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NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY



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**Robert Emmet Clark The Law of Community Property
in New Mexico**

**William Van O'Connor Social and Activist Criticism:
A Chapter in American Criticism**

**Ernst Krenek An Exceptional Musician:
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VOL. III, NO. 2, May 1933

VOL. XIII, NO. 2, Summer 1943

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VOL. XIII, NO. 4, Winter 1943

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THE EDITOR'S CORNER




ANNOUNCEMENT.

With great regret we announce the resignation of Joaquin Ortega as editor of the Quarterly. Mr. Ortega, though working as usual, has been in poor health since last October; and on February 20, shortly after the publication of the Winter, 1950-1951, issue, he was forced by illness to give up the editorship. Along with his many friends we look forward to his early recovery. Mail for him should be sent to 611 North Girard Avenue, Albuquerque.


The Quarterly during the years of Mr. Ortega's editorship bears ample witness to the unstinting love and care that he gave it. As the masthead indicates, he will remain with us as Editorial Consultant—a position not only signifying the honor which we have for him but also promising his active concern for the magazine to which he has contributed much.

The new editor, who was appointed with Mr. Ortega's full and friendly interest, has been connected with the Quarterly since 1949. The rest of the staff remains unchanged.

 **THE LAW OF COMMUNITY PROPERTY IN NEW MEXICO.** Mr. Clark's article is one of a series exploring problems of special concern to people of this state and region.

ROBERT EMMET CLARK joined the faculty of the College of Law at the University of New Mexico in 1948, and a year later was appointed an assistant professor. He received his B.A. from this university and his LL.B. from the University of Arizona. A member of the New Mexico and Arizona bars, he has practiced law in Las Cruces and Albuquerque.

Sometime this year or next Mr. Clark will publish a volume on community property law for use primarily by lawyers in New Mexico. His present article is an adaptation of a part of the forthcoming work and omits, the author tells us, two hundred footnotes that will appear with this chapter in the book.

 **AN EXCEPTIONAL MUSICIAN: KURT FREDERICK.** The essay on Kurt Frederick continues the series on significant men and women of the region in various fields of art. Readers of this magazine will recall the earlier studies of Carl Hertzog and Laura Gilpin.

The author of "An Exceptional Musician," **ERNST KRENEK**, was born in Vienna, and after many active years as student of music, conductor, and composer, came to the United States in 1938. He served as professor of music at Vassar from 1939 to 1942, and as director of the Department of Music and dean of the School of Fine Arts at Hamline University from 1942 to 1947. He has been a visiting professor for many summers at the University of Michigan, the Univer-

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Robert Emmet Clark

THE LAW OF COMMUNITY PROPERTY IN NEW MEXICO

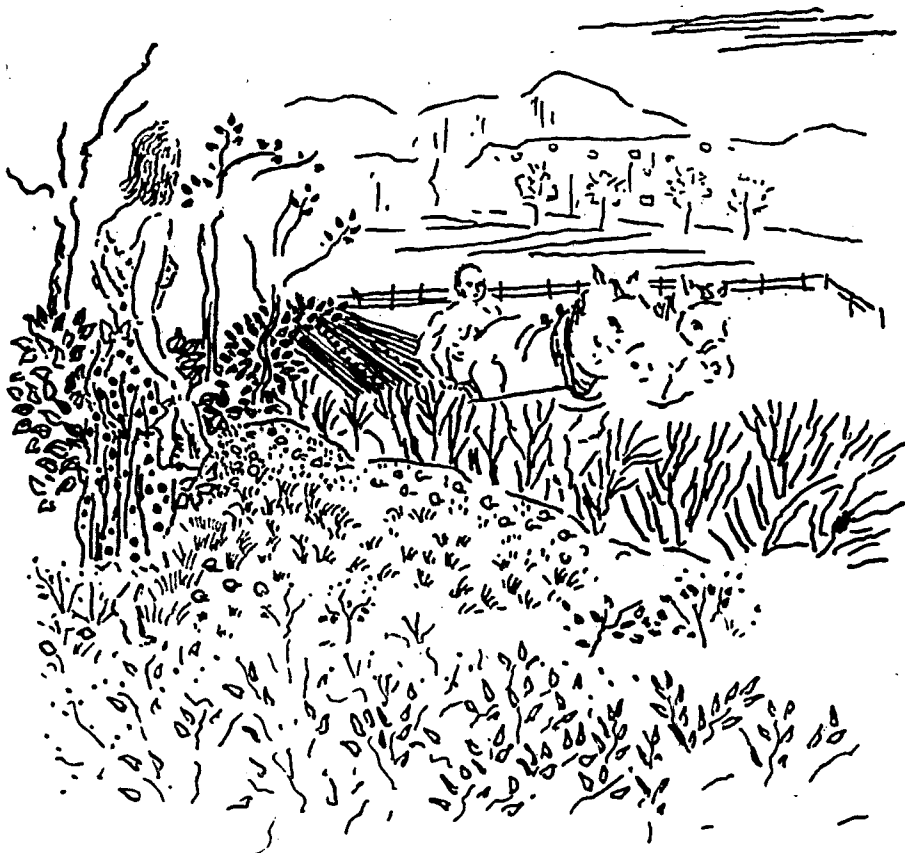
SUPPOSE two young people marry in their home state of Iowa, a noncommunity property state. The bride has \$50,000 cash which she inherited from her grandfather at the time of the marriage. The groom has no money or property, only a strong physique and a farm boy's ambition. They move to New Mexico, a community property state, to make their permanent home. With the wife's \$50,000 they buy agricultural land in the Mesilla valley. The young husband is a good farmer and an industrious worker. The first year the farm nets \$5,000. To whom does this income belong? Suppose further, that the couple are subsequently divorced. What interest does each have in the farm itself and the income earned from it? This is a simple example of the questions that arise every day in New Mexico.¹

The large population increase in New Mexico, especially during the past decade, magnifies a number of social and economic problems which cannot be properly understood apart from the general property laws and the various statutes and decisions bearing directly on the marriage relationship. The community property system encompasses marriage and the family. In community property law a husband and wife constitute a family. The term family is not limited to the strict sociological definition denoting the existence of two or more generations in one group, or more specifically, the relationship between parent and child. Since most people marry and many of them have children, or at least brothers, sisters and other relatives, and deal with merchants, employers and government, community property law directly or indirectly affects nearly everyone living in New Mexico.

¹ See *Laughlin v. Laughlin*, 49 N. M. 20, 155 P 2d 1010 (1945) for several aspects of this hypothetical case. See also 61 Ariz. 6, 143 P 2d 336, same parties.

Much of New Mexico's population increase probably has come from noncommunity property states. The community property system is completely strange to most of these new residents. But the system itself is not foreign to this area, nor is it new. As part of the civil law of Spain and Mexico, it was well established before New Mexico was occupied by General Kearny. New Mexico is one of the eight traditional community property states, the others being Arizona, California, Idaho, Louisiana, Nevada, Texas and Washington. It will be noticed at once that with the possible exception of Idaho and Washington these states comprise an area that was directly influenced by the culture and laws of Spain. The community property idea is a Spanish civil law concept. We did not get it from the English common law.

Popular attention was focused on the Federal tax advantages community property states enjoyed until the 1948 Revenue Act of the United States minimized the inequalities between commu-



COMMUNITY PROPERTY LAW

7

nity and noncommunity property states. However, taxation problems are not the only significant ones arising in community property states.

Conjugal ownership of property is the central idea in the community property system. This means that *in law* the husband and wife have an equal, or kind of "partnership," interest in all the earnings and gains acquired by either spouse, or both of them, during marriage. For practical purposes this means that in New Mexico the wife of a salaried man or wage earner has an undivided one-half interest in his pay check. We may be excessively vain about a system which has long recognized the wife's part in the accumulation of marital property by treating her as half owner.

The common law concept of partnership, which of course had little or nothing to do with the idea of a marital "partnership," furnishes perhaps the nearest analogy to the concept of community property ownership. Even so, the differences that can be pointed out between the two ideas probably outnumber the similarities. Yet the idea of "partnership" is implicit in any explanation of community property ownership. In all the various theories of community property ownership—and there are several—courts and writers are compelled to fall back by way of comparison on the common law concept of partnership. The "partnership" contemplated by the community property laws of Spain was not a business association of two or more persons for profit. It was an indissoluble marital association for the material and spiritual betterment of the man and woman and originated in a sacrament. Some of these aspects may not be significant today. But the central idea, conjugal ownership, has survived. As one writer expressed it, "the community is not a group of people, but a manner of owning property."²

The New Mexico community property system with all its complexities is part of the wider fabric of the law of the Southwest.

² Francis W. Jacob, "The Law of Community Property in Idaho," 1 *Idaho Law Journal* 1 (1931).

Perhaps New Mexico's community property law should not be characterized as a "system," which gives one too much the impression of dimension and direction. In 1931 Professor Francis W. Jacob, then of the College of Law, University of Idaho, declared that the community property law of Idaho was *sui generis*.³ In a sense, so is New Mexico's. But so is any legal principle when more attention is paid to its purpose in a given social context than to its antiquity, absence of symmetry, or the lack of similarity in its application elsewhere.

THE CONCEPT of conjugal ownership of property, the Spanish *bienes gananciales*, which is the basis of the community property system, came to New Mexico by way of the laws of Spain and Mexico. The concept itself did not originate in Spain but was brought there at an early date by the Visigoths. Its origin has been traced by a few writers to the Babylonians. Features of the system may be observed in ancient Egyptian, Greek and Byzantine law.⁴ There is no evidence, however, of any connection between these ancient vestiges and the system which was introduced into Spain by certain Germanic tribes.⁵ Regardless of its source, it had become a part of the written law of Spain before the eighth century and in time was carried to the Spanish colonies. It must be emphasized that the system was not part of the Roman law. It was a Celtic (Celts had been in Spain since early historical times) and Germanic graft made upon the Spanish branch of the Roman law.

The system probably grew out of economic causes. Among those nomadic tribes where the wife worked beside her husband and succored him on the battlefield, she stood on an equal ground with him in the ownership of any property they acquired. The so-

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ William Q. de Funiak, *Principles of Community Property*, Vol. I, Ch. 4 (1943). (Professor de Funiak of the University of San Francisco law school is the outstanding writer on community property.)

⁵ Marion Kirkwood, "Historical Background and Objectives of the Law of Community Property in the Pacific Coast States," 11 *Washington Law Review* 1 (1936). (Formerly Dean of Stanford law school, Professor Kirkwood has done considerable research in the field of community property law.)

ciety in which the system originated was essentially democratic, the military hierarchy being selected on the basis of ability and courage. The community property idea was not developed in a socially stratified society. Nor can it be said that there were important religious influences in its origin, if we mean by religious influences the Christian tradition.⁶

The concept of the marital community or family as a unit *in law* is alien to our English derived common law. It is well known that at common law the individual legal entity of the wife was merged into that of her husband's. Sex did not create the legal disability, but rather, the status of married woman. The Spanish civil law, on the other hand, treated the married woman legally as an individual. Marriage did not erase her legal identity no matter how jealously her husband guarded her virtue. Even in the matter of name a married woman keeps her identity. When she marries she merely adds her husband's name to her own family name. It is true that the husband had large powers to administer the marital property, but his agency and management authority were granted for the sake of business and economic convenience and not because he became owner of his wife's property. His powers were representative rather than proprietary and so they remain today. He was not permitted to act in fraud of his wife's rights in the community property. For example, he could not be surety for another using the community property as security, because he had no right in these circumstances to bind his wife's property. Nor could his wife defeat his interest in the marital property. As far back as the Spanish compilation, *Las Siete Partidas* of 1263, we find the husband or wife authorized to bring a legal action against each other to protect the complaining spouse's interest in their community property. And such was the law in New Mexico in 1857 under the Spanish civil law in force in the Territory, long before the so-called Married Woman's Property Act which recognized women's property rights had been enacted in most states of the Union.⁷

⁶ de Funiak, Vol. I, sec. 11.

⁷ *Chavez. v. McKnight*, 1 N. M. 147 36 Pac. St. Rep. 147 (1857).

Unlike some of the other community property states, New Mexico has always recognized the community property system in spite of the denial in *Beals v. Ares*⁸ of some of its implications. There was some question about whether the system was fully recognized between 1887 and 1889 because of certain descent statutes, but since the laws of 1889 specifically reinstated the system as contained in the laws of 1884 the consensus of opinion is that the system as such has always existed. The Kearny Proclamation, 1846, the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, 1848, and the Gadsden Treaty, 1853, guaranteed the protection of rights obtained under the civil law of Spain and Mexico. The legal consequences of the American conquest and occupation are succinctly stated in a nationally famous New Mexico case *In Re Gabaldon's Estate*,⁹ as follows:

New Mexico was not an uninhabited territory or one occupied by savages, colonized by English speaking people, bringing their common law with them. The Americans invaded a foreign territory and conquered a civilized people. The American military commander, proclaiming a code of law for the conquered territory and people, long before the peace, *did not establish the common law*. [My italics.]

The Organic Act of 1850, which established the Territory of New Mexico, provided for a system of procedure in the courts according to the common law. But the new system of procedure simply provided ways and methods by which existing civil law rights were to be enforced. As to matters of substantive law, the civil law gave way only to the general adoption of the common law, thirty years later. Laws passed by the territorial legislature for many years thereafter re-emphasized the provision in Section 1, "Laws," *Kearny Code*, September 22 (1846), which reads:

All laws heretofore in force in this territory, which are not repugnant to or inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, and the laws thereof, or the statute laws in force for the time being, shall be the rule of action and decision in this territory.

⁸ 25 N. M. 459, 185 P 780 (1919).

⁹ 38 N. M. 392, 34 P 2d 672, 94 ALR 980 (1934).

The civil law was recognized in New Mexico at least until 1876 when, by statute, the English derived common law, prevailing in other parts of the United States, was made the rule of practice and decision in civil cases when not changed by statute. In *Beals v. Ares*, the New Mexico Supreme Court expressly overruled three of its earlier decisions, so far as they held that the civil law with respect to community property remained in force after the adoption of the common law, and cast a cloud over several others that had upheld the Spanish civil law. The case was a difficult one on its facts. The parties, formerly husband and wife and the parents of four sons, had come out to the New Mexico territory from Texas in 1894 and had brought with them some separate and some community property. They lived together for over twenty years and built up a valuable ranching business estimated to be worth between \$100,000 and \$200,000. The wife committed adultery and the husband employed a lawyer to bring a divorce action and arrange a property settlement. The wife without independent legal advice agreed to accept \$5000 in settlement of her property rights. A divorce which purported to confirm the property settlement was later granted to the husband. The wife then married her paramour and subsequently the present suit was brought to cancel the deed, avoid portions of the divorce decree and establish her community property rights. She had become insane which necessitated the suit being brought on her behalf. Under the civil law of Spain and the law of New Mexico at that time the wife forfeited her share in the community property by her adultery.

It is of interest to note that the wife's case was appealed by the law firm of Bujac & Brice of Roswell and George L. Reese, Sr. Colonel Etienne de P. Bujac, one of the greatest trial lawyers of his day, has since died. Chief Justice Charles R. Brice, now over eighty years of age, served with distinction on the District Court and has just retired as Chief Justice of the New Mexico Supreme Court. George L. Reese, Sr., a former President of the New Mexico State Bar, still practices law in Roswell.

Through the efforts of these men the decision of the District Court was reversed. The Supreme Court held that the civil law was not in effect after 1876 except where preserved by statute. On this point the case has been criticized. And it is clear that the Spanish civil law concept of community property was accepted in the courts and by the people before 1876 and between 1876 and 1901, when the first comprehensive statutory community property system was adopted by the territorial legislature. For many years the community property law of New Mexico was determined solely by the law of Spain and Mexico. With the exception of statutes on descent of community and separate property, and the debt liability of such property and an occasional clarificatory statute, it apparently was not thought necessary to enact specific community property legislation until 1901 and 1907 when the California statutes were copied.

The actual reason why New Mexico took the California Statutes and not those of some other state is obscure. Mr. Justice Daniel K. Sadler of the New Mexico Supreme Court has suggested that it was natural for New Mexico to adopt them (1) in view of New Mexico's simultaneous territorial accession to the United States; (2) because California was a wealthy state where considerable litigation involving community property law occurred; and (3) because the California Supreme Court which was called upon to interpret community property law was pre-eminently able.

Today the whole community property system in New Mexico is statutory, and has remained essentially unchanged since 1907, five years before the New Mexico Constitutional Convention of 1912 and statehood. The laws on the books are merely confirmatory of a system as it was assumed to exist. The New Mexico Constitution recognizes the existence of the system. In 1912 the territorial laws became the laws of the newly created state.¹⁰ And recently in the important case of *McDonald v. Senn*,¹¹ the New Mex-

¹⁰ *New Mexico Constitution*, Article 22, sec. 4.

¹¹ 53 N. M. 198, 204 P 2d 990, 10 ALR 2d 966 (1949).

ico Supreme Court again repeated that it would look to the old civil law of Spain and Mexico, not for precedent of course, but for aids in interpreting the community property idea.

There are two requisites for community property ownership which are usually stated: a valid marriage and acquisition of the property during the marriage. The second requirement implies that the property be acquired during marriage by the mental or physical effort of the spouses, by "onerous title" as the courts say. This implication is ignored in certain kinds of cases, which are not discussed here.

In New Mexico marriage is a civil contract requiring the consent of the parties. Common law marriages are invalid in New Mexico; a valid marriage means a ceremonial marriage according to statute performed by a magistrate or an ordained clergyman. However, a common law marriage that is valid where consummated is valid in New Mexico. Thus a couple married according to common law principles in Texas who become domiciled in New Mexico, may acquire community property under New Mexico law. Where there has been an illegal or void marriage, but where at least one party was entirely ignorant of any existing legal disability, some community property states follow the civil law doctrine of "putative marriage" or "clandestine marriage," thus permitting the innocent party to share in the property acquired by the parties during the relationship. California is the latest state to use the expression "putative marriage," although the doctrine was applied long ago. In the recent California case *In Re Krone's Estate*,¹² the petitioner was the survivor of a marriage ceremony which had taken place only ten months after she had obtained an interlocutory decree of divorce from her first husband. She and the deceased, who died without a will, had lived together for a number of years and had acquired property. Under California law the decree was not final and therefore she was legally incapable of being married to the deceased. The children of the deceased

¹² 189 P 2d 741 (1948).

by a former marriage made claim for all the property as being the separate property of their father. On the basis of earlier cases the court recognized the putative marriage idea and held that the property descended according to the community property statutes. The putative marriage theory permitted a woman who actually but unknowingly was the partner to a bigamous union to share in the property of her deceased supposed husband along with his legal wife or her heirs. With reference to this doctrine the New Mexico Supreme Court has said in *In Re Gabaldón's Estate* that "The clandestine marriage sustained by the Louisiana Supreme Court, and by the Supreme Court of the United States, is *not the common law marriage at all*. It was valid even if one of the parties was encumbered at the time with a living spouse so long as the other party acted in good faith and was deceived. *If such was ever the law in New Mexico, it cannot have survived the adoption of the common law in 1876.*" [My italics.]

As the court points out, a common law marriage is to be distinguished from the putative marriage recognized by the civil law. In the former both of the parties may be perfectly free to have a ceremonial marriage performed in the church of their faith or by a magistrate. In the latter case the very basis for recognizing the union as a "putative" marriage was the legal disability of one party to marry anyone because of the fact that the party already had a living spouse from whom no divorce had been obtained. All the civil law required was that at least one party be innocent and act in good faith, i.e., have no knowledge of the pre-existing legal disability. It is clear that if *civil law putative marriages* were ever recognized in the Territory they had no legal standing after the common law was adopted in 1876. Common law marriages have been invalid in New Mexico since 1934 following a three-two decision of the New Mexico Supreme Court in the leading case of *In Re Gabaldón's Estate*. California, Louisiana and Texas recognized the doctrine of putative marriage although on somewhat different grounds. Washington does not

recognize the putative marriage as such but allows the innocent party to share in the property on the theory of a "partnership relation."

There are about fifty thousand Indians in New Mexico. Some Indians are married off the reservation by a magistrate or clergyman according to the provisions of the New Mexico statutes, and then they return to their pueblos. Couples occasionally leave the pueblo or reservation and live and acquire property elsewhere. Indian "custom marriages" valid by tribal laws are recognized as valid by the state courts although not in compliance with statute.

During World War II the New Mexico Attorney General was requested to express his opinion on the validity of proxy marriages. He stated that it was his opinion that such marriages, if performed in New Mexico, were valid if one of the parties was present in the state at the time.

The second general requirement for community property ownership is that the property must have been acquired during the marriage. The community property system presupposes the possibility of the existence of three classes of property: the separate property of the wife, the separate property of the husband, and community property which is the property of both. There are really, then, only two distinct kinds of property, separate and community.

Generally speaking, any property that is acquired by the mental or physical effort of either spouse, or both of them, during marriage is community property. Community property does not include property owned by either spouse before marriage or property acquired during marriage by "gift, bequest, devise or descent." Such property remains the separate property of the spouse acquiring it no matter what form it subsequently takes so long as it can be traced. In New Mexico the "rents, issues and profits" of separate property remain separate property except that portion which may have been due to the labor, skill or industry of either of the spouses, which is community property. An increase in separate

property which is due to the inherent nature of the property or because of the natural turn of events is separate property.

Technically, there is a third requirement for community property ownership in New Mexico in certain cases, viz., domicile in the state. Domicile must be distinguished from mere residence. An individual may have several "residences" but he can have only one domicile, although it is possible in rare and difficult fact situations for the courts of two jurisdictions to find that residence in each state is domicile. New Mexico does not have a special statute making community property laws apply to persons who "live" and acquire property in this state. Arizona has such a statute, as do some other community property states.

