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Abraham Rothberg

CURRENTS IN THE LITERARY VOLGA

AFTER A GAP of twenty years since the First All-Union Congress, held in 1934 and chaired by Maxim Gorky, the Second All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers was convened in the Great Kremlin Palace in Moscow on December 15, 1954. Not only were almost all of the prominent Soviet writers present — Mikhail Sholokhov, Konstantin Simonov, Ilya Ehrenburg, Konstantin Fedin, Alexander Fadeyev, to mention only a few — but to give the meeting an international and a “multinational” air there were also Communist “delegates” from the West, from the Soviet national minorities, and from the Satellites as well. There was the French Louis Aragon, the German novelist Anna Seghers, the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, the Brazilian writer Jorge Amado, the English novelist Jack Lindsay, the former Czech, sometime American, and present East German novelist Stefan Heym. Howard Fast wrote to the Congress from the United States (according to Radio Moscow, January 3, 1955) that he regretted, “The frontiers of my Motherland are closed for me. I can communicate my love, my thoughts, but I cannot come myself, even if it is as indispensable for me as bread is indispensable for a starving man.”

The top Party and Government leaders of the Soviet Union — Khrushchev, Bulganin, Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich, Mikoyan, Saburov, Pervukhin, Shvernik, Pospelov, Suslov, and Shatalin — were also there to remind the assembled writers at whose behest they were gathered and whose political purposes would become their assigned “literary” tasks. Lest such powerful presences, and the fact that the opening meeting was held in the Kremlin (it was subsequently transferred to the Hall of Columns in the House of the Union) be taken less as symbolic and more

as formality, the first session of the Congress was opened by Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CCCPSU) Pospelov, who read a Central Committee message to the writers setting the keynotes for the Congress. With unconscious irony, Radio Moscow of December 16 noted that Pospelov's speech was greeted "by a storm of applause [by which] the Congress manifested its boundless devotion to the great CPSU."

What occasioned this thorough critical review of Communist literature, with a Congress which had on its agenda the problems of the novel, dramaturgy, poetry, translation, literary criticism, films, and scenarios? Two things seem to have made the meeting necessary: the difficulties encountered by the Kremlin in getting better writing, and the simultaneous problem of keeping that writing politically acceptable to the Politburo and the Party, as well as related to the purposes of the new policies. Just as Party Congresses have been held throughout the Soviet orbit recently to lay down the political-economic line for the post-Stalin period, so this Writers' Congress was convened to attempt to put an end to the uncertainty and wavering on the Communist cultural front.

With the death of Stalin and the launching of the New Course, there were stirrings in the Soviet artistic world which began in 1953 and reached their peak in 1954, and which seemed to indicate that the "liberalization" of political and economic life might be accompanied by a less stringently regulated art.

The "liberalization" discussion began some six weeks after Stalin's death with an article in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* by poet Olga Berggoltz which criticized the sterility of Soviet poetry. It was followed by articles from Ilya Ehrenburg and V. Pomerantzev, a young critic, and from Shostakovich and Khachaturian in music, calling for more passion and spontaneity in art, less interference in the artist's creative life, and less made-to-order works of art. Ilya Ehrenburg put this point of view most cogently in the October issue of *Znamya*:

In the pre-revolutionary days, a writer's task was not easy; and in Chekhov's letters there is some mention of how the editor of this or that newspaper or magazine would order a story from him. But even the most impertinent editor would draw the line at suggesting to Chekhov the subject of his story. Can one imagine Tolstoy being ordered to write *Anna Karenina* or Gorky being ordered to write *Mother*?

An author is not a piece of machinery. An author writes a book not because he knows how to write, not because he is a member of the Union of Soviet Writers and may be asked why he has published nothing for so long. An author writes a book because he must tell people something of himself, because he is 'sick' with his book, because he has seen people, things and emotions that he cannot help describing.

Although these criticisms were directed at cultural bureaucrats and critics, and not at the Zhdanov decrees of 1946-48, or the Party itself which had imposed them, it seemed as if some "liberalization" was imminent in the sphere of culture. (The so-called Zhdanov decrees were actually elaborations of a postwar literary policy enunciated by the Central Committee of the Communist Party. This policy called for a political literature, filled with Party-mindedness [*partiinnost*] and ideology [*ideiinnost*], and deprecated Western writers and writing as decadent.)

It was then that V. Pomerantsev's article in the December 1953 *Novy Mir*, "About Sincerity in Literature," touched off the Party and regime counterattacks. Although Pomerantsev was still writing within the "Marxist-Leninist" framework, he was for a considerable easing of strictures and a considerable widening of the bounds of permissible creation in literature. There are many phrases — "In the light of the program which has now been unfolded before us for an advance in the country's agriculture," "The atmosphere in editorial offices has begun to clear. Of late they have begun to stop people on tractors . . .," "The 19th Party Congress enlightened these people [the critics], whereupon they promptly turned about face . . ." etc. — which indicate that Pomerantsev was basing his appeal for a New Course in literature on the new economic and political policies. Essentially,

he was asking for a more "realistic" and truthful literature, which took into account "sincerity" and individual artistic creation; in short, he wished to lead Soviet writing to a broadening of themes and a change in the treatment of problems and characters.

The history of art and the ABC of psychology cry out against contrived novels and plays. The degree of sincerity, that is, the directness of things, must be the first requirement. . . . Sincerity distinguishes the author of a book or play from the compiler of a book or play. To contrive, one needs only brains, cleverness and experience. To create, one needs talent — above all, one needs sincerity.

Pomerantsev goes on to equate lack of sincerity with what he calls "slicking up life," and says, "The crudest method [of applying varnish to reality] is to present an imaginary picture of well-being." He wants a more truthful presentation of Soviet reality and the Soviet man, and attacks weak conflict, obvious plot manipulation, stereotyped characters, and a simplified vision of good and evil. Pomerantsev has a long dialogue between a writer of such inferior novels (called "He") and the "new criticism" of the anti-stereotype critic (called "I," or Pomerantsev himself), which is very revealing.

He: "I understand that you permit yourself to call my politically precise formulations empty generalities. Watch out! Talk, but don't talk yourself into a corner."

I: "*Your* formulations? They aren't yours at all. You copy them and consequently haven't assimilated them yourself. You have acquired them, not mastered them. If it were otherwise, the formulations would not be a crib for you, they would be feelings. Feelings, in turn, would give you the means of presenting any thought *through art*. But why talk to you of thought when you have only aims."

He: "Wait, wait, you're going entirely too far. Am I to blame because others have written before I did about the same subjects and the same people? Our Soviet hero is the bearer of ideas common to all of us!"

I: "Your heroes are carried by the ideas, not the other way round. They even dream only logical dreams. Normal confused dreams are

not for them. And how they talk to one another! In harangues from a radio recording. Is human conversation like that? Do speeches pour forth like that, particularly when only two persons are engaged in conversation? Do you remember how your hero gave his daughter a watch 'because my living standard has risen?' That is a phrase straight from the newspaper columns; the man who put it down forgot that in family circles 'living standards' don't 'rise'; a man is 'better off.' Do you remember your mechanic at the Machine Tractor Station and his sweetheart, who dreamed of repairing machines together? Surely, they did not marry for that. Surely they did not keep a repair shop at home. Or your miner who exclaimed: 'Oh, to start using that long blasting charge! If only the weekend were over!' Where did you find a mole like that, burning with the desire to be constantly underground? . . . That is the way people talk only at meetings, or in prosecuting attorneys' speeches when trying a case of theft, not person to person. I could give you an almost endless list of such examples, including some from novels printed in the heavy magazines. . . ."

Pomerantsev was calling for a less political literature, insisting that "political rightness" was not enough to make good books. A good book must come from sincerity of feeling and truthfulness of vision and he sees only foolishness, dishonesty, and empty, flaccid phrases, only obviousness of plot and contrivance of design. He calls for another and different type of writing:

The novel must throw light on the unlit corners of life, but you [authors] travel about to accumulate a vocabulary, episodes and plots. . . . Hence, your stories are thin, and the conflicts you dig up are not conflicts at all . . . but merely . . . duels, 'matters of honor,' with the subsequent reconciliation of flabby opponents. . . . All your moves are obvious. You set the stage in such a way that there can be only one ending. You settle all problems, although you know that in real life they do not disappear, but remain. . . .

In spite of the New Course and, by implication, in spite of any political and economic changes, Pomerantsev says that there are some human problems so complex and stubborn that they will continue to plague mankind and provide material for writers.

We will considerably improve the material conditions of life in two

or three years, but there is no direct line from these conditions into man's soul. If one neighbor after another obtains an apartment, envy may be allayed, but falsehood, for example, will not disappear upon receipt of the rooms. What is 'playing it safe?' At the very least it is all of ten sins. It is egotism, cowardice, blind practicality, ideological lack, and other things, including meanness. Clearly, outliving these sins will require more effort and time than, let us say, eliminating the cattle shortage or the shortage of consumers' goods. To use Chekhov's phrase, these sins, which the Party calls on us to scourge, must be 'conquered by the efforts of a whole generation' — and perhaps more than one generation — of writers. But neither the defects in everyday life nor human failings can be 'elements' of the play or novel. And they cannot be 'balanced' by other 'elements' — prosperity, love of work, goodness, optimism, etc. The work of art must be *organic*, and not composed of good and bad elements.

Like Ehrenburg, Pomerantsev never openly attacks the Zhdanov decrees, or the Party and Government support of the "Socialist realist" line. Instead, he blames the critics, the editors, and the publishers, as if they dealt with works of art independent of Party support, censorship, and control. He even criticizes the Writers' Union — "I have heard that Shakespeare wasn't a member of a union at all, yet did not write badly" — and fellow-writers, and wonders, since "as a rule they are Communists," why they select dull books for publication and put obstacles in the way of publishing good books. At the feet of all of them he places the blame for the triumph of bad and mediocre art.

"Although the Party had repeatedly put these people [the critics] in their place, these people cause the triumph of standardization . . . in books. . . . I could do nothing but hide from these people under a mining combine, a blast furnace, or a tractor [the "He" writer says]. The tractor in my novels was marriage counselor and wedding registry office; it divorced and brought together; it separated, comforted and reconciled. . . .

"How could I not fear him [the critic]? He did not write reviews about me, expressing *opinions*. . . . There were only *sentences* pronounced upon me. Either I was patted on the head or I got it in the neck."

Pomerantsev's attack was a severe one and struck at the very core of the political orientation and Party control of literature. It could not, in the Soviet system, remain unanswered. The counterattack against the "liberalized" line was launched by Vasily Vasilevsky in the January 30, 1954 issue of *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, and was followed by a whole series of attacks led by those of the First Secretary of the Writers' Union, Anatoly Surkov.

The debate continued in a series of pre-Congress discussions and get-togethers, so that when the Writers' Congress was convoked at the end of the year it was obvious that it planned to stop the clamor for more literary elbow room and to reestablish the official policy. The literary discussions had begun to assume the proportions not only of an attack on Soviet theories of art, but implicitly on Soviet life, and the regime from its point of view had no choice but to intervene.

The Congress did not make any new aesthetic or ideological formulations for literature: Not only was the old policy not seriously attacked, but the Pomerantsev-Ehrenburg type of criticism was given a very small amount of attention. The essence of Communist literary policy—still relatively unchanged—has been summed up in two slogans: "Socialist realism" and "national in form and Socialist in content."

Realism was a nineteenth century literary technique of objective rendering of life as it "really" is, emphasizing a "faithful" and "truthful" representation of action, character, and setting. Its language and concreteness made it easy for a newly-educated and newly-literate mass to understand, easy for a new political leadership to control, and furthermore it was capable of being absorbed into a simplified Marxist-materialist world view. However, if this *form* of rendering facts truthfully were applied to the Soviet reality, the results would have been politically disastrous for the regime. Hence, another term—"Socialist"—was added to realism, prescribing the *content*, and making "Socialism" stand for what was politically desirable to Stalinism.

This oil-and-water marriage created enormous problems both

for the writers and the regime. The regime wanted interesting, optimistic, inspiring books which would defend its power, direct the masses to its purposes, and justify its practice. But it also wanted books that people would read and absorb, books which therefore had to have some semblance of truth and relation to reality.

The writers, on the other hand, were caught between the conflicting demands of "Socialist" content and of "realist" form. If they wrote realistically, they were likely to be shot as enemies of the state; if they wrote "Socialistically" they were likely to be accused of "varnishing reality" and of being "divorced from life."

The same logical contradiction was encountered in "national in form and Socialist in content." The "Socialism" in the content meant, of course, the same representation of a political viewpoint consonant with regime policies and purposes, which in this case meant the need to consolidate Stalinist and Great Russian control over an enormous diversity of nations, languages, and cultures. The "national in form" did *not* mean taking account of the creative diversity of human backgrounds and points of view, but merely the use of superficial custom, setting, and language of the particular group involved, Uzbek, Bashkir, or Georgian, while imposing a uniformity of outlook on them. But an Uzbek or Bashkir, for example, could not easily be projected into an essentially Great Russian "Socialist content" mold without an enormous distortion of reality and a corresponding loss of literary force, so that the writer had to choose between actually showing this diversity, and being shot for being a "bourgeois nationalist," or the alternative of a uniform greyness under little more than a cover of linguistic diversity, for which he would be criticized for having "slicked up reality."

AT THE CONGRESS the constant struggle between politics and aesthetics that was apparent throughout the pre-Congress debates was resolved, as it had been in the past, in favor of politics. As Konstantin Simonov summed it up: "The artist of Socialist real-

ism . . . takes the view that there is only one truth in the world — that it is the truth of the people struggling for Socialism — and from this level *all the other, personal truths contradicting it can serve as objects of portrayal but cannot be objects of affirmation.*" (Italics added)

It was precisely in Simonov's distinction between portrayal and affirmation that the Soviet artist had found a compromise solution to the inherent contradictions in "realist" form and "Socialist" content. The Soviet writer had simply delineated the "Socialist" content romantically, giving a rosy picture of Soviet reality and of the so-called positive heroes, and at the same time portrayed realistically those "capitalist remnants" and "negative heroes" which constitute the "counterrevolutionary" elements in Soviet society. That this solution was unstable and unsatisfactory was attested to by the constant stream of criticism of boring and mediocre writing, or as Sholokhov stated it at the Congress:

During the past few years we have pitched our demands on literary standards at an impermissibly low level. We have praised and awarded prizes to books that were only mediocre and allowed others to pass that should never have been published at all in view of their inferior quality.

Certainly a large part of the reason for this failure of literature was the fact that "Socialist realism" insisted on an optimistic literature which not only established the superiority of the Soviet way of life over the capitalist, but made all problems facing man available to solution by action: work, planning, reason, etc. This emphasis on the necessity of optimism by its very nature eliminated the concept of tragedy. The emphasis existed in spite of numerous statements averring that the Soviet writer did not seek to see reality through rose-colored glasses. As Simonov put it, "The aesthetics of Socialist realism does not demand the presentation of a milder portrayal of life where it is rough and even merciless. Yet it demands that beyond exploits a goal should always be in sight; beyond sacrifices, the [cause] for the sake of which they have been made; beyond temporary defeat, the pros-

pect of final victory." In short, the affirmative and optimistic quality of "Socialist realism" lies in its positive political goal. The literature of "Socialist realism" is alien to pessimism because, in Gorky's words, "The very substance of the literature of Socialist realism is an unshakable faith of the masses in the victory of just Socialist relations on earth."

Consequently both the optimism and the Soviet reality are at stake in creating the "positive hero," and therefore Simonov severely criticized Ehrenburg's novelette, *The Thaw*, as having "only approximate knowledge of the people portrayed and a lopsided judgment of them," when Ehrenburg portrayed a large number of "negative" characters. Although Ehrenburg touched problems which literature must not avoid "if it is not to avoid the sharp corners of life," he goes too far for Simonov's tastes.

The positive heroes are, apparently according to the author's plan, people like many others. They are . . . people of whom there are but few, people whose good qualities are a rarity. From many things said by the heroes, one received the involuntary impression that they were compelled to see a great deal of evil in life and very little good; that evil seems to be the rule and all that is good the exception.

It is difficult to imagine that this is just how the author *wished to present our society*. . . . (Italics added)

It was precisely on this same ground that Pomerantsev had been attacked by Surkov in his May 25 article in *Prauda*, where it hurt the regime most: the implication that the Soviet society's values were being called into question, as well as the Party-directed quality of literature. Surkov says:

Pomerantsev's injurious publication is directed, at bottom, against the principles of our literature — against its intimacy with life, against its Communist *ideinost*, against Lenin's principle of *partiinost* in literature, against the most important canons of Socialist realism. Hiding behind an abstractly understood kind of demand for "sincerity in literature," the author, by the whole tone and feeling of his article, turns the reader's attention to consideration chiefly of the dark, unwelcome sides of our reality.

Although Simonov politely says that this may be contrary to Ehrenburg's intention (Surkov gives Pomerantsev no such quarter), he feels that the contents are a deviation from "Socialist realism," "which on the whole occurs in our literature seldom enough in the form of books, since they are seldom written from alien ideological positions. However, it does find expression, in some way or another, in a number of works."

However, since no Soviet writer may concentrate on the capitalist "remnants and vestiges" without giving a "negative" version of Soviet reality and producing a "negative" hero, nor may he "beautify reality" and "gloss over the contradictions and difficulties" of Soviet life, Simonov falls back on the definition of "Socialist realism" promulgated at the First Congress of Soviet Writers (1934).

Socialist realism is the basic method of Soviet literature and literary criticism and demands of the artist *a true and historically concrete expression of its reality in its revolutionary development. . . .* Thereby *truthfulness and historic concreteness* of artistic expression *must be combined with the task of ideological changing and educating the working people in the spirit of Socialism.* (Italics added)

The Soviet writer, then, must portray both the Soviet reality and his characters in their revolutionary development and changing "ideologically in the spirit of Socialism." Both Soviet reality and characters must be shown as approaching perfection, and the artist must emphasize the *process toward perfection*, rather than the contemporary reality of either character or circumstance. If the writer shows only contemporary Soviet reality, he commits the counterrevolutionary deviation of "objectivism," which confuses possibility and reality (to use Marxist jargon) in Soviet life. The present then is either ignored or romanticized with the veil of the future. Above all, he must never show an absence of forward movement, or difficulties that are insurmountable, or contradictions impossible to resolve within the framework of "Socialist realism," or more important, within the framework of Soviet society.

Simonov applies this type of "process criticism" to Vera Panova's controversial novel, *The Seasons*, particularly panning the novel's characterization:

Panova looks on the human being as a given thing, but we would like to see him from a perspective.

. . . a simplified way of explaining the feeling of dissatisfaction with the portraits of these people will be to say that there are no such people [negative characters]. This, of course, is incorrect. There are contrary people who cause contrary feelings, and no few at that. It would be strange to advise a writer to avoid their portrayal. But our just claims on the Soviet artist lie in the wish to know where the people he portrays *are going, whether they are going to change for the better or the worse*. It is this which will determine our attitude in the end.

This is not a dogmatic request, but the expression of the active and militant spirit of the time at the foundation of which lies on one hand the *unwavering belief in changing, perfecting and developing people*, and on the other hand, the *firm conviction that stagnation is not in conformity with law*. . . . (Italics added)

If "Socialist realism" then demands from its writers a "true expression of reality" combined with "ideologically changing people in the spirit of Socialism," or what Gorky called the "third reality" — the knowledge of the reality of the future — then either truth or historical circumstance, or both, must be warped or sacrificed. As Simonov phrased it for the Congress, ". . . not every truthfulness and not every historical concreteness can serve this purpose [of ideologically changing people in the spirit of Socialism]."

SINCE SOVIET ARTISTS could not combine a true expression of Soviet reality with ideological conformity, the non-conflict theory arose. Artists tended to "improve reality," "vencer life," and "embellish circumstances in literature." The errors, shortcomings, and negative phenomena of Soviet life were overlooked. The best in heroes (the positive characters), the best in industry (the most modern and efficient factories), the best in agriculture

(the most advanced *soukhozi* and *kolkhozi*) were portrayed *not as examples to be emulated, but as having been everywhere achieved.*

Since literature is a political instrument for the achievement of regime purposes in the USSR, this tendency only partly fulfilled regime intentions. It did not fulfill those Kremlin plans which aimed at higher productivity, larger yields, greater and better quality production at less expense of men and materials. As Simonov pointed out at the Congress, the Party writers and critics (not to speak of the mass of people) were aware ". . . that the general image of life was distorted by such embellishment, the images of the best people of the countryside suffered in their credibility, because they achieved successes in literature with less difficulties than the real difficulties they would have had to encounter and overcome to succeed in real life."

This tendency to represent much of what was desired by the regime as already having been achieved by the regime obviously grew out of the writers' fear to criticize freely since they might be dropped from their jobs or government stipends, never published, jailed, or even shot as counterrevolutionaries. It ran counter to what Zhdanov had called, at the First Congress of Soviet Writers, "revolutionary romanticism" which "stands with both feet on a strong materialist foundation . . . [and] must enter literary creation as an integral component because the whole life of our Party, the whole life and struggle of the working class, consists of the unity between the most severe, the most rational practical work, with the greatest heroism and grandiose vistas."

The most important element of that Zhdanov quotation talks of equating "rational practical work" with "heroism and grandiose vistas," a simple and vulgarized Marxist logic. If a society is determined by its economic base, man is determined by his relations to that base. Since work is his most important relationship to that base, then the labor process is quintessential in representing man. The Soviet state wished to direct its people to work for goals it had set, and literature could be of great help in molding

and motivating the people, which is probably why Stalin called writers "engineers of the soul." Books then had an area of conflict and struggle — "the majestic process of the transformation of the country," — and a character who took part in that struggle — Gorky's "the man of the Party," the Communist leader of the masses, or the "positive hero."

This economic emphasis has led to the rash of "positive heroes" and settings chosen from farm and factory and accounts for the stress on labor, energy, resourcefulness, and initiative as qualities for such heroes. Simonov stated it clearly at the Congress:

It is possible to ride into literature, even on a tractor, on a bulldozer, on a locomotive and on a combine. There is only one question to be asked here: what kind of people are sitting at the wheel? The theme of labor exploits is a human theme, it is a history of people, character, human relations. The matter is to show man's relation to work, to stress in literature the lofty thought that our relations to man are determined mainly, and above all, by the relations of the man himself to work.

Simonov insists that no amount of integrity in personal relations, no attractiveness of personality, no fidelity in love, can make up for a character's (or a human being's) improper attitude toward work, and therefore "he [that character or person] has no right to expect any sympathy from us. . . . His attitude towards work is a question of his ideology, of his loyalty — not in words but in facts — to the ideals of Communism." Since no "positive hero" can have a negative work attitude, and since there are some objective work difficulties, Simonov believes that ". . . the main subject for exposure and castigation in literature should be everything which opposes our concept of creative labor."

Not that Simonov contends that the hero should be shown *only* in his "primary" economic role. However much time and strength heroes devote to their work, this would give a lopsided picture for "labor is the center of their lives, but not all of their lives." Characters must endure all the joys and vicissitudes of life as well so that their public behavior (work) will be motivated by

some private behavior (personal life), and also so that a more rounded representation of character will emerge that readers, at least in part, can hope to identify with.

But introducing personal life may not go too far, as First Secretary of the Writers' Union Surkov told the Congress: "Failure will inevitably overwhelm the writer who succumbs to the allure of petty soul-molding, thus isolating the main characters from what is the main factor in their lives — from public important tasks."

