pop had promised to take him down there soon, but Pop was tied up with his road contract, especially now that they had hit a rock ledge and had to blast. It was a fixed-price contract, so every extra day was a loss. Pop went down Sundays and blasted. Pop was an old hand with explosives; that was why Ben wasn't going to have any firecrackers. Pop said he'd seen too many damn fool accidents, there just wasn't any such thing as an explosive you could afford to play with. The native kids made their single line and ran again. By the way they held their arms straight out he guessed that they were playing bomber.

Pop said he'd asked for it, although he also said that Rudolfo had no business throwing that rock. That was dirty fighting.

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Pop told him to go make friends and then *prove* that an Anglo was the natural leader over natives. That meant apologizing, to kids who couldn't even speak straight American. Rudolfo said "husband" when he meant wife. He couldn't make himself do it. He couldn't admit that he needed those kids badly and that they, with their funny names and their foreign speech, didn't need him at all. He turned his back on them, which brought him facing the garage, a tar-paper building in violent contrast with the pinkish-gray adobe house beside it. Next to the garage was the lean-to where Pop kept the tools. The dynamite box was in there, and Ben knew where the key was. If he had a hunk of that he could make their crackers look silly. Even the thought was a pinnacle of wickedness which frightened him.

There was a big bang from down the road, and he heard the kids whooping. He turned again. They were hunkered down in a circle, busy at something. He started down the road. He was not planning to speak to them, he just wanted to see. He picked a stem of grass from the roadside and chewed on it. The grass here grew dry except along the irrigation ditches. Under the sun the road was hot; where trees dappled it, the shadow was sharply cool.

The Padilla place had no fence. The long, low, plain adobe house was more than a hundred feet from the road, with its back turned to it, offering only a couple of small, high windows on that side. From it to the road stretched an area of baked earth and Russian thistle where Padilla had tried, and given up, dry farming. His fields were under the ditch at the back. On either side of the open space *chamisa* grew in tall, fat, gray-green clumps. Ben had long been conscious of the personality of this place, the deserted, empty part by the road, the secretive house, and behind it trees suggesting shade and repose locked away. He wanted to be able to go back there.

The kids, clumped together, were digging and building with

their hands. Behind them lay an open carton box. He stood at the edge of the road, silent, looking. Frankie saw him, but said nothing. He stepped a little nearer. Still they paid him no mind. The kids stood up. They had made a square mound of earth with something like round towers at the corners, and there was the fuse of a giant cracker sticking out of the middle. Rudolfo took a match out of his pants pocket. They could not help noticing him now. Rudolfo stood, match in hand, looking at him.

Ben asked, "Whatcha doing?"

There was a pause. Then Frankie said excitedly, "We're blowin' up Shure Castle."

"Shure Castle?"

Rudolfo said, "Yeah, on Okinawa. My uncle was there."

"Oh." He hadn't thought of these people in the war. "My pop was in the Seabees."

Rudolfo considered. "My uncle, he says the Seabees was good."

Ben moved into the group. Rudolfo said, "*P'atrás*, get back," and touched the match to the fuse. They all jumped back a few paces. Shure Castle blew up, not very well, but enough to shower dirt around them.

"That's swell," Ben said tactfully.

Rudolfo said, "Pretty good. She don't really blow."

Ben stubbed his toe in the ground. "I'm sorry I said that—you know."

"*Sí*. I'm sorry I sock you with that stone."

Everything was set. Ben helped them rebuild the castle and set another cracker in it.

After that had gone off he asked, "How come you're shooting firecrackers so early. It ain't the Fourth yet."

Frankie said, "We got plenty. Rudy's uncle she gave us some, and my dad, and we made some money and got some with that. So we're tryin' some out."

Paca said, "I bet you goin' to have big fireworks."

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You could trust her to talk out of turn. If a brat like that wanted to tag along, she ought to keep her bright ideas to herself.

"Nah. I don't bother with firecrackers. My Pop's a dynamiter. That beats firecrackers all hollow."

Frankie's eyes widened. "You goin' to blow dynamite on the Fourth?"

Ben had to think fast. "No." He quoted his father. "Dynamite ain't to fool with. We only shoot when we got business to."

Joe, the younger Padilla, said, "You yourself you blow it?"

Ben felt big. He was getting somewhere, he was showing them. "Sure. I work with my Pop sometimes, when he needs help."

"Blow some for us," Joe said, his voice begging.

Rudolfo said, "Yeah. Gee— say, that would be the atom bomb!"

Ben shook his head. "Nope. Can't do it. Like I said, it ain't to fool with."

Paca leaned her head on one side and studied him with her large, dark, bright eyes. "Your Dad, I bet he whale you if you touch it."

"He would not. I can use it any time I want to."

"Then blow some for us."

Ben didn't like girls, generically, but he had never met one he disliked as much as this one. He hesitated, holding back from a forbidden decision, then with a sudden sense of power he said, "Okay."

With the sense of their admiration full within him he ran to his place. He went around the tamarisk hedge and slipped to the tool house. The dynamite box was a big, wooden container with a sloping top, like a miniature shed, locked with a padlock. The key was hidden under an old sledge-hammer head. Listening intently, his heart beating, he opened the box. He knew pretty well what he needed.

The sticks of dynamite looked huge. There were some broken

ones. A piece about six inches long lay in a corner. It had the appearance of something that had been overlooked and would not be missed. He took that, a piece of fuse, and then gingerly, for he had heard his father talk, a cap out of the little box in the corner. He went back to Padilla's slowly, because of the cap.

He showed them the stick of dynamite and the fuse, and then the cap lying in his palm.

"You got to handle this like eggs," he said. "It'll go off if you look at it."

They stared at the tiny, lethal thing for all they were worth.

"What we going to blow up?" Rudolfo said.

Ben looked around. His eyes lit on a pile of stones, cleared from the abandoned field. He pointed to them. "Let's make us a real castle."

Now he was the leader. Pop was right. They made a castle of dirt and small stones, with the dynamite lying flat under it at the end of a tunnel. Ben said that was the way to do. He put the cap in the end of the stick, lying on his stomach and reaching into the tunnel delicately, set the fuse in the cap, then he filled the tunnel with dirt.

"That's called tamping," he explained.

Rudolfo held a match towards him.

"You can light it, Rudy," he said with enormous magnanimity. As Rudolfo put the match to the fuse, he called out, "Everybody run. Way back, back by those chamisas."

Paca shouted "*Corre, corre!*"

They ran. They waited by the bushes and stared. Paca put her hand in Frankie's. Slowly the sputtering place on the fuse reached the dirt, disappeared. Nothing happened. An age went by and nothing happened.

Rudolfo looked at Ben, questioning.

"I guess it went out." His great moment had fizzled.

Rudolfo asked, Have you any more *mecha*—that string stuff?"

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Ben could not face another raid on his father's box. "We're awful short," he said. He hated to flop like this. "Look, Rudy, I guess the fuse pulled out of the cap, either that or it went out. Anyway, we can make a bomb out of it. If we just throw that stick with the cap in it, it's bound to go off. Let's go look."

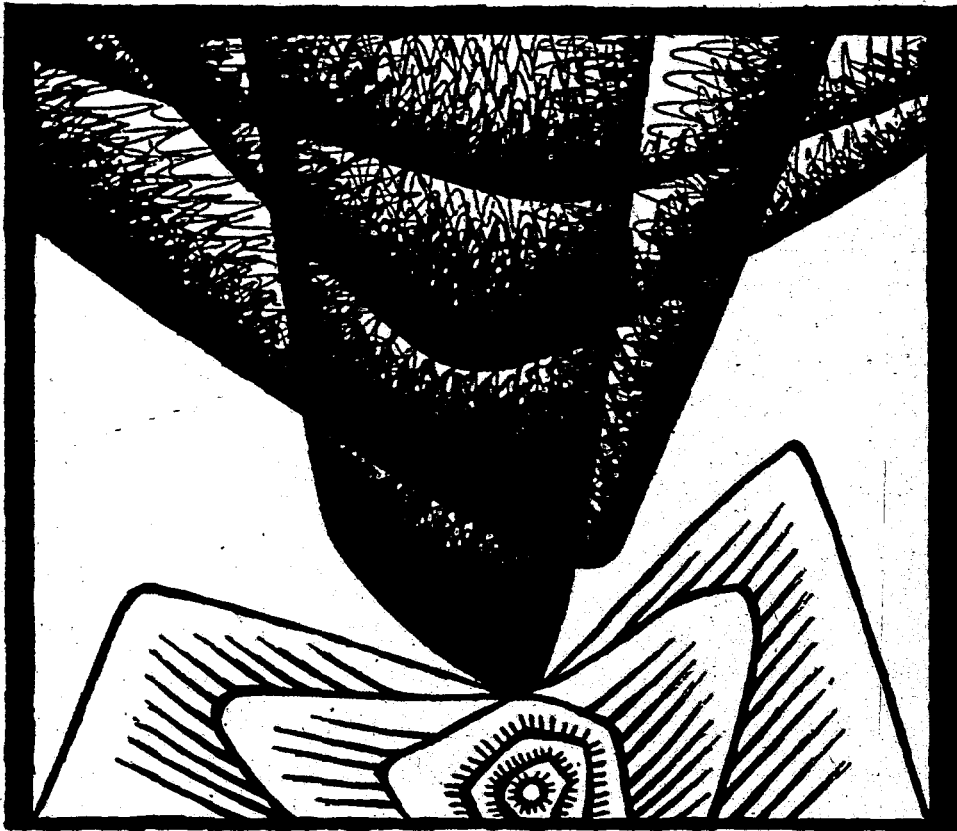
"Okay."

They told the others to stay back and started towards the castle, eyeing it. Paca came right after them, and the other two followed her. Ben and Rudolfo squatted together by the tunnel, the others stood behind them, leaning over.

"There is the hole where it burned in," Rudolfo said.

Ben said, uneasily, "Maybe we better wait—"

Under the ground the fuse had burned draggingly for lack of air. Now it reached the cap and the charge exploded.



Kenneth Lash

CAPTAIN AHAH AND KING LEAR



WILLIAM ELLERY SEDGWICK called Captain Ahab "the one character in American literature whom one would dare name beside Hamlet and Lear." I believe that one can do a good deal more than "name" Ahab "beside" Lear.

The connection is easily perceived. Take, for instance, these two quotations:

... in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will on the corruptions and abuses of mankind.

It is the most fearless artistic facing of the ultimate cruelty of things in our literature.

To which character does the first quotation refer, Captain Ahab or King Lear? To which work does the second quotation refer, *King Lear* or *Moby Dick*? Although both William Hazlitt and G. Wilson Knight (respectively) had reference to *King Lear*, their comments would be not one whit less appropriate had they Ahab and his story in mind.

The profound influence of Shakespeare upon Melville is too patent for extended comment here. Melville himself acknowledged it explicitly many times. And, had he said not a word, *Moby Dick* would stand as towering testament.

This general, overall influence devolves into a specific closely knit relationship between *Moby Dick* and *King Lear*. A far-

reaching investigation of parallels is not my purpose; rather, as the title indicates, sights are to be focussed in each case upon the man maddened. Let us look at these two great old men, tracing first the lineaments wherein is told their deep kinship.

Both were rulers, kingly in fact and in spirit. And both had been "dethroned" from that part of themselves and of life which can give joy and peace, cut off inexorably from their happiness, both past and potential. As Ahab puts it: "Gifted with the high perception, I lack the low enjoying power; damned most subtly and malignantly! damned in the midst of Paradise!"

Yes, both are damned—in part through their frailty, in part through their greatness. If it is the cold and calculating heartlessness of his daughters that drives Lear to the hovel of madness, it is the inscrutable, indifferent malice of the white whale that sends Ahab down into the tight, sweaty cabin of monomania. And both eventually emerge in the full paraphernalia of a most acute and deep-seeing madness that finds its causal factor but a link in the chain of evil that rings the world around.

These are men driven mad by *awareness*, by what has been called "the tragic vision." They have, out of the inner necessities of their natures, looked straight upon the sun of truth and been made forever blind to blindness.

It is this spiritual greatness that is their tightest bond. Taken in and by themselves, the single incidents leading to the madness of Lear and Ahab are insufficient: filial ingratitude is "sharp-toothed," yes, but it had a history even in Lear's time; and that whales are sharp-toothed, every whaleman knows. It is not the act in itself that is primary, but rather the significance which both Ahab and Lear see *in* the act, its relationship to and bearing on the whole stream of circumstance and event which runs counter to man's deepest belief in the mercy and goodness of this world and its gods. It is this insight into the essentially metaphoric quality of a particular injustice that madness brings to Lear and heightens in Ahab; it is their refusal to blink this

vision that, in turn, reinforces their greatness—and their madness. For as Stanley Geist has pointed out, it is a vision essentially self-destructive, a realization which so shakes the vessel of man that it cannot help but crack.

Yet the soul remains intact. More than that, it swells and grows until it is the whole man. Both Lear and Ahab become naked soul, huge soul. And it is in this power of soul that they touch again, for at their heights they are both men of Promethean defiance. Lear dares the storm to do its worst; Ahab grasps in his hand the lightning rod. That last essence of god-like pride and sovereignty is the thing they would not yield.

And so both these men, starved and battered by an unprincipled universe, turn their backs upon irresponsible man and put their questions to the gods themselves. The very *Pequod* is "An Anacharsis Cloutz deputation from all the ends of the earth, accompanying old Ahab . . . to lay the world's grievances before that bar from which not very many of them ever come back." And Lear's last speech asks: "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all?" Their questions are of justice, final and cosmic, and for answer they receive that most peremptory indefiniteness—death.

It would be a mistake, however, to see these men as simple equivalents. Above and beyond their common traits is a spate of differences so striking as to make one wonder that resemblance remains.

It is obvious that, before his madness, neither Lear's thoughts nor actions approach Ahab's in stature. Unable as I am to accept Wilson Knight's concept of Lear as a great soul linked to a "puerile intellect," Lear's was, at least, an unharnessed, unrealized intellect: "he hath ever but slenderly known himself." And his life, as hinted, has been one of autocratic rule and impetuous pleasure: "The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash."

But Ahab has been on the sea these forty years, thinking, see-

ing, feeling the stuff of which his madness is to be made. A great intellect from the start, even in his madness "not one jot of his great natural intellect had perished." If Lear shows, as Hazlitt says, the "logic of passion," Ahab presents the passion of logic.

Lear can be more soft and yet more vitriolic than Ahab; he can be more dazed and helpless; he can welcome death where Ahab spits at it; he can quarrel, misjudge, plead, forgive. He can temporize and turn back. But Ahab? Madness only turns his clay to bronze: "Did you fixedly gaze, too, upon that ribbed and dented brow; there also, you would see still stranger footprints—the footprints of his one unsleeping, ever-pacing thought."

These smaller differences lead to the larger: Ahab is a more consistent, more organic character. His life spins inevitably out of himself. Lear, in a manner of speaking, is pushed.

And what of this push, this match held to the tinder that was Lear? We note immediately that the match was supplied by Lear himself, in the jealousy of his nature and the frailty of his judgment. Not so with Ahab, who was already engaged in deadly battle with the forces of the sea when Moby Dick "reaped" his leg.

And the striking of the match? In the one instance, by Regan and Goneril—beings whose warp is in part the work of Lear himself and in part the eternal human potential for twistedness. At least their frailties may be comprehended and their ambitions perceived. But what of Moby Dick—a thing that Ahab never made? A beast with a history of gratuitous malice! a "dumb" thing possessed with a cunning and contriving malignity! Who put it into this monster to chew off legs it cannot eat? Ahab is already pounding at the door of the Creator while Lear is still reviling a helpless humanity. And so Lear becomes an accuser where Ahab is a champion.

Both are given the motive for madness in the horrible spec-

tacle of evil's outrage and conquest of good. But whereas Lear's ability to withstand and to fight the forked injustices of this world is but little and late, Ahab's is great and ever present. He will uphold man's stature in the teeth of anything and everything; he will somehow hunt down and outrage the outrageous, be it agent or god:

All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks. But in each event—in the living act, the undoubted deed—there, some unknown but still reasoning thing puts forth the moldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask. If man will strike, strike through the mask! How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall? To me, the white whale is that wall, shoved near to us. Sometimes I think there's naught beyond. But 'tis enough. He tasks me; he heaps me; I see in him outrageous strength, with an inscrutable malice sinewing it. That inscrutable thing is chiefly what I hate; and be the white whale agent, or be the white whale principal, I will wreak that hate upon him. Talk not to me of blasphemy, man; I'd strike the sun if it insulted me. For could the sun do that, then could I do the other; . . . Who's over me? Truth hath no confines.

With this difference in origin and motivation, it is but logical that the very madness itself is disparate. For Lear, it is solely a terrible affliction: "O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!" And Ahab, too, suffers from its horrors, yet finds in it an unsparable advantage. He says to Pip: "There is that in thee, poor lad, which I feel too curing to my malady . . . and for this hunt, my malady becomes my most desired health." In this one sees reflected the very great difference between the type of madness suffered by Ahab and that of Lear. For Lear eventually cracks and crumbles into a complete, helpless, mumbling insanity. Well may he fear this most tragic of ends—the loss of identity. But Ahab is not insane in this sense; he is obsessed. Obsession partakes of insanity without fully being it;

hence Ahab is helpless only in respect to the obsession itself, but in every other way retains his full intellectual power and awareness. He is fully cognizant of his monomania, and, as we have seen, realizes in full logicity that the obsession is in itself the most potent factor in bringing about its desired ends. This is a "controlled" madness, which serves to clamp Ahab's purpose in a vise that a balanced will could not turn. He analyzes it perfectly: "They think me mad—Starbuck does; but I'm demoniac, I am madness maddened! That wild madness that is only calm to comprehend itself!"

And so his power and determination are beyond those of a sane man, are in fact a match for the very gods themselves:

I now prophesy that I will dismember my dismemberer. Now, then, be the prophet and the fulfiller one. That's more than ye, ye great gods, ever were. I laugh and hoot at ye, ye cricket players, ye pugilists. . . . Swerve me? Ye cannot swerve me, else ye swerve yourselves! man has ye there. Swerve me? The path to my fixed purpose is laid with iron rails, whereon my soul is grooved to run.

Is there another speech in our language that creates such stark terror, such gaping awe? Lear's "Blow, winds" speech approaches it, but Lear is calling upon the gods to punish "ingrateful man." Ahab is warning the gods to look to themselves! Lear's essential trait is the passion and beauty of his humanity. He is his greatest self in his magnificent "O, reason not the need" speech; in his tender portrayal to Cordelia of the beauty they will find together in their prison cell; in his towering pity for the "loop'd and window'd raggedness" of the poor. The purposeless outrage of this great-souled old man creates "the supreme pathetic figure of our literature." And it is in this aspect of pathos that Lear and Ahab reach their most extreme opposition.

King Lear is the perfect Aristotelian hero: "noble"; possessed

of a "tragic flaw"; a man "like ourselves"; one whose downfall is capable of inspiring in us "pity and fear." Captain Ahab, in default of one of these requirements, sacrifices another. For Ahab is very little a man like ourselves, and therefore, aside from his scattered moments of normality, does not arouse pity in us.

Sedgwick sees this as a fault of characterization. He believes that Melville should have made Ahab a more poignant portrayal (see Chapter V of his magnificent book, *Herman Melville: The Tragedy of Mind*). For me, "Ahab" and "poignant" comprise a contradiction in terms. One might as well wish to cuddle Achilles or play darts with Hercules. Intellectual sympathy we must and do feel for Ahab; to separate his monomania from his great underlying humanity is to ignore the cause for the effect. The madness itself is enlisted in Ahab's fight against a hostile universe, perverted though his attack becomes. But to provoke emotional sympathy, pathos, Ahab would have to be more like us, hence *less like himself*. His very essence would be diluted, and it is this essence with which Melville is primarily concerned. Compare the deaths of Lear and Ahab:

Faced with the finality of Cordelia's death, the most meaningless and most intense of the long series of cruelties to which he has been subjected, Lear's heart cracks. He dies in uttermost defeat, with death itself the world's one kindness. Kent says:

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Here is pathos, rendered even sharper by the fact that the world around Lear has more or less righted itself, but has done so a moment too late to save him.