When real property is acquired with funds earned in the state there seems to be little question that the law of the *situs* of the land should control. Physical presence in the state might give jurisdiction in the absence of any statute so that New Mexico community property laws would apply to personal property acquisitions made in the state even though no domicile was established in New Mexico, although a dictum in the old New Mexico case of *In Re Meyer*¹³ makes both of these propositions questionable. However, where the personal property or funds are acquired elsewhere and brought into New Mexico, what kind of property are they? And what character has real property purchased in New Mexico with such funds?

Imagine an elderly couple who have lived all their lives in Massachusetts, for example, coming to New Mexico for the winters. They might have some money with which they purchase a house, the deed describing them as husband and wife. They might extend their yearly sojourns to eight or nine months each year, and yet be legally domiciled in Massachusetts since they always intend to return there. Do they own the house as community property? The answer is "no" if the funds used to purchase the property were brought from Massachusetts where, by the laws of that state, they are the separate property of the husband. Personal property,

¹³ 14 N. M. 45, 89 P 246 (1907).

money or choses in action do not automatically change their character as separate property at the New Mexico state line. By the "replacement" or "source" doctrine recognized in community property states, the newly acquired property has the same status or character as the funds used to purchase it. However, if the property was purchased with funds earned by the husband while living in New Mexico, even though the couple is not technically domiciled here, it would seem that New Mexico has jurisdiction to determine that such property acquired with earnings received in New Mexico is community property. If separate and community funds are commingled and intermixed so that the separate funds cannot be traced, then the presumption is that the mixture is community property and anything purchased with such funds would be presumed to be community property.

There appears to be nothing in the New Mexico statutes to cover adequately a situation like the following. Suppose a husband and wife live past middle age and acquire real property in a state where the wife has a statutory distributive share in any real property the husband owns at his death. They discover the Land of Enchantment on a motor trip and move to New Mexico permanently. The husband arranges for the sale of the property and with the cash received the couple enjoy themselves in Albuquerque, Cloudcroft and the Bishop's Lodge. Then they discover a fine tract of land in Corrales which they buy and build on. Title to the realty is taken in the name of the husband and wife, *and they are described as such in the deed* which raises the presumption that it is community property. Several years later the husband dies. When the husband's will is probated it is discovered that he has left his wife a liberal cash legacy, but which is less than the value of half of his total estate. He has left the Corrales property, which is worth many times what the wife's legacy amounts to, to his son by a former marriage. The wife now contests the will on the grounds that the husband had no right under the New Mexico statutes to make testamentary disposition of more than half of the community property, including the Corrales home and land. She

calls attention to the statutory presumption that the title taken as it is in the name of the husband and wife when they are described as such, *raises a presumption of community property*. Can she claim a community property interest? On community property principles it would seem that she will have to be satisfied with the legacy. By its sale, she lost her statutory interest in the real property owned before the couple came to New Mexico. She never acquired a community property interest in the New Mexico lands because the funds used to purchase it were the separate property of the husband by the law of the noncommunity property state where they were acquired and they did not become community property simply by removal to New Mexico. Moreover, and perhaps more significantly, it has been decided by the Supreme Court of New Mexico that a gift of separate property to the community is not permitted.¹⁴ The result is that the Corrales property is separate property and the husband could do with it as he pleased in his will. This is an example of the policies of two different states for the protection of surviving spouses being defeated in both instances.

In connection with the requirement of domicile one might ask, what kind of property are the wages and salaries earned by soldiers, guards and civilians employed at Sandia Base and actually living on the Federal reservation? Are such persons "domiciled" in New Mexico? If they aren't domiciled in the state because of the legal technicality of their being on a Federal reservation to which many of them are assigned and did not go by choice, are they "present" in New Mexico so that community property laws apply to property acquisitions made during marriage? The discussion of and answers to these questions properly belong in a consideration of the Conflict of Laws. The problems are posed at this point to emphasize the growing significance of domicile in determining community property ownership. But that is another story.

¹⁴ *McDonald v. Lambert*, 43 N. M. 27, 85 P 2d 78, 120 ALR 250 (1938).

Randall Davey



By John Sloan

IT GIVES me real pleasure to say a few words about Randall Davey. Our friendship for over forty years brings to mind times of hard work, jolly parties, and the adventurous automobile trip which brought both of us to Santa Fe in 1919. We fell in love with New Mexico.

More important than these bonds of association, is our mutual debt to a great teacher, Robert Henri. Henri had a robust yet sensitive point of view; his taste was for healthy ideas and the realist approach to art. For him, art was the expression of order and vitality in response to a living world. It must be admitted that Henri seemed blind to the value of ultramodern art, its importance in revealing the plastic motives and methods of the old masters. But today we may wonder whether he was not right in suspecting that a period of corruption would follow in the wake of this exploration and purge. Henri was profoundly right in his understanding of the motives that produce creative work:

he would deplore the current race to keep in step with fashion; he would be shocked to hear that a style of art may be good art one year and "not art" a few years later.

Randall Davey belongs to a vanishing breed of artist—the man who paints for himself. In his case, this is a particularly admirable characteristic, for with natural facility and great social charm, Davey could have chosen the easy way to success. Some artists are tempted to compromise when the Bitch Goddess beckons, say in their forties, with a prize and a commission or two—and one understands while not condoning the decision of an artist who has struggled with poverty for twenty years before facing this dilemma.

But Davey did not have an early period of hardship. He came of a substantial family, Welsh-Dutch in background. Born in comfortable East Orange, New Jersey, he was accustomed to pleasant living. Davey first studied architecture at Cornell, leaving in 1909 before graduating to start a lifelong study of art. He says himself that the past twenty years or so since he could no longer call on his family for financial aid have been the happiest of his life as an artist. "I am on my own now," he says, "but I am really happier. You get a certain independence. To a certain extent a man has to be up against it, to work for fun." Now Davey is more sure of why it is worthwhile, why he chooses to live quietly in Santa Fe, far from the social whirl that a professional portrait painter ordinarily seeks.

It takes courage to be an independent. Contemporary art is always a bit under the heel of fashion, and while it is now fashionable to be "different," it is considered very poor taste to paint in the noble tradition of realism—or what is more derided, Humanism. When it is meant to be a symptom of youth to do absurd things, in imitation of leaders who were young a generation ago, it takes an independent spirit to ignore the criticism that finds art only in some new thing. And it is a new idea that art is not everlasting. The foolish concept that art should have progress

like science came in with the invention of the camera. And art was never so sick as when it tried to compete with the photograph. But it is going to a new extreme; it is trying to paint the unseen, in competition with the psychoanalyst.

Randall Davey is no candidate for any analyst's couch. He is an extrovert, a man with enthusiasm. He loves living and people; he enjoys good things in art and life and play. The center of any party, a superb mimic and raconteur—he could have been a top-bill vaudeville artist. A good sportsman and distinguished polo player, Davey is a man who carries his hobbies into his work, by painting the race tracks and countrysides with authentic feeling.

Davey came to Henri at the age of twenty-two, in 1909; and he found *his* teacher. For Henri was a man who loved life and enjoyed the student who had the same enthusiasm. Henri was then at the peak of his strength as painter and teacher, emphasizing individual expression and earnest, spirited painting of pictures. We had just started to explore the possibilities of color by means of the Maratta paints and study of set palettes. Davey's excellent control of color through which each picture has distinction may be partly attributed to Henri's instruction. However, without judgment and a good sense of substance, all teaching is of no use. Bellows also learned about the Maratta systems from Henri, and he never learned to use color to build a picture and realize form.

Speaking of Henri, Davey says: "Henri was a kind of Christ in his way. He encouraged every avenue of investigation for his students. I think he spent too much energy in his teaching. . . . One fault he had, he couldn't get along with anyone who didn't believe in him. . . . As an artist, Henri to my mind really lacked one thing. After he established himself with character heads, it seemed to satisfy him."

Davey's early portraits were very much in the Henri manner; but being younger and perhaps more flexible, he learned from the ultramoderns. As in my own case, he has not had an "abstract period," but has gone on assimilating and working with greater

conscious study of plastic values. Any artist who is working from memory of reality is abstracting. There is more abstract composition in Carpaccio than Kandinsky. You cannot give up life and find art. Davey has stayed with Henri's wise admonition to "paint pictures of things that excite you in life; don't try to make art."

We stay young by remaining students, experimenting, enjoying our work. To repeat the other fellow's success or your own little success of the past—that is a sign of old age, and too many of the younger generation are getting hardening of the arteries.

Davey was born in 1887. He has won prizes at the National Academy from 1915 to 1938 and many more elsewhere. But that has not spoiled him. One thing that keeps an artist young—and humble—is teaching. The contact with hungry minds is good for the artist who is not trying to impose his own little theories on adoring followers.

His first teaching experience was in 1910 when he acted as Henri's assistant while managing summer classes in Europe for him. A few years later, Davey came up to Gloucester and we decided to have an art class there to make big money like Hawthorne and Snell. We advertised to the tune of a hundred dollars apiece, and got one pupil, Beulah Stevenson. For tuition at twenty dollars a month, we each taught her a whole day a week. Snell and Hawthorne had the docks littered with their students, but we completely failed to wean any away from them.

By 1919 Davey was getting restless and suggested that we take a long automobile trip that summer. The next thing I knew we were involved in the purchase of an old 1912 chain-drive Simplex racing car, buying fancy camping equipment from Abercrombie and Fitch, and setting out for New Mexico, which Henri had recommended as the best climate in the world. It took us six weeks to reach Santa Fe: muddy roads, the difficulty of getting our wives out of comfortable hotel suites (we camped out only two nights in spite of the tents and bathtubs and stoves); and the imminence of Prohibition—these matters delayed us. The special

tires we needed for the Simplex finally wore out when we reached Watrous, New Mexico, so we shipped the car to Santa Fe by freight and came the rest of the way by train.

Sheldon Parsons took us up Canyon Road in his buckboard, and that day we decided that we loved this place. Randall bought a house that summer and I followed suit the next year.

To get back to Randall's teaching. He had made New Mexico his permanent residence, but from then on he was called to many parts of the country to teach and paint portraits. First at the Chicago Art Institute where he was an instructor briefly, but long enough to start a whole group of young people in the right direction. Then in Kansas City; next, seven years at the Broadmoor Art Academy in Colorado Springs. And for the past five years he has been with the University of New Mexico, where he is an associate professor. A few of Davey's random remarks about teaching may well be quoted here:

"A good student instinctively knows about design. All the great compositions have broken the rules of the little academicians who tell you about parallels and perpendiculars. Take Cézanne, who can put a tree right in the middle of a canvas. . . .

"As a teacher I cannot tolerate these students who, when they have a model in front of them, draw a litter of pink whirligigs in a circle. Of course I think about design while I am painting, but I don't believe that students who never learned to draw from life will find anything to say about life. What use is abstraction without something to express. And it looks so easy, to juggle flat color shapes. All the students today are trying to imitate successful modern painters whose work looks easy to do, high class doodlers. When I catch a youngster who is making glib drawings I tell him to work on another kind of paper with a different medium, so it will 'come hard.' "

Variety and continuity are two good things to find in a mature artist's work. Davey has made many fine portraits, notable ones being that of Archbishop Dagler and the recent one of Secretary

Forrestal for the Navy Department. The success of his portraits is well deserved. The spontaneity with which he registers life and character is unique among our portrait painters.

In discussing his way of tackling a portrait, Davey says: "Usually in five sittings I can nail a portrait. The third day is the most critical; then you get the problem solved, you float along or you flounder. But it doesn't always work out that way. I have had a sitter who disappointed me after two poses, and finished the picture from memory, and gotten a knockout—just to suit myself. And then I had an experience this summer with a young chap who came to morning sittings so sleepy he couldn't sit up. Now fifteen hundred dollars is good money and I needed it, but I phoned his mother and called the thing off, said I just couldn't make a go of it. Well, she understood what the real trouble was and begged me to take another try in the afternoon. The boy had only two more days in town, and, by God, I got a humdinger out of those two sittings. But it might just as well have been a complete failure. I had said to them—if it comes off it will be a tour de force or I'll muff it and you won't even see it."

Davey's pictures of race track scenes have vitality and character because they are done from memory and imagination. He makes hundreds of sketches and colored drawings as well, and is one of our fine graphic artists in the medium of lithography.

In the past fifteen years Davey has devoted a great deal of time to serious painting of the figure. I have been doing the same thing for twenty-five years and we both know how unfashionable this subject matter is with juries and critics. This most difficult and noble problem which has interested the artists of all ages today is considered "finished" by the fashion experts. The artist who pursues this ideal works for himself alone and a few understanding companions.

Less known are Davey's murals: The Will Roger's Shrine in Colorado Springs, and two Post Office decorations in Claremont and Vinita, Oklahoma. No doubt his early training in architecture was useful in composing these larger works which are execut-



GIRL WITH A VIOLIN. Oil 26" x 32". 1946. Courtesy Milch Galleries, New York.



LITTLE SPANISH GIRL. Oil 20" x
30". 1940. 



WOMAN COMBING HER HAIR.
Oil 30" x 40". 1947. Collection Mrs. Robert Wind-
fohr, Fort Worth, Texas.



UNSADDLING Paddock. Pastel 30" x
40". 1915.

ed with great ease and originality. In a playful mood, he has decorated two rooms in his Santa Fe home with some of the most delightful and spirited wall pictures I have seen in this country.

Another phase of Davey's work is a renewed interest in landscape. He tells how he got started. "One day I was coming back from a duck hunt and got the idea of working out-of-doors again for a while. There was this one spot I wanted to paint that I had glimpsed from the car. Funny how hard it is to get sketching materials organized when you are out of the habit. I like to paint with the canvas in a frame the way I do in the studio; it helps me to stick to the design. With my little car I have to take all my stuff and hog-tie it to the bumper. Well, I went back to this place and of course it didn't look the same any more. And the wind came up and blew my easel over and I was cursing like hell—I'd be damned if I would ever paint another landscape. And then comes a little boy about eight with the sniffles, right in back of me. . . . It takes five or six trips before you can relax a little bit.

"With the figure in the studio I can tell how the work is going; doing outdoor work I sometimes get in a quandary. After this I'll go out and make my design just the way I want it, and enough painting on it to 'hold my memory.'

"I love the surly days, not the beautiful days, for landscape. A lot of the things I get are just studies, and when I do get something I go through a lot of grief.

"I was born with ego but I am losing it gradually. From a guy who was an optimist I am becoming cynical. Living out here in New Mexico I can see the political manipulations in the art world back East, and I know that if I chose to I could have more success with my work if I wanted to play their game. If I lived in a big city I could clean up on portraits. But I prefer to live here and paint for myself, and get along with teaching, now and then a portrait commission, and what little comes in from raising chickens. I am almost willing to get along on the chickens. I would rather take two days off a week and make an honest living. That way I can feel free."



Ernst Krenek

AN EXCEPTIONAL MUSICIAN: KURT FREDERICK

IN RECENT years the name of Albuquerque has appeared more than once in critical reports on the musical life of the United States. The news emanating from Albuquerque was of the kind that one usually would expect to come from New York, Philadelphia, or such centers of musical culture. These reports were mainly concerned with the activities of the Albuquerque Civic Symphony. That an organization of this type could attract nationwide attention was due to the unusual characteristics of its artistic leader, as well as to the response which he found in a community luckily attuned to the vibrations of his mind. The phenomenon is of more than local interest, for it shows an important deviation from the prevalent pattern of musical life in America. In saying that the big cities, especially in the eastern part of the country, monopolize the significant musical activities, we do not mean to imply that there is no regional musical life elsewhere. In fact, there is an abundance of music wherever we look and listen. However, not everything regional is praiseworthy for the reason of its being regional. The voice in the wilderness, in order to be heard in the world council, must pronounce words which

are not just quaint and intelligible only to the backwoods community, but which through their originality and strength are a meaningful addition to the vocabulary of mankind.

The Albuquerque Civic Symphony has its meetings for rehearsals and concerts in the gymnasium of the University of New Mexico. This hall, undoubtedly eminently suited for its original purpose, is hardly a place to inspire those romantic, ethereal, and ecstatic moods which so many people love to see attached to the making of music—not even to promote that state of workmanlike concentration that the musician considers desirable for the accomplishment of results. Athletic work not only requires a great deal of equipment quite different from that of music, it also produces obtrusive odors. There is always a certain amount of peripheric activity which the visitor likes to identify as the token stirrings of the Spirit of Physical Education, temporarily relegated to the fringes of the cavernous building by the fleeting reign of Polyhymnia. It may be stray athletes picking up forgotten tools after hours, or just students on sundry errands using the huge place as a thoroughfare.

By and by the orchestra assembles on a rather limited platform that protrudes like a small peninsula into the vast and dimly illuminated hall. The mere fact that they are not quite on time proves that theirs is an organization of amateurs. What is the exact difference between an amateur and a professional? Much may be said about their divergent mental attitudes, their difference in approaching the task on hand, but all of it boils down to a very simple sociological fact: the professional artist makes his living by selling his labor, while the amateur derives his livelihood from sources other than his artistic activities to which he attends as to a hobby in his spare time. Such a state of affairs considerably influences the amateur's attitude toward his art and tends to make it on the whole less serious than that of the professional. This has nothing to do with the amount of enthusiasm and devotion which the amateur may bring to his artistic projects. In fact his enthu-

siasm is in many cases greater than that of the professional, but frequently enough that enthusiasm is nearly the only appreciable part of the amateur's equipment. The professional has to work hard to meet the standards of the trade, for in order to secure his livelihood he has to compete with his equally hard-working colleagues. The amateur approaches his hobby in a mood of relaxation and can afford being satisfied with whatever status of technical perfection he has reached, for he cannot be fired from his job, since he is holding none.

The amateur fulfills a most important function in the household of the art. He should be praised and encouraged, for, as the term itself says, he is a "lover" of art, and art needs to be loved. The danger to which the amateur is easily exposed is that of becoming a dilettante, that is, a man who confuses his own mediocre accomplishments with excellence and has the effrontery of judging true artistic values from the vantage point of his dabbling. He will condemn as "intellectual" and "mathematical" any piece of music that resists the application of those few tricks which he has picked up somewhere and tries to imitate with clumsy fingers and empty mind. The amateur who in the privacy of his living room with three friends struggles through the intricacies of a Beethoven string quartet is praiseworthy because he tries to achieve an acquaintance with great music more intimate than the passive listening to the best recordings can ever provide. The dilettante who at the drop of a hat is willing to torture any company with a sloppy and sentimental rendition of Chopin waltzes should be met with contempt.

As long as amateurs, or dilettantes, indulge in their hobbies alone or in small groups, the only problem that possibly affects their fellow men is the noise by which they might disturb their neighborhood. The treatment to which the work of art is exposed at their hands is irrelevant, for art is long-suffering, patient, and durable. As soon as such enthusiasts gather in larger organizations with the aim of communicating music to sizable audiences, the

problems of artistic responsibility and integrity arise. The usual and logical solution is to let the standards of an amateur orchestra be determined by the lowest common denominator, remembering that any chain is as strong as its weakest link. If an orchestra like the Albuquerque Symphony sets out to play music which is commonly beyond the grasp of amateurs, and succeeds in the enterprise to an astonishing degree, the phenomenon deserves respect and invites analysis.

While the orchestra is slowly gathering on its narrow platform, we observe an unassuming little man busily moving about, arranging chairs, distributing music, exchanging a few remarks with various players as they are occupying their seats. One could easily take him for an enthusiastic volunteer who without being able to play himself has offered his services for a few minor chores. It is not without surprise that we see him suddenly step up to the conductor's stand and hear him raise his voice to explain to his "band" the project of the evening. It is Kurt Frederick, conductor of the Albuquerque Civic Symphony Orchestra, Associate Professor of Music at the University of New Mexico, founder of the Albuquerque Choral Association, director of the University Mixed Chorus, and animator extraordinary of musical life in the Duke's city. It is due to him that an orchestra in which the number of the professional members is hardly more than ten per cent has been able to secure for itself a place in music history.

Kurt Frederick is not the type of man that would attract immediate attention at some social gathering. As a rule he appears to be rather shy and reticent, although the friendly twinkle in his eyes behind the heavy glasses shows that he does not suffer from self-consciousness. The impression is rather that his mind is occupied with something else and that he does not care to fritter away his concentration in the usual small talk. His conversation is amiable, noncommittal, and somewhat elusive. However, his seeming aloofness is not a sign of arrogance as if he would consider himself too valuable for being drawn into the petty affairs

of ordinary people. A touch of weariness that occasionally overshadows his easy smile reveals that his monosyllabic attitude is the product of melancholy wisdom acquired in troublesome years.

Kurt Frederick is a native of Vienna, where he received his musical education. I remember very well when as a boy, shortly after his graduation from the State Academy of Music in Vienna, around 1930, he was called upon by the Viennese Chapter of the International Society for Contemporary Music to perform intricate modern violin pieces in the concerts of that organization. Frederick's major interest in music then was the violin, although he also attained remarkable proficiency in playing the viola. His teachers for both instruments were among the best: Otakar Seveik, violin, and William Primrose, viola. But Frederick's interests were not limited to the instrumental field. He also studied composition and was trained as a conductor. In this later capacity he was employed for a while at the civic theatre in Danzig, the "Free State" of ominous recollections—in fact just a German provincial town. By the way, it has been, and still is, one of the main assets of musical life in Central Europe that that part of the world is dotted with hundreds of little opera houses which not only provide the local population with musical experience of a high caliber, but also serve as outlets and training grounds for countless young musicians. Nearly all great and less great composers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have started out as opera coaches and conductors in hick towns. It is there that they learned their stuff, the hard way, to be sure, but they learned it through firsthand experience. In America, unfortunately, the composer has to learn mainly from books, and when he is through with the books as a student, he usually has to reopen them as a teacher, for there is hardly any opportunity for his making a living except in meting out what he has learned to other students who sooner or later will be in the same position.

