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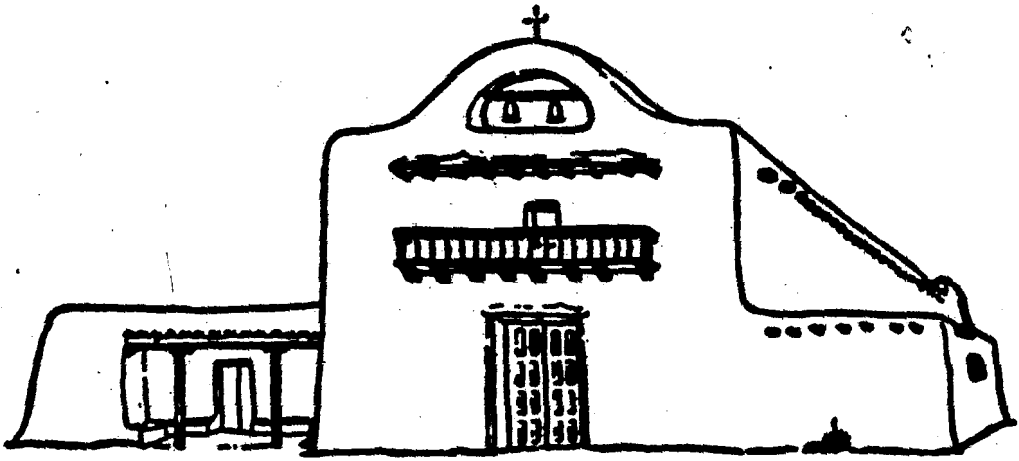
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Oliver La Farge
Indian Assimilation

Roland F. Dickey
Missions of New Mexico

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Oliver La Farge

ASSIMILATION— THE INDIAN VIEW

A GREAT CHANGE has taken place among the Indians of the United States in the last twenty years, a change that non-Indians have been slow to recognize. Here in the Southwest, especially, we tend to think of Indians in terms that are becoming obsolete. This is partly due to a tendency, natural to all people, to judge the man by his exterior trimmings. If he wears a business suit, has short hair, speaks fluent English, we are likely to consider him no longer an Indian. (Witness, for instance, the visiting journalist of a few years ago, who concluded that the Cochiti corn dance was a fraud because the leader had short hair and worked at Los Alamos.) If he retains some part of his tribal panoply, Southwesterners do not make the tourist mistake of assuming that he speaks no English, but we are likely to think that his world view is still the primitive one, his world limited to a circle of a few hundred miles with a single, bewildered extension to Washington.

The fact is that these externals are highly deceptive. Indians by and large have grown tremendously in sophistication, and their world view has expanded accordingly. It is highly significant that we find Tesuque Pueblo formally protesting a government action against a tribe in Alaska; or Taos, the San Carlos Apaches, and the Hualapais protesting an allotment policy that affects no tribe within the Southwest proper.

The most advanced Indians have gone further. They have begun to see their problem in the context of the general, national interracial problem. Thus we find Apaches taking part in interracial conferences at Tuskegee, prepared to make common cause with many others. In this, the Indians were definitely af-

fectured by their experience in the hearing on regulations governing tribal contracts with attorneys, called by Secretary of the Interior Chapman in January 1952. At this hearing the Indians found themselves supported not only by the usual "Indian-interest" organizations, or those having a special interest in the question at issue, such as the American Bar Association, but by such bodies as the American Jewish Congress and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, ready with briefs and attorneys to uphold the Indian cause.

This event, increased interest in Indians among other minorities, and increased education, have widened the Indians' outlook. From them, it is percolating through to the whites who have so long been interested in Indian affairs, but have always thought of them as unique, and apart from any other racial or cultural problems.

Another change parallels the one described. Twenty years ago, white people went among Indians to learn about them, then got together with each other to decide what should be done. The Indians' role was typified by that of the anthropologists' informants. The anthropologists gathered data among the Indians, then, in discussion among each other, came to conclusions about what Indians were, how they operated, what they thought. Today, when you assemble a conference of anthropologists specializing in the American aborigines, you are likely to find several Indians among them, who inject a new realism into the discussions. The same thing is occurring increasingly in all gatherings and discussions dealing with this general subject. It is, of course, a movement towards what we find among Jews, Negroes, Japanese-Americans, Spanish-Americans, and so forth, where the findings and action decisions are largely made by the members of the minority itself and the role of the members of the majority is one of concurrence and support.

The Indians, then, are moving towards resemblance to other minorities in several ways. One effect of this at present is a switch in non-Indian thinking, notably among Negroes, from the error

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of exaggerating the uniqueness of a picturesque, supposedly primitive, aboriginal people to the reverse error of assuming that they are just like all other minorities. This error particularly takes the form of assuming that Indians have the same ultimate goal as almost all other minorities, racial or national-origin, in the United States, which is eventual assimilation.

Properly speaking, assimilation is a two-way process, in which two cultures influence each other to form a new, single compound, shared identically by the descendants of both groups, who become completely mingled and indistinguishable. American assimilation has never been a fifty-fifty proposition. The original culture was a development from the British in response to a totally new environment, somewhat influenced by the different, but closely related, sub-cultures of colonists of other European nations and by the indigenous, Indian cultures. As we have gone on, we have continued to absorb new traits — for instance, in various parts of the country we find different settlement patterns, different concepts of the county seat or the local city, deriving from the different preponderant national origins of the settlers—but these are secondary. On the whole, we have absorbed the people, rather than the cultures. American assimilation, the old “melting pot,” means primarily loss of original identity.

In May, 1952, the Association on American Indian Affairs, aided by a grant from the Marshall Field Foundation, held an “Institute on the Assimilation of the American Indian” in Washington. To the Institute a number of Indians were invited as full-fledged participants, mostly chairmen of tribal councils, plus anthropologists and a number of individuals of known distinction. The non-Indians were drawn from the “Indian-interest” organizations, the Indian Service, and the social sciences.

Most of the non-Indians came to the Institute with the assumption that assimilation was inevitable, that although we might regret the disappearance of an element of color from American life it was desirable, and that what we were there to discuss was

at what pace it should proceed, how it should be guided, by what means we could ensure that it did not mean merely degrading Indians into the lowest levels of the general population.

The Indians brought us up short. Only one, a Navy doctor, spoke in favor of assimilation or considered it inevitable. The rest took a contrary view. They made a sharp distinction between becoming adapted to the American scheme and contributing participants in it, and becoming assimilated into it.

A practical aspect of this opposition to assimilation was brought out by the spokesmen for the San Carlos Apaches of Arizona and for the "Full-Blood Cherokees" of Oklahoma. The present economically strong position of the San Carlos Apaches and their remarkable general progressivism are based on the tribal control of land and a strong tribal council and corporations—all modernized forms of ancient modes of life. Those Apaches are an artificial concentration of once independent groups; their present union, however, forms a working tribe.

There is nothing old-fashioned or retrogressive about their system. It is a beautiful example of how Indianism can be a tool for progress. Their great resource is cattle-raising, which is carried out by individual initiative within the group framework. On the selling end, they are formidable competitors with the non-Indian cattle ranches of the Southwest. On the buying end, through group purchasing of a large part of their supplies, they wield great economic power. They can place or withhold orders in the tens of thousands of dollars, to a total of some half million a year. Now having the vote, they tend to vote as a bloc, which is another source of power.

As a result of these strengths, they have revolutionized their relations with surrounding communities. They used to be Jim-Crowed and freely abused by local police. Now they are respected, and invited to send representatives to the local chambers of commerce. As 3600 people, or some 700 individual families, they would be weak. Individual cattlemen running from fifty to seventy-five head of stock have little or no influence,

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and in hard times are likely to go under. That number of families, engaged in raising cattle, farming, and labor, would ordinarily be grouped in or around small villages with little or no organization, and would achieve concerted action rarely, under exceptional pressure.

The San Carlos Apaches are an outstanding example of successful Indian progressivism. Their progressiveness, which extends to many more matters than those mentioned, derives from their retention of certain simple but fundamental Indian values, among them, common ownership of land, tribal organization, and what can best be described as a tendency towards unanimity whenever possible.

The greater their success, the more perfectly they fit themselves, as individuals and as a community, to be contributing participants and competitors in the American scene, the greater the influence against desiring assimilation. There is their pride in their achievement as Apaches, their demonstrated right to be proud of the mere fact of being Apaches. Then, there is the plain fact that by retaining their group integrity they can master the modern world more effectively than if they allow themselves to be fragmented.

The "Full-Blood Cherokees" include many of mixed blood. They are an impoverished group, made up among those who, when the land of the Cherokee Nation was broken up and allotted, received allotments in the barren, stony hills. They are consciously clinging to Indianism, especially in their social organization and certain related ceremonies. Their Indianism gives them certain returns. It enables them to achieve cooperation beyond the capabilities of most similar non-Indian communities, and it alleviates their drab poverty with the sense of heritage, of being something more than just one more hard-scrabble group of sub-marginal farmers.

The allotting of their land followed the usual course. Many of the allotments, among them much of those containing fertile soil, passed into the hands of non-Indians. Their holdings now

are scattered, instead of in a block, so that they are unable to combine them. In such poor country, small holdings cannot be effectively used.

Their spokesman at the Institute compared their situation with that of the Apaches. He pointed out that his people had the will and the ability to cooperate, but were stopped at the most fundamental level because a form of assimilation, individual ownership of land, had been forced upon them. "If only they would let us retrogress a little," he said, the Cherokees would soon improve their lot.

The final conclusion of that Institute was summed up by its chairman with the remark, "It seems that assimilation is a dirty word." Other conferences have arrived at an anti-assimilation conclusion, notably a conference of anthropologists held in 1954 under the auspices of the Wenner-Gren Fund, led by Dr. John Provinse, with Indian anthropologists participating. This group found that assimilation of unlike, minority cultures in the United States is demonstrably not inevitable, that Indians have shown an exceptionally high resistance to assimilation—some tribes that have been in close contact with non-Indians since early Colonial times and under heavy pressure to abandon their identity still retain it—that Indians do not desire to be assimilated, and that assimilation is not necessary for Indian progress and participation.

Indian lack of interest in being assimilated has causes more profound than the factors mentioned above. All American minorities share certain problems in common; setting those aside, the Indian minority is unique.

All the other inhabitants of the United States are fairly recent immigrants. Once the thirteen colonies had been established, those who came to them, or to the republic that succeeded them, came voluntarily, in search of wealth, or freedom, or both; and with the intention of becoming members of the new community—with two important exceptions. The overwhelming majority of voluntary immigrants were Europeans; they and the already

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established Americans belonged to sub-cultures of one, common, major culture. The result, with rare exceptions and with certain reservations as to religion, was a positive attitude towards assimilation and considerable ease in being assimilated—which, fortunately, has not yet been so perfect a process as to produce total uniformity.

One of the exceptions mentioned above is the Spanish-American enclave centering on New Mexico. They were voluntary immigrants, but they came to plant and maintain the sub-culture of Spain in a new land, and not to merge themselves into an English-speaking nation. Their situation is unique in many ways. They became citizens as soon as they were included in the United States, they were politically experienced, they form a solid mass that was, and still is, politically powerful. Their ancient culture is firmly rooted in the land they occupy. Having had membership in an Anglo-American republic forced upon them, they have shown a high resistance to assimilation while doing well in competent adaptation.

The other exception is, of course, the Negroes. They were primitives who came involuntarily and as individuals. A single slave, landed in the United States, was a human being reduced to his feeblest state, without nation or tribe, without kin or clan or family, without means of continuing language or culture in the new setting. To encounter a fellow-tribesman would be pure luck. He was under very heavy pressure to conform to the degraded form of the dominant culture that was offered to him. Inevitably, the Negroes became entirely English-speaking and adopted a sub-culture within our general pattern. That sub-culture is inseparably involved with a position of inferiority; hence naturally Negroes desire full assimilation.

The Indians were here first of all, by millenia, and like the Spanish-Americans, had the Anglo-American republic forced upon them, but there was no kinship whatsoever between that republic's culture and their own. They were scattered in small groups and have become even more so. Citizenship was extended

to them slowly and grudgingly. The new culture effectively destroyed the rewards of their own, but made it fantastically difficult for them to achieve any of the rewards of the new. Above all, the invaders impressed upon the Indians, tribe by tribe, their solitary weakness.

Unlike any other group save the Spanish-Americans, and far more profoundly than they, the Indians' culture is rooted in this soil. Their history is all around them. They have survived, not as lone individuals or migrated families, but as groups in their homeland. They have every inducement to continue in the pride of being an Apache, a Sioux, or a Mohawk. They still find in the deeper aspects of the Indian way of life, such as in their family relationships, satisfactions that they do not find in our equivalents. Now, as they grow more sophisticated, they have added the concept of "all Indians" to that of "my tribe," and thus have a larger, stronger body in which to place pride and from which to draw a sense of support. Indeed, in some parts, tribes that have virtually lost all of their own culture are now adopting a new, synthetic complex of all-Indian traits to bolster their identity.

The historic attitude of white men towards Indians is a mixture of sentimentality and contempt. The great majority of whites think of them in fictitious stereotypes constantly reinforced by the motion pictures and cheap fiction. This leads to behavior, often unconscious, before which Indians prefer to withdraw. The Indians are aware of another factor, about which there seems to be a strange conspiracy of silence. This is that in most states in which there is a sizable Indian population (New Mexico is a partial exception), Indians suffer from discrimination and abuse second only to that accorded to Negroes. When you ask an Indian to become assimilated you ask him, in effect, to become an anonymous, dark-skinned individual in a society that has a notable prejudice against dark-skinned individuals.

There is no conflict between remaining an Indian and being progressive. The conflict exists only in our minds, which have been conditioned to conformity and are troubled by the concept

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of the equality of unlikes. There are strength, security, and many rewards in the continuation of tribal integrity and the retention of Indian values. There is pride in an ancient and noble tradition. Small wonder that at that meeting in Washington the Indians led the white men to conclude that "assimilation is a dirty word."

Lawrence Willson

SHAKESPEARE AND THE GENTEEL TRADITION IN AMERICA

RALPH WALDO EMERSON said that "Each age . . . must write its own books." We might add that each age must also define its critical attitude toward the books of the past, for the critical standard of one generation will not serve the next. Our century looks back on the pronouncements of the Victorian age—or the age of Rutherford B. Hayes—with condescension, with pity, often with amusement. The very phrase "genteel tradition" grates on the sophisticated ear of the critic of the twentieth century.

Gentility suggests to the contemporary mind an avoidance of real issues, the erection of barriers against any intrusion of the unpleasant, a deliberate ignoring of reality. It is quite true that such charges may be proved against the writers of the nineteenth century, but it is equally true that each generation is somewhat prejudiced in its definition of "reality" and "real issues," and that the twentieth century may not be saying the final words on these subjects. The trend of our new criticism is to discuss literature as "pure estheticism," which may sound as nonsensical to the twenty-first century as Longfellow's assertion sounds to us, that "The natural tendency of poetry is to give us correct moral impressions, and thereby [to] advance the cause of truth." A more distinguished critic of the genteel age, James Russell Lowell, admonished his countrymen that they must learn

to love art, not as an amusement . . . but for its humanising and ennobling energy, for its power of making men better by arousing in them a perception of their own instincts for what is beautiful. and

therefore sacred and religious, and an eternal rebuke of the base and worldly.

Literature, to the reader of the nineteenth century, was a serious matter. The *good* book directed a man into virtuous pathways; it raised him to a closer communion with God and nature; it must be real and vital. Its purpose was to instruct.

The first book to be admitted to the library, therefore, the book which would serve as a measuring rod for all the others, was the Bible, the truly Good Book—preferably in the safe family edition of the Reverend Thomas Scott. On that basis, it was easy enough to admit *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, Chandler's *Life of David*, and the works of Mrs. Hemans and holy Hannah More. Milton was fairly safe. As a matter of fact, one could admit a fair amount of reasonably recent poetry—especially Gray's "Elegy," the laments of John Rogers, and "The Spacious Firmament on High." Young Oliver Wendell Holmes found among his father's books even a copy of Dryden, with certain pages carefully excised and a legend on the fly-leaf, *Hiatus haud deflendus*—"The omissions will scarcely be missed."

Beyond these items, however, danger lurked. Lowell looked into the pages of Pope and exclaimed, "Show me a line that makes you love God and your neighbor better, that inclines you to meekness, charity, and forbearance." The nineteenth century desired in poetry a rule of life, a revelation, a disclosure of divinity, a vision of the infinite owning kinship to man. "Power of expression is subsidiary, and goes only a little way toward the making of a great poet," said Lowell. Therefore, one naturally preferred the dull but unmistakably Christian numbers of John G. Brainerd to the disturbing flippancy of Pope.