Nor does work for the new "Soviet man" have the boredom or difficulty of the worker under capitalism. If, as Jack Lindsay, the English Communist writer at the Congress, stated, ". . . work is plainly seen as the central way in which men grapple with nature and transform her," then "work ceases to be a boring thing imposed on the worker, but becomes an imaginative activity in which the worker is aware of the larger relations of his individual contribution."

The same danger was present in glossing of reality applied to characterizing the "positive hero." For there was not only the danger of creating an idealized "positive hero" but also of creating an individualist "positive hero," who would then be running counter to the collectivist emphasis of Soviet theory, if not of Soviet practice. It was on this count that Simonov at the Congress criticized Panferov's *Bruski* severely for transforming his hero into a man "who succeeds in everything in one fell swoop. There are no rational motivations, nor logical limits to the continuous uplifting of this man, and therefore the reader begins to lose his belief in him." According to Simonov, Panferov promotes his "positive heroes" to supermen, stressing their exceptional qualities as individuals rather than recognizing that their strength comes from the masses and from "Socialist building."

The Kremlin cultural commissars were asking for a middle course between an undifferentiated and stereotyped hero and an idealized and "superman" individualized hero, just as they were asking writers not to limit themselves either to the description

of production relations between people, or to concentrate solely on personal relations.

The same difficulties had arisen with regard to conflict. Since conflict, dissatisfaction, disappointment, and refusal to accept reality and the status quo (Soviet or otherwise) are essential for and inherent in good literature, Soviet writers had difficulty in producing believable work. How could they create conflicts in a country where perfection had been achieved (or close to it) under the benevolent Stalin, and where finding conflict or lack of perfection might result in dire punishment?

The "non-conflict" theory stated that clash of forces and ideas had disappeared from Soviet life. But the necessity, both political and literary, for a literature that showed more real difficulties, complexities, contradictions and conflicts, was apparent so that the "non-conflict" theory was dropped from the regime canon in 1952. Literarily, more conflict was called for in order to be better able to create believable images of a "positive hero" and "a positive Soviet reality." Politically, this was necessary to spur the masses to more and harder work, to greater involvement with and cooperation in fulfilling State economic plans.

Many Soviet writers, caught in these hairsplitting controversies and unable to solve them, turned to history for safe material. But even here the Party blocked them — at least in part — by insisting that they find in the past answers and implications for the most pressing contemporary problems. Both the remote and recent past had to have a bearing on the immediate present and future, or the work might be proscribed. The situation was an impossible one for the writers: they could not retreat from reality; they could not accept reality as it was; and they could not embellish reality. They could not "select only the petty or bad," or "photograph facts" and "copy observed details," or "embroider and fictitiously perfect life," for all of these techniques were considered serious deviations: nihilism and objectivism, naturalism or critical realism, and idealism.

Moreover, Pospelov's reading of the Central Committee's

opening message to the Congress had warned them that such "deviation" would not be countenanced: ". . . some men of letters who were not in close contact with life looked for artificial conflicts and wrote worthless works. They permitted themselves a distorted and sometimes even slanderous representation of Soviet society, defaming Soviet people without any grounds." And he went on to assure them that there was no new cultural line, nor would there be: "Socialist realism" remained official Kremlin policy.

The Union [of Soviet Writers] must wage a determined struggle against deviations from the principles of Socialist realism, against all attempts to lead our literature away from the life of the Soviet people, from the urgent problems of the policy of the Communist Party and the Soviet state. The Union must fight against the relapses of nationalism, cosmopolitanism, and other manifestations of bourgeois ideology, and against the attempts to lead literature into the boglands of trivial daily life, lack of ideas, and decadence.

The Congress ended on December 26, again in the Great Kremlin Palace, with the assembled writers sending a message of greetings and obeisance to the Central Committee of the CPSU, stating their goal simply:

Soviet literature has been called upon to reveal, in a highly artistic form, the beauty and grandeur of the ideas of Communism, to fight effectively against the remnants of capitalism in the consciousness of the people, to incarnate in the images of its heroes all the variety of their toiling activity, public and personal life, to present the contradictions and conflicts of life.

Soviet literature not only reflects what is new *but also helps to make this new victorious*. Soviet artistic literature has been called upon to educate, with all the revolutionary ardor, the patriotic feelings of the Soviet people; to strengthen friendship among peoples; to contribute to the further consolidation of the powerful camp of peace, democracy, and Socialism; to assert the ideas of proletarian internationalism and fraternal solidarity. (Italics added)

The writers went on to say that they recognized that they had done less for the people than they can and *must* do, that they had

not yet sufficiently carried out their "lofty calling," and that they accepted the fact that the Second All-Union Congress had been a time of strictest criticism and self-criticism to help them do so. Furthermore, they were "fully determined to wage a constant struggle against all deviations from Socialist realism."

Chiefly, then, the eleven days of the Congress, the more than a thousand pages of stenographic minutes, and the four thousand writers in attendance, did not pioneer new positions or pronounce new major theoretical or ideological changes. The Congress, instead, devoted itself to consolidating the accepted "Socialist realist" position. The continuing line was, "We have accomplished much, but . . ." there are still further deviations from the line, shortcomings in production, improper quality, and additional obstacles to overcome.

THIS ATTITUDE and phraseology were the continuation of a vulgarized materialist tradition which looks on books as commodities to be produced, as a factory produces motor cars or tractors. It was apparent not only in the Congress vocabulary but in the stress on quantity: the number of books published, the number of titles written, the number of books exported, the number of titles translated, and the number of languages into which they were translated.

The tendency to treat books as "product" was evident also in the way the Communists were discontent with the past situation and how they called for "improved quality" as they would call for better-made shoes from a production line. (It is an interesting sidelight that there is a marked lack of criticism and self-criticism in the USSR of the actual production of Soviet books, since the poor paper, the mediocre or worse typesetting, layout, illustrations, and the appalling bindings and coverings more than merit such criticism.)

Some minor protests calling for less bureaucracy and more leeway for writers were made. Fadeyev said, ". . . it is necessary to insure elbow room for personal initiative, for individual

trends, for more room for thought and fantasy, for fullness of content." Dramatist Aleksander Korneichuk also remarked that, "No one can give a playwright any recipes as to how life should be studied, and point out paths to the secret places of the human heart." Or as novelist Fedin commented, "Art cannot be created by recipes. . . . An artist must discover his work of art through his own talents and work."

Under the miasma of "Socialist realism" there was a bit of post-Stalin fresh air. Soviet writing may now be able to criticize a bit more freely some of the specific shortcomings in Soviet life and perhaps a little more depiction of "personal life" will also be countenanced. But qualitatively the atmosphere had not changed much from the past. No serious effort to break out of the "Socialist realist" framework had been made, and certainly no denigration of "Soviet reality" heard. The Congress had come a long way from the criticisms of Pomerantsev, Ehrenburg, and Shostakovich. Surkov's, "Literature is a sharp weapon of social-political influence . . . closely linked with politics [and] subordinated to the latter," was obviously to continue to be the cultural line both in theory and in practice.

Nonetheless, the need to enliven art while mobilizing it for the new political policies made for a slightly different emphasis on the "Socialist realist" tradition; that is, the possibility of individual and divergent rivulets working themselves out in the broad stream of "Socialist realism," a diversity within a uniformity, all in a vast "Socialist literary competition." Simonov formulated this viewpoint at the Congress:

While noting all the damage of the attempts to regard our literature as having one style only, one must add that the very life of literature has invariably upset, and will continue to upset, all similar attempts. In literature every great personality creates his own style.

. . . We have every reason to consider as correct and natural the existence in our literary life, within the common and single river bed of the method of Socialist realism, the varieties of the creative trends which develop on the grounds of a healthy and creative competition.

But in spite of this talk of developing the entire scale of individual talent and style within the framework of "Socialist realism," ideology remains more important than art, so that in spite of constant demands for "richness" and "diversity," Soviet writers cannot produce such a literature within the straitjacket of ideological "correctness."

It is not only that Communist leadership is concerned with present audience dissatisfaction with books — although it is very much interested in having the Soviet peoples read the kind of books which defend its interests — but more that it feels that "a great cause demands a great word," and that the absence of a great literature is a direct and inevitably pejorative criticism of its cause. One extremely interesting sidelight on this attitude was contained in a December 2, 1954, article in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, contending that most of the tributaries of the "literary Volga" were drying up. The article made an invidious and meaningful comparison of the First and Second All-Union Writers' Congresses, pointing out that in 1934 three-quarters of the authors were under forty, while in 1954 three-quarters are over forty. No more damning criticism of the Stalinist bureaucratization and tyranny in writing and literature need be made.

TALENTS ARE NOT LACKING in the USSR. The country that produced Chekhov, Tolstoi, Gogol, and Dostoievsky, also produced writers of great talent after the Revolution: Pasternak, Esenin, Mayakovsky, Sholokhov, Zamiatin, and many others, some of whom were present at the Congress. But the tyranny and dictatorship in art and life have reduced the "literary Volga" of Russian letters to a brackish trickle. Not only are few new writings and writers of merit being produced, but the older writers are now producing inferior work, or no work at all, out of the cultural commissars' demands that they be the "people's tribunes." Under Communist control, the Soviet writers have had to give up their literary birthright, or sell it for a mess of pottage, and in so doing they have also sold their work and its value for a pot of message.

Bernard M. Daly

THE NEW CANADIAN POTASH DISCOVERIES

Potassium is essential for healthy plant growth, and is rapidly depleted from the soil in many types of farming. As a result, the demand for potash salts for fertilizer has increased tremendously in recent years. In the first issue of *New Mexico Quarterly*, in February 1931, Professor John D. Clark discussed "Potash in New Mexico: Its Possible Significance." At the time he wrote one American company, in California, produced 12 per cent of our national potash requirements. The remainder was imported from Europe. But even then shafts were being sunk in the Carlsbad area, the beginning of an industry which now employs more than 3400 people, shipping annually more than three million tons of potash salts, with a value of nearly \$64 million in 1954. These shipments amount to more than 90 per cent of United States potash requirements, indicating that the Carlsbad area dominates potash mining in North America. The period of domination may be coming to an end, however, for in the last few years potash deposits have been found in Saskatchewan. *New Mexico Quarterly* has asked Mr. Daly to give us the facts currently available on Canadian potash.—EDITOR.

CANADA'S PROVINCE of Saskatchewan, stretching 750 miles from Montana and North Dakota to the Northwest Territories, has traditionally made its living from the surface of the soil. Wheat growing on the southern plains is succeeded northward by mixed farming in the wooded parkland belt, and in the northern forests by timber and pulp cutting, and by fishing and trapping. In recent years new resources have been discovered: oil and natural gas, copper, uranium, and potash. The deposits of uranium and potash, in particular, may give Saskatchewan an important place in world mineral production.

Uranium is found in the province's rugged northland, while potash and petroleum resources are being developed in the southern areas. L. Heber Cole, mining engineer of the Canadian Federal Bureau of Mines, has described the discovery of potash in western Canada. As with most of the major world deposits, Saskatchewan potash is closely associated with beds of halite, or common salt. Salt springs and salt lakes on the prairies suggested the hope of finding extensive beds of salt at shallow depths. Some of the first drilling in western Canada was done in Manitoba, in search of salt as well as oil and gas. The results there were not encouraging.

Between 1907 and 1912 near McMurray, Alberta, holes drilled to nearly 1500 feet in depth penetrated thick salt beds. A churn drill was used, and no cores were recovered for analysis. "Later wells in the same district proved the presence of a thick bed of very pure sodium chloride with practically no other associated salts," according to Mr. Cole. A well drilled to 3201 feet at Unity, in west-central Saskatchewan, between 1927 and 1929 encountered rock salt near its bottom. Similar drillings elsewhere in the province also showed the presence of salt strata. After 1940 improved techniques permitted deeper drilling and many holes in Saskatchewan penetrated lower formations and proved the existence of a vast salt bed. (See map, p. 310)

Then, in January 1943, as Mr. Cole has noted, "A discovery of the first importance was made when a hole drilled by Norcanols Oil and Gas Limited (Imperial Oil) near Radville [in southeastern Saskatchewan] penetrated a series of salt beds approximately 250 feet in thickness at a depth of more than 7500 feet below the surface." Potash was definitely recognized in this well at a depth of 7653 feet.

The great depth of the potash bed ruled out any excitement over mining possibilities, but the discovery did quicken interest in exploration. Other wells were watched carefully for signs of potash nearer the surface, and in 1946 the first discovery of potentially recoverable potash was made in a well near Unity. At a

depth of 3466 feet an 11-foot bed was encountered, containing the equivalent of nearly 22 per cent potash.

After this discovery the provincial government, holder of most of the rights to subsurface minerals (a few private landowners still hold their mineral rights, also), gave some thought to developing the potash by means of a public company. The provincial Minister of Natural Resources, the Honorable J. L. Phelps, said, "Government enterprise is the only feasible way of developing production of this mineral." He added, in newspaper statements, "Conservation and maximum utilization of such deposits as ours should be the dominant principle in their development, since they are irreplaceable and essential to long-term agriculture. Such development cannot be expected from private capital, which seeks speedy and high returns from its efforts, and is therefore likely to strip a deposit of its richest concentrates, with the abandonment of marginal portions."

There was talk, in 1947, of provincial government plans to sink a shaft and build a plant at Unity, and in 1948 it was reported that the provincial government had tried without success to interest the federal government in joint development of the Unity potash field.

The government settled on a firm policy after that, and in July 1948 the provincial natural resources department announced that, under special terms laid out by the Saskatchewan government, potash deposits in the west-central area of the province were open to exploration by private interests.

Even then private interests were slow to commit themselves. It was not until February 1951 that a new Minister of Natural Resources for the province, the Honorable J. H. Brockelbank, announced that the first permit for exploration and development of potash in Canada had been issued in Saskatchewan to Bata Petroleum, Limited. Bata, a firm controlled by Saskatchewan residents, had made the original Unity discovery while sinking an exploratory oil well. By its contract Bata agreed to experiment with brine mining, and if that proved not feasible the company was

to sink a shaft and go underground. Bata's interests were taken over by Western Potash Corporation, Limited, of Calgary, not long after this.

Meanwhile reports of salt and potash in oil well cores had continued to come in. Pieced together, they pretty well defined both the limits and the form of the Saskatchewan salt basin. It begins in the north on the province's western border, about where the North Saskatchewan River enters from Alberta, and trends south-east to cross Saskatchewan's eastern border just south of the fifty-first parallel, southeast of Yorkton.

This salt bed slopes downward toward the south, so that near its northern limit it lies about 3000 feet below the surface, while in the vicinity of Weyburn, near the United States border where the Williston Basin extends in Saskatchewan, it lies 6500 feet or more below the surface. The salt bed is not continuous under the southern part of the province, nor is it of uniform thickness. A broad area in the central part of the province has been marked barren of salt. Here the salt has apparently been removed by dissolution in ages past. "A well near the edge of this area may have several hundred feet of salt in it; a short distance away another well will show no salt, and upper formations will be several hundred feet lower than in the salt-bearing well," R. V. Tomkins of the Saskatchewan Department of Mineral Resources reported to the 1954 western annual meeting of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy.

The thickness of the salt bed varies from about 100 to 600 feet. The potash salts, where present, are usually found near the top of the salt formation. "In two areas where the salt reaches maximum thickness of over 600 feet, the best potash deposits are found. One follows around the north end of the barren area, and the other centres about 30 miles west of Yorkton," Tomkins said. No significant potash has been detected in the southwestern portion of the salt basin.

The salt bed is Devonian in age, and the potash, where present, is found in the upper part of the Prairie Evaporites formation.

Both Cole and Tomkins have noted that the Saskatchewan potash section consists of halite (common salt) with associated sylvite (potassium chloride) and carnallite (the hydrous chloride of potassium and magnesium). Pure carnallite contains slightly less than 17 per cent potash, while pure sylvite contains 63 per cent, so sylvite finds are more important. The most common form of Saskatchewan potash is sylvinite, an intimate mechanical mixture of halite and sylvite, comparing favorably with Carlsbad sylvite deposits.

Prior to 1951, during drilling of certain deep exploratory oil wells, cores were taken of the potash section, and chemical analyses of these cores have been published. Since the entry of private companies exploring for potash exclusively, the provincial mineral resources department is no longer having cores taken, and no new analytical data have been available for the past four years, although of course the potash companies have accumulated their own confidential analyses.

Also, since 1951 it has been common practice to run a gamma-ray log on each hole, showing the natural radioactivity of the formations. The radioactivity of a potassium isotope makes it possible to detect the potash section easily. Two hundred or more deep wells, about half of them in the salt basin, have been reviewed in this way.

This exploratory work has outlined the extent of the potash-bearing salt, and made possible some estimate of the amount of potash underground. The reserves are "almost unbelievably large," in the words of the provincial Department of Mineral Resources. A paper by E. Y. Carlson of the provincial department, delivered to the 1955 convention of The Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, in Saskatoon, reported:

A review of the information from nearly 200 deep wells has indicated that Saskatchewan has vast deposits of potash but at a somewhat greater depth than those being mined elsewhere in the world. Considering those areas that have beds five feet thick or over, and a depth of less than 4000 feet, a reserve of five billion tons was estimated. If

the remainder of the potash ore which is found at less than 4000 feet is considered, the reserve should reach 30 billion tons. If all the known reserves regardless of depth are considered the reserve figures become fantastically large.

The phrase "fantastically large" has been interpreted in terms of perhaps 100 billion tons or more — greater than all other known world reserves combined. However, much of this potash in Saskatchewan may not be economically recoverable. Even the recoverable ore may be relatively costly to produce: depth to potash beds in New Mexico is 900 to 1700 feet below the surface, while beds from which production is contemplated in Saskatchewan lie from 2900 to 3500 feet below the surface.

Bata Petroleum, Limited, which drilled the Unity discovery well in 1946, and its successor, Western Potash, had an early start on all other companies. Bata held the first Saskatchewan permit for exploration and development of potash, issued in January 1951, and had been doing work in the few years before that. By August 1951 Western Potash had a brine leaching test-plant operating in the Unity field. In January 1952, A. S. Dawson, geologist and field manager of the company, reported that brining experiments were still in progress, and that he believed that the problems of recovering potash by this method could be solved. Research was continuing, meanwhile, at the company's field laboratory.

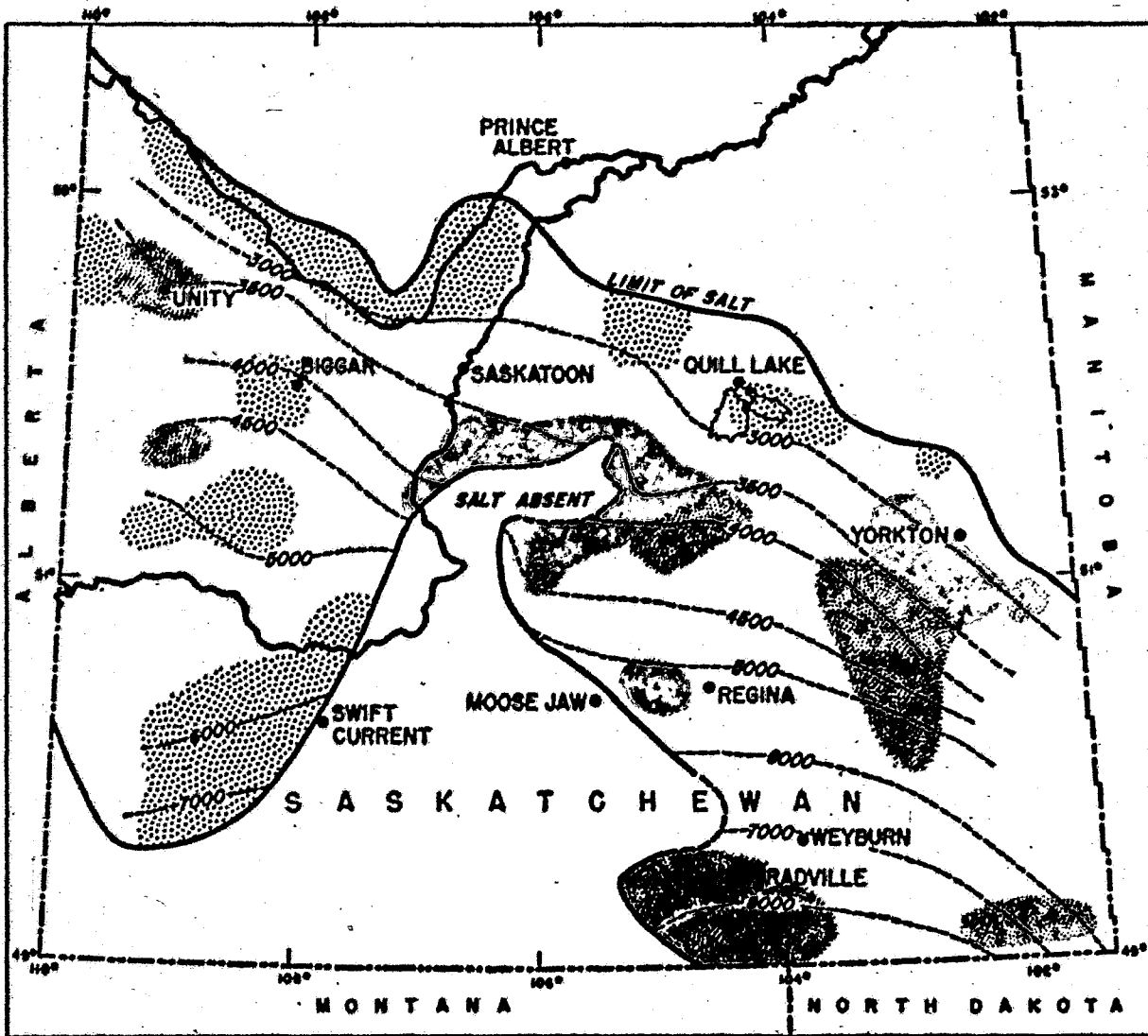
Then, in May 1952, the Saskatchewan mineral resources minister, Mr. Brockelbank, announced changes in potash prospecting regulations designed to speed up the exploration and development of the mineral. These changes were based on a "withdrawal" or "pre-exploration" arrangement to enable companies interested in the development of potash to take full advantage of information obtained during oil-drilling operations. Under the new system a company could obtain rights on as much as 100,000 acres at a rental of 1 1/2 cents an acre for a six-month period. No specific investment was required during withdrawal status. The system was intended to enable interested companies

to work with oil companies drilling in the same area. The potash concern could pay the cost of coring the potash and salt zones, pay part of the entire drilling costs, share in the costs of logging the well, or pay to have exploratory wells deepened to test the salt zones. "This would lessen the cost of potash exploration and make possible a faster and more thorough investigation of the province's deposits," Mr. Brockelbank said.

Shortly after he announced the new regulations governing withdrawals, Mr. Brockelbank received the first pound of potash produced in Canada. It was turned out of the field laboratory of Western Potash at Unity, by evaporation and crystallization of brine from a company well in the field.

By June 1952 The Potash Company of America, long established as a major producer in the Carlsbad, New Mexico area, had joined the search for commercial deposits of potash in Saskatchewan. Province officials heralded the company's interest as "confirmation of the potential importance of our potash resources . . . a major step toward more complete assessment of the value and extent of Saskatchewan's potash reserves." Potash of America had come to Canada the previous year and had spent several months in general geological investigations in the salt basin in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. During this period the company obtained cores of the salt section from two oil and gas test holes in Saskatchewan, which stimulated their interest in the Saskatchewan deposits.