Like so many of his compatriots, Frederick had to leave Europe behind him during the period of fascist expansion. He spent four

years in New York as first viola player of the orchestra of the New Friends of Music, an organization devoted to flawless renditions of the best in music literature. Another experience that made him actively aware of the highest standards of performance was provided when for two years he played the viola in the Kolisch Quartet. This ensemble, under the leadership of Rudolph Kolisch, had made its first appearances as part of the personnel of the Association for Private Musical Performances.

This association, concentrating upon the presentation of little known contemporary music, was founded and directed for several years by Arnold Schoenberg in Vienna shortly after World War I. It operated under unique conditions. The preparation of any performance was personally supervised by Schoenberg, or his trusted old friends and pupils, Alban Berg and Anton Webern. The performing artists were pledged to unlimited rehearsing time, and not a single note of music was released for performance unless approved by Schoenberg himself. The concerts were strictly limited to the membership of the association, but the members were admitted to many rehearsals and encouraged to attend them in order to get acquainted with the work in progress. They were instructed to maintain a "studio" attitude by abstaining from manifestations of like and dislike. Programs of the numerous concerts were never announced in advance, for at times Schoenberg wished the members to listen to certain works more than once, and assumed correctly that some might stay away if they would know that a repetition of a work previously heard was scheduled. The atmosphere of the organization combined enthusiasm and tension.

Quite a few performers were trained in that gruelling school, and all of them have retained forever an incorruptible sense for artistic excellence, sometimes bordering on intractable intransigency. Kurt Frederick did not belong to the original group of torchbearers, but through his association with the Kolisch Quartet he certainly absorbed some of the uncompromising spirit of

the "founding fathers." Above all, his early interest in the most exacting and most unpopular type of contemporary music was powerfully corroborated.

With this background he joined the faculty of the University of New Mexico in 1942 as instructor in violin and musical theory. In 1945 he took over the direction of the local orchestra which had been formed thirteen years earlier. At that time this body of musicians already had somewhat outgrown its pioneering period. We hear that in its beginning, under the direction of Grace Thompson Edminster and William Kunkel, it had to get along on a financial backing of fifty dollars and played to discouragingly small audiences. When Frederick came in, the orchestra had already established itself as a vital factor in the cultural life of the growing city, and two thousand or more listeners were the rule.

While Frederick enlarged upon the usual classical and romantic repertoire, the really astounding developments started when he began to tackle the big oratorio and to include more and more significant works of the contemporary literature. To produce either category of music with an ensemble consisting mainly of amateurs requires in the first place extraordinary amounts of patience and persistence, for the preparation of such works with untrained forces not continuously available for rehearsals takes infinitely more time than it would cost a professional ensemble. The service schedule of a professional orchestra includes two or three public concerts and four to five full-sized rehearsals weekly. The permanent habit of playing together welds the group into a sensitive and reliable organism that reacts to even light touches quickly and predictably. The technical proficiency which is a prerequisite for any individual that wants to be admitted to such a group constantly grows through the experience of reading through scores of scores every season. An amateur orchestra meets once or twice a week for rehearsals and has perhaps one concert a month. The rehearsals have not the businesslike efficiency of the professional organization whose members take their places like

factory workers when the bell rings. Amateurs tend to be late or to leave early, and absenteeism is considerable because it cannot be penalized. Thus any project that requires long and sustained effort will scare the leader of an amateur organization unless he is a man like Kurt Frederick.

The big oratorio is time-consuming because of its size and organizational complexity, as it involves orchestra, chorus, and solo singers, which multiplies the task of assembling groups of amateurs for a great number of rehearsals. Since the vocal forces of the city were not always numerically sufficient, Kurt Frederick repeatedly had to call upon choruses in the outlying districts, which meant traveling miles and miles through the countryside after a solid day's work at the school. The soloists had to be coached separately. When all groups were ready, they had to be brought together for the final rehearsals with the orchestra. This method, apart from the artistic task of unifying them for the purpose of a meaningful rendition of the work, necessitated solving various problems of logistics—not too easy when financial resources are limited. Nevertheless, such comprehensive scores as the requiems by Mozart, Brahms, and Verdi, and Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" were put on successfully, and Handel's "Messiah" became an annually repeated fixture of Frederick's programs.

While the labor involved in such productions is staggering, the reward is at least obvious to participants as well as to listeners. The classical and romantic music of those oratorios sounds familiar, and the "big show" in which singers and instrumentalists eventually join their efforts has immediate appeal through the spectacular array of sizable forces. While the whole thing is difficult enough to put together, one does not have too much to worry about the morale of the battalions preparing for the great day.

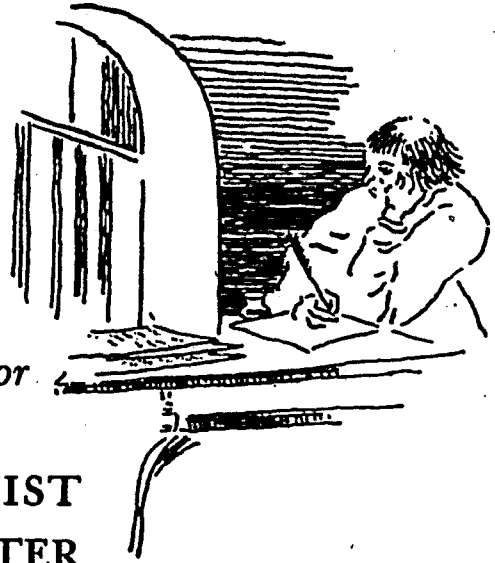
The situation is quite different when the assignment is difficult and unfamiliar contemporary music. Here the main problem of the leader is how to maintain the morale of his group. The music is in the first place difficult to play, for the amateur has never seen

anything like it in his limited and perhaps casual studies. Nothing in that music is obvious and predictable. As the notes are grouped in unfamiliar patterns, the danger of hitting wrong notes is considerably greater than in classical music. The rhythmic arrangements tend to be intricate, fast and frequently changing, so that permanent concentration on proper timing is required. And the greatest disappointment is that the untrained ear is unable to tell whether the final result was worth the tremendous effort. If familiar music is played in a haphazard way, it may not be very impressive, but it still sounds familiar. If the untrained performer plays new music in the sweat of his brow as accurately as he knows how, it still sounds more or less Chinese to him, and he does not quite see why he had to be so terribly careful about every detail. In that respect the professional's reaction is oftentimes not much different from that of the amateur. But for the professional there is not much left except cursing his tough luck that made him sign up with an organization whose conductor is crazy enough to put on that type of music, and perhaps making life miserable for that conductor by intriguing against him backstage. The amateur is in a better position because he can simply stay away from rehearsals and, if he finds enough like-minded souls, force the conductor to drop his outrageous schemes, since otherwise the organization will go to pieces.

It is well-nigh miraculous that under such conditions Kurt Frederick was able not only to bring out an impressive number of so-called "moderate" modern compositions as works by William Schuman, Aaron Copland, Burrill Philips, John D. Robb, Joshua Missal, Darius Milhaud, George Gershwin, and others, but eventually to present the world *premières* of so notoriously difficult pieces as Arnold Schoenberg's cantata "A Survivor from Warsaw," and my own "Fifth Symphony." Work on these projects not only meant frequently coaching every individual player in the orchestra and teaching him to master the technical problems of his part by studying his individual status of proficiency

and his particular difficulties, but also, and especially, keeping the whole group and every single member of it constantly convinced of the significance and necessity of the project. That Frederick succeeded in this, and never had to face any rebellion of dangerous proportions, is an accomplishment that in itself would require the highest respect, even if he were less good a conductor than he is.

It is only natural that the performances which the Albuquerque Symphony accomplished in dealing with music of such complexity were somewhat less than perfect. Purists will protest at what they call an abject compromise, maintaining that such—or any—music not be played at all if it cannot be played to perfection. We beg to differ. The purists know very well that where technical perfection is available music of a problematical nature is hardly ever admitted. To a lesser extent such has been the case even in periods in which the gap between common practice and progressive art was less blatant than it is today. From all we know it is safe to assume that the first performances of Beethoven's late quartets must have been short of atrocious. But instead of sneering at the insufficiencies of those hapless performers we should take our hats off to them for their courage and self-effacing devotion to a cause which they felt irresistibly compelled to serve, although it was far beyond their technical and intellectual faculties. Without their resolutely breaking the ice, Beethoven's late works might well have remained a fearful enigma for quite some time to come. If these works nowadays are within the reach of any proficient musician, it is partly due to the efforts of those less well-equipped pioneers. It is for this reason that music history will always remember with respect and gratitude Kurt Frederick and the musical community of Albuquerque which has been enlightened enough to accept the leadership of this exceptional musician.



William Van O'Connor

SOCIAL AND ACTIVIST CRITICISM: A CHAPTER IN AMERICAN CRITICISM

IN *Literature and Revolution*, translated in 1925, Leon Trotsky wrote: "A work of art should, in the first place, be judged by its own law, that is, the law of art. But Marxism alone can explain why and how a given tendency in art has originated in a given period in history; who it was who made a demand for such an artistic form and not for another, and why. . . ." Certainly it would be most unlikely that any critic could explain in economic terms why Virginia Woolf chose to write lyric in lieu of strict plot stories, why the sonnet is rarely written as successfully in the twentieth as in the seventeenth century, or why most modern poetry is much more highly stylized than eighteenth century poetry. Similarly it would be most unlikely that a critic could explain solely in economic and class terms why *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Twelfth Night* were written, when they were written, for what particular audience, and why the audience demanded those particular forms.

Form is an ambiguous term, but even if we limit it to mean the creation of a character like Malvolio, forced to recognize his place in order to satisfy the aristocratic audience, we have no assurance

that the groundlings did not see him as the aggressive, humorless opponent of easy living, a type as offensive in the ranks of iron mongers or journeymen as in the households of the wealthy. The influence of economics on form means even less if by form we mean the qualities of suspense and the techniques employed to create it; metrical patterns; the degree of imagination evident in the imagery of various eras; the pace of the action; or the tone. Trotsky is saying on the one hand that art has its own laws but denying that it does by insisting that economic forces dictate the origins or beginnings of a form. To insist that class or audience dictates the form is also to say that a literary genius is merely a highly complex and delicate mechanism responding to the economic weather of his age. Sainte-Beuve's insistence, in criticizing Taine, that a writer operates as a free agent inside the forces presented to him by his milieu is even more applicable as a criticism of economic determinism, a single aspect of milieu. Few critics, not even such a stalwart as Emma Goldman, got down to cases in relating economic forces to literary form, despite the frequency with which they appealed to the "reality" of the economic interpretation of history.

Only in the late thirties, when the results of equating literary worth with the writer's advocacy of social and economic reform were all too evident, was there a general awareness that Marx had not at all times insisted on a strict linking of economics and literature. In fact, he had said: "... certain periods of highest development of art stand in no direct connection with the general development of society, nor with the material basis and the skeleton structure of its organization." But Lenin had written: "Down with supermen-litterateurs. . . . Literature must become a component part of the organized, planned, unified Socialist party work." Economic determinism had a fairly extensive career among the writers of American history, however, and it is quite understandable that certain critics would try to borrow it. Apparently the first of these was, surprisingly, Brander Matthews.

He wrote "The Economic Interpretation of Literary History," *Gateways to Literature* (1912), in order to suggest ways in which Professor Seligman's economic interpretation of history could be applied to the study of literature.

Matthews acknowledges at the start that the "Hero and Hero-Worship" approach of Carlyle, that great men dominate their epoch, seems much more relevant to literature than to history. "It may be that the American Revolution would have run its course successfully even if Washington had never been born, and that the Civil War would have ended as it did even if Lincoln had died at its beginning; but English literature would be very different if there had been no Shakspeare, and French literature would be very different if there had been no Molière." There are none the less ways in which a writer is affected by the economic situation in which he finds himself. In every age, for example, most writers devote themselves to the literary form that is most popular and therefore most profitable. "This is what accounts for the richness of drama in England under Queen Elizabeth, for the vogue of the essay under Queen Anne, and for the immense expansion of the novel under Queen Victoria." Matthews says there are four motives which inspire literature—accomplishment of an immediate end, self-expression, fame and money. Sometimes all four combine, but the most insistent is the need for money. Whether one agrees with this latter statement or not, it is clear that the desire for money is more relevant to the sociology of the writer than to literature as an art.

The problem can be seen more explicitly in the following examples quoted by Matthews:

A distinguisht British art critic has asserted that the luxuriance of Tudor architecture is due directly to the introduction of root-crops into England. That is to say, the turnip enabled the sheep-farmers to carry their cattle thru the winter; and as the climate of the British Isles favors sheep raising, the creation of a winter food-supply immediately made possible the expansion of the wool trade, whereby large fortunes

were soon accumulated, the men thus enrich expending the surplus promptly in stately and sumptuous residences.

Matthews admits that the economic factor here is not a direct cause of the architecture. It is not a cause of the architecture as architecture in any sense at all. Taine's formula of race, moment and milieu would be relevant because the climate and ideals of a people would suggest the design. But most important of all is the presence of an artist capable of creating a design that catches, if it does, the multiple significances suggested by the spirit of the place and the people. Economics is relevant to literary criticism only where one can show that the nature and forms of a work have been designed to satisfy a particular audience (coterie, court or popular), that its character is what it is partly because of the audience the author had in mind in creating it.

Joel Spingarn, in an unpublished lecture given at the New School in the spring of 1931, offered the following objection when the theory of economic determinism was at its height. Spingarn said that since 1848, when Marx and Engels stated their materialistic conception of history, "all historical study has been dominated by the idea of economic causes." Then he proceeds to illustrate his point:

The trouble with American art and literature is that America is too much absorbed in business. This is a commercial country. Therefore we have no art or very poor art and literature. Very good. . . . But let us turn to medieval Italy and the bourgeois commercial cities of Italy, [which,] absorbed with business far more passionately than we, produced Dante. In one case business was the cause of no art; in the other case business was the cause of the greatest art.

He concludes the lecture by saying that moral and religious forces are the generative forces in history. He illustrates the point by recalling that Mohammed preached a narrow and powerful doctrine to the Arabs, "a small petty tribe in a desert surrounded by desert," who were so moved by it that they spread the religion of Islam from the whole of North Africa to the center of Asia "and

except for a mischance would have conquered Europe." Marx and Lenin became new Mohammeds. Why, Spingarn asks ironically, did "some external cause make them into Mohammeds when the causes that were at work in Russia for centuries and under a different religion and a different philosophy had produced nothing?" (Bliss Perry to a similar end had quoted Fisher Ames on the climate-environment theory in relation to Greek literature: "The figs are as fine as ever, but where are the Pindars?") That Spingarn was not saying that the external conditions had no relation to the generating forces of morality and religion, is implied in his concluding statement: "All life is a process of the inner urge of men acting on the external conditions. And history is the unity of the condition and the urge. It is not the condition, it is not the urge; it is the unity of the condition and the urge."

Marxist criticism in the twenties had few practitioners and was uninfluential. It may be that most critics, even socialists, did not believe that political theory and literature were inextricably interrelated. The isolation of art theories of the nineteenth century had not encouraged such a feeling. Max Eastman as editor of the *Masses* or the *Liberator* could write about poetry without reference to politics. His later works, *Artists in Uniform* (1934) and *Art and the Life of Action* (1934), were protests against a state-controlled literature. Eastman's thesis in *The Literary Mind* (1931) was that, not being knowledge, literature could not compete with science, that is, with "the inexorable advance of a more disciplined study of man." Therefore he was not prepared to take literature as seriously as the Communists were taking it. And his fellow editor, Floyd Dell, seemed more interested in psychoanalysis than in politics. Not until Michael Gold began to edit the *New Masses* in 1928 was there a criticism explicitly Marxist. Gold wrote, often quite movingly, about the New York poor. He was concerned merely with promoting Communism and although he knew very little about esthetic theory he knew a great deal about arousing sympathy for the working classes. Joseph Freeman, on

the other hand, in *Voices of October* (1930) and as an editor of *Proletarian Literature in the United States* (1935), tried to make Marxist criticism acceptable intellectually. He acknowledged that much of the proletariat art was pretty bad, even admitting that the writer did not have to belong, as Edwin Seaver had claimed, to the Party. It was necessary however for the writer to identify himself with the proletariat; having done this, he could "grow in insight and power with the growth of the American working class world now beginning to tread its historic path toward the new world." The extent to which the war of the classes dictated the value a critic could put on a writer is suggested by this passage on Spender as a radical written by Edwin Berry Burgum for *Proletarian Literature*:

The poet seeks to escape pessimism by discovering the old aristocratic virtues in the lower classes, and especially, it should be noted, in their leaders. The great men in one of his most characteristic poems, like his old time aristocrats, Spender describes as born of the sun, travelling a short while toward the sun, and leaving the vivid air signed with their honor. Now in all likelihood, honor can be translated into a Communistic virtue, though it will remain a term of dangerous connotations. . . .

William Phillips and Philip Rahv,* editors of the *Partisan Review*, in their contributions to the same volume uttered a warning that was not widely accepted: "In criticism the 'leftist' substitutes gush on the one hand, and invective on the other, for analysis; and it is not difficult to see that to some of these critics Marxism is not a science but a sentiment."

But "leftism" was so much a part of the intellectual atmosphere that many critics, in and out of the Party, admired or disapproved of writers almost exclusively on the grounds of their political sentiments. Four of the most influential of these were V. F. Calverton, Vernon L. Parrington, Granville Hicks and Bernard Smith. In Calverton's *Modern Quarterly* (later *Modern Monthly*) Marxist

* See also Philip Rahv, "Proletarian Literature: An Autopsy," *Southern Review*, Winter, 1939.

principles dictated esthetic principles. The language experiments of a Joyce, Eliot or Cummings were held to be misguided because language should be employed for "social communication," and literature to be of any value must "attain a social beauty commensurate with radical vision and aspiration." His *The Newer Spirit* (1925) is a plea for literature that serves a social function. Calverton's thesis in *The Liberation of American Literature* (1932) is that the decay of the middle class is behind the pessimism and the confused value of modern literature. Equal suffrage, equal opportunity, and freedom of thought are "myths." "Middle class culture driven to a deception in its economic defense, justifying exploitation as a virtue and competition as a sign of progress, translated the contradiction of its economic life into every form of human endeavor." The literature of such a society has inevitably reflected its deceptions. Only today, with the breakdown of the middle class, when no one can believe any longer in its idealism, "are we able to appreciate the catastrophic extent to which human thought and impulse were sold out to the burgher." The future belongs not to the "bourgeois individualist" but to the "proletarian collectivist." Calverton then cites a group of novelists and critics who recognize the need for an alliance not with the "acquisitive" capitalist but with the "intellectual" and "imaginative" proletariat. The premise is that all cultural expressions have their source in an economic order, but even if one could accept the rigours and simplicity of such a theory it would seem unnecessary to attribute virtue exclusively to the proletariat and vice to the middle class.

Vernon L. Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*, appearing in 1927 and 1930, treated American literature almost entirely in political and economic terms. E. H. Eby, writing the introduction to the third volume after Parrington's death, said that three principles explain the method of the study: Taine's theory, economic determinism, and the equating of American

thought with American literature. "When he envisaged American literature as American thought, the trammel of the belletristic was broken and he was free to re-evaluate American writers. . . . The economic forces imprint their mark upon political, social, and religious institutions; literature expresses the result in its thought content." These principles gave Parrington a method whereby he could be "true to the facts," and his liberalism gave him the position and point of view in terms of which the facts could be evaluated.

In the introduction to the first volume Parrington had written: "The point of view from which I have endeavored to evaluate the materials is liberal rather than conservative, Jeffersonian rather than Federalistic; and very likely in my search I have found what I went forth to find, as others have discovered what they were searching for."

In "A Chapter in American Liberalism," an essay justifying the work of his own generation, Parrington made very clear what his intellectual origins and allegiances were. Members of that generation "were brought up in a great age of liberalism—an age worthy to stand beside the golden forties of last century [sic]—and they went to school to excellent teachers. Darwin, Spencer, Mill, Karl Marx, Haeckel, Taine, William James, Henry George, were masters of which no school in any age need feel ashamed." Parrington was sympathetic with the entire tradition associated with the Enlightenment, but his favorite talisman was economic determinism. The sacred books were J. Allen Smith's *The Spirit of American Government* (1907) and Charles A. Beard's *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* (1913). It was unnecessary to go to Karl Marx because the doctrine had "shaped the conclusions of Madison and Hamilton and John Adams, and it reappeared in the arguments of Webster and Calhoun." The equalitarian doctrines of the French are "treacherous romanticism," but economic determinism is "sober reality." Americans have confused the

Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, forgetting that one is "a classical statement of French humanitarian democracy, the other an organic law designed to safeguard the minority under republican rule." Parrington did not explain how economic determinism is consistent with "the liberal's faith" in the rise of the proletariat, his own Jeffersonian democracy, but he said that, beginning with Wilson's administration, this faith had proved justified. Nor did he explain in specific instances just how a given literary work was the product of economic forces. The truth would seem to be that Parrington's system, social and economic determinism, was another form of scientism, and that he himself was a romantic of the type he claimed to deplore.

Granville Hicks, during his term as a Communist, was a spokesman for Party-line literature. In "The Crisis in Criticism" (1933), an article in the *New Masses*, he laid down the rules for the "perfect Marxian novel." It must "directly or indirectly show the effects of the class struggle," "make the reader feel he is participating in the lives described," and through its point of view make it clear that the author belongs to "the vanguard of the proletariat." Like Parrington, Hicks had to equate the valuable parts of the American literary tradition with an acceptable political and social view. *The Great Tradition* (1933) ends with this summary:

What stirs us in Emerson is his confidence in the common man, his courageous appeal for action, his faith in the future. He and Thoreau were rebels against the shams and oppressions of their day. They used the language of their times, the language of individualism, but they spoke for all the oppressed, and some of their words remain a call to arms. Whitman felt deeply his kinship with the workers and farmers and caught a glimpse of the collective society. Howells, James, and Mark Twain shrank in their various ways from the cupidity of the gilded age, and Howells, teaching himself to think in terms of a new social order, tried, however feebly, to create, in imagination and fact, a better world. Garland and Norris denounced oppression; Herrick and Phillips worked for reform; Sinclair and London called themselves socialists.