How does Ahab die? Hideously. Mutilated, toyed with, staggered, battered in this infinitely decisive battle with the super-

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human, Ahab, led to the last wall, uses his final breath to cry out upon the destroyer a hymn of eternal defiance and hate:

Towards thee I roll, thou all-destroying but unconquering whale; to the last I grapple with thee; from hell's heart I stab at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee . . . let me then tow to pieces, while still chasing thee, though tied to thee, thou damned whale. *Thus*, I give up the spear!

And so Ahab, too, dies in defeat. But not pathetic defeat, for though his purpose is thwarted, his stature remains undiminished, his soul unconquered: "Oh, lonely death on lonely life! Oh, now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief."

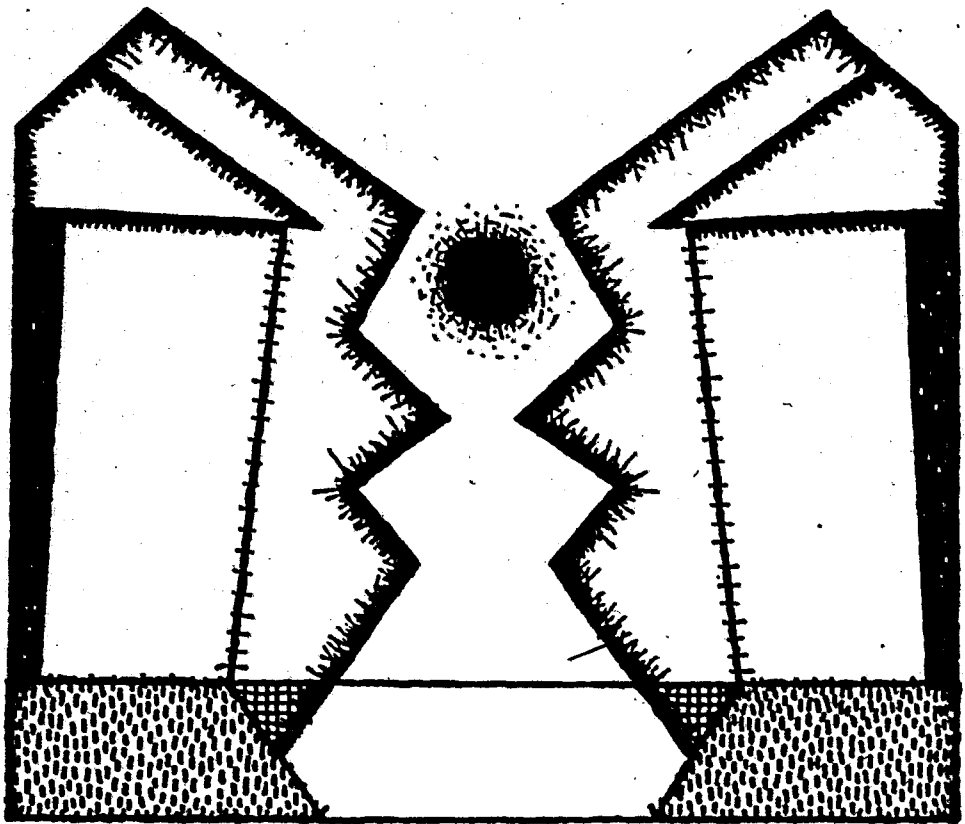
Even in defeat, Ahab wins a victory. He is not humbled. We cannot pity him. We can admire or we can shudder, but we cannot pity. The alembic of our tears would but reduce him to our component parts, man's final stratagem in the face of the superior.

No, Melville did not falter in creating Ahab, any more than Shakespeare went astray in shaping Lear. Both are the rarest of all literary creations—the truly original character.

Lear is more the man, for he has something of the woman in him. Ahab is more the symbol, for he has something of the god in him.

If Lear is the quick of palpable life, Ahab is the quintessence of man's mythology.

Both were kings among men, hands among claws, eyes among the blind. Yet their paths have diverged. For King Lear sits in the sun with Cordelia, an integral in the recurring numbers of beauty; but Captain Ahab even now slips cursing from the jagged rocks as he tears at the chains of a dead Prometheus.



David Cornel DeJong

DEATH OF A NEIGHBOR

HE OPENED the door and then retreated, stepping back into the dusk of the little vestibule. There coming down the walk was George Collins, and he couldn't face George. Certainly not now, with nothing but facile words of condolences on hand. They weren't right, those glib expressions, they couldn't fit this sad affair. Even so, the compulsion which had made him step back was already waning, bogging down in a morass of bewilderment and indecision.

No doubt Dot would be coming to him in a minute, asking: "Did you forget something, John? Why are you standing there?"

Making of everything even a greater dilemma than it was already. Perhaps she, too, had spotted George from the window, where she was posted as usual to watch him leave, to wave and throw a kiss at him, as she had done every morning of all the years of their married life. Perhaps she was already saying to herself: Why, there's George Collins, and now John simply must, must. . . .

You must. What, why or how didn't matter. As in obedience to that imagined command, as in rebound to everything assailing him there in the little vestibule, he now opened the door and strode out, meeting George directly in front of the house, with Dot very likely watching him perform his horrible duty. These demands of suburban living, these horrible expectations and decorums, he found space to fret. Of course, if he didn't face George this morning, he'd have to do so this evening, or tomorrow, perhaps even at the funeral.

George had stopped, but his face seemed closed up, and the shutters of his attention were already closing out whatever condolences might be forthcoming now . . . all those ready words of sympathy, once again hurriedly exhumed, but in this instance especially so terribly amiss. That is what he must be expecting, John thought grimly, watching George incline his head, seeing him tuck in his chin a little, while the fingers of his left hand fumbled here and there, and his right hand stayed defensively in his pocket. So it wasn't strange then, John thought bitterly, that he found himself addressing George as Mr. Collins.

After all, Mister for grief, for condolences, for formalities, perhaps even for guilt, but somehow, madly, it did seem to put Antoinette's death for that miserable moment on another plane, a more remote plane, where all the words he was saying seemed to belong. Those: "So sorry . . . so sorry . . . and, of course, all words fail now . . . they're bound to. . . . So sorry. . . ." Finding himself brushing George's sleeve now, before he hurried away, not even looking back at the window, at Dot. He

couldn't very well now blow blythe kisses, could he? Not with George still standing there, after he'd mumbled a few unrecognizable syllables; standing there as if he was allowing the hollow words of condolence to wind around him, closing him in a cocoon of helplessness.

Oh, the curse of suburban living, John fretted, striding on. Where everybody knew everybody's inmost thoughts almost, but where certainly no one called one's neighbors and acquaintances by their last names, even when . . . he continued fretting, striding faster, involuntarily ducking his own chin to his collar, as George had done, wanting now to retreat from the very words he'd spoken to George. The travesty of them, the humiliating travesty, considering what lay behind and around them, considering his guilt about Antoinette.

He had to turn then and look back. He saw George still standing there, perhaps a few paces farther away, but with ~~puzzlement~~ in his posture, gradually taking his feebly gesturing right hand from his pocket. Puzzled, maybe, because I called him Mr. Collins, John wanted to think. He would be . . . call me George, old man, even in bereavement, even in infidelity. Then in spite of the distance between them, his eyes seemed to have collided with George's. Not in puzzlement this time, but in guilt and reproach. Guiltily then too, his eyes ferreted out the slight shifting of shadow or substance at the window: Dot's face or hand drawing back. And he said to himself stridently: "All right, she knows, and George knows, and it is something now that can neither be denied or changed."

He swung around again, his footsteps angry and purposeful, his mind suddenly buoyed from guilt to defiance. "All right, all right." He heard himself muttering, "A man's a man, isn't he, and a stupid man most of the time? And you two, just try guessing, but try guessing, too, for a change, how far my own hurt goes."

DEATH OF A NEIGHBOR

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Over him the sky seemed tremendously silent. Around him there was nothing he could fix his attentions on, nothing but a robin scolding at some hidden cat, some imagined stalker. There was nothing there to distract him, nothing to argue with him, as though he walked there alone and yet divided, shattered by an amalgamation of other people's suspicion and his own guilt, not to mention a taut denial of them all and himself.

All right. All right, when I was with Antoinette, I couldn't possibly figure she'd be dead a few weeks later, could I? And the affair really never mattered to me, did it? And I didn't seek it, not exactly, and you, George, you should have been better to her, for your own comfort even, for your own conscience now. "Stand still," he mumbled, and he stopped to blow his nose and to flick a small caterpillar off the back of his hand. Now he had to cross the square in front of the station. The train should come now, with people converging on it, before they could turn and watch him, to absorb what they could, to make their absorption fit their own suspicions, to sit in the train then, cruelly assimilating everything. I didn't murder her, did I?

The train wouldn't be there for another four minutes, the station clock told him. If on time . . . if in proportion . . . if omniscient, why, I'd have prevented all this, wouldn't I? He kept countering other fugitive accusations. He hurried into the little smoke shop beside the station to get a package of cigarettes and a morning paper. The train came hooting then, careening across the causeway. He was there in time to board it, behind the backs of all the other commuters. His eyes then searched across faces and above newspapers for a seat, alone.

He found one, and cast a glance of dismissal at the familiar gliding landscape, with May upon it, beguilingly. He fastened his eyes on the newspaper's headlines, excluding everything else. Because you're going to the office now, gratefully. Supposing this was your day off, a day dedicated to work in the garden,

with Dot helpful, helpful with all manner of feminine counterparts of tools, with drinks, with seed catalogues and gardening guides? But none of that now.

He started reading without comprehension: "Peiping Gives Up to the Reds," and continued reading more stubbornly: "Israeli-Egyptian Armistice Talks Viewed Near End," and even considerable of the text beneath the headline, until he found more formidable thoughts dictating: Yes, and supposing this was a cozy midmorning of transplanting? Clumps of lettuce plants to be separated, to be put out in rows. Clumps of guilt and apprehension, those divided into smaller components, set out in rows, to yield more, with Dot frisking back and forth saying: "Now, John, that'll really multiply them, won't it, and come next August or September. . . ."

The newspaper was no help, not even the sports and comics. Neither was the countryside, now ending and the city starting, a piling up of gray, brown, smoke, rust and grime. His thoughts were revolving around such a tight vortex now that they couldn't be unskeined. But why, he questioned himself drastically, why should George Collins be walking past my house at that time, going in the direction he was going? Of course, George's own house would be empty now, unless it still held Antoinette, in a satin casket perhaps. . . . Even so, why should the fellow be parading his banners of bereavement there, his hurt trailing behind him like the soiled wings of a turkey buzzard? Past my house, with Dot watching, with what purpose?

The train swooped into underground darkness, and around him people started folding up their newspapers, clamping on their hats, picking up bundles and briefcases. "You've got to get in the midst of them," something dictated. En masse, a mass attack on the oblivious outside world. He got up, leaving the paper on his seat. He didn't peer around him, not too diligently.

She was at his elbow before he recognized her. It could be worse, or could it? Mrs. Loftus was one of those benign souls,

who saw no wickedness in the world which could not be filliped away with a firm tap of duty or good will. Kindly she was, inviolable, her face brimming over with sweetness, with thoughts left mostly behind with lovely children visited, dear friends comforted, bewildered souls set straight. So, of course, Mrs. Loftus said to him, with an abruptness which voided any mean intent: "But, of course, John, you must have heard. Poor Antoinette Collins, barely three days, but pneumonia will do that. Even in summer, really almost summer."

"Yes," he said, inclining his head, because she was, of course, plump and short, squat with good-naturedness, as her kind always were. "Yes, terrible."

"It must have been a terrible shock to Dot. Must have been, John. They were such good friends, she and Antoinette."

"To Dot?" he asked puzzled, his voice lowered. "Oh yes, of course," because only then had he assimilated the second half of her remarks. Incredible, people like Mrs. Loftus were. They saw no evil, or they metamorphosed it by gentle manipulations into something innocuous or sentimental. Whoever it was, who at some time must have whispered to Mrs. Loftus about his friendship with Antoinette, had certainly cast his seed of gossip in strange soil. Mrs. Loftus had simply transposed it. She had perhaps simply decided that her informant was mistaken. He must have meant Dot, John's lovely wife, not John himself. Dot was such a lovely girl, and Antoinette had been such a dear girl, and once she'd really seen them talking together with the greatest friendliness at the station, or was it at the church? "Ah yes," he forced himself to repeat, "yes, it was a shock to Dot."

"Poor dear," Mrs. Loftus said gently, but because he had missed interim remarks, it took him some time to realize that she meant him. He was the poor dear. It didn't fit. But it didn't matter now either, because they were hustling out of the train, and Mrs. Loftus waved good-by to him on the ramp, saying something about shopping all day and nibbling here and there.

Then it seemed, after a black haze of hazardings and grim refusals at further hazardings, that he was in a crowded elevator, going up to his office.

There his work and the unsuspecting faces, there everything would envelop him. Swallow him. In the empty corridor, however, he asked himself critically, before he was ready to open the office door: "But you were never in love with Antoinette? And you stayed in love with Dot, didn't you? And it remained only an affair, even though she pretended she was in love with you, because George. . . ? But that was another question, which should not be completed, certainly not answered. He opened the office door and marched in, his face set around a formidable midmorning smile. He saw the three girls at their desks lifting their faces with similar smiles. He had arrived. To be made antiseptic, or even sane.

Fortunately it turned out to be that sort of a day. All its demands assailed private thoughts and worries and pushed them aside. Frettings remained inchoate and embryonic, even during the forty minutes of lunch, with two of his associates. Then, however, a little after two there came a call from Dot. Over the phone she suggested brightly: "Why don't I drive to the city, John? Why don't I try to get a couple of tickets to something casual and light? Why don't we have an early dinner and then go? Why not, John, it is the sort of thing both of us can stand. Besides, it has started to rain."

"Started to rain?" he asked, as if he wanted to argue that no doubt irrefutable fact.

"Yes, it's raining here, dear. You'll get it all right."

"But why?" he argued now, suspiciously. "Why come to the city on a rainy day, when even the driving is no fun?"

"Oh, John," she said maddeningly. Or was it cryptically?

Of course, that was it. She was either trying to save his face, or trying to make him forget, because. . . . So suddenly it had come, it was almost unwrapped. Dot was letting him know very

tenuously and obliquely that she knew what the game was, or rather what the game had been. "But," he protested, "but," again, when the rest of the words he intended to say became confused.

"Darling," she said, "don't act so hectic. In the first place, how can you work in that garden while it rains? And besides, you've been scraping and rooting in it so much, both the garden and you need some relief. Also I want to go. I want to be pampered, don't you see?"

"And in the third place?" he asked with forced jocularity, with the edge of his suspicion clearly coming through.

"In the third place, dear," Dot said firmly, "I want to be taken out to dinner and I want to go to a show with you."

That, of course, settled it, gayly and insouciantly. With relief added, he realized, as he walked to the water cooler. Still, until five-thirty when he was ready to leave the office, he kept turning that telephone conversation over in his mind. Some of her remarks now stood in his conscience like monuments. Monuments with inscriptions he'd previously failed to read. With significant facts which he should have taken cognizance of sooner. Monuments over a grave, perhaps. . . .

They had dinner, and Dot did have tickets to a second-rate musical; in which the laughs were supposed to come a mile a minute, elbows by blushes, if some epigrammatic critic's quips were to be taken seriously. At dinner they had more cocktails than was commendable. Four were too many for any man, and two, of course, were abundant for Dot. But the rain hadn't materialized, and that seemed just cause for one drink. The second-rate show called for another. They needed a shot in the arm to enjoy it. Also Dot kept all her conversation so carefully from home and the neighbors, and after all, Antoinette's funeral was tomorrow. But she did say: "Well, even if it isn't raining, this will keep you out of the garden. So you can give roots, and worms and your worries a rest."

"What do you mean?" he asked, jovially suspicious through a cloud of martinis. "Just what do you mean?"

"Of course, dear, you do fret over that garden. Like a foster mother over somebody else's children, like. . . ." but further comparisons failed her, also because of the martinis.

"Well, supposing I do," he argued. "It's practically my first experience at real gardening, and I'm entitled to my worries."

"Oh, skip it, John," she said, "and if you must, take another cocktail for nonchalance's sake."

The show was that sort of a thing. At least as long as the glow of the drinks lasted, actually superseding the lamb chops and a nauseatingly creamy dessert. Nearly all the time he could really surrender himself to the show, from the belly-button up or down, whichever. Sore with laughter, really. Dot, though not quite as abandoned as he, was doing fine in a more refined way. The intermission seemed like a bit of a let down, but there were drinks to be had at a bar near the theater, though it took a bit of courage to suggest it, because he wasn't a drinking man, and she'd surely get suspicious. Even so he had another drink, in fact, two, and she was obviously for this occasion—whatever she intended the occasion to be—humoring him. She even said: "Well, that puts you beyond the point of driving back, so I'll drive, and you won't have to worry."

Now it was her solicitude that tried to put a damper on his hilarity. Almost succeeded, but not quite, because a complicated remnant seemed to remain, even though he didn't dare to pursue it too ardently now, without giving himself away. I'm as sober as a judge, a dour judge, a Presbyterian judge, he wanted to tell her, but naturally he had better not, not even after the show was over and they were going home, Dot at the wheel.

Now this must have added up to the whole gamut of her preparations. Now the stage was set, the mood, the decor; the time and occasion were here. Now soon she'd come out with it. She'd start edging into it casually, perhaps. She'd mention some

aspect of the funeral, flowers, or letters, anything, even as they sped soothingly through the night, hearing the hylas loud and insistent in the marshes. Now that your conscience lay exposed, but also your need for forgiveness and understanding. Very soon now. He held himself tense and silent, because he couldn't hold himself any other way, and his thoughts refused to evolve into small talk.

She did not say anything, however. She was silent too, but in a different fashion, humming from time to time at snatches of songs they'd heard at the show. She was allowing him to relax with a vengeance, he decided. She merely asked him once: "Now, how did that third line go, John?" after she'd hummed a bit more. "Which line?" he asked truculently. "Oh skip it, you'd never get a line straight anyway tonight," she countered, but pleasantly, nudging him with her elbow.

So he kept waiting. Nothing happened, except that the hylas became shriller, and serenaded them onto the hedges, fences and walks of Whitfield. There was very little space or time left now, for whatever she wanted him to say, or realize. Whatever! She had to drive slower through town, and they had to go past the Collins' house. It was past midnight, but lights were on in the house, and silhouetted, on the edge of the porch steps, as if he stood there teetering on the brink of something indefinite, there stood George Collins, peering out into the night, peering over or across their car as they drove by.

"Poor George," Dot said.

"Yes," he echoed.

They'd reached the house then and he jumped out to open the garage door, but just before he was out of earshot, Dot said: "An odd thing happened, John. I meant to tell you about it, but there didn't seem to be any occasion for it earlier. But whatever you said to him this morning in front of the house, whatever it was, it seems to have upset him, in a peculiar fashion."

"Just a minute, dear," he shouted, opening the garage doors, stepping aside as she drove the car inside, then turning off the light and closing the door after she had emerged, all very deliberately. While she waited now, and while she gradually continued: "You see, he came past the house again later, perhaps an hour later. And he acted as if he had intended to call, he actually came up our walk, but then he seemed to change his mind. He stood there shrugging and then he walked away."

They were standing there together in the dark, both waiting until she got through speaking, before they could turn toward the house, before they turned on any light upon themselves. "Whatever you said to him, John," she said softly, gently accusing. "Because a few minutes later he telephoned. He was abrupt about it, almost as if he had started to make a joke. And, of course, I was at a loss as to what to say, and had to keep waiting for him to get through. When he started halting, I tried condolences, in sheer desperation, but he wouldn't brook them. He then said hurriedly: 'John calling me Mister Collins this morning. That's a funny way, calling me Mister Collins, Dot.' No wonder I got confused myself then. I didn't understand. Did you call him Mister Collins, John?"