The age of Longfellow and Lowell still believed in progress and in the perfectibility of man. They would have been disturbed by the contemporary critic who declared the other day: "It is closing time in the gardens of the West and from now

on an artist will be judged only by the resonance of his solitude or the quality of his despair."

During the age of gentility America emerged from her colonial status to assume a position of importance among nations; she wished also to attain respectability for her culture and art, so that Americans might no longer have to blush and stammer when they heard the famous question of Sidney Smith, "Who reads an American book?" But the attainment of distinction in the arts was hampered by the long, strong tradition of Puritanism, which distrusted art unless it taught a moral lesson. The main literary form in America for two hundred years had been the sermon, and the unavoidable urge of the American artist in the nineteenth century was to turn all literary forms into sermons. Lowell recognized his own limitation as poet in the self-criticism:

The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.

To many it seems unfortunate that the golden day of American literature was most golden in New England, where the tradition of the sermon was strongest. Beauty for its own sake was distrusted there; the primary function of the artist was to teach—to teach decent, refined, respectable morality. Even Shakespeare must be approached with this point of view.

It was important that Shakespeare be judged, since, between 1794 and 1847, fifteen editions of his plays had been published in America. Countless lectures were being made about him in Concord, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. College students, most of them destined for the pulpit, were becoming interested. When a subscription edition was offered by Munroe and Francis, 99 of the 175 students at Harvard were ready, 28 at Brown, 17 at Union, and 7 at Dartmouth. In 1857, at the University of Virginia, Shakespeare became curricular reading. Moreover, since 1750, in defiance of all that was generally considered fitting,

these works had been more or less continuously available on the stage. The custom even penetrated into Boston, where *Richard III* was offered as "a moral lecture in five parts . . . displaying the horrors of civil discord and the dreadful effects of tyranny and ambition." Such a performance might be applauded as a comforting illustration of British political evil, but it was less easy to justify the "moral dialog" called *Othello* which was presented in Newport.

The initial problem was the problem of the stage itself. As recently as in 1906 George B. Churchill declared before the German Shakespeare Society:

There are hundreds of thousands [of Americans] who . . . today look upon [the theater] as irreligious in environment and actual influence. . . . Among [them] are many educated and cultured men to whom Shakespeare is almost a sacred name and in whose mental and spiritual life his plays are a strong and vital influence, and who could yet never enter a theater to see his plays performed.

The problem lay in the power of the stage. It had power over the weak will of man, and in that power resided at once the terror of the stage and, of course, its only real justification. Said one philosophic apologist, writing in *The Dial* in 1842:

Till men shall carry Shakespeare . . . within their own minds, they will wish to see [his] works represented. To those in whom life is still faint, and who yet have leisure to feel their need of being enlivened, the stimulus of genius is necessary.

A hard-wrung apology it is, as the writer evidently realized, for he added at once: "The Shakespearean drama cannot now be maintained in Boston. . . . What would the Pilgrim fathers say . . . ?"

There were not many with the leisure to feel their need. One of them was, however, Emerson. He was strong enough to keep his balance; he did not at once rush to the haunts of sin, but the

reason may be that he listened without looking. He recalled the occasion thus:

I remember I went once to see the Hamlet of a famed performer . . . and all I then heard and all I now remember of the tragedian was that in which the tragedian had no part; simply Hamlet's question to the ghost:—

What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?

That imagination which dilates the closet he writes in to the world's dimension . . . quickly reduces the big reality to the glimpses of the moon.

In the theater Emerson's mind wandered, but it wandered constructively. Not all minds, however—not even all New England minds—were so happily endowed. They were apt to wander to the actors on the stage, even to the story of the play. Emerson himself confessed some difficulty of that kind. "I must say," he confided to his Journal in 1864, "that in reading the plays, I am a little shy where I begin; for the interest of the story is sadly in the way of the poetry." It was safer to entrust the theatrical part of Shakespeare to the singular talents of such people as Miss Glyn, billed as "The Greatest Living English Actress," when she came to Boston in 1870 to read scenes from *Antony and Cleopatra*. She might possibly have protected the morals even of John Greenleaf Whittier, who was offered a ticket to a play in his youth, but declined it because he had promised his mother to stay away from the theater—"that fatal peril."

The peril lay not so much in the ability of the action to divert the mind from the poetry: after all, beauty was of no account and could surely not exist for its own sake; the danger was that one might forget to look for the moral and thus lose a chance to improve his way of living. The beauty of the mind, which was

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indeed the very essence of beauty, was the important concern. And that might be disregarded, despite the promise of the Prologue:

To Bid reviving Virtue raise her head
And far abroad her heavenly influence shed;
The soul by bright example to inspire,
And kindle in each breast celestial fire. . . .
So may each scene some useful moral show;
From each performance sweet instruction flow.

There were some who could conquer an initial objection to the stage as such, as they had conquered their horror at the exhibition of statuary, but they would still worry about the moral effect of plays. Poetry—good sound didactic poetry—could find its way into the library; one could read it there and meditate, but it was possibly a little profane to parade it beyond the closet. John Quincy Adams said guardedly, “I have read Shakespeare as a *teacher of morals*.” He was not, for example, favorably impressed by Desdemona; he believed she got what she deserved for so abusing her poor father and carrying on in a manner “so much against the dictates of custom and propriety.” Thomas Jefferson read *Lear* as an essay on filial duty. A Pennsylvania poet reassured his audience that Shakespeare was

Born to instruct the world; from ev’ry clime
And ev’ry age his moral stores he draws.

The first American editor of the plays advertised them as abounding “with exquisite maxims of morality,” and called the attention of prospective buyers to the character of Cressida, who, he wrote, “affords no promising prospect to her successors.” A morally conditioned mind could—with a modicum of excision and often a dash of misquotation—find in Shakespeare what it desired of good advice. A few years later, the Reverend Henry N. Hudson gave a high and general direction to the reader:

The peculiar excellence of the poet's works is their unequalled ability to instruct us in the things about us, and to strengthen us for the duties that lie before us. If they went above or beside the practical aims and interests of life, it would not be worth any man's while to study, much less, to interpret them. Literature, it can hardly be too often said, is good for nothing, nay worse than nothing, unless it be kept subordinate to something else; used as a means to inform men in the best reason of living, it is certainly a very noble and dignified thing. . . . [Shakespeare is] the schoolmaster of a most liberal and practical wisdom, the high-priest of a most useful and manly discipline.

Warming to his subject, he declared:

As for me, I dare be known to think Shakespeare's works a far better school of virtuous discipline than half the moral and religious books which are now put into the hands of youth.

And he proceeded to elucidate the moral elements of each play, in order.

The aim of *Othello*, for example, is "to exhibit female purity triumphing over all outward incongruities." Almost anybody, of course, could find a warning in Falstaff or in Lady Macbeth, a strengthening force in Portia or Hermione. He addressed himself to the belligerent question of a writer in 1827: "Who can point us to the moral purpose of *Romeo and Juliet*, or *The Merchant of Venice*, or of *Cymbeline*?" The Sonnets were the easiest problem of all for Hudson. "Listen," he wrote, "to the stern morality that seems to inform them all and to be present in the eye of the poet, even when contradicted in the expression."

That "*seems to inform them all*." There was another rub. Jones Very had said, "Man's brightest dignity is *conscious* virtue." If one granted that the poet was a teacher, could he be sure that the poet understood his mission as Very, who believed that he wrote at the dictation of the Holy Ghost, understood his? Shakespeare had his powers—

THE GENTEEL TRADITION

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This player was a prophet from on high,
Thine own elected, [Lord]. . . .
Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power, and love:
We read, we reverence on this human soul,—
Earth's clearest mirror of the light above,—
Plain as the record on thy prophet's scroll,
When o'er his page the effluent splendors poured,
Thine own "Thus saith the Lord!"

—but did he understand whence they came? Frankly, no.

Of religion, as it appears in the new dispensation of Christianity . . . he had no experience; almost I said, no conception. The beauty of holiness, the magnanimity of faith, he never saw. Probably he was an unbeliever in the creed of his time, and looked on the New Testament as a code that hampered the freedom of the mind . . . and as intruding on the sublime mystery of our fate.

Emerson might say, "His fame is settled on the foundations of the moral and intellectual world"; but that was of little profit unless Shakespeare himself realized it, unless he was a practicing Christian. Besides, Emerson was a famous heretic. Very deplored the fact that he could not find evidence in the plays of the sense of duty, of responsibility, which he himself felt:

We cannot say of [Shakespeare] that he performed God's will; but that the Divine will in its ordinary operations moved his mind as it does the material world.

The plays, then, sprang from sheer instinct, and that was bad; for where might sheer instinct not lead a man? Shakespeare forgot, the more's the pity, that

those angel visitants were not sent for him merely to admire and number; but that knowing no will but His who made kings His subjects, he should send them forth on their high mission, and with those high resolves which it was left for him to communicate. Had he done this, we might indeed reverence him as the image of his god.

The mildest remark a New England critic could muster on this score in 1840 was:

That 'to a mind of his power, virtue and vice would have had a deeper, and in no wise less natural signification from the superadded light of Revelation, no one, we think, can doubt.

It was a perilous century for the man of letters, who must be not only a teacher but a revealer—a divine revealer, moreover—and not only a revealer, but a conscious revealer.

James Russell Lowell, the principal guardian of gentility, wrote, "If any man would seem to have written without any conscious moral, that man is Shakespeare." But then he thumbed through the Sonnets again and found salvation:

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear.

Emerson was likewise concerned. He recognized the greatness of Shakespeare's teaching:

In reading [him] you will find yourself armed for the law, the divinity, and for commerce with men. . . . What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled?

Nevertheless, he had to shake his head over "the halfness and imperfection of humanity" in this most inclusive of poets and thinkers. In the last analysis, he lamented, "The world still wants its poet-priest . . . who shall see, speak, and act, with equal inspiration." Shakespeare—one cannot escape the fact—is still "the master of the revels to mankind."

As long as the question is of talent and mental power, the world of men has not his equal to show. But when the question is, to life and its materials and auxiliaries, how does he profit me? . . . Is it but a

Twelfth Night, or *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or *Winter Evening's Tale* . . . ? . . . It must go into the world's history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement.

This is the more significant, of course, because it comes from Emerson, who was perhaps the profoundest thinker of his age, the arbiter of all that was excellent in thought. His mind was clearer, broader, freer from prejudice than any other mind of his time. Yet for all his serene sanity, for all his sympathy and triumphant individualism, he could not separate finally the man from his work. He could not finally break the hold of Puritanism, to forget that Shakespeare, "the liberating god," was a play-actor. It is to be remembered that he resented Margaret Fuller because she made him laugh "more than he liked."

It was the play-acting element, of course, which proved to be the sharpest problem for the nineteenth century critic of Shakespeare. It was what the idolaters must forget; it was the clinching argument of those who discovered immorality in the plays. How could one explain how a great and conscious moralist chose a dramatic medium for the communication of his message to mankind? "There was never anything more excellent came from a human brain than the plays of Shakespeare," said Emerson, still doggedly pursuing his course, "bating only that they were plays. The Greek has a real advantage of them, in the degree in which his dramas had a religious office." Oliver Wendell Holmes made a comparable comment, reaching at last a more sophisticated conclusion:

The exigencies of the theatre account for much that is, as it were, accidental in the writings of Shakespeare. . . . The particular form in which [he] wrote makes little difference when we come upon the utterance of a noble truth or an elevated sentiment.

One way of circumventing the problem for the unsophisticated was to blame the age in which Shakespeare had lived: an

illiterate age, gross, without moral perception, utterly devoid of taste. It was not his fault, poor splendid angel, that he could not live in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1850! Thus spake the critic:

He was too often induced by a fancied necessity to sacrifice his own superior thoughts to the influence of an age which "thought no scorn of grossness," such as would sicken the purer . . . taste of ours. The descent was not wholly nor always voluntary; though the gratifications of minds so far below his own . . . can hardly excuse the abbreviations of an intellect like his.

Before we label this comment hopelessly Neanderthal, it is well to look seventy years beyond it to the pronouncement of William Dean Howells:

To the heart . . . of serious youth, uncontaminate and exigent of ideal good, it must always be a grief that the great masters seem so often to have been willing to amuse the leisure and vacancy of meaner men, and leave their mission to the soul but partially fulfilled.

This naturally suggests also the problem of the indecency in the plays, for, as Emerson observed:

It was queer; a sort of representation of humanity, that the truest of all bards should be permitted thus to mix the highest and the vilest. Heroism, virtue, devotion thrown into these brothel associations.

How was the indecency to be explained? One method, of course, was to present editions which omitted, in what must have been tantalizing advertisement, "all parts which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family." In his more worshipful moments, Emerson, blandly and with characteristic inconsistency, magnified the prophetic function of the poetry, saying sententiously,

Thought makes everything fit for use. The vocabulary of an omniscient man would embrace words and images excluded from polite conversation. What would be base, or even obscene, to the obscene, becomes illustrious, spoken in a new connection of thought

—and then, by way of clinching the argument—"The piety of the Hebrew prophets purges their grossness."

A method equally effective was to attack the intelligence of the opposition by remarking casually that the discovery of immorality in Shakespeare springs from an "inability to take in the impression of a vital, organic whole. . . . Those who can see but one line or one sentence of a poem at once are not competent judges of its morality." Or one could attack more bluntly: "Babes, whether in the cradle or in the counting room, require to be fed with milk, whereas Shakespeare is strong meat." The critic tried beyond endurance simply shouted:

In heaven's name let decency be preserved, but let it not be piled on in folds and bustles to cover up personal deformity! Obscenity is certainly bad enough, but it is infinitely better than the chaste language of a crafty seducer.

This was intended, no doubt, for a murderous thrust at Lord Byron and Bulwer-Lytton, those "devils sugared over," and at the writers in France, "where debauchery is argued for on principles of reason, and religion itself, the sacred law of love, is urged in behalf of lewdness and lust."

A few brave souls rose to defend the playwright on all counts, whether of obscenity or immorality. Thus one distinguished Harvard professor wrote to Furness, commenting on the scholar's interpretation of Lady Macbeth's line, "That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold": "There is nothing strange or unpleasant to me in the thought of her taking a cup of wine as a transient and temporary expedient." Some advanced the theory that the objectionable lines may have been interpolated by the

crude actors of the age. On the other hand, there were those who, recalling that Shakespeare himself had been an actor, believed that he was responsible *only* for the vulgar passages, such as the grave-diggers' scene in *Hamlet*. Out of that group, full-armed and furious, sprang Miss Delia Bacon with pen and chisel, ready to seek her proof in the very tomb at Stratford.

There was one other method of whitewashing the poet, a method especially typical of the nineteenth century: to assert that he was a teacher, like Polonius, by indirection. That suggests, to be sure, that his virtue was unconscious, and therefore to a large extent worthless; but it gets around a lot. It gets around language and it gets around such characters as, for example, Lear's daughters. "Contemplated by themselves," said Hudson, "[they] exhibit a mass of spiritual deformity which the heart instinctively loathes, and the head instinctively abominates." But the spectacle of them is "cheerfully endured" in the play "for the almost adorable beauty which it is . . . the occasion of developing in others." Here lies perhaps the final justification of Shakespeare's genius: that by means of subtle contrasts he directs men into the paths of duty:

He has most religiously kept faith with the moral sensibilities which nature has set to guard the purity of the mind, and he seldom violates even the laws of gentility save in obedience to the higher laws of morality.

The primary advantage of such a method is immediately that it flatters instead of attacking the intelligence of the reader. Hudson demurely suggests that "It is surely our own fault if we are captivated by the inward impurity of a character whose outward ugliness ought to offend even our senses." Jones Very pursues the same argument as he regards Lady Macbeth:

The contemplation of such a character, if it does not make us as good as it might have done, had he drawn it with higher motives, will yet make us better, as the sight of it does in actual life.

THE GENTEEL TRADITION

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Such reassurance, though half-hearted, must have meant a great deal to the earnest puritans of the day. Shakespeare could, with few reservations, be admitted now to the book-shelves of discriminating readers.