It is significant that Hawthorne, Melville, Emily Dickinson, Henry Adams, Stephen Crane and Edith Wharton apparently do not belong to the great tradition.

Bernard Smith's *Forces in American Criticism* (1939) was also in the Parrington tradition but militantly Marxist. In his chapter on twentieth century criticism he explains why Marxist criticism is superior to impressionist and expressionist criticism:

The Marxist thesis may be briefly stated as follows: a work of literature reflects its author's adjustment to society. To determine the character and value of the work we must therefore, among other things, understand and have an opinion about the social forces that produced the ideology it expresses as an attitude toward life. Marxism enables us to understand those forces by explaining the dialectical relationship of a culture to an economy and of that culture to the classes which exist in that economy. At the same time, by revealing the creative role of the proletariat in establishing a communist society, which alone can realize universal peace and well-being, Marxism offers a *scale* of value. Moral as well as political judgments follow from that thesis—and they include a condemnation of the bourgeois sexual code, of woman's traditional place in the community, and of the accepted relative prestige of labor and unproductive leisure. Of immediate significance to the critic is the conception of reality from which the thesis is evolved and which the thesis defines.

Parrington, caught in his thesis that American literature is a contest between Hamiltonian federalism and Jeffersonian democracy, was forced to say that the Puritans can be understood in political terms. Other students of Puritanism have not felt that "liberalisms aplenty" is the "inner core of Puritanism." Smith too was caught in his thesis that "social significance" is also literary significance. A victim of the doctrinaire nature of most American Marxist criticism, he was forced, as Morton D. Zabel put it, into a "crudity of sympathy, that keeps him in petty fear of admitting 'beauty' . . . as the proper concern of any serious artist; of sensibility as a critical instrument of infinitely greater importance . . . than popular or political passions."

Parrington, Hicks and Smith employed only economic and social criteria and ignored, ridiculed or disallowed the reputations built on standards of artistry. Thus Parrington on Poe: "The problem of Poe, fascinating as it is, lies quite outside the main current of American thought, and it may be left with the psychologist and the belletrist with whom it belongs." On Hawthorne: "He was the extreme and finest expression of the refined alienation from reality that in the end palsied the creative mind of New England." On James: "In his subtle psychological inquiries, he remained shut up within his own skull-pan." Hicks doesn't know where to place Poe as a part of the American heritage, but Smith attacks him as a Virginia aristocrat. Hicks is also uneasy with James, finally criticizing his failure to show the reader the source of income of his characters. Smith is contemptuous of James, finding him a snob, tory, above the hard social realities of his age. The three critics are harsh with the writer who does not concern himself directly with the social, economic and political problems of his own day. Melville is alienated from his society and strangely preoccupied with evil, Emily Dickinson could not come to terms with her own age, Twain too infrequently concerned himself with the social movements of his time, Mrs. Wharton's looking backward to the 1870's for her subject is a retreat. Any writer with traditional values, religious sympathies or belief is probably a coward or a hypocrite. Thus Hicks on Eliot: "We need not ask how so melodramatic a skeptic can accept the dogmas of Anglicanism, or what so intelligent an observer can expect from the King of England, or why so resolute an experimenter should affirm his allegiance to the laws of ancient art." Any form of conservatism is unquestionably bad. Ellen Glasgow's liking for good breeding makes her an "apologist," James' concern with the morality of good manners is mere snobbery, and Hawthorne's preoccupation with evil the dealing with shadows.

James T. Farrell's *A Note on Literary Criticism* (1936), written by an "amateur Marxist," is a criticism of some of the over-

simplifications of Hicks, Gold, and others. The underlying principle in the essay is that no single emphasis can serve to exhaust the values and meanings in a literary work; however important the political may be, it does not preclude other emphases, the psychological, the moral, the biographical, or the esthetic. The emphasis on economic determinism and the coming victory of the proletariat had also caused Marxist novelists and dramatists to insist on a very restricted meaning for the word *real*. This is the curtain speech from Clifford Odets' *Paradise Lost* (1935):

No! There is more to life than this! Everything he said is true, but there is more, That was the past, but there is a future. Now we know. We dare to understand. Truly, truly, the past was a dream. But this is real! To know from this that something must be done. That is real. We searched; we were confused! But we searched, and now the search is ended. For the truth has found us. For the first time in our lives—for the first time our house has a real foundation. . . .

To reduce all the cultural problems of the twentieth century to an economic base, Farrell said, forces the writer to divide the world into warring classes, the bourgeoisie who represent decay and death, the proletariat who represent life and growth; to avoid bourgeois subject matter as decadent, especially that centering in personal relationships; to be indifferent to style, structure and the logic of events, because of the need to propagandize for the new world order. Literature thus divides neatly into four classifications: *bourgeois* or decadent, *proletarian*, that is, with "Marxian insight," *exposure*, showing the evils of the present social order, and *revolutionary*, teaching strikers and farmers how to organize.

Certain other critics, although agreeing with Farrell that in their fervor most of the Marxist writers had been great simplifiers, insisted that the American writer had to ally himself with the proletariat. Newton Arvin wrote *Whitman* (1938) because "the clearer it becomes that the next inevitable step in human history is the establishment of a socialist order, the more interested every man becomes in scanning the work of writers and artists in the

recent past for whatever resources there may be in it on which a socialist culture may draw." In the *Partisan Review* (May, 1936) Horace Gregory could point to the absurdity of C. Day Lewis' line, "Waters of the world unite," but could also add that the poet in the thirties was under an obligation to instruct "a bitter, faithless, rotting social organism, a post-War world." Robert Cantwell could write in the *Symposium* (January, 1933) a highly perceptive essay about the society of Henry James in order to compare it with the society of the proletarian novelist, concluding with this sentence: "*To Make My Bread*, in turn, with its weaknesses, gives a new meaning to the term, 'beginning of a tradition,' while the works of Henry James so richly and fully illustrate what is meant by the end of one." Malcolm Cowley in *Exile's Return* (1934) and in many reviews for the *New Republic* also insisted on the writer's responsibility to society. Cowley knew that the exiled writer was likely to have the virtue of inwardness and depth in his work which the collectivist-minded writer, emphasizing the "impotence of individuals caught in the rip tides of history," would lack. Cowley would not acknowledge with John Dos Passos that the individual to avoid damnation had to oppose society or the world; a new and better society is possible and if we are "for the moment a beaten nation, the fight is not over."

There was also a controversy over the failure of modern authors to write optimistically and affirmatively about America. Archibald MacLeish in *The Irresponsibles* (1940), Van Wyck Brooks in *The Opinions of Oliver Allston* (1941) and Bernard De Voto in *The Literary Fallacy* (1944) accused Eliot, Pound, Faulkner, Hemingway, Lewis, as well as Proust and Joyce, of failing to support the democratic order. The primary question, why is modern art what it is, seemed not to concern these critics.

The point of view in *Axel's Castle* (1931), which opened Edmund Wilson's career as a critic, exhibits a conflict similar to that of Dos Passos, whether a writer should serve his art or his age. The highly individualized art of Symbolism, in defiance of the authori-

ty of science and naturalism, had given us the art of Yeats, Valéry, Eliot, Proust and Joyce, our most impressive writers. But was this enough? "The question begins to press us again as to whether it is possible to make a practical success of human society, and whether, if we continue to fail, a few masterpieces, however profound or noble, will be able to make life worth living even for the few people in a position to enjoy them." Wilson suggested therefore that we need another type of artist, closer to Wells and Shaw than to Yeats or Proust, presumably writers who would help promote a better society. Wilson was overlooking what Yeats knew, that literature is a world of deeply moving and permanently valuable symbols and insights, not blueprints for social planning; that a poet's imagination cannot be forced but responds to and makes luminous whatever quickens it. The social consequences of literature are likely to be indirect.

Wilson's commentaries on politics and literature tend to be acts of faith in a Marxist social order or sympathetic gestures about the value to literary criticism in the great insights furnished by Marx and Engels. In "Marxism and Literature," from *The Triple Thinkers* (1938), we read that under Marxism society itself "becomes the work of art." In "Historical Criticism," a lecture given in 1940, he lists Michelet, Renan, Sainte-Beuve and Taine as a school which had interpreted books in terms of their historical origins, adding the names of Marx and Engels because they had shown the importance of economics in the interpretation of historical phenomena. But his illustration—that Marx once tried to explain why the poems of Homer were so good when the society that produced them was so primitive and, from his point of view, so bad—tells us nothing at all about the way the economic factor functions in the creation of literature. Wilson has written excellent elucidations of specific works and brilliant accounts, especially in *The Wound and the Bow* (1941), of the psychological hurts of authors like Kipling and Dickens, but, despite his pieties about the economic interpretation of literature he has written nothing

in which economics might be said to explain a work of literature. Irving Howe has said the most admirable part of Wilson's career has been his "trying to live up to the dictum that, whatever else, the criticism of literature should not be merely a criticism of literature." On the contrary, this has been Wilson's weakness as a critic. Criticism has its focal point in the literary work itself. Literature is not "life" or "reality," it is an imaginative creation which indirectly can enlarge our understanding, and improve the quality of our sensibilities. But when Wilson examines the imagery of John Steinbeck's prose, as he does in *The Boys in the Back Room* (1941), and proceeds to relate it to Steinbeck's preoccupation with biology, we are able to understand the values which inform Steinbeck's fiction. In reading this latter sort of criticism one has no reason to feel that Wilson's sense of social urgencies is looming so large that literature threatens to seem trivial.

Harry Levin's widely read essay, "Literature as an Institution" (1946), also stresses the social at the expense of the artistic aspects of literature. Levin grants Taine his due but observes that Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, had added a corollary to Taine's method. "Literature is not only the effect of social causes; it is also the cause of social effects." Levin also gives attention to Sainte-Beuve's point about the individual writer being able to move freely, uniquely, inside his race, moment and milieu, but he relates it to another nineteenth century idea, Ferdinand Brunetière's "evolution of genres," the notion that literary forms evolve, change and sometimes die off. "The irreducible element of individual talent would seem to play the same role in the evolution of genres," Levin says, "that natural selection plays in the origin of species." Levin also makes the important point that conventions, "the necessary differences between art and life" have to be studied. But he has little faith in the ability of most critics to use Croce's concept of "expressive form" or Coleridge's "organic principle" as means of analyzing and evaluating any but acknowl-

edged masterpieces. For these forms of criticism he would substitute an "institutional method":

One convenience of the institutional method is that it gives due credit to the never-ending collaboration between writer and public. It sees no reason to ignore what is relevant in the psychological prepossessions of the craftsman, and it knows that he is ultimately to be judged by the technical resources of his craftsmanship; but it attains its clearest and most comprehensive scope by centering on his craft—on his social status and his historical function as participant in a skilled and a living tradition.

That Levin's emphasis, like Taine's, makes for an extrinsic, a social view of literature is beyond question. In implying that the ultimate opinion about the work of a writer is to be determined only by time, Levin dismisses judicial criticism.

Levin's primary focus is not on the individual work of art but on its origins and its consequences, its social relationships. With such an emphasis the work itself tends to be absorbed into studies of literary conventions and of milieu. Literature is examined not so much in terms of what it *is* as in terms of what it *does*, where it *came from*, and what it *relates to*. Study carried on inside such a framework moves away from the criticism of literature toward the sociology of literature.

Unlike most critics strongly concerned with politics, economics and sociology, Levin appears to have no social platform to promote. Lionel Trilling, on the other hand, is as a critic very much concerned with understanding and strengthening the liberal-democratic tradition. As a literary critic he studies the characteristics of this tradition as they manifest themselves in art forms. In *Matthew Arnold* (1939), *E. M. Forster* (1943) and *The Liberal Imagination* (1950) Trilling has, for example, frequently pointed out stereotypes and prejudices that have developed as a part of this tradition. He finds it unrealistic to believe that character can be reduced to its social origins; he objects to the pseudo-

science of the notion that those claiming to be "objective" can somehow avoid judgments, preferences and assumptions; and he believes it dangerous to stress only one side of our tradition, to stress the Enlightenment at the expense of the romantic movement.

Criticizing the influence of Parrington, he writes: "Parrington stands at the center of American thought about American culture because, as I say, he expresses the chronic belief that there exists an opposition between reality and mind and that one must enlist in the party of reality." "Manners, Morals and the Novel," for example, shows how this tradition influences the way novels are written.

[T]he reality we admire tells us that the observation of manners is trivial and even malicious, that there are things much more important for the novel to consider. As a consequence our social sympathies have indeed broadened, but in proportion as they have done so we have lost something of our power of love, for our novels can never create characters who truly exist. . . . The reviewers of Helen Howe's novel [*These Happy Few*] thought its satiric first part, an excellent satire on the manners of a small but significant segment of society, was ill-natured and unsatisfactory, but they approved the second part, which is the record of the heroine's self-accusing effort to come into communication with the great soul of America. Yet it should have been clear that the satire had its source in a kind of affection, in a real community of feeling, and told the truth, while the second part, said to be so "real," was mere abstraction, one more example of our public idea of ourselves and our national life.

Trilling in this and other essays is concerned with the social aspects of literature, but it would be wrong to infer that this means a lack of concern with the structure of a literary work. Trilling, as in his examination of deficiencies in character drawing in the latter part of Helen Howe's novel, is showing how social attitudes affect the very structure of a work. Unlike Trilling, too few of the activist and social critics have had as much respect for literature as an art as they have had for literature as a social instrument.

Philip Horton

WHAT'S IN A CORNER

MR. WRIGHTMAN climbed into his bed next to the window and with a long sigh composed himself in his usual posture: hands clasped across his chest, legs close together and ankles crossed. He had once read somewhere that such an arrangement of the body in a cruciform pattern regularized the flow of one's psychic energies, and if his wife sometimes observed from the adjoining bed that he looked "just plain dead" lying there with his eyes closed and his mouth slightly opened, this only served to confirm his sense of profound relaxation.

The truth was Mr. Wrightman believed in ritual. It represented—as he had long since tired of explaining to his wife—the principle of pattern and therefore of order, and provided a stable framework within which one could collate, arrange and subsume the disorderly experience of everyday life. The posture of his body right now, for instance, he liked to think of as subsuming the psychic energies flowing through it. (For a moment he actually saw, pulsing from the toes of his crossed feet to the tips of his spread elbows and thence to the crown of his head, small scalloped waves of pale fluorescent light.) Meanwhile the posture of his body was contained and subsumed by the quiet rectangle of the bed and the similar shapes of cool sheets and warm blankets carefully aligned and tucked in; and the bed in turn, parallel to the wall, was subsumed by the shape of the room, and this by the shape of the house, which itself faced squarely on a street parallel to many other streets. . . . Mr. Wrightman gave a small sigh of pleasure, and in the act of groping on the night table for another tangerine his wife looked up from her book.

"Sleepy, dear?"

He lay very still, taking care not to interrupt his regular deep breathing. The sharp fragrance of tangerine and the sound of suc-

culent munching reassured him for a moment; but his failure to reply hung uneasily in the air.

"De-ear?" Her voice was tentative, considerate. "Now dear, don't go and go to sleep. I'm almost finished my chapter and then we can have a nice cuddly chat." She paused, then added coyly, "Or maybe, if you like, we could play the game."

Feeling the prying force of his wife's eyes on him, he bent all his will towards appearing even more profoundly asleep until the turning of a page told him he was safe for a few more minutes. But her last words had thoroughly chilled him and the fluorescent sense of well-being was gone. There were, he reflected bitterly, certain "cuddly" attitudes and impulses so firmly rooted in the deep animal recalcitrance to order and system that they could never be successfully subsumed in any reasoned way of life; and the "game" was pre-eminently among them. In a way, he supposed, it was a kind of perverted ritual, a ritual of unreason, like a black mass, full of obscene and malevolent parodies of the real thing. He sighed again, but this time inaudibly, with his internal organs. The posture of his body, now willfully fixed for fear of betraying wakefulness, weighed on him like a *rigor mortis*, and from time to time he could hear a faint whispering noise which presently he identified as his wife's toenails scratching absently at the sheets of her bed.

In his mind's eye he saw her as clearly, as immemorially as Whistler's portrait of his mother, but how different. She was sitting cross-legged near the head of her bed in a great swirl of blankets and sheets and pillows, crouching over her book like an animal and rocking back and forth with a gentle rocking-chair rhythm. Tossed in the wild convolutions of the bedclothes appeared the flotsam and jetsam of her evening's amusements: the rinds of several tangerines, a crumpled pack of cigarettes, the wrapper and gummy remains of a chocolate bar, discarded books and magazines and the mutilated ad section of the evening paper. And on the night-table between the two beds, like a senseless sal-

vage, a wet tea bag, an empty cup, an apple core already turning brown, and tumbling out of an overflowing ash tray a jumble of nasty balls of used Kleenex.

Mr. Wrightman itemized the familiar disorder with mingled affection and despair. Among the books he noted, as usual, Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* which his wife, when she read it at all, read backwards in order, as she explained, "to understand his premises in the light of his conclusions"; the *Garden Encyclopedia*; a whodunit by Dorothy Sayers; *Barchester Towers*, as a standard soporific; and the *Kinsey Report*, which she was now reading admittedly as a counterirritant to *Woman: The Lost Sex*, and which judging from her little grunts of triumph and contempt was admirably filling its role. He had often remarked that the more absorbed she became in her reading the more frequent and varied were the noises she uttered. In fact, in all her more



responsive and unreflective states she was addicted to making obscure animal noises, her vocal cords responding as mindlessly as the strings of an Aeolian harp to the unpredictable gusts of her emotional life.

Suddenly the light went out. He lay quietly, trying anxiously to fathom by the complicated series of sounds from the next bed the drift of his wife's intentions. The brisk, blubbery noises of the nightly facial suggested she was widely and vigorously awake. On the other hand, what followed—the heavy thud of the *Encyclopedia* slipping to the floor as she humped herself down in the bed, succeeded by the lesser retorts of Henry George and Kinsey and the swishing avalanche of papers and magazines—seemed to bespeak a blind and drunken determination to sleep at all costs. The alternatives hung suspended in the darkness along with the sticky fragrance of apricot face cream which was now beginning to settle over his bed like a creeping fog.

"De-ear? . . . Are you really sleepsey, dear?"

He made no answer, miserably taking the full measure of her determination from the extravagant gentleness of her voice. She was going to be sweetly reasonable.

"Now dear, you can't really be asleep. You've been lying there like dead for the last half hour, flat on your back without so much as budging, and people just don't sleep that way."

She herself slept like a disorderly fetus, Mr. Wrightman thought, some sort of animal fetus, a panda or a honey bear.

"It's unnatural," she went on, "and besides I've seen you often enough when you're really asleep. In the morning you're spread out all over the bed like a great octopus going every which way. I just know you're not really asleep, now are you?"

And supposing he was, thought Mr. Wrightman. He couldn't very well answer the question without coming awake, in which case he wouldn't any longer be asleep. The profound illogic and duplicity of his wife's insistence suddenly smote him with a great indignation. It was more than he could bear.

"I am," he declared in a flat bitter voice, "profoundly and irrevocably asleep. Please to not disturb."

She sniggered into her pillows. "Now don't be angry, dear. You see, you weren't really asleep after all."

The complacency of this left him speechless, and his wife, sensing her advantage, pressed on quickly.

"Now let's play the game, dear. Just once. Just a little short one . . . and I'll begin."

This was what he had dreaded. It was not *The Game*, which at least had the virtue that it couldn't be played in bed, but *her* game, learned in the provincial hinterland of her childhood, which one night in the fourth year of their marriage she had abruptly rediscovered in the cluttered attic of her mind and had brought down, so to speak, to install prominently in the foreground of their daily lives, like the whatnot in the corner of the dining room which she had inherited with all its silly gimcracks from the Roxbury farm. And like the whatnot, he loathed it for its shameless quaintness, its blatant and abysmal frivolity. But now there was nothing for it; he was caught again and his wife knew it. He could hear her settling voluptuously into her nest of blankets and making those queer laryngeal noises which frequently, and particularly in bed, signalled her preliminary dealings with a complicated idea. Presently she was ready.

"I've got something that begins with 'C.' "

"Animal, vegetable, or mineral," he replied, feeling all sorts of a fool, but determined to make short shrift of this nonsense.

"Vegetable," she said promptly.

"Is it in this room?"

"Yes."

"Is it an article of furniture?"

"No."

"Is it on or in any furniture, or is it a part of any of the furniture?"

"No, dear." She was obviously quite pleased with herself and her voice came to him half muffled by the blankets.

"Is it on me?" He thought of the cord of his cotton pyjamas.

"No, dear."

Suddenly he was sure he had it. She was always wearing one or more of her little side combs to bed, forgetting to take them out, the way she often forgot to take off her dressing gown. Once on coming home from a late party she had even worn to bed a small black toque so that awakening the next morning, he had had the shocking impression of seeing a lumpy little man in a black cap sleeping in her bed.

"It's one of your combs," he declared, and at once saw his mistake. His wife giggled.

"Don't be silly. They're made of tortoise shell; they're animal."

He grunted. "How would I know? They might be made of wood pulp or rutabagas or God knows what these days."

He remembered bitterly the night he had staked his all on a silk ribbon, pure animal product of the worm, he had thought, and how his wife in the midst of the subsequent row had thumped downstairs to lug back Volume XX, SARS to SORC of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* in order to read him, as if reciting the Doxology, the article on "Silk, Artificial." "Vegetable," she had wound up triumphantly, "it's as vegetable as a cabbage."

Thoroughly aroused now to his danger, he hoisted himself on one elbow and peered carefully about the shadowy room. He would go about this business systematically, relentlessly. He divided the room lengthwise, then crosswise, and taking each of the four quarters in turn tried to eliminate in a series of rapid-fire questions each vegetable item beginning with "C" which, visible or invisible, he knew to be in the room or which—as he grew more desperate—he thought might figure to the highly imaginative and cloudy mind of his wife as being in the room.