"I might have," he said gravely. "I might. I was flustered. Things like that stiffen me, make me formal."

"Darling, what a fool you were," she said. "Because it troubled him so sorely, you know. He must have brooded over it for hours. But what an odd thing to be troubled over."

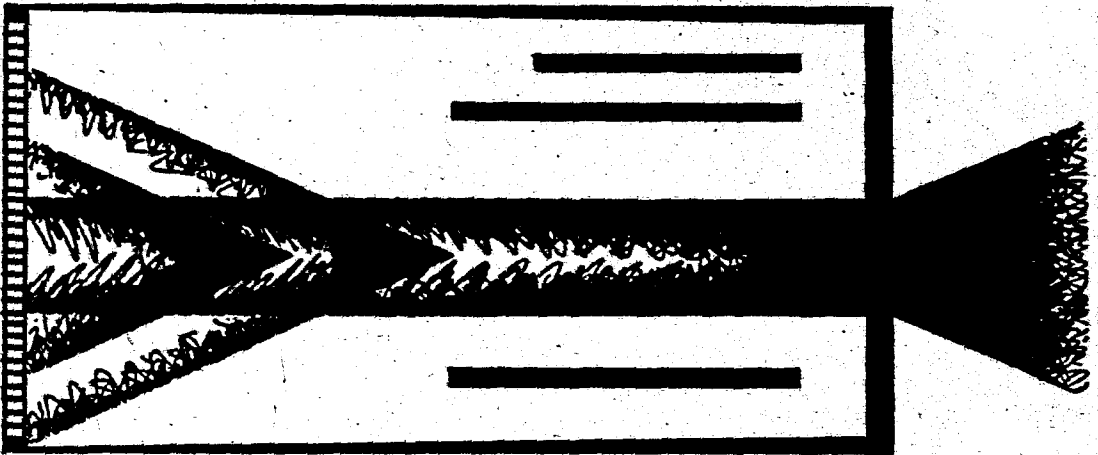
She wanted him to come to George's rescue now, he decided. In his guilt to take up the cudgels for George; in that way she wanted him to say everything fully now, or not at all. Even if her voice was not that way, but soft with puzzled consternation. "I think he's bewildered. I think, perhaps, he fastened onto something irrelevant, to keep himself from realizing the other. . . ." He heard himself saying that, he was talking voluminously, and yet thinking through all his wordiness: but, of

course, she never mentioned Antoinette's name, and I never did, not now that she is dead. But not either when she was still alive, these last few weeks, not even when she was so sick. "Don't you think that's it?" he demanded.

"I don't know, John," she answered. "I don't know. I don't know what to think on such an occasion."

"Occasion?" he asked sternly.

"Well, yes," she said, but slowly she started walking toward the house, behind the syringas, here where the hylas became very loud again, and the stars seemed to be pricking out what couldn't be said, or should never be said between them. Not



even in declaration of love or loyalty. Certainly not. But not in guilt either, he thought, following her.

Suddenly he felt he had to know what she knew about him and Antoinette. As a basis . . . to understand what she wanted him to understand, in spite of it, or because of it. "I don't know," he said succinctly. "It makes a difference. It makes a difference where we stand, on which side of it. Each on a side or. . . ." He stopped confusedly, but made himself continue then: "Where we stood even before it happened, and when it was happening, and then when she died, when she was dead."

His voice came to a sudden stop there between the dark

hedges, with all the stars over them like cold, critical witnesses. He had said the words to her back, to her shoulders perhaps held stiff now. I've gone so far, he thought. I have said "she," when "she" is dead. I have stumbled that close through the darkness. There was still a little further to go. A very little further and she must be terribly anxious to help me, but what can she do? It isn't fair to her. Because she's helpless, too, more helpless than I am, because I've made her so, and because she never did anything amiss herself, she merely waited and tried to keep her dignity. And my dignity, too, she tried to keep that intact, too.

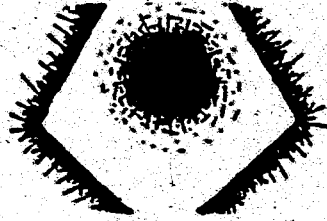
They had reached the front door, but neither of them took out a key to open it. They looked back at the dark and sleeping town, and listened with grave attention to a cat's calling and a little after that to nothing but the hylas' throbbingly loud.

If I mentioned her name now, perhaps, he thought. If I merely said, "Antoinette." Certainly not Mrs. Collins. If I could merely make a fact a fact, a statement, a name. So that it could stand there apart in the night, and we could both look at it, soon objectively. Soon look at it as if it were a carved stone, and read the name on it together, and then later put flowers at its foot, to walk away together then, and resume gardening, and cooking, and reading to each other and calling each other's name easily.

"Dot," he said then, "but I can't. I can't put her name in my mouth, and sound it, no more than I could have called him anything but Mr. Collins this morning. Do you understand?"

She looked at him then and shook her head fondly. She reached for his hand then and put her key in it. "Open the door, darling," she said. "Go on, John, open our door."

POET SIGNATURE



John Dillon Husband

FEW POETS have been able to make of free verse a personal form without switching on Whitman's didactic hog-calling machine. Rilke, Eliot and W. C. Williams are exceptions. Each in his way learned the business of controlling the line, of handling it like a whip, of curbing it like a river, of tightening it with substance while subserving it to the matter and movement of the whole poem. Unpracticed poets frequently attempt free verse because they imagine they can make oceans out of puddles that way. But when the gush is over there isn't enough moisture left to cover the mud they disturb. Most practiced poets usually avoid free verse altogether because like its strict opposite, the sonnet, it has hardly survived the few strong voices which once captured and stylized it. Seeing so many bodies stumbling into the same uniforms, they are apt to remark with Yeats, "There's more enterprise in walking naked."

These four circus poems by Mr. Husband are rare examples of the attempt to dominate the form without evasion. Take any of the lines and test them, not by asking how memorable they are, but by saying whether they can be deleted or broken up or tacked on to other lines or their syntax changed without causing a lapse in rhythm, a fracture in the meaning or a lessening of dramatic tension in the poem where they appear. And since there is an inevitable thematic relationship between the poems, say further whether any modification of line would not

damage the continuity of the whole group. It isn't that the lines and the images can't be criticized, but that they are there in an order and pattern which each poem itself and all four poems as a total structure have made it almost impossible to argue with. By the effect of such discipline Mr. Husband has shown himself capable of maintaining the difficult freedom of free verse as a personal form.—*E.H.*

FOUR POEMS FROM *The Silver Circus*

THE BROKEN CAROUSEL

Above the broken carousel the moon, a public eye,
Round as a Roman chariot wheel, signals the summer
night,
Trances the world in a wide net of dream;
Spellbinds, contributes legend to illusion.

The painted stallions freeze in postured leap.
The quartered lion dreams a distant sun.
Banshee, the purple spotted clown, in a white tent of
nightshirt
Spreads in the comic postures of sleep,
Fumbles for the treasure of a snore,
Misses, and with slow perspiration tries again.

The tight-rope walker called LaStrobe
Grudging insomnia poises a cigarette,
Balances the ring of darkness in his tent
Between two points of time.
Grown wise by measurements of space he knows
The plunge of broken stars,
The slipping moon.
He hears the broken carousel
Fall screaming into space.

POET SIGNATURE

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Under a fold of gauze the fortune teller's globe
 Is shaped with changing light. The table moves.
 Three voices whisper from three quarters of the room,
 Echo and answer, coloring the violet dark.
 Lily with soiled hands sleeps in a mask of silence.

The wind ruffles in canvas.
 Where the raffle stands end, where only
 The lovers and losers went, into the unlit grass,
 The green wave shifts its tide, prepares to move,
 Until even the elephant's reaching trunk
 Seeks upward through the mounting green
 And the moonlight filters through shapes of dream
 Down to the haunted cave where the clown counts purple
 lions
 And Lily the clairvoyant pretends to sleep.

LA STROBE

In time to come they will talk of it in all the towns,
 They will say, "Of them all, this was the best."
 LaStrobe the tight-rope walker went on wheels of fire
 In the high light above the tent.
 The spotlights silvered him
 And gave him wings.
 Even the elephants were silent,
 And the lion, fastened silver in his chromium cage,
 Watched with a moveless stare and waited too,
 His own act done, for this to end.

And end it did.
 But who would ever guess?
 Who could have thought finale fine as this?
 The evening's last show, this; LaStrobe,
 LaStrobe the tight-rope walker on his wheels of fire
 Walking between the stars and the single white
 Uprturned crowd-face anchored there below.

JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

He crossed, and turned and crossed again,
Brightening the lights until he turned all gold;
Twice crossed, to show it could be done, and then,
Midcourse,
At even midway point,
Aerial equator found,
He, LaStrobe, the greatest of them all,
This man LaStrobe looked down at them,
Burning like God so near the stars;
Then he stepped out and fell.

Or did not fall, but floated,
Buoyed by the lights that brought him down.
And all around him on the way the air
Burned silverly and shone with sparks of gold.
But then, as though that were not all, or not enough,
To make the greatest act, to be the man LaStrobe,
Above all men the highest walker,

Falling he sang, and the thread of song
Shuttled like astral knitting needles
Drawing together in silver loops of sound
The frozen tiger burning with his eyes,
Lily the fortune teller turning a crystal ball
Like an old treasure between soiled palms,
The purple spotted clown,
Even the great blinked eye the crowd made.

The song had end, and where it ended
Light pooled and died.
The crowd whispered the night to silence;
Asleep along his father's arm the child
Spoke strange words printed in a dream,
Reached fingers out of sleep to touch the world,
And then was still.

POET SIGNATURE

463

The watchers went to narrow houses sealed by night.
The toothless tiger wishing toward the jungle stepped on
velvet to the bars
And sent one roar for old time's sake, and slept.

And all things slept.
The walking skeleton lay angled in a dream,
Madame Faraday, four hundred pounds on little feet,
The Rubber Boy, elastic at the ears,
And all of them, as dutiful memento to LaStrobe,
Said Now I Lay Me Down,
And slept.

Except the red-lipped lion, silver-spiked, secure,
Gold claws tight against the floor,
Large eye holding in a net
Two ends of space and time
Did not sleep, and would not sleep,
And had no need of sleep.

A FIELD OF TRILLIUM

The vendors in red caps cried tarts and hearts.
In the farthest stall,
The one this side the artificial waterfall,
A woman in a blue beret would sell—
Would give to whom she called "the right"—
On penny postcards pieces of the world.
Hold them, so, the figures moved;
You heard the pitch of voices
And the whine of wheels.

My father in a chaise foretold with dignity
Long drought, two wars, a fall
More steep than waterfalls,
And circuses to come.

But my pursuit among the tents was singular,
And after Apex swallowed fire and Nostradamus
Drew a penguin from his hat:
When Savonarola left off shouting from his box
In seven tongues—
I found where trillium grew in the night,
A field of fallen stars,
And knew the place was right, and waited there
Until you came.

Your face bloomed toward me tender on its stalk,
You laid your petal hands in mine
As though all promises were kept,
Or one at least.

We walked among the flowers and past the tents
Until we saw LaStrobe the tight-rope walker
Balancing in heaven like a climbing star,
Who waved to us as though he saw us;
As if to say that being the highest walker of them all he
knew
The secret heart of secrets
And our own. We saw him fall.

We lay among the flowers like stars
And thought them into stars
In a long dream until the morning came,
My father came, burning, laughing, in his chaise.
"Tonight," we said, and single-voiced, "Tonight
And after that all nights there are
Until time has an end."
We pulled a blossom, trillium or asphodel,
To sanctify the sign, and going
I saw the tents all closed in sleep.

POET SIGNATURE

465

Day went as a child's or lover's dream,
 With children changing names.
 A tall wall of building fell and smoked,
 Letting us see as if a second eye-lid lifted
 A boy posing a violin, a Helen dicing carrots in a sink,
 Two gladiators roaring toe to toe,
 And tables set for tea.

Evening was purple and royal, Apollo ruddy
 As a prime king coming for his bed.
 Then came the stars, and street lamps in the towns.
 The roads were strange with dark, but I came to the tents,
 I saw the canvas in dead pennants on old sticks,
 Lily the fortune-teller's gaped mouth trapped in sleep,
 The lion turned to shadow in his cage.

Beyond the tents, in the field where trillium grew,
 I picked my fears like flowers, walking and waiting;
 "All nights there are until time has an end," I said;
 And wondered that the words should roar so in my ears.
 You did not come; or do I know you did not come?
 For who knew what he knew, unless LaStrobe,
 LaStrobe and the spiked lion in his cage?

Turning to go, childed by grief again,
 I called my father's name, and only then I saw
 The wall of trees like a green wave inward falling on me,
 The grass grown taller than the tents,
 And the flowers turning, burning, in my hands. . . .

THE SILVER SPIKE

The last time, I was old as locusts,
 An old man rolling a stone.
 Nobody called my name as if it were music.
 Nobody called my name at all.
 The tents were gone.

JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

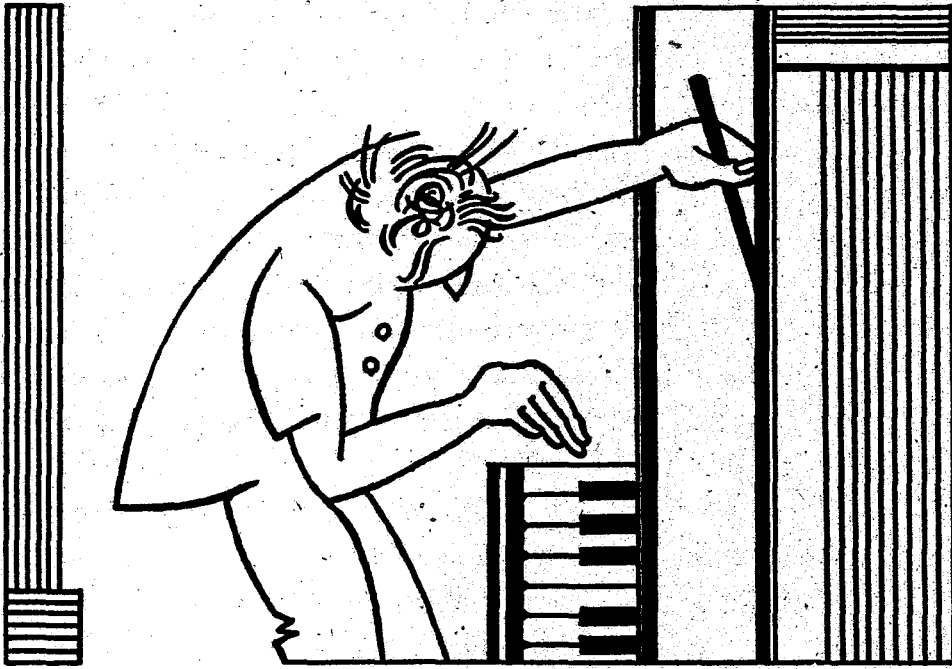
I stumbled on a stake-post moldering,
And I found a coil of wire, rusted,
That broke like old egg-shell when I lifted it.

The figures were shaded with memory:
LaStrobe the high walker like a splinter of flame burning
on a wire,
The fortune teller with her hands like muddied claws,
The big tent flaring with eyes and animals
Whirling in burning hoops,
The air living and lifting with the unfinished voices of
girls,
And the boys' voices positive as lassoes between the tents.

In the center, upright, druidical,
Polished by sun, rain-smooth,
I came to the silver spike
In a circle of grass smooth as turf.

There was the shadow of the lion there,
The spaces where the tents had been,
The signs paling as memory pales a dream,
Until it seemed a story we might have read
In a book lettered in gold, with a red cover,
That we forgot together.

Only two things stayed:
The silver spike and the field of trillium;
And except for the spike the flowers
Might have been any field of flowers.
I remember Lily over the smoking globe:
"What do you think of that now, eh?
What do you make of that?"



MR. POWIE

Emilie Glen

TUNES TO CONCERT PITCH

AS MR. SPENCER put it the day I fretted that my piano was in no condition for the great Kronin Vladov, "You need look no further, not when you can have Mr. Powie. Why he's the dean of piano tuners of the world."

A phone call to Mr. Powie found him not at all eager. He was busy revising the fourth edition of his *Perfecting the Piano Tuner's Art*, the book Mr. Spencer had said was the accepted textbook in many schools. Besides, he was scheduled to speak at the New York convention of piano manufacturers, and as secretary of the National Society of Piano Technicians, he must get last month's minutes in order.

Mention of Vladov's name brought me a ten thirty appointment the day of the concert, but Mr. Powie kept agreeing to

come to West End Avenue when I insisted Central Park West was my address, a confusion that had me worried when he was over an hour late.

By one thirty-five when I was looking out through the cold March rain for someone hustling along with a tool kit, I heard a vague pressure on my bell, and opened to a drenched little man concerned, not with his lateness, but with a bag dissolving in his hand to overripe tangerines. "Only thirty-nine a dozen," he said, "at the park entrance. Now if you'll kindly slip them into a dry bag, and give them space in your icebox, we'll be in a position to proceed."

With Mr. Powie looking like some little warbler from the park who had hopped to my door sill, head cocked for a crumb or a dry resting place, I found myself lending him excuses for his lateness. "I was afraid you had confused Central Park West with West End Avenue."

"Oh no," he said happily. "You can put your mind at rest."

"Perhaps the rain, then."

Not bothering to answer he started to remove ear muffs that made me think of the first pussy willows. The headpiece caught in his downy white hair until it had the willy-nilly look of a music master's. "A piano technician must be singularly careful of his hearing," he said, tapping ears red as robins.

When he set down his little black bag, clay-like dust from rotting leather smudged my apple green rug. He slipped into an artist's smock that gave him such a treasured look that I felt I must help him remove the lid of my staid English upright to the rows of grinning hammers, the bewilderment of wires and felts.

"Those hammers have been scorched," he said. "You should never let anyone scorch your hammers."

His tender regard for the instrument was expressed in fingers that touched the scar tissue lightly as snow flakes. "I coax them to bend by warming this instrument just a trifle and applying

the gentlest of pressure," he said, coming up with a curling iron, its end slightly flattened.

From here on out I was to realize that Mr. Powie never used a manufactured tool when a home made ingenuity would do. Commenting that at least he found no live mice, love letters, collar buttons, or baby shoes in the mechanism, only "dust, dust, the indignity of dust," he slapped the piano's flanks reassuringly, delved for what looked like a corset stay, wrapping it in the mesh that holds bargain oranges, and angled for the dust behind the strings.

"Nothing like corset stays for this purpose," he said. "After I lost my wife some years ago, I had to resort to finding my stays on the street when they dropped out of ladies' corsets. I sterilize them of course. You might save me your stays if you will."

When I apologized for wearing only two-way-stretches, he shook his head over these modern encroachments.

Tuning couldn't get under way, not with the kitchen faucet throwing him off by hitting a certain D, and objects in the room vibrating to the strings until I felt like an indecent housekeeper who had cluttered the place with noise. He resigned himself to pigeons cooing on the ledge, even trying for their pitch on the keyboard. He played a few notes of the *Rhapsody in Blue* that he said an unidentified bird had chirped in the Poconos. His head was occupationally inclined to bird effect as if sound impulses were succulent little worms stirring in the soil. His pale eyes looked past mere objects to the very source of sound.

As soon as he worked up to the actual tuning, he became tense as the piano wires he said were stretched at one hundred and fifty pounds pull apiece. A devotee at his feet, handing up tools to him, I felt something of the religious fervor of his dedicated life. The way a man assured in his medium talks of his first gropings, he told of his prodigy days when as a three-year-old aboard ship he was drawn by a donkey engine, its cylinders at an angle working on the same crankpin; of the plumbing instruc-

tor at trade school who divined that his was a talent for delicate mechanical work; his cello playing on an Albany night boat, his activating of drains at University Place.

Still tuning when my husband came home to dinner, Mr. Powie looked ready to return to a whiff of steam that had trembled into human form for an instant, unless we invited him to share the roast lamb whose impatient grease my newly stepped-up hearing could detect as Corliss removed the pan from the oven.