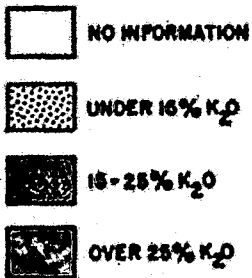
While Western Potash and Potash of America continued their activities (the latter as a Canadian subsidiary called Potash Company of America, Limited), other companies entered the field. Several of these were American potash producers from the Carlsbad area: United States Potash Company — the pioneer Carlsbad operator; Duval Sulphur and Potash Company; and International Minerals and Chemical, operating in Canada through a wholly-owned subsidiary known as Canadian Flint and Spar. Other concerns active in the search for potash in Saskatchewan in the fall of 1955 were Campana Oil of Calgary; Poplar Oils,



DEPTH OF SASKATCHEWAN POTASH BEDS OVER 5 FEET THICK

After TOMKINS

ESTIMATED POTASH GRADE BEDS OVER 5 FEET THICK



The Saskatchewan potash deposits lie about 1400 miles due north of New Mexico. Much of the blank area within the salt beds, keyed here as "no information," may contain important potash deposits which are known only to the developing companies.

Limited, of Calgary; Palmer Oil Development, of Calgary; General Petroleum of Canada, Limited; and interests designated as A. A. Allison, Toronto; M. W. Caldough, Toronto; and K. Kelman.

At that time they held, altogether, 2,661,642 acres under potash withdrawals, and three of the interests held 400,000 acres under potash permits: Potash of America holds one 100,000 acre bloc just east of Saskatoon and another in the Quill Lake-Lanigan area further east; Western Potash holds one 100,000 acre permit at Unity; and Campana holds a 100,000 acre permit in the Biggar area. When plotted on a map these holdings extend in an arc across the province, coinciding roughly with areas under which the potash is presumed to lie at depths of 3000 to 3500 feet.

The holdings also illustrate the system whereby the provincial government is directing and controlling the search for, and development of, potash. Companies can obtain crown-land rights by three methods: withdrawal, permit, and lease. Under a withdrawal, as we have seen, a company can obtain up to 100,000 acres for six months, at a rental of 1 1/2 cents an acre, and this is renewable for one additional six-month term. If a company locates a favorable area during the six-month withdrawal, it can then obtain an exploration permit on up to 100,000 acres for a maximum of three years at an annual rent of 5 cents an acre. It must spend at least \$220,000 on exploration and development during the term of the permit. And no company can hold more than two permits at one time.

At the end of the permit period, or if production is undertaken before that, the company can obtain a twenty-one year lease on from 640 to 12,500 acres of the permit area, at an annual rental of \$1 an acre. A permit area can only be explored, while a lease area allows actual production.

Lease terms are renewable for additional twenty-one year periods. A lessee must spend money equivalent to the amount required to erect a plant and other mining improvements, the total value of which must be estimated at the permit stage. When

a permittee applies for a lease he may also apply for a reservation of all or part of the area then covered by the permit which is not included in the lease application. Such reservations may be held for five years at 5 cents an acre. Before the five-year period is up a further reservation may be obtained for a period extending to the end of the lease term on a portion not larger than the leased area, at 10 cents an acre. The provincial government undertakes, among other things, to respect as confidential during the term of withdrawal, permit, or lease, information relevant to exploration and production details.

Western Potash has started sinking a 7 by 12 foot shaft on its Unity holding, and by mid-November 1955 Potash of America had head frame and shaft collar in place and was nearly ready to start sinking a shaft on its holding near Patience Lake, about fifteen miles east of Saskatoon.

"For further development of this resource," a provincial resources department summary has said, "much will depend on the success or failure of the companies engaged in shaft-sinking. There is no precedent in the world for sinking a shaft through the type of material that must be penetrated for such a great depth. Although similar techniques have been applied elsewhere, it was to a depth of about 2500 feet, whereas here the companies are attempting a shaft in excess of 3000 feet. Other companies will be watching with interest."

Other companies have indeed been watching with interest since Western Potash in the summer of 1952 let the contract for shaft sinking on its Unity holding. The estimate then was that the shaft would take twelve to eighteen months to sink. After a year of work, however, it was down less than 200 feet. Delays were caused by two water and sand zones. One section was successfully cemented after months of work, and a start was made on freezing for future digging. By July 1954, with a giant refrigeration unit working, Western Potash had sunk its shaft to the 500-foot level, and the 1160-foot level was reached before the company stopped

digging in December 1954 to reorganize and refinance, with which it was occupied late in 1955.

The Potash Company of America started east of Saskatoon with plans to sink a shaft of 16 feet inside diameter for some 3000 feet through layers of semi-consolidated deposits that could be expected to cave. To prevent cave-ins, refrigeration was decided on from the start. The Palmer Oil Company was given a contract to drill twenty-eight holes, alternately 2000 and 3000 feet deep, around the circumference of a circle only 36 feet in diameter — specifications which left little margin for error. These holes were to serve to circulate a refrigerant to solidify a column of earth through which the mine shaft is to be sunk.

Speaking in Saskatoon in January 1955, G. F. Coope, president of The Potash Company of America, noted that the drillers were then two months behind schedule, but he predicted that the holes would be completed by May and that shaft sinking should start about August. His predictions were optimistic by a few months; actual shaft sinking had not started by mid-November 1955.

The uncertainty of such predictions emphasizes why spokesmen for the potash industry have been reluctant to discuss its future in Saskatchewan. Mr. Coope, speaking for his company alone, has noted that there still might be unforeseen problems in shaft sinking — an operation which he has suggested might take two years or so. Thus it may be well into 1957 or even 1958 before the true prospects of potash mining in Saskatchewan are known.

And until they are known, many other details must remain indefinite. Potash of America, for example, has estimated that the company will have a capital investment of \$15 million in its Saskatchewan operations by the time production begins, including mine and surface installations. But the scope of future operations, staff to be employed, and amount of production to be attempted will depend on successful shaft sinking, and on market conditions.

Mr. Coope has stressed that operations will be highly mechanized. Even at full production the planned operations of his company will employ hundreds of workers rather than the thousands mentioned in some reports. Potash of America, he has added, has no intention of building a company town on its holdings. Accommodations in nearby Saskatoon, a city of 65,000, where more than 5000 new houses, including several hundred new, low-rental multiple units, have been built since the war, are considered adequate. City schools are better than any on the holding could be. Most of the employees, company officials have added, will be hired locally, with key staff being brought in from the company's New Mexico operations to handle special equipment and train local employees. Except for technical, supervisory, and administration staff, the company has had no employees of its own in Saskatchewan during the operations preparatory to shaft sinking. Most of this work has been done by contractors, such as the drilling companies.

No potash company operating in Saskatchewan is aiming at the Saskatchewan market, because there will be none to speak of. Scientists of the University of Saskatchewan soils department point out that present potassium content of almost all soils in the province is adequate for the predominant cereal crops. In some areas, as in the new northern developments, tests with potassium fertilizers have shown that they are useful, but the acreage of these areas is low. In thirty to fifty years the situation might change, particularly if irrigation developments lead to such crops as potatoes or celery, but this will never be on a large scale.

There are markets in other parts of Canada, especially in the Atlantic Coast provinces. Canadian consumption of potash for the 1954-55 season ran over 88,000 short tons, most of it in this eastern area. But to reach the eastern Canadian market, Saskatchewan potash will have a cross-continent rail haul at rates which, at their most favorable, are still almost certain to price the Saskatchewan product above all competitors, including potash shipped by boat from Europe.

Indeed, Potash of America is planning to ship the expected products of its Patience Lake mine into the American market in the northern, central, and western states. Describing the potash business as highly competitive, Mr. Coope has said that his company is engaged in Saskatchewan operations with the idea of supplying the market from two sources and "to develop additional ore reserves which would ensure the company of extremely long life." In Saskatoon during the spring of 1954 he said: "Should a new operation be brought into production in Canada it would be as an adjunct to the present operation in Carlsbad, and not in any sense as a replacement. Under the most favorable conditions several years of development would be necessary before any production would be made. This conforms to the present market condition in which potash is in excess of demand."

Because this new resource lies hidden underground, and because most recent information about it lies hidden in confidential files, Saskatchewan citizens have not become much excited about it. Nor have their lives been particularly affected so far. But as development continues, potash and the other industrial minerals recently found under the prairies and the parkland will make great changes in a province which has been known as a major wheat producer, but which has also suffered all the hazards of a one-crop economy.

NMQ Poetry Selections

JAM SESSION

I was the trumpet's
Razor tongued note
Blown flat to the ceiling
Plastered
White on white
Non-existent
Riddled with holes
By the tones of the trombone
Human lace which the drums
Pummelled and slapped
Smack on the floor
Where the hard heels of all feet
Jitterbugged.

A snake of air
Undulated under
My no-shape
Uncoloredness
Wove upright
A transparency
Limpid;
I saw the grape-soft bloom on lovers' eyes
Heard laughter red as raspberries
And sharp as cacti
Knew the sound of words I could not hear
Felt the pulse of blood I could not see
Then miraculously
Was myself
Walking on the street.

PHOEBE DOUGLAS

THE CHILD-MAN

A child-man wandered bare-legged down the reach
One Sunday early, lost village church-bells in his turnings,
Intruded where the gross seals floundered, each
Thin trail of sand-tracks leading him from home. The waves
Were white and large, that morning on the beach.

They towered, thundered, and in retreating shed
Sea-omens where he stood: great convex skeletons
Of sharks, flat rainbow fish, and stores of red
Transparent shells which speckled rock-weed in sharp gleamings,
As if a thousand passing gulls had bled.

The cormorants searched alone that morning, low
On sooty wings, adjusting unconcerned to gusts
Of sudden feverish wind that sprang from slow
And leaden clouds. The child-man, hesitating, watched
The flashing terrors of the under-tow.

But shoreline swooping quickened urgency
And drew him on, until the sand was rock and rock
Was cliff which walled a narrow arm of sea;
Blue shadows pulsed upon the further side, in moss
Which filmed the broken body of a tree.

The eddies glittered. No parent to deplore
The dripping legs, he entered coldness for desire
In crossing, barely heard the far-off roar
Of penetrating ocean, barely felt the lift
Of water seeking tide-marks on the shore.

Nor, sleeping later, saw the channel churn
 With moon-convulsions, crushing wreckage on the reefs,
 Nor woke with screamings of the mother-tern
 Which nested at his head; but knew and understood
 In quiet dawn that he would not return.

Instead became a king of wasted zones,
 Wore sea-weed crowns, adorned himself with perfect stars,
 Pondered in silence on high sand-dune thrones,
 Reaching with tears for strange and half-forgotten days
 While sorting graying pearls and smooth pale stones.

JOHN T. OGILVIE

AN OLD MAN'S GARAGE ERRAND

First, one of my old tires burst.
 After that I just sat
 In the car until the last star
 Burned out . . . Five A.M. or there about.
 The morning air was sweet. Right there,
 Suddenly, in the glen below me
 Was this cloud. Man, no shroud,
 No birch log is grayer than fog.
 Well, there was not one cloud, but a pair:
 Fog gloom and apple orchard bloom. . . .
 And the day just beginning to gray
 At the mill and the high river hill.
 I feel good because, from where I stood,
 Part of sky was part of earth. Why,
 I didn't mind the walk, though my kind
 Stay in chairs. Now, you got any spares?

CLOYD CRISWELL

SPRING WAS ALWAYS
THE BOATHOUSE:

Doors pulled open
To a skittish sun flicking
Over hulls and oar-locks
Rusty from encrusted
Winter's idleness.

Choppy waves,
And juices from the season's
First blisters kept
The flock clustered
Until one late-in-April day

Words were floating distant
On the glare-flat water
And the boathouse yawned
Empty, a disdained mother
Whose young were all embarked

And rowing into summer.

MARTIN ROBBINS

Peter Viereck

THE TREND BEHIND REVISIONISM

I

BIRDS OF ILL OMEN are the flock of revisionist books and articles trying to exonerate German war guilt for World War II. They blame Hitler's war not on Hitler but on America's love of liberty; that is to say, on those anti-Nazi interventions which were and ought to be a matter of course for any unservile republic. The trend behind the symptom of revisionism — not a personal intention but an impersonal trend — is to make our present struggle against communism seem a struggle *only* against communism, instead of a struggle against *all* forms of totalitarianism.

Instead of feebly answering the revisionists by bleating defensively: "We did not really intervene so terribly much before Pearl Harbor," our historians should retort belligerently: "Yes, we did intervene but, to our shame, not enough."

Had the free world intervened* at once and with full effort against the Brown murderers in 1933 and against the Red murderers in November 1918 and strangled these world-arsonists in their cradles, as the conservative prophet Churchill tried to do in both cases, then there would have been no World War Two in Europe, no World War Two and a Half in Korea. Moral evil is moral evil; diabolism is diabolism; it is not merely a misunderstanding, nor a neurotic childhood, nor a lack of slum clearance. Evil being evil, it ultimately leads not to a self-deceptive "co-existence" at Yalta, nor to a self-deceptive "peace in our time" at Munich, but to Dachau, slave labor, and Korea.

* "Intervened": not via the morally-tormenting doctrine of preventive war but with a *defensive* collective security and with full moral, legal, and economic pressure of a united free community.

The revisionist school in America is indignant, in several cases rightly so, at being called "pro-Nazi." (For example, an exception should be made for a sincere anti-totalitarian scholar like W. H. Chamberlin.) In one regard, however, the American revisionist school is even more pro-Nazi than any candid Nazi. At least Hitler (in his war-plotting staff conferences, of which we have stenographic records) and Goebbels (in his captured diary) did not disassociate themselves from starting World War II. They honestly boasted of that supreme achievement; Hitler's only fear, as he told his generals, was that it would start too late, when he would not be young enough to savor it fully. What a pitiful spectacle — what a shame of the anti-intellectuals! — when today Americans out-Hitler even Hitler in blaming World War II on our bi-partisan Roosevelt-Willkie policy. Such Americans are rushing to exonerate Hitler of a war he admitted starting and of which, if victorious, he would not even have wanted to be exonerated.

The truth is: the man whom the revisionists revile, intervened not too much but too slowly; 1935-36 was the ideal time for stopping Nazism peacefully, by lawful world intervention against its two pyromaniac treaty-violations (conscription, the Rhineland). But as second best, American lives would have been saved most effectively not by isolationism, nor by pacifism, but by a pledge in early 1939 to declare war if Hitler crossed any more frontiers. By blaming Roosevelt for the war, the revisionists offer a pro-Nazi argument so fantastic that not even the Nazi criminals used it in their defense at Nuremberg. The Nuremberg documents, which every American as well as German should (but won't) peruse, prove to the hilt the war guilt of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis.

II

IN THE 1940's, THE WEST fought for its very existence against Hitler and Mussolini. In the 1950's, the gallant cause of indignation against fascism seems almost to be becoming a monopoly of

the left. For conservatives and moderate liberals, for our whole non-leftist capitalist democracy, this fact is still another kind of "intellectual shame." We know the false but superficially plausible conclusions against capitalism that any economic determinist would deduce from the increasingly leftist nature of anti-fascist idealism, and we know into whose Marxist hands such deductions would play.

Yet it was conservatives and moderates like Churchill and Anthony Eden who denounced the Nazi danger from the start. They denounced it when pacifistic Labor party leaders like Lansbury and MacDonald urged even more disarmament and appeasement than Neville Chamberlain. They continued to denounce and fight it when the leftist fellow-travelers supported the Hitler-Stalin Pact. No radical tribune of the people, no Village Hampden "unmasking" Wall Street, but that middle-road Republican newspaper, the *New York Herald Tribune*, was the very first to expose the Nazi sympathies of the Coughlinites and of the vermin press in the 1930's. Such forgotten facts show that anti-fascism can and must be made to animate, once again, all supporters of freedom, whether conservative, liberal, or radical, whether democratic capitalist or democratic socialist.

In World War II, rightly eager to defeat the Nazi version of totalitarianism, America was careless about the democratic credentials of one of our allies and about our vast concessions to him: the old religious problem of bad means to good ends. As a result, public opinion dozed too long; not freedom but communist totalitarianism replaced the Nazis after World War II in half of Europe and Asia. When the same danger looms in reverse, the same lesson will apply. Increasingly, but in more respectable "patriotic" guises than in the crude days of Coughlinism, the right-wing totalitarians will offer themselves as intimate political allies "against communism."

Perhaps these radicals of the right will triumph in a post-Adenauer Germany, by no means "neo-Nazi" yet cynically playing off east and west against each other, as in 1939 and as at Rapallo

in the 1920's. Or perhaps these forces will triumph not in Germany at all but in some country not yet apparent. Perhaps they will emerge (despite the decline of McCarthy himself) from a Know-Nothing American chauvinism at home. Whether in Germany or in America and under whatever respectable disguise, these forces will betray themselves in advance by an uncontrollable psychological need to "revise" the history of World War II in an unscholarly and anti-anti-fascist direction and to discredit anti-fascism.

In the current climate, America needs a nationwide revival of our anti-fascist moral heritage of World War II. Simultaneously we must prevent this heritage from being exploited by apologists for Soviet Russia. By scrutinizing the past writings of such apologists, especially by the key test of whether they switched their line in August 1939 to isolationism, you can easily distinguish between sincere anti-fascists and those anti-anti-communists who cry "wolf" over fascism merely in order to distract you from crying "bear" over Russia. While guarding against the insincere distractionists, we must equally guard against those who slander as "Red" the absolutely indispensable voice of our sincere anti-fascists (whether radical, liberal, or conservative).

Being a ceaseless pendulum between left and right, history will inevitably confront us again with a major right-wing menace, at home and abroad. When that time comes, will we make the same mistake as in World War II? Will we again win a war and lose a peace by concentrating solely against one of the several forms of totalitarian mass-murder? Unless we learn lastingly this lesson of the Hitler war, our national epitaph (to misquote Hegel) will be: "The only thing America has learnt from history, is that it failed to learn from history."

YOUR CHILDREN WILL BURN

THIS HAS TO DO with what my friends who have been analyzed would call a screen memory. You know the sort of thing where you dream about raising hell in Toots Shor's because the waiter brought your coffee with some of it sloshed over into the saucer, and you are really concealing from yourself an early memory of bed-wetting. Or you are standing in one of the honky-tonks on West Fifty-second watching a displaced Minsky broad go through her routine, and all the while running underneath is a fantasy about your old lady. In other words, what you're doing is a strip tease down Memory Lane with the customers yelling "take it off!" Well, when you're in a deal like mine — James Moss, Press Information — where you dish out the crapperoo yourself all the live-long day, you develop a nose for it. Maybe you have heard that old Jewish riddle: What is green, hangs on the wall, and whistles? The answer is a herring. Green? You paint it green, so it's green. Hangs on the wall? You hang it on the wall, so it hangs on the wall. And whistles? That's just to make the riddle hard. In other words, gilding the herring is what I get paid to do, and what my friends pay to have done when they lie on the analyst's couch day after day and dig up their buried guilt by free association. I have picked up my share of the spiel about repression and regression, and frustrations and complexes. I even know it's significant that what first came to my mind was not "screen memory," but "scream memory." Still and all and nevertheless, you don't get me down on a couch. Not by myself. And not to talk. That's a great bone of contention between me and Laura. I mean the "not by myself" and "not to talk."

My good friends would say it's also significant that my name is actually Jacob Mosskowitz. Once it seemed important not to have to go down through life being called Jackie Mosskowitz. Times have changed. And anyhow, what kind of a screen is James

Moss? Who, or, as Laura would say, whom am I kidding? One look at me, and you know I'm just a Jew-boy who has had too many hot corned-beef sandwiches at Reuben's. I have seen myself in mirrors. I get the general layout — fat, dark, and past forty. And I have the vital data at my finger tips. Five feet five in built-up shoes. Waist, thirty-nine. Weight, one-eighty-six. Hair still with me, and still black, though graying on the chest. Brown insolent eyes, big insolent nose, full insolent mouth. If I don't shave twice a day, I start looking seedy. But shave me and dress me up in one of my two dozen double-breasted suits cut out of English worsted, French flannel, Italian silk, and other such fine fabrics, with an imported shirt (ruby cuff links by courtesy of Cartier's to match the ruby ring) and a Bronzini tie, and whatever it is the women want, I've still got it. Believe me, this is no idle boast. I could give you the statistics. Which Laura would not like at all, not at all.

Yes, another Hebe who made good. My Madison Avenue offices clear me between thirty and forty thousand. With yet an octagon house overlooking the Hudson. That's Laura. She is devoted to Early American. I once brought home a bar of Octagon Soap to go with the house. But it's a waste of time to joke with Laura. She's a Bryn Mawr girl, the serious type. The only reaction I get is she calls me a product of the age of the wisecrack.

In other words, were it not for the recent clash by night with Laura, the sole extant son of Israel Mosskowitz, immigrant Jew and unsuccessful rag-peddler, would have no complaint. Maybe a guy like me who has become accustomed to a lot of free associating shouldn't have got married at age thirty-eight. But I guess I wanted a kid of my own image. And I won't deny that I was taken with Laura. Not that I ever considered her good-looking. However, even at twenty-three she was more than the usual female vacancy, and the good-looking broad I can get whenever I need it. Laura is not without her attractions. She's an amber blonde, slender build, five feet four inches without heels, about right for me. I don't want to be one of these little tugboats push-

ing an ocean liner around in the night clubs. A fair figure, good legs, a little weak in the breastwork; still and all, a clean neat healthy body showing to its best advantage in a golfer-style dress. You get the idea. Thin face, wide mouth, candid gray eyes, clear skin, not enough make-up, straw-colored hair in a braid around her head. Not strictly a period piece, but quaint. In our earlier and happier days, I called her Quaker Girl. Well, she may look mousy, but she can get her teeth into you. Perhaps we'd get along better if she didn't always give me the frank-and-forthright; if she were — excuse the expression — a devious bitch. To wit, last week, when I came home one evening after having been unavoidably detained in Manhattan all the night before by a certain appetizing little matter of business, she greeted me acidly: "There are one billion females on this earth, and I'm supposed to share you with each and every one of them."

"No," I said, "only those between nineteen and twenty-nine." That, I must point out sotto voce, was neat, Laura being thirty.

"Studs Mosskowitz!" Then she quickly added, "And I'm not being anti-Semitic." That's Laura. She sees all the angles, she's a tonic.

"My own personal praying mantis," I said.

"What precisely does *that* allusion mean?"

"The female praying mantis," I explained, "after mating bites off the head of the male and eats it."

"You and your perfectly *fantastic* notions!"

As she went out the door, taking the kid with her, I had the last word: "This is one male who's not going to have his head bitten off."

I HAD THE LAST WORD Thursday evening. On Friday, in celebration of the domestic crisis, I didn't go to the office. Instead, towards noon I crawled out from under our eighteenth-century tester, made black coffee and charred toast in our maple-paneled colonial kitchen, sat on our eight-sided octagon porch, and gazed across the Hudson to the bluish foothills of the Early American

YOUR CHILDREN WILL BURN

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Catskills. My eyes were lazily following a cloud that, next to our antique shop, resembled a mere parvenu Victorian lace valentine, and presto! I was no longer on the east bank of the Hudson, but back on the east side of Cleveland, when the Mosskowitz family was living on Forty-sixth Street between Woodland and Scovill, in that remote era a neighborhood of two- and four-family houses inhabited by non-prospering Jews. Of course, in reality it was not me back there, but that skinny little bugger Jackie Mosskowitz, seven years old, and dressed in a brown-and-white seersucker blouse and knee pants which the old lady had made after her own exclusive Mosskowitz model. I recognized instantly where I was — the vacant lot on Scovill Avenue where I spent many happy hours playing with my kid brother.