There were some objectors still, of course, not all of them objectors on moral grounds. Bronson Alcott read the plays late in life and couldn't make head or tail of them. He wasn't shocked; he was simply looking for something new, and he didn't find it. "The man is a rhetorician," he said, "but he did not propound new thoughts." Emerson gently explained to a common friend, "Shakespeare and all works of art, which require a surrender of the man to them in order to [provide] their full enjoyment, he suspects and disparages." Henry Thoreau accepted Shakespeare, as he accepted everything and everybody, with reservations. He approved him wholeheartedly insofar as he was the poet of nature and portrayed the reality of things and of people, but he was disgusted with that school of criticism which made Shakespeare the shining image of God's mind. "After all," he said, "man is the great poet . . . [not] Shakespeare." And since his interest was in men rather than in literature—which he called "dead men's talk"—he could not be detained by even the greatest book when the loon called to him across Walden Pond.

His general interest in man made Thoreau interested also in Shakespeare the man—as an individual, not as a moral influence—and thus marked him, in his degree, as one who approached the poet with something of a scholarly attitude. He wanted to look behind the plays at the playwright himself, to see, if he could, the influences which had shaped the man and his work. This was, of course, also the attitude of Hudson, of Very, of Lowell, Emerson, and the other critics; but in almost every instance the allegiance of the critic was divided between honest scholarly curiosity on the one hand and a desire, on the other, to make the poet square with nineteenth century standards of respectability. Emerson was eager to know about Shakespeare's background, for instance, to know "What he said at the Boar's

Head Tavern, what books he read." He wrote to Longfellow for a bibliography of contemporary scholarship concerning Shakespeare. He mastered the scholarship, too, so that he was a mine of information when young Christopher Ripley came around for assistance on his commencement essay. He studied the plays carefully and reached a conclusion which eventually led him to the aid of Delia Bacon:

We have made a miracle of Shakespeare, a haze of light . . . by accepting unquestioned all the tavern stories about his want of education and total unconsciousness. The internal evidence all the time is irresistible that he was no such person. He was a man . . . of strong sense and of great cultivation; an excellent Latin scholar, and of extensive and selective reading. . . . He wrote for intelligent persons, and wrote with intention.

He was delighted to think that Shakespeare may once have been a schoolmaster, for that, he said, "gives us some external ground for all his contemplation and philosophy." But for the most part Emerson's criticism was of exactly the subjective and romantic sort which in his saner moments he deplored.

The approach of Lowell was likewise divided, half slave and half free. When he chose, he could be a sound and stimulating scholar, as when he outlined the qualities necessary to the man who would edit the plays of Shakespeare. That man, he said, must possess a thorough knowledge of the English language, he must have respect for his material, a passion for accuracy, critical intelligence, and poetic imagination. Lowell himself did not, unfortunately, always exhibit these lofty qualities. His heart was in the right place, but occasionally his head was too full of the nineteenth century. He was convinced, with Very and the others, that a sound moral character was a necessity for a great poet: "It is the only soil in which real mental power can root itself and find sustenance." And he was worried about Shakespeare's personal life: "If . . . the man had been as marvelous a teacher as the

genius that wrote his plays," he asked, "would his contemporaries have left us so wholly without record of him as they have done?" Then he wavered in his attitude. He started to write about Burns and Goethe, and his enthusiasm for their writings made him exclaim, "What have their biographies to do with us? Genius is not a question of character." But he added, still wavering, "For good or evil, the character and its intellectual product are inextricably interfused." So it continued, until he got Shakespeare rationalized into the position where he wanted him:

Poise of character . . . enabled him at once to be the greatest of poets and so unnoticeable a good citizen as to leave no incidents for biography.

O admirable Shakespeare! For all his indecision on the subject, however, Lowell made one especially sane comment on Shakespearean criticism, a comment that has its pertinence also in the twentieth century:

One cannot help thinking . . . how much good he has indirectly done to society by withdrawing men to investigations and habits of thought that secluded them from baser attractions.

Such, in brief, is the story of Shakespeare and the genteel tradition in America. The age was one in which men wanted to enjoy Shakespeare, but they couldn't always do so because they were haunted by the shade of moral respectability. They didn't always know what Shakespeare—or morality—meant. Henry Ward Beecher wanted all his life to see *Hamlet* on the stage, but he didn't dare. "It would have involved," he said, "endless explanations." It was an age in which men tried to make Shakespeare a man, and failing that, tried to make him a god. It was an age excited by Shakespeare, loving, worshiping, hating, deploring him. It was, perhaps more than all else—and this may well

be its most valuable suggestion to us—an age which insisted on relating literature to life, not literature to other literature. To complete the story, I close with what I venture to say was the highest praise accorded the bard during the nineteenth century. Said a man who late in life had read his works for the first time: "There are not twenty men in Boston who could have written those plays."

ART FEATURE

William De Hart

SCULPTURE IN SILVER

LONGEVITY, workability, color variation and reflectivity—these characteristics of silver as an artists' medium were shown convincingly in an exhibition of "Sculpture in Silver from the Islands of Time," which opened at Brooklyn Museum in September 1955. Collected by the American Federation of Arts and circulated in a countrywide tour of museums, the show consists of twenty-two pieces of antique silver sculpture, and eight examples by contemporary American sculptors.

Fugitives from the melting pots of thirty centuries, these less than foot-high figures which escaped the jeopardy of being stamped into coin have little in common except their makers' ability to bring out the warm emotional response of silver. It is significant that the pieces created in 1955 show as little similarity to each other as any of their historic antecedents from five continents. Stuart Preston, in reviewing the show for the *New York Times*, observed that "the contemporary sculpture . . . is

far less anonymous in character. A modern sculptor . . . is more conscious of the individual character of his style, which he will translate unaltered into another medium."

The exhibition was initiated by the Towle Silversmiths of Newburyport, Massachusetts, who commissioned eight sculptors to create works of art in sterling silver, a medium in which none of the artists was previously experienced. To test the suitability of silver for varying approaches to self-expression, artists with quite distinct techniques were chosen: José de Creeft, Cecil Howard, Ibram Lassaw, Richard Lippold, Oronzio Maldarelli, José de Rivera, David Smith, and William Zorach. Ten museums made loans from their collections to give the exhibit historical perspective.

Charles C. Withers, president of Towle, expressed his company's hope to revive an ancient art medium, and "to add the work of these contemporary American sculptors to the sculpture in silver of earlier civilizations." At the conclusion of the present exhibition, the 1955 sculptures will join the collection of historic American silver at the Towle Gallery in Newburyport.

Nine pieces from the exhibition have been selected for New Mexico Quarterly's Art Feature, five of them contemporary and four by unknown sculptors.

1. "Head," by William Zorach. Zorach was born in Lithuania in 1887, and settled with his family in Cleveland in 1891. An advocate of direct carving and accustomed to working in massive stone, he said of his experience with silver: "The metal gives a preciousness to small sculpture which the more robust medium of bronze does not convey. It is basically a material for small castings where the soft beauty of color and texture glows with an inner radiance."

2. "Young Venus," by Richard Lippold, an industrial designer turned sculptor. Lippold, born in Milwaukee in 1915,

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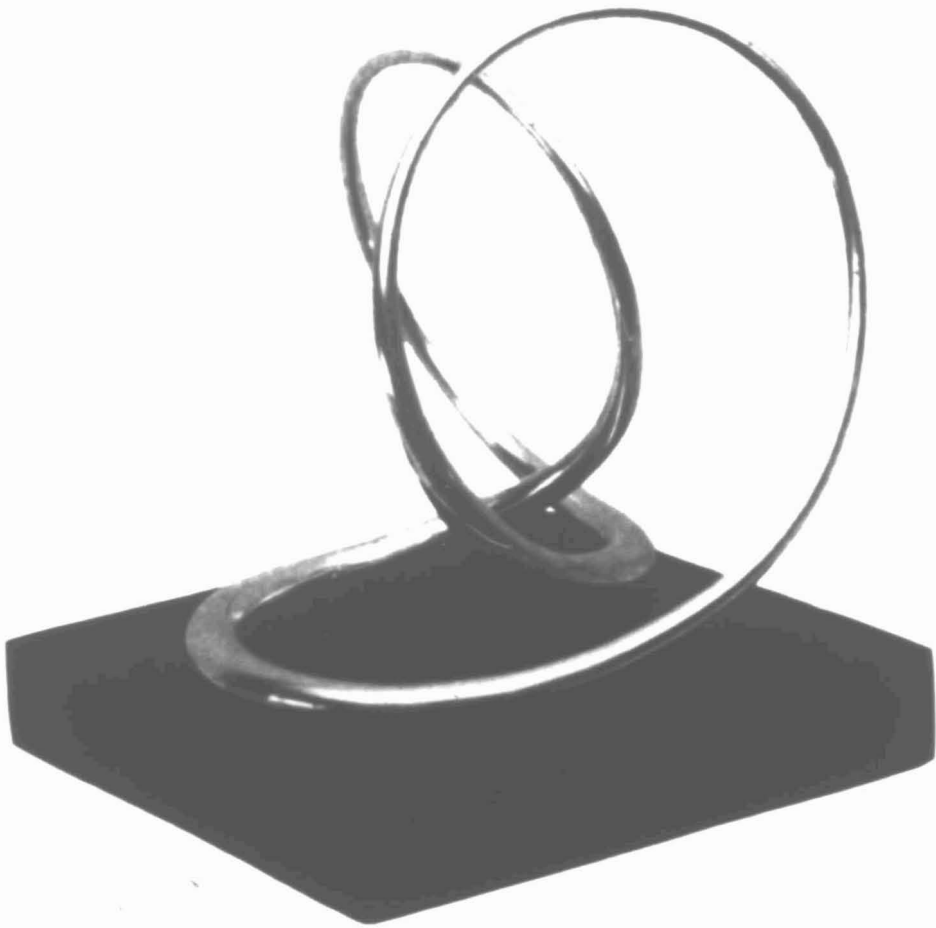
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1. HEAD William Zorach, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, without base
Collection: Toole Silversmiths

2. YOUNG VENUS. Richard Lippold. 11 inches high.
without base. *Collection: Towle Silversmiths.*





4 A CONSTRUCTION. José de Rivera. 5 inches high.
without base. Collection: Loale Silversmiths.



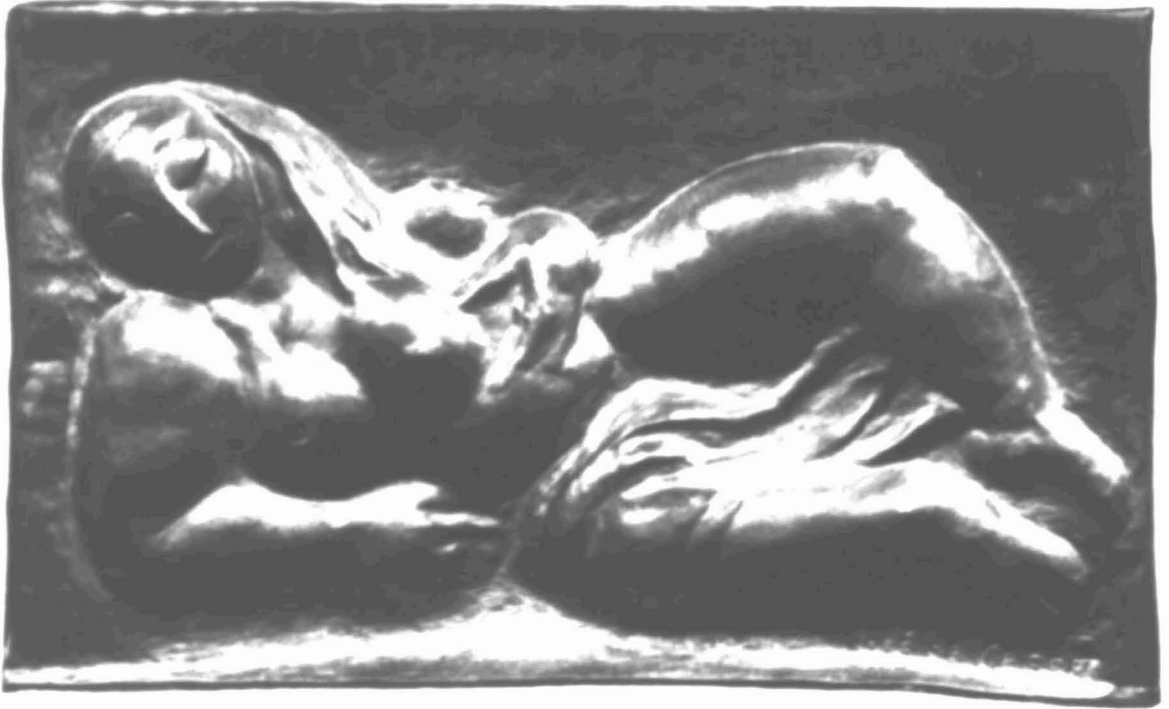
1. MAN RIDING A LLAMA. Peruvian-Inca. from Cuzco, circa 1200-1532 A.D. 4 inches high. Collection: United States National Museum, Smithsonian Institution.





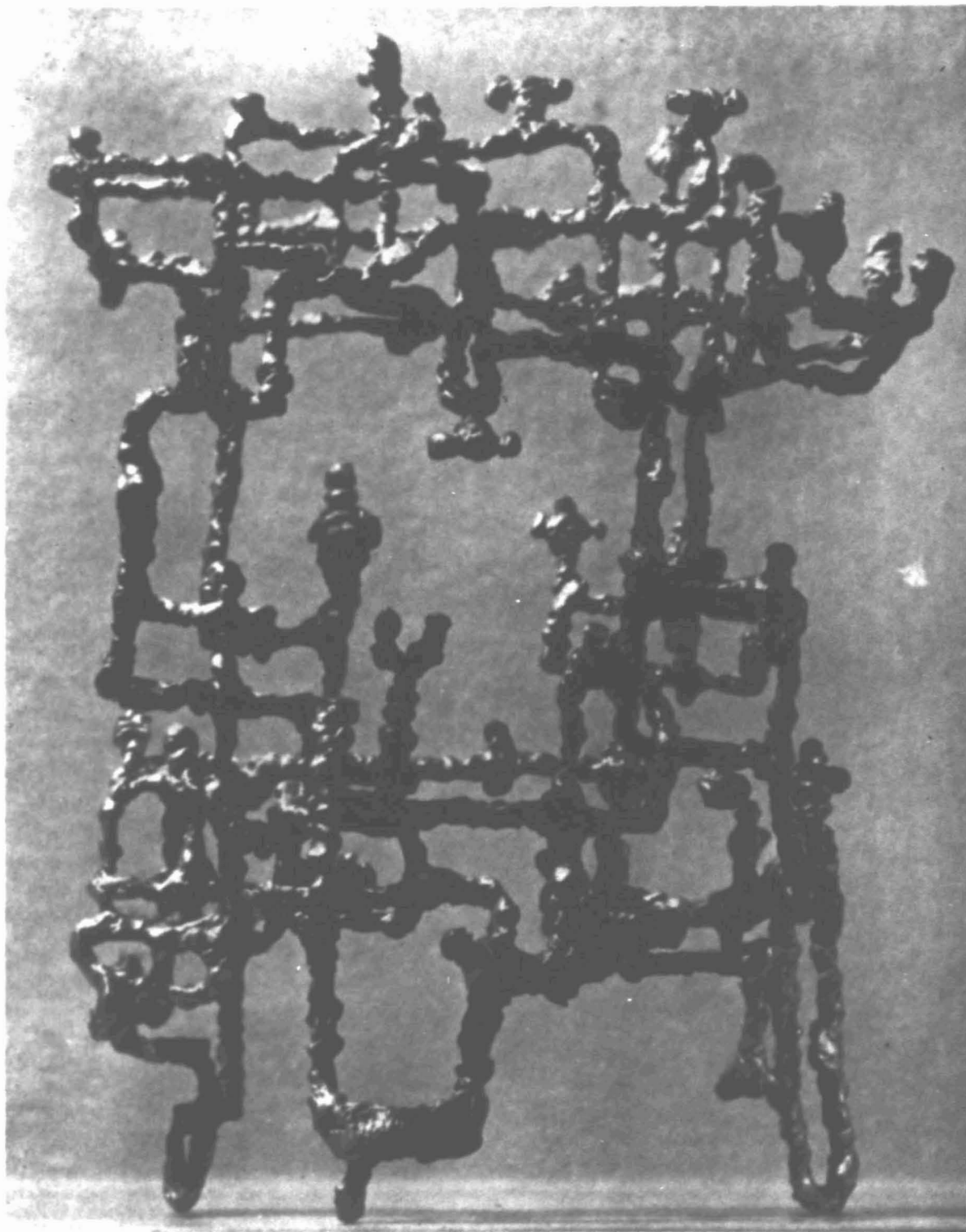
6. BULL—Chinese—Tang Dynasty, 618-907 A.D.—8 inches high—Collection—Eugene Fuller Memorial—Seattle Art Museum—reproduced by permission

1011-5. SILVER PANTHER—Persian, 3rd-2nd Century B.C.—11½ inches high—Collection—The Art Museum, Princeton University—reproduced by permission



ABOVE: $\frac{7}{8}$ RECLINING. Jose de Creeft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches high.
Collection: Teresa Silveira Phelps

RIGHT: 8 HATHOR, EGYPTIAN GODDESS OF
THE MOON. Ibrahim Lassaw. 10 inches high. *Collection:*
Teresa Silveira Phelps



commented on silver: "It was evident from the first touching of sterling silver that this is a most feminine metal. Its great responsiveness to tender care, and complete disregard, even disintegration, under brutal treatment, its long periods of stubborn resistance and sudden yielding, its extreme delicacy of surface and precise hardening and softening temperatures, all make it one of the most challenging materials I have ever worked; yet, upon familiarity, surely one of the most responsive and gratifying."