At first his method worked quickly, with a bright air of ease and efficiency, like a new toy or an outboard motor, but after sev-

eral minutes it began to show embarrassing pauses and finally sputtered out in random guesses and expostulations. He felt himself floundering, and the room of a sudden appeared very small and bare. Meanwhile, he had learned only that "it" was plural (there were apparently several of "them" distributed with maddening impartiality in every quarter of the room); that they were "not useful, but terribly important in an aesthetic and mechanical way—I mean I don't use them myself, ever"; and that they were very large, "maybe twelve feet long." It was this last simple item of description that finally reduced him to silence, and gave him his first premonition of something terribly wrong. The full enormity of it did not strike him at once; he sensed rather than saw it, his befuddled faculties groping about its large and simple proportions like the hands of a blind man until, abruptly, he sat bolt upright in bed, remembering clearly that the dimensions of the room were only fifteen by eighteen and the beds a modest six and a half by three. Yet there were several, she had said, there were several of these gigantic objects in the room. This way, he felt, lay madness. He made a last despairing gesture in the direction of reason.



"Did you," he said, and was surprised to hear his voice, half suffocated by emotion, come out as a hoarse whisper, "did you say twelve feet?"

The heap of blankets in the next bed stirred slightly and gave out a small murmur. Having by now achieved a thoroughly "cuddly" state of being, she had clearly lost interest in the outcome of

the game and was about to fall irretrievably asleep. He had suffered this peculiar form of humiliation more than once before and at the prospect of again finding himself arguing heatedly, idiotically, with the darkness was seized with violent panic.

"Damn it all," he shouted, "wake up!" He swung his feet to the floor and leaning over her bed began to shake her back and forth. "You wake up and stay awake till we're finished with this business."

Her head appeared, all unexpectedly, halfway down the opposite side of the bed.

"Stop it! Now you stop it, Fred, you're hurting me. Can't you see I was just about asleep?"

"Asleep . . ." The audacity of it fairly choked him. Reaching over, he took a firm grip on the nape of her neck. "Now look here, Susan, did you or didn't you say these things were twelve feet long?"

"What things? . . . Oh those; why of course I said so. You can see for yourself."

"Oh I can, can I?" He exerted a strong uplifting pressure on her neck and brought her struggling into an upright position. "Well then, let's just look at this thing together. Where, in this cubicle, are there several objects twelve feet long that I fail to see?"

She continued to struggle about sturdily. "Let me go, Fred, let me go and I'll tell you. Really I will."

He held her fast. "I don't want you to tell me," he said pleasantly with a fine free sense of contradicting himself. "I simply want to play the game."

"Well I don't, I want to go to sleep. And besides you don't know *how* to play, all you want to do is argue, argue, argue . . . and bully me. Now let me go," she panted, "it's the corners I meant, so there."

"The what? What corners?"

"The corners of the room, you—you big dope. There, there,

there and there." She waved her free arm wildly around the four points of the compass, then feeling his grip loosen, dove quickly under her blankets.

For a moment he was stunned. There was indeed something terribly wrong here. He sensed enormous discrepancies of viewpoint and focus; deranged perspective swinging wildly like searchlights in the night sky; and something even more cosmic, the metaphysical shadows of Mr. Eliot, falling with perpetual frustration between the substance and the reality. He grappled with it stubbornly.

"Nonsense," he declared. "Who ever heard of a corner twelve feet long?"

His wife's head darted savagely out of her burrow. "It goes from the floor to the ceiling, doesn't it?"

Again he sensed a mysterious angle of vision, and shifted quickly to more solid ground.

"Anyhow, a corner's hardly vegetable, it's *mineral*. It's made up of plaster and sand and stuff like that. It's *obviously* mineral." He was angrily aware of an almost pleading note in his voice. But it did him no good, for his wife, it appeared, had thought it all out.

"Oh, but that's different, that's the *outside* corner. I'm talking about the *inside* one, the one made of wall-paper and mouldings and that's just as vegetable as your old plaster is mineral, and besides. . . ."

"Oh, no you don't, Susan, you don't get away with that." Mr. Wrightman felt a last flicker of rage. "That's just about the silliest damn thing you've said all night. Outside corner, inside corner! Where do you think we are anyway, behind the looking-glass? Where I come from a corner's a corner, and it's made of plaster and lathes and incidentally decorated with paper and moulding, and it's mineral . . . or if you want to be really pedantic about it, it's mineral and vegetable and you know it as well as I do. And furthermore. . . ."

"And furthermore," hissed his wife, starting upright from her blankets, "I don't know anything of the kind and I won't be bullied any longer. I know what I meant and I still mean it. And just because you come along and choose to describe a corner as if it were a *wall* and put your own constrictions on it. . . ."

"Constrictions," he shouted, "Oh God, that's wonderful, that's priceless. . . ."

"That's right," her voice soared still higher, "laugh at me, bully me, push me around. That's a nice way to play a game. Just because I won and had to tell you the answer, you have to have your nasty little revenge and sit there and . . . and make fun of me."

She collapsed into her blankets with a wail, and Mr. Wrightman recognizing in the tremulo of her last words a really serious danger signal, rose hastily from the edge of her bed. The finality and the injustice of his defeat were now equally obvious.

"Go 'way," she whimpered, "just go 'way and leave me alone."

He turned and climbing into his own bed, stretched out flat on his back. After a moment he crossed his ankles and having pulled the covers up carefully under his chin, folded his hands on his chest. The posture was really very comforting and seemed at once to ease the pounding of his heart; but behind his closed eyes his mind flickered restlessly with a dim phosphorescent light, illuminating by fits and starts a broken chain of reasoning, a shadowy objection, a magnificent but decapitated rebuttal.

After some time and without his making the slightest effort there emerged with a sweet serene clarity the explanation of it all. It was really very simple. And with understanding came forgiveness: he felt a friendly need to communicate his finding to his wife.

"After all, Susan, if you had been really fair, you would never have chosen a corner in the first place."

"Well . . . why not?" She was still petulant, but ready for reconciliation.

"Because a corner, my dear, is not a proper object."

"What is it then?"

Mr. Wrightman paused, embarrassed. He suddenly realized he hadn't thought it all the way through.

"Well, it's a . . . how shall I put it? It's an arrangement of space. That is, it's not actually an object in and of itself, like a chair or a table, but is made up of two objects—the two walls—coming together at an angle. So you see. . . ."

He was ready to elaborate, no matter how shakily, on this interesting idea, but she began to giggle into her pillows.

"Oh Fred, you're really too funny. Not that it makes any difference and you know I don't care one way or another, but after all, a house, I suppose, is a proper object, and what's a house but a bunch of corners stuck together with walls? And now, for heaven's sake, let's go to sleep. I'm simply exhausted." She stopped giggling and blowing her nose vigorously into a fresh Kleenex, dropped it in the direction of the night table and withdrew with unmistakable finality under her blankets.

For a brief moment he had it in him to rise once more to the attack, to denounce and reduce her prideful irresponsibility, but the impulse was followed at once and quite unexpectedly by a profound purging sense of the frailty of human nature. What reason and order could not subdue charity could at least transcend.

"Yes," he said, "yes, I suppose you're right."

But as he said it, his eyes, wide open now in the darkness and moving almost furtively as if to escape his detection, sought out the far shadowy corner of the room and he had already begun to wonder.

POET SIGNATURE



David Ignatow

HE IS A city poet. The city is his subject, even in "The Sphinx" and "In Ancient Times"—city people and their compulsive strategies are as insistent for him as the citizens of Florence were for Dante when he made the Inferno so familiar. The itching voyager in "First Trip," the pathetic self-tormentor in "The Hunter," the damned, rationalizing home-lover Ulysses in "That Is," are like the neighbors and friends we sometimes recognize in Dante's seventh circle of Hell. They are people caught offguard and seen point-blank, enacting the obsessions which the city of their doomed allegiance has bred in them.

There is dangerously little love in these poems. The rigid sprawling movement, the breathless incremental tone (like the voice of an asthmatic who must speak, even if only roundaboutly, because his next breath may be his last), are startling and demanding. They show the poet wrestling almost fondly with the things he hates—things he must respect because they cannot be subdued. The poetry is in the wrestling, the attachment that makes the wrestling necessary.

One feels, or hopes, because the involvement is so uncompromising that any moment now the monsters will become human,

really human. The grip will loosen, someone may smile a greeting, another may even offer a hand—and there will be a truce, the beginning of love perhaps. But that will be another story, new and different poems.—*E. H.*

THE HUNTER

While birds nest, I carry a gun.
To study them in their mating season
is my wish, but I carry a gun that goes off
at sudden intervals. In the tone of my voice,
in this dilemma, I believe I am the gun:
a phrase shot out that makes those near it
wince. I only have heard the report and recoil
mechanically, tense to see birds in their mating.

I must walk as a gun, people step aside
at a glance. Is my expression the hair trigger
they dare not come near? I must stand like a gun,
in any direction I turn they melt from my view.
Only buildings dare stand. I could blast them
with my eyes, but turn away. In cold days
I need their comfort to walk into.

Birds in their mating season, I see them in streets,
too, pecking at stones. How many such have vanished
in my look? I am a menace to myself even
in the mirror, each hole in my face
of deadly caliber. All at once I fire
and vanish, even as a gun, and become nothing—
once more human.

FIRST TRIP

The sea does not toss him,
nor does the ship rock
in the wave's stride,
but he rocks and rolls.
He swarms the ship's rigging
like a man at arms, and shouts,
"Ahoy!" from the top mainsail—
swinging the vessel by its slim spar
across a vast playfulness.
Down he scoots, after the breathless
cries of the sailors, and ransacks
the boat for skiffs to skim
the surface of the sea.

He dives in, removes his clothes,
and returns, sheathed in water.
(Others will retrieve the skiff.)
And walks off for his first meal,
the painted birds off the china;
his eyes devour them. The music
of the salon portends in a high key;
he is restless, waves toss within him,
lift him up and down; ships sail off
to spangled ports that explode brilliantly,
entered, within him. He feels the sea
with muscular fingers, beneath mud
and star fish, bringing up treasure hulk
rotting apart; and on his face
the word of the sun urging him
not to believe in these portents.
He strides the superstructure.

POET SIGNATURE

67

SALES TALK

Better than to kill off each other
till we are led away is to run
after the bus, though another be right behind.
To run and to explain you have no time
to waste—when it is time that hangs
dangerously.

For comfort we must work
this way, because in the end we find
fume-filled streets and murder headlines;
one breaks loose out of his insanity.
He could not make that extra effort
to keep connected with us. Loneliness
like a wheeling condor was attracted
to the particle that had strayed apart.

The brief case one carries, the portfolio another,
the pressed trousers, the knotted tie
under a white collar, add up to unity
and morale.

LUNCHTIME

None said anything startling from the rest;
each held her coffee cup in her own way;
and one twanged, another whined and a third
shot out her phrases like a rear exhaust;
yet each stood for the same things:
the clothes in their conversation,
the food they ate and the men they could not
catch up with. They were not saying more
than could be said in a crowd, they made this
their unity, as the thinking of one person;
and getting up to go, lunch over
by the clock, each pulled out her chair
from beneath her.

IN ANCIENT TIMES

And they took Abu and stoked the fire
with him, and then Azu, after Abu was consumed,
to keep the blaze high. It was a night
animals were on the loose, a fire was needed
to warn them off. Abu by his own choice
was slain for fuel, and then Azu
to keep the others safe; and so on
down the line, one by one, until morning.
Men, women and children who would not die
in this manner were forced to
by their own hand, for the sake of the others,
after a long talk.

And in the morning
the great band rose from around the dead ash
and moved off to new grounds and new possibilities;
and in the afternoon as usual
when they were starved paired off
and killed for their food. There was nothing
to eat over the whole wide plain of their wandering,
and nothing to work with to turn the soil;
the soil like lead anyhow. They had come
by a blind route from orchards and fields
in their wandering to this forsakenness,
over which the lions howled for the flesh
that crawled by.

POET SIGNATURE

69

THAT IS

Ulysses who had no use for Agamemnon
 saw to it anyway that the men fought.
 He kept Achilles in line, and wielded
 his own spear in the right places
 craftily, avoiding the clusters
 that bristled spears. He circled
 around them and shot his bow.
 No use at all for Agamemnon
 or his attitude, but to get home,
 to get home and be master
 in his own house, he fought;
 and when he drove Achilles
 from brooding, his own heart misgiving him,
 his mind sad, he was glad anyway:
 he would be soon home;
 that is, he believed so.

DILEMMA

Whatever we do, whether we light
 strangers' cigarettes—it may turn out
 to be a detective wanting to know who is free
 with a light on a lonely street nights—
 or whether we turn away and get a knife
 planted between our shoulders for our discourtesy;
 whatever we do—whether we marry for love
 and wake up to find love is a task,
 or whether for convenience to find love
 must be won over, or we are desperate—
 whatever we do; save by dying,
 and there too we are caught,
 by being planted too close to our parents.

THE SPHINX

NOTE: The Egyptians and their children make
a week-end holiday of climbing the Sphinx.

They had stood in the sun and piled up these stones
to tell us life was that hard and that high and wide
and filled with so many tall steps that needed our hands
and legs and full strength to rise upon; and now
descendants, lives no grander, no gayer, no easier
by one stone less—who still drink from sandy wells,
they do not deny it—clamber upon them
with their children as on a picnic spree.

What have you taught them,
but the exercise of their wills, to make a jest
of their hardships and your own—
of the premonition of an endless round?

They shall ascend, each child and his parent,
to wisdom's face and mount the body
as on a flying horse for the love of it
that one moment permits before the next;
and then, not to fall to tears and helpless rage,
descend racing as in a game.



Edwin Honig

THE COMBAT OF CLOUDY MYTHS

IT IS EASIER to fight bombs than cloudy myths. At least we don't think it unreasonable to try to save our lives from physical attack, even at a little expense to our reason which may incidentally enjoy making a cloudy myth out of the activity. But when it comes to bringing the word *myth* into the open, this is the sort of attitude you're likely to find most often: "Myth has nothing to do with us; it belongs to others more superstitious and less decent than ourselves, who haven't enough gumption to look reality in the eye or do the job of living honestly. The Nazis had a myth, and look where it led the Germans! And now the Communists, damn them! Russians, Chinese, North Koreans, and some of those French and Italians and English, and the Yugoslavs, and God knows how many of the others all over. We will have to fight them wherever they are, clean up the mess of Communism once and for all. And if somebody who is used to cleaning his nails instead of putting them through an honest day's work should sud-

denly ask, as that kind always does, 'But what are you fighting for?' we won't bash his face in, though we feel like doing it; we'll just spit down-wind and ask, 'Why don't you go back where you came from?' "

In the world we know, these questions are as hostile to a man's sanity as the question of honor was to a Renaissance hidalgo's or the question of "a just price" to Martin Luther's. They are questions which ask about our beginnings and we transform them mercilessly into questions about immediate ends. And in this attitude toward them is the old example of self-evasion always practiced by men on the verge of some violent action: homicide or suicide, or both. In challenging our allegiances such questions make us aware that to live without allegiances is horrifying. And to live without allegiances is to live with both feet in the grave; it is, in fact, living without a myth.

Myth as the creation and embodiment of group conscience has always served to answer cosmic questions about the physical universe and the personal universe of individual human beings. (A myth becomes cloudy when it ceases to answer these things.) Myths prove nothing but that men need them to sustain belief in a society which they have done nothing to create except be born into it. Myths are accepted first, then believed in afterward. We don't outgrow them historically; we modify and adapt them to new experiences, new conditions, new commitments. Assuming that we know more about the physical world, and therefore more about the realities which surround us, than the first inventors of myth, we may be proceeding toward a greater naturalization of basic myth. But it is foolish to think that we can ever consciously discard myth. If we could discard myth, we would have no way of understanding or communicating experience; we would have no words. We would be free to try to live without the limitations of freedom which make it possible to live in society. And one of the symptoms which indicate that we have reached the point of utter self-deception in this matter is illustrated in the frequent re-

currence of the situation described above: in which two individuals living in the same country or street or apartment house behave as though they were communicating to each other when they ask, "What are you fighting for?" and "Why don't you go back where you came from?" The words have no meaning. Like two clouds racing to a head-on collision, they can only succeed in making the sound of thunder.

Naturally a few people concerned with the situation have been writing books. And a good many more than one would normally expect to be capable of real authority in the matter have been writing books exclusively about myth. Most of these books, however, are sufficiently removed from expressing the real connotations of the subject to make them appear harmless, the exercise of pedantic virtuosi. They deal with interpretations of old philosophical and alchemical systems which themselves are often improvisations on or interpretations of other systems by which ancient myths were first legitimized in fiction and religion. But in the case of a number of such books released during the past few years, there has been a notable coincidence of scholarly abstruseness and fervent proselytism. The books are written by serious men and women, specialists in some compartment of social psychology, comparative religion or cultural anthropology, who have emerged under the dense anonymity of their research to deliver strident, often apocalyptic messages. After reading the first few pages of their books you invariably feel that you are about to be admitted into an astonishingly conclusive revelation of a new psychic order. After all, the authors are apparently learned, they tolerate your deep ignorance of their subjects, and yet they invite you to believe that you are as capable as they of fathoming the full complexities of basic myth—which must be your credentials in order to share the fellowship of their enlightened circle.

It is a little frightening—all this tossing about of brains to lead you finally into the clear where, if you haven't been properly beguiled, you begin to feel you have heard such voices before, ponti-

fical and slightly cracked with suppressed emotion, and, for all their show of enlightenment, rather unctuous and a little cheap. The experience is hard to shake off, and even when you do, you feel empty and betrayed. But somehow this feeling too is familiar. It is like what happens so often after seeing a movie which led you to expect something beautiful and tragic; at least you were moved enough to think so while you were looking. But as soon as the lights went on, your stomach turned; something had been taken from you for which you had received nothing in exchange. The richness was in your own expectations, not in anything the movie had to offer.

But books like these, because they can be examined more closely than movies, are usually taken more reflectively. Besides, readers of such books are normally solemn people. They aren't as easily deluded as the ordinary movie-goer. And so as you refer to the books again, to the three which are most readable, you pause at the first, Joseph Campbell's *The Hero With a Thousand Faces*. You recall the handsome format, the profuse footnotes and illustrations, and the crisscrossing of myths exhaustively summarized and codified by the author. And this, you remember, leads into a discussion of the Monomyth, the synthesis of all myths which have to do with the passage of the hero and his return. The author emphasizes the theme of rebirth which the Monomyth in all its forms has been shown to symbolize. Then there is the second book, *Religion and the Cure of Souls in Jung's Psychology*, written by Hans Schaer, a gentle but dissident clergyman. As the title partially indicates, the book is a didactic appeal to Protestant ministers and laymen to recognize Jung's preponderant religiosity as a thinker, his eminence as a Protestant reformer on the same level with Jacob Boehme, Sören Kierkegaard, and Albert Schweitzer. The discussion emphasizes the *mystique* of the leading Jungian concepts: individuation, persona, shadow, anima and animus—all of which are involved in the process of integration-through-rebirth so tirelessly reiterated in mythical examples of the Camp-

bell book. In the third book, *The Dream of Poliphilo*, you find a running summary and explication of the *Hypnerotomachia*, an allegory ascribed to a Dominican monk, Francesco Colonna, in the fifteenth century. It is benignly introduced by Dr. Jung himself. Mrs. Linda Fierz-David, the interpreter, is apparently a devout Jungian, and her insights, delivered in a dry, deliberate and thoroughly unimaginative style, owe much to Jung's books on religion and alchemy. The *Hypnerotomachia* itself, from the little you can sense of its texture through the jaws and saliva of analysis, seems a fascinating literary document in the tradition of the *Divine Comedy* and the *Faerie Queene*. But no attempt is made to evaluate it as a literary work; it is presented in the process of mastication as the kind of meat best suited to a Jungian appetite—full of the painful mixture of conscious and unconscious symbols dramatized by a religious and humanistic Renaissance mind striving to be reborn through love.

All three books owe their inspiration, most of their method, a good part of their disturbing vocabulary and their laborious character to Dr. Jung's theories, particularly to his theory of rebirth.

The Jungian concern with rebirth starts by describing itself as religious and therapeutic. Myths are shown to be examples of a process or pattern ("archetype") through which every morally responsible individual must pass in order to become "a whole personality." Each of us is presumed to have a unique way of passage, ordeal and consummation. The terms vary, but the process is the same for everyone. Traditional religious coloring is given to these myths by defining the nature of the journey undertaken by various heroes as imitations of Christ's life or as imitations of the lives of culture heroes similar to Christ. In addition there is a typical Germanic cast through which the colors flow: the weird emphasis on diabolism (the test of the hero often involves how many devils he can recognize and overcome); the cautiously maintained hierarchical sense of the hero's election and mystical superiority; the symphonic optimism which attends such a pro-

gram of exclusion—that of wrapping up the masses in a “collective unconscious” to be deposited at the feet of the elected hero-leader. The more transcendent the basic myth becomes, the cloudier it seems. And we sense that our broadest allegiances, our best convictions are being manipulated by a man who calls the intellect “that handy man” and the masses “a blind beast” which, in one form, as the Italian nation, was “addressed to the personality of the Duce,” and in another form, as the German people, “found its leader” in Hitler. The cloudiness of myth is pitched into thunder; but now the thunder, in the voice of a Jungian God, is preparing to flood the world morally, religiously, therapeutically, psychologically, and sacrificially—but nevertheless, bloodily. And the bloody ritual of rebirth brings us back to where we began, to current political actuality, to the verge of suicide and homicide where two antagonists are asking: “What are you fighting for?” and “Why don’t you go back where you came from?”