It was a June afternoon, warm and sunny, the last day of school. A cellar excavation which had long before been left unfinished in the lot was already rankly overgrown with weeds. That vacant lot was our Miami Beach and our Luna Park. We played in that spellbound world, completely sealed off from Scovill Avenue and oblivious to the people passing by only a few feet away. But in this particular memory vignette, I was there alone, and hunting for my kid brother who was lost. And on my search through the lot, I came upon the bright speckled orange-and-brown shell of a ladybug resting on a weed. Stooping over it, I chanted:

Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home!

Your house is on fire, your children will burn!

Once you put your mind in freewheeling, one screen memory leads to another. That discovery is not going to win me the Nobel Prize. As if the strip tease ever comes to an end, and with a roll of the drum you can finally say, "*Voila!* There it is! The *tzatz-keleh!* The little treasure trove!" What I remembered next was my six-year-old Abie coming to me a couple of weeks before last Christmas. Incidentally, Laura calls the kid Abraham or Little Abe. What she wanted was James Junior. But Abie was my fixed idea, after my kid brother. On that I proved stubborn, obstinate,

inflexible, and downright mulish. "Do you think you're founding a dynasty?" I said. "The next thing, it'll be King Moss the Third. I don't propose to hang all that crapperoo on my kid like a turkey around his neck."

"It was an albatross, dear, and don't say crapperoo when you mean dung, dear."

"Turkey was a joke, dear, and I don't mean dung dear, I mean crapperoo darling."

Well, to shuttle back to last Christmas, the kid came to me, climbed up on my lap, and said, "Daddy Jim, I want to buy a Christmas present for Miss Gillespie."

"That sounds like an admirable project. Who is Miss Gillespie?"

"She's my teacher at school."

"Oh, yes. You like her?"

"Yes, I do, very much."

"Okay. What do you want to buy her?"

"A lapel pin."

"Reasonable enough. Okay. We'll get her a good one, no matter what it costs."

"But Daddy Jim, I want to buy her one that lights up, with a battery she can carry in her pocket."

"I'm sure that's a present any woman would love to have."

That conversation lifted another curtain on the past, and little Jakie Mosskowitz was back there in the second grade at Outhwaite School with *his* Miss Gillespie, a princess with golden hair and sky-blue eyes whose name was Miss Ryan. Of course, a Christmas present never occurred to Jakie; and even if it had, the old man wouldn't have allowed it. We kids at Outhwaite were not *goyim*: our teachers got their presents on the last day of school. Like my Abie, I knew exactly what I wanted to give Miss Ryan — a blouse of glossy pink satin with ruffles and out-size mother-of-pearl buttons. Not that there was any question of buying such a present. I simply badgered the old lady into making it. The old lady took in dressmaking, as she said, to help out. There's a laugh

for you. That old battered sewing machine standing in mine and my kid brother's bedroom, which became the old lady's workshop during the daytime, was the basic industry and economic mainstay of the Mosskowitz menage. In other words, my old man was a *schlemiel* and a *neffish*, you know, a *creep*, one of those unfortunate bastards you see around, never intended to be a good provider. The old lady did the good providing. When she wasn't cooking, washing, ironing, cleaning, or scrubbing, she was either sitting at the sewing machine or was down on her knees, her mouth full of pins, circumambulating the strange women whom I often found in my bedroom partly dressed, their arms fat and flabby, their pulpy flesh bulging over their corsets.

A full month before the end of school I was after the old lady to make the blouse, and on some pretext she came with me one day to have a look at my Miss Ryan and get an idea of size. Then while she worked the treadle and guided the beautiful shining pink satin under the needle, I hung over the sewing machine impatiently watching my present take shape. On the last day, when I came home at noon for lunch, the old lady folded the blouse in tissue paper and put it into a white gift box which she had saved, and I went off to school with it. As I entered the classroom, I was trembling in my excitement. Miss Ryan was already there, and on her desk were the customary commonplace offerings of candy, fruit, handkerchiefs, soap, talcum, and cheap cologne. I placed my box before her and hurried to my seat, my face flushed and hot, while the other kids stared. Clearly this was a present with authority. From my seat, I saw Miss Ryan open the box and I heard the rustle of tissue paper. She looked in, blushed, and then turned a brilliant smile on me. Little Jackie hadn't learned yet how easy it is to crap out right after throwing seven. When school was dismissed, he ran all the way home in a fever of triumph.

HOME WAS THEN no octagon house, but one of those square box houses which the honest poor are devoted to. Once when I tried to tell Laura that a single room of the present Moss mansion

would have swallowed up the entire Mosskowitz domicile, she said, "Yes, but it *was* home sweet home, dear." That's the way it is sometimes, I am talking Bantu and Laura is talking Kalmuck. Home sweet home was a square divided into four equal boxes, each about ten by ten, with connecting doors. Home sweet home was the second floor of a small dingy two-story frame house which had long since shed its paint, built by a free-enterprising landlord in the patch of yard behind a dilapidated brick house. That Friday noon, as I gazed into the Hudson and shuffled my memories like a pinochle deck, I could see little Jackie run in triumph up the narrow broken stone walk leading alongside the brick house to the back yard where home sweet home stood. I remember looking about me for my kid brother, who was not quite four, and who usually played in the paved areaway between the two houses until I could join him after school was out. He wasn't there, and I went upstairs. The old lady, an anxious frown on her face, was standing in the center of the cramped kitchen, chopping boiled beef liver in a large wooden bowl which she held cradled in her left arm. What sticks now is that the old lady couldn't take time off from her round of tasks to indulge in the luxury of worry. She was a little skin-and-bones, with hard black jealous eyes set in a wasted face. Even though the Mosskowitzes were Orthodox Jews, on coming to the Promised Land she had given up the *sheitel* of the married woman, and instead she wore her own straight black hair in a thin knot. Hanging loose on her meager body was an unclean dark blue dress, with threads and lint clinging to it.

"Mamma!" I shouted. "I'm home from school! I gave Miss Ryan my present!"

But the old lady was far removed from me and my intoxication. "Where is Abie?" she demanded abruptly in Yiddish. "I thought he might be with you." Distractedly, she went to the open window, leaned out, and called, "Abie! Abie!" Then she turned to me. "Did you see him, Jackie?"

"No, mamma."

As she stood there, biting her lip and rocking her head from

side to side, my triumph drained out of me and her anxiety seeped in. "*Oi, gevald, gevald!*" she said. "*Oi*, what trouble your father is making for me!"

Today, of course, I could hazard a guess as to what the old man had been up to. When a woman says trouble in any language including Yiddish, she means another woman. In other words, having been through the mill I am a wise guy, a real *chochim*, with hindsight yet. But Jakie back there must have been one bewildered little bugger. What trouble was his papa making for his mama? And what did that have to do with Abie being gone? All little Jakie was able to gather was that his mama had been away from home for half an hour on some unusual and mysterious errand. "I told Abie he should not step out of the yard. Jakie, run and look in that lot where you play. Maybe he went there."

"Yes, mamma."

"Be sure you find him. He's wearing his green rompers. And come right back, Jakie!"

I can still feel the knot clenching my heart as I ran down the stairs, out to the front, down Forty-sixth Street to Scovill, and along Scovill to the vacant lot. I found green weeds, but no green rompers. And possibly, the way a kid does, I half forgot my urgent mission and lingered a moment. At any rate, in my head is this sharp picture of little Jakie stooping over the speckled orange-and-brown ladybug and chanting to it. Well, that's where we came in, isn't it? Okay. I found no Abie.

In my anxiety, I ran all the way back home, so that I came up the stairs out of breath and with an ache in my side. The door stood open. The old lady was gone. The house, I sensed immediately, was empty. On the kitchen floor lay the wooden chopping bowl where it had apparently been dropped, and some of the liver had dribbled out on the threadbare linoleum.

Ah, that little bugger Jakie! He knows there is cause for alarm. The little *chochim* knows it. Never since has so keen a feeling of desertion pierced him, no, not even on that black Friday when he sat on the octagon porch, with the kid and Laura gone, and the

empty house palpably at his back. I see the little bugger search methodically through all four rooms — the kitchen, with rusted iron stove, small wooden table covered by a worn oilcloth, two straight wooden chairs skinned of their varnish, egg crate nailed to the window sill to serve as refrigerator, zinc-lined sink, and above it a couple of open shelves holding two paltry sets of dishes carefully separated, one for *milchiges*, the other for *flaischiges*, milk and meat to you; to the left of the kitchen mine and Abie's bedroom, with bare floor of pine boards, chipped iron bedstead, sewing machine, straight chair piled high with work in progress, dress form, and nails in the wall to hang our wardrobe on; behind the kitchen, the unused parlor which even the honest poor cannot do without, with cheap floral rug, library table in walnut veneer, cupboard containing our *Pesachdige* dishes, and mantelpiece on which stood the old lady's solitary art treasure, an ornate marble-encased clock, on either side of the clock face a porcelain maiden with waxen cheeks and thin hands rising out of rococo shellwork; and finally to the left of the parlor, the master bedroom where the old man and the old lady slept, with bare pine floor, authentic Early Grand Rapids bed (unfortunately minus tester), wooden chair draped over with the old man's good pair of pants, and dresser whose veneer had come off in strips. Did I hear you ask about the bathroom? That was down one flight underneath the staircase, appropriately furnished with stool and zinc bathtub which we shared with the family living on the first floor. Well, pardon the emphasis on the Oenslager décor. James Moss enjoys setting the stage of his be-it-ever-so-humble origins.

"That explains why you're always so assertive, dear," Laura said once when I had described the Mosskowitz establishment to her. "I mean you push so, you always carry a chip on your shoulder, you have a kind of impudence that makes you so hard to live with."

"The word you are fumbling for, darling, is *chutzpeh*."

"It's the classic example," she went on, ignoring my linguistic addendum. "Your touchiness, your aggressiveness, even your

tomcatting, is simply the standard reaction to the insecurity of childhood poverty. And also being a member of a persecuted minority group."

"*A gesund dir in dein keppeleh!*" I said. "Blessings on thy sweet little head! You are of the great verbalizers."

LET US RETURN to our hero Jakie, whom we left alone in the deserted house. And will you just look at the little bugger, scared as he is, try to pull a rabbit out of the hat. Perhaps, he persuades himself, with a fine display of corroborating details, perhaps Abie returned and his mamma took him with her to Rogin's butcher shop to get some soup meat for supper. Soup meat. There is a detail, a whimsical culinary detail, for the historian of social manners. You will ask in vain at Manny Wolf's or Lindy's for soup meat. Yet that *pièce de résistance* appeared nearly every evening on the Mosskowitz table, attended by boiled potatoes, and now and then a *vorschpeiz* of chopped liver. Only the rarest and most flamboyant occasion brought forth a roasted chicken. But soup meat was Old Faithful. What a job I could do with the soup meat account to endear it to the great American public. Soup meat, the miracle food. It was not only the cheapest cut of beef, it could also be eaten twice. Yes, there's the gimmick. You can eat your soup meat and have it. For the evening's supper (what Laura calls dinner at eight), the old lady simply gave it a thorough boiling in water until it was pallid of hue. For the next noon's dinner (what Laura calls luncheon dear), the old lady stirred a substantial quantity of rice or noodles into the water which the meat had been boiled in. I suppose Jakie Mosskowitz wasn't bothered, but it bothers every corpuscle in James Moss now to recall it. Laura, of course, can't understand why I raise such hell whenever she tries to serve me leftovers made into hash, meat loaf, croquettes, or creamed crapperoo. "Look, darling," I say as I shove the dish aside, "do I have to show you a certified statement of my earnings?"

"But, dear, it's not right to waste perfectly good food,"

"Don't waste it, darling. Just throw it out."

"You never deny yourself anything, do you, dear?"

"What you'd like to do, darling, is build me a prison of my denials. And don't feed that mush to my kid."

"You're only spoiling Abraham."

"That's right, darling. I want Abie spoiled. I want him good and spoiled."

How one does drift off on the magic carpet of his fond memories. To get back to little Jakie. Once again, breathless now and apprehensive, he ran down the stairs, out to the front, then up Forty-sixth Street to Woodland, and, after looking both ways for streetcars, across the cobblestones and tracks to Rogin's. A group of seven or eight women stood on the sawdust-strewn floor, chattering in the aftermath of some mishap. Even Mr. Rogin in his greasy bloodstained apron had come out from behind the meat counter. As I stumbled in over the threshold, one woman who was facing the doorway whispered, "Shh! It's the other boy."

That stage whisper delivered in Yiddish had the cadence of calamity. The other women, replicas of the old lady, in dirty black or dark blue dresses, turned to stare at me. The butcher bustled through the group. "Was my mamma here, Mr. Rogin?" I asked, though my heart swelling into my throat told me it was a futile question.

The women exchanged glances whose import was not lost on little Jakie, and Mr. Rogin said with rough kindness, "Your mamma had to go downtown. She said you should wait for her at home."

I was silent, afraid I might begin to cry if I tried to speak. One of the women, whom I recognized as Mrs. Feinberg, a friend of the family, stroked my head. "There's nothing to worry about, Jakie darling. Come, I'll go home with you."

I let her take my hand, and as we walked along together, she did what she could to divert me by asking about the last day of school and what grade I was in and the present I brought for my teacher. But little Jakie wasn't in the mood for social conversa-

tion. He was relieved finally to reach home and come up the stairs. The wooden bowl was still lying on the kitchen linoleum. However, we had now acquired a visitor whom Laura, with all her Bryn Mawr finesse, would not have known what to do with. Twitching his feelers at the delectable *vorschpeiz* which had dribbled out of the bowl was an Early American cockroach. Our visitor was no problem to Mrs. Feinberg. She quickly drove him off, wiped up the liver from the linoleum, and put the bowl on the table. Then resorting to the universal remedy of Jewish women, she said, "Sit down, Jakie darling. I'll get you something to eat."

I sat at the kitchen table and watched. Obviously Mrs. Feinberg knew her way around the Mosskowitz-type kitchen. She knew where to find the bread and the bread knife. She got the milk from the box on the window sill. And she was not surprised to discover that our butter came not from cows, but from apples. While that kindhearted woman busies herself pouring a glass of milk and spreading a slice of bread with apple butter, let me fill you in, as we say in the trade. My good friends who have been analyzed tell that it doesn't matter whether you remember accurately or not, that what you invent may be even more significant than what you remember. In other words, how can you lose? I am no longer certain which of the mishmash in my memory belongs actually to that June day, which of it I heard about afterwards, and which is, as the *spiel* has it, sheer dream-work. For whatever reason, my kid brother had taken it into his head to go to Woodland Avenue. There as he darted across the tracks, he was struck by a streetcar and dragged an adequate distance over the cobblestones before the motorman could come to a stop. An ambulance took the mangled little body to Charity, a Catholic hospital down around Twenty-second Street. Someone in the crowd that gathered was able to identify Abie, and a policeman brought the good news to Ghent and then escorted the old lady down to Charity Hospital.

And now the police were out hunting for the old man, who

might have been almost anywhere on Cleveland's east side, going up and down the streets, his short emaciated frame (he died later of TB) bent over the handle of the weather-beaten splintered wooden pushcart, and his worn coin purse filled with pennies, nickels, and dimes. He would be buying up old paper, old clothes, old bedding, old pots and pans, old iron, old anything. He would be wearing a dirty shirt and his old pair of shapeless black pants, stiff with grime. The lack of a necktie would be concealed by his ragged black beard, and he would have on an old felt hat, beneath which his long sideburns framed his thin swarthy face. Laura likes to talk about the adorable street cries of London. She would have simply adored the old man. The old man was a great streetcrier. "Rags! Rags!" he would cry adorably. "Paper rags! Paper rags! Paper rags!"

I DON'T MEAN to keep you in suspense. Abie died. In fact, he was good and dead by the time the ambulance got to the hospital. The old lady only served to put the legal name to the broken remains. And in the Mosskowitz family, Abie's death made a difference, a big difference. Something gave way between the old man and the old lady. The old man became quieter, more subdued than he'd been; and the old lady somehow, by a word here and look look there, never let him forget. As for little Jakie, it was not only the gloom that fell over the Mosskowitz family. There was no more Abie for him to take to the vacant lot to catch grasshoppers, or to play Soldiers with in their bedroom on rainy afternoons. I don't of myself remember what Abie looked like. But after the old lady died (breast cancer), I found a faded photo in a soiled envelope hidden behind the *Pesachdige* dishes. It must have been taken during the spring before the accident by an itinerant photographer of those days. The scene is the paved areaway. Abie, dressed in checked rompers, is sitting in a little two-wheeled cart behind a goat in harness. He is holding the reins in his hands. His dark hair is as curly as the goat's, and his big dark eyes are looking seriously at you out of his little face.

On that Friday spent among my souvenirs, I went into the house, got the old faded photo from my wallet, and brought it back out on the porch. Sitting there, I was again struck by how much my son Abie looks like my kid brother. The resemblance is not so much in the actual appearance (my Abie, while he has my dark complexion and eyes, has Laura's straight hair); rather it's in the clean honest look of the two kids, the pure music they give off. I have frequently thought of everything my kid brother missed by tangling with that streetcar — all the good times and the kicks, like putting on a new suit, taking a broad to the Persian Room, playing a pinochle hand in spades, lying in the sun on Bermuda, walking along Madison, inhaling the lights and colors of Manhattan, even buying the octagon house. On the other hand, I tell myself, if Abie missed the fun, he never lost the clean honest look and the pure music. The fishy film never came down over his eye. He never gave with the hearty laugh, he never became an operator, he never had to dish out the crapperoo.

Of course, little Jakie sitting at the kitchen table eating his bread with apple butter and drinking his milk was not yet of the deep thinkers like James Moss resting his round rump on his octagon porch and studying the old faded photo. Strictly, I don't know what Jakie was thinking, except maybe when his mamma would come home. "She won't be gone long," Mrs. Feinberg had reassured him. "I'll stay here with you till she comes back." And when he finished eating and was just sitting there at the kitchen table, she said, "Haven't you got something to play with, Jakie darling?"

As a matter of fact, I did have something. It was not anything you'd find at Schwarz's, but a little game I had invented which I called Soldiers. On rainy afternoons and Sunday mornings (the old man wouldn't allow games on Saturday), I would play it with Abie in our bedroom. In her years of dressmaking, the old lady had accumulated a quart Mason jar of buttons, most of them the ordinary small white or black variety, yet a number of them larger, colored, or oddly shaped. I remember that I would arrange

these into armies, with the ordinary buttons serving as common soldiers, and the larger colored buttons as officers. How do you like that! I'd put Abie in charge of moving certain troops across the floor. And on Sundays, when we could play in our bed, I would fashion the blankets and pillows into hills and valleys for our armies to march up and down. I can still hear Abie's lisping treble echoing the commands, "Company, *attention!* Forward *march!*"

Obediently, at Mrs. Feinberg's suggestion, I went into the bedroom, got out the jar, and lined up the buttons. But my heart wasn't in it. Even though the game went on for a long time, I kept an ear cocked for a sound of the old lady, and I was aware of Mrs. Feinberg pacing the kitchen floor nervously and looking in on me now and then with an encouraging smile. And when, at last, I heard footsteps on the stairs, I dropped my game with relief and ran out into the kitchen, shouting "Mamma! Mamma!"

The mamma who came in stopped little Jakie in his tracks. She was supported by two nuns, who led her to a chair, where she sat lifelessly, her hands dropped loose in her lap, her eyes blank, without recognition. One of the nuns was carrying our chopping knife, which the old lady must have taken with her to the hospital; and she now put it on the table. I couldn't take my eyes off the old lady. She had become a stranger. She sat there, silent and motionless, as if her skin-and-bones didn't belong to her. Her eyes were puffed and red, and clearly they did not know me. Little Jakie's heart hammered its panic; and when the nuns asked which was his mother's bedroom, he could only point, without a word. "Come, my child," said one of the nuns to his mamma. "You'll feel better when you lie down."

They led her back into the bedroom, where he could hear the creaking and crunching of the bedsprings. Mrs. Feinberg clucked her tongue and said, "It would be better for her if she let herself go and cried."

Soon one of the nuns came out into the kitchen. Of course, Jakie has long since got used to eating ham. In other words, some

of his best friends are *goyim*. And doesn't his own wife Laura go off every Sunday morning to visit with her Dearly Beloved? But back there, little Jakie stared with alarm at the nun in her unfamiliar black-and-white costume, and with the forbidden cross dangling at her waist. She put a hand on his head, and a gentle voice said, "Your mother has had a great sorrow. You must try and be a brave boy."

LITTLE JAKIE *was* a brave boy. Okay. So was James Moss. At least until Saturday. In fact, on Friday evening the brave boy even went in to Manhattan, had a steak at Manny Wolf's, got up a pinochle game, and won two hundred and seventeen bucks. But it didn't make him feel any better. And when he returned on Saturday afternoon to find the house still deserted and Abie gone, his heart ached — vibrato. He wandered upstairs and downstairs, inside and outside. No one was there, not even Mrs. Perkins. Her days are Monday and Thursday. Towards evening, he laid out his gray pin-stripe flannel, and shaved, preparatory to going in to Manhattan for another big night. What he had in mind was to call up a broad he knew name of Millie, have dinner with her, and take in a floor show. But when he sat down at the phone, instead of ringing Millie up, he found himself putting through a call to Laura. She was where he'd guessed she would be — at her mother dear's. He opened the negotiations, which, he can report, were brief, succinct, to the point, and a fiasco.

"I want Abie back," I said.

"I'm sorry, dear, but I don't think that would be wise. I think little Abe is really better off here with me."

I took that in for a minute. I have respect for a trump. "Well, just let me talk to him."

"I'm awfully sorry, dear. That would only upset him. Right now the child doesn't quite understand what's happened, and he's a little bewildered naturally."

"Naturally," I said. "How does it taste?"

"How does what taste, dear?"

"My head."

After Laura hung up on me, I sat there at the phone for a long time. Dusk had fallen, and the shadows were collecting in the corners and along the ceiling. Somehow the yen to call Millie, or any other broad, had evaporated. James Moss, man about town and life of the party, felt old. And perhaps because Laura had used the expression "the child," suddenly across forty years, I heard the nun say, "Come, my child," and I realized that the old lady *was* just a child when my kid brother died. She couldn't have been more than thirty. And the same went for the old man. I was almost old enough to be the old man's old man. So what did that make me? My own grandfather? I could see the old man trudging up and down the side streets, stooped over the handle of his pushcart, followed by a troop of kids mocking his "Paper rags! Paper rags!" What was it that made him such a *schlemiel* and such a *neffish*? Every stinking little rag-peddler in those days worked himself up to having his own junkyard in the gully south of Woodland. But not the old man. He never made it. He never got out of another guy's stable.