3. "A Construction," by José de Rivera. Born in New Orleans, now living in New York, he works in abstract style. The highly polished curves of his "Construction" reflect the brilliant adaptability of silver to this abstract approach.

4. "Man Riding a Llama," pre-Columbian Inca sculpture. In the art of the Incas, hunchbacks were often singled out and given ceremonial significance. Silver llamas are common from this period, but one with a rider, as in this example, is most unusual.

5. "Silver Panther," Seleucid Persian. The decorative animal style of this crouching "Panther" goes back to nomadic tribesmen from north of the Black Sea, who were among the first workers in metal.

6. "Bull," Chinese, T'ang Dynasty. This figure was probably intended as a funerary object, combining decorative feeling with a strong naturalism. In China silver was rare (in Peru it was more plentiful than iron or tin), and few pieces survive from the T'ang Dynasty, the greatest period of Chinese art.

7. "Reclining," by José de Creeft, a Spaniard who has lived in New York for nearly twenty years. He said: "I do not know exactly what I felt when I first started on the sheet of silver. To me, it was like a sheet of blank paper. I took up my hammer and

started to beat out forms. It was only after I had put many strokes to it that I began to feel the character of the material. I imagined its many possibilities but found it difficult to decide what form I would actually give to it.

"I decided on simplicity, completely assured that silver would be obedient to my idea; and, as I worked, I was not disappointed for I found that the sterling responded well and in the end had added a particular richness and beauty to the piece."

8. "Hathor, Egyptian Goddess of the Moon," by Ibram Lassaw. An Egyptian, living in New York, Lassaw has worked extensively in brazed metal. The feminine and nocturnal themes which attract many artists to silver are evident again in this piece.

9. "Silver Handle," Egyptian under Persian influence, cast in the form of a bounding ibex. This handle, made for a large vessel, was cast as a tube with a small opening at each end.

ENGRAVINGS LOANED BY TOWLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Richard C. Day

RUN, PAPPHOS

THE DAYTIME HOURS in the grain elevator were not so bad. The low hum of the machinery and the leather slap-slap of the drive belts, like a cheerful barber stropping his razor, sang a soft and pleasant accompaniment to the whisper of his broom on the cement floor or to the ringing of his tined fork as he scooped corncobs into burlap sacks. When he swept he listened carefully, but the voices in the daytime were mostly solid ones with echoes outside himself: people dickering with old Will Lathrop, the owner, or voices just passing the time of day.

When he had finished sweeping he went below to the bin where the town children came to collect corncobs to sell as kindling. Sometimes other voices came there to talk to him and visions of other places shimmered before him, so real he couldn't help but move his lips in answer to a question or wave to someone. Much to the children's amusement he often called out to Red Kelly, who would step like a bright-headed sprite out of a woods.

The pranks of the children and their treble shouts of encouragement as they exhorted him to greater efforts were welcome to Papphos. In chorus they would chant, "Faster, faster, faster," while any coordination of movement he had mastered would degenerate into sharp, random jerks of the fork against the floor. He would feel the familiar knot forming at the base of his skull and would know his movements were like those of a puppet controlled by a puppeteer suddenly gone mad. But the children, in tormenting him, were helping him. They drove into the background the night reality which with its vicious shadows and dark voices surrounded him when the children had gone.

The twin realities were as sharply divided as white and black in Papphos' mind. He would expand and work happily when Ben and Red Kelly talked with him as the children played at their work. But he shivered and shrank into himself when a railroad guard or Portugee with his big knife ventured out of their shadows to visit him alone.

"Hey, old Papphos, get a move on." The children were eager to be about their selling. "No, Pop, fill this one. The last two you filled were his." "Oh, oh, Pop, don't back up," they laughed shrilly, "or you'll run into this pitchfork."

There was no terror in his work now, because Ben and Red were sitting relaxed at a campfire just beyond the end of his fork.

—Y' know, we could sure use somp'n to kiver up wif when the rains start.— That was Ben, a huge Negro whose voice boomed inside him like the bass notes of an organ.

—Why, hell, man, we'll be South in the sunshine 'fore then,— Red answered. The three of them laughed in anticipation of the journey.

"Pop, hey, Pop!" It was old Will calling down the stairwell. "We're runnin' out a' binder twine. Why'n't you run up town and get some at the hardware? You'll have plenty a' time to make it if you start now. Just tell Charlie Shafer I sent you; he'll know what to do."

"You'll have to run, Pop," a young boy piped. "Let's see you run."

"Run, run," echoed the others, stamping their feet.

—Why'n't you run over to the cave, see if you can scare up a couple a' tin cans for coffee?— Red Kelly's husky voice was a pleasant contradiction to the children and blended warmly with the humming machinery.

It was only just past mid-afternoon when Papphos left. Nevertheless, he urged his too-short legs to carry him faster along the three blocks to the square. The sun had not shown all day and it seemed like night was close upon him.

RUN, PAPPHOS

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When night came he wanted to be in the familiar sanctuary of the grain elevator. The night-sounds would come upon him, but he would be safe in the warmth of his cot in the office. The slow creaking of the building in the wind or the violent smash of an icicle on the pavement beneath the high eaves would be bearable if taken on familiar ground. He wanted to hold for himself, to be seen by no one else, the raging terror spawned by the night-voices. At midnight, he knew, a freight train would whistle long and low for the grade crossing west of town. That whistle would invoke the voices, like spirits, and they would howl inside him as the cold wind had howled around the freight cars in night journeys of his past.

—You ain't ridin' on this train! Goddamn, you goin' off now!— He would see again the shadowy guard hovering over him and feel the pain lancing the base of his spine as he landed, arms flailing, on the frozen embankment.

These terrors he had to combat from the fortress of his cot. If he were to be caught at night outside the confines of the office they would assume the added dimensions of the waves of unending space around him.

Papphos was sweating with the exertion of walking by the time he reached the square. Whenever he walked any distance the memory of being thrown from the moving train manifested itself in twinges of pain low on his back. He accommodated the pain by shuffling. In light snow his tracks were twin trails punctuated at intervals by footprints, as if he were playing "Fox and Geese" in slow motion.

He entered the square and stopped to look at the weathered iron statue at its center. He always liked to look at the statue because it conjured up no images in his memory. It stood strong and black against the low clouds of late afternoon and was, as always, reassuringly silent.

"When do you think he'll make another trip into town?" Papphos started as the statue betrayed him.

"I don't know, Charlie. You know how he is. He gets moody and kind of works up to it." Papphos stood easier. None of his voices were women. "But one thing we can be sure of, he'll be gone at least a couple of days."

They were talking softly, with a frustrated impatience.

"Damn it, Irma, I shouldn't have let you marry him. He's getting worse all the time. And he goes away more often."

"It wasn't your choice to make. Your decision wasn't then, it's now."

"Do you know what he does when he goes to the city?"

Charlie wasn't facing reality, Papphos thought. The depth of hatred was too cold to be brushed off with an item of gossip.

"Three years ago you knew what he did when he went to the city. And how sick it made you. But you let me marry him, didn't you?" Her anger was harshly sibilant.

"But that was before . . ."

"That was before, all right," she concluded. When she resumed it was with a note of caution. "Where is he now? I don't want him to see us talking so long together."

"Don't worry. When I left he was out back moving in some new harness. Anyway, there's no harm in having a friendly chat with your brother-in-law."

"Like I said, Charlie, it's your decision now." Her voice dropped so low Papphos could hardly distinguish it from the gentle breeze in the shrubbery around the statue. "One of these times he goes to the city on one of his trips, he isn't coming back. Maybe next time. It's your choice now."

Papphos edged away from the statue and retraced his steps to the sidewalk. Once there he turned and made his way thoughtfully toward the hardware store.

A large bank of clouds was rising in the east as Papphos approached the store under the black-on-red sign, "Shafer Brothers Hardware & Gen'l Merchandise." Reflected in the window he saw the slight figure in the heavy brown sweater and dungaree

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trousers leaning forward as if its upper half wanted to go faster than its lower half would take it. He couldn't be sure whether he was seeing himself in the glass or if his mind had created that shuffling image and had poised it for a forward fall.

Papphos entered the store holding in front of him a sample piece of the binder twine old Will had wanted. He saw Ross Shafer, unaware that someone had entered, staring out the front window. Ross was lean and hard and, as he watched, a little muscle twitched a cadence in his jaw. His eyes were pale ice. Following his gaze, Papphos saw Charlie Shafer in his big red mackinaw with his hand lightly supporting Irma's elbow. The red mackinaw smiled goodbye and turned to walk toward the store.

Ross was standing in front of the sporting goods counter as he watched his brother's progress across the square. His hands, strong as steel wire, clenched and unclenched on the corner of the counter not three inches from the handle of a hunting knife. Each time the great hands closed on the wood, the knuckles would go white from the effort.

—He had that big knife in his hand,—he had told Red Kelly later, —and he was grippin' it so hard his knuckles were big and white. He had the point facin' up like a knife fighter an' he kep' backin' Ben up till he backed against a tree.—

Papphos left the store with the sample of binder twine clutched firmly in his hand.

"Hey, Pop!" It was Charlie Shafer in the big red mackinaw yelling at him. "Where you goin' in such a hurry? You go any faster you'll fall on your face for sure." Charlie's laughter followed him to the center of the square by the statue. He couldn't let it happen again. He couldn't stand by like he had with Ben, watching while it happened. He could have helped Ben and he could help Charlie.

The low black clouds had moved up rapidly from the east and were racing in little groups over the square. It was sure to snow

tonight. The slender spire of the church stood up so high over the town that it appeared it would catch its cross on the bottom of the burgeoning clouds and spill the wet contents splashing in the street. In the west a low cloud moved from in front of the declining sun, flooding the town with the brilliance of late sun on snow.

To Papphos the sudden flash of light was like a prophet's vision in its intensity. It seemed to originate with a cold glow inside him and to expand until it included the whole town in its bright foreboding. He turned and covered his head with his arms, but as he looked away from the sun he saw the black shadow of the statue piercing the slender church spire across the street.

—Kelly, I never seen Ben scared before, he was so big; but he was shakin' this time. And the Portugee had him backed up against that tree.— He had cried as he told the redhead how it had happened. —Thunk! That knife in those hard knuckles hit him right in the middle. Thunk! He was so crazy afraid his eyes just bugged out and stared at his blood on the white snow.—

Papphos was squeezing drops of tears from tight-shut eyelids as the voices inside him went on, until he was shaking with fear's memory as Ben had with fear itself. There was no help but from within. To absolve himself he would have to do his penance consciously and alone. Only after a violent purge would the voices and visions depart.

The front of the store was deserted as Papphos entered. But he thought he heard Charlie talking in the back room where they kept the leather harness and coils of rope. He shuffled the length of the store with his piece of twine held out in front of him.

"How long, Charlie? How long?" His voice was like the sudden crack of an oak on a cold, still night.

"Irma and I are just good friends, Ross. My God, you don't think I would. . . . I'm your brother." Charlie talked around the

little curls of fear in his throat. "Didn't I stand up with you at your wedding?"

—But Papphos, why didn't you step in an' help Ben against that feller? The two of you could a' maybe scared him off.—

"I happened to be standing in the front hallway last night when you two brushed past each other. You stood up at my wedding, all right."

"That was just an accident, Ross, nothing was meant by it. It's just that when you go to the city, she gets kind of. . . ." He stopped, realizing the enormity of his error.

"Remember that place in the city where we went once? And you couldn't eat all the next day? Well, that was nothin'. And this is goin' to make you a hell of a lot sicker."

"No, Ross, I won't anymore. I didn't . . ." Charlie, hoarse with fear, was interrupted by a sound like a heavy stick hitting a bag of wet oats. Ross grunted from time to time with his effort.

—I couldn't, Red. I . . . just couldn't.— Papphos let the hand holding the binder twine fall limp to his side.

Ross Shafer still had the knife in his hand when he stepped out of the storeroom and saw Papphos. Blood was red on his white hand as it had been on the snow in front of Ben. His eyes lost their glaze as wariness crept in.

"There was a prowler in the storeroom," he spoke slowly. "More'n likely some tramp off a freight train." He was gauging Papphos' intelligence carefully.

Apparently satisfied with his appraisal, he changed his tone. "Look here, I think I hurt him pretty bad. I better go get the sheriff. You wait here till we get back. He might a' had a friend around here with him, so you'd better take this knife to protect yourself." He offered him the knife, handle out, and his eyes bored into Papphos' with a terrible intensity.

The bone handle was warm from Ross' grip like the coffeepot handle over an open fire, he thought as he followed Ross to the door. He watched the square back bend jacketless in the snow

and saw the hands receiving the absolution Papphos himself had sought as they were scrubbed clean.

—Salvation don't come from doin' good deeds;— Red had told him one time, —It comes from leavin' no tracks.—

—Why, y'all might jest amble on by the front of a place an' thieves'd be bustin' in the back. Sho' 'nough, they'd folla you' tracks an' slap y' in jail f' jest walkin' by the place.— They had all laughed at Ben's illustration.

Papphos hobbled again to the back of the store to the rack where the Shafer brothers usually left their coats. There, in the darkening evening, he rubbed the smooth bone handle vigorously with a handful of string he found lying in the corner and slipped the knife, blade still wet and red, into the pocket of Ross Shafer's leather jacket. He was curiously calm as he left the store and crossed the square as silent as the statue in its center.

When he returned to the grain elevator it was by a well-traveled route. Almost halfway there he noticed the big snowflakes beginning to fall thick around him. He was moving sideways as he walked, like a scuttling crab, trying to ease the maturing pain in his back.

"Oh, Mister Lathrop," he called up the stairwell to the office. Old Will was waiting to leave until Papphos returned. "There wasn't no one at the hardware store. I hollered some and when nobody came I just headed on back." He held the sample of binder twine out to Will Lathrop like an offering of honesty.

"That's all right, Pop. I'll stop by to get some in the mornin'."

Will Lathrop left, his ancient car chugging, and Pop sat wearily on his cot. Somewhere below a rat rustled in a pile of corncobs, but there was no other sound. The snow, falling heavy, absorbed the normal night-sounds.

—Set here with us, Papphos, and have some coffee.— Kelly turned to Ben sitting big and black across the fire. —Ben don't hold no malice, do you, Ben?—

—It could a' happened to anybody, son.—

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Papphos cupped his hands around the imaginary tin can delicately, palms turned slightly upward, as though he were holding a chalice. The answer to his supplication, if it came at all, would come in the muffled whistle of a train approaching a crossing. Retribution might be standing in the shadow even now, looking in its open sack to see what it has for Papphos.

Peter Viereck

A THIRD VIEW OF THE NEW DEAL

"Men fight and lose the battle, and the thing they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat; and when it comes, turns out to be not what they meant; and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name."—WILLIAM MORRIS

"The strange alchemy of time has somehow converted the Democrats into the truly conservative party of this country—the party dedicated to conserving all that is best, and building solidly and safely on these foundations."—ADLAI STEVENSON, 1952

I

NEW DEAL LIBERAL: "The New Deal was not communist-infiltrated, as the hysterical witch-hunters charged. Instead, it represented a native radicalism that wisely hindered Wall Street, educated the masses to become less conservative than before, and discarded outdated institutions."

Republican: "The New Deal was communist-infiltrated, just as our patriotic businessmen charged at the time. *Therefore*, it helped communism, foolishly hindered Wall Street, made the masses less conservative than before, and discarded our traditional institutions."

Third view (new conservative): "Both wrong: the former in denying the New Deal was communist-infiltrated, the latter in believing it helped communism. It was indeed infiltrated, just as charged by Republican businessmen and documented by the testimonies of Weyl, Wadleigh, Massing, Pressman, Chambers. Because its communist sympathizers were often so *conspicuous*, *therefore* the New Deal hindered communism, helped Wall Street, made the masses more conservative than before, and preserved our traditional institutions."