It isn’t fair to describe all these books as offering no more than the bare bones of Jung’s rebirth theory. The Campbell book is full of analogies which trace the interrelationship between Eastern and Western myth, and always with the candor and insight of the expert whose subject is a joy to elucidate. If it lacks the momentous dramatic qualities of Hans Zimmer’s *The King and the Corpse* (issued by the Bollingen Foundation a few years ago), Campbell’s book is valuable as a guide and text in an area wider than Zimmer’s. And in the volume *Essays on a Science of Mythology* (on the myth of Kore, the Divine Child, and the mysteries of Eleusis), an antiphonal composition by Jung and Kerényi, the burden of exposition falls more heavily on the enthused and less articulate co-author than on the blandly footnoting master. Jung seems to have a way of exploiting his own ignorance of particular subjects (as in his introduction to the Chinese classic *The I Ching or Book of Changes*, where he facetiously addresses the text with its own prescription of magic spells), and then leaving to others, his disciples and co-workers, the business of making them coher-

ent. In *The Hieroglyphics of Horapollo*, translated and introduced by George Boas, the historian of ideas, there is no apparent stir of the Jungian finger anywhere. The introduction is cogent and seems to justify some of the interest it is dedicated to arousing in the Renaissance emblem writer responsible for the text; but the text as it is presented is very perfunctorily annotated and not especially valuable to anyone unfamiliar with the emblem tradition. *The White Goddess* by Robert Graves is a horse of another color, though bred in the same stable. With the patience of one carrying sixty antiquarians on his back, Graves traces the morphology of two thirteenth century Welsh poems, and half by intuition, half by his love of uncovering each scrap of recorded evidence, manages to reconstruct the originals and to interpret their secret language. But though the puzzle which Graves unearths is engrossing, it leaves the reader helpless with all the prodigious white (or black) learning which must be waded through to get at the solution. Graves seems like an isolated virtuoso who wants to save himself through his subject, his book, and the reader, unlike the Jungian writers who through themselves and their books want to save the reader. But in neither case is anyone saved by the pedantic virtuosity of the writers. For the "saving" myth either sings and yearns for power in a contemporary political sense (Jung), or it dances to a bardic, pre-Christian sort of revelry (Graves), when poets had "systems" and believed in hugging their guts against the penalties of living in a society which no longer accepted them. Both types are cloudy myths because they are attempting to abolish history and the present historical impasse which is only partially described in their secession from it.

The trouble is that though we can't live without myths, we find it hard to redefine and adapt them to our experience. We either take the rituals connected with them perfunctorily or we consume all our creative energies railing against the rituals, the shells of the old forms. We haven't found the new forms into which we might pour our creativity, our heart-work, our passion, except

defensively, in the form of combatting those who propose cloudy myths as a Jungian or Faustian or other totalitarian drama of mass-murder played by a strong man acrobatically jousting with the devil. But until we do find our own forms, the benevolent misinterpretations by serious scholars will only hasten the catastrophe in the combat of cloudy myths which every day on street corners, in schools and assemblies bring individuals and nations to the breaking point.

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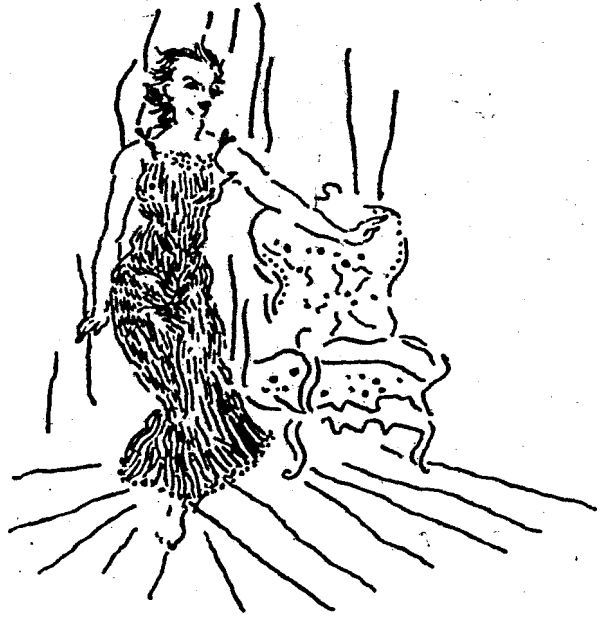
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Douglas Woolf

THE IMAGINATIVE PRESENT

EXCEPT FOR pay toilets and certain automatic elevators in small apartment buildings, Mrs. Weaver thought, the hall telephone closet is the only truly private place that many of us know in our public journey between the matrix and the grave. Here, for a quiet moment before we admit the grocer, the druggist, into our lives, and for that other moment after we have cut him out, we are alone. Here, in this unventilated hiding place, we need not smile, not even the wry smile which we reserve for our bedroom mirrors, and we need not listen to the secret, unsuspecting voices reaching us in muffled sentences from the living room. But we do listen, listen tensely with our teeth clamped unevenly together and our fingers resting with interrupted purpose upon the telephone.

"I can't show it to you, Gay," Mrs. Weaver heard her husband saying. "Not yet. You see, it's all wrapped up."

And Gay, his daughter, saying, "But surely you aren't going to *give* it to her, Dad. . . ."

"Not give it . . . ?"

"Not to *her*, Dad. To Mother once, perhaps. You must be thinking of Mother."

"Please, Gay. . . ."

"Not to *her*."

"Why not to her? She's always wanted one. . . ."

"But not now, surely, Dad." Gay's laugh was clear. "She's too big and grey!"

Mrs. Weaver's finger jabbed the five-hole of the telephone dial as though it were an eye and she would put it out. Almost before the dial could purr back into place she jabbed again, the three this time, and then quickly the six, the three, the one, permitting no instant of silence in which to hear her husband's blending laughter, or even worse, his dutiful rebuke.

"Martin's Drugs."

"This is Mrs. Weaver, Mr. Martin. Will you please send over a quart of vanilla ice cream before seven this evening?"

"One quart of vanilla, Mrs. Weaver?"

"Yes, please. And some dinner mints too, Mr. Martin."

"A quart of vanilla and some dinner mints. Having a little party, Mrs. Weaver?"

"Yes," Mrs. Weaver said. "It's my birthday."

After she had replaced the receiver, she did not immediately open the closet door. She stood listening, as though by an effort of the will she could restore her husband's censored words, the "Now, Gay, that isn't very kind to your stepmother, is it?" or the "Do you really think so, Gay?" which a moment ago she had deliberately refused to listen to. But there were no words now, no words for her to hear, though their unheard presence rested on her just as oppressively as the more tangible relics of her husband's past, the things which she saw about her daily, saw now, but which she did not and would never fully understand, the ancient warped golf clubs in their green-molding canvas bag which he and that other Gay, the original Gay, had shared for so many years, the suede windbreaker, too small for him now,

which had once kept those two warm on week-end hunting trips, the ragged plaid wool scarf which had been their banner on God knew what gay and carefree outings. She looked at these things, as she had so many times before when seeking a key, a meaning, for some nostalgic remark of his, or some unspoken thought which she had been made to sense, and as usual they told her nothing that she had not always known. And as usual she prepared her ready smile, her birthday smile today, and went forth to be her husband's wife.

She smiled going down the three low steps to the living-room, smiled graciously even though she knew that to the four terribly blue eyes waiting there she was but the monstrously padded caricature of a younger, slimmer woman who seven years before had had the incredible good fortune to die and remain forever a memory of loveliness. Down on their level now, her gracious entrance suddenly halted by the necessity of looking up into those waiting, watchful faces, she tried to think of something pleasant, something gay, to say. But it was Mr. Weaver who spoke, and he said the words which Mrs. Weaver might have predicted had she tried. "Well, there she is," he said, stepping forward. "How's my birthday girl?"

"Fine," she said, smiling between the two large hands placed awkwardly upon her shoulders. "Just fine."

"Can you stop your work long enough to sit down and have your birthday party now?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I can hardly wait!" She allowed herself to be led to the sofa, to be gently lowered there, almost as though by sinking onto it all at once she might have broken it, and she smiled across the room toward the easy chair and Gay.

"Happy birthday, Hazel," Gay said, smiling too.

"Thank you, Gay."

They sat looking at one another while Mr. Weaver removed the glass stopper from the sherry decanter on the coffee table, filled the three sherry glasses on the tray, ceremoniously passed

two of them, first to Mrs. Weaver, then to Gay, and returned to the coffee table and picked up his own. He stood there, halfway between the two women, and raised the glass to a level with his eyes. Even now, after almost four years of witnessing this little rite, Mrs. Weaver was struck by the incongruity of the delicate glass in the heavy, hairy hand. She could think only of those stronger, more exciting drinks which once he and that other Gay had tracked in fabulous treasure hunts between Harlem and the Village, or ladled from a thousand bathtubs all the way from Greenwich to Baltimore, and which she knew he was thinking of too when he held his sherry glass that way.

"Well," Mr. Weaver said finally, "happy birthday, Hazel."

"Happy birthday, Hazel," Gay said.

"Thank you." She waited until they had touched the sherry glasses to their lips and lowered them again, and then she sipped her own obediently, despising it, not finding even his ironic condescending pleasure in it.

"Did you get everything done you wanted to?" Mr. Weaver asked, sitting one cushion away from Mrs. Weaver on the couch. "All your little jobs?"

"Yes," Mrs. Weaver said. "Everything's all taken care of."

Gay smiled at Mrs. Weaver. "Did you order the vanilla ice cream?"

"Yes, Gay," Mrs. Weaver said.

"Bake the cake?"

"Yes," Mrs. Weaver said. "I baked it this morning."

"Gay thought," Mr. Weaver said, clearing his throat, "that it would be nice if we gave you your presents now, before dinner."

"Presents?" Mrs. Weaver said, turning to smile at Mr. Weaver. "How exciting!" Mr. Weaver smiled kindly back at her, and even at the moment of being appalled by her own fatuousness she went on, was swept on by the humiliating compulsion to behave stupidly in the presence of those who expected stupidity: "I can hardly wait," she said.

"I'm afraid my present isn't very imaginative," Gay said, "but you know I've never had any luck choosing presents for you, Hazel." She stood up then, and she walked over to the coffee table. Mrs. Weaver watched her pick up her patent leather pocketbook, open it, open the small black purse inside, and take her checkbook out. She managed to smile back at Gay as Gay drew out her pen and unscrewed the top, skillfully with one hand. "It isn't very much, I'm afraid," Gay said, bending to write on the coffee table. "But as they say, it's the spirit of the thing that counts." When she had finished she screwed the cap back on the pen with her left hand, and with her right she waved the check to dry it in the air. "Here," she said, handing the check across the coffee table to Mrs. Weaver. "I hope you'll be able to find something suitable for yourself. Something practical."

"Thank you, Gay," Mrs. Weaver said, and her eyes, lowered dutifully a moment to the loose extrovert handwriting, the lovely dollar sign, the too-large 25, rose quickly, hopelessly, to challenge Gay's. But Gay was looking at Mrs. Weaver's flushing cheeks.

Mr. Weaver cleared his throat. "Gay," he said, "perhaps you and Hazel can go shopping together one day this week—pick something out together."

"But we never agree on anything, Dad," Gay said. "We never really agree on anything, do we, Hazel?"

"No, not very often, Gay," Mrs. Weaver said.

"Well, you seem to agree on that at least," Mr. Weaver said, with a little laugh. He got to his feet slowly. "Now it's my turn," he announced.

Gay retired to her chair and Mr. Weaver took her place beside the coffee table. "My present," he said, reaching a long arm to the mantle and grasping the box propped there, "is imaginative and not at all practical." He smiled at Mrs. Weaver, seemed even to be trying to smile warmly with his cold blue eyes as he turned his back on Gay and held out the box. "I hope you'll like it, Hazel."

"I can hardly wait," Mrs. Weaver said. The box was light in her hands, and the note, slipped under the tight, store-tied cord, said, as she had known it would, "For Hazel (over)." Turning it over, she thought of all those other notes, the long series of "For Hazel (over) 's," going all the way back to the first one, the one that had hurt her most. He had written it early in the first year of their marriage, slipped stealthily off to the study one evening to compose it, and he had returned to hover restlessly with the unsure pride of the beginning author while she read the never-to-be-forgotten words: "In the belief that a sound marriage is based as much on a thorough understanding of the past as on a dream of the future," it had read, in rather uneasy compromise between benevolent husband and successful corporation lawyer, "we will try at all times to speak out frankly and to hide no part of our past from one another. Much has happened to us in the past which has left a deep, indelible mark upon us, and without a full understanding of which neither can hope to know the other. If at times we seem to behave strangely, even coldly, toward one another, we will discuss our behavior candidly and we will see that it is not caused by any immediate, personal friction between us but by some unhealed wound of the past. By laying bare these wounds to the other's gaze we will prove that mutual sympathy and understanding can be as strong a bond between man and wife as love." At that time, read with contained, searing tears, the note had seemed a grotesque, lopsided irony to her, to her whose life had retained scarcely a scratch from the carefully planned sequence of girls' schools and the ten continent years as secretary to a happily married publisher. She had wondered then, as she almost never now did, that he did not see the irony too, or rather that he did not see that she saw it too. But she had managed to smile at him that day, dimly through the warm opaque shells of her eyes, and he had taken her hand and talked to her seriously of the past, his past. Now, as she placed his note before her on the coffee table and turned to smile at him, she did not have to try so hard to keep

from crying. "Thank you," she said. "It's a lovely note, Paul."

He beamed, and Gay said, "Aren't you going to read it to us, Hazel?"

"Go ahead, Hazel," Mr. Weaver said. "Read it out loud."

She reached out, and her hand scarcely shook as she lifted the note. " 'To Hazel,' " she read, " 'whose patient and understanding companionship has been a solace and a help to me.' " She waited with eyes lowered to the note when she had finished, and there was silence.

"Why, that is nice," Gay said then. "You have such a clear, straightforward way of putting things, Dad."

"I'm afraid it sounds a little sentimental," Mr. Weaver said, beaming.

"Sentimental?" Gay said. "Realistic, rather. I wouldn't say it was sentimental, would you, Hazel?"

"No," Mrs. Weaver said, still not looking up, "I don't think so."

"Well," Mr. Weaver said, taking the note from Mrs. Weaver and folding it fastidiously into a square, "aren't you going to open your present, Hazel?"

She knew that he was beaming at her, and she said, gaily, "I certainly am! Right now."

"I can hardly wait," Gay said.

"I'll break the string for you," Mr. Weaver said.

The string popped under his thick hands and Mrs. Weaver watched her own trembling fingers crawl over the two sides of the box, pry the cover off, and she heard the tissue paper rustle restlessly, heard her own pulse beating, as she groped inside.

And then suddenly the room was deathly still.

"Well?" Mr. Weaver asked.

He doesn't mean it the way it seems, Mrs. Weaver told herself, ducking her head to the terrible contents of the box: He just doesn't stop to think.

"Well?" he said again.

"It's lovely, Paul," Mrs. Weaver said, looking up at him, knowing that to him the tears in her eyes were tears of joy. "Lovely."

"You really like it?"

"Of course," she said. "Of course I do."

"Let me see, Hazel," Gay said. "I'm all agog."

"Yes," Mr. Weaver said. "Hold it up so we can see."

"All right," she said, and those were her fingers, her chapped and reddened fingers, raising the weightless, fragile bit of lace in front of her, holding it out for all to see. "Do you like it, Gay?"

"What is it?"

"It's a nightgown," Mrs. Weaver said. "A black lace nightgown."

Gay's eyes were wide. "My God," she said, "you can see right through it."

"Yes," Mrs. Weaver said. She slipped one arm inside the bodice, seeming already to fill it so full that its gossamer threads would break, and she could see every pore, every imperfection of her skin beneath. "See?" she said.

Mr. Weaver said, "You really like it, Hazel?"

"It's lovely, Paul," she said again.

"You can wear it tonight," Mr. Weaver said, sitting back and smiling at her.

"Well," Mrs. Weaver said, trying hard to laugh with Gay, "do you think I dare?"

Mr. Weaver looked from one to the other of the laughing women. "Dare?" he said.

"If it were a little larger, maybe. . . ."

"What?" Mr. Weaver said. "I clearly remember asking the girl for the largest size she had."

Mrs. Weaver laughed again with Gay. "It looks terribly small nevertheless," she said, and, "Don't you think so, Gay?"

"Oh, not really *small*," Gay said.

"Do you think it might fit you, Gay?" Mrs. Weaver asked, smiling over the nightgown.

"It's awfully hard to tell, just looking at it," Gay said.

"Would you like to try it on and see?"

"Oh, may I?" Gay jumped to her feet and came over to the coffee table. "May I really, Hazel?"

Mr. Weaver got to his feet too. "Gay," he said, "please. . . . I bought that nightgown for Hazel."

"Oh, let her try it on, Paul," Mrs. Weaver said. "It might look lovely on her."

"But Hazel, I bought that. . . ."

"You can get me something else," Mrs. Weaver said. "Something more practical."

She relinquished the nightgown to Gay, feeling the silky ribbons slipping from her fingers onto Gay's eagerly waiting ones. "There you are," she said.

"Thank you, Hazel," Gay cried. "Thank you!"

Mr. Weaver took a step toward Gay, and his hands were out. "Gay. . . ." But Gay was already halfway across the living room, the nightgown floating behind her like a dainty, playful shadow. "Thank you, Hazel!" she said again.

"I hope it fits," Mrs. Weaver said.

They watched Gay dance up the three stairs from the living-room and disappear into the hall, and then they turned to one another, for a moment silent with that constraint which solitude always seemed to force upon them. Mr. Weaver cleared his throat, and he reached for Mrs. Weaver's hand. "Hazel," he said, seating himself beside her on the sofa, "I wish you hadn't let Gay do that. You know that I wanted you to have that nightgown."

Mrs. Weaver looked away from the serious face. "It will look so much nicer on Gay than on me," she said gently. "It was lovely, Paul, but it just wasn't meant for me."

"I think it was meant for you," Mr. Weaver said.

"No, Paul."

Mr. Weaver moved closer to her, and he pulled her arm a little toward him, silently demanding that she look at him. "Yes,

Hazel, it was," he said. "I meant it to be for you. . . ." He paused, and she thought: Paul at a loss for words. She turned away. She couldn't look into those cold blue eyes, now, after all this time, and watch them try to speak to her, to her alone.

"You didn't have to do that, Paul," she said.

"I wanted to. . . ."

"You didn't have to, Paul."

"Yes, I wanted. . . ."

"Hello, everybody! Here I am."

They turned at the same time to Gay's excited voice, and Mrs. Weaver could hear her own breath catch. Gay did not descend into the living room but stood there slightly above them in the hall, her body, braced gracefully against the door to the telephone closet, revealed in startling profile against the wall beyond. Staring at her, at the pale skin beneath the transparent film of night-gown, the small taut breasts, the small hips, and the exquisitely rounded thighs which seemed designed for the gown as surely as the single band of black ribbon which defined the waist was designed for it, Mrs. Weaver felt for a shocked instant that now at last to this room had come the haunting image of Gay's mother. But then she heard the voice that too often had led her beyond the perfection of Gay's body to the meanness of her heart: "Well, what do you think, Hazel?"

"I think it's lovely, Gay."

Gay did not wait for Mr. Weaver's comment, did not even seem to expect one of him, but began to pirouette with slow, effortless abandon, as though hypnotized by her own heightened sensuality, not watching them as they watched her but glancing with lowered eyes at her slender, twirling body. She might have kept on this way, Mrs. Weaver thought, forever, had not the front doorbell sounded its known deception from the kitchen. "I'll answer it," Gay called out and, whirling, even before Mr. Weaver could get to his feet and call to her, she was at the door, opening it, laughing at what she saw out there.

"Gay...!"

But they could hear her clear, exalted voice at the door, thanking Mr. Martin for the ice cream, paying for it, thanking him again. They couldn't hear Mr. Martin speak at all.

"Gay!" Mr. Weaver cried when the door had closed.

"Did you call, Dad?"

"Have you gone crazy, Gay?"

"I'll put the ice cream in the refrigerator, Hazel," Gay called.

"I don't want you to have to bother with it."

Mr. Weaver turned back to Mrs. Weaver, stood looking at her for a moment, and then he sank heavily beside her on the couch.

"What a foolish damn stunt to play," he said.

"She's young," Mrs. Weaver said gently, putting her hand in his, "and full of life. She doesn't mean anything wrong by it, Paul."

Mr. Weaver's baffled face was turned toward Mrs. Weaver, but he wasn't listening to her. "She's getting more like her mother all the time," he said.

"Paul...!"

"It's the truth," he said. "That's just the sort of foolish, vulgar thing her mother would have done."

"You don't mean that, Paul!" Don't say it, she thought, wanting to draw her hand away, please don't say it. Not now.

He pressed her hand. Now she did draw away from him, and she found herself staring back into those empty, bereft blue eyes, staring resentfully, bitterly, almost as though he had spoken disrespectfully of one she loved.

She said, "I'll go take up the dinner, Paul," and leaving him she felt that he had grown old, and big and grey.

NMQ Poetry Selections

RECALL

Image of me, I follow, eyes closed
now while your sun goes down
along the porch rail to the step
and over the walk to the street,
studying to the corner, and on to town.

Night piles up in the sky;
coals of fire sink in the windows out west;
and searching from person to person you limp,
not knowing the question to ask.

And you wander home late.
I hear your step grit on the stone,
carefully as I follow, now while the wind
pulls the elms by the lights down.

We can't find the place or the person
we needed. Something from home
touches parks and shows and even the churches.
We can't pick up the hour that sloped into time.

Here where I am I open my eyes
calling out in the blinding wind:
Father, I still go to town.
Father, they are all gone,
and the blinds are down.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

NMQ POETRY SELECTIONS

91

DIMINUTIVE DIMENSIONS

The slumbering jungle,
 Enclosed in the tawny-pelted cub,
 Purrs,
 Beguiling the gently stroking
 Hand, disarming
 With its wide, gold eyes,
 Misleading
 With diminutive dimensions.
 For the whole of the violent place
 Of the dark trees and the fierce shadows
 Is packaged there—
 The murderous intention to survive,
 The savage thrust for life, thirst
 For the warm blood,
 The shrill caterwaul.