"Perhaps I should tell you if you don't already know," he said, as one speaks of oneself as a celebrity. "I'm a vegetarian. The foreword of my book relates how I helped edit my uncle's vegetarian cook book. At seven, I eliminated meat, fish and fowl from my diet, and later milk and all other dairy products." His skin indeed had the petal-in-the-light translucence of an abstainer, as he leaned forward to whisper that at least he was safe from "the revenge of the beasts."

After a dinner in which he even refused potatoes roasted in the juices of the unfortunate lamb, he went back to his tuning with an energy based on greens, his downy mustache moving to the swift beat counts as if they were tickling him. Even though I left him well alone, Mr. Powie was still counting beats when the first guests arrived. He had only just clamped on the lid when Vladov appeared, looking like a piano mechanic himself, his hair unruly, but worker style, not the sea anemone tendrils of the tuner.

Naturally, I invited Mr. Powie to stay, since he said, "the one reward for my work is to hear someone play the piano I've tuned."

The little tuner took a modest seat more than twice removed from the piano whose beats he had counted. Vladov was little, too, but with stevedore strength doubtless needed more for piano playing than for the delicate art of tuning, if Josef Hofmann's

statement is correct that an evening concertizing is equivalent to shoveling ten tons of coal.

As Vladov opened with a Bach "toccata and fugue," his tones like a string of perfectly matched pearls, I nodded across to the little piano tuner whose pale eyes were watering with fruition at my acknowledgment that the tuner creates the tone.

Without waiting for the full measure of his applause, Vladov stormed into Brahms' *Ballade in G Minor*. Mr. Powie winced at Vladov's brutality to a sensitive mechanism when the artist snapped the pedal to showy harmonics. As my body urged forward as if to help him reach his climax, Vladov came down on—but it couldn't be, I must have gone temporarily deaf—he came down on the keys to a big mufflement, sounds something like a throttled death struggle, motions in felty silence.

Vladov strove mightily against the piano, both frames shaking to their foundations. If the pedal had rampaged to a cacophony of strings, doubtless Vladov could have risen to thunderous improvisations, but he was humbled before silence. Not so Mr. Powie. He sprang to the forefront, snapping open his black bag to a cloud of leather dust that cleared away to his tone-conjuring equipment.

Hastily playing emcee, I introduced him as the dean of piano tuners of the world, author of *Perfecting the Piano Tuner's Art*, now going into its fourth edition.

Buttoning himself into his smock, he called on Vladov to help him remove the lid as the audience strained this way and that for a better look at depths laid bare before their eyes.

"Hmm," said Mr. Powie, bending over the ailing instrument and again "Hmm." He fingered a long bar of felt as delicately as if it were a fractured bone. "This piano has a rarity," he said, "a silencer pedal for noiseless practice. The muffle bar has been jolted out of position, and as a further complication, the dowel pin has snapped under the strain, throwing the pedal dowel

against the strings." All of which would require a delicate operation.

Before he was made a tool-passer, Vladov retreated to the back of the room, and elaborately looking at his watch remembered an imperative engagement. His going was not much noticed.

In the grip of Mr. Powie's show, the guests were giving themselves over to the primitive concern of taking things apart and putting them together, a concern he lifted to a religion. He was an atavistic priest, half man, half bird, hopping back and forth from black bag to hammers and felts.

Guests began leaving their seats to crowd around him, as he came up with an egg beater drill in which he inserted a bit. "Umbrella rib," he said, "no finer steel, no more delicate drill, and the streets are full of them after a storm."

The small priest of the felts and strings held the pedal dowel between his knees, and drilled a hole with the precision of a woodpecker. Reaching in his smock pocket he brought out a bit of wood. "Lollipop stick," he informed his rapt audience. "Nothing like it, hard birch, just the right size to replace a broken pin. Of course, they're difficult to obtain now that youngsters are using those cardboard safety sticks."

Mr. Powie was sucking his audience deeper and deeper into the show, letting them confide such troubles as crazed lacquers, burned ivories, mushy tones, rumbling soundboards. He untuned strings just to tune them again, pressing the tuning fork against a neophyte's tragus until he was initiated into the ritual of the tuning fork, the mysteries of the beat, from flutterings to the calm steady tone of a note in tune. He activated the hearing of those pressing about him, sounding the A of a passing siren, the dominant seventh chord of a great ocean liner, the inverted B chord of a tug whistle. He played his bird calls for them, his wren at perfect A440 pitch, his rhapsody-in-blue bird

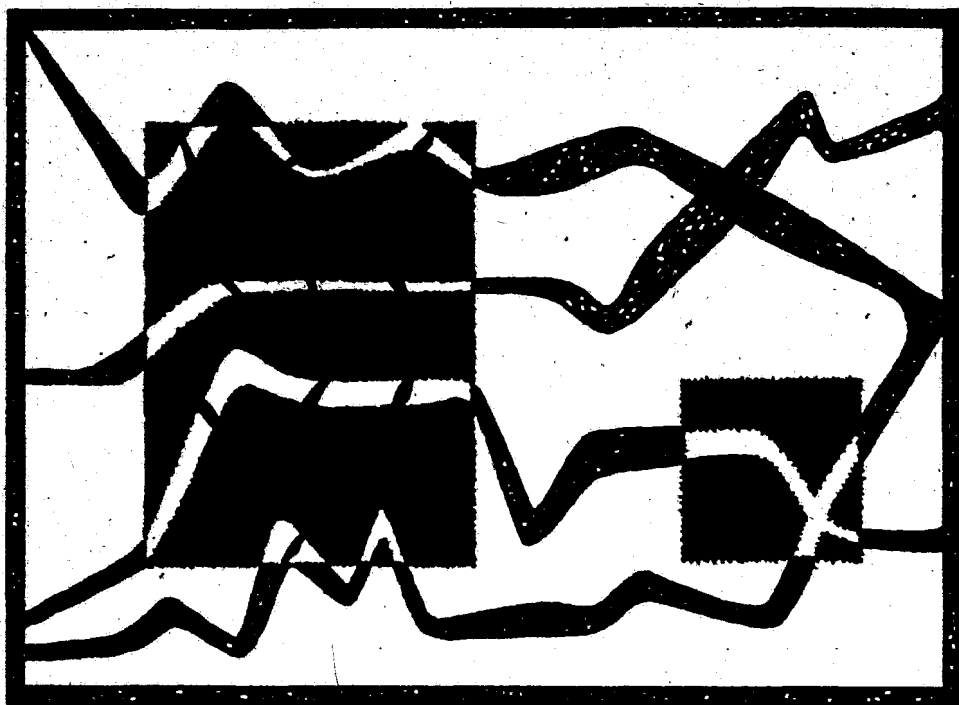
while the others tried to whistle bird calls they had never quite heard.

As a final initiation into the mystic rites of piano tuning, Mr. Powie riffled through a chromatic scale. "I'm after the truth," he said. "This scale brings out the truth of each tone."

Then his fingers gently led the group around him into a get-together sing, nothing violent or pedal destroying, but *The Little Brown Church in the Dale*, working up to "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea," which gave the basses a chance to intone "There's a hole, there's a hole, there's a hole in the bottom of the sea."

Guests were in such a clamor over Mr. Powie's cards that he ran out of them, and had to write his telephone number on scraps of paper. Others wanted to know where they could find his book, requested autographs in advance, made appointments on the spot for his tuning services.

Just the same, I wondered whether I'd better have some other tuner check the mechanism, someone who had never played the cello, listened to bird calls or activated clogged drains, maybe someone who had never written a textbook on the subject, but all the while this disturbing beat count was going on in my brain, I was moving among my guests, reminding them, "I simply swear by Mr. Powie," never letting them forget that it was I who had brought them in contact with the dean of piano tuners of the world.



Daniel Skillin

RORY O'MOORE

O RORY, O RORY, O Rory O'Moore. O Rory, O Rory, O Rory no more. For the robed and spreckled Ran-Dans knoll the bell—the bell sure a pullin' by Belfast knotted rope and old chanti-cleer a crowin' like a beardless shaven pope atop old Blarney. And all is still in the cold clear misty void, boys, and all is primed for the ritualized rogues ad Deum quae laebloodytificat juventutem meam. Quia tu es Belfast knitted knotted rope is thrown o'er Spanish sunken oaken beam and leathered down to double wrinkled noose for dear old Rory e'er the blackened sun sinks deep in Sligo Bay. Tears fall no more from red-eyed men of County Wexford, as Rory eyes the hole in Blarney's roof. And all and all around chant mongers of a garbled, pitted and excreted way. Old Rory overlooks with pity as though hanging from a Celtic cross with ring in nose.

A robed one far greater and far taller than the rest came down the stepless stairs in manner so majestic that the robe stayed still, as though to spite Atlantic's western wind. O Rory falters not, boys, before the august gaze of two pale moons a-simperin' in the quiet of dawn. Sure and dawn is the time men die, boys, and sure dawn is the time men die. Rory eyed the Great One and the Great One eyed him back and they were One. Soon they both would go, first Rory and then the Great One but they still were One united by a bond. The red sack was a-lyin' all a-crumpled on the floor for Rory to step into and sleep for evermore. Time stood still and the Leprechauns shod worn-out shoes and the little folk danced over Antrim's rocky fields and the moon and the stars sped far, far away.

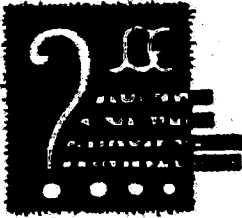
O Rory knew the dawn was breaking fast, boys, for the grey and blackened sight had ta'en on hue. The red sack turned a deepened scarlet, but the Ran-Dans ritualed robes remained their cold-grey true. From out of the East came the morning mist with a cold, cold clammy wet with droplets dripping off the scaffold beam and down old Rory's neck. And all, and all, and all the world knew that the end was drawing nigh.

O soon the end will come, boys, as Rory steps inside the gaudy sack. O *Ite Missa est*, boys, for Rory's coming back. They pull the sack about his neck and lead him to the door. The manhole cover lifted and the sewer is exposed from Blarney's roof to rotten floor. The Belfast knitted knotted rope is placed o'er Rory's head and with a prayer on lips the ritualed rogues cower before the burning glare that comes from out the dead. The Great One weeps o'er Rory and reaches in the scarlet sack to leave a smelly, peaty sod of ould, ould Eire.

They pushed old Rory down Blarney's drain and down he sped through floor and floor and floor. And then he stopped not sudden but quite gentle-like, like the quiet summer breezes cross the morning moor. Old Rory swung through Blarney's open window, boys, and sack of scarlet red had now turned green. O Rory, O Rory, O Rory no more.

✓
Stanley Edgar Hyman

JAMES GOULD COZZENS AND THE ART OF THE POSSIBLE



LAST FALL James Gould Cozzens published his eleventh novel in twenty-four years, *Guard of Honor*, and this spring he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for it. Only forty-five, he has been publishing steadily for two thirds of his life, since as a boy of fifteen in the Kent School he sold his first article to the *Atlantic*. Three of his books have been Book-of-the-Month-Club selections, and all his later novels have sold substantially, and been extremely well reviewed. Nevertheless, Cozzens has received almost no critical attention; so far as I know no study of his work has ever been printed, and with the possible exception of William March he is easily the most obscure of the dozen important novelists now writing in America. All of his work but the last few books seems to be generally unknown, and the *New York Times Book Review*, in announcing *Guard of Honor*, echoed the common opinion by noting that he "writes well, if seldom," surely an odd description of a writer who has produced more than twice as many novels as Ernest Hemingway and only one or two fewer than William Faulkner, although younger than either. Before we can seek some explanation for his peculiar status, a glance at the novels themselves would seem to be in order.

Cozzens' first novel, *Confusion*, was written during his freshman year at Harvard and was published in 1924, when he was a sophomore. It is the story of Cerise d'Atrée, beautiful and talented child of the French nobility, and her glamorous life

in Europe and America until her death in an automobile accident in her late teens. Although the book uses Cozzens' experience to the extent of sending Cerise to a female equivalent of the Kent school, most of it is the exotic wish-fulfillment of a schoolboy, full of affected clap-trap and piano notes "solitary and silver, like pebbles cast into a pool-bottomed void." On the whole it was well-titled. Cozzens' second novel, *Michael Scarlett: a History*, published in 1925 after he had left Harvard to write, is an equally precious, although rather less earnest, historical novel of Elizabethan England. Michael is a young Earl and Knight of the Garter who becomes an intimate of Essex and Southampton and a patron to Jonson, Marlowe, Nashe, Greene, Drayton, Donne, and Shakespeare. He is generally in the thick of everything from Donne's conversion to the defeat of the Armada, he indirectly causes the death of Marlowe, and he would probably have written Shakespeare's tragedies (since the character of that name in the book obviously could never have) had he not been untimely lopped off (like Cerise) in a tavern brawl.

The next two novels are set in Cuba, where Cozzens spent a year in the midtwenties, tutoring the children of American engineers at a sugar mill. *Cock Pit*, published in 1928, concerns another girl hero, Ruth Hicks, whose father is field engineer for a sugar company, and who manages, through a combination of qualities generally found only in the heroes of comic books, to solve the mystery of who tried to burn the cane and kill her father, to put everything to rights, and to get an antique sapphire necklace from the sportsmanlike old villain she has bested in one of the corniest scenes never filmed. *The Son of Perdition*, published in 1929, is Cozzens' first relatively mature novel, the story of a series of tragic and melodramatic incidents precipitated in a small Cuban sugar town by a Boston bum, Oliver Findley, who is plausibly believed to be the Devil by a number of the inhabitants. Although the stuff of tragedy, including such classic elements as incest and filicide, comes out of the hopper

as no more than bathos, the novel's central opposition of human values to industrial values is vividly realized, and for the first time Cozzens displays an imaginative grasp of characters not thinly disguised projections of himself.

S. S. San Pedro, Cozzens' fifth novel, was the first to attract wide attention. It won the *Scribner's Magazine* \$5,000 short novel contest and was published in that magazine. In 1931 it was published by Harcourt, Brace (his present publisher) and became a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. The book is a *tour de force* (remarkable in a man who had been to sea only as a passenger) based on the inexplicable sinking of the liner *Vestris*, which Cozzens manages to make explicable by having it the personal work of the Devil, who comes on the ship disguised as a rather Germanic Dr. Percival. The book summons up an authentic horror, but its ending is so pointless, Melville derived, and mechanical, its theme of man against the machine so abortive, and its characters so wooden, as to make it perhaps Cozzens' least satisfactory mature novel. With *The Last Adam*, published in 1933, also a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, Cozzens veered sharply in the opposite direction, and wrote a cheerful, sprawling novel of the life of an old-fashioned country doctor, George Bull, in a small Connecticut town. For the first time Cozzens achieved the rich naturalistic texture of American life, but the book lacks essential seriousness, and its final melodrama, with Doctor Bull charged with criminal responsibility for a typhoid epidemic and gloriously vindicated, made it obviously right for the Will Rogers movie it soon became.

Cozzens' next short novel, *Castaway*, published in 1934, is by all odds his most successful work, and seems to me to be one of the most impressive books published by an American in our time. I have discussed it elsewhere (*Tomorrow*, May 1947) at some length, and find the book almost impossible to summarize in a few sentences. It is an allegory or fable about everyman Mr. Lecky, marooned alone for several days in a great depart-

ment store, who pursues and bloodily murders a gross and pitiful idiot who finally turns out to be himself. The book's range of meaning is very great, and its allegory translates readily into half-a-dozen frames of reference (centering around a ritual of rebirth), although it may be read solely on the surface for the beautifully written horror story it is. Cozzens' next book, *Men and Brethren*, 1936, is a return to the naturalistic technique of *The Last Adam* to tell the story of Ernest Cudlipp, an Episcopal vicar in New York, and to explore the problems his somewhat worldly religion faces in our day, without ever quite taking a stand about them or making any point. This was followed in 1940 by *Ask Me Tomorrow*, a novel about a young novelist named Francis Ellery, who tutors the child of a wealthy woman in Europe, and is thus apparently based on the combined elements of Cozzens' own Cuban and European experiences. Francis is self-analytic and introspective almost to the point of paralysis, and he manages to make a dull mess of his tutoring, his love affair, his life in general, and eventually of the book.

Cozzens' tenth novel and third Book-of-the-Month Club selection, *The Just and the Unjust*, published in 1942, continued his survey of the professions. It is the drama of a murder trial in a small town very like the one in which Doctor Bull practices, and its hero, Abner Coates, is the young assistant district attorney sharing in the prosecution. The novel's theme is the ambiguous relationship of "law" to "justice," counterpointed against Abner's private problems: a reluctance to marry his fiancée and go into local politics that turns out to be his key attitude (and one shared with Francis Ellery), a fear of becoming what the Existentialists call *engagé*. In an interview with Robert Van Gelder in the *Times Book Review*, written when he was working on the book, Cozzens explained that it was to be called *The Summer Soldier*, a defense of Tom Paine's "summer soldiers and sunshine patriots" who only fought when the weather seemed right, and remarked of the hero "So he tries to

hit somewhere between the two extremes and so, of course, doesn't make out very well," but so far as I can make out (Cozzens may have changed his point in the writing) Abner makes out very well indeed, managing to have his cake and get a few good bites out of it. Cozzens' latest novel, *Guard of Honor*, published in 1948, is a lengthy study (more than six hundred pages, or almost twice as long as any of his previous books) of life at an air force base in Florida from Thursday to Saturday, September 2 to 4, 1943 (a relatively crucial point in the war). There are two protagonists rather than one, young Captain Nathaniel Hicks, a magazine editor in civilian life, and Colonel Norman Ross, an elderly judge, and the book represents a triumph of Cozzens' *milieu* method, with at least thirty characters intimately known to the reader by the time the book ends, and a complicated way of life thoroughly explored. Few things of importance happen: some incidents involving discrimination against Negroes on the base and their resistance constitute the chief thread of plot, and the accidental death of seven paratroopers in a demonstration jump comes as the emotional climax. But the book's chief concern is with the interrelated textures of private and public life, with the multivalence of war, and Cozzens achieves something almost like a collective novel, a *Man's Hope* in a lower key.

In addition to his eleven novels, until a decade ago Cozzens wrote a great many short stories for mass circulation magazines like the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*. Insofar as he has never felt they warranted collection in book form, to ignore them would seem to be the kindest critical attitude.

What unites these disparate works is a half-dozen themes that seem basic to Cozzens' writing. Perhaps the most important of them is the concept of "earned" morality, the discovery of a moral principle through suffering on its behalf. As early as *Confusion*, Cozzens has one of the characters say:

"Despite all teaching there must come an instance in every person's life when such a truth is proved or disproved in such a way as to be convincing, or it is never honestly believed."

At the end of *The Son of Perdition*, Vidal Monaga, the father who has slain his son, by insisting on being turned over to the authorities, to "justice," instead of being released through the machinations of his friend the administrator general, reasserts "the legend of man and his dignity and freedom" against the power of the sugar company, and confounds the machine with "the poor stubborn pride of man." In *The Just and the Unjust*, even when the law patently comes in conflict with justice, the law must be upheld, because the law is the repository of moral principle, as Abner discovers first in the ridiculous case of the Williams' family, which is put straight illegally in a kind moment by an old fool of a Justice of the Peace, and must be broken and reset by the district attorney's office at the cost of difficulty and suffering to everybody. The *San Pedro* sinks with great loss of life because no one overrules the captain's authority even when he is obviously doddering, since here the captain's authority is the moral principle, and drowning is a small price to pay for its preservation.

Cozzens' second theme, and a rather more Christian one that seems at times to run almost directly counter to the Stoicism of the first, is the radical imperfectability of man. This emerges sharply in *The Last Adam*, which celebrates a doctor who is lazy, irresponsible, bigoted, self-indulgent, lecherous, arrogant, and at most points pretty well uncontaminated by the Hippocratic ideal. The book defends him in the only terms possible, that he is human, and concludes in the last paragraph by raising him to a kind of Adamic principle:

There was an immortality about him, she thought; her regard fixed and critical. Something unkillable. Something here

when the first men walked erect; here now. The last man would twitch with it when the earth expired. A good greedy vitality, surely the very vitality of the world and the flesh, it survived all blunders and injuries, all attacks and misfortunes, never quite fed full.