In this imaginary trialogue, the word "conspicuous" explains the word "therefore." Entirely aside from its harmful quota of

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cleverly secret spies like Ware, Silvermaster, Hiss, the New Deal contained a helpful quota of stupidly conspicuous pro-communists. Helpful, because their presence deluded businessmen into deeming the New Deal radical and anti-capitalist. If businessmen had been less naive, more sophisticated, better informed, if they had realized that the New Deal was actually rescuing and stabilizing capitalism (via SEC, guarantee of bank deposits, a larger, richer consumer-market), then they would not have been enraged beyond endurance against the New Deal. Had they not been enraged beyond endurance, they would not have attacked the New Deal with an intemperance so extreme that it performed an otherwise impossible miracle: it converted the then radical masses to the actually unradical New Deal, as opposed to the genuinely radical alternatives to which they would otherwise have turned in the context of the depression era.

Let us reconstruct that forgotten depression-context of over twenty years ago. Starving unemployed masses, embittered to the brink of radical revolution. Unemployed apple vendors at every corner. Hooverville shacks and bonus-marchers dispersed by armed force. Farmers burning mortgages. Workers shot down by company guards or in turn lawlessly taking over factories in sit-down strikes. In short, a revolutionary powder-keg, needing only a spark.

In America the spark never came. Why? All over the rest of the world, the same depression was goading the masses into revolutionary extremes: usually of the communist left, as in France's trade-unions and Front Populaire; sometimes of the radical right, as in Germany. Even sober, evolutionary England felt temporarily the violent passions of class war. The American masses proved the solitary exception to the universal radicalism, meekly letting the New Deal canalize their grievances back into the old, middleclass, parliamentary framework. The New Deal reforms may seem drastic from the smug and prosperous viewpoint of today, but they were small potatoes from the viewpoint

of the economic and psychological desperation of 1933. The confidential Ickes diary of that period has recently reminded us that the only feasible alternative to the New Deal reforms, the mood of the masses being what it was, was not an abandonment of reform, a restoration of business influence, but still more drastic reform, a still more drastic step against business and toward class war.

Normally that still more drastic step would have been taken. The country would have moved not to the right but to the left of Roosevelt. In that case America would today be paralyzed by some kind of radical class-war party as big as that of the communists in France or Italy, making Russia mistress of the globe. During 1933-36, nothing could save the day for conservatism and the traditional status quo, nothing could cheat the revolution of its almost certain triumph, unless the fighting-mad workers, farmers, share-croppers, bonus-marchers could be persuaded to accept Roosevelt's small potatoes instead. Then the miracle happened; the workers were persuaded; the revolutionary moment passed, and today their prosperous sons move into suburbia and ungratefully vote Republican.

If any deception can ever be salutary, then this one was. For neither the workers nor America would be better off if the New Deal had really undertaken the revolutionary chaos and class war that the workers then thought they wanted. A Marxist sleuth may argue: Roosevelt, a Machiavellian opportunist, purposely planned his pseudo-radical gestures in order to deceive the revolutionary workers and steal socialism's thunder. But such Marxist reasoning attributes to the makers of history, whether Roosevelt or any other, qualities they almost never possess: detailed long-range planning; conscious hypocrisy; consistent awareness of their class interests; a capacity for conspiracy sufficiently complicated and ingenious to delight paranoiacs and detective-story fans. Granted that Roosevelt obviously was often a Machiavellian opportunist (with unconscious humor, his cult-

ists employ the daintier adjective "pragmatic"). Yet not even a Machiavellian President is able on purpose to deceive the masses into deeming him anti-business; not even a diabolically clever businessman is able on purpose to feign resentment of a New Deal if he really does know it is rescuing him; history does not work that patly. Both these deceptions rang true for the then anti-capitalist workingman because they were not planned but absent-minded; they rang true because they were *self*-deceptions.

The conspicuousness (elephantine lightness of foot) of several of the capitalist-baiting pro-communists in the New Deal goaded the business world into a sincere—not planned, not feigned—frenzy against the New Deal. This frenzy converted the workers—deceived the workers—into a New Dealism of which they would otherwise have been suspicious as being too moderate. No insincere shadow-boxing, deliberately planned between Roosevelt and Wall Street, could have converted them, deceived them. Sincerity on both sides: the New Deal sincerely deemed itself anti-business; business sincerely deemed the New Deal its enemy and not, as now is so clear, its stabilizer and rescuer. Saved by ignorance: no deliberate capitalist conspiracy but plain ignorance of their respective historical roles caused business and the New Deal to give the masses the impression that the New Deal was as radical as the millionaire Weirs said it was.

This is not to deny the existence of deliberate capitalist plots. But these usually fool nobody, get laughed off the stage, get taken seriously by nobody except Marxists. For example, the so-called "Liberty League" of anti-Roosevelt millionaires fooled nobody with its grand talk of "liberty"; it helped poor, bewildered Landon lose the 1936 election so overwhelmingly. Similarly the Dixon-Yates contract helped the Republicans lose their southern gains of 1952. Capitalist plots sometimes really do occur—and are the enemies not of the workers but of capitalism. The real strength of American capitalist free enterprise, making it superior to rigid statist regimentation, is not its gauche conspir-

acies of selfish materialism but its flexibility, its freedom from doctrinaire theories (in practice even from its own Adam Smith theories), its capacity for voluntary self-reform. Thereby it superbly practices the warning of Prince Metternich to his monarchs: "Stability is not immobility."

Thus it came about that the concealed conservatism of a pseudo-radical New Deal defeated the pseudo-conservatism of the Republican party's concealed radicalism. Roosevelt's thrashing of Old Guard businessmen, before they could provoke the country into class-war, saved them from themselves and doubled their dividends. The world depression of 1929-33 turned the masses of continental Europe toward revolutionary extremes; it would also have done so in America under another Hoover Administration. Instead, the unintentionally conservative New Deal won the worker, the farmer, the share-cropper, the Negro, the unemployed veteran—all who were underprivileged economically or ethnically—away from revolutionary extremes by giving them a real stake in America. For the first time they felt that America was also *their* country. This psychological feeling, not mere economic reform, was the greatest achievement of the New Deal and was, in its consequences, conservative.

The year 1688 killed radicalism and republicanism in England by proving to the Stuart-resenting masses that their aspiration for political liberty could be met—via William III—*within* the traditional monarchic framework; hence, no more need for Cromwellian republican revolution as an alternative to the Stuarts. The year 1933 killed radicalism and communism in America by proving to the plutocrat-resenting masses that their aspiration for economic liberty could be met—via the Squire of Hyde Park—*within* the traditional Constitutional, semi-squirearchical framework; hence, no need for communist or even socialist alternatives to the plutocrats. The day will come when 1933 occupies for American conservatives of the future the same ancient and sacred aura, the same role of basic *starting-*

point, that 1688 has occupied for British conservatives like Burke and Churchill and for America's Federalist party. When that day comes, maturer conservatives than many today will hail the Roosevelt inauguration of 1933 with the same phrase with which Burke hailed the bloodless inauguration of King William III: not as a revolution but as "a revolution averted."

II

IMPORTANT QUALIFICATION: in reacting against the shared Republican and New Deal view that the New Deal was anti-conservative, let us not carry our third view to the opposite extreme of calling the New Deal conservative as a whole. It was conservative—the new 1688—in its substantive aspect: in the revolution-preventing consequences of its reforms and its anti-plutocracy. But its procedural aspect—direct democracy, trying to pack the Court, by-pass the Constitution—was sometimes just as radical as the business world believed it to be. Today Adlai Stevenson, the consolidator of the substantive achievements of the New Deal, is the purifier, pruner, discarder of its procedural defects. His twofold role is to continue liberally its humane social heritage yet to restrict it conservatively within a rigorous procedural framework, not to be subverted even by popular majorities and noble goals.

New conservatives refuse to see the New Deal as black or white; so they alternately get accused of slandering it and over-praising it. They defend its humane reforms as a return to the old medieval sense of a personal, organic relationship between fellow humans, instead of the impersonal, mechanical relationship of cash-nexus that followed the middleclass French Revolution and that lives on today in the Jacobins *endimanchés* of Old Guard Republicanism. So considered, the New Deal has deeper traditional roots than its would-be "traditionalist" critics. This basic acceptance of the New Deal does not prevent new conservatives from attacking its three main unconservative qualities, the

first two radical, the third liberal: first, its above procedural aspect (Court-packing direct-democracy); second, its sometimes excessive statism, depersonalizing and overadjusting the individual; third, its unhistorical liberal faith in human nature and mass progress.

In other words, America needs a government both accepting the New Deal and pruning, purifying it. This dual need would be fulfilled by Stevenson-style Democrats certainly; by Eisenhower-style Republicans very likely; by Old Guard Republicans not at all (they would not accept the New Deal); by doctrinaire ADA-style New Dealers hardly (they would not prune it).

From this picky and choosy approach towards the New Deal, the new-conservative position may seem merely a compromise dependent on the pro and con extremes, merely adding them up and dividing by two. But in reality the new-conservative position towards the New Deal is independently evolved, reflecting a perspective older than either of theirs, that of the *Federalist* papers. This third position has been summarized by the new conservative August Heckscher. His essay "Who Are the American Conservatives?"* refutes the argument according to which those conservatives who support the revolution-preventing New Deal reforms in *politics* become indistinguishable in *philosophy* from liberals and New Dealers and should, therefore, stop calling themselves conservatives:

The failure to understand the true nature of conservatism has made political campaigns in the United States signally barren of intellectual content. In debate it is difficult at best to admit that you would do the same thing as the opposition, but in a different way. Yet the spirit in which things are done really does make a difference, and can distinguish a sound policy from an unsound one. Social reforms can be undertaken with the effect of draining away local energies, reducing the citizenry to an undifferentiated mass, and binding it to the

* In *Confluence* magazine (Harvard University Summer School), September 1954.

shackles of the all-powerful state. Or they can be undertaken with the effect of strengthening the free citizen's stake in society. The ends are different. The means will be also, if men have the wit to distinguish between legislation which encourages voluntary participation and legislation which involves reckless spending and enlargement of the federal bureaucracy.

It is easy to say that such distinctions are not important. A conservative intellectual like Peter Viereck is constantly challenged, for example, because in a book like *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals* he supports a political program not dissimilar in its outlines from that which was achieved during twenty years of social renovation under the Democrats. But *the way* reforms are undertaken is actually crucial. Concern for the individual, reluctance to have the central government perform what can be done as well by the state or to have the public perform what can be done as well by private enterprise—these priorities involve values. And *such values*, upheld by writers like Mr. Viereck, are at the heart of modern conservatism. . . . Conservatism at best remains deeper and more pervasive than any party; and a party that does claim it exclusively is likely to deform and exploit it for its own purposes.

As chief editorial writer of the *New York Herald Tribune*, August Hechscher has the greatest editorial influence of any new conservative today. Unlike the present writer, he happens to be a loyal Eisenhower Republican. But he is fair-minded enough to recognize a great conservative statesman when he sees one, even in the opposing camp. Here are Mr. Hechscher's precise reasons for finding none other than Stevenson "the most consistent and philosophically mature conservative . . . in this century":

Conservatism is rarely a program and certainly never a dogma. It is not an ideology. At its best conservatism is a way of thinking and acting in the midst of a social order which is too overlaid with history and too steeped in values, too complex and diverse, to lend itself to simple reforms.

It is a way of thought which not only recognizes different classes, orders, and interests in the social order but actually values these dif-

ferences and is not afraid to cultivate them. . . . So persistent have been the reverberations of this period that many people saw Adlai Stevenson as something close to a radical because he bore the Democratic banner. They failed to discern that he was by all odds the most consistent and philosophically mature conservative to have arisen in this century in either party. Stevenson had to a unique degree a sense of the diversity of which American society is composed. He had a feeling for the way separate groups could be brought into the service of the whole.*

• *Loc. cit.*

NMQ Poetry Selections

THE SOLDIER COMES HOME TO THE VILLAGE

(After *Tu Fu*)

I

West of the towering hills the sunset clouds
hang ravaged red over the desert earth
and at the gate the small birds find me strange;

hundreds of miles I've traveled to get home;
my wife cries out to see me here alive
and the children watch me as she dries her tears.

The world is lean with wars that separate us
and once I thought when leaving her a man
I'd surely come home spirit. Now the neighbors
crowd the top of the wall to stare at me:
they sigh and shake their heads and blow their noses.

It's past midnight; I light another candle
and face to face we talk as if we dreamed.

II

In old age still war-wretched I twist the time
for these occasions, yet the joys are few;
the children will not leave my knees, afraid
to see me go again. When I was young
I lost myself nearby out under the trees.

Again I walk in shadow down to the pond
 but the north wind plagues me with anxieties,
 affairs of state and other matters. Still
 The grain and millet is being gathered in,
 the wine is freely flowing from the press

and now as always it is poured and drunk
 to bring some comfort to these rootless years.

III

The nervous chickens cluck in the yard alarmed
 as guests approach; I scatter them to the trees
 for I hear the knocking at the gate. Old folk,
 four ancient men, have come with gifts to ask
 about the distant wars and towns and troubles.

I have the wine and cups brought in. We drink
 but the old men sip it doubtfully and say:

The flavor's mighty poor and thin these days,
 there aren't hands enough to plough the fields,
 the younger men and boys prefer the east
 where the killing is. I ask them if they'd like
 to hear a poem about the old at home,
 myself unworthy of their perfect kindness.

When the verses end I have to look away:
 dim at the four sides of my humble table
 the eyes of four old men are filled with tears.

WALTER LEUBA

HECUBA, ENROUTE FROM TROY

Much about men I have never understood. Hunting and sport-
ing and whoring and war, mostly the War; women would not
do that. They would say: No quarrel is worth a generation.

(Andromache, lie quietly and do not cry. He was very small.
He felt nothing; the wall is high and the stones below were
merciful and sharp.)

To spend nine years dying and quarreling on a flat plain in a
strange land for a woman most of them never saw, nor will see
now; What was the use of that to anyone?

(The thing to do, Child, is to breathe through the mouth; that
closes out some of the smell of home burning. Of home burning.
What strange and wretched words!)

Of home. Of home burning. There smoulders Troy, a red
slash in the sky through which no birds will come, a great gap
in the land where nothing will grow and blossom for a dozen
years. What was the good of that? And gone too is all of my
silver and the linens that my mother had before me, a dress I
wore when Priam was as straight as forests. Priam—What a man
he was!

(Andromache, I know, I know; we have both lost husbands.
I saw them go around and round and Hector dragged, spread-
eagled, by the ankle bones, like a dog. But hold on this, Androm-
ache; *he was dead*. He was very dead; he felt not even an indig-
nity. That was for us. It is the way men run these wars, not just
to win—to humble, stagger, break. We will not be broken, you
and I. What can they do to us they have not done? It was never
the town itself or the streets or the doors or that silly girl with
all her yellow hair; it was *us*; our pride, our bearing, the things
that had always made us happy.

What comes to me now, Andromachie, (at such a time!) is that women are indestructible. They are built carefully on wombs. They encompass all the tomorrows of man; they are slow. (They have time; they know that babies will come in the old way long after they are dead, and these are dead, and this old war forgotten.)

Forgive me, Daughter. I have made you remember small Astyanax. Just for a minute I forgot; does that seem cruel? Also you will forget, much as you loved him, much as we loved him. All wounds heal unless you die of them. I remember his eyes, like little seas, blue and turbulent about small adventures. Forgive me; it is as I stir a fork in the place your flesh has parted.

When they make us slaves (and they will) Remember: *We will not be slaves*. We will be royalty minding tables. We will wear bonds the same as we wore purple, proudly—but with courtesy. They wanted that; they wanted to sack the *aristos*; but who can loot us of our souls?

Now here he comes!

Andromache! Look up at me! Now listen well, while he is walking nigh.

We are without husband and without son, without throne and city and servant—two women, I old, you with another problem; there is nothing to house us anymore but bone. Hold up your head! It is a good skull; wear it like crowns! Yours is good flesh, good bone, good blood, good mind. Within it you are as a walled tower. Only pity can reach you.

‘The war is over, gone in a little smoke in a summer sky. There is only one enemy and that last enemy is Remembering.

When *he* touches you, hold fast to that. When you lie down on his couch (and you will lie down; it is not important) draw limits of permission. Sex is a little tunnel, a matter of wet inches—at the end of that penetration, the heart may or may not lie. Let him encamp his hosts forever at that little steadfast gate. It will take more than horses. It will take more than Achilles and Odysseus to breach that wall.