Once in a while, little Jakie would go with him to the junkyard where he sold what he'd picked up in each day's treasure hunt. I can see the hills of broken stoves and bedsprings and rusted iron, the smaller piles of lead pipe, copper, and rubber, the bales of paper and rags. Somewhere along the line I must have decided I was never going to let myself be the man in the middle. I became a Jew-boy definitely in a hurry. Laura thinks because she sleeps with him she knows James Moss. How can she if she never knew the old man and the old lady? TB, breast cancer, overwork, worry, not having the cash in hand, and quaffing the bitter cup did for them before I met her. It's tough that they didn't live to get a little *naches*, just a grain of happiness, from their little Jakie. They both died, first the old lady and then the old man, just after I quit Ohio State to take a job with the *News*. Well, as I sat there at the phone thinking of the old man grown to his pushcart like

an appendage, I heard his voice. Only it was crying not "Paper rags! Paper rags!" but "Daddy Jim! Daddy Jim!"

I took the stairs two at a time, and had gone half-way up before I recognized where I was and the trick my mind was playing on me. Nevertheless, I continued up the stairs and into my Abie's room. It is a fine little room, over the river side of the porch, with a good view. I looked around without turning on the light. The wallpaper, which he had picked out himself when he was three, has yellow cows jumping over blue moons and red dishes running away with green spoons. However, recently he insisted on picking out a new "grown-up" wallpaper, with a motif of railroad tracks, semaphores, and diesels. That is scheduled to go up in a couple of weeks. Or is it? I saw that his toys, most of them at any rate, were still scattered along the walls, and that his books were in the case. I opened the closet. Laura had taken all his suits. No doubt to show she meant business. I was glad to see that she had not forgotten to take Flapjack, the stuffed velour donkey, all ears, which I bought for Abie on his second birthday and which he never went to sleep without. I sat on his bed in the dusk, and remembered another twilight when I had discovered him there alone, perched in the middle of his bed, hugging Flapjack, with his feet drawn up under him and the blanket wound like a tent around him. He was then not quite four, like my kid brother, and he looked scared, yet determined to be brave and not to call out.

"What are you sitting that way for, Abie sweetheart?" I said.

"I don't want the snookies to get me."

"I don't see any snookies, Abie sweetheart."

"Oh, you can't see them, Daddy Jim."

"Then how do you know they're here?"

"When it's dark and you're alone, you can feel them touch your hair."

I took him in my arms. "Next time the snookies are around, Abie sweetheart, you call your daddy. He'll be delighted to keep you company."

"Yes, Daddy Jim."

Snookies happened to be something little Jakie didn't know about. Still and all, sitting back there in the kitchen after dusk had settled, he was glad to see one of the nuns light the gas mantle. Those two nuns had been waiting patiently for the old man to come home and take over. And just as the gas mantle was lit, there were footsteps on the stairs. That time little Jakie didn't jump up. He sat there waiting in silence. The old man came in, tired, dirty, and stricken. (I learned later that the police had not found him, but that on the way home he had received the glad tidings from a neighbor.) His face, framed by the long black sideburns and the ragged beard, was bloodless, almost yellow in the gas light. He stared at me and the nuns for a moment with sick eyes, and then went quickly into the master bedroom. I heard him cry "Sadie! Sadie!" And then it was the old lady screamed. It was as if she had been holding herself in until that moment, waiting for the old man.

"Murderer!" she screamed in Yiddish.

There was a shocked silence. Then the old man said in a hoarse voice, "Sadie! Sadie! What are you saying!"

"Murderer! Where is my Abiel!"

"Sadie, please! It's a shame for the strangers."

"A shame for you and your Eva Silver! You have murdered my Abiel Murderer! Murderer!"

AT THE OLD LADY'S first scream, the two nuns, who had started to leave, turned back abruptly. The cross dangling from one waist swung against the door frame. Little Jakie heard the clack, and he heard the progress of those rustling gowns through the parlor and into the bedroom. Almost immediately one of the nuns returned, leading the old man, limp and dazed, back into the kitchen, where he dropped into a chair at the table. His hands, little Jakie noticed, were shaking. The other nun could be heard in the bedroom, trying to soothe and quiet the old lady, who had at last given way and whose horrible rasping sobs shook

the air. Then the first nun went back into the bedroom and added her voice to that of her companion. The old man sat where he had been left, so numbed that even the incredible presence of the nuns, emissaries of the ancient enemy, did not affect him. As for little Jakie sitting across the table, he tried to shrink into himself, to make himself unnoticed. Between his mamma's sobbing and his papa's shaking hands, the little bugger was scared bone deep. As Laura so aptly put it, the child didn't quite understand what was happening. And after forty years the child still doesn't quite understand. The name of Eva Silver was never again mentioned, at least not in Jakie's hearing. And don't ask me what exactly gave with the old man. I never figured out whether it was a real affair or just a case of hot pants. And with the kind of guy the old man was, it might even have been one of these walkie-talkie romances, what Laura calls let's-be-Platonic-dear. All I figure was that the old lady must have gone out that afternoon to check up on the old man, and left Abie alone. Ah, sweet mystery of love.

The old lady's sobbing finally subsided to a moaning, and then there was silence in the bedroom. The two nuns came out into the kitchen. One of them said to the old man, "She'll be all right now. But maybe you'd better sleep with the boy tonight." The old man merely stared blankly, as if he hadn't heard. After a moment, she added, "We must go now. We can't stay any longer. I think you can take care of things."

At that, the old man pulled himself together, got up, and mumbled something intended for thanks. The nuns left, and he stood at the door for a minute listening to their footsteps going down the stairs, while his shadow flickered on the wall in the gas light. Then he took a deep breath, turned around, and became aware of me. "Did you have something to eat, Jakie?"

I nodded, "Yes, papa."

"Then it's time to go to bed."

There were no protests and no delaying tactics. I went into my room, undressed quickly in the half-light falling in from the

kitchen, and got into bed in my underwear. The old man soon turned off the gas mantle, followed me into the bedroom, took off his shirt, pants, shoes, and socks, and lay down on the bed next to me in the long woolens which he wore winter and summer. The Mosskowitz family did not know from pajamas and brush-your-teeth-dear. I lay there in the dark, tense and silent, listening to the occasional whimper or moan from the old lady's bedroom. I could sense the old man lying next to me, also listening tensely. Then suddenly in the back room the horrible sobbing broke out again, ruptured by a scream hardly recognizable as the old lady's: "*Oi, gevald, gevald! Mein Abeleh! Mein Abeleh!*" I clutched the old man's hand. It was cold and clammy, and his body stiffened. Then there was another scream. And another. "*Mein Abeleh! Mein Abeleh!*"

The old man disengaged my hand, got up from the bed, and in his long woolens went out. As I lay there trembling, I could hear his bare feet padding through the rooms to the old lady's bedroom, and then his broken pleading voice: "Sadie! Don't! Sadie! Sadie!" After a while the sobbing died down, and I listened to the old lady moaning and whimpering, and the old man pleading, pleading, pleading. The old man didn't return for a long time. I must have fallen asleep. It wasn't until he climbed into bed with me that I saw he had no head. Where his head should have been was a small plain black button.

Arthur N. Bragg

IN QUEST OF THE SPADEFOOTS

MANY YEARS AGO, when the United States was young and its fauna not well known, a naturalist found a peculiar amphibian in the Carolinas which he thought to be a frog new to science. Later it was proved not to be a frog at all but a member of a new group which was given the name *Scaphiopus* (literally, "spadefoot") from the sharp, sickle-shaped tubercles on the hind feet with which the animal burrows into the earth. This and related species found later have interested naturalists for well over a century.

My boyhood was spent in New England, largely in rural Maine, where no spadefoots occur. By the time that I was twelve I knew all but one of the frogs and toads of that region, had seen their eggs and tadpoles, understood when and in what kind of places to expect them and when and where they bred. Later (without formal instruction) at Bates College, at Johns Hopkins University, and at Marquette University, I made use of my boyhood knowledge to secure frogs' eggs for study or teaching and did not find any reason to doubt that I had a fundamental understanding of frogs and toads in general, particularly of their breeding habits; and I found nothing in books available to me that caused me to think otherwise.

When, therefore, just over twenty years ago I came to Oklahoma and here first encountered the spadefoot toads, I was in for a rude awakening, for these animals were very different from anything in my former experience. Starting out to learn from books something about them, I soon found that little was actually known by anyone, except for the eastern species, first described. For fully half of the other species or subspecies, not even the eggs and tadpoles had been studied, and except for a few of them, their breeding habits had been only sketchily observed.

Twenty years of observation on the four kinds occupying Okla-

homa, supplemented by one season with the two occurring in northeastern New Mexico, has taught me much about these animals; but almost every year I still learn something new. I have become convinced that the spadefoot toads are among the most interesting of all of our native animals and that it will take at least another twenty years of intensive observations before they are known adequately.

The spadefoot toads occur only in North America although they are clearly related to an Old World family with representatives in Asia, Europe, and elsewhere. Eight living kinds are known and a few fossil forms have been found also. Collectively, they cover most regions of central and southern North America, north to near Boston, Massachusetts in the east and to southern British Columbia in the west, south to the region of Mexico City. In the United States, only the northern states east of the Great Plains apparently lack some species of spadefoot. None are known in northern New England, much of New York, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Only one species does not occur somewhere in the United States, this one being known from a few specimens of adults and tadpoles from the Valley of Mexico near the capital city.

The real home of the spadefoots, however, is in the Southwest, as evidenced by the numbers of individuals and of species found there. For example, in the whole region east of central Arkansas only one species is known, the solitary spadefoot (*Scaphiopus holbrookii*). A quite minor exception to this may be a questionable subspecies, the Key West spadefoot (*S. h. albus*) in the very southern tip of Florida, notably on Key West. In contrast, Oklahoma has four kinds, New Mexico certainly three and probably four. Texas has four certainly and a possible fifth. Arizona has certainly two, probably three, and possibly four. California has at least three, but from the northern part of California northward to southern British Columbia only one kind is known. To the south, three forms apparently cross the Mexican border giving Mexico four kinds.

The spadefoots are small, squat, short-legged animals of secretive nocturnal habits. They seldom reach four inches in length. In one group, females, which average larger than males, may slightly exceed this. Color on the back varies greatly but is usually some shade of grey, brown, green, or mottled in these colors. In three kinds there are curved lighter bands on the back but the under surface is white or nearly white in all of them. These are the only frogs or toads in North America in which the pupil of the eye in bright light is a vertical slit; in all others it is circular or very nearly so.

One of the most peculiar structural details of the spadefoots is their smooth, moist skin, more like that of a frog than of a toad. The skin is thin and very glandular and it secretes a peppery tasting, musty smelling fluid, more copious in females than in males. This is very obnoxious to some vertebrates and serves, apparently, as a protection against predators. Whether it contains a poisonous substance (as does a similar secretion in some garden toads) is apparently unknown.

But the most interesting thing about the spadefoot skin is that its structure does not suggest the true habitat of the animals. From analogy with common frogs (which are also thin-skinned)



one would expect that the spadefoots would live in and about streams where water-loss through the skin would be minimized. Nothing could be farther from the truth! The typical habitat of the spadefoots is basically dry grasslands, deserts, and savannahs, and they have never been known to go to water except for breeding.

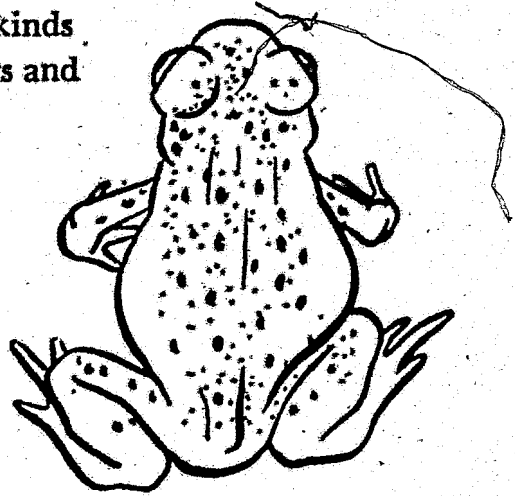
Since their skin loses water easily, in which they *are* quite frog-like, it follows that they must have evolved a special method of avoiding desiccation. This is found in their nocturnal and burrowing habits. A spadefoot may burrow for several feet underground and remain there for long periods if it is exceptionally dry at the surface of the ground.

They usually emerge to feed only at night, later at night in dry weather than in moist. But a light rain may stimulate them to activity the following night. Even when active outside their burrows they are very secretive and shy so that some species of spadefoots may occupy a region in large numbers for years without being detected. Surprisingly, the eastern species is more secretive and shy than the western ones. This was emphasized by Stanley Ball who a few years ago studied the solitary spadefoots (*Scaphiopus holbrooki holbrooki*) in Connecticut where they had not been noticed for years. In my own work I have noted that a subspecies of this one, the savannah spadefoot (*S. h. hurteri*) is almost never seen even when searched for diligently except after rains, while throughout the spring and early summer the plains spadefoot (*Scaphiopus bombifrons*) and the southern spadefoot (*S. couchi*) are often found on roads at night even when there has been no rain for some time. With the advance in season accompanied by the hot dry weather of a typical southwestern summer, however, these also fail to emerge sometimes for weeks at a time.

Spadefoots, therefore, are largely opportunists in their feeding. Whenever conditions are right (that is, relatively cool and moist at the surface of the ground) they emerge and forage to feed voraciously on insects and other arthropods, returning to their

burrows before daylight. Some kinds at least use the same burrows night after night. Whenever conditions are not right they remain underground, sometimes for a month or more. While all spadefoots seem to be alike in this, they nevertheless differ among their own species in their response to the same stimulation. Hence, some kinds emerge more frequently than others and are more easily found.

Underground, the spadefoot is not always wholly inactive. Captive spadefoots which I have watched for several years in a large concrete "toad box" especially designed for them have tended to keep the burrow open to the surface. If this is plugged with earth, even in dry weather, the spadefoot digs its way to the surface to open the burrow, even though it does not emerge to feed. This serves to admit the all-important oxygen from the air. But this happens only during the warm or hot months. In winter, when the ground is cold and the animal's living processes are very slow, the toad does not open the burrow but lies with its eyes closed and its legs pressed close to its body, torpid and still. Presumably it can secure the minor amount of oxygen then necessary from the ground moisture, through the skin.



The most interesting phase of the spadefoot's life is the breeding period, followed by tadpole development. In the latter, some of the most unusual phenomena in natural history have been observed.

Like most (but not all) other frogs and toads the spadefoots breed in water. The eggs are laid, and the tadpoles are left to fend for themselves. Because the spadefoots are fundamentally adapted to dry climates they have the problem of finding water in which to breed. They solve this by having no breeding season:

instead, at least some individuals in every population are physiologically ready to reproduce at a moment's notice, as it were, at all times during the warm seasons. The stimulation to do so comes normally only with rainfall. Whenever rain in appreciable amounts, one-half inch or more, comes at any time between early spring and early autumn, the spadefoot toads emerge in great numbers from their underground burrows at dusk and the males find recently formed pools of temporary water. The first male at a given pool starts calling with a very loud hoarse cry which has great carrying power. This call is different for each species and is attractive to other members of it. Other males migrate toward the sound and usually within a half hour many males are floating about on the surface — sometimes hundreds in a single pool. The din made by a large congress of such calling males can be heard by human ears for over two miles in open prairies, and sometimes even farther downwind.

Females are also attracted by this call and the louder the sound the more the attraction. Within an hour after darkness, mated pairs may be found in a large congress and many females will be just approaching the pool. The eggs are laid before daylight and are fertilized as laid. They are left in small clusters attached to vegetation or other objects, the pairs moving from place to place to do so. Several hundreds of eggs are produced by each female, the number varying among individuals and with species.

In these respects all kinds of spadefoots are essentially alike, but they vary in details of behavior. In some species, the breeding congresses develop largely during a rain; in others, after rain has ceased. In one species, males sometimes call from the bank and intercept females entering the pool. In this one also, and in at least two others, males move about actively on the water between calls as though in search for females and any spadefoot, male or female, encountered is grabbed. If the one caught is a male, it utters a croak and is released immediately; if a female, she remains silent and is held tenaciously. In at least one species, the plains spadefoot (*Scaphiopus bombifrons*), males depend upon

the attraction of the call to secure mates. They lie on the water calling lustily with little moving about. Females approach and touch them whereupon the males frantically clutch them and take the mating position. Sex recognition in the dark of a cloudy or rainy night is, therefore, almost wholly if not wholly a matter of voice. I have seen many such matings.

The eggs and tadpoles of the spadefoots develop rapidly. At usual temperatures spadefoot eggs hatch in about two days and tadpoles are feeding on about the third day. In contrast, the eggs of most frogs take several days or a week. At low temperatures, of course, the process is slower. Under good conditions of feeding and usual temperatures the tadpoles grow at a truly remarkable rate. I have seen young tadpoles of a savannah spadefoot double their bulk in twenty-four hours and nearly double it again in another day. After a few days the growth rate slows somewhat but they continue to grow very rapidly.

In one group of species, the tadpoles may reach at least a third of the bulk of the adults before they transform to terrestrial juveniles, although their size at metamorphosis varies with nutritional conditions and perhaps with depth of water. In another group, the tadpoles usually metamorphose while still quite small although their size also varies with conditions. It is significant to note that the parents in the first group use deeper water (when they can find it) than those of the second group; and, as might be expected, the developmental rate of the tadpoles is somewhat slower. It is, however, always much faster than most other frogs and toads under the same conditions. Three weeks is about the usual time for development of the tadpoles but this varies markedly with conditions. I have known spadefoot tadpoles to remain a month and a half in the water and I have also seen others emerge as tiny spadefoots on the twelfth night after the eggs were laid. This last is the fastest developmental rate known to me among amphibians. At other times I have seen them emerge on the thirteenth, fifteenth, eighteenth, and twentieth nights after rains first filled the pool.

TO UNDERSTAND the meaning of so exceptional a developmental rate among spadefoots one needs only to remember that their characteristic habitat is desert or dry grassland, and the fact that they breed only after rain. In dry regions in which spadefoots apparently first arose in evolution, about the only pools are the temporary ones formed by infrequent but commonly torrential rains. Such pools usually evaporate quickly and any tadpoles not having a fast rate of development would almost always be killed as the water disappeared. A species depending upon an aquatic phase in the life cycle would not last long without some special adjustments in this situation. Spadefoots are able to reproduce in deserts by having developed an exceptional ability in both adults and young to take advantage of the rains. These habits have become so fixed in their hereditary constitutions that they are maintained by all species of spadefoots regardless of their habitats now. Thus, the solitary spadefoot which inhabits the moister, eastern part of the United States still behaves like a desert form during its breeding. It has retained the basic breeding habits found "good" by its ancestors even though these are unnecessary in its present habitat.

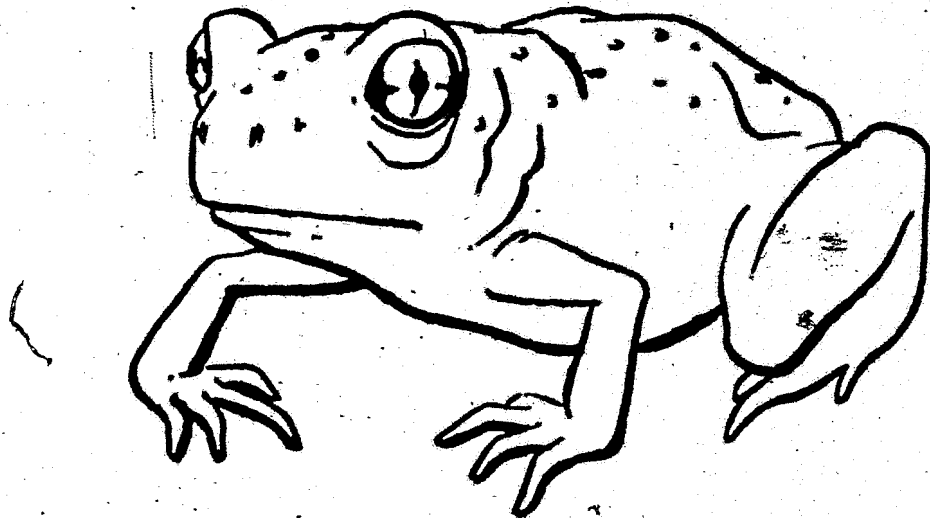
The tadpoles, also, have been affected by these same necessities and have developed special adaptations during the long evolution of the spadefoots in dry climates. To understand this, let us consider the conditions of their lives in a temporary pool.

When water suddenly fills a depression long dry there is often little organic matter there. A few plants may be washed in, a small quantity of fecal matter of larger animals may reach the pool, and occasionally other materials (dead insects, other small animals, etc.) may be carried in from the slopes. The conditions of course will vary markedly depending upon the local scene. On the other hand, such a depression may have been filled many times through the years and organic matter of various sorts accumulated in the dust eventually forming the pool's bottom, especially if this site has not been repeatedly used by tadpoles.

Temporary pools, therefore, vary greatly in the amount of organic matter available to tadpoles in them. Also, pools developing in the same depression often vary markedly during a series of evaporation cycles. In one pool site which I have watched for ten years, I have noted that spadefoot tadpoles sometimes do very well and at other times poorly due to different nutritional conditions from year to year.

Spadefoot tadpoles react accordingly. Typically they move nearly all the time, pausing here and there to feed. Collectively, they search all regions of the pool's bottom and feed upon all sorts of organic materials encountered. If these are abundant, their growth is normal and rapid. If not, they ingest large quantities of the bottom mud taking from it anything of nutritional value; and their growth rate will vary with their success.

IF NUTRITIONAL CONDITIONS for them become very poor (and sometimes even when this is not true) some species become social and cooperate in securing food. The solitary spadefoot, as well as its close relative, the savannah spadefoot, the southern spadefoot, and the plains spadefoot have all been seen to do this at specific times and places.



The cooperation takes the form of a dense school of tadpoles, swimming together as fishes sometimes do. Such a school moves slowly, each tadpole lashing its tail violently so that the collective effect makes a current through the mass of animals, so stirring up the bottom mud that a cloud of particles, dead leaves, small twigs, and smaller pieces of detritus passes out behind the school in a steady stream. Each tadpole takes in what it can get from the materials so stirred. In the savannah spadefoot, I have seen thousands of animals in such schools. Any plankton organisms (small algae, crustaceans, etc.) which are caught in the vortex at the head of the school are captured also as they pass through the densely packed mass of tadpoles.

Furthermore, should a tadpole be killed or injured in the general melee by a predator such as a water beetle, it immediately becomes food for the others. Occasionally, several may be injured and others harmed by the crowding to get at the victims. In such situations, the whole mass may suddenly become rabid cannibals, attacking and tearing each other to pieces.

All of this behavior, including the cannibalism, is biologically sound; for the water level is usually falling rapidly and if the tadpoles cannot complete their aquatic development before it disappears, all will die. It is obviously better for the species that some should be eaten by the others, thus giving them a better chance to win the race with evaporation and therefore having a chance to produce other generations of adults, than that all should succumb. Here as elsewhere in organic nature, it is the survival of the species, not of the individuals *per se*, that is important.

Even so, the race between developmental rates of the tadpoles and evaporation of the water is often lost by the animals so that all are killed. Even then they serve their species: their bodies add to the meager organic materials in the pool site so that the next generation of tadpoles may have a better chance to come through to the terrestrial phase of existence before the water totally disappears.

There may be more to this last point than at first appears. In one pool, for example, three generations of savannah spadefoot tadpoles all died as the water disappeared. Tadpoles of the next generation, however, metamorphosed successfully just as the water was gone. The interesting point is that they were only approximately half the size usually attained at metamorphosis, and were younger by several days than those which had been killed at this same site earlier. Also, tadpoles of the same species and age in an adjacent pool did not transform for another week. Metamorphosis of this special group had been hurried by some factor operative neither during earlier evaporation cycles here nor in the other pool nearby at this time. This I later proved to be the dead tadpoles left as the pool had disappeared during the earlier cycle.