Ernest Cudlipp, the vicar of *Men and Brethren*, symbolizes the same thing when he does his spiritual exercises in a taxicab, on his way from dinner with an actress; when he procures an abortion for one of his spiritual charges as the lesser moral evil; when he defends expediency generally against the presumptions of arrogant perfection. Francis in *Ask Me Tomorrow*, contrasting the greasy shirt collar of a French doctor with the man's broad sympathy and intelligence, recognizes that they are irrevocably bound together (the *Last Adam* story in miniature). Sometimes, as in Colonel Ross's soliloquies in *Guard of Honor*, this doctrine becomes a defense of mediocrity and an acceptance of imperfection, the need to compromise theory to fit facts; sometimes, as in Abner's realizations in *The Just and the Unjust*, it is compromise with the sinful world, politics and even life as "the art of the possible" (a phrase quoted repeatedly in *Guard of Honor*). At one extreme, this acceptance of the old Adam leads to the view of men as simply brutes: Dr. Palacios in *The Son of Perdition* sees people as "filthy, ignorant animals," and the author comments in *Castaway* that Mr. Lecky makes a pretty poor animal, with ridiculously inefficient teeth and claws. At the other extreme it sees a kind of triumphant Good Life in being human: Abner's future as a county judge, neither rich nor famous, is explicitly identified as a "good life"; Doctor Bull's ideal of food, liquor, women, and a chance to practice medicine is stated implicitly as the same thing.

Another theme basic to Cozzens' work is that of power and authority. Many of his characters play God, and manipulate the lives of others with a visible or invisible omnipotence: Vidal Monaga and Stellow in *The Son of Perdition*; Henry Harris in

The Last Adam; all the military authorities, naturally, in *Guard of Honor*. Frequently, like Vidal, this all-powerful authority is a parent, and Abner Coates is as much under the sway of his paralyzed father as Francis Ellery is under the sway of his ineffectual mother and his mother-substitute Mrs. Cunningham. In many of the books, one parent is dead: the father in *Confusion* and *Ask Me Tomorrow*; the mother in *Son of Perdition*, *Men and Brethren*, and *The Just and the Unjust*; both in *Michael Scarlett*; but the dead parent is apt to have just as much authority as a living one (Ernest Cudlipp, for example, is entirely dominated by his dead mother). A curious recurrent symbol in several of the books for the father's power or virility is his case of razors, which remains an image of untouchability and mystery to the grown child; and in at least one case, *Cock Pit*, the father is frankly a superman of surpassing beauty. In opposition to these God-figures, and perhaps equally symbols of the parent, there are Devil-figures in a number of the books: Don Miguel in *Cock Pit*; Oliver Findley, explicitly, in *The Son of Perdition*; Dr. Percival, almost explicitly, in *S. S. San Pedro*; the idiot in *Castaway* (perhaps poor Mr. Lecky is a God-figure, and the novel represents the dubious battle long ago joined). Their powers differ from these of the God-figures in that the latter gain their authority through controlling men; the former through controlling Fate (Don Miguel is an exception here, and he is really ambiguous, half-God, half-Devil). Nevertheless, in all the novels where the two are opposed, the God-figure wins, except for *S. S. San Pedro*, which, having only a dying and impotent God-figure in the Captain, allows the Devil his triumph.

A subsidiary theme here is chance and luck, which are very important in Cozzens' cosmology. Joe Topping in *The Last Adam*, paralyzed in a hunting accident, becomes the occasion for a dissertation on the thousand chances that could make or break "the perfect pattern of things as they were"; Francis El-

lery is saved from dismissal by a series of coincidences that first endanger and then save the life of the boy in his charge, and is then ruined in a more important matter, his love affair, by a series of coincidences even more tenuous; chance in *Guard of Honor*, with fine military impartiality, destroys Colonel Woodman, saves General Beal, raises Captain Hicks up, casts him down, then raises him up again, and leaves Colonel Mowbray's fate dubious at the end. Frequently this chance or luck involves heavy irony: the *San Pedro* is lost because the one ship that passes her, an obscure sugar tramp from Cuba (perhaps Oliver Findley in another form?) has no wireless; the Negro lieutenant Colonel Carricker punches in *Guard of Honor*, precipitating all the trouble, turns out to be the base's other air hero and "hot pilot."

A number of lesser related themes recur throughout Cozzens' work. One of them is the impulse to self-hurt or self-destruction, what Freud implied in "the death-wish." Oliver Findley (if he is not literally the Devil) has it supremely; Abner Coates, acting "on impulse, in a mood or state of mind in which instead of doing what he meant to do, he did what he meant to avoid, refused what he really wanted," has a mild case of it; Francis Ellery has it in an extreme form, the worse for being unconscious. Many of Cozzens' characters show some of the symptoms. At the same time, in direct opposition to this, Cozzens is concerned with a kind of survival-instinct, what Freud sometimes called "Eros" or "the life-wish." Doctor Bull is a survivor still struggling, as is Mr. Lecky in the most literal fashion; the old soldiers in *Guard of Honor* show the instinct in an attenuated form, and the defendants in *The Just and the Unjust* only sporadically; the tragedy in *The Son of Perdition* and *S. S. San Pedro* is that everyone seems to have lost it. Even though this impulse and these survivors are presented as generally admirable, the concurrent old age seems to affect Cozzens with horror. He feels the passage of time almost obsessively, a thing sym-

bolized in at least two books by a sweep-secondhand racing around a watch. Francis Ellery sees old age as "the cruel touch of caricature" and meditates:

You would be old—like Mr. McKellar, with everything going, so that wit began to labor, elegances grew grotesque or sinister, zest for life creaked at the joints—nearly a joke. And then, perhaps, you could hope to grow into an outright joke, like the admiral at Grindelwald, with everyone secretly laughing; and then (far past a joke, a horror) you might enjoy the longevity of that old man, what was his name, his mother's acquaintance. . . .

Abner Coates periodically sees his father in the same terms, "who now with his dragging face and half-paralyzed body sat there, indescribably old." And similar bitterness about age appears in most of the novels. By way of resistance to this, there is a frenzy of physical action in the books: flying is represented in *Confusion* and in *Guard of Honor*, the first novel and the latest; the heroes and heroines of the first three novels, Cerise, Michael, and Ruth, are furiously addicted to riding (the brothel conversations in *Michael Scarlett*, entirely in the imagery of riding—"I've rare hackneys for you this night," "I'll loose you now to ride where the road leads," "Tis a full pasture nor much to choose," etc.—suggest an amusing symbolism in this) and the rest of the novels have physical action ranging from Doc Bull jumping on rattlesnakes and Virginia driving eighty miles an hour in *The Last Adam* to General Beal and Colonel Carricker in *Guard of Honor* sneaking out to the target range to relieve their tension. Ironically, it is fast driving that kills Cerise, a "hackney" that destroys Michael, and one of the rattlesnakes manages to bite the indestructible doctor in the thumb.

Obviously, not many of these themes have the cheery comfort traditionally associated with best-sellers, and the question of Cozzens' popularity with a mass audience becomes something of a problem. The factor that comes to mind first is that although

Cozzens employs a modern sensibility, his works are not modern novels. They remain apparently unaffected by the revolution in fiction that Joyce, Gide, and Kafka inaugurated in the twentieth century, and Stendahl, Melville, and Dostoyevsky anticipated in the nineteenth. (*Castaway*, which is quite possibly influenced by Kafka, is the one exception here.) Cozzens professes to despise his contemporaries, and in a statement made for Kunitz and Haycraft's *Twentieth Century Authors* in 1942, claims that with a few unnamed exceptions none of them can write, and that his models remain Shakespeare, Swift, Steele, Gibbon, Jane Austen, and Hazlitt. His literary aim, he adds, is "to recreate or retell," not to shape and transform experience. He thus ranges himself in the realist or naturalist tradition, with such contemporary writers as Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy (of whom Virginia Woolf, in "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown," her manifesto for the moderns, accurately said "For us those conventions are ruin, those tools are death.") And yet here he does not quite fit into any group. His work has an imagination and a brilliance far removed from the plodding dullness of Mrs. Woolf's butts, and it is distinguished from the work of the American naturalist novelists—the Dreisers, Farrells, and Halpers—by being *written* rather than hacked out of the corpse of language.

One of the ingredients of Cozzens' popularity, and a thing that may suggest more fruitful comparisons, is his work's reliance on technical knowledge, its heavily researched quality. *S. S. San Pedro* displays an astonishing knowledge of the mechanical workings of a ship; *The Last Adam* is not only a repository of medical information (injections are made, not into a vein in the arm, but into "the pallid blue line of the median basilic vein") but even of the technology of a telephone exchange switchboard; *The Just and the Unjust* is the equivalent of a good law course; *Guard of Honor* is stocked with medical and legal lore as well as military detail and airplane technology;

and even *Castaway* involves an authentic and carefully detailed department store. Insofar as this suggests comparison with such careful contemporary researchers as Sinclair Lewis and Upton Sinclair, the fact that Cozzens produces a vivid and pulsing sense of reality, not the caricatured or editorialized surface of life, removes him from their company; and even the more accurate comparison with the Steinbeck of *Grapes of Wrath* is unfair to Cozzens' greater honesty and tough-mindedness. The obvious affinities of Cozzens' vast canvases and carefully researched detail are with Balzac and Zola, and, to a lesser extent, with Dickens. His work is realism, not naturalism, and if it lacks the power and depth that our major contemporary American novelists, Hemingway and Faulkner, gain through symbolism, its realism has compensating virtues: at all times a ready comprehensibility, and on occasion a kind of shimmering truth. In choosing in most cases to write from research rather than out of direct experience (the Cuban background of *Cock Pit* and *The Son of Perdition*, the disguised Kent School in *Confusion*, and much of *Ask Me Tomorrow* and *Guard of Honor* would seem to be exceptions) Cozzens has consciously chosen the Balzac-Zola tradition. In taking up one profession after another, he is apparently attempting a social chronicle similar to theirs, if on a smaller scale, a Professional Comedy to match Balzac's Human Comedy. At least he can hardly be charged with lack of ambition.

The fact that Cozzens focuses, not on all of society, like Balzac and Zola, but on sections of the middle class only, on the professions, is of enormous significance, and is a very important factor in his popularity. It is also his least attractive feature. In a sense, Cozzens is the novelist of the American white Protestant middle class, the chronicler of its doing and values, and his work represents those values so thoroughly as to make all of his books, from *The Last Adam* on, exercises in making peace with the world as constituted. In *Twentieth Century Authors*, Cozzens

snappishly identified himself as "illiberal," Episcopalian, and Republican (a declaration with something of the melancholy, if little of the glamor, of Eliot's "classicist, royalist, and Anglo-Catholic"). One of the central factors in his work has been a snobbery that began by reflecting his own prejudices and now seems to pander more to those of his readers. In *Confusion*, it was no more than the fastidious realization that everything outside the D'Atrée chateau was "filthy," the people, their streets, their way of life; and that although the disgusting *nouveau riche* Americans tried to learn the use of objective personal pronouns and which wine to serve with the fish, obviously "it could not be done in one generation; aristocracy was a process of ages." By the time of his latest book, it has become a gentle sharing, or at least a refusing to disturb, the conviction of the reading public that a Harvard accent is "supercilious-sounding." Through the books between, it is chiefly reflected in the stock prejudices against anyone not a middle-class white Protestant of Anglo-Saxon stock. There are the "oriental" Semites; the Negroes who have, not hands, but "black paws"; the "New York Jews" and other foreigners who invade Connecticut. Here is a characteristic speech by Doctor Bull:

"Look at the mills down at Sansbury and the Polacks! Times was when Sansbury was a white man's town. Look at the Roman Catholic convent there, or whatever they made of the Jenny place! What the hell are these monks and priors and novenas of the Little Flower doing in New England? Same with a lot of these Jew artists, like Lincoln over in the Cob place. Jumping Jesus, what's he mean by calling himself Lincoln? Early American house! Why doesn't he go restore himself a synagogue in Jerusalem?"

Ernest Cudlipp talks of "bad stock, bad blood," and sees his Negro maid as "monkey-faced." Abner Coates thinks of a man as belonging to "that particularly piglike German type," thinks

of all the people involved in the crime as "foreigners," and even believes that red-haired people (the classic parody of racialism) have special temperaments. *Guard of Honor* (here certainly reflecting the army accurately) is a riot of prejudice: Captain Hicks thinks Negro names are funny ("Lord, the names they had!"); Colonel Mowbray insists that Negroes will wreck any machinery they are given, like children; the two white defenders of the Negro cause in the novel spout ludicrous and patently false versions of the incidents and repel sympathy by patronizing everyone with such phrases as "politically, you're infantile"; Captain Wiley believes that a Negro can be intelligent if he has a "lot of white blood in him"; and even Colonel Ross insists on the need to appease race prejudice and operate in terms of "a condition, not a theory." Along with these facts of prejudice, the books are studded with the nasty words of prejudice: "nigger," "Mick," "wop," "spik," "jigaboo," "dinge," "smoke," "brainless black bastard," "Yid," "black buck," "guinea," etc. What weights these handsome terms as more than objective reporting is that the heroes and sympathetic characters in the books use them: Anthony says "nigger," Ernest says "common little Mick" (of a fellow priest), Francis says "wop" and "spik," a psychiatrist in *Guard of Honor* says "smoke," Captain Duchemin says "jigaboo" and "black buck," General Beal says "nigger" and "wop," Mrs. Beal says "dinge."

A factor much less visible on the surface, but one probably responsible for Cozzens' wide appeal even more than the books' pattern of prejudice, is the books' appeal to their readers' sexual frustrations and dissatisfactions, what a reviewer in the *New Statesman and Nation* recently and accurately called "American sex-hostility." As it is with the middle-class reading public, sex is an obsessive factor in Cozzens' books, but little of it is what used to be called "normal" or could still be called healthy. The principal effect the books give is of general resistance to adult heterosexual relations ranging from mild inhibition to the

most extreme revulsion. The young protagonists of the first three books, Cerise, Michael, and Ruth, are all deprived of such relations: Cerise because she is killed on her way to be married, Michael because his one love affair and his one physical affair both end in betrayal, Ruth because she scorns men. George Bull has a lifelong physical affair with Janet Cardmaker, which he values because it isn't "at all an emotional matter" on the part of either; and Virginia in the same book "loathes men." Ernest Cudlipp has a "psychological aversion to women." Francis Ellery, mechanically trying to seduce Miss Robertson, longs for "the ready relief" of abandoning the project, and pictures his possible success in terms of revulsion: "the crude, not-very-exciting stripping in the bedroom, the heavy sweaty mechanical exercise of the bed"; later he identifies "love" (much as Hemingway's upper-class characters do in *To Have and Have Not*) with nasty devices and genito-urinary disorders; finally he thinks of all affairs as progressing from "the first infatuated ogles and formal beatings-about-the-bush to the last ridiculous position and brief pleasure." Abner Coates thinks of a promiscuous girl as "despising" the men with whom she is promiscuous, and decides that "the woman was always to blame for what happened to her." In *Guard of Honor*, Nathaniel Hicks pictures Lieutenant Edsell talking politics in bed with his girl; Amanda Turck tells him of her former husband's "revulsion" toward woman and describes the horrors of their relations in fairly clinical detail; then with both their minds thus attractively occupied, they turn out the lights.

One of the most curious features of these relationships is how many of them occur under the aegis of death: Doctor Bull and Janet begin their affair with Janet's father dying in his room down the hall, and the doctor on a professional visit; Abner finally decides to marry Bonny when the murder trial reaches its climax; Nathaniel Hicks and Amanda Turck go to bed together only after they have shared the experience of see-

ing seven paratroopers drown; Cerise finally decides to marry Blair in *Confusion* when an aviator she barely knew crashes to his death; Mr. Lecky, after he has killed the idiot, settles down to read a pornographic novel.

Homosexuality is even more obsessive in the books than this odd necrophilia. At one extreme, it is a succession of schoolgirl crushes—Cerise seeing her friend Gloria as a “pretty boy from Ben Jonson” and Edith’s crush on Ruth Hicks (which takes on sharper significance at the end when Ruth emerges as the male symbol, the fighting cock)—and the preference of the men for boyish girls—Michael Scarlett admires Lady Ann because she reminds him of “young men in Italian pictures” and only falls in love with her when he finds her dressed as a boy; Doctor Bull’s Janet is manlike, with a male voice, and he is physically attracted to Virginia because of her boyish figure (at the end, she is killed as a symbolic punishment for it—the “fleshless buttocks” and “breastless chest” that made her attractive make her too thin to survive the typhoid epidemic). At the other extreme, it is a vast procession of homosexual Cubans, alchemists with dubious leanings, “French fairies,” Episcopal monks caught in homosexual practices, Lesbian actresses and reputed Lesbian abortionists running through the books. The chief characters are just on the fringe of all this: Anthony is asked whether he is “queer” by a female passenger; Ernest was believed to be “unduly interested in young men”; Amanda Turck admits Lesbian leanings and was married to a homosexual; and Abner Coates, in a very curious scene, is only able to understand the power of sexual desire by picturing it in the imagery of homosexual accostation.

Sadism is an equally omnipresent motif in the books. In the early novels it is very violent and very graphically described. Michael Scarlett makes the acquaintance of Ann by whipping her back raw, and a whore in the book is dragged naked from a cart tail and whipped almost to death. Ruth Hicks in *Cock*

Pit forces a gunman to talk by having him whipped almost insensible, while she stands by and jokes. Mr. Stellow in *The Son of Perdition* makes a man talk by having him burned with heated gun barrels. In the same book, Osmundo and his sister begin their incestuous affair when he opens her scalp with a block of wood, and he keeps her love by constantly threatening to throw her to the barracudas; their father, Vidal, ends the affair when he learns of it by throwing Osmundo to the barracudas. Mr. Lecky shoots off half the idiot's face with a shotgun, then saws away at his throat, in one of the bloodiest scenes of physical horror ever published. In the later books, the sadism is much milder and less overt (where an early *Sieur D'Atrée* had a servant whipped to death for spilling wine on him, and Ruth Hicks horsewhipped a stable boy, Ernest Cudlipp only threatens to take a stick to his Negro maid) but it becomes much more markedly erotic: Anthony is tempted to spank attractive female passengers on the *San Pedro*, a man in *The Last Adam* is reputed to use a horsewhip on his wife, Francis Ellery has a desire to beat Lorna in a quarrel and recognizes its erotic motive ("because her fright or injuries would rearouse tender feelings"), several men in *The Just and the Unjust* want to spank an adolescent girl.

Peripheral sexual manifestations in the books include the incest in *The Son of Perdition*, a teacher who debauches school children in *The Just and the Unjust*, a reference to the predilection of old judges for little girls or boys, and even one fascinating case of sodomy with a goat. This happy gamut of sexuality is naturally accompanied, like the prejudice, by the fitting short nasty words, although unlike his younger rivals, Cozzens does not use any of the forbidden four-letter Anglo-Saxon words (except the one given sanction by the King James translation) but makes do with the three-letter varieties. It is also accompanied by a healthy vulgarity of speech, begun by Doctor Bull and Janet in *The Last Adam*, and flowering in a torrent of ob-

scene banter and dirty jokes in the two latest books, *The Just and the Unjust* and *Guard of Honor*, as Cozzens finds himself dealing with clubby and almost exclusively male societies, the fraternity of lawyers and the army.