They may sack Troy (Do not look back; it has burned; all you remember and loved is gone) but not the rest. (I tell you, Child, *Do not look back!* It is only a bunch of buildings. Burning. In which, long time ago, somebody lived.) Look to your own ramparts!

Women will always win. Beyond time and taking and even the very understanding of warriors and heroes lies the quietness. Beyond their touch or even their very thinking lies what will prevail!

He comes.

Andromache, when he lies down upon you, be as his grave. He will sink into thee like spears in earth, like feet of marching soldiers, ruining fields; but you will take him.

You will take him quiet as rivers, gentle as time and death.

DORIS BETTS

*An Adventure
in the Making
of a Book*



Roland F. Dickey

PAGING PROCRUSTES

A MAN'S LIFE launches a wave on the sea of circumstance. Its force may stagnate in the depths of time, or come at last to bear on other men.

In 1776, a man named Domínguez wrote an official report of duties he had performed. The report was filed and forgotten. The man died and he, too, was forgotten. But his manuscript turned up in our own time, and its words carried such significance and truth for us that they were translated into English and made into a book.

It took thirty-three persons and several years of work to bring Domínguez back to life, but now we can summon him to us with the sweep of our eyes across a printed page. In January 1956, the University of New Mexico Press published *The Missions of New Mexico, 1776, a description by Fray Francisco Atanasio Domínguez, with other contemporary documents*. This is the story of the making of that volume and, basically, the story of every book.

On the first day of March, in the Year of Our Lord 1776, Fray Francisco Atanasio Domínguez, native of New Spain, departed El Paso del Norte for the Villa of Santa Fe, center and capital of the Kingdom of New Mexico. In May 1777, echoing the words of Saint Francis, "I do not wish to be my brothers' executioner," he was on his way south.

During that fourteen-month interval Father Domínguez made an official inspection of New Mexico's twenty-five Franciscan establishments, conducted an expedition into the land of the Utes, and prepared a full report of his observations and actions.

Serving what he called "both Majesties"—God, and the King of Spain—the thirty-six-year-old priest shortchanged neither. He brought vigor and sensitive perception to his office of Commissary Visitor to New Mexico, but he was forthright in reprimanding the slothful, and came to be contradicted because he was honest. He understood no way but that which is right, and it disturbed him deeply to find disciplining of the wrongdoer a necessary part of his duties. He begged to be relieved of his assignment as Custos, and, until his death shortly after 1800, he served remote frontier posts.

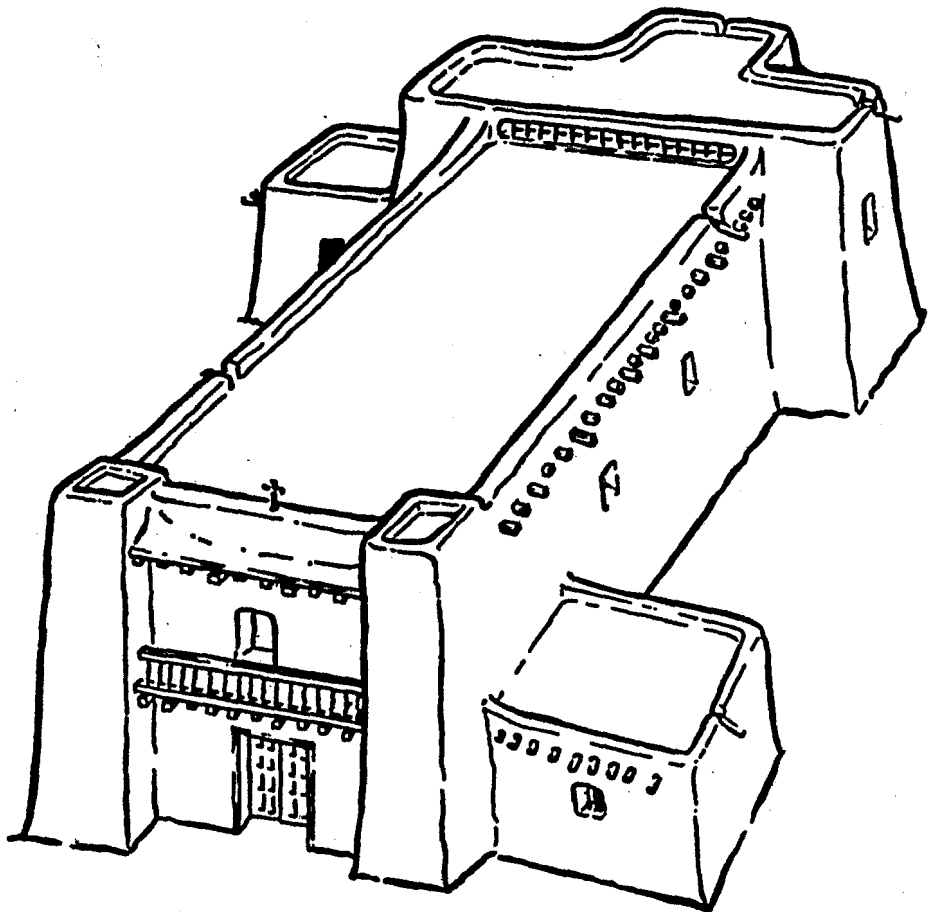
His report was filed under a label: *Report that is intended in part to be a description of New Mexico, but its phraseology is obscure, it lacks proportion, and offers little to the discriminating taste. Still it may serve for the information of the superior prelate, or prelates, for the narrator did his best to perform the ministry entrusted to him. It deals with degrees of latitude and longitude, lands, rivers, settlements, churches and their belongings, censuses, religious and secular administration, juridical visitations, etc. etc. etc.*

And the manuscript began its precarious journey through time and human carelessness, coming at last to rest, as inconspicuous among its fellows as a shell on the beach, in the National Library in Mexico City.

In the winter of 1927-28, France V. Scholes, a young historian from Harvard, was traveling in Mexico. Mrs. Adolph Bandelier

told him of important New Mexican documents in the National Library that she had not been allowed to see. Dr. Scholes interviewed the director of the library, and was granted permission to examine the documents.

Admitted to a room piled with manuscript bundles, he soon learned that their custodian knew next to nothing about them. By a process of serendipity he began to encounter sequences of New Mexicana. An eighteenth-century archivist had arranged the papers in the approximate order in which Dr. Scholes found them, a fact not known until years later. Working in haste, Dr. Scholes divided the documents into ten *legajos*, or bundles, and subdivided them on a chronological basis. He jotted down the title or probable nature of each. Among them he noted Leg. 10, Ex. 43: "1777 *visita* and description of New Mexico. The author was probably Domínguez. 135 ff."



The total list of 458 pieces was transcribed from Dr. Scholes' notes and made available to scholars in the *New Mexico Historical Review* of July 1928. In 1930 the original documents were photographed for the Library of Congress, and from these copies the University of New Mexico Library photocopies were made. The latter, by no means in the order originally imposed by the Franciscan archivist, were to serve the *Missions* book many years later.

The original documents may have reached Mexico's National Library during the nineteenth century, when laws of corporation affected church property and many libraries of the monastic orders were taken over by the government. The particular manuscripts, according to Dr. Scholes, came from the archives of the Province of the Holy Gospel, Franciscan headquarters in Mexico City.

In the early years of Spain's New World conquest and colonization, this province held jurisdiction over all the Franciscan missions in Mexico and Central America, but later on certain subordinate areas, or custodies, became independent provinces. Others, however, including the New Mexican Custody of the Conversion of St. Paul, remained subordinate to the mother province, and the Provincial Chapter at the Convento Grande in Mexico City continued to elect the Custos, or head, of the New Mexico area until the end of the colonial period.

When the Bishopric of Durango was established in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, there began a long see-saw for authority between Franciscans and episcopal officials over the jurisdiction of New Mexico. Problems of the frontier had made it practical, during the early period, for the Papacy to grant extraordinary privileges and powers to prelates of monastic orders under certain conditions. As time progressed, the Franciscans continued to claim that in isolated mission areas like New Mexico, the papal bulls and decrees of the Church Councils granting them measures of independence were still valid. By Domínguez' time, however, the Order seems to have come to a

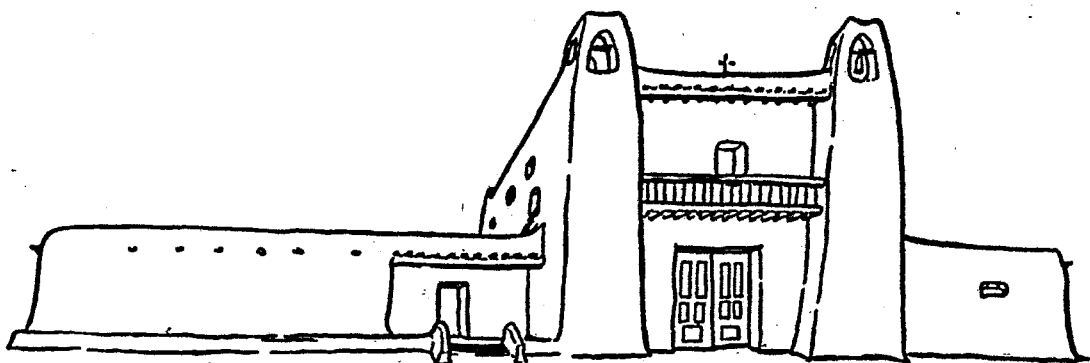
reluctant acceptance of episcopal jurisdiction. The tensions between secular clergy and the Franciscans, and the possibility of having to account to the bishops, prompted Domínguez' severe reprimanding of his less exemplary Franciscan brothers, and led to his desire to relinquish his official post.

ABOUT 1943, Miss Eleanor Adams, a historian and specialist in Spanish documents, edited a transcription of Domínguez' manuscript in Spanish, and began planning its translation. Some years later, Dr. Scholes, now with the University of New Mexico, showed the transcript to Fray Angelico Chavez and asked him to translate it for publication. Father Chavez, a Franciscan priest and poet, from that time became a historian and archivist. Working independently over a period of years, Miss Adams and Father Chavez studied the documents and made translations. Eventually they agreed to combine these into a single translation, and to annotate the result.

Publication of a book became the obvious goal, and the project took on a scope far wider than mere translation. It was decided to include Domínguez' letters to his superiors, and thus reveal the tragic inside story of Indian-threatened, terror-stricken New Mexico. Likewise, "to set history straight," the letters of Domínguez' friend, Fray Silvestre Vélez de Escalante, were translated, giving insight into the famous "Escalante" Expedition into Utah, which actually was led by our favorite forgotten man: Domínguez. Certain pertinent papers, the highly entertaining *Observations* by Father Ruiz of Jémez on how to make Indians behave, and documents on land sales at Santa Cruz, likewise proved to be illuminating.

For many years both Miss Adams and Father Chavez had been sifting the documents for information about the priests, officials, soldiers and civilians who drifted into or through New Mexico. Rather than carry footnotes to identify men and women mentioned by Domínguez, these facts were assembled in impressive biographical lists of Franciscans and Settlers.

Because so many terms have changed since the seventeenth-hundreds, or are not widely understood, a glossary was needed. The glossary for *Missions* holds many surprises, and an early glance at it will repay the reader. For example, the statue of "Jesús Nazareno," often wrongly translated as Jesus of Nazareth, is Christ in His Passion likened to the *Nazarites*, long-haired Old Testament ascetics like Samson or Samuel.



In the early autumn of 1954 a manuscript of some 800 pages, tentatively titled *A Description of New Mexico, 1776*, was delivered to the University of New Mexico Press.

The manuscript was expected. It was known in advance that it contained important contributions to historical knowledge, especially of the Southwest, and that the authors were scholars and writers of professional stature. It was hoped that there were enough potential readers of the book to pay the costs of manufacture. An examination of the material showed that it might appeal to a far wider group than would many scholarly histories, since it held meaty information for ethnologists, architects, art and religious historians, bibliophiles, and the mythical "general" reader. The Publications Committee of the University approved the plan for the Press to publish the *Missions* manuscript.

Just as a contractor seeks a preliminary price before building a house, the publisher asked the printer for cost estimates before

launching the book. To obtain this figure the book designer laid out specifications for the manufacture. Here, the designer's work paralleled that of an architect, for he dealt in terms of esthetics, economics, and feasibility.

The importance of the book, as the first really detailed report on New Mexican life in the eighteenth century, called for good materials and high standards of printing, while the nature of the manuscript presented many problems and unusual opportunities for imaginative design.

An eighteenth-century flavor was logical for *Missions*, and Linotype "Baskerville," a typeface based on the designs of Benjamin Franklin's friend, John Baskerville, was chosen for its strength and formality—and because it was available in the 9, 10, 11, 12, and 14 point sizes needed for this book. Titles for the main divisions were specified in large, handset Baskerville, but handset Bernhard Modern, a rich, formally calligraphic type, was chosen for chapter headings. Somewhat reminiscent of the handwritten character of the Spanish manuscript, it gave decorative weight and made it easy for the reader to find the book's subdivisions.

Paper was selected in terms of the page size and the printing surface needed by the typefaces and illustrations. It was determined to have the pages of the largest size which could be handled sixteen at a time on the printing press to be used. This called for a page $7\frac{3}{4}$ by $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Since drawings of mission churches were planned, opacity was vital, and a fairly heavy Ticonderoga Text paper with a slight tint and texture to suggest adobe was ordered.

From the page size, marginal proportions were laid out, providing a type area of $5\frac{3}{4}$ by $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches. This made a line too wide for comfortable reading, and indeed wider than local Linotype machines would set, so double columns were dictated. To add interest, the first paragraph or so of each chapter was to be set in wide lines of 14-point Baskerville, providing a note of generosity that contrasted with the double-column lines in

11-point. Footnotes were not merely bibliographical, but intended to be *read*, and these were scheduled for 9 point, or as large as average newsprint. Nine degrees of headings were worked out, six of these in the 11-point size of the main text.

With all the basic type-matter blueprinted, there remained "packaging"—designing the parts of the book which first meet the customer's eye. The book would be heavy—it weighed in at 3 lbs., 1 oz., on publication day—and a medium buckram in the color of raw linen was chosen as a binding cloth. Jackets tear easily on big books, and so as an experiment Achilles endpaper stock was specified for both endpapers and jacket. The endpaper stock proved tough, smooth, and fingerprint-resistant, an ideal armor for a jacket's traumatic experiences in a bookstore.

The title page sets the keynote for the book browser, and a two-color title page, a la 1776, facing a four-color frontispiece was calculated to open the book with a handsome flourish.

These specifications and many more, plus the manuscript, were submitted to the University of New Mexico Printing Plant for use in estimating the cost of manufacturing *Missions*.

By taking the figure submitted by the printer and adding to it other costs, such as artwork, engravings, and overhead, and allowing for discounts to bookdealers, the selling price of the book was arrived at: for *Missions*, fifteen dollars.