Here, in the fond deceptions of the crib,
 The infant sleeps,
 Soft-fisted,
 Small . . .

GEMMA D'AURIA

LITTORAL

The sun and moon by alternate roads came up
 In gold and silver, bulging above the horizon.
 The seaward window blazed in alternate dawns.
 The offshore buoy paled with the morning star
 Where it lay all night, a star itself
 Fallen and floating on the sea.
 In a barren shack, upon a bed of brass,
 Like Croesus I lay upon my side,
 And watched the gold, and then the silver tide.

ERNEST KROLL

MANIFESTO

Love me for the bitterness I show
to lovers whom I disbelieve.

Love me for the attic-hate I have
of patient spiders who deceive
about the age of things.

(And she
Came down the steps with flying hair
and static aureoles.)

Do not love me when I laugh.
I dissemble no better than he
does who laughs when his chair
is neatly jerked away.

(And they
all sang Auld Lang Syne
waiting for a decent time to go.)

Love me when I curse a dog
that runs between my legs. No,
Do not love me sog-
gily with sentiment.

(And they
all loved one another
and turned away.)

ROBERT L. HARPER

"CITY PLANNERS TRY TO UNDO THE PAST"

Straight as a T-square, the planned street
Severs the slum. It smells freshly
Of concrete.

How does one rescind
The rotten boroughs of the mind?

OLD MAN

If I could pop an antique blunderbuss,
 Clash sabers loudly for a while, and then
 Go home; if it were possible to fuss
 My honor out, as old offended men
 Do elsewhere, forgetting the facts
 At issue, shaking hands when out of breath—

But surly Age affronts me, and exacts
 A deeper satisfaction; i.e., death.

KEN EISLER

CHILDREN IN THE BACKYARD

The children clamber in the fenced-in grasses,
 Scattering about their vivid energies:
 Over a painted sandbox hover three cooks
 Examining their rows of midget cakes
 And pebble pies baking on the rim;
 Two tots in swings attempting sunward flight
 Prove bones to be born victims of ambition;
 While the littlest butts his ego willy-nilly,
 Gay pariah, desperate for a word or look!

And now the air stiffens, becomes a backdrop
 On which the edge of sound suddenly sharpens,
 Gesture disembodies and greenness heightens;
 Lightning rips. Thunder roars,
 Shaking this children's sphere as a bubble-cage
 Through which are seen their frightened figures
 Scurrying chickenwise; except again the littlest
 Who stands quite still, palms extended for the deluge
 Waiting to defy an adult outrage.

ELISE ASHER



Frank Waters

INDOLOGY

THE ASTOUNDING and belated interest now being taken in the American Indian is amply attested by these representative titles selected from the current flood of books about him. Whatever the reason, it is a deep-rooted one. For our interest is less of a denial than an affirmation of our early national belief: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

From the start we began a program of their complete extermination. Of a Pequot massacre shortly after the arrival of the *Mayflower*, Cotton Mather wrote: "The woods were almost cleared of those pernicious creatures, to make room for further growth." About a century later Benjamin Franklin still echoed the sentiment when he wrote of "the design of Providence to extirpate those savages in order to make room for the cultivators of the earth." Yet another century later even a United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Francis C. Walker, stated that he preferred to see the extermination rather than an amalgamation of the Indians with the Whites. No substantial record can fail to show that year after year, mile after mile westward, we regarded the extermination of Indians as a prerequisite to our continental expansion.

Today the remaining Indians in the United States comprise less than one per cent of the national population. Their extermination is virtually complete. But with it the inevitable, compensating reaction has set in upon us.

Emotionally, we are engulfed in an ebb tide of sentimentalism that is in direct proportion to the ruthlessness and savagery with which we obliterated tribe after tribe. Mentally, we are measuring and evaluating through archeology, anthropology, ethnology, sociology, and psychology the culture of all pre-Columbian and present Indo-America. Morally, with an uneasy national conscience, we are beginning to make restitution to the tribes surviving our wrongs.

This spring the United States Court of Claims finally awarded \$16,500,000 to the remnants of four Oregon tribes for 2,770,000 acres of land taken away from them ninety-five years ago in violation of solemn treaty. The same court this summer awarded the Ute tribes of Colorado and Utah \$31,700,000 for some six million acres or more similarly taken from them and never paid for. On these valid precedents the Navahos of New Mexico and Arizona are now fighting for \$31,000,000 government compensation for rights wrested from them, in addition to the \$89,000,000 to be provided by the ten-year Navaho-Hopi rehabilitation bill recently passed by Congress.

All these books reflect, then, the obverse side of our national character that was so long dominated by the compulsion to exterminate our native tribes. But with these new approaches—emotional, mental and moral—there is another that is not primarily concerned with the Indians themselves. Psychologically we are searching through them for the hidden intuitive components in our own life, stifled by our rationalistic-materialistic civilization.

Sun in the Sky by Walter Collins O'Kane, on "The Hopi Indians of the Arizona Mesa Lands," and *Navajos, Gods and Tom-Toms* by S. H. Babington, on the Navahos, are sentimental generalizations that fall into the first category.

The Hopi are possibly the oldest and most intractable of all Indian groups in the Southwest, if not in America. No other pueblos can match their poverty, downright squalor, and inimical resistance to our encroaching materialism. But to balance this—and to partially explain it—the Hopi maintain a religious ceremonialism whose depth of meaning, intricacy of form, and richness of execution is unequalled. It is this component of their life, like the submerged nine-tenths of an iceberg, that has kept the Hopi afloat for centuries in a sea of alien forces.

Dr. O'Kane sentimentalizes their tawdry surface life, and ignores all the deeper life that makes it bearable. It is curious indeed that an honorary Doctor of Science, and an entomologist associated with the University of New Hampshire Department of Entomology and the New Hampshire Department of Agriculture, could miss seeing in mere corn one of the most obvious links between the outer and inner lives of the Hopi. Without understanding the intimate relationship between the staple and the symbol, one never feels the pulse of Hopi life. Such a book adds little to the prestige of the Civilization of the American Indian Series published by the University of Oklahoma Press.

Navajos, Gods and Tom-Toms is a personal travel record of a California physician who served several weeks as the doctor of the Monument Valley and Rainbow Bridge Expedition investigating archeological sites on the Navaho reservation. Dr. Babington's casual contacts with the few Navahos he met reveals little of the largest tribe of Indians on the largest Indian reservation in the United States. But his honesty and undisguised naïveté illustrate how strange and barbaric these early Americans must still appear to some of us present-day Americans. Fortunately he was able to witness several of the great "sings" which are both religious mystery plays and healing ceremonies. But unfortunately, as a doctor, he was not attracted by the obvious parallels between them and the psychosomatic approaches now current in his own profession. Like Dr. O'Kane's book on the Hopi, Dr. Babington's book

on the Navaho is but a surface review of a strange and interesting group of Indians for unfamiliar readers.

It seems unbelievable that but a scant century has elapsed between the vacation-travels of such professional men, and those trappers and fur traders so excellently portrayed by Robert Glass Cleland in *This Reckless Breed of Men*. Here are the same deserts, mesas and mountains, the same Indians. But land and people all take on a pristine freshness, a vast anonymity, a more terrifying strangeness, and at the same time a more compelling familiarity. Perhaps because these "reckless" men saw them through the eyes of imagination as well as the eyes of practicality. They were "the vanguard of the American advance . . . that established the sovereignty of the United States over the empire commonly spoken of today as the 'Great Southwest.' " But also, like Bill Williams, they were "a symbol of the return to the primitive, the strong-willed self-reliance, the passion for loneliness and solitude that characterized the mountain man." Mr. Cleland's book is a factually sound résumé of the lives and journeys of Ewing Young, Jedediah Smith, William Wolfskill, St. Vrain, the Patties, a dozen other familiar names. From such books we are gradually developing a more significant, psychological appraisal of these men and their function in relating us to the invisible forces of the land.

The Indians of the Southwest chronologically follows *This Reckless Breed of Men* in recording the "Century of Development under the United States" of the empire opened up by the mountain men. The "return to the primitive . . . the passion for loneliness" of the reckless breed was immediately followed by the passionate greed for land and the Yankee talent for exploitation shown by the onrushing Anglo settlers. Mr. Dale's book specifically traces the whole story of our federal relations with the tribes of the Southwest starting at the transfer of the Bureau of Indian Affairs from the War Department to the Department of the Interior in 1849.

A research professor of history, Edward Everett Hale does his

best to be objective and dispassionate. Clearly he is not akin to Helen Hunt Jackson who in 1881 wrote *A Century of Dishonor: A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with Some of the Indian Tribes*. "Mrs. Jackson," writes Mr. Dale, "was a highly emotional woman, and, like most reformers, she was far from realistic in her views. She saw only the wrongs committed against the Indians and their suffering." . . . But as a result of the public opinion she aroused, there sprang up the National Indian Association, the Indian Rights Association, and a number of other organizations which realistically brought severe pressure to bear on government circles to effect immediate changes in government administration of Indian affairs. Mr. Hale takes judicious pains to detail the difficulties of the government, the complexity of administration, the enormity of the problem. At the end he warns against discontinuance of federal supervision of Indians. Despite his cautious approach, the facts speak for themselves and he has supplied enough of them to inflame a dozen reformers like Mrs. Jackson.

In a different category are those books on Indian arts and handicraft which, while they appeal primarily to the art student and collector, reveal the rich texture of Indian culture. Amsden's *Navaho Weaving* and Adair's *Navaho and Pueblo Silversmiths* are established books in their fields. A new, worthy addition is the beautiful *Alfred I. Barton Collection of Southwestern Textiles*. The collection itself of Pueblo, Navaho and Spanish-American loomwork was planned by its owner to illustrate all the weaves of the historic period. In this volume the phases and styles in their chronological sequence are reproduced in color plates and black-and-white photographs, with a concise, accompanying text by H. P. Mera.

Harold S. Colton's *Hopi Kachina Dolls* is the first valid attempt to classify and identify Hopi kachina dolls, whose multiplicity has confused collectors for years. Director of the Museum of Northern Arizona, Colton has been assisted by Edmund Nequatewa, of

Second Mesa, and by Jim Kewanwytewa, of Oraibi. They have identified here some two hundred and fifty dolls, illustrating each with a simplified drawing of a mask showing characteristics useful in ready identification. A biological key of classification is also included, together with a short text, and color photographs. The kachina is undoubtedly the most complex and most profound symbol of Pueblo religious thought. In their various aspects the kachinas may be supernatural beings—the invisible inner forms of the dead, of mountains, trees, clouds; the spiritual components of the outer physical mineral, plant, animal and human forms that travel the one Road of Life. They may be the masks which are invested with their spiritual powers. Or they may be the men, the kachina impersonators who, while they wear the masks during ceremonials, are also invested with supernatural powers. Strictly speaking, the little wooden dolls carved and painted to enable children to identify the kachinas, are not true kachinas. Mr. Colton's book limits itself strictly to these dolls, specifically to Hopi dolls, and preferentially to those named in Second Mesa terminology. Obviously an authentic and inclusive study of the kachina is a prerequisite to our understanding of Pueblo ceremonialism. But, like Hopi children, we must first learn their names and characteristics, and Mr. Colton's book can well serve as our first guide.

Dorothy N. Stewart's lushly printed little eight-page *Handbook of Indian Dances* does not merit its cover-jacket title; and its title-page *Indian Ceremonial Dances in the Southwest* is a misnomer. Neither the Matachina Dance nor the Comanche Dance is a ceremonial dance. One is Moorish-Spanish in origin, and the other an adaptation from the Plains tribe. Although the reproduced Pueblo paintings are charming, the pamphlet is far too scanty to even indicate the scope of its subject.

On a larger scale is the sumptuous, limited edition of *Patterns and Ceremonials of the Indians of the Southwest* with text by John Collier and illustrations by Ira Moskowitz. A former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Collier and his twelve-year ad-

ministration have been widely criticized for their wasteful extravagance, impractical methods, and disastrous results. In this text, his perfervid emotionalism might lead one to question even the basis of his sincere ideals. Perhaps Collier's main and laudable concern has been, not the Indians themselves, but precisely how we can adapt in our stifling rationalistic-materialistic civilization the intuitive values of Indian culture. Certainly, as a practical administrator, his object was to preserve intact, as ethnic laboratories, the tribal reservations. And in this book he conceives Indian ceremonialism as sounding a "message to the world from the Southwest tribes." There is no hope, he writes, except in the attainment of their similar community life. "It must commence at the local level and reach to the scale of the world and return to the local level." Such an overidealization of Indian culture lacks both a philosophic basis and sound sense. The Indians themselves cannot be kept immured in their reservation test tubes. Nor can the civilization of the Atomic Age adopt the culture pattern of ancient Indo-America. Valid as it was in its time, and much as we must learn from it, the Indian way is not ours. We cannot return to it, as both Collier and D. H. Lawrence urge us. Our destiny is to supersede our own rational mechanization of life, just as it superseded the intuitive Indian way, and thus reconcile both their components in a still higher phase of our evolutionary development.

John Sloan in his complimentary introduction unwittingly bares the weaknesses of the book's one-hundred lithographs and drawings. He writes that Moskowitz' work is "notable for an emotional response to Indian life," and that he "has not taken the liberty of portraying the ceremonies in panorama." That emotional response, it seems to us, reflects too much of Moskowitz' emotional Polish background. The figures all seem imbued with a heavy, stolid, European peasant quality, best reflected in the accentuated big legs, and muscular thighs of the "Taos Villager" and the dancers in the "Red Deer Dance." In none of them we feel the

peculiar womanly softness of the great arched chests, and the ecstasy that moves the scrawny, banty legs so lightly in the intricate steps. The ceremonials themselves are so vast in scope and meaning that they are best seen in entirety—and the Indians in their own ceremonial sandpaintings do not hesitate to depict the entire universe as their background. Only as the artist backs away from his subject, do we feel his capacity for future perspective of line and meaning. On the whole, the combination of such a heavy, somber art style and Mr. Collier's ecstatic text does not make for a cohesive interpretation of Southwest ceremonialism.

Of far greater value is the two-volume *Navaho Religion*, the eighteenth in a series of outstanding books on religion, mythology, psychology, and allied subjects sponsored by the Bollingen Foundation. It is a basic handbook which takes its place with Elsie Clews Parsons' two-volume study on *Pueblo Religion* published a decade ago. Gladys A. Reichard is already known for her collaboration with Franc J. Newcomb on *Sandpaintings of the Navajo Shooting Chant*. This present work is the result of her eight summers and two winters on the reservation, learning the language and studying with a notable group of Navaho singers including Red Point and Rain Singer, most of them pupils of the famous Gray Eyes. It is purely scientific, complete with charts, figures, and classification of ceremonies. The average reader, lacking familiarity with the basic structure of the complex ceremonialism, will not find it easy reading. But to students it will serve as an invaluable reference for many years.

Another handy but short reference book is Stanley A. Stubbs' *Bird's Eye View of the Pueblos*. It contains an aerial photograph and ground-plan scale drawing of each of the twenty-five pueblos, together with brief text giving its location, estimated age, population, size of reservation, and the linguistic group to which it belongs. The work is an outgrowth of the incompleting federal government project called "The Historical American Buildings Survey" which made a complete architectural study of the pueblo

of Acoma. What would it be worth today had the Spanish government under Cortes made such a record of the great Aztec *teocallis*, temples and pyramids in Mexico, before they were ruthlessly destroyed? The importance of such a study even here and now cannot be underestimated not only because under the pressure of time and change the pueblos are slowly vanishing but because the physical communal structures reflect the social and religious structures of their inhabitants. Used judiciously, this reference book reflects in many ways the close-knit solidarity of a people whose outer and inner lives conformed to the same principles.

One of the most original novels lately attempted is Frances Gillmor's novelized biography of Nezahualcoyotl, the famous poet-king of the pre-Cortesian Aztecs. Compared to the *Popul Vuh*, it reminds one of the relationship of Thomas Mann's *Joseph and His Brothers* to the Bible. The comparison is not quite unfair. Excellent as it is on the secular life of the people, it does lack notably a portrayal of the dominating spirit of Aztec religion during perhaps its most crucial period.

Miss Gillmor is warmly remembered for her beautiful collaborative account of the Wetherill family in *Traders to the Navajos*, and for this evocative account of the life and times of Nezahualcoyotl she has done a superb piece of research poetically transcribed. This is one book in which copious notes and amplified references from the remaining Aztec codices are extremely valuable and interesting. Even the illustrations and chapter head drawings were traced by Ola Apenes from Aztec manuscripts and year-signs used in the Aztec calendar system. All these lend depth and body to the simple narrative text.

From such diverse viewpoints—ranging from the superficial tourist pamphlet to the scientific study—these random books reflect the astounding and belated interest we are now taking in American Indians. Any other dozen books will show the same wide range in specific subject matter, from the whole Indo-American culture of the past to Indian minorities of the present. Yet all

of them dwindle to insignificance beside the one great book that stems directly from the Indians of America themselves.

It is significant that in 1950 appears in English for the first time *Popul Vuh*, the Sacred Book of the ancient Quichés of Guatemala, a branch of the Maya. America's oldest book, it was first transcribed about 1554 in the Quiché language by an unknown Quiché Indian from ancient books, pictorial writings and oral traditions of his people. At the end of the seventeenth century this now lost manuscript was translated for the first time into Spanish by Father Ximénez, a parish priest in Guatemala. Later translated into both French and German, the original Ximénez manuscript in Quiché has now been newly translated into Spanish by Adrián Recinos, and from his version Delia Goetz and the late Sylvanus G. Morley have prepared this first English edition.

Containing the creation myth, the history of the origin of the Quiché Maya, their cosmogonical concepts, and the chronology of their kings down to 1550, the *Popul Vuh* corresponding to the Christian Bible, is the most distinctive piece of literature to survive the destruction of the Spanish conquest, and is probably the most valuable heritage which we have received from aboriginal American thought.

Father Ximénez maintained that the Quiché language was the principal one in all the world. Mr. Stacy-Judd, a modern archeologist, once asserted to me that the Maya tongue was the root language of all mankind. Certainly the *Popul Vuh* is an epic of such rare literary quality that it could have been produced only by a truly great people. Aside from its literary and historical significance, the book is a treasure-house that cannot be evaluated here and will not be exhausted by the scholars of a dozen branches of learning.

The first four men, the forefathers of the Quiché race, were created from corn, according to the *Popul Vuh*. This belief is still current in Navaho myth. Among the Pueblos, perfect ears of corn are saved for kiva ceremonies and symbolize the sacred Corn

Mothers. Among the Aztecs the personification of the Corn Mother was called Tonantzin, which means "Our Mother," and she is known today as the Christian patroness of all Indo-America under her new name of the Virgin of Guadalupe. Modern scientists are still unable to refute the Indian belief in the divine origin of corn. Botanists admit that corn has no ancestral forms. It has reached a genetic maturity so complete that it is the most domesticated of all cereals, probably the oldest, and the supreme plant achievement of the American continent.

In its origin legend the *Popul Vuh* names as the cradle of the people a city named Vucub-Pec (Seven Caves) or Vucub-Zivan (Seven Ravines). This is paralleled in Aztec legend by the place called Chicomoztoc, meaning Seven Caves or Ravines in Nahuatl. The Toltecs were called Chichimecas, and in the *Historia Chichimeca* of Iztilxóchitl we read of Quetzalcoatl, their maize-like but human god. These seven cavern-wombs or cities were held to lie to the north. They confirm present belief that the cradle of the Quiché Maya, the Toltecs and Aztecs was in the American Southwest, and parallel the belief that the earliest corn known was grown along the San Juan River. The fable of the Seven Cities of Cibola is thus not only of European origin; its roots are imbedded deeply in aboriginal belief. More important than their geographical location is their symbolism in Navaho and Pueblo ceremonialism.

Such examples only indicate the value of the *Popul Vuh's* cosmogony, symbolism, and history in confirming knowledge learned from study of Aztec codices, Pueblo and Navaho ceremonialism, and myths of various widespread Indian tribes.

Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin's translation of *Four Sioux Myths and Two Blackfoot Legends*, and *The Papago Genesis and Two Other Legends of Origin*, contain interesting parallels. According to the Papagos, four successive races of men were created. The first race was deformed, and burned to death; the second was diseased, and drowned by a flood; the third was imperfectly be-

haved, and turned to stone. Those surviving constituted the fourth race of men, "the fathers of our people." The authenticity of these seemingly minor publications is attested by the Aztec belief in the periodic destruction of the world by fire, air, flood, and earthquake; the four ages of the earth described by the *Popul Vuh*; and by the Pueblos and Navahos whose ceremonialism delineates even sharper the physical characteristics of these four ages, and their physiological and psychological attributes in man.

Certainly our knowledge of the culture of Indo-America is growing phenomenally. It has a firm foundation in the pioneering work of many noted anthropologists, ethnologists, archeologists, historians and other scholars. The romantic interest has never died down. And to all these emotional and mental approaches, we now are under the inevitable moral compulsion to search for the values in our own indigenous American heritage so long obscured by the patina of our European background.

The problem today is not more books, more knowledge about Indians. It is synthesizing the vast knowledge already available. For this we need new pioneers in Indology as bold and original as the retired attorney, Lewis H. Morgan; the Army medical doctor, Washington Matthews; the geology professor, John Wesley Powell; the twenty-year-old Frank H. Cushing; the history student, Adolph Bandelier; Sylvanus G. Morley, F. W. Hodge, Father Berard Haile, Clyde C. Kluckhohn, and many others. The task of the new pioneers is to correlate the work of all these men; to synthesize in one vast common pattern the whole complexity of Indo-American culture; and finally to translate its terms and values into those we understand today. Only then can we assay the role it has played, not only in the larger American culture with its European elements, but in the development of world civilization.