Basically, however, whatever content of prejudice or sex, technical information or middle-class morality they may contain, Cozzens' novels are novels, and the important question about them is their quality as works of fiction. In structural terms, they tend to lack drama, and either to substitute melodrama for it (as in *Cock Pit* and the end of *The Last Adam*), and thus lack essential seriousness; or simply to sprawl, and thus lack tension and excitement. *The Just and the Unjust* has a naturally dramatic framework, the trial itself, but it tends to disintegrate at the end in a dramatically disappointing verdict and a resolution that resolves little. *S. S. San Pedro* has no human conflict at all. *Guard of Honor* is a series of excellent small dramas insufficiently integrated into a larger whole. Of all the books, only *Castaway* is constructed in the pattern of the perfect ritual drama, the traditional development from conflict through guilt to expiation (what Francis Fergusson calls "purpose to passion to perception.") Cozzens is a master of the scenic: he sets a stage that precedes the action and remains after it—as in the snow that begins and ends *The Last Adam*, the night flights that begin and end *Guard of Honor*; or he opens the book with the character engaged in a representative act—Mr. Lecky retching, Pepe Rijo in *The Son of Perdition* running; or he sets a tone—an essay on how depressing everything is in Florence, to begin *Ask Me Tomorrow*.

Cozzens' work seems to divide into three clearly demarcated stages: the first four exotic works; the two short novels, *S. S. San Pedro* and *Castaway*, as a transitional stage symbolically killing off the old machinery and personality; and then the five mature professional comedies. (The symmetry of this scheme is somewhat disturbed by the fact that *The Last Adam*, the

first book of the third period, was published before *Castaway*, but periods in an artist's work are rarely as neat as we would have them, and in any case we may if we wish decide arbitrarily that from internal evidence *Castaway* was probably written earlier.) The first period is stylistically the worst, full of adolescent "poetic" writing, cheap ironic effects, high-flown words like "rescission," "tergant," and "macillant," and plain grammatical error. By the middle period—the two short transitional novels—Cozzens has developed his style to a point of high rhetoric, as effective as it is scarce in contemporary fiction. In *S. S. San Pedro*, the rhetorical style is still somewhat self-conscious. Here is a typical passage:

At once, like the first man breathed on by God, the *San Pedro* was coming alive. From her own boilers the unspeakable breath of superheated steam inspired her. Strong as ten thousand horses it broke out in the steel vitals of the port turbine. With stunning impact, it ricocheted, smashing off the stationary vanes. It impinged like a hundred sledge hammers on the converse rotor blades. Now, you might think, the *San Pedro* contracted its mighty muscles and girded its loins.

By *Castaway*, the style becomes assured and entirely under control. Here is a sample:

Moving on, while he wondered, the dark through which Mr. Lecky's light cut grew more beautiful with scents. Particles of solid matter so minute, gases so subtle, that they filtered through stopping and sealing, hung on the unstirred air. Drawn in with Mr. Lecky's breath came impalpable dewes cooked out of disintegrating coal. Distilled, chemically split and reformed, they ended in flawless simulation of the aromas of gums, the scent of woods and the world's flowers. The chemists who made them could do more than that. Loose on the gloom were perfumes of flowers which might possibly have bloomed but never had, and the strong smelling saps of trees either lost or not yet evolved.

In Cozzens' final period, this sort of "prose with a heightened consciousness" is largely renounced, and the style attempts to appear entirely artless, a quiet, good, and almost invisible verbal texture.

At the same time, Cozzens' use of other devices altered. In a book like *Michael Scarlett*, the author's voice constantly intruded with editorial comments like "Yet I think the effects of their brief meeting were with him to the last day of his life," or "He was inclined to smile at the boy's heroics, but I think he rather liked them." This authorial voice soon disappeared, and was replaced as a point of view by the consciousness of the chief character or of several of them, through which the book's events are focused and interpreted. A central symbol for many of the books does something of this job of integration: the cockpit in the book of that name, the octopus figure of the Company in *The Son of Perdition*, the mechanical monster of the ship in *S. S. San Pedro*. In the later books, these key symbols are subtler and less obtrusive: the rattlesnake in *The Last Adam*, the courtroom itself in *The Just and the Unjust*, and a whole series of integrating symbols in *Guard of Honor*, which run through Colonel Ross's mind in two pages near the end (535 and 536), and have their function summed up formally in his meditations:

The answer, moreover, came in the only terms possible for this kind of communication. They were terms of symbol or image, perfectly related to the meaning that was intended to reach you in the flawless logic that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. It was again unfortunate that the conscious mind was not too bright, and so never could work out the perhaps-worthwhile meaning of most of these messages.

As a concomitant of this increased symbolic subtlety, the too-easy foreshadowings of the early books slacken off. Thus in *Cock Pit*, predictions of a fire in the cane and the bridge's falling in-

evitably come true; the barracudas in *The Son of Perdition* eventually get the man who invoked them; Dr. Percival has only to remark that the *San Pedro* seems to be listing, that it would be helpless without its engines, that the captain might break down, for these things to happen, and the other characters reinforce them with constant predictions of death and disaster. By the time of *The Last Adam*, these foreshadowings are of the very gentlest sort, one brief mention of the possibility that the construction camp might be polluting the water; and in the later books, the foreshadowings—like the death of Walter in *Ask Me Tomorrow* and of the defendants in *The Just and the Unjust*—are just as apt to prove false. Cozzens' other devices also increase in subtlety, and his use of such cheap radio formulae as a single trick of speech to mark each character, like Aunt Myra's alternating lucidity in *The Last Adam*, dwindles in *Guard of Honor* to as fine a point as the connectiveless speech of the sergeants ("Only I got to get an authorization from the Operations Officer I can give them; and I got to get a receipt he took them"), and is succeeded by much more effective cinematic devices: counterpointed conversations; and images, like a drink or a light switch, that serve as a transition between scenes.

Cozzens' aesthetic doctrines, too, become better integrated in his work. *Confusion* is full of little essay-speeches on the importance of form and technique, Francis in *Ask Me Tomorrow* muses continually on the nature of writing, but by the time the writer, Edsell, appears in *Guard of Honor* he is seen objectively and even rather patronizingly, and Cozzens' aesthetics are stated only by barest implication. This pattern is paralleled by that of quotations in the books. In the early books, the quotations and literary references, including the Provençal, furnish the sort of phony exoticism that Poe made peculiarly his own, (readily exposed in Cozzens' case by such spellings as "Ben Johnson," "Shiller," "*Purchas Pilgrimes*," "*Mort D'Arthur*," etc.) In the later books the quotations and references are al-

most entirely from Shakespeare and the Bible, and they function organically and even symbolically in the work: so that Ernest Cudlipp very effectively identifies himself with Shakespeare's Antony (who is also the archetype of Doctor Bull, as opposed to such up-and-coming Octaviuses as Doctor Verney); Edsell in *Guard of Honor* shifts from being a mock Othello to being a very real Prince Hal repudiating Falstaff, and Lieutenant Turck takes on a peculiarly poignant reality when she misquotes, in a sexual context, Pistol's advice against trusting men.

There is no question but that Cozzens' work, except in regard to his larger dramatic frames, shows a steady progress toward greater mastery of his craft, increased consciousness of his effects, and constantly augmented scope. Except for *Castaway*, however, he has given us every ingredient of first-rate novels except the novels themselves. His faults, the prejudices and blockages that make his treatment of race and sex so unsatisfactory, and his constant dissipating of tragedy into irony and melodrama, seem to be the obverse of his virtues: his enormously representative quality and his uncompromising honesty. When Cozzens can write novels with the breadth and depth of *The Just and the Unjust* or *Guard of Honor* on as taut and satisfactory a dramatic frame as *Castaway* has, when he learns to combine the realism of his later work with the symbolism of his middle period and deepen both in the process, he should be a novelist to rank with the best America has produced. If he never achieves such a combination of elements that he has already shown he can master individually, or develops only along the lines of his recent work, he will nevertheless have given us, in *Castaway* and in fragments of the other novels, an impressive "art of the possible." In literary matters, however, we can do no less than demand the impossible and insist that we get it.

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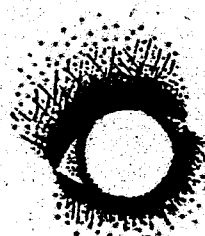
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NMQR Poetry Selections



LINES FOR A SUMMER'S END

1

The old elephant
The old blind elephant
Layered with leathery
Creased rubber
Walks eons away
On pneumatic feet
Never once stepping
In its own manure.

2

The neon-purple peacock
Flirts sedately with
Its uncaged visitors:
Catching sunlight in its spread,
And then, its golden feathered eyes
Drooped behind in pools of dust,
Pecking in a splintered trough
Where sits a rat, replete.

3

Blue blackens, red flattens,
And stars burst to dusk,
Wanton wind, silky-quick,
Tosses a sentinel lily's
Dew-bejeweled creamy neck,
Confidently supple;
And then the sun, like an orange marble,
Goes down the drain.

CHARLES RAMOND

HUNTING SONG

The cry of the swallow,
the naked red willow,
a wand in the wind
and an arrow to earth.

The wide yellow river,
the reed-bordered shallow,
the white clouds that pillow
the sky upon earth.

The leap of the blood
and the mist of the breath,
the morning of hunting
the mallard and teal.

The honk of the gander,
the hanker to wander,
the smell of the powder,
the blood on the steel.

Days live in their colors
and breathe in their odors,
and each is an image
that moves to a tune:

The roll of the river,
the call of the plover,
the rustle of willow,
the whistle of wings.

The beat of the blood
is the musical measure
that summons the picture—
and memory sings.

HARVEY FERGUSON

NMQR POETRY SELECTIONS

501

OF MY RETURNING

A sad day, deserving of more
than a small sun cold on the floor
of my returning. A shadow slides
before me, hides in the gloomed way
I move in the room. . . .

Where are these?
The young light by every day I rose. . . .
New grass beyond the ancient door. . . .

Rooms wear old. A sill creaks,
and over paneless window bends
the grey bough crying, "No. The ends
of Always all are white from burning.
Now to ash the wind blows."

A chill walk to remember: a day
of small sun, left dead on the floor.

BERNICE SLOTE

FOR MY DAUGHTER, AGED 5

Toss your blond-red curls,
Touch the merry nose;
Where your eye unfurls
Time in promise goes
Joyous past the thornèd rose.

Where your eye unfurls
Promised hill and hollow
Time your path uncurls
Where I cannot follow,
Thornèd hill and thornèd hollow.

ALAN SWALLOW

BOOKS and COMMENT

Alexander Klein

ON THE PITFALLS OF TRUTH BY ASSAULT

IN DEED and word Arthur Koestler has repeatedly proven that he is a talented, peculiarly sensitive, stubborn and courageous man. In his recent book, *Insight and Outlook*,* he takes a long, dangerous leap from total involvement with the politics of the recent past and immediate present to total assault on ultimate truth: an attempt to create a comprehensive theory of ethics, aesthetics, science and civilization by way of "an inquiry into the common foundations of science, art and social ethics," as stated forthrightly by the book's subtitle. The results, I am sorry to report, are anything but happy, though by indirection and by its very errors the volume may conceivably prove seminal.

The archetype of the leftist intellectual who narrows down choices in every field to two startling dichotomies, accepting half-truth to achieve total contrast, Koestler also operates in terms of a basic moralistic bias. This, combined with his inadequate grounding in scientific method, has cruelly betrayed his good intentions. He is weighed down on his intellectual journey by an astonishing array of second hand scientific and psychological baggage (of which he feels particularly certain because he has accepted it on the authority of others), and he becomes so "en-

* The Macmillan Company, 1949.

gaged" in particular arguments that he repeatedly tosses away crucial items or drops them when juggling becomes unfeasible, only to retrieve them hastily in altered form when the need arises.

A superb reporter and exciting fictional polemicist, Koestler has long been deeply involved in issues and ideas in the field of political morality and psychology. In *The Gladiators* (1939) and *Darkness at Noon* (1940) he expressed his disillusion with revolution as inevitably breeding tyranny, and rejected the single-track reasoning of ends serving as both necessary and sufficient justification of means. But Rubashov's inability to embrace reason (at the end of *Darkness at Noon*) turned out an accurate transcription of Koestler's own intellectual mood. For in *Arrival and Departure* (1943) Koestler's hero explicitly rejects reason: discovering the neurotic basis of his revolutionary fervor, Peter does not reason himself into further idealism, but insists that one should not ask "because of what?"; one should only act from feeling. Reason, straw-mannishly represented by the analyst who cured Peter, is depicted as undercutting idealism and adjusting everyone to the status quo. Later, in *Thieves In The Night* (1946), Koestler deliberately set his hero, Joseph, in the spot on earth, Palestine, where the politics of terror (admittedly supported by a fervent sort of logic) would be most acceptable as basic strategy. Only a year earlier, incidentally, in *The Yogi and The Commissar* (1945), Koestler had explicitly discussed the necessity for a synthesis between the life of direct action aimed at change from without, and the life of contemplation directed at change from within, but insisted that of the two the latter extreme was preferable.

In the preface to that same volume of essays Koestler declared with commendable candor that he had never ceased to marvel each year at the foolhardiness of the ideas he championed the previous year. One might, therefore, have expected a measure of restraint in his new would-be scientific system. Instead, Koestler's tone is dogmatic, even arrogant, his terminology irrespon-

sibly loose; and his penchant for scientific and psychological jargon has led him into an involved, solemnly pompous, murky style, a turgidity and unnecessary denseness typical of the prose which occasionally finds its way into some of our better journals because seeming impenetrability and novel nomenclature are confused with profundity. Moreover, Koestler alternates between overcriticalness and prolific use of unexamined assumptions, indulges in scores of digressions and inappropriate analogies and diagrams, commits countless logical fallacies, and sets up any number of straw men and crudely interpreted "opposition" notions which he then "demolishes" with both hatchet and scalpel.

Koestler begins with a 110-page analysis of the comic, intended to prove that "bisociation" and "self-assertiveness" or "aggressiveness" are the basic elements involved in all humor. For example, the fat notable whose vest buttons pop off is suddenly seen in the "bisociated" (conventionally unrelated) fields of (a) pompous dignitary and (b) vulnerable buffoon; and the spectators' "self-assertive, aggressive" tendencies cause them to laugh at his deflation. Now the two most frequently advanced theories of the comic have been incongruity (which implies two fields) and superiority (which involves self-assertion). Hence, despite the novel terminology, Koestler's theory of the comic is hardly original. And his insistence that *all* humor is self-assertive and aggressive does not stand inspection. Laughter at one's self, sympathetic laughter, genial humor hardly fit the theory without much distortion. Freud's "economized energy" theory, which does not arbitrarily assign a single emotional basis to humor, seems closer to the truth. In laughter we release excess energy, such as that generated in expectation of a serious situation which turns out otherwise, or the energy of pent-up malice. Laughing at a puppy's fall, for example, doesn't seem to involve aggression only but also identification (with the puppy) and release (from the need to worry about the fall and/or the neces-

sity of controlling oneself so as not to fall). In short, it would appear that in laughter as in most emotions aggressiveness is only one component. Another component might well be the so-called "self-transcending" or "integrative" tendency which Koestler sets up as the contradictory complement of "self-assertiveness." (The rebaptizing of these two well-known human tendencies—towards separateness and merging—adds nothing of significance.)

From the comic, *Insight and Outlook* goes on to "demonstrate" that crying is due to the frustrating of our "self-transcending" impulses, to our feeling of loneliness, unwantedness. Here Koestler chooses his examples to fit. His analysis completely overlooks the possibility that ego-denial (frustration of the "self-assertive" tendencies) may cause weeping. In short, as with laughing, the reduction of the phenomenon in every case to the same cause does not seem in harmony with the little knowledge we have of ourselves and others.

Koestler then proceeds to apply his basic principles ("self-assertive" and "self-transcendent" tendencies, and "bisociation") to organisms and societies, to ethics, science, and aesthetics. Art, scientific discovery, moral co-operative behavior—in short, the hope of the world—all stem from the "self-transcending" tendencies, with "bisociation" the common road to creative achievement in all fields. War, exploitation and world-doom are the end-products of the "self-assertive" or "aggressive" tendencies. The crisis in the Western world is due to the overemphasis of the latter; its redemption is contingent on re-establishment of the balance. None of this is strikingly new; in fact Koestler himself has said as much more than once. But there is a difference: in the current formulation it is implied that the "self-transcendent" tendency is the dominant one—in life and in matter itself. Hence, though Koestler holds out no hope for the immediate future, he feels that we are "evolutionally" fated to succeed in the long run.

In order to enjoy this long-range optimism, Koestler deems it essential to "refute" some Freudian concepts. His anti-Freudian bias, perhaps a heritage of his revolutionary period, was previously expressed in his creation of the nymphomaniac Lesbian analyst in *Arrival and Departure*. Now, Koestler pays verbal homage to Freud as opener of a new gateway "on humanity's path of progress," but rebukes him for chalking "over the lintel, 'All hope abandoned ye who enter here.'"

Koestler interprets Freud's terms with crude literalness, and attacks accordingly. For example, he asks: since the two basic Freudian drives, Eros, the Life Instinct, and Thanatos, the Death Instinct, are both regressive, how is it that the "evolutionary clock moves forward nevertheless?" The words "clock" and "forward" reveal Koestler's unwarranted assumption that (a) evolution is a directly verifiable fact rather than a highly speculative theory, and (b) evolution equals progress. The literal interpretation of instinct "regressiveness" (one of Freud's especially tentative hypotheses) to preclude development of the species amounts to distortion. Eros distinctly includes self-preserved and reproductive components; and what is regressive in one context is not so in another—e. g., Thanatos, encompassing the self-destroying impulses, leads to death—regressive for the individual organism, but essential for the development of the species. (Furthermore, at a later point Koestler himself speaks of the artist "regressing" to primitive modes of thought in the unconscious in order to make artistic progress. And one of his own pet notions is that of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, regressing in order to leap ahead.)

Koestler's naïve misreading and literal view of the Freudian concepts is further revealed when (a) he states that he cannot see how the Death Instinct can operate internally as senescence and, projected outwards, as aggression; (b) he declares that the Freudian structure implies that evolution stopped with Neanderthal man, and the history of the species since has been the

straitjacketing of immutable instincts and human nature by civilization, with crises generated because of the suppression of the destructive instinct; (c) he equates "sublimation" with "substitution" and counters the supposed Freudian notion that all cultural achievements are "coitus substitutes" by pointing out that periods of comparative sex freedom (Greece, the Renaissance) were not low in artistic creation as (presumably) we should expect.

Needless to say, many of the "refuted" Freudian concepts are utilized by Koestler in thinly disguised form. Freud, however, wrestled with the highly relevant questions: what real necessities cause us to ruin ourselves? what freedom of action is left us and how can we remove the false "necessities" barring us from acting fully? But Koestler simply restates the problem (atrophy of the "self-transcendent" tendencies) and skirts any real analysis, resorting to the type of dogmatism which Freud so deplored: "It is a popular habit in scientific matters to seize upon one side of the truth and set it up as the whole truth, and then in favor of this element of the truth to dispute all the rest which is equally true."

In dealing with artistic creation and the aesthetic experience this same black-and-white dogmatism, in the service of his "principles," leads Koestler to the conclusion that both the artist and his audience are, in effect, wholly actuated by "self-transcending" impulses. Ego-satisfaction and self-assertion by the artist is dismissed as a negligible factor. And the vicarious ego-assertion by the reader or spectator (achieved via identification or introjection) is not even considered. In brief, when art enters the ego abdicates—hardly a tenable thesis.

Koestler also declares flatly that a completely rational outlook today can lead only to nihilism. However, he continues, the increasing "emphasis on 'wholeness' in all branches of science" may result in the recognition of the "integrative tendency" as "the ultimate driving power of the evolutionary flux," thus end-

ing the "ethical neutrality of science" and establishing a new "natural ethics" based on this "Natural Law." Disregarding the host of misconceptions and naïvetés involved in this notion, it sounds very much as if what we have here in disguised form is authoritarian ethics, apparently a requisite for Koestler's ideologic temperament, whose yearning for absolute roots is a prime source of his book's shortcomings.