ITS BUDGET set up, *Missions* went to the editor to be groomed for its debut at the printer's. With sample pages as a guide and the authors on call, the editor's job is to make right whatever seems to him wrong. Responsible to publisher, author, and readers, the editor seeks to make a book unified and consistent. He is obligated to warn the publisher of possibly libelous material, impose an approved style of spelling and punctuation, and save money. He tries to give the author fresh perspective on his writing, save him from the embarrassment of carelessness or ignorance, and, if necessary, rewrite for him. The editor must pretend to be the reader, and see that meanings are clear, ques-

CENSUS

92 families with 275 persons

This mission has charge of the administration of some citizens divided into two small groups. One up to the north, which is about 2 leagues away, is called *Bernalillo*, and it all consists of separate ranchos with not very good lands.⁶ These are watered

6. Bernalillo had some haciendas in the seventeenth century, whose settlers escaped the 1680 massacre while their neighbors nearer to San Felipe and Sandia perished. HS, 1: 30. These settlers were members of the Chávez, Baca, Montoya, and González-Bernal families. The place did not get its name from descendants of Bernal Díaz del Castillo as frequently is stated, for no such people came to New Mexico. Bernalillo is a diminutive form of the Bernal family name. See NMF. Shortly after the Reconquest, 1700-18, according to church records, there was a church with friars' convent there with the title of "Our Father St. Francis" (also the title of the pre-Revolt pueblo of Sandia and of more ancient Puaray). When Sandia was refounded with new patronal titles, Our Lady of Sorrows became and has remained the patroness of Bernalillo, although there is a reference to the "Plaza de San Francisco de Bernalillo" as late as 1783.

with the aforesaid river and produce fairly reasonable harvests because of the cultivation those concerned give them. These citizens are considered Spaniards, and with regard to them all I reiterate what I have said of others to avoid delay. They are included in the following

CENSUS

27 families with 81 persons

The other branch is to the west on the side (of the river mentioned) opposite the one on which the mission stands. It is called *Upper Corrales*,⁷ and the distance from the pueblo is the half league between it and the river plus the width of the river, and no more, for the ranchos are right there. The not very good lands are watered, cultivated, and taken care of as I have just described. Since the individuals are all exactly alike, I say the same as of all, and proceed to the

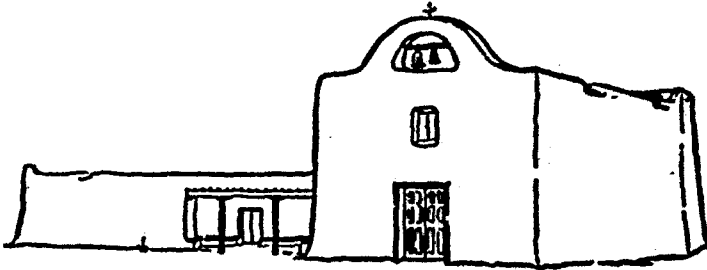
CENSUS

10 families with 42 persons

7. Santa Rosalia de Corrales was the full name in 1762. BL, N.M. Orig.

Albuquerque

The mission of the Villa of San Felipe Neri de Albuquerque is 4 leagues down the highway to the south on the same plain I have been mentioning from the mission of Our Father Santo Domingo on. It stands on the same plain and so near to the Río del Norte that the church and convent are about two musket shots from it. It is a very good 20 leagues from Santa Fe and lies to the south, quarter south-southwest of it. The arrangement, or plan, will be better described later.¹



CHURCH

The church is adobe with very thick walls, single-naved, with the outlook and main door to the east. From the door to the ascent to the sanctuary it measures 32 varas long, $7\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and the same high. The ascent to the sanctuary, which continues from the nave, consists of two small wrought-beam steps. The width being as given, it is 7 varas long to the center, and higher than the nave because of the clerestory. It has a choir loft like those described where there

are such. On the Gospel side there are two windows with wooden gratings facing south, and one to the east in the choir.²

The roof of the nave consists of thirty-nine beams, and the clerestory rests all along the one that faces the sanctuary. There are ten more in the sanctuary. These, like the others, are wrought and corbeled. The main door has two paneled leaves with a good

thirty-five families, with 252 persons, including adults and children. The early baptismal records indicate a population of at least this size. On the basis of the *Noticias* of Juan de Candelaria [NMHR, 4 (1929): 274-97], written some seventy years later when he was in his eighties, it is usually assumed that the Villa of Albuquerque was founded with twelve families and soldiers from Bernalillo. It is undoubtedly true that some of the first citizens of the Villa of Albuquerque came from Bernalillo, but more came from other districts. Both the Albuquerque and Bernalillo areas had Spanish settlers before 1680 and after the Reconquest. The older and correct spelling of the name is Alburquerque, and this was used by Domínguez, but we have conformed to the modern spelling.

2. Although the present church at Albuquerque faces south, Domínguez' description of the church and convent facing east is so consistent in every detail that it is hardly possible to ascribe the discrepancy to an inadvertent error on his part or that of his amanuensis. The church collapsed less than twenty years after he saw it (SANM, 2: no. 1226) and what must have amounted to a new building was begun in the 1790's. Nineteenth-century drawings and photographs of the church show considerable differences in the appearance of the façade, but in all of them it faces in the same direction as now. It would seem, therefore, that the change in orientation must have been made during the complete rebuilding undertaken in 1793.

1. During the seventeenth century and after the Reconquest until 1706, the general area of Albuquerque was variously called "Bosque Grande," "Bosque Grande de Doña Luisa," "Estancia de Doña Luisa de Trujillo," and "Bosque Grande de San Francisco Xavier." This Bosque extended from the southern limits of Alameda pueblo lands south to the swamps of Mexia, and the original limits of Albuquerque were set within this general area from the lands of Elena Gallegos on the north to the swamps, also called "of Pedro López," on the south. Church registers; BL, N.M. Orig., 1727; SANM, 1: no. 297; HS, 1: 26. The Villa of Albuquerque was founded in the spring of 1706 by Governor Francisco Cuervo y Valdés. On April 23 of that year he certified to its founding. See L. B. Bloom, "Albuquerque and Galisteo, certificate of their founding, 1706," NMHR, 10 (1935): 48-50. Bloom translated the certificate from a manuscript in AGM, Provincias Internas, Tomo 36, Ramo 5, with a facsimile reproduction of the original. Another translation is in HB, 3: 279-81, from the Bandelier copy of the manuscript in AGI, Aud. de Guadalajara, leg. 116, together with further accounts of the founding of Albuquerque.

The official contemporary documents concerning the founding of Albuquerque state that there were

tions answered, and such physical conveniences as headings, footnotes, and the index provided.

If they are congenial, two authors are better than one, and Miss Adams and Father Chavez, each with special areas of information and differing points of view, anticipated many of the editor's moves. Nevertheless, editing took months, and dealt with a variety of problems, many of them occasioned by Domínguez' failure to visualize that his work would see print two centuries later. A card file of aberrations in the spelling and use of personal and place names, ecclesiastical terms, and localisms was set up. As far as practicable, modern spellings were applied to places—the first "r" was dropped from Alburquerque, and the most logical form used for personal names—many a friar was quite arbitrary about his own signature. Often research was fruitless—as with Indian names which Domínguez recorded according to his own notions—and there was no alternative but to ditto Domínguez. Numbers created particular anguish—to spell or not to spell—for the good father enumerated more kinds of things than twentieth-century style manuals cover.

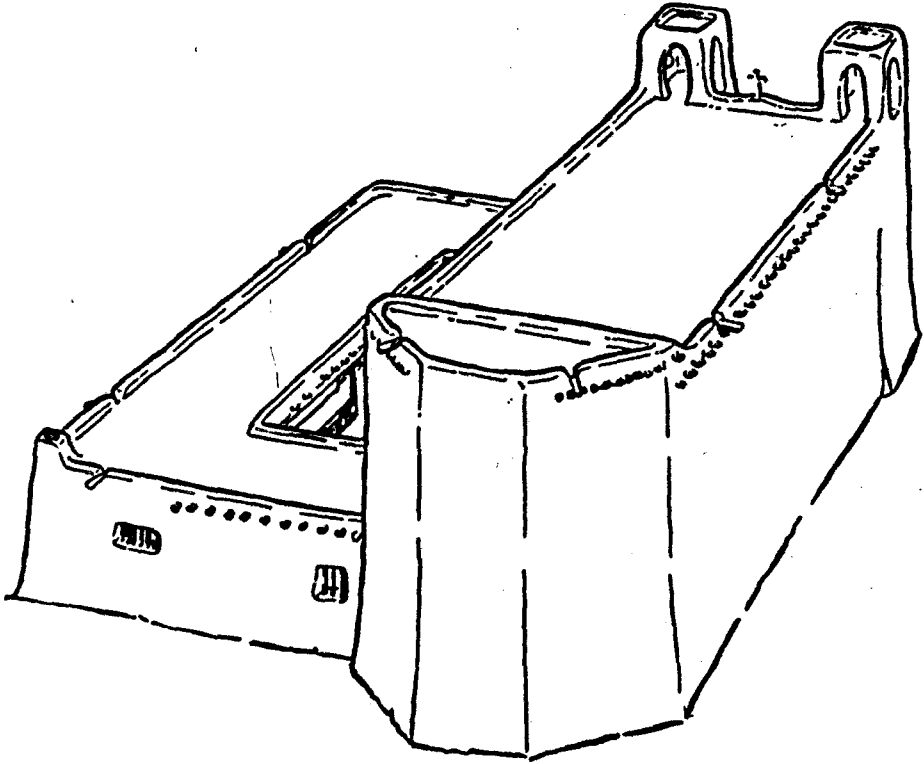
As each major part of the book passed the editing stage it was coded for the printer, and typesetting began. The sight of the words set in type often inspires a fresh point of view that clarifies problems. Aside from the "sense" and "flow" of the narrative, it is necessary to check every detail, from broken letters to the correct division of words. The division and accenting of Spanish proper names called for constant attention in *Missions* proofs. Also, because such words as *shall* and *thought* cannot be divided, occasional lines had impossibly bad spacing, and the crossword-puzzle method of finding synonyms to fit the space had to be applied—a difficult exercise under the limited freedom of a translation.

During publication of the results of research new facts often come to light, and it must be debated whether such facts justify inclusion. While *Missions* was in the making, Father Chavez was cataloging the archives of the Archdiocese in Santa Fe, and

from time to time he turned up valuable data which could be added to footnotes. One morning he appeared with a discovery that changed the course of the book.

In 1776, Domínguez had listed, in great haste, the contents of the Franciscan library and archive at Santo Domingo Pueblo. What Father Chavez found was a 1788 inventory of the same library, but larger, and in greater detail. Fortunately the Library section of the manuscript was not yet in type, so it was pulled back for rewriting. Miss Adams, who had analyzed Spanish Colonial libraries previously, spent the next several weeks combining the 1776 inventory with the newly found 1788 one. As far as time and research facilities permitted, she identified the books by full title, author, and place and date of publication, often from very slender clues. This Scotland Yard assignment resulted in a list that offered important new perspectives on the status of New Mexico's learning and culture in the seventeenth-hundreds.

The detailed data which Domínguez supplied about the missions made it possible to plan illustrations showing these structures as they probably appeared in 1776, and Father Chavez prepared a series of preliminary sketches of the church façades. Horace T. Pierce, an Albuquerque artist experienced in book illustration, was commissioned to execute line drawings for the book. An open, cleancut pen-and-ink technique, with lines weighted to harmonize with the type, was decided upon. A sample drawing was made into a line engraving, incorporated with the type, and tested on the paper to be used. Slight changes were recommended for a better printed effect. Mr. Pierce studied Domínguez' descriptions, Father Chavez' notes, and old photographs of the few original mission churches remaining. Decorative value and pictorial interest shared equal rank with accurate information. Mr. Pierce reconstructed the 1776 churches in a series of twenty-six pencil sketches, drawn to scale, and approached from several different points of perspective. The drawings were checked and discussed, and minor alterations were made before they were committed to ink.



New archaeological excavations at San Miguel Church in Santa Fe settled a point of controversy on one drawing, and, incidentally, confirmed the opinion long held by serious historians that San Miguel is not the "Oldest Church"—Isleta and Acoma have better claims to the honor.

One of the most painstaking and time-consuming tasks was the preparation of a group of eighteenth-century maps and documents for reproduction as line engravings. Photographic enlargements were retouched with black and white inks, inch-by-inch under a magnifying glass, to remove blemishes and strengthen faint lines. Related maps and documents were consulted to recapture half-obliterated words.

The *Missions* index was started well in advance of page proofs, and as is nearly always the case, presented the first really over-all

view of the book. The very wide scope of Domínguez' observations and interests became apparent. A surprising number of eighteenth-century *santeros* and artisans came to light. The consolidation of data solved more than one puzzle in New Mexican history. But the tedious business of sweating out hundreds of entries for a long book brought out the comic impulse, and authors and editor took to inserting each other's names under derogatory categories in the rough draft.

Father Domínguez had a fondness for elaborate religio-literary jokes; these were captured under "Wit, clerical" in hope of intriguing reader and reviewer. As shown under "Smoking," the padre bemoaned the shameful casualness with which books of Baptism and Burial were treated in New Mexico, and in the archive section he noted: "The same Guzmán presented these two last books from Santa Ana before the Father Vice-Custos Hinojosa in the year 1766 with 146 leaves each; but Guzmán himself performed the good work of using all their paper to make cigarettes, and according to what they tell me, he was inclined to smoke even his breviary."

TYPE is a "Procrustean bed," and the matter of assembling text and illustrations within the severe limitations of the page brings certain frustrations. Aside from the usual pursuit of errors, in page proofs one is concerned chiefly with the pleasant and effective distribution of blank space. As with every book, an occasional *Missions* page proved a line short or a line long, and the crossword-puzzle technique was again applied. The illustrations, now in the form of engravings, were moved into their appointed positions and tested for balance and esthetic appeal on the compositional unit formed by each pair of facing pages.

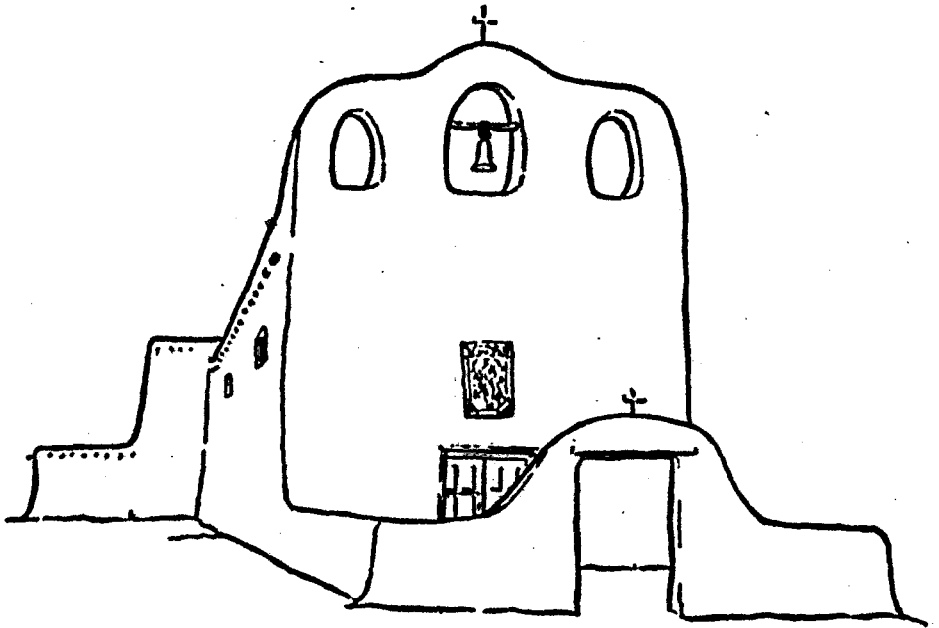
Final approval of the "front matter" was postponed until the page-proof stage because it had to introduce the whole book, and editor and authors had a clearer—or at least a different—perspective on the book after their six to ten readings of manuscript, galley, and page. Contents and List of Illustrations had,

of course, to await actual page numbers, but Preface and Introduction gained a fresh vigor late in the book process.

Because of its psychological importance and the necessity of integrating it with the "front matter" it precedes, the title page was designed during the last stages of the book. A title page is a delicate exercise in space relationships between letters and lines, and for the *Missions* title, strips of black and red paper were pasted up to arrive at the basic design. When a satisfactory composition was achieved, type was ordered in the necessary sizes. The title page owes its final success to the skill of the compositor, who worked out the minute optical spacing between individual letters, and to the care of the pressman in obtaining a clean, well-linked impression.

These latter factors are, of course, true of the whole book, for at any stage a book can be made or ruined by the craftsmen to whom it is entrusted for manufacture. That each man as it came his turn—Linotype operator, compositor, pressman, binder, and others with less resounding titles—evidenced skill, taste, and love for his work, is instantly apparent in the finished book.

The title page was composed to form a balanced unit with the four-color frontispiece, which showed a famous stone reredos—a distinctive item among all New Mexico mission furnishings—



as it may have appeared when Domínguez saw it in 1776 in the Chapel of Our Lady of Light. Likewise unique among the mission structures because of its military character, this chapel disappeared from the south side of Santa Fe's plaza more than half a century ago, and its reredos, which measures 18 by 35 feet, eventually was installed in the Church of Cristo Rey in Santa Fe. The altarpiece, once gaudily painted, has weathered down to the classic simplicity of raw stone. The importance of the reredos in American religious sculpture and its intrinsic interest made it a logical candidate for the frontispiece.

Using a large black-and-white camera study by Laura Gilpin, Santa Fe photographer, Father Chavez colored it to match tints still clinging to the stone of the altarpiece. In the central niche he reproduced a painting, now believed to be the original installed there, and he changed the altar front and sanctuary walls to imitate those of the old military chapel. A color transparency of the resulting combination painting-and-photograph was made by Miss Gilpin, and used by the engraver to make halftone color-process plates for printing the frontispiece of *Missions*. These were printed on a heavy, crease-resistant enamel paper, and tipped-in by hand on guidemarks printed on the text paper.