One question, however, is not clearly answered: Is this acceleration of the development to metamorphosis due to generally better nutritional conditions or to some special substance accumulated in the dead tadpoles used as food? I have several bits of indirect evidence that the latter is the case but I cannot be certain of it at the present time. Even if there be a special substance, much careful experimentation will be necessary to determine its chemical constitution and the nature of its action.

IN POPULAR WRITING it is commonly stated or implied that the struggle for existence, emphasized long ago by Charles Darwin as a major factor in organic evolution, is always a matter of competition among *individuals*. It is often visualized as a ruthless struggle for food and mates — the law of the jungle — red in tooth and claw! (how often have we all seen such expressions!). The spadefoots teach us that there is another side to this matter — cooperation of individuals, to the end of *group* survival. The cooperative effort of spadefoot tadpoles often saves most or all in a given pool from destruction.

This is true in their feeding as already described and also in another manner: If the water level falls dangerously low just be-

fore the tadpoles are ready to leave the pool, they often congregate into *non-feeding* groups with fastly moving tails. In this way they eventually scoop out a depression in the bottom mud into which the last water flows as evaporation nears completion. In such a depression, the surface exposed to the air is lessened, thus cutting the evaporation rate, and this may give the animals enough time to get ready for transformation. An hour or less thus saved may make the difference between life and death for thousands of tadpoles.

In the savannah spadefoot, still another kind of social aggregation of tadpoles has been observed four times, twice during different years in one pool site, once each at two others; from indirect evidence many other instances are strongly suspected also to have occurred. I happen to be the only one who has reported this and, therefore, it needs the confirmation of other workers. I call it metamorphic aggregation. What I have seen is this: Tadpoles approaching the time of emergence from the pool form dense non-feeding aggregations in which each swims slowly about. Such groups may remain together for several hours or an aggregation may break up and reform several times. In either case, they await the coming of darkness, then suddenly all emerge to the bank and crawl out. I have seen thousands of them reach the bank within ten minutes. Tails then begin to shrivel rapidly and other changes take place so that in a few hours each tadpole has changed into a tiny spadefoot of nearly adult form. Usually, they then scatter widely before daybreak so that few if any can be found about the pool the next morning. In very dry weather, they sometimes hide under objects near the pool and scatter a few days later (seen twice) and take on the feeding and burrowing habits of the adults.

It is unknown how long they need to reach breeding age. Savannah spadefoot juveniles grow rapidly if one may judge by a few which I have captured in the fall of the year. I suspect that a spadefoot does not breed before it is two years old but I have never been able to tell this with certainty because of the difficulty

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in finding the animals, once they have left the pool. Since savannah spadefoots must grow more to reach adult size than forms like the western or plains spadefoot whose tadpoles grow much larger before leaving the water, it may be that the latter take less time to reach adulthood. This and many other problems with the spadefoot toads are questions to be answered in the future.



AN EXPENSE OF SPIRIT

IN HIS ARTICLE on D. H. Lawrence's novel, *Sons and Lovers* (*New Mexico Quarterly*, Spring, 1955), Mark Spilka is both perceptive and misleading. He is perceptive, to begin with, in pointing out an important symbolic pattern in the novel. And despite Mr. Spilka's own contention, I believe that "most modern readers" will tend to agree with him that Lawrence took his symbolism very seriously indeed, that in fact Lawrence's novels reflect his literal belief in the causal relation between man and objects in nature. Mr. Spilka's analysis of "The Floral Pattern in *Sons and Lovers*" is justified by what we know of Lawrence's philosophic and artistic theories, and his analysis of the relation of the four main characters to nature is illuminating in terms of Lawrence's conception of the novel.

But to state this much is not to say everything that may be said about either the novel or Mr. Spilka's analysis of it. All of us, when confronted with a story, are Aristotelian enough, I think, to demand that any symbolism connected with that story correspond to, or at least not contradict, the plot, the words, and actions of the characters. Lawrence's story of Paul Morel and the three women in his life does, however, contain such a contradiction, and Mr. Spilka's refusal to consider it is arbitrary and misleading. He says, for instance, that "the structural rhythms" of the novel are based "upon poetic rather than narrative logic." While we may grant that "poetic logic" has its place in the "structural rhythm" of a novel, we ought also to remember that the narrative itself demands some consideration.

And if we scrutinize the plot we shall find that, up to a certain point, the action does reinforce the floral pattern of the novel. Mr. Spilka points out, that is, how Miriam always tries to wheedle the soul out of a flower, whereas Paul simply treats it as one of

nature's vital forces. This contrast between what Lawrence later called the mental-consciousness and the blood-consciousness is also evident in the plot: Miriam's spiritual soul-sucking in opposition to Paul's instinctive actions. At the end of the "Defeat of Miriam," Paul writes to her that he can give "a spirit love" but "not embodied passion," for in their "relations no body enters." Later, however, Paul forces their physical relation. The union is not satisfactory; when they come together at her aunt's house, he feels that she is sacrificing herself to him, and he has "to put her out of account, and act from the brute strength of his own feelings." Because Paul cannot endure such a situation, he throws Miriam over and takes up with Clara.

At this point, I think, the plot begins to contradict the floral pattern. Although at first the fact that Clara returns his passion keeps him satisfied, Paul later begins to feel "that his experience had been impersonal, and not Clara." Miriam had wanted "to absorb him" and finally he comes to have the same feeling about Clara: "I even love Clara, and I did Miriam; but to *give* myself to either of them in marriage I couldn't. I couldn't belong to them. They seem to want *me*, and I can't ever give it them."

As Mr. Spilka sees it, however, Paul and Clara move apart only because, the flowers having given "benediction to their union," Clara is made a whole woman and can return to her husband. But to this positive reason in terms of the symbolism must be added the negative one which Paul voices to his mother in the foregoing quotation. His mother replies that he has not met "the right woman" yet, and his answer presents us with the true nature of the conflict in the novel: "And I never shall meet the right woman while you live." The only kind of love Paul can feel for anyone except his mother is described in a scene with Clara, who complains that she never has "all" of him. Lawrence then describes the universal force which enters Paul when he makes love. That force is physical and impersonal. Although the description is laudatory, Lawrence does not seem to have faced the implication behind his attitude. For Paul cannot be personal on the

physical level, as we have seen in connection with both Miriam and Clara. In spiritual love he can be, but he can have spiritual love only for his mother (which explains why Miriam's love bothers him so).

And here we come to the contradiction caused by Mr. Spilka's over-simplified analysis. For Clara finally confesses that for her their intimacy does not come to culmination in the sex act. Her denial of the primacy of the physical, the blood instinct, causes Paul to feel "a flash of hate" toward her. She has touched the inadequacy of his being unable really to give himself to her. Actually in each of Paul's three intimate relationships, love is marred by some form of hate. In the silence that falls between him and his mother, while he is keeping his sexual life from her, he feels "condemned by her," and his reaction is to hate her and pull "at her bondage." That this necessity to hate lies deep inside Paul is indicated by the childhood scene in which he accidentally breaks his sister's doll. She is disturbed, for he seems "to hate the doll so intensely, because he had broken it."

The sacrifice of the doll links the necessity for hatred in Paul with that for destruction. Although both Lawrence and Paul are artists preoccupied with creation, Paul always seems to react destructively to any personal condemnation of his actions. The broken doll is a symbol of his inadequacy, his inability to live life both fully and perfectly. He cannot stand Clara's thinking him inadequate because of the impersonal quality of his love-making. Similarly, he must react with hate when his mother condemns him for withholding part of the life which they had always shared before. It is this break between them that gradually kills Paul's mother. When he sees it happening he begins to pay more attention to her, and he leaves Clara altogether after finding out that Mrs. Morel has cancer. The closeness of love and hate in him is most obviously shown during the period of her wasting away.

He would have her walk with him more than she was able. She had a bad fainting bout. So grey her face was, so blue her mouth! It was agony to him. He felt as if someone were pushing a knife in his chest.

Then she was better again, and he forgot. But the anxiety remained inside him, like a wound that did not close.

In the end Paul gives her an overdose of a pain-relieving draught; this action and the consequent death of his mother are indicative, I believe, of an urge buried in the mind of Lawrence himself.

Although Mr. Spilka is scornful of one critic's attempt to look at the novel in biographical terms, he paraphrases approvingly the observation of another that "Lawrence had to die as a son before he could become a great artist. That death is chronicled . . . at the end of *Sons and Lovers*." The novel is, in truth, definitely autobiographical. The girl who played the part of Miriam, the first love in Lawrence's life, later wrote a book of her own, describing their relationship. (*D. H. Lawrence*, by E. T., whose name was actually Jessie Chambers.) In it she gave her appraisal of the conflict which Lawrence tried to resolve and which became paramount in the novel.

The situation was simply that his mother had claimed his love, all the spontaneous tenderness without which 'love' is a mockery. And having given it to her fully and unreservedly Lawrence had in truth no love to give to anyone else, so that his agonized reiteration of his inability to love me was nothing but a bare statement of fact.

Her analysis of Lawrence's attempt to resolve the dilemma in his novel is equally illuminating.

The Clara of the second half of the story was a clever adaptation of elements from three people, and her creation arose as a complement to Lawrence's mood of failure and defeat. The events related had no foundation in fact, whatever their psychological significance. Having utterly failed to come to grips with his problem in real life, he created the imaginary Clara as a compensation. Even in the novel the compensation is unreal and illusory, for at the end Paul Morel calmly hands her back to her husband, and remains suspended over the abyss of his despair.

Although this analysis might be thought to come from the bitterness of a rejected lover, I do not believe that anyone who reads

her sympathetic account of their relations will feel that it does. Actually her insight clarifies a dissatisfaction which I have always felt with the last half of the novel. And it aids me in presenting an explanation of that falling off. Lawrence does seem to have been working in terms of a praiseworthy artistic intent, but that intent was vitiated by the force with which his own personal problems became involved. The result of this conflict between form and content is a distressing lack of unity in a potentially fine novel.

Preoccupied with the "poetic logic" of the novel, Mr. Spilka rejects any notion of "Lawrence's willfulness and inconsistency"; Lawrence, however, includes in his autobiographical hero both those unfortunate traits. Their presence is clear in the note of hatred which we have already seen as an integral (if somewhat unexplainable) part of Paul's character. Paul is most overt in his hatred of Miriam, who is always "patiently casting him up, as if he were an endless psychological account." It would seem that the wish to destroy whatever gives evidence of his own shortcoming is present both here and in the complaint that "she was only his conscience, not his mate" because she did not give him "living warmth." Physical warmth means impersonal freedom for Paul, while any questioning of him is personal and restricting. There are two reasons why he cannot accept a truly personal relationship with either Clara or Miriam. The first reason is one that we have already seen as the basis of the conflict in both Lawrence and his novel: The protagonist has already involved his personal life too deeply in his mother. Mrs. Morel bore and loved Paul, "kept him, and his love turned back into her, so that he could not be free to go forward with his own life, really love another woman."

The second reason for Paul's limitation is undoubtedly tied to the first and can again be approached through Lawrence himself. As E. T. remarked in her book, "Lawrence was loath to admit that boyhood was over. He was most reluctant to begin shaving" which would be "a sign of growing up." And as Law-

rence portrays Paul, he is constitutionally immature; he associates freedom and creation, exalts them, but cannot accept the responsibility that goes with them. For responsibility entails the kind of consideration for others of which Paul is incapable. Any suggestion that his love is imperfect he greets not with a mind open to conciliation, but with an instinctive, destructive hate.

Paul feels that "his life" wants to "free itself" from his mother. "It was like a circle where life turned back on itself, and got no farther." He is right, therefore, in associating freedom with life. He is also justified in wishing to get out of the death trap his mother has been preparing since his youth. But when she is dead, he still has to break through the psychological barrier which remains between himself and life. For the dependent relation of a child to its mother, he needs to substitute that responsibility to the external order of society which must accompany the freedom he stresses so much. At the novel's end Lawrence tells us that Paul has chosen life, as Mr. Spilka emphasizes to show the emergence of Paul's vital force. But in a letter to Edward Garnett (November 14, 1912), Lawrence summed up his actual intent with the statement that Paul "is left in the end naked of everything, with the drift towards death." The most that the ending can be said to show is stoic determination in the face of complete loss; and I do not believe that such an ending is compatible with Mr. Spilka's symbolic pattern; nor do I believe that his pattern is adequate to cope with the ambiguity of Paul's attitude toward Clara and Mrs. Morel. We cannot expect any sensitive person to balance the emotions of love and hate without effort, but no artist should have them so confusedly intermingled in his mind as Lawrence did when he tried to purge his past in *Sons and Lovers*.

AIRDROP IN NEVADA

IT WAS 2:00 A.M., Pacific Standard Time, at a secret Air Force staging base somewhere in the western United States. The crew of a specially-equipped B-36 had just finished an extra-early breakfast of sandwiches and coffee.

An undisclosed number of bleak miles away, at a place named simply Control Point, not far from Camp Mercury, Nevada, a control-room crew was taking a brief break for hamburgers and cokes.

Both crews belonged to the same team. Both were up at that hour of the night for the same purpose. They were preparing an early-morning air drop — the seventeenth in Nevada, and the first nuclear detonation of Operation Teapot, the Atomic Energy Commission's 1955 continental test series.

The initial blast of the series was to have been a tower shot, set off close to the ground. But unfavorable weather conditions had changed the plans of test manager James C. Reeves. Now it was to be an airdrop. The B-36 crew — part of the 4925th Test Group (Atomic), commanded by Colonel Harry L. Donicht who, representing the Air Force Special Weapons Center, would also be commanding the air unit in Nevada — had learned of the change only a few hours earlier. But short notice is routine in the nuclear testing business. Atomic crews must be ready, like Broadway understudies, to step in and perform at the director's command.

Lieutenant Colonel Eugene W. Cox, the B-36 pilot, noticed no signs of nervousness in any of his thirteen-man crew as they walked out into the night. His huge craft was the key one selected to carry the critical device. The assignment: to plant a sky-high mushroom on the black-and-white bull's-eye painted on the desert floor at Ground Zero. Even though this would be the first "live" drop for most of the crew, including Cox himself, he saw no reason why the mission should be anything but routine. It

would be similar to over fifty other drops he had flown with "unarmed" bomb prototypes.

Besides, the specific script for this particular drop had been written long in advance. Just as each aircraft knew its place in the complex but carefully-worked-out pattern, so each man knew his individual role to perfection. Every detail of every man's job — including even minute instructions in the event of any foreseeable type of difficulty — had been committed to writing. Each man knew all his lines and all his cues. He had rehearsed until reflexes were built-in.

For several months, at places like Salton Sea and Muroc in California, over the Nevada Test Site, and at the home field of the 4925th — Kirtland Air Force Base, Albuquerque, New Mexico — Cox's team had practiced together until they could perform with flawless precision. Still, unforeseeable things *could* happen, had happened, and each man was expected to ad lib any time the prepared script didn't prescribe for the unpredictable.

Cox stretched sleepily, then shivered. The cold here wasn't the damp cold of his native St. Louis, the kind that penetrated your bones. But it *was* cold. And cloudy. He wished he were back in his bed in Albuquerque, where his wife, Mary Anna, would be sleeping soundly at this moment — if none of the children had awakened her.

At least a man could tell his family a bit more about his job these days, which was a help. There had been one exaggerated case, back on those first "Ranger" tests, when the wife of a 4925th man, already fed up with his airy, "Sorry, but I'm not permitted to divulge the nature of my work" every time he came home late, finally broke down into tearful accusations when he was gone nearly forty-eight hours with no explanation. It took a hurried visit from a superior officer to keep the poor fellow's domestic tranquillity tranquil.

Walking silently beside Cox was First Lieutenant Jackie Harvey, the red-headed, baby-faced navigator, who was trying not to look at the sky. Orion and the Big Dipper were up there in their

places, all right — when you could see them through the clouds. If the tower shot had been cancelled, it must be because high winds had made radiation fallout a dangerous possibility. High winds aloft meant tough navigating. It would undoubtedly take a lot of last-minute, on-the-spot calculating to make those precision turns on the final run. He hoped there would be enough of a break in the clouds for Ike to see Ground Zero.

"Ike" — Captain Paul Eichenberg — the chunky bombardier, was the man who would be subject to the heaviest pressure. It was he who, with his auto-pilot and radar-equipped "K" bombing system, would have to guide the plane over the right spot at the right instant and make the big decision — to drop or not to drop. If the decision was bad, it might mean that all the other planes making their own precision flights from all over the country would have flown in vain, that all the instruments and cameras recording on the ground, all the troops participating from Desert Rock, all the scientists and observers below — all the efforts of hundreds of people and millions of good American tax dollars might be wasted.

But Eichenberg was not thinking about his weighty responsibilities at the moment. He was thinking what a pity it was they wouldn't be getting into Las Vegas on this mission. Ziggy Elman was featured at the Last Frontier. Ike had played a mean trumpet once himself, in his own band back in Ohio, before he had given it all up in favor of the Air Force and six kids. He would certainly like to hear Ziggy, who was one of the all-time greats.

"Sure wish we could get into Vegas," he said.

"Just as well," commented Major Fain Pool, the copilot. "That can get mighty expensive." Pool was the only one of the senior officers who had dropped a live A-bomb before. He had also let fly a lot of non-atomic stuff — in Korea. Looking down at the scarred fingers of his right hand, Pool smiled to think how many years those scars had kept him out of the Air Force. During World War II he had been considered practically a 4-F. Now, with the same scars, here he was piloting ten-engine atom bombers.

OUT OF THE OBSCURITY the big B-36 suddenly loomed, its sleek, handsome outlines shining pale silver in the dim starlight. The men greeted "Chuckwagon" (it was, literally, the wagon that would chuck the bomb) with familiar affection. Mingled with the affection was a deep respect — for these were humble men, bearing little resemblance to the cocky flyboys of the movies, men who felt tiny in the presence of this monstrous \$5,500,000 bird with a tail over three storeys high and a wingspread capable of shading a whole city row of houses.

This was certainly one case, Cox thought, where familiarity bred no contempt. In spite of his years of experience, in spite of the weary hours of drudgery that attended every flight, he would never get over the feeling of romantic awe at the idea that puny men could, at will, lift this leviathan into the sky, load her ample bomb bays with packages of trapped atomic energy, and, at their whim, unleash their cargo from docile silence into deadly fury.

There she stood, a monument to man's audacity, nearly 300,000 pounds of metal, rubber, wire, and gasoline, with six 3800-horsepower engines and four auxiliary jet engines, each lending an additional 5200 pounds of thrust for the climb into oxygen-thin spaces. Those Wright boys at Kitty Hawk would sure be surprised, thought Cox, if they could see what they had started.

Soon Chuckwagon's engineers, First Lieutenants Byron D. Miller and Dwight L. Odom, assisted by their crew chief and a swarm of mechanics — including the scanner-mechanics who would ride along in the rear compartment to watch for troubles during the mission — would be climbing all over the plane for a thorough, last-minute inspection. And the special equipment officers, Captains Steven R. Bartalsky and Earl R. Follensbe, would be busying themselves with their "special equipment": the nuclear device itself and the complex apparatus involved in arming and disarming it. (The arming occurs only on the final bomb run.)

Meanwhile, similar crews at bases from California to New Eng-

land would be readying their planes, of all types and sizes, for a variety of missions — not only for the Air Force, but for the Navy and Marine Corps as well. They would all be directly concerned with Chuckwagon's fissionable cargo and bombardier Eichenberg's moment of decision.

At H-hour over Ground Zero each aircraft was due at an exact point in space, flying at a fixed speed at a prearranged altitude, facing a direction where its instruments would be optimally placed to catch the precious data given off by the mushrooming fireball. Some planes would be coming in on training missions. The Strategic Air Command, Tactical Air Command, and Air Training Command, on some shots, sent whole flights of planes thundering over the test area, to give them the feel of what it would be like if *they* had been dropping A-bombs. Others would be involved in studying blast effects and performing scientific experiments under the guidance of the Armed Forces Special Weapons Project — AFSWP, whose field command had helped plan the entire air operation, and whose magnificent work has gone unpublicized simply because it is too secret to talk about.

The number of planes employed in this first airdrop of Operation Teapot was not announced; but normally anywhere from 40 to 160 aircraft might be participating in an atomic shot. Coming, as they do, from such great distances, and pinpointed in space and time with the exactitude required for a successful outcome in the restricted area above Ground Zero, this aerial flotilla provides a four-dimensional traffic problem that exists nowhere else, in peace or war.

The traffic cops charged with coordinating the vast effort were the small group of men in the 13 by 20 foot control room at Control Point, Nevada, where — as pilot Cox climbed into the flight deck of his B-36 a long way away — things were beginning to hum.

Over the entrance to the control room was a black sign with small, neat letters: "This is Dragnet."

Most of the west wall was covered by a neon-edged plexiglas

plotting board, 1½ inch thick and 8 feet square, where plotter Melvin Nimon, a dark, husky airman, was busy tracing, with black grease pencil, the preplanned flight paths of all the planes due in at H-hour.

Under the fluorescent lights the plotting board looked like an abstract painting by Piet Mondrian. The focal point of the grid lines indicated Control Point. Airplanes through the test area were straight blue sets of parallel lines. A single purple diagonal was the outer boundary of California's air defense zone. Nellis Air Force Base was outlined in red, as were the high mountain peaks. Near the southwest corner, in green, like the squiggly profile of a caterpillar, was Death Valley. In dark blue, toward the southeast corner, Lake Mead sprawled like a Rorschach inkblot. At any given instant during the test, the board would give a detailed picture, at a glance, of the position of every plane within twenty-five miles of Ground Zero.

Facing the plotting board were four large scopes whose circular screens at the moment were blank. Radio and radar equipment was being tested, "mission status" boards set up, flight plans distributed to the air controllers, communications lines with test directors and scientists checked.

In a few hours the scopes would start picking up participating aircraft as far as 200 miles away from the proving ground. The telltale blips on the screen (some of them relayed by advance radar stations) would enable the controllers to keep tabs on them at every moment of flight.

This type of pinpoint control was something new under the sun. A crude system had first been tried out during comparatively recent tests in the Pacific. The highly-perfected system now in use — details of which are classified — was developed only lately by Martin Oberg, a Western Electric Company engineer on loan to the Air Force. Oberg was on hand now, looking over the components of his "primary electronic reporting device," the ingenious mechanism which made the whole tracking and controlling system possible.

IT WAS NEARLY 10:30 A.M., and Oberg was leaning quietly against the south wall of the control room, alertly observant. Also watching silently in the back of the room were Colonel Paul H. Fackler, air operations officer, major strategist in planning and integrating the program. Unless something went wrong, Fackler would do little except watch the progress of the operation. The controllers were at their scopes, whose screens were now alive with signals, and the radio operators were at their sets.

Anxiously scanning the blips on the left rear scope was a cherub-faced officer with blond, crew-cut hair. This was Major John A. deVries, senior air controller, key man in the control room. He would direct the whole performance, supervise controllers, insure that every plane was following its predetermined flight pattern, give periodic reports to Colonel Fackler and test manager Reeves, keep an eye out for any deviations from plan or any changes made necessary by weather or radiological conditions.