Space does not permit further critical analysis of Koestler's principles which, to me, appeared neither coherent nor fertile. Scrutiny soon reduces the gilt-edge of this entire get-rich-quick scheme for absolute values and total truth in the intellectual and moral realms to its essential hand-me-down brassiness. Nevertheless, *Insight and Outlook* is in many ways a fascinating volume—for its innumerable bits of psychological and scientific information; for its provocative as well as genuinely inspirational passages; for the illusions it neatly punctures; and for its aseptic criticism and occasional flashes of insight and perception (on such varied topics as economy and illusion in art, the faults of our educational system, the basic unity of science, and archetypes and myths in artistic creation). Above all, the book is a valuable demonstration that intelligence and skepticism and a desperate desire for truth are not proof against inadequate logical and scientific equipment and a moralistic bias which impels one to err in the name of science in a manner theology no longer compels. The heights of science and truth are, indeed, closed to no one, but they cannot be scaled by irresponsible assault (whether of the Koestlerian-gadfly variety or the Toynbee-leviathan), only by arduous toil and a boldness disciplined by a healthy respect for the methods of scientific inquiry.

Wilson O. Clough

REGIONALISM AND THE CREATIVE IMPULSE: A CANADIAN VIEW

DEBATE over regional literature generally revolves about the question of its relative merit as literature. Is it doomed to be second-rate work, local or provincial, or may it achieve the heights of national, even universal, literature? In *Le Roman Régionaliste aux Etats-Unis (1913-1940)*,* Harry Bernard takes an unequivocal stand for the second view. There need be, he says, "no incompatibility between regionalism and universalism, the first being capable of containing the second, and vice-versa. . . . The world's greatest literatures prove it, and perhaps that of America more than any other, especially in the past thirty years. . . . Through regionalism they have given us works of national scope, even of international. . . . To it the United States owes many great contemporary works, rich in promise."

Yet, touching on the same question in his conclusion, M. Bernard puts his finger on the crux of the matter, the men and women who write the novels. That is, it is not a mystical something in a region that makes for great literature, but those who compose it. Each region will have its unique quality, its opportunity for the writer or its discouragement. But the literary product will depend less on the region waiting to be exploited than on the writers who exploit it. Thus Bernard finds as requisites for good regional writing the desiderata that lie behind all good writing: the disciplines of education, long apprenticeship and wide experimentation in writing, the avoidance of sterile

* Montreal: Fides, 1949.

imitation, a varied and close contact with human beings, and a sound acquaintance with one's subject matter.

Would it be irrelevant, then, to add to these requisites another, that of experience outside one's region? If, as Bernard argues, the history of our best writers will demonstrate the strength of the regional (Faulkner, Caldwell, Wolfe, Willa Cather, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and others), their personal story will be found also to include strenuous efforts to transcend the possible limitations of a too narrow regionalism, to gain perspective by outside experience, to achieve some evaluation of the conflicts out of which they have made their books. For every writer above the average is surrounded by people who regard him with attitudes ranging from complete indifference to actual dislike, thereby indicating that to be regional is not in itself enough. The writer's art demands a certain aloofness as well as a deep involvement in the lives of those about him.

But M. Bernard defines regionalism with flexibility, and would not, I am sure, quarrel with the above addition. He admits the overlapping on "local color" and folklore, and the nebulous line which divides regional from local history. His term implies novels which are conditioned by, or which shed light on, local habits of language, custom, social mores, or cultural patterns, without which the novel would not be the same thing.

Thus New Mexico quickly exposes a regional character both geographical and sociological. A considerable portion of its inhabitants speak Spanish only, or are bilingual. Spanish is widely taught, and the native arts are clearly modified by Spanish, Indian or Mexican influences. The landscape, too is peculiar in its deserts, arroyos, mesas, and remote, colorful mountains. New Mexico, indeed, seems to M. Bernard the least Anglo-American of our states. Thus its novels will reflect two tendencies: the sentimental one of recovering its past or casting a haze over its present, and the realistic one of evaluating correctly its quality.

In such fashion M. Bernard surveys the whole of the United States, dividing the country into six major areas. (The Middle Atlantic states are given briefer treatment as more urban and less regional in literary output.) He lingers longest over the South, subdividing it into South-East, semitropical South, and literature by or about the Negroes. As is not uncommon with visitors to our southland, he approaches the last topic with sympathetic puzzlement; for here is a population as *native* as are most of us, but handled with a special treatment which varies from silence to sentimentality or repressed resentments.

We should mention here that M. Bernard comes to his study well prepared. Thoroughly French-Canadian, he has travelled abroad, speaks English fluently, and is a novelist with six or seven novels to his credit. A one-time journalist in Ottawa, he is now director of Canada's oldest French newspaper, *Le Courrier de Saint-Hyacinthe*. A Rockefeller Foundation grant enabled him to visit nearly every state of the union, and a decade of study of American regionalia has won him the *docteur ès lettres* from the University of Montreal. I can testify to M. Bernard's very genuine interest in Americana, and his impressive shelves of American novels.

Does Bernard uncover any national themes that run throughout our novels? He is impressed foremost with America's diversity amid unity, its "confederation" of sectional variations. Such a study, he says, will disabuse the non-American of the too often repeated calumny that the States suffer from a cultural monotony.

Why, he asks, does American literature deal so often with the disparate themes of rebellion of sons against fathers, and the love of music? The first, he hazards, may be a consequence of frontier hardships and the treatment of mothers in that harsh environment, plus the father's opposition to the children who wish to escape into esthetic expression. This seems to us a sound observation, and one which recalls Hamlin Garland as the proto-

type. Perhaps music enters here also as the most obvious symbol (see Willa Cather's *Song of the Lark*) of artistic temperament seeking outlet. Possibly, too, religious rigidities have played their part. This suggestion Bernard appears to have overlooked, despite his impression that the Puritan inheritance "is found, even today, in the hidden recesses of the American soul." Indeed, he links it with a number of unlovely traits, from the Eighteenth Amendment to sectarian and secular intolerance. But this seems to me too much an echo of the nineteen-twenties, with their loud protests against a Puritanism very loosely defined. Is it not straining historical association a bit to link lynching with the Salem witchcraft episode, which, after all, was brief and pale beside the long record of witch burnings in Europe, from Catholic Italy to Presbyterian Scotland?

Though M. Bernard maintains throughout an admirable objectivity, he has not forgotten his French-Canadian readers. He calls his book a contribution to French-Canadian letters, and points to the American story as a lesson to Canadian regionalists to go and do likewise. For, he says, the American experience shows that a regional literature of honesty and insight, ample to contain common humanity, may be the road to a literary productivity of a larger and more universal range. If, in selecting from some three thousand regional novels from his period of 1913 to 1940, Bernard has dwelt on a few of probably secondary merit, that is not surprising. He has aimed at inclusiveness, and the bibliographies at the end of each section add to the value of his book as reference. The total impression of the survey, as he says, is one of the "multiple faces" of American life.

Dudley Wynn

THE WEST AGAINST ITSELF

WITH PERHAPS one exception, the contributors to *Rocky Mountain Cities*,* an excellent and much-needed volume, can be divided into two groups: those who, above all, love their Rocky Mountain city and speak softly when they come to its faults or limitations, and those who are so deeply aware of the "red harvest" of "too rapid, one-sided, and improvident industrialization" that their love of place can be measured, if at all, only by the depth of their indignation. For this is a chronicle of some lovely and some very unlovely places; and wherever the chronicler goes into history and traces the growth of his town up to our time, some most unpleasant contrasts between myth and reality emerge.

Erna Fergusson writes lovingly of Albuquerque. To her it is little Cosmopolis, it has variety, it has good neighborliness, it is liberal and tolerant. To Walter Van Tilburg Clark, above everything else Reno is a small town, with the virtues of the small town. In his adopted state, Nevada, it is almost possible for everybody to know everybody else and for the community (the state) to operate upon the basis of that fact. Haniel Long keeps his attention upon Santa Fe's spiritual qualities, frankly admitting that here is a little city "so free from some of the gravest problems in the American scene that it resembles a game preserve or a bird sanctuary," but holding at the same time to his belief that here if anywhere the problem of man-in-nature, because of the Pueblo races, can be and is being worked at—the one problem that will remain even if all the others are solved.

By contrast, Duncan Aikman does not particularly like El Paso. That city, he thinks, bends a great deal farther backwards

* Edited by Ray B. West, Jr., introduction by Carey McWilliams. W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1949.

than it really needs to, to please absentee landlords. And this is extremely ironic in a formerly tough border town with a retained aura of cattledom, freedom, and the frontier. June Caldwell sees Tucson as "probably the only city of any size in the United States that has no visible means of support." "Tourists!" of course, is the answer here as in the economy of almost every city and state in the Rocky Mountain region. But Tucson cannot do anything for itself for numerous reasons; cannot get as good a city government as it deserves, cannot house its people, cannot find an adequate water supply, cannot provide a decent *annual* wage or income for its innumerable caterers to the "folk industry" and the tourist trade. Denver, to Charles A. Graham and Robert Perkin, is a magnificent has-been, "the sleeping beauty of the West," whose main energies are devoted to the simple principle that the capital provided by pioneering grandfathers shall not be diminished by one penny in any new venture. Cheyenne, as Dee Linford sees it, despite its rambunctious annual celebration, is supine and hog-tied, the rugged cowmen of all Wyoming playing to their disadvantage the game of the absentee owners and clamoring for the federal government to give back to the state all those lands which the state never had in the first place. Coeur d'Alene and Butte are unlovely any way you take them, and Joseph Kinsey Howard and John Stahlberg do not try to pretend otherwise. Idaho's famous mining district and Montana's "bloody Butte" represent the exploitative pattern in its logical and realistic purity. Areas or communities that have existed for the sole purpose of exploitation of resources, including the human ones, have nearly always been thus unlovely, dingy, and brutal. The dingy, inhumane surface is a little more dramatically obvious where the resources in question are, say, minerals instead of beefsteaks, but the real problem is pretty much the same all over the Rocky Mountain West. Carey McWilliams' introduction explains very neatly the differences, both in original motivation and end results, between California's gold

rush, which was really rugged and really individual, and the way in which minerals have been taken out of Idaho, Montana, and Arizona.

Dale L. Morgan, writing on Salt Lake City, neither loves nor condemns his city. He sees certain anachronisms and conflicts coming from Utah's history, particularly her religious history; but on the whole one finds him respectful of a tradition which was based on the idea of subsistence and settling up the country rather than upon bald, simon-pure exploitation. There's an excellent and meaningful contrast here, whether Mr. Morgan and the editor intended it or not. Utah undoubtedly has a stability, a dispersion of wellbeing, and therefore a certain readiness to go forward that are not to be seen from very many of the other accounts.

I do not wish to imply that those contributors who I have said love their cities are to be identified with the myth in the "myth-versus-reality" pattern of Carey McWilliams' introduction. Erna Fergusson, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, and Haniel Long choose to emphasize the intangibles of good (not luxurious) living, neighborliness, and the search for spiritual values. Most of the other contributors make an economic analysis the center of their interest. There is not necessarily any conflict here. But there is a basic conflict in the West itself. In the face of shrinking population (relatively to the United States as a whole), low per capita income, shrinking economic opportunity (relatively), the Rocky Mountain West probably does, as McWilliams contends, delude itself with a myth and neglect the reality. The myth, to put it simply, is that of "freedom," and the reality is that no enduring freedom, insofar as freedom is based upon economic considerations, can exist in an exploited area, where everything goes out "raw" at a low price and comes back (finished somewhere else) at a high price. The West is a colonial economy, and almost the only articulate individualists who seem to resent this colonialism are the few intellectuals who contribute to books like this. In

the meantime, the cattlemen's associations go on passing resolutions that please those who have an advantage in our continuing colonialism and seem to do little or nothing that will in the long-run profit themselves, or their posterity, or the magnificent land they profess to love so ardently.

This book is a fine regional contribution. It ought to stir regional consciousness. Any reader, however, who does not wish to be stirred in just the way Mr. McWilliams and many of the contributors indicate he ought to be, can still find a wealth of information here, historical and current, in an excellent chronicle of some of the important spots, the town-cities, the cultural capitals, of a region bigger than most nations.

John Adair

FOLK ARTS

IN THE THREE books under review* we find three distinctly different approaches to the plastic arts of man. *New Mexico Village Arts* is the work of the cultural historian, *American Folk Art* that of the collector and antiquarian, and *Egyptian Servant Statues* that of the archaeologist. Admittedly biased by training and background, I much prefer the first of these books.

New Mexico Village Arts not only is a contribution to Southwestern literature but should serve as a model for subsequent studies of folk art for several important reasons. Dickey has what many writers on the Southwest and other areas of regional litera-

* *New Mexico Village Arts*, by Roland F. Dickey, drawings by Lloyd Lóez Goff. University of New Mexico Press, 1949; *American Folk Art, in Wood, Metal and Stone*, by Jean Lipman. Pantheon, 1948; *Egyptian Servant Statues*, by James H. Breasted. Pantheon Books, 1948.

ture lack: perspective. Perspective to see the whole human scene in meaningful relations, not just a detailed absorption into this or the other phase of Southwestern native art swept clean from human context and deposited in the museum vault. The art of village living in New Mexico is an expression of his theme. Man and his art are indivisible.

This proper perspective of the Southwest involves seeing the indigenous Indian culture in relation to the American Spanish culture, to use the author's phrase. Elsie Clews Parsons, probably the greatest scholar of the Indian pueblos, long ago pointed out the necessity for understanding Mexican Indian culture and the cultural hybrid which resulted from the contact and mixture of those new world patterns with the Spanish culture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Otherwise, pueblo culture cannot be fully understood. So, too, is it necessary to understand the effect of the Indian way of life on the Spanish colonists in the Rio Grande Valley. Dickey has insight into the importance of these cultural relationships.

The chapter "A Dry and Thirsty Land" is as good an introduction to the history of the region as any I know. The sections on domestic architecture and the household arts—weaving, embroidery, furniture making and others—are especially valuable. The author has a fine feeling for form and design, especially in furniture, but his aesthetic feelings for the old do not destroy his sense of history nor his sense of values. He is sharply critical of the sentimental antiquarian and the romantics who see only good in the old and bad in the new. The stupidity of disguising commercial structures as pueblo churches is effectively dealt with. The mawkish patterning of contemporary houses after the old adobe structures by those who feel more at home in mid-western Norman is treated briefly but well.

Dickey has included a good bibliography, but the student interested in the area might well wish that reference in the text were more closely tied to the literature cited by the use of a set

of terminal notes keyed to the proper chapters. In this way the beauty of the printed page would not have been marred, yet the book would be of more use to scholars.

A word about the aesthetics of the book itself, certainly one of the handsomest pieces of bookmaking to come from the Southwest. The line drawings, tailpieces and color plates by Lloyd Goff effectively combine with the handsome calligraphy of Robert Wallace to supplement the text. The book, designed by Helen Gentry, was well deserving of the award it recently received as a June selection of the Trade Book Clinic of the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

In *American Folk Art* Jean Lipman fails to do what Dickey has done. There is a good sense of the antique but an insufficient sense of the ways of the people in relation to their own time—the period which produced the baroque cigar store Indian, the severely beautiful iron weathervane from the eastern seaboard, and the ornately embellished circus wagon of the Victorian era. This author has more the collector's set of values, the enjoyment of folk art dissociated from folk living; she shares the curator's thrill in locating the unique, in knowing that a particular piece of scrimshaw is rare. The biographical and historical information, given in the form of short sketches, affords but a mere titillation of one's sense of history. Folk becomes folksy in the sentimental attention to trivia. For example, the author points out that numerous cigar store Indians, carrousel pieces, and a set of P. T. Barnum's circus pieces were all made in the shop of one Samuel Robb at 195 Canal Street, New York City. One of the refreshing aspects of folk art and no doubt part of its appeal for the art conscious public is its quality of anonymity, especially today when the works of big-name artists often speak less loudly than their press agents and dealers. If the name of the maker of a handsome weathervane has been forgotten, let's not dig it up.

For the collector this book has many fascinating facts, including a short history of the figurehead, the carrousel, the cigar store

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Indian, fire marks, chalkware and the other lesser arts. The numerous plates depict many objects of great beauty, some of the finest sculpture in our American heritage.

Breasted's book is essentially a catalogue, and as such a book for the specialist. It appears to be a work of considerable scholarship with the archaeologist's exact attention to detail. The plates provide the book with interest for the nonspecialist. The free standing single female servants are especially fine and more to my taste than the models of houses filled with servants busy pursuing various tasks, although these latter with their rich ethnographic detail do have a genre interest. The economic history of Egypt from Badarian and Fayum times down to the XII dynasty can in part be traced through a careful study of these tomb miniatures, whose details are well described by the author. The book would have been of more value to the lay reader if it were less the catalogue. A sketch of the function of the servant statues as related to burial customs and ritual along with a brief account of the Egyptian cult of the dead would have enhanced the value of the book for many readers.

Lyle Saunders and Jack Curtis

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST, XXXI

THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY, a service of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau on Latin America and Cultural Relations in the Southwest, the School of Inter-American Affairs, the Department of Sociology, and the *New Mexico Quarterly Review* attempts to list, with as much thoroughness as possible, current materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as we define it, includes all of New Mexico and Arizona and parts of Texas, Utah, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada and California.

The symbol (F) designates fiction; (J) is used to indicate material on the juvenile level.

Materials for this issue were gathered by Jack Curtis. Included are mainly those titles which were published or came to our attention between June 1 and August 31, 1949.

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Wellfleet School of Art, Mass.; has had one-man shows in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Minnesota, California and New Mexico; has illustrated three books for the Hyperion Press and Pocket Book Editions. From Wolf's extensive art collection, before leaving Santa Fe for New York last November, Mrs. Wolf presented the Most Reverend Edwin V. Byrne, Archbishop of Santa Fe, a 3'6"x5'9" oil painting by Gustave Doré, "The House of Caiaphas: Judas Is Plotting Against Jesus." The gift, in memory of Mr. Wolf's mother, Anna Hogan Wolf, was acquired by Mr. Wolf at a New York warehouse auction in 1947, where with other Doré masterpieces it had lain unclaimed for forty-nine years. Concerning his critique, Mr. Wolf writes to the Editor: "I feel the most important function of the critic is to

attempt to bridge the gap between the artist and layman. I have attempted to do so in this piece."

POET SIGNATURE,
III. "It took me a year to find a last line that somewhat satisfied me," wrote JOHN DILLON HUSBAND, commenting on his poem "As Frost From Stone," published in the Autumn issue of the Quarterly. In his "Four Poems from *The Silver Circus*," free verse becomes almost pure music. It is interesting that many contemporary writers and painters have been fond of the circus, perhaps because they see in its make-believe one of the truest symbols of life.

Mr. Husband, a teacher of creative writing and modern literature at Tulane University, lives on the beach of the Gulf and fishes for relaxation. He began to write as an undergraduate at Northwestern University where he has taken his degrees. *Yale Review*, *Harper's*, *New York Times*, *Poetry*, *Spirit*, *Voices*, *Antioch Review*, *NMQR* and other magazines have published his poetry.

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ARTICLES. "The New New Mexican" deals with the post-war changes effected in the attitudes and outlook of the Spanish-speaking citizens of New Mexico. ERNA FERGUSON, one of the few native Albuquerqueans (for most of us have moved, and every day more are moving in, from other parts of the country), M.A. Columbia, has been a teacher, Red Cross worker, dude wrangler and reporter. Since 1925 she has devoted herself entirely to writing and lecturing on Southwestern and Latin American subjects, with an intermission in 1944 as education specialist in the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. She has published reviews and articles in many periodicals and anthologies, and is the author of *Dancing Gods*, 1931; *Fiesta in Mexico*, 1934; *Guatemala*, 1937; *Venezuela*, 1939; *Our Southwest*, 1940; *Our Hawaii*, 1942; *Chile*, 1943; *Cuba*, 1946; *Albuquerque*, 1947; and *Murder and Mystery in New Mexico*, 1948.

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN contributes what seems to be the first comprehensive study ever made of one of the major contemporary American novelists. Under the title "James Gould Cozzens and the Art of the Possible," he analyzes the eleven novels published by Cozzens, beginning with *Confusion*, 1924, and ending with *Guard of Honor*, 1948, a novel which won this year's Pulitzer Prize in fiction. Mr. Hyman has done editorial work for the *New Republic*, and since 1940 has been a staff writer for the *New Yorker*.