Such a task will be done. For mankind in its slow but inevitable evolution, may topple cities, discard languages, exterminate races; but it loses nothing of permanent value—neither the Maya's and Toltec's faint memory of its divine origin, the Navaho's in-

distinct intuition of its divine destiny, nor the indomitable faith of the Hopi in those ceremonial precepts which alone carry mankind through the continuities of its existence. This is the only valid message of Indo-America to the world. A universal truth spoken in an idiom that still remains to be transcribed by awakened students of Indology.

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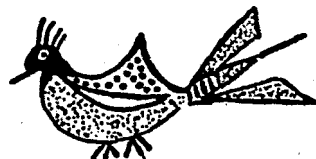
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BOOKS and COMMENT



Mary Brennan Clapp

POET AS CHAMELEON

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY advises that one read an anthology backwards. If one reads *Signature of the Sun** backwards, beginning with "Notes on Authors," he is rewarded with some excitement. What a lively place the Southwest is! Writers' groups, institutes of letters, poetry societies, both state and city, branches of national societies, memorial prizes and other awards for poetry, poets laureate, folklore societies, and reviews and magazines, quarterly and monthly, are evidence of an activity in letters comparable to the variegated bloom of the desert in spring.

Among the names of authors one finds many known through other anthologies. L. A. G. Strong included three in *The Best Poems of 1925*. Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Verse* for 1926 included five. Eight appeared in the Monroe-Henderson *The New Poetry* in 1927. *Northwest Verse* by H. G. Merriam in 1931 printed nine poems by Norman Macleod, whose Montana sojourn is somehow overlooked in "Notes on Authors," though some of his imagery still traces back to Indian dances at Arlee and to the bare peaks around Logan Pass. In 1932, Rufus Coleman's *Western Prose and Poetry* included eight Southwesterners, and in 1935 Alan Pater's *Anthology of Magazine Verse* showed five names listed in *Signature of the Sun*. Further curiosity reveals the

* Mabel Major and T. M. Pearce, University of New Mexico Press, 1950.

fact that in a recent edition of Bartlett thirteen of these names appear.

Signature of the Sun presents two hundred sixty poems by one hundred twenty-eight individual writers. It is divided into eight sections, each preceded by a brief informative and critical sketch. The writers are Southwestern by birth, adoption, travel, or attraction to material contemporary, historical, or archeological. The states represented are Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona. The time limits are 1900-1950. The format of the book is attractive, and the whole effect of printing and spacing an aid to the reader.

The editors have faced the usual problems of the anthologist and, in addition, those of the anthologist of a region. At the Writers' Conference on the Northwest held in Portland, Oregon, in November, 1946, there was a sincere attempt to define regionalism. The result was a statement of what regionalism should not be, a considerable clarification of the relation of environment to literary art, which put "boosting," local color, and isolationism in their proper category. The editors of *Signature of the Sun* support this interpretation with a phrase definitive and illuminating, "marked by nature and by human experience with *distinctive regional accents*."

The book shows, within the Southwest tradition, a sequence in development observable in poetry in general. These poets have looked at their environment. Whether they love it or resent it, they have seen its features clearly and can describe them so that others may see them. In their phraseology, corn tassels wave. The little yellow cricket hops among the squashes. An old Cocapah Indian looks like sun-baked clay. The stems of the wheat are copper. The hills walk into morning wrapped in gray blankets. Over in Oklahoma a young Osage drives his sleek car recklessly. At Cochiti they dance for rain, and it comes, so that the dancers stand in a lake. Along the Rio Grande the dark people peer shyly under their glossy dark hair, and the mood of their songs has

blown into Anglo-American poetry from Romance languages and forms below the border.

Ghosts from perhaps antediluvian times walk by night in the Petrified Forest of Arizona. The Penitentes climb an icy hill on a day that should be spring. The Alamo guards a perished dream. In San Xavier are twelve niches for the twelve Apostles, one niche vacant, no figure for Judas. In Tucson at the rodeo parade the governor rides in a state carriage built in Paris for Porfirio Diaz.

At noon on the trail it is so hot that cities swim up out of nothing. Vultures wheel idly, and lizards take the color of gysum ledges where they sun. In the border towns in squalor there are faded signs of old names that were battle cries in Andalusia. In New Mexico the blue soldier-mountains walk with you down the sand-gray roads. Billy the Kid is dead, but old Juánico guarding the sheep sees him black against the moon. And all through these poems are names that make music—Randado, Tularosa, Albuquerque, Cundiyó, Chimayó, Cimarron, Kiamichi, Honey Creek. Yet in comparison with the thoroughness of contemporary experimentalist poets in examination of material, one is tempted to say that Southwest poets are still in the stage of placer mining.

But they have advanced from the purely descriptive. Some have used or adapted the ritual rhythms of the Indians and the lyric forms of their Romance neighbors. Some have collected and edited the folk ballads of home on the range, the lone prairie, the little dogies, the stampede, and the glory trail. They have brought action into the setting and created new, brief narratives that involve descriptive definition and epigrammatic interpretation, such as

Other soil is full of stones,
Texas plows up cattle bones.
and
To be a Texan is to feel
The Alamo against your heel.

So the descriptive material, studied and understood, made the servant of narrative, moves on into simple interpretive use, and

life in the poems begins to touch universal life. Animals of the prairie take on character. The prairie dog is a town dweller, and *likes* his home town. The jack rabbit is a Yankee, to be laughed at but never caught. The bandit rattlesnake has humor in his tail. Cities, as by Dunsany, are given a soul. Dallas has that of a pompous-girthed merchant, Houston of an old Southern gentleman, San Antonio of a Spanish grandee, and Fort Worth of a cowboy who tries to lasso the stars. "Aftermath," of an oil-boom town, brings all ghost towns thronging. "Hello the House" has happened everywhere, recalling de la Mare's "The Listeners," but poignant on a much simpler level. Most of the war poems are simple in content and familiar in form, many revealing, nevertheless, and some stately.

The step from simple interpretation to a measure of symbolism has already been taken. In the last division, such poems as Alice Briley's "The Piper," Frances Rauson's "At Woodstock," Vaida Montgomery's "Stampede," Fray Angelico Chavez's "Birds," Witter Bynner's "Take Away Darkness," and Fay Yauger's "I Remember" are proof, as are some others in the other divisions.

Signature of the Sun is a charming title for the collection. There is humanity's signature too, of pain, wonder, bewilderment, faith, ecstasy, and recklessness and crime. Thirteen of these poets have died. The majority of those living are in their prime, seven of them born since 1915, the youngest in 1926. The publication of this volume should be a fine stimulation to them and to those to come. Mabel Major's and T. M. Pearce's confidence that the book will provide "insight and refreshment" is justified. Nor would it be surprising if golden dust from the signature were to fertilize gardens in other regions also.

F. Cudworth Flint

AN AID FOR EXPLICATORS

EXPLICATION is defined by the authors of this bibliographical guide* as "the examination of a work of literature for a knowledge of each part, for the relation of these parts to each other, and for their relation to the whole." In the eight pages of their introduction, they further note that explication "is not in itself criticism and in theory stops short. But only in theory. . . ." Explication "crosses into criticism easily and naturally, for once the organic form of the poem has been established, evaluation follows immediately."

For such close concentration upon the literary, as distinguished from the merely philological or bibliographical, phenomena of a text, scattered adumbrations exist in former times; and the method is closely similar to the *explication de texte* which is a conspicuous feature of literary instruction in France. Coleridge has left examples of explication, especially of Shakespeare, but the first systematic use of the method in English the authors attribute to I. A. Richards (in this, as in some other matters, a disciple of Coleridge)—and more especially to his book *Practical Criticism*. They also mention and use the work of Riding and Graves and of Empson, and single out Cleanth Brooks as chief proponent of explication in this country.

Distinctive assumptions of explication, as noted in Arms' and Kuntz' introduction, are: (1) that every work of literature is unique; (2) that for purposes of explication, biographical considerations are irrelevant except when they directly bear upon the sense or implications of a text; (3) that in explication, a work is detached, so far as possible, from historical considerations (in

* *Poetry Explication: A Checklist of Interpretation since 1925 of British and American Poems Past and Present*, by George Arms and Joseph M. Kuntz. The Swallow Press and William Morrow & Company, 1950.

other words, the goal of explication is the purport of the text for readers of today, not its presumed purport for readers exhumed by psychological archeologizing from yesterday); and (4) that an essential of art is a unity of effect, which it is one of the aims of explication to make explicit. The authors also mention four "discoveries"—perhaps "emphases" would be a less controversial word—which ensue from the practice of explication. These are: (1) a heightened sense of the complexity of literary art; (2) a heightened appreciation of the importance of imagery in conferring a specific character on the unity of a literary work; (3) an emphasis upon the central idea of a work—a moral judgment, but one not to be completely rendered apart from the pattern and texture of the particular work; and (4) the importance of "countersuggestion," for which synonyms more limited in range are "irony" and "ambiguity."

To avoid unwieldiness and indefinite postponements, Professors Arms and Kuntz have restricted the scope of their checklist otherwise than is indicated by the date "1925." In general they have listed only explication of poems not more than five hundred lines long, written by authors who have received "general recognition." They have omitted commentary concerned only with some minor part of a poem, or with "the source and circumstances of composition," as also most paraphrase and metrical analysis, except where obviously connected with the central aims of explication. More importantly, they have omitted explications from books devoted to single authors, on the ground that anyone seeking elucidation of an author will need no special guidance to infer that a book devoted solely to him is a likely locus of explications of his work. This principle of exclusion is no doubt, as are all the others, reasonable. Still, borderline cases occur which suggest that an occasional infraction of this rule might give considerable assistance to some by no means inexpert researcher. For example, to find Edith Sitwell's "Aubade" explicated, we are given the reference "Eastman, *The Literary Mind*, pp. 73-76 (quoting

from Sitwell)." A reader might like to know *what* of Sitwell's is being quoted. Giving only the Eastman reference has the disadvantage of sending a reader to an author hostile to Edith Sitwell in search of a Sitwell elucidation. And, finally, Edith Sitwell's *Selected Poems* (Houghton Mifflin, 1947) cannot be called exactly a book "on" Edith Sitwell; yet it contains an introductory essay by Dr. Sitwell which elucidates not only "Aubade" but a number of other poems. Of course, many books of poems contain brief statements by the poets, but few contain so extended an essay as this one; it runs to forty-six pages. It would in my judgment always be desirable for a reader to go first to this source (or to the separately printed essay) and only then to the extract in its setting in Eastman's denigratory pages.

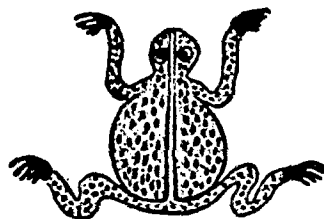
As Professors Arms and Kuntz remind us, the practice of explication has in some quarters roused an opposition verging on the comic. Literary historians, who by and large have controlled the academic scene, have been specially vehement against what they have regarded as the betrayal of truth. For truth, as they see it, is a kind of reversal of time and reanimation of the dead. They—or the more intransigent among them—have set as their goal the re-presentation of literary works as they were apprehended by their writers, or by competent readers who were members of the society or who lived in the age which produced them. And the historians, to be sure, are not without a valid point, which is that to ignore the past is to leave interpretation a prey to whim compounding with ignorance. However, the dangers from this source have been exaggerated. Most of those who practice explication are not only informed, but quite well informed, about matters historical. What is not so clearly seen by the thoroughgoing proponents of historical interpretation is that their goal is an unnatural one. For it is the nature of history to be *past*, just as it is the nature of experience to be *present*. To insist that the import of a literary work for us should be so far as possible precisely what it was for its first audience (and Anthropologist Wumpf disputes

endlessly with Culture-historian Zumpf over what that may have been) is to remove literary art from the current of life to dusty regions of mortuary investigation, whither few but the Wumpfs and Zumpfs will care to follow it. The past, yes; the sum total of intensely living literature comes very largely from the past. But we must see the past with the eyes of men of the present; we must both explicate and judge the past otherwise than the past explicated and judged itself. If we cannot do this, the past is useless, and we have lived in vain.

It is as a most preliminary guide to materials exhibiting the meaning in the present of poetry both past and present that *Poetry Explication* is to be welcomed.

Genevieve Porterfield

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST, XXXVI



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*, attempts to list, with such thoroughness as time and resources permit, current materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as here defined, includes all of New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, and parts of Utah, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada and California.

In order to conserve space, items from periodicals that are indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, the *Education Index*, and the *Industrial Arts Index* have been eliminated.

Included in this issue are mainly those titles which were published or came to our attention between September 1 and November 30.

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THE EDITOR'S CORNER

continued from page 4

sity of Wisconsin, and most recently (1947, 1948, and 1949) at the University of New Mexico. His books include: *Ueber Neue Musik*, 1937; *Music Here and Now*, 1939; *Studies in Counterpoint*, 1940; and *Gustav Mahler*, 1941.

Mr. Krenek, who now lives in California, traveled in Europe during the past summer. There he gave a seminar in composition at the International Music Institute in Darmstadt, conducted his Fifth Symphony at the Biennale Festival in Venice, and played, conducted, and discussed his compositions over the radio and in concerts in Switzerland, Austria, Germany, and Holland. He also had the good fortune to attend a performance in Cologne of his own opera *Tarquin*.


Kurt Frederick, the musician about whom Mr. Krenek has written, is well known to those who live in New Mexico and to musicians elsewhere. In addition to an evaluation of his achievement, details concerning his career appear in Mr. Krenek's essay.

GUEST ARTIST, IX. A good many facts about the career of RANDALL DAVEY are given in the critique of him by JOHN SLOAN. Now an associate professor of art at the University of New Mexico, Mr. Davey began his teaching career at

the Art Institute of Chicago in 1920, and has also taught at the Kansas City Art Institute and the Broadmoor Art Academy. Among prizes that he has received are the Second Hallgarten, the Clark, the Altman, and the Still Life (Grand Central Galleries), as well as first prizes at the New Mexico State Fairs. His work appears in the permanent collections of the Art Institute of Chicago, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Paddock (New Orleans), the Kansas City Art Institute, the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Detroit Institute of Arts, and the Whitney Museum of American Art. We are both proud and happy that original illustrations and copies of his paintings now appear in the "permanent collection" of the NMQ guest artist series.


John Sloan, who contributes the article upon Randall Davey, was the guest artist for the Summer, 1949, issue. In writing about him at that time, Walter Pach concluded by remarking "the great day it was for him when he discovered this part of his country" and the great day it was for New Mexico when the painter arrived there. A sense of that day—for Mr. Sloan, for Mr. Davey, and for this state—is reaffirmed by the pictures and the essay that are now presented.

Mr. Sloan, as it was noted in the Summer, 1949, "Editor's Corner," lives in New York City during the winters and in New Mexico during summers. His house north of Santa Fe looks over the piñon country and the distant Sangre de Cristo mountains.

 **POET SIGNATURE, VIII.** "Soft Anonymity," a poem by DAVID IGNATOW, appeared in the Quarterly of Spring, 1950, and we are now glad to have a larger representation of his work in these pages. Mr. Ignatow edited the literary magazine *Analytic* and served as contributing editor to *Literary Arts*, *American Scene* from 1935 to 1939. Decker Press published his *Poems* in 1948.

In correspondence with the editors, Mr. Ignatow speaks of the sources which have led him to a "severe simplicity of style," and goes on to say: "I wonder now if it is not the classicism of which we hear and read about in criticism as growing among us? Without the mention of their names, I have noticed a strikingly similar use of words in bare meanings among our outstanding younger poets, at the height of emotions. There seems to be a basic attitude among us. All this is necessarily sketchy, but my point would be that we at our best are partaking of a national attitude towards language, which for my purposes I would call the classical one. We are in the midst of the widest renaissance yet in our poetry, and it is to be found in this style of simplicity, directness, brevity and depth; and whether we like it or not it is a style that has grown out of the Hemingway school and been fostered by the so-called objective reporting technique in our newspapers. . . . Every great national style in the past began with the spoken and accepted word, we seem to be no exception. Let each of us with all the

limitations we fear from this manner do what we can with it, it is the only heritage we know that is authentic for this moment."

 **ARTICLES.** The stimulating, if now unfashionable, period of social criticism, is discussed by WILLIAM VAN O'CONNOR in "Social and Activist Criticism." The essay will appear later in a history of American critical thought that Mr. O'Connor is writing. This book, in turn, will comprise one of a group being edited by Mr. O'Connor and Frederick J. Hoffman on twentieth-century literature in the United States.

Mr. O'Connor, who was awarded his Ph.D. by Columbia University, now teaches at the University of Minnesota. His most recent book, *The Shaping Spirit: A Study of Wallace Stevens*, continues his own fine critical writing in the earlier *Climates of Tragedy* and *Sense and Sensibility in Modern Poetry*. As editor of *Forms of Modern Fiction*, 1948, he produced one of the most illuminating volumes on the novel that has appeared.


With "The Combat of Cloudy Myths" EDWIN HONIG joins a battle and enters an atmosphere with which few contemporary readers and writers are not fully involved. Poetry editor of the Quarterly and author of "Poet Signature, VII" in the Winter issue, he is both an eagerly read and frequent contributor.

The Summer, 1949, issue carries a full biographical sketch of Mr. Honig, and "The Editor's Corner" for the Winter, 1950-1951, issue lists

a few of his more recent activities. Scheduled for publication this year are a poem by Mr. Honig in the *Western Review*, a short story in *Furioso*, and an article in the *University of Kansas City Review*.

FRANK WATERS will be remembered by readers of the *Quarterly* for his article on "The Navajo Missions" in the Spring, 1950, issue. But most readers will also know him for his many works of fiction and nonfiction (the subject of still another *NMQ* article by Vernon Young, Autumn, 1949). We are also grateful for his editorial assistance, to be shared by Spud Johnson, in the section on Taos of which Mrs. Mabel Dodge Luhan will have charge in the forthcoming Summer issue.

Fuller biographical details than are offered here appeared in "The Editor's Corner" that accompanied the article on the Navajo missions. Since that time Mr. Waters' *Masked Gods* has been published by the University of New Mexico Press. The book is described by its publishers as "Waters' most challenging work, rich in meaning, dramatic in scope, and unforgettable in interpretation."


 **STORIES.** The author of "The Imaginative Present" was graduated from the University of New Mexico last August, and still makes his residence in Albuquerque. DOUGLAS WOOLF attended Harvard for a time, joined the American Field Service as an ambulance driver, and later became an AAF navigator. Short stories by him have appeared in the *Harvard Advocate*, *Story*,

Prairie Schooner, *Western Review*, and other periodicals, though some of these, Mr. Woolf warns, "should not be read by the critical reader." We should wish that his modest qualification will not be extended to his present piece, in which both the common and critical readers who saw it in manuscript have found delight.

PHILIP HORTON describes "What's in a Corner" as the one and only short story he has ever written. "You can take it as a footnote on the battle of the sexes—the product of much patience, bemusement, and research."

Though this is his first story, Mr. Horton wrote many critical articles before the war and with his book on Hart Crane, published by W. W. Norton in 1937, produced one of the best literary biographies of the 1930's. He is now the assistant editor of the *Reporter*, the new magazine that has provided many of us with stimulating escape from the established periodicals of political and social commentary.

Mr. Horton was graduated from Princeton University, taught at Harvard from 1938 to 1941, and served in the war as a member of OSS until 1948. Resigning from government service in 1948, he joined *Time*, with "a good deal of scepticism and curiosity," which he avers the following year satisfied and confirmed.

 **NMQ POETRY SELECTIONS.** WILLIAM STAFFORD has published poetry in many magazines, and is the author of *Down in My Heart*, an account of life in the Civilian Public Service during World

War II. Mr. Stafford is now on leave from Lewis and Clark College, where he teaches English, and is working for his Ph.D. in the writing program at the State University of Iowa.

Author of *High Noon*, a book of poems published last spring by Decker Press, GEMMA D'AURIA lives in Hollywood, California. She is also a sculptor and playwright. Her best known statue is "St. Francis of the City Street," at the corner of Twelfth and Los Angeles Streets, Los Angeles.


The contributor of the first "Poet Signature," ERNEST KROLL is the subject of a critique and biographical notice in the Summer, 1949, issue. At that time the poetry editor anticipated future appearances of Mr. Kroll's poetry with these words: "... We will be refreshed again by the swift-bodied illusion of a living art escaping the claws which seek to trap it in a word-littered, critical cage."

When ROBERT L. HARPER last wrote to the editors the scheduling for publication of "Manifesto" constituted what would be the first printing of a poem by him except for a fourth-grade effort "that appeared in a P.T.A. manual or something like that." After service in the army, Mr. Harper was graduated from Pomona College and has since continued his study of history in the Claremont Graduate School.

KENNETH EISLER, of New York City, is a graduate student of English at Columbia University. He writes that the ideas for his two poems came from small newspaper items, and concludes, "I like short poems

which make their points without overemphasis."

ELISE ASHER, also of New York City, is a graduate of Simmons College. She has published poems in many magazines, including *Voices*, *Yale Poetry Review*, and *Botteghe Oscure*.

 BOOKS AND COMMENT. MARY BRENNAN CLAPP, assistant professor of English at Montana State University since 1937, has lived and traveled throughout the West. Commenting upon the book she reviews in this issue, she wrote, "I felt myself stimulated by the work as well as by the pictures of happy years in that region, which the poems renewed for me." Mrs. Clapp is herself a poet who has published frequently in national and regional periodicals.

F. CUDWORTH FLINT, a graduate of Reed College and a former Rhodes scholar at Balliol, has taught at Dartmouth College since 1929. His consideration of first novels appears in the *Sewanee Review*, and numerous reviews and occasional articles by him are frequently published elsewhere. His review of *Poetry Explication* was requested under the editorship of Mr. Ortega (though with the consent and even connivance of the present—but then associate—editor), and we hope that this will be the first of many reviews that we can persuade Mr. Flint to write for us.

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