The atmosphere in the control room was tenser than usual. There had already been one postponement of several hours, partly due to weather, partly for reasons undisclosed. Air crews all over the nation had to set back their schedules. Chuckwagon, all revved up to go, had to do some painful re-readying. H-hour was now 11:30, but the weather outlook was still short of promising. Just outside the control room, on a small balcony, AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss, a hooded and goggled figure, paced impatiently.

deVries was looking worriedly out the window at the overcast sky when the man at the next scope, Captain Ray Ilich of the Air Research and Development Command — one of the Air Force's top controllers — nudged him. He was just getting a message from pilot Cox.

"Hello, Dragnet. This is Chuckwagon over Sidecar at assigned altitude. Ready to go. Over."

"Hello, Chuckwagon. This is Dragnet. Go ahead."

The B-36 had just come in over Las Vegas. Not directly over, since safety rules called for devious flight paths to insure there could be no mishap over inhabited areas.

Eugene Murphy, a small, bespectacled fellow about to enter the gambling casino at the Desert Inn, heard the roar but searched in vain for its source. News of the shot had been in the *Sun* and *Review-Journal*. "How can they shoot anything off on a day like this"? Murphy asked his wife. He wondered if it would be a big one that would rattle the casino's huge windows.

While Murphy was wondering, plotter Nimon's yellow grease pencil was at work, writing on top of the black notations already on the board. Rapidly but neatly he printed the letters "CW-1" with other obscure symbols and an arrow pointing in the proper direction (the board was oriented to magnetic North). Chuckwagon was preparing its first upwind test run, and Ilich had turned the earphones over to Major George Trimble, sitting at the table next to him.

Henceforth there would be continuous communication between Trimble in the control room and bombardier Eichenberg in the B-36. There was no need for formal code words here. It would all be "Ike" and "George." Eichenberg and Trimble were both 4925th men — as were deVries and Fackler. Trimble was a bombardier himself. The knowledge that Trimble had carried many an atomic payload over the same run gave Eichenberg, dropping his first live one, an added sense of security.

Trimble sympathized with Eichenberg on a day like this. There were so many things that could go wrong. He vividly recalled one occasion on a final bomb run, at H minus twelve seconds, when the electronic auto-pilot (the device that maneuvers the bomber over the target in synchronization with the bomb-release mechanism) simply quit working. He could, quite legitimately, have called off the shot, since a badly-aimed drop could be a hazardous, expensive occurrence. But this was a particularly crucial experiment. Calculating his chances swiftly, he elected to go ahead. With the rest of the crew holding its breath, the pilot

eased the plane over Ground Zero while Trimble, with his eyes on his Norden bombsight, guided him in with the old-fashioned hand signals of the Billy Mitchell system. The atomic detonation came only a negligible fraction-of-a-second late and occurred within 100 yards of Ground Zero — which, moving at 500 feet per second in the dark of night from six miles up, may be considered a bull's-eye.

"Bull Whip One inbound at assigned altitude," Ilich announced.

Nimon's grease pencil moved again. Bull Whip One was a B-50 belonging to the Air Research and Development Command. It would be collecting data as part of AFSWP's weapons-effects study. Almost instantly Bull Whip Two (another ARDC plane, this time an F-94-C) checked in. Then a Marine craft called Six Gun. Then, in rapid succession, Mule Train, Sidewinder, and Gun Belt; Paleface, Arrowhead, and Loco Weed. Nimon's efficient grease pencil moved ceaselessly over the plexiglas. The control room was filled with a busy buzz of conversation.

At the forward pair of scopes, Captain Floyd G. Mills and Technical Sergeant Clifton S. Richardson were keeping one another — and Major deVries — posted while they kept in contact with the planes they were controlling. Some craft were merely monitored to make sure they were where they should be; others were actually guided to their spots by the controllers, like puppets on electronic strings. Sometimes it would be necessary to slow up a plane that was getting into its orbit ahead of schedule, or hurry one that was a bit behind.

"Mule Train, this is Dragnet," said Sergeant Richardson. "Your position is good at this time."

"Ike," said Trimble, into his telephone, "is there enough of a break in the cloud cover to see your point of reference?"

"Paleface Two coming in from the northwest over Tonopah," announced Ilich.

"Broncbuster Three," said Mills, "this is Dragnet. Back up four."

Below, the quiet counterpoint of voices. Above, the roaring

machines moving easily, elegantly into places assigned them in the cosmic choreography.

Up on the flight deck of Chuckwagon, engineers Miller and Odom concentrated on their panels full of dials and control levers, watching carefully the wavy green lines on their small cathode-ray oscilloscope for any sign of engine troubles. Keeping a constant flight speed against a diagonal wind that varied between 75 and 100 miles an hour was hard work. On the lower deck, navigator Harvey was sweating. His pencil flew over the paper, making hurried calculations. "This is going to be a tough one, Ike," he told his close companion, the bombardier.

"You're not telling me anything," said Eichenberg who, at the moment, could see nothing but the undercast in his "K" bomb sight. With this marvelous instrument, Eichenberg could drop a bomb on target, rain or shine. Under battle conditions the bomb bay would open on the first run — there might not be a second chance. But for test purposes, to insure maximum safety, test manager Reeves had decreed that the bombardier must be able to see Ground Zero for at least ninety seconds prior to H-hour.

H-hour for everyone else was 11:30. For the B-36 it was many seconds earlier. For them it was the instant the bomb was away; for the others it was the moment of detonation many thousands of feet below. Copilot Pool in the plane and Major Trimble in the control room held the master watches that synchronized the entire operation. On a day like this there would be a few practice runs first, to learn the proper timing and get the feel of high-velocity winds. Every man had his oxygen equipment handy as the lumbering sky-behemoth started its "racetrack orbit," a great ellipse that would take exactly fifteen minutes. The hairpin turns had to be made in exactly two minutes, with no seconds to spare. The wind changed constantly. While Cox kept his eye on the gyromagnetic compass, Pool concentrated on the stopwatch. On the first run, guided by navigator Harvey's calculations, they had to make a 204° turn upwind and a 164° turn downwind to stay on course.

They made two "Old Maid" runs, just for the exercise, then got ready for the "Sad Sack" run, where the bomb would be released.

"In twenty seconds," announced Ilich from the control room, "it will be H minus ten minutes." All the men at their ground stations, and all the aircraft circling above, were tuned in.

"It is now H minus ten minutes," said Ilich. The countdown had been made once every ten minutes. Now it would be once every minute; during the last minute, every five seconds; during the last ten seconds, every second.

"Can you see anything, Ike?" asked Trimble.

"Not now," said Eichenberg. "I could a minute ago, but I've lost it. Maybe I'll pick it up again."

deVries went back to give Fackler his air-readiness report. All the planes were in their orbits, turning in tight little circles drawn in the sky by compasses of flesh and steel.

At H minus ninety seconds the target was still not visible. "Negative . . . negative . . . negative!" Eichenberg sang out. Special equipment officer Bartalsky relaxed. There would be no need to arm the bomb on this run. The other aircraft swung into slightly wider, easier orbits, waiting for another racetrack orbit and hairpin turn by the B-36.

The second run was abortive, too. On the third run, at almost 12:00 o'clock, copilot Pool started whistling the theme from the movie, *High Noon*. Everyone picked it up and suddenly Eichenberg felt very confident that this time he would make it. His hunch turned out to be right. But just barely. Only instants before H minus ninety seconds there was a break in the clouds.

"Things are looking up!" said Cox.

In a moment Eichenberg could see the bull's-eye painted on the ground far below, magnified in his bomb-sight.

"It looks like a shot," said Eichenberg to Trimble.

Trimble relayed the message to Ilich, who instantly sent the word out.

Bartalsky got ready to arm the bomb. Every plane was back

dancing on its pinpoint. "H minus fifteen seconds," said Ilich. The break in the clouds was getting bigger. Eichenberg was certain now it would last. "H minus ten seconds."

Ilich and Eichenberg counted together: "Nine . . . Eight . . . Seven . . . Six . . . Five . . . Four . . . Three . . . Two . . . One . . ." Eichenberg sang out, "Com-pletel!" The bomb was away.

All the crew except Cox and Pool quickly put on dark goggles to keep themselves from temporary flash blindness. The pilots, who still had to watch their instruments, bent low over their panels, squinting and shading their eyes from the enormous fire they had created in their wake. In the control room everyone turned his back to the window. Outside, Admiral Strauss had stopped pacing.

First one shock wave from the blast, then one from its reflection, jolted the plane. The ground rumbled near Control Point. Eichenberg turned in time to see the stem of the mushroom hit the ground and cover the target with dust. Everyone laughed with relief as Cox banked the plane so they could watch the fireball rise on their way home. The sky remained red for a full two minutes.

At the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, Eugene Murphy, lunching with friends, heard nothing but conversation, the clatter of dishes, and the click of dice on the craptables.

In the control room there was a quick change of plotting boards — a new one superimposed on the old to begin plotting the radioactive cloud. Already off the ground were terrain survey craft whose job it was to "sniff" the radioactive mass much as a hunting dog sniffs its prey, and report its position continuously to the control room. Other planes would be going into the cloud within twenty minutes of the bang to take samples, darting into it again and again, until they had all they needed to satisfy the scientists of Los Alamos and Livermore. (On some shots, but not this one, the 4925th sends drone planes from Indian Springs, Nevada into the atomic cloud only two minutes after H-hour.)

Below, Nimon had shown the position of the radioactive cloud

with a big red encircled X and was already plotting the activities of the 4925th's post-shot aircraft. There was no pre-planning involved here. The planes went, literally, where the winds blew. The scopes now followed the samplers and trackers, and deVries was reporting danger areas to test manager Reeves and his assistants. The cloud had risen higher and was moving, wind-propelled, toward the Utah border.

Directing this major operation was a B-50 "mother craft," which kept in touch with all planes aloft (about twenty-five) and the control room below. In it were Colonel Karl Houghton of the 4925th and Dr. Harold F. Plank of Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, veterans at harvesting radioactivity and caging it so it couldn't escape.

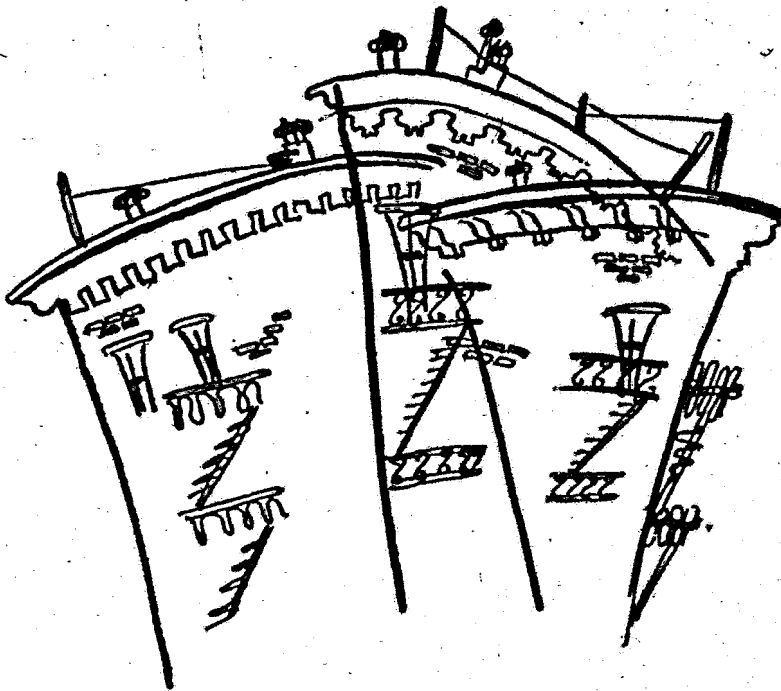
AS ANY LOVER of Greek mythology knows, flying too close to the sun was the undoing of Icarus. He singed his wings and fell into the sea. The moral of the story was that man should not aspire so high.

Yet, there in Nevada, in 1955, man had not only flown close to the sun — he had created the sun, at a time and place of his own choosing.

At 2:30 P.M., while Mrs. Mary Anna Cox was wondering why her husband hadn't got back from his early-morning mission in time for lunch, pilots Cox and Pool were bringing Chuckwagon back to Kirtland Air Force Base in Albuquerque. With the B-36 wingspread almost twice as wide as the runway, and the auxiliary engines hanging only five feet above the ground, they landed south, in the face of a 45 knot duststorm from the west — probably the most hazardous feat of the entire six-hour flight.

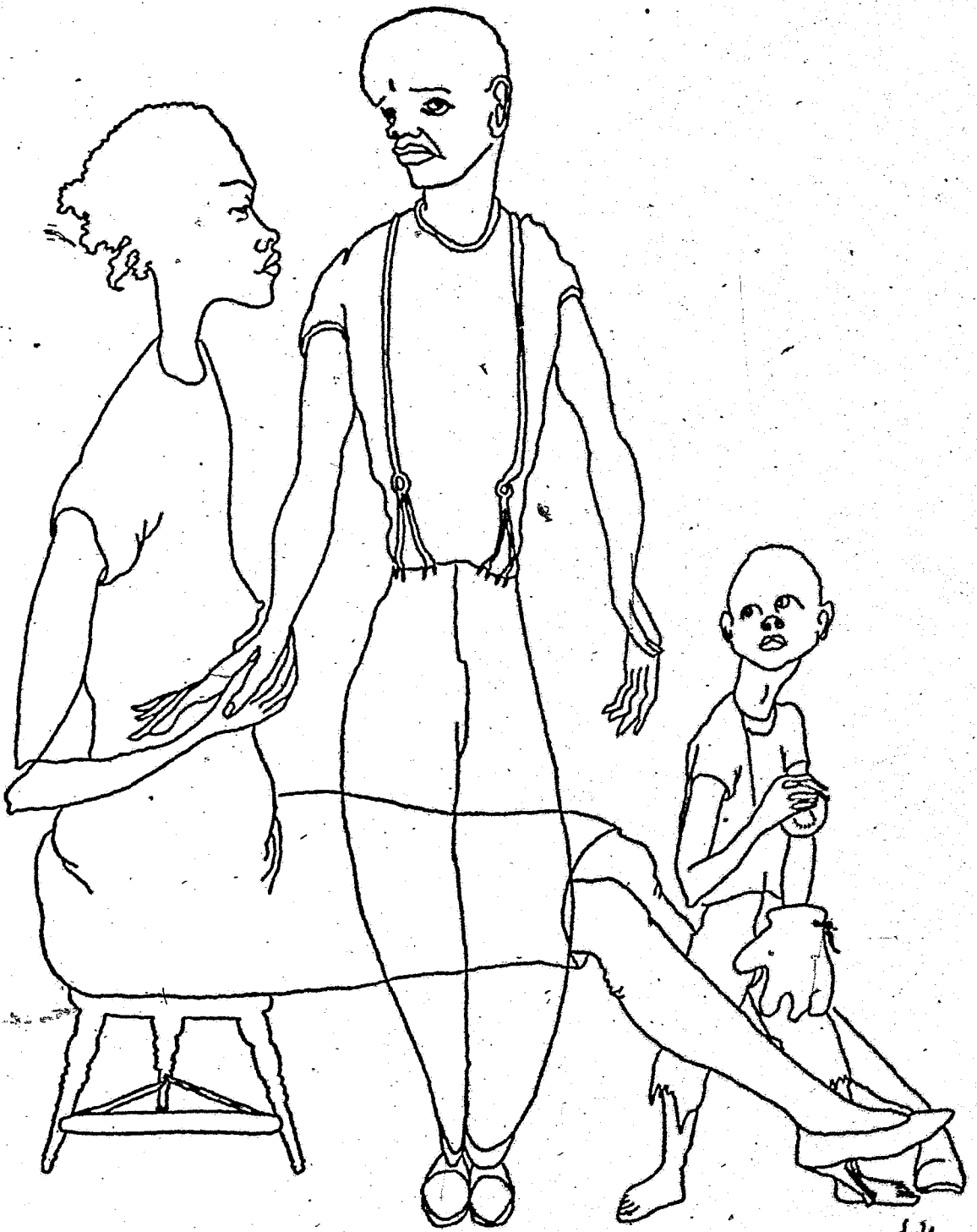
At Control Point, controller deVries and plotter Nimon were still hard at work. In the air, the cloud trackers were still sniffing the lazily-dissipating radioactive cloud, drifting harmlessly now in the general direction of Salt Lake City. At the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, Eugene Murphy, having coffee with Wilbur Clark, remarked, "I guess they didn't have a shot today after all."

Daphne Solá



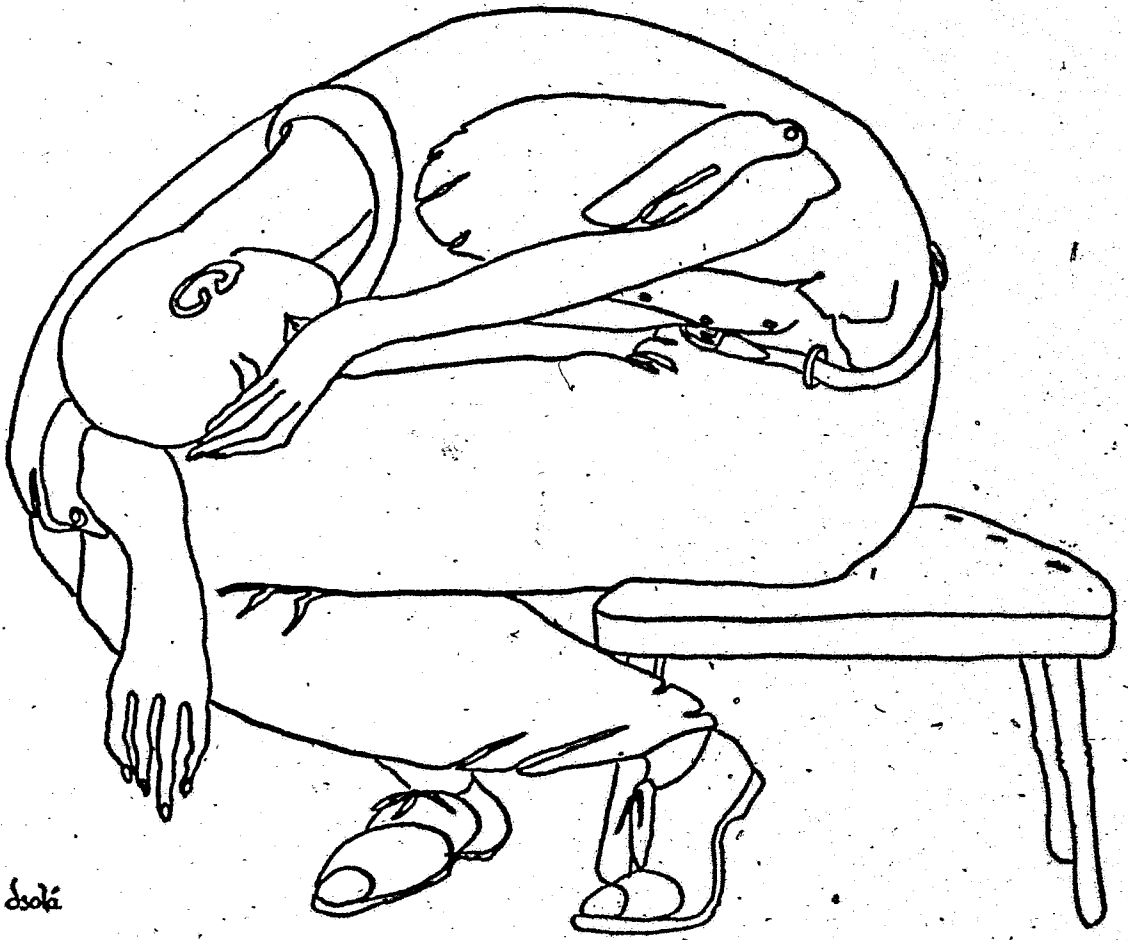
Harlem Drawings

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Charles A. Allen

THE WHITMAN CENTENARY: A PUBLISHER'S VIEW

NINETEEN FIFTY-FIVE has been a moment of widespread festivals, library displays, public lectures, radio and television programs, and special issues of magazines commemorating the Whitman centennial. Several publishers have joined the festivity by launching a number of books on the life, reputation, and literary merit of Whitman. The publishers have on the whole enthusiastically promoted their wares and the books themselves have been favorably reviewed. But not one publisher is expecting much financial reward, and several anticipate loss. This is not an encouraging fact, not only for the publishers, but for literary scholars and the body politic. It is, indeed, an alarming situation when a publisher — under the most favorable publicity circumstances — cannot make a little money on a good book about an important literary figure.

Here, briefly, is the financial record of several books published during the past centennial year.

George Brett, the president of Macmillan's, sums up his wistful and cagey publisher's view of Gay Wilson Allen's distinguished *Solitary Singer* (640 pp., \$8.00) by remarking: "I do not think that we are going to lose any money on Allen's *The Solitary Singer*; but, alas, I don't think we are going to make much either." This critical biography, acclaimed as a definitive work, was published in an edition of 5000. It is almost sold out, and the problem is now whether Macmillan can afford to reprint. "Certainly the market would not absorb another 5000 copies in the foreseeable future," says Mr. Brett. And so, one gazes at the spectacle of an important book — generously promoted, widely and favorably reviewed — but incapable of doing much more than paying its own way. One wonders how much might have

been lost on the same book had it appeared in an ordinary, non-Whitman year.

Three other significant works are stubbornly refusing to make their authors and publishers wealthy. Fredson Bower's *The Whitman Manuscripts* in an edition of 1200 copies will just pay for itself — provided the entire edition can be sold at the stiff price of \$12.50. "It is highly unlikely that there will be a second printing," says Roger W. Shugg, director of the University of Chicago Press. *Leaves of Grass 100 Years After*, edited by Milton Hindus and published in an edition of 2500 by Stanford University Press (149 pp., \$5.00) will lose about \$400. The Syracuse University Press volume is *Walt Whitman Abroad* (282 pp., \$4.00), a collection of European, Asiatic, and South American essays, edited by Gay Wilson Allen. It is piously hoped that the 2500 edition will sell out and not lose any money.

The two Library of Congress brochures are sponsored by "a government agency whose interest is in making available to the public useful information without any consideration of profit," according to Henry J. Dubester, Chief of the Reference Department. These works are *Walt Whitman: A Catalogue Based Upon the Collections of the Library of Congress, with an Essay on Whitman Collections and Collectors*, by Charles E. Feinberg; and *Walt Whitman: Man, Poet, Philosopher* (53 pp.), three lectures given in January 1955, at the Library by Gay Wilson Allen, Mark Van Doren, and David Daiches.

A refreshingly candid letter from Thayer Hobson, president of William Sloane Associates, the publisher of Richard Chase's *Walt Whitman Reconsidered* (191 pp., \$3.75), gives a concise and lucid insight into the bitter economics and sometimes cheerful philosophy involved in the publication of American literary opinion. "For an edition of 2700 copies," Mr. Hobson writes, "the total cost of composition, plates, and manufacturing was \$2333.

"As for the possibility of a second printing, your guess is as good as mine. The book may very well have to be reprinted even-

tually, but my guess is the cost of reprinting a small edition may be so high that there will be no profit in the operation.

"You're quite right. The publication of this sort of book makes no sense whatsoever from the point of view of dollars and cents, but we always have published a good many books in this category, and I suppose we always will when we think they're really fine or *pro bono publico*."