He has also published a great number of articles and reviews in other leading periodicals. He taught literary criticism and folk literature and folklore at Bennington College in 1945 and 1946. His book *The Armed Vision* (Knopf, 1948), a study of the methods of modern literary criticism, aroused considerable discussion in literary and academic circles. Engaging his attention at present is a study of Darwin, Marx, Frazer and Freud as imaginative writers. In correspondence with the Editor he makes this statement: "I would like to see *Castaway* reprinted."

KENNETH LASH, a native of New Britain, Conn., graduate of Yale and New Mexico, teaches in the English department of UNM. He has published criticism and verse in the *Journal of Philosophy*, *The Explicator* and *NMQR*.

STORIES. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize in 1929 with his first novel, *Laughing Boy*, OLIVER LA FARGE has since published four more novels, one volume of short stories and several books of non-fiction, the latest of which, *The Eagle in the Egg* (Houghton Mifflin, July, 1949), is the story of the Air Transport Command. He encompasses in his writings anthropological studies, essays on public questions, and autobiography (*Raw Material*, 1945). In his story "Beats Firecrackers All Hollow," Mr. La Farge treats symbolically the acculturation problem of our Hispanic Southwest. Mr. La Farge's sympathetic concern with the

cultures of our minority groups is of long standing. An essay on his work, by Robert Bunker, will be published in one of the coming issues of the *NMQR*.

"Death of a Neighbor," like many other stories of DAVID CORNEL DE-JONG, shows narrative skill and psychological insight into an ambiguous situation. Born in The Netherlands in 1905, he has lived in the United States since childhood. From his college days (Calvin, Duke, Brown) on, he has published poetry, fiction and articles in magazines, eight novels, a volume of short stories, two books of poems, two translations from the Dutch, and an autobiography, *With a Dutch Accent* (1944). His latest novel, *The Desperate Children*, has recently been published by Doubleday. Shortly after returning from a four-month trip to France, Holland, Belgium and England last September, Mr. DeJong wrote to the Editor expressing pleasure that his story was "landing in the New Mexico Quarterly." He added: "William Faulkner still tops in fiction, Wallace Stevens in poetry, I'm still full of Europe at the moment, but horses and cats always interest me, in all phases."

Practically all fiction that comes these days to the desk of an editor is on "serious" themes. Two big wars and the menace of a third still bigger one, with their concomitant worries and frustrations, have put a damper on spontaneous laughter. Once in a while a writer like EMILIE GLEN seems not to have entirely forgotten the art of making fun. Her


story "Mr. Powie Tunes to Concert Pitch" does not thrash out any problem, public or personal; yet in its own light way it portrays that famous American character-trait of "getting into the show and stealing it." Miss Glen was born in New York City, studied at Syracuse and Columbia, and later travelled abroad. She was a piano pupil of Ernest Hutcheson. Piano and writing have been her avocations since childhood. She has done editorial work for Crowell-Collier, Macmillan, and the *New Yorker*, and at present is writing and reporting for Fairchild Publications. "Mr. Powie Tunes to Concert Pitch" is her second published story.

DANIEL SKILLIN was born in Scotland in 1918, came to New York in 1932, and in 1936 went to sea on a British ship plying the West Indies and South America. At the beginning of the last war he joined the famed Black Watch regiment and remained in it until 1942 when he transferred to the U. S. Army. After the war he went to Vermont as a butler. He is now a GI student at UNM. At eighteen he wrote textbooks on music and astronomy, and soon turned to poetry. He has studied piano and composition, the latter with Roy Harris. During the war he did satires of the English and American gentry for *The Charter* magazine in Oxford. One of his poems was recently selected by the National Poetry Association for its annual anthology of college poetry. "Rory O'Moore" is his first published story. He says:

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"This piece was inspired by a painting, 'The Trial of Robert Emmett,' which hung in my bedroom in Scotland. The injustice of the Irish situation was brought home to me by two uncles who were Irish patriots and by the many summers that I spent travelling all over Ireland as a boy. An ironic twist in this development was that my great-grandmother's house was sacked by the soldiers of the same regiment that I was a member of during the late war."


 **NMQR POETRY SELECTIONS.** HARVEY FERGUSON's "Hunting Song" is the first published poetry of this well-known writer. In his own words in a letter to the Editor: "I offer it with some diffidence, as I have never before offered any poetry for publication, but this one has the blessing of several persons whose judgment I respect. Dr. McKenzie of the English department here [Berkeley, where Mr. Fergusson lives] read it to his poetry class as a good example of the use of assonance and consonance. Anyway, I like it well enough to want to see it in print. . . . I may add that although I have never published any poetry as such, much of my prose is conceived as poetry and is poetry to me—especially the prologues of *In Those Days* and *Wolf Song*." Mr. Fergusson has published eight novels and four works of non-fiction.

With the publication here of "Lines for a Summer's End," CHARLES RAMOND's poetry appears

in print for the first time. Born nineteen years ago in New Orleans, he is a student at Tulane University. He writes to the Editor: ". . . usual precocious childhood, . . . majored successively in chemistry, physics and psychology before discovering that what I wanted to be doing was writing. . . ." Last Spring after a trip to the zoo, he did the "Lines" as an assignment in creative writing.

ALAN SWALLOW, poet, critic, publisher, teaches creative writing and contemporary literature at the University of Denver, where he is director of its Press. He is the author of four books of poetry and criticism of poetry; has edited eight books of prose and poetry by other writers; and has contributed poems and critical articles to a number of the literary journals of the country. From 1942 to 1947 he was Poetry Editor of the *NMQR*.

BERNICE SLOTE teaches English at the University of Nebraska. She has published over forty poems in such magazines as *Atlantic Monthly*, *Voices*, *Poetry Chap-Book*, *Yale Review*, *Contemporary Poetry*, *Prairie Schooner*, and *NMQR*.

 **BOOKS AND COMMENT.** DUDLEY WYNN, Professor of English and Chairman of the staff of the Humanities program at the University of Colorado, was Editor of the *NMQR* from 1940 to 1947. In the Spring, 1949, issue we published his essay "The Humanities in the Southwest" and there gave a biographical sketch of him.

WILSON O. CLOUGH is Professor of English at the University of Wyoming. He has published articles, poems and short stories in *Sewanee Review*, *American Scholar*, *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Pacific Spectator*, *Southwest Review*, *NMQR* and other periodicals. His book of poems *I've Borne Along* is scheduled for publication in December, 1949, by The Decker Press.

ALEXANDER KLEIN, born in Transylvania (now divided between Hungary and Rumania), came to the United States when he was six years old. He studied at Rutgers and the College of the City of New York; has taught English and writing in New York City evening adult schools. During the war he wrote and directed training films for combat and morale. He has published reviews, essays and fiction in *New Republic*, *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Tomorrow*, *The Survey*, *Arizona Quarterly* and other magazines.

JOHN ADAIR teaches in the anthropology department of Cornell University. Before the war he worked several years for the Indian Arts and Crafts Board, and has been manager of the Navajo Arts and Crafts Guild at Window Rock, Ariz. He is author of a book, *The Navajo and Pueblo Silversmiths* (Oklahoma University Press, 1944), and of articles in professional journals.

IRENE FISHER, contributor to "The Editor's Corner," has been very active in civic affairs since she came to New Mexico as a health-seeker many years ago. It was through her

initiative that the Little Theater was organized in Albuquerque. She did newspaper work in Japan, had a column in the *Albuquerque Tribune*, has contributed articles and poetry to *New Mexico Magazine* and *NMQR*, and in the early forties edited *Old Town News*.

OLD ALBUQUERQUE. Albuquerque is an old town, as American towns go. It was founded in the spring of 1706 around the characteristic plaza, the heart of all Spanish settlements. Recently the Old Plaza has undergone a "rejuvenation," thanks to the unselfish work of a number of citizens. The Editor has asked Irene Fisher, the Chairman of the Plaza Committee, to write a statement which follows:

The Old Albuquerque Historical Society was organized three years ago to preserve, protect and defend the few remaining historic buildings, objects and papers which record and typify the early history of the city. Up to now the organization has concentrated its attention upon developing the Plaza Vieja into a spot typical of the area in its display of Spanish and Mexican influence. The society felt it was not possible to "restore" the Plaza to any set period and give a true picture of Albuquerque's past.

During the WPA era, a hideous red stone wall and castellated bandstand were built at great expense. The bandstand was neither useful nor beautiful. The wall, useful only for sitting, was so high as to cut off

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the view through and across the Plaza. Citizens were consulted and urged to express opinions on what should be done to the Plaza. The unanimous answer was "Tear the wall down." So—we did.


Before we started the work, however, it was necessary to prepare and present a plan for improvement to the County Commissioners and secure their approval and permission. This was done, and one morning two summers ago the foundations of the wall rocked when the first bite was taken from the wall. Many of the residents who had approved in theory were shocked when the wall, which had been there for a number of years, suddenly started falling into rubble. Soon peace was restored to their hearts and their approval again bestowed when the site began to take on the spacious appearance it had had in the earlier days.

Following the removal of the wall, the walk around the Plaza was widened, and a new bandstand built upon the base of the old one. The second year, cast-iron benches, similar to the ones used in the parks of Chihuahua, were added, the gift of Albert G. Simms.

The Old Albuquerque Historical Society has submitted to the city a complete plan for further improvement to include cross walks in the Plaza and space for two ornamental fountains, Spanish in type, when they can be found. Ornamental iron lamps, sixteen in number, are to be installed, each one in memory of some well-known earlier resident.

These will be provided through the Society. With the co-operation of the city garden clubs, the Society will also provide for grass, trees and shrubs—the latter of native growth.

The Society has asked that the area be declared an historical zone to prevent unnecessary destruction of buildings or their embellishment by neon lights and modern all-glass fronts. With the annexation of the Old Town area by the city, maintenance problems for the Plaza are solved, and the Society can carry out its complete plan in a much shorter time. Attention can now be turned to such fields of activity as the collection of historical articles, the establishment of a museum, and marking of historic spots in the Old Albuquerque area.—I. F.


 **SAN VICENTE FOUNDATION.** The mail brought recently to our editorial offices an exciting package from Santa Fe, five books carrying the imprint of San Vicente Foundation, Inc.: *By the Prophet of the Earth*, a study of the ethnobotany of the Pima Indians, by L. S. M. Curtin; *The Good Life*, a book on New Mexican food, by Fabiola Cabeza de Baca Gilbert; *Man and the World, Practical Philosophy and Law of Life*, by A. Thangal Kunju Musaliar, translated from the Malayalam by S. Sathyavagees Iyer; *The Alfred I. Barton Collection of Southwestern Textiles*, by H. P. Mera; *Hamlet—A Visual Presentation*, by Dorothy N. Stewart. The first four books here listed, though beautifully designed,

illustrated and printed, sell at moderate prices: from \$3.25 to \$5.00. The *Hamlet* in a deluxe edition, block printed by hand and type distributed after 100 impressions, sells for \$25 a copy.

The Foundation, "a nonprofit organization whose aim is the dissemination and publication of anthropological information with an emphasis on the Greater Southwest," has been operating for nearly two years and this fall saw the fruition of its efforts in the publication of the books mentioned. Next year the Foundation plans getting into print a technical paper on herbs and their uses in the state of Michoacán, Mexico, by L. S. M. Curtin; *Silverwork of the Southwest* and *Río Grande Textiles*, by H. P. Mera, and *Southwest Braided Sashes*, by Irene Emory. In addition to publishing, the Foundation has sent exhibitions over the country.

The officers of the Foundation are David Hughes, Santa Fe, President; Merle Armitage, New York, Vice-President; H. P. Mera, Santa Fe, Secretary; Mrs. Thos. E. Curtin, Santa Fe, Treasurer; and Willard Hougland, Big Sur, Calif., and Santa Fe, Executive Director.

The Quarterly extends to the San Vicente Foundation congratulations on the fine work already done, and best wishes for the continuous success of an enterprise of which all New-Mexicans interested in our culture should feel proud.

 D. H. L. The literary star of D. H. Lawrence (whose sashes

repose in a shrine on the slope of the Taos Mountains he loved so much) has been rising steadily since his death. Editions and translations of Lawrence are multiplying throughout the world.

Frieda Lawrence, widow of the poet, has just contributed an album of two records with her reading of his poems "Ship of Death," "Bavarian Gentians," "Red Wolf," "Autumn in Taos" and "Invocation to the Moon." An introduction by Spud Johnson containing a penetrating critical note on Lawrence and an appreciation of the reading of his poems by Frieda accompanies the album. Mr. Johnson writes: "The selection is a fine one—Mrs. Lawrence's own choice—so that it is a truly representative cross-section of his work. Here is bitter and mocking verse; there a wonderfully revealing and sensitive picture, touched with fire and yearning; and finally there is one of the sad and tender 'Last Poems.'"


"I have often thought that 'Bavarian Gentians' contains all of Lawrence—his whole philosophy and conception of life, sex, beauty and death. That poem and 'Terra Incognita' are two of Mrs. Lawrence's favorites, as well. As for 'Autumn in Taos,' it not only seems to include the entire Rocky Mountains, but the Alps as well. 'The leopard-livid slopes of America' are here more freshly and vividly etched than any of our painters have yet achieved . . .

"There could be no happier combination than that these poems

should be read by the woman who was the writer's inspiration and his wife during almost the entire period of his prolific life as a poet: first, because many of them were written to her; second, because she was almost certainly and invariably 'the first reader' of them; and third, because she reads them superlatively well. . . .

"And she has identified herself so completely with them, that one almost has the feeling that they are hers—that she wrote them. Perhaps, in a sense, they are—and she did! Certain it is that they mean a great deal to her, that they represent the essential Lawrence to her, just as they do to all of his admirers, whether they knew him personally, or only his work."

Important things like this still happen in New Mexico in a rather informal manner. The idea for this particular one was born at a dinner party in Taos. John S. Candelario, who has been doing for collectors remarkable recordings of Indian chants and dance music (a unique contribution, by the way, to our assets for the study of the indigenous cultures), was entrusted by Lawrence's friends with the making of the records.

 **MEANJIN.** Exchanges with reviews from abroad are particularly welcome in our offices. Aside from matters of taste and selection, which are, of course, chiefly determined by the editors' personality and other circumstances, what is interesting to emphasize is that practically all for-

eign little reviews maintain standards of quality and universality that can but be a stimulus to our own standards.

There is no greater understanding among men of any condition than among men of letters. They quarrel like cats and dogs over peripheral issues—mostly personalia—but the mainsprings of their attitudes toward life draw them to communication and mutual sympathy. One feels closer to the writers of *Sur* in Buenos Aires, or *The Wind and The Rain* in England, or *Meanjin* in Australia—spread as they are over three continents—than to those of slick magazines that overflow the counters of the familiar drugstore.

We read every issue of *Meanjin*, a quarterly published by the University of Melbourne, Carlton, N. 3, Victoria, Australia (12 shillings a year), our chief nexus with that other world of brave men, pasture lands not unlike those in our Southwest, and kangaroos. *Meanjin* gives a well-seasoned fare of short stories, poetry, articles on literature and fine arts, reviews of current books, and attractive half-tone and line illustrations. Naturally, most of the contributors are Australian, but occasionally one sees also European and American names.

The spirit of *Meanjin* may perhaps be illustrated by the "Trailer" published in its current Winter, 1949, issue, taken from Marc Block's *Strange Defeat* (Oxford, 1949): "Any compromise with truth, no matter what the pretext, is the mark of a human soul's ultimate

corruption." The *NMQR* sends greetings and all good wishes across the Pacific to C. B. Cristensen, editor of *Meenjin*, and his associates.

📖 SOUTHWESTERN ART PORTFOLIOS. The University of New Mexico Press, "stimulated by the attention *NMQR* is devoting to art"—as its acting-director E. B. Mann states—is planning to publish a series of art portfolios featuring the work of leading artists of the Southwest. The first number in the series, *The Adams Portfolio of Lithographs*, eight prints 8"x11" on mats 12"x16", reproduced in offset and suitable for framing, will be released on April 15—price \$6.50.

If the venture proves successful, the series may be extended to comprise color reproductions of oils, water colors, and other media.

📖 MICROFILMS. The growing pains of libraries are similar—but more "spacial"—to those of the conscientious reader who wants to keep up with what comes out in print. The bulky collections of periodicals are the real headache of librarians. Fortunately, the problem of cubication is practically solved with the arrangements proposed by University Microfilms.

University Microfilms secures authorization from certain magazines and other publications to issue a microfilm edition at the end of the volume year. Magazines are paid a royalty, and distribution of the film is limited to subscribers of the paper

edition. *NMQR* has signed such an agreement effective with Volume XIX, 1949. Any subscriber interested in ordering these microfilms should communicate with University Microfilms, 315 North First Street, Ann Arbor.

📖 NMQR BACK ISSUES. In the last few months we have received several inquiries about back issues from individuals and librarians who desire to complete their collections of the magazine. An inventory is being made of our back stock, and in the Spring, 1950, issue full information will be given about the availability and prices of back issues.

📖 NMQR CUMULATIVE INDEX. Also in the Spring, 1950, issue, we plan to publish a cumulative index of the nineteen volumes so far published (1931-1949). By the way, there will be other special features in this issue to signal the entering of our twentieth year of publication.

📖 INDIANS IN THE CINEMA AND RADIO. The Quarterly sees with unqualified approval a movement initiated by the Association on American Indian Affairs to bring about a better treatment of the American Indian (and by "American Indian" we assume it is meant all Indians of the Americas) in cinema and radio presentations.

Oliver La Farge, president of the Association, when announcing early

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in December that a national film committee had been organized to cooperate with other groups in research, counsel, and review, stated: "Distortion of Indian life and character theatrically has doubtless fed the barrier of mistrust which prevents normal participation by American Indian citizens in our national life. The time is ripe for an assault on these stereotypes." And Francis Harmon, vice-president of the Motion Picture Association, commented: "We're glad to know that expert advice on Indian affairs will now be furnished us through this committee."

First the committee will concentrate its efforts on the cinema, and then enlarge its action to television and radio and include in its campaign other underprivileged groups.

The Association on American Indian Affairs, Inc. (main office: 48 East 86th St., New York 28) has a well-established history of militant defense of the rights of our "forgotten first Americans." A non-profit corporation enlisting the aid of many leading citizens, including writers, artists, anthropologists, and other professionals, it publishes a quarterly review *The American Indian* edited by Carl Carmer, where the reader finds substantial articles and book reviews on questions affecting our Indian population. Subscription to *The American Indian* is by membership in the Association (annual dues: \$10, \$25, \$50, and \$100, of which \$3 is for a year's subscription to the

quarterly). The officers of the Association are: Haven Emerson, M.D., honorary president; Oliver La Farge, president; Eduard C. Lindeman, first vice-president; Mrs. Edgar L. Rossin, second vice-president; Alden Stevens, secretary; and Charles Russell, treasurer-controller. There is also a national Board of Directors and branches of the Association in San Francisco (for Central & Northern California), Santa Barbara (for Southern California) and Lewiston, Montana.

Readers will remember the conflict created a few years ago in our relations with the Hispanic American countries by the movies' unwarranted presentation of its nationals in a disadvantageous light. The Brazilian writer Hernane Tavares de Sá, a proven friend of the United States, has published a very interesting article, "Hollywood Needs Latin America," in *Américas* for November, 1949, where he reviews the phases of this misrepresentation: first, the bandit and "greaser" stage; then the goody-goody and awkward peasant; and finally, during the war when we needed the strategic materials of Latin America, the "fairy-tale" in which Latin America appears "as lands of incomparable sweetness and charm." Hollywood is notoriously given to extremes. We would not like for the American Indians the soft touch of adulation. They are a hardy people. Truth and sympathy with a little remorse for past errors, will suffice.

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Rexroth, Wagoner, Enright, Cole, Everson, Frimet, Pitcher, Rothko

COMMENT

Honig, Kochnitzky. Read, Newman, Garrigue, Eberhart, Hayakawa, & Krim discuss Trigan Burrow's book The Neurosis of Man

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