Sloane Associates' heartening altruism is, I think, more common among commercial and university publishers than many scholars are willing to grant. Reputable commercial houses do indulge themselves as often as possible with the luxury of publishing literary studies. But if they cannot make money from a "really fine" work, written by a famous author, and published in a year of presumed extraordinary interest in the subject, one cannot reasonably expect them to publish scholarship in just any year that may appear on the calendar, especially if the work is by a relatively unknown author.

Could not the various publishers have done a little better with this year's reappraisals of Whitman's life, reputation, and literary value? Could not the books have cost less? Could not more books have been sold if the volumes had been priced at \$3.00 rather than \$3.75, \$5.00, \$8.50, or \$12.50? Could not they have been advertised more extensively and have captured a wider audience? Experience over the past quarter of a century would indicate a resounding *no* to all of these questions excepting one. By using paper covers rather than hard-bound cloth, manufacturing expenses could have been lowered, a saving which would have been more than offset by the objection, especially the library objection, against soft covers.

There is one hard and irrefutable fact which answers the above questions. The potential buyers for a good work of literary fact or opinion are few — rarely over 2500, including the two or three hundred well-heeled public and university libraries. No amount of promotion and advertising can entice the millions who live beyond this village of specialized interest. Nor could the millions

be attracted if the book were sold for \$1.00, or even given away. The small audience is the cause of the discomfort which the buyer feels when he pays \$5.00 for a 75,000 word book — and the discomfort that the publisher feels in gambling on making the book financially self-sustaining.

If commercial publishers should be expected to make money and university publishers to be self-sustaining, how could half of the organizations, excluding the Library of Congress, afford to embark on projects which they knew in advance would fail to support themselves? One or two of the houses may have been able to sacrifice to the public good. Some may have felt that their books would make good institutional advertising, would help sell other books on the list, would placate faculty ill tempers, or would help win administrative friends and influence possible donors. Other organizations may have been under the pressure of keeping their printing plants working at capacity, or their selling organizations, etc.; the loss of a few hundred dollars on a book might not look as forbidding as the loss of a few thousand caused by idle men and machines. But whatever the realities or the rationalizations, it is apparent that these eight books just barely managed to find their way into print.

Ordinarily — without the support of special circumstances such as a Whitman year — most of these useful works would not have been published, at least in book form. For ordinarily any of these books would have lost its publisher anywhere from one to three thousand dollars. During the past three years at Stanford, an excellent biographical and critical study of an important and renowned European writer of fiction has sold a little under 1000 copies of its 2500 edition. Another book on a nineteenth century American literary subject has done no better. Both books are as significant and as readable as *Leaves of Grass 100 Years After*. They, too, have been widely and favorably reviewed in this country and abroad. Probably half of each edition ultimately will have to be remaindered or ground into pulp. The financial loss will be about two thousand dollars for each title.

These, then are the bleak facts which confront both the scholarly author and his publisher. Publication in book form of scholarship must become more infrequent, perhaps must be discontinued, unless relief from the financial plight is discovered. One cannot expect aid from decreasing manufacturing and publishing costs or from an increasing market. And someone besides the impecunious publishers must increasingly assume the responsibility of paying for scholarly books if such books are to remain a part of the culture. This is the only realistic solution.

There have been, of course, several unrealistic proposals. It has been suggested that the scholar should content himself with the ancient and honorable procedure of lecturing his wife, children, and classroom. It has been suggested that he tape record, that he microfilm, that he typewrite his work and deposit a half-dozen copies in libraries. Still another piece of condescending advice advocates piecemeal publication of one's chapters in the learned journals and other periodicals; yet, as one recalls, the magazines also have limited finances and are so overwhelmed with offerings that they resort to printed rejection slips. Book publication remains a necessity.

These bleak publishing facts and unrealistic proposals must have a connection with the low opinion held by our society of the so-called non-practical disciplines. Although the humanities and the other pursuits aimed towards an understanding of the human mind have never flourished in America in comparison with those subjects which promise an immediate benefit to material welfare, there is evidence that the liberal arts are ebbing in popular esteem. This evidence has little relationship, let us hope, to the value of the subjects or to the competence of the faculties. It is probably an emblem of weakness in our culture.

If this diagnosis is correct, one can find cause for hope as well as despair. For, although a culture as heavily committed to pragmatic materialism as the American is not easily modified in its fundamental drive, the findings of the social scientists (and even of some humanists) would suggest that modification is possible.

There may come a time when even two or three Cadillacs will fail to completely satisfy the needs of the human heart.

And so, in this present crisis, perhaps the first obligation of the liberal artist, whether he be professor or publisher, is to survive. He can hope to prevail in the future. But survival will require more than stoical fortitude. It will require fighting, fighting for one's right and duty to publish scholarly books. Perhaps one can most effectively fight by persistently and loudly demanding that society finance his books. By society I mean state and federal governments, foundations, businesses, universities.

Of course such groups have for many years given financial assistance. During the past five years the Stanford Press has received for publication purposes about \$200,000 from individuals, foundations, governmental, and business organizations. During the same five-year period the University has given about \$25,000 to help subsidize scholarly publications; yet this total of \$225,000 for a five-year period is not impressive. The manufacturing cost alone for the average Stanford book has recently been running about \$2140. If we assume that total cost is approximately four times this amount, then the Stanford Press, which has been publishing an average of thirty-nine books a year for the last five years, has received financial aid for about 13 per cent of its yearly output. In spite of this aid the Press usually shows a deficit in its publishing division.

What publishers of scholarship need — beyond the help that they can obtain from business, foundations, and government — is for every university in the land to subsidize the manufacturing and publication costs of editorially approved manuscripts by any member of its faculty. I think that scholars are going to have to loudly and persistently demand financial aid for publication as well as research. Such undignified lobbying would seem to me our best hope. University officials must come to realize the necessity of providing more financial support for scholarly publication. And as Professor Gay Wilson Allen remarked in a letter to me, "University presses should not be expected to be self-supporting any more than a hospital attached to a medical school."

SOME NOTES ON SOURCES

Currents in the Literary Volga

The principal sources are discussions carried on in the most important Soviet journals: *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, *Znamya*, *Sovetskaya Kultura*, *Novy Mir*, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, and *Soviet Literature* (an English language publication); as well as speeches over Radio Moscow.

The New Canadian Potash Discoveries

"Potash Discoveries in Western Canada." L. H. Cole in *Transactions of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy*, Vol. 51, pp. 83-99, 1948.

"Further Potash Discoveries in Saskatchewan." A. J. Williams in *Transactions of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy*, Vol. 55, pp. 170-171, 1952.

"Potash in Saskatchewan." R. V. Tomkins, paper presented to the Western Annual Meeting of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, Vancouver, November 10, 1954.

In Quest of the Spadefoots

"A Study of the Genus *Scaphiopus*: the Spadefoot Toads." Vasco M. Tanner in *Great Basin Naturalist*, Vol. 1, pp. 3-26, 1939.

"The Spadefoot Toads in Oklahoma with a Summary of our Knowledge of the Group." Arthur N. Bragg in *American Naturalist*, Vol. 78, pp. 517-533; and Vol. 79, pp. 52-72, 1944 and 1945.

"Breeding Habits, Eggs, and Tadpoles of *Scaphiopus huerterii*." Arthur N. Bragg in *Copeia*, Vol. 4, pp. 230-241, 1944.

"Some Adaptations of Survival Value in Spadefoot Toads." Arthur N. Bragg in *Researches on the Amphibia of Oklahoma*, Art. VII, pp. 101-116, University of Oklahoma Press, 1950.

BRIEF REVIEWS

Cultural Difference and Medical Care: The Case of the Spanish Speaking People of the Southwest, by Lyle Saunders. New York: The Russell Sage Foundation, 1954. 317 pp. \$4.50.

KEEPING UP with Lyle Saunders could be exhausting were it not such an exciting and rewarding occupation. The former University of New Mexico student, then professor, is now sociologist on the staff of the University of Colorado Medical School at Denver, and rapidly rising in national and international prestige in his various chosen fields.

It was almost a year ago when his latest book, *Cultural Difference and Medical Care* was published, to be greeted both in and outside the professions which it bridges as an outstanding contribution to understanding where previously there had been little light; and to win the Anisfield-Wolf award of \$1000 as an outstanding contribution to improvement of ethnic relations. But to evaluate the book, we need to give a little more attention to the man.

Saunders' career, after he received a master's degree in sociology, has included teaching in the public schools; assisting the late Dr. Joaquin Ortega establish the School of Inter-American Affairs in the University of New Mexico, and inaugurating its community organization programs among the rural villages of the state; then a period on the sociology staff of the University, which was interrupted when he was "borrowed" by the University of Texas to conduct a program, financed by the General Education Board, for study and improvement of ethnic relations along the Rio Grande Border in Texas. In two years spent on this project he gained much first-hand knowledge of the "wetback" and "bracero," and gathered what was probably the most complete factual picture of the Mexican immigration, legal and otherwise, then in existence.

Returned to his professorial post, Saunders hardly had time to adjust to classroom routine when the University of Colorado asked if they might "borrow" him for two years to inaugurate an experiment financed by the Russell Sage Foundation, one in which sociologists were being added to medical school staffs in key institutions to see what could be done to broaden the education of medical students in the direction of social understanding. So successful were the two experimental years that Saunders became permanently attached to the medical school faculty, where he now is, at least between his other

numerous chores. Because he is now a consultant to the U. S. Public Health Service, and is in constant demand to lecture to interested professional meetings on a method he has devised for objective measurement of the value of student nurses. He also is called frequently to meet with officials and boards of various foundations. In his last letter he listed five trips scheduled for the following month, which included two to New York, one to Washington, one to Chicago, and one to Cheyenne.

As if all this were not enough, he is currently engaged in directing the early stages of a large two-year research project financed by the Russell Sage Foundation, and delving further into much the same area as that which is the principal subject of *Cultural Difference*.

Saunders took to his medical school position the impressions gained in his Texas studies and in his work in New Mexico, which included a broad knowledge of, and keen interest in, the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest. This influenced what he observed in Denver, and led to systematic study of the problems of the hospital, the visiting nurse, the out-patient clinic, and the doctor himself in working with patients who lived in another, and, in some ways, contrasting cultural universe. As he discussed these problems with the practitioners he found that they lacked the technical sociological and anthropological footing for interchange of views at those levels; and his book, therefore, is mainly non-technical, meant for the sociologically unsophisticated reader, and probably much better reading even for the professionals because of it.

Cultural Difference has a fictional setting, and starts out like a novel, but the fiction is by design a clear exposition of the meaning of factual knowledge which Saunders has accumulated. For those who need documentation, he has included a wealth of notes and appended materials including comprehensive statistics. In fact, such materials make up the last sixty-five pages of the book (and incidentally, the notes are often as good reading as the main text).

The fictional setting which opens the book is Felicity Street in the city of Aurora, which, the author explains parenthetically, could be a typical section of Denver, or Albuquerque, or El Paso, or any southwestern city. The focus of attention is on the personalities of Spanish-speaking people who reside there, and the conditions of relative poverty and deprivation under which they live.

The author selects from among these fictional people, whose counterparts are recognizable in any urban Spanish-speaking quarter, the

parts of their lives and experience which bring them into contact with typical American medical practice and affiliated activities. He thus provides a means of giving both the feeling for, and the keen analysis of, the problems they present, both for themselves and for those who are intent upon helping them.

In viewing the inhabitants of 1407 [Felicity Street] we are not looking at all Spanish-speaking southwesterners, nor are we considering a sample that can be said to be typical or representative of the group as a whole. No sample so small could ever be fully representative of so heterogeneous a population. We are simply becoming acquainted with a few people, selected because they exemplify several kinds of health problems, who we have reason to believe are not greatly different in cultural background, ways of living, and point of view from a couple of million others (p. 13).

Following chapters in the book develop more fully and with factual data various significant revelations of the first chapter: the racial component, the cultural contrasts presented, the traditional "healing ways" of the group, and efforts which have been made to bridge the cultural gap. The latter discussion draws largely upon the history of the Taos county, New Mexico, and Costilla county, Colorado, health cooperatives, both of which were largely failures. More specific applications of the book's message for training and practice in medical and closely related fields are presented in the closing chapters of the book.

On Felicity Street, as elsewhere in the Southwest, a two-way adjustment is necessary to bridge the gap between the medical problems of the Spanish-speaking people and the medical resources of the areas and communities in which they live. Many Spanish-speaking people need more rapidly to acquire Anglo ways of thinking and acting with respect to illness and health . . . Anglo professional people need to devise ways to make their services, skills, and knowledge available and acceptable to Spanish-speaking people of all levels of acculturation (p. 225).

While the intent of the book is to explore the possibilities of bridging the cultural gap in question in the particular realm of medicine, it has value beyond this limited scope. What is true of one cultural chasm is, in general terms, true of all cultural chasms where the medical technologies of the United States and kindred "advanced" countries penetrate into various quarters of the world. At least promising approaches to understanding and further probing of the problem are presented. There is also much that can be learned by others than those concerned with health practices, but who are in fields in which

assistance and guidance of one kind or another is offered to "backward" peoples — social workers, educators, law enforcement officers, missionaries, and others. A further importance of the book lies in its worthwhile contributions in the culture-personality literature in sociology, psychology, and anthropology.

The most important differences between Spanish-American folk medicine and Anglo scientific medicine that influence the choice of one or the other are these: Anglo scientific medicine involves largely impersonal relations, procedures unfamiliar to the layman, a passive role for family members, hospital care, considerable control by professional healers, and high costs; by contrast the folk medicine of Spanish-American villagers is largely a matter of personal relations, familiar procedures, active family participation, home care, a large degree of control of the situation by the patient or his family, and relatively low costs. Given these differences, it is easy to understand why a considerable motivation would be necessary for a Spanish-American to have any strong preference for Anglo medicine over that which is not only more familiar and possibly psychologically more rewarding — or at least less punishing — but also less expensive (p. 168).

But orientations of a subtler nature, enter the problem, as, for example, the orientation of culture groups toward time.

There are many illustrations of difficulties caused by the differences in time orientations of Spanish-speaking and Anglos. Some are trivial, as for example the bewilderment of some Spanish-speaking people when asked by a physician, "What day would you like to come to clinic next week?" How are they to reply to this strange question? How can they know how they may feel next week or what they may be doing? What is there to make one day preferable to another? And why come next week, anyway, when they are at the clinic now? . . .

Like other aspects of culture our attitudes toward time are so much a part of us and seem so right and natural that it is difficult to understand how anyone could have a different point of view. That a person could have no particular concern for the future is almost inconceivable to an Anglo. That an Anglo will sacrifice the present for some possible gain in the dubious future is likely to be equally inconceivable to anyone reared in a Spanish-American or Mexican village.

As might be anticipated, the weaknesses of *Cultural Difference* stem from the same sources as its chief merits. Its analysis and resulting remedial suggestions remain close to the common-sense level, and unless one refers frequently to the notes in the back of the book there is little basis for judging its interpretations except that which lies in

the inherent conviction of the author's style. That there are equally valid alternative interpretations which might have quite different implications for the solution of the problems posed is not always clear to those who have not studied deeply in the behavior sciences. It is, in effect, an introductory exposition for the uninitiated and thus is of greater value for presenting problems than it is for its answers and conclusions.

But one book cannot do everything, and what this one does accomplish makes it well worth reading by all those whose occupations and interests carry them across cultural boundaries with well-intended, but often less well thought-out, missions, as is the case with medical and related practitioners for whom the book was written.

PAUL WALTER, JR.

The Vintage Mencken. Alistair Cooke, editor. New York: Vintage Books, 1955. Paper. 240 pp. 95 cents.

MENCKEN'S WRITING LIFE is over, and he doesn't like it. "Bring on the angels," he said when first he rallied after his stroke in 1948. Now he chops wood and lives, after a fashion, with his devoted brother August at the old Hollins Street house in Baltimore. What goes on in his mind few know, if anyone, for he cannot write or read, and has difficulty in intelligible speech.

If this is sad — and it is, to those who knew him as a man of kindness and penetrating considerateness — there is nothing sad in *The Vintage Mencken*, for it is a chronology of what this great, flailing, versatile pen produced from youth through late years, and there was nothing in all those decades to indicate any weakening of the man's bitter, hilarious laughter at the indecencies of the ungifted animals he told about. Even when he said, "A skeptic to all ideas, including especially my own, I have never suffered a pang when the ideas of some other imbecile prevailed," he was in character.

It was as imbeciles that he chose to categorize most of us. He loved the newspaper, but ridiculed it. He could be friendly, even chummy, with William Jennings Bryan or Bishop Cannon for the moment, and yet write of them with devastating hatred. And he could keep it up. What he wrote as a young newspaperman is just like what he wrote when he was sixty-eight, except possibly for a certain increasing tight-

ness of style. Mencken seems to have been born mature, at least mature in the way he would have defined it. He seems at the same time never to have matured in the way most of the rest of the world defines it; he never changed, he never feared, he never quit scorning the clowns and the frauds and never quit loving them for affording him something to write about.

Mr. Cooke's choices make Mencken incandescent: "Conscience is the inner voice which warns us that someone may be looking"; "An idealist is one who, on noticing that a rose smells better than a cabbage, concludes that it will also make better soup"; "To be a woman is in itself a terrible experience."

Cooke, a correspondent in America for the *Manchester Guardian*, says Mencken found Franklin D. Roosevelt so distasteful because "the New Deal was his Waterloo, and Roosevelt his Wellington." The depression, says Cooke, was not funny. Roosevelt symbolized a shift of history which made Mencken almost an anachronism.

Perhaps it was best for H. L. Mencken that he was drawn off affairs and thrown into reminiscence and the superb *Newspaper Days*, *Heathen Days*, *Happy Days* of the early forties. These came out of his being diverted from his *Sunpapers* kind of work, pegged to the news, into the pieces which compose those books.

Who is to assess Mr. Mencken? No attacker of his *American Language* has done what he has done in his studies of our vernacular. Some contemporary literary critics have had a better perspective than he, but none wrote with his skill. Shaw and Voltaire have ripped the world apart and peered into its intestines, but neither approached Mencken's sense of violent comedy. This man hated moralists and snake-preachers, congregations in convulsions, charlatans in politics. He will die unregenerate, God bless him.

KEEN RAFFERTY

The Book Lover's Southwest, A Guide to Good Reading, by Walter S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal). Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955. 287 pp. \$4.50.

WALTER CAMPBELL, who knows his southwestern literature and has a professor's facility for making categories, has produced an eminently useful guide which is also readable and entertaining. He says it is not a complete bibliography nor a symposium of critics, but a per-

sonal listing. One may cavil at some of its categories; even the Southwest is whatever one chooses to think it is. Dr. Campbell's Southwest takes in West Texas, the western half of Oklahoma, New Mexico, and those parts of Kansas and Colorado which are definitely southwestern in background and outlook. This division omits Arizona, leaving that state with really no place to go. It is not California, though its Salt River Valley tries hard. Dr. Campbell ducks full responsibility for this arbitrary decision; his sponsors, the Rockefeller Foundation and the University of Oklahoma, had somebody else surveying Arizona and California.

By southwestern literature Dr. Campbell means published books dealing with the Southwest or books by authors native to or closely identified with the Southwest. This lets him include Ernie Pyle, who lived a few years in Albuquerque but published no books on the area, and Dwight D. Eisenhower, a Texan-Kansan, whose one book deals with lands and themes far away. These are among the joys of making a book. You include or leave out whatever you wish and invite your critics to make their own lists, which Dr. Campbell does with great good feeling.

Within his limitations, Dr. Campbell has given a coverage deep enough to include a short essay on early Spanish chronicles with hints as to where to find them, and wide enough to include the interests of most readers. History and biography, folklore, juveniles, and humor are standard, but this author has listed industry and has found businessmen and oilmen as worthy of mention as mountain men and Indians. He notes that poetry is best found in anthologies due to the evanescent nature of slim volumes of verse, he finds satire out of tone with the temper of the West. Fiction is slim compared with firsthand experience. And he provides a sort of catchall in a section called "Descriptions and Interpretations"; this catches guidebooks, flora and fauna, arts and crafts, travel, even cities and towns, Indians and Spanish-Americans.

The organization of the book is sensible. The seeker for good and generally available books looks up the topic of his interest. There he will find a list of books with a few words of guidance. This or that book is charming, gay, the best in its field, standard, slight, even uninspired. Some rate no comment. The author praises his favorites and their authors warmly. If a book fits into more than one category it is so listed. If an author's best book happens not to fit it is not mentioned — except of course in the cases of Ernie Pyle and Dwight D. Eisenhower. The professor author finds that the "Southwest is perhaps

unique in that some of its dictionaries may be truthfully called literature," especially Ramon F. Adams' *Western Words: a Dictionary of the Range, Cow Camp, and Trail*. This "a man can sit down and read, cannot put down." These are selling words, and they apply to Dr. Campbell's book as well as to his favorite dictionary.

ERNA FERGUSON

Wah-To-Yah and the Taos Trail: or prairie travel and scalp dances, with a look at los rancheros from muleback and the rocky mountain campfire, by Lewis H. Garrard. With an introduction by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955. 320 pp. \$2.00.

FOR ONE WHO WANTS a preview of Hell, read the story in chapter nineteen of *Wah-To-Yah*. It is a classic example of the American tall tale, amusing and inoffensive. Young Garrard's whole book is a classic in the descriptive literature of the Far West.

A precocious lad of seventeen, he joined a caravan bound for Santa Fe at the outbreak of the War with Mexico, seeking health and fun. It was an adventure in tune with the spirit of youth, the eternal force that freshens the soul of man and drives him on his forward path.

But Garrard was better prepared for adventure than most young men. He possessed a knowledge of the Bible, history, Shakespeare, and the French language. He carried a few books in his luggage, including one on the heavenly bodies. He could name the flora and fauna and thrill to the beauty of nature through the eyes of a poet. After a wearisome day's travel he saw that, "The waning sun shooting streams of mellow light through the dark-green foliage formed a constant change of scenery and tinged the valley with a sea of golden light, subduing the rougher features and harmonizing the whole."

A lover of simple tunes, the young man sensed the deeper spiritual significance of an Indian war dance, while others thought only in terms of death and a bloody scalp. And speaking of Indians, his description of life in a Cheyenne village is a welcome antidote to the too-common picturization of the Indian folk as a barbaric people. Their way of life was different, but beneath the skin they were human beings with many admirable qualities.

His precocious nature was marked by thoughtful and humorous attitude toward life. He loved a pun, opposed the "discreditable

Mexican war," and did not believe that Kit Carson was the only heroic Mountain Man. Other famous western characters grace his pages under the ministrations of a skillful pen.

Garrard was an eyewitness of the military trials in Taos that followed the Uprising of 1847. He sympathized with the victims. But as many an American visitor to New Mexico in the days of Mexican administration, he had a slight mote in his eye toward the people. In his own summation of the Taosños, there was "much to admire and more to condemn."

On the homeward-bound journey the young man tarried at new Fort Mann, established to safeguard the travelers along the Trail. He wanted to participate in a fight with Indians, but he waited in vain. The happenings during his month's sojourn were exciting, but they stopped short of war.

The simple unaffected style of writing in this reprint of an old classic brings to life a phase of American history that has passed away with a lingering halo of the romantic. For a reader who wants the vicarious thrill of having "been there," I recommend *Wah-To-Yah*. It is well worth an evening away from the TV.

Just one slight word of correction. Garrard was wrong in locating Wah-To-Yah (the Spanish Peaks) northwest from Bent's Fort. They lay to the southwest.

FRANK D. REEVE

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