After final approval of the page proofs, the type was locked into forms of sixteen pages for each press run, in an order predetermined by the pattern for folding. Sheets of paper measuring 35 by 45 inches were printed with sixteen pages each, and after a suitable interval for the ink to dry, were printed with sixteen more pages on the reverse side. This thirty-two-page sheet was cut in half and folded thrice to form "signatures" of sixteen pages each. Twenty-five such signatures, plus a twelve-pager, were assembled and stitched with nylon thread to make each 412-page copy of *Missions*. Trimmed, rounded, backed, and glued in its buckram case, the book was ready for its dust jacket—the costume in which it would meet the public.

Four kinds of presses were used for the printing of *Missions*: one each for text, frontispiece, binding, and jacket. Three kinds

of paper and a cloth were utilized. To lend unity between jacket, binding, and title page, it was decided to use the same ink color, a brilliant vermilion. A separate ink was mixed for each material, compensating for surface color and absorptive qualities. Domínguez would have recognized that shade of red as an old friend he had met on the title pages of eighteenth-century books.

At last between boards and snug in its jacket, the book emerged into the cruel competitive world of some 12,000 new books that are published each year in the United States. If it is to find readers it must please the bookdealer, who will seek out the unknown customer, and it must attract the librarian and the book reviewer, who will bring it to the attention of their clientele. It must, most of all, please the reader himself, or its life on the world's market will be very brief and unprofitable indeed. The most horrible fate for a book is to be ignored, for in that case author and publisher chew their nails for many months, wondering whether their brain child is dead or only sleeping.

The book Domínguez wrote slept for nearly two centuries, but it is not dead.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS are from "The Missions of New Mexico, 1776," copyright 1956, by the University of New Mexico Press. Drawings by Horace T. Pierce show the mission churches as they probably appeared in 1776. Cover: The Mission at Zúñi Pueblo. Page 58: Seal of the Custody of the Conversion of St. Paul, the Franciscan Custody of New Mexico. Page 60: The Chapel at Trampas. Page 62: The Mission of San Felipe de Jesús, at the pueblo of the same name. Pages 66-67: Sample pages from the book, reduced to about two-thirds actual size. Page 70: The Mission at Tesuque Pueblo. Page 72: Our Lady of Light, the military chapel formerly on the plaza in Santa Fe which originally housed the celebrated stone reredos.

Hans Otto Storm

THE WINDMILL

IT WAS NINE in the morning, and Saturday, and felt like Saturday. As soon as you were in the first grade you could feel that: Saturday was different. This day the haze which usually hung late of mornings had been broken away by the sun, and the sun was making shadows of the yellowing wild oats by the roadside. Danny felt clean: he had slept late but not too late and his breakfast had filled him up comfortably so that there was nothing at all about which to fret.

He set out on what he called to himself the round road, which between two fences circled a little hill. It was only a short road and all on the home farm, but after a few steps it left the house and barns clear out of sight on account of the little hill, and you could imagine you were in a wild place far, far off. Sometimes he would sneak around that curve pretending serious events might lie in wait; pretending that around the bend there might be Indians or people with skin-tight suits which covered up their ears like in the funny-paper. That was only half a game though because he knew too well it wasn't that way really. What was so really was the way the round road felt — on the bare feet for instance. In the wheel tracks the gravel was so sharp it made you curl your feet and hop; in the middle of the road there was grass worn down by the axles and that was all right to walk on if you watched out for large pebbles hidden here and there in it, but the gopher mounds were surest of all and the best feeling.

A few birds bounced up and down and pecked at things on the ground. If you put salt on their tails you could catch them the hired man said, and Danny had grinned because the hired man

thought that was funny. The birds didn't really seem to run away from him though; it was just that there were birds a little farther on and that then when you got there that didn't seem to be the place they were.

He picked up a stick and swished at the heads of wild oats and barley. Once he'd got a barley-beard down his throat — 'way down where nobody could pull it out for him, and it had felt serious. It went away after a while, but for two or three days it made you want to make it hurt all the time. Putting barley-beards in your mouth was a kind of sin — not sin exactly but something you just wanted to do for no special reason and that didn't turn out so well. He picked one and chewed on it cautiously, watching that none of it got past his teeth. It didn't taste good.

He began to whack at the fence posts with his piece of stick, and to count his steps, one, two, three, four between whacks trying to come out even. *If you step on a crack you'll break your mother's back.* That wasn't so either, but he played at it plenty of times on sidewalks, treading the middles of the squares carefully. Some of the fence posts had been broken off and new ones had been put in line with them a foot beyond, which mixed up the counting of the steps. He hopped the half-step.

The windmill below the round road was clanking gently. He knew all about that windmill. You could pretend though — the way he did sometimes going around the hill — pretend that the windmill was more interesting than you knew it was, and that there was something to find out about it. Saturday was the proper day for climbing through fences. He pricked himself on the wire — you almost always pricked yourself going through a barbed wire fence or got your clothes torn because when you watched out for one strand you couldn't think at the same time of the other. Inside the field it was plowed in large lumps and you had to be careful of your feet. That was awkward for the bare feet too; you had to step choosingly.

Under and around the windmill there was grass again — grass that followed down the swale in a long streak to where a cow was

THE WINDMILL

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munching at it, moving her neck in bored jerks and dragging her chain ahead as if she was tired of the whole performance. The rod of the windmill was still clanking lazily up and down but it wasn't pumping, it was just doing nothing, going up and down and not pulling the pump. The pump-rod came up from below and it had four holes in it one above the other, and the windmill rod came down from the top and had one hole in it, and there should be a bolt to connect it to one of those four holes down below but there wasn't. Maybe it had got loose and fallen out, or most probably they took it out; people did that way, when you knew how a thing ought to be it would be some other not so nice way and they would say oh, that isn't working now, it's disconnected.

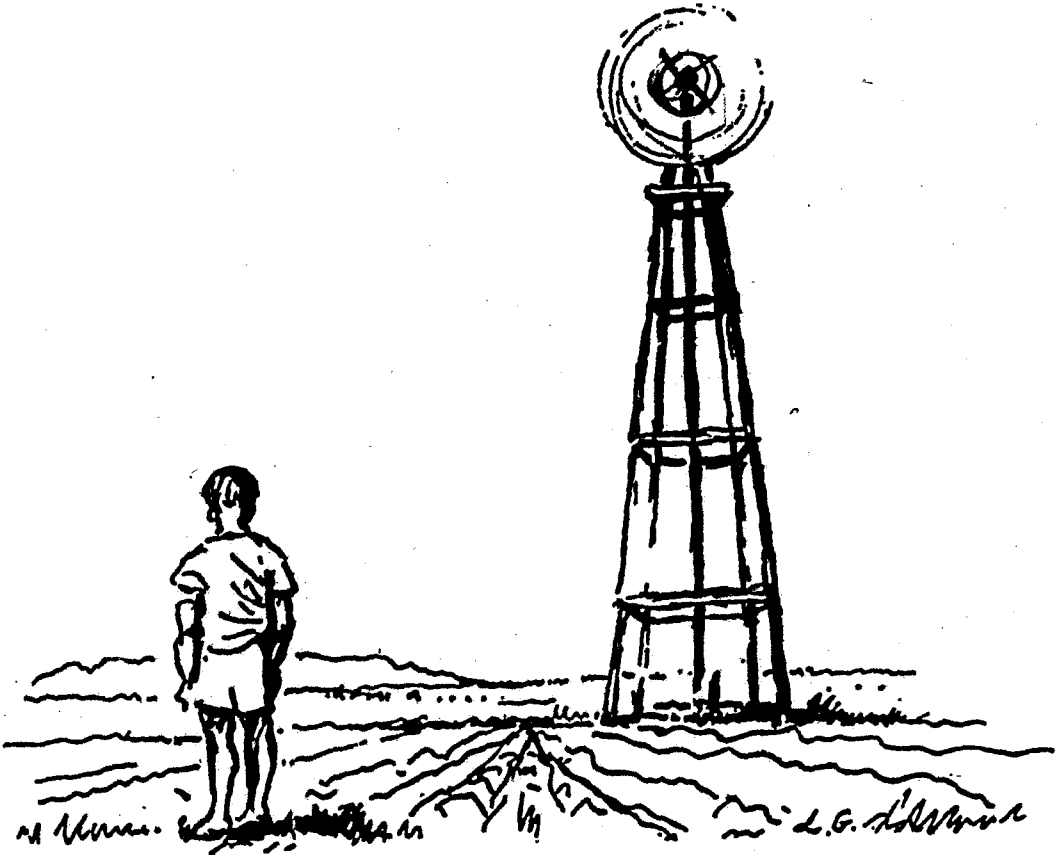
Danny watched the hole in the windmill-rod go down past the four holes in the pump-rod and then go back up again, four little bright spots one after the other with sky behind. He had an idea and he squinted through one of the little holes at the cow — moving his head up and down and experimenting to get the point of the cow's horn right in the hole when the two holes came opposite and you could see through the two of them together just an instant.

The windmill could pump but it wasn't doing anything. Lots of times things could be doing something but they weren't, and it was tiresome. This was so almost doing something but it wasn't. One little bolt could make all that difference, gee! He looked through at the cow-horn again; if the cow-horn was *there*, as he made it look, instead of 'way back away on the cow, it would make the pump work. If you could stick something in that hole just at the right time when it went past, why just by being there then you could make something work that didn't; you could make the heavy pump-rod come up out of the well in its greasy cleanness just for nothing; magic. You'd be on top of the world if you could do that.

He used to pretend there was something to sneak round the hill for when he knew there wasn't. And now he would sneak the

same way, pretending to pretend, but this time he'd fool it. The four holes were like the four steps between fence posts; he watched the four holes come bright one after another and he got the rhythm while he held his breath. Then at the exact time when the hole in the windmill rod paused by the hole in the pump rod at the bottom he stuck in his finger quickly to the hilt.

He was so shocked and outraged at the pump-rod just staying where it was that he didn't at first feel the pain. The next thing was he saw he didn't have a finger and he was scared, especially because now that he'd learned how that was it looked so simple and he didn't know how he was going to explain it to them. He cried a good deal after that, but he had time to know he was getting a ride in the new car and when he saw that Dad, who generally was so slow and cautious, had it up to eighty, it was a perfectly satisfying feeling. He cried some more in the doctor's office because the instruments in there looked dangerous and because it was hurting him real bad by then, but in the doctor's office they gave you some smelly stuff that made you kind of laugh and giggle.



*Paul W. Healy and
Michael H. Jorrin*

FILM SOCIETIES OF AMERICA

THE FIRST FILM SOCIETY in the United States, so far as we know today, was the Film Society of New York. Its first program was presented in January 1933, at Essex House, in New York City. The sponsors included George Gershwin, Eva Le Gallienne, Leopold Stokowski, John Dos Passos, Norman Bel Geddes, and Nelson Rockefeller. The program offered Pabst's *THE THREEPENNY OPERA* with music by Kurt Weill; *KING NEPTUNE* by Walt Disney; and *BRAHMS' SYMPHONY*, which consisted of the lightwaves produced by the music. In the same month another newly-formed society, the Film Forum, also a New York organization and headed by playwright Sidney Howard, featured the famous Fritz Lang film "M."

In the early thirties probably twenty or thirty groups throughout the United States could correctly be called film societies. These societies were independent, and because they were independent they were weak. No distributor or other organization existed primarily to serve the needs of film societies until 1935, when the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art was founded. Permanently housed since 1939, the Library is now one of the main sources available to film societies for their programs of both foreign and domestic films. The Museum Library also rents many documentary and experimental short subjects, and is a clearing house for information on films which it does not distribute.

After World War II new film societies were formed in the United States, and established ones gained additional members. In 1947 Amos Vogel founded Cinema 16, which was to become

the largest and best-known society of all. Cinema 16 offered its first film series in October of that year, in the Provincetown Playhouse, with an audience of about 200. By 1949 it had grown to a membership of over 2500. Currently, Cinema 16 has over 6000 members and its screenings are held in two locations: the Central Trades Auditorium and the Beekman theatre, both in New York City.

From its beginning, Cinema 16 has concentrated on films of less than feature length, and has shown many non-commercial films. Today, in addition to its own film showings, Cinema 16 aids other American film societies by maintaining a small, but growing, library of experimental and documentary films. It is one of many organizations which now offer American film groups a wealth of worthwhile films which are not seen in commercial theatres. The vitality of Cinema 16 demonstrates the strong popular postwar support for good films. This support was only potential when Amos Vogel began his work. Although he devoted full time to the job, it was four years before he could draw a decent salary from his efforts in Cinema 16!

Aside from a few famous film societies like Cinema 16, little organized information was available concerning American film societies until last year, when the Film Council of America (FCA) published the results of a questionnaire they had circulated to prepare the way for a national film society organization, similar to the one which exists in England.

Using the data furnished through the questionnaire the American Federation of Film Societies (AFFS) was founded in April 1955, an independent organization designed to further the interests of all film societies in the United States.

The FCA questionnaire reported 258 film societies active in the United States. More than three-fourths of these had been founded since World War II. Nearly half (49 per cent) were sponsored by schools, colleges, or universities. Of the remainder, 19 per cent were unsponsored; 16 per cent were sponsored by

museums, art centers, libraries, or community centers; and the remainder were under the auspices of a great variety of organizations such as service clubs, fraternal groups, churches, and businesses.

The offerings of these societies ran rather heavily in favor of foreign films, but they also showed a good many American-made features, documentary films, experimental films, silent films, and films about the arts. A majority of the societies showed at least some films in all these categories. However, only 23 per cent of the societies showed scientific films.

More than half of all film society screenings played to audiences of from 50 to 200 persons. Only 2 per cent of the screenings reached audiences of over 1000, while 16 per cent played to audiences of less than 50. The majority of the societies offered from five to twelve showings yearly. An ambitious minority of societies went well beyond this: 19 per cent offered from thirteen to twenty-four screenings, and 13 per cent offered more than twenty-four screenings.

Membership fees supported the majority (54 per cent) of societies. Subsidies permitted 17 per cent of the societies to offer free showings. The remainder were financed by various combinations of membership fees and single admissions, and were able in some cases to hold free showings.

Most film societies consider it their function to offer programs well above the level of films shown in commercial theatres, even in the so-called "art" houses. The latter are in business to make money, and will seldom show a film which they are not sure will pay its own way. A film society, lacking the profit motive, can concentrate on the quality of its program and need not worry so much about cash returns.

Typical recent programs of some American film societies amply illustrate this point: During the fall of 1954 the Documentary Film Group of the University of Chicago showed these American and foreign films: *A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE*, *THE*

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STRANGE ONES, LAVENDER HILL MOB, INCORRIGIBLE, PEPE LE MOKO, THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED, PIT OF LONLINESS, THE WHISTLE AT EATON FALLS, SHADOW OF A DOUBT, and some experimental art films, including MUSCLE BEACH, MOTHER'S DAY, FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON, PACIFIC 2-3-1, and GEOGRAPHY OF THE BODY. A subsidiary organization, the Film Study Group, showed a series titled "A Survey of War in the Film," including ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, THE TRIUMPH OF THE WILL, LA GRANDE ILLUSION, PAISAN, and ARSENAL.

The program for the first half of 1954 of the Group for Film Study, in New York, organized by Gideon Bachmann, editor of *Cinemages*, featured THE LATE MATTHEW PASCAL, SALVATION HUNTERS, THE MOOR'S PAVANE, BERLIN, INTOLERANCE; and American comedy films including A NIGHT AT THE SHOW, SHERLOCK, JR., HOBOKEN TO HOLLYWOOD, and SATURDAY AFTERNOON. At other showings, film offerings included THE COUNT, THE CIRCUS, "M," GREED, THE KISS, and MEXICAN BUSRIDE.

A typical program of the Tulane Cinema Guild for one year offered BRIEF ENCOUNTER, THE END OF A DAY, CRAINQUEBILLE, THE INFORMER, THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, LA GRANDE ILLUSION, THE INVADERS, WE LIVE IN TWO WORLDS, ALEXANDER NEVSKY, DREAMS THAT MONEY CAN BUY, and ZERO DE CONDUITE.

In 1953-54 the Cineclub of the University of Wisconsin showed THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE, THE LAST COMMAND, THE MALE ANIMAL, SONG OF CEYLON, BERLIN, TOPAZE, IN THE CIRCUS ARENA, THE BIG DAY, THE FRESHMAN, KAMERAD-SCHAFT, OCTOBER, TIME IN THE SUN, THE WAVE, THE JOYLESS STREET, and THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS.

In addition to the film societies, many other organizations present series of unusual films to the public. Among these are the Cleveland Museum of Art, the New York Public Library, the Chicago Public Library, the New York Historical Society (whose films are introduced by the noted lecturer and radio commentator, Gordon Hendricks), the San Francisco Museum of

Art, and many other similar organizations. Some of these series are presented free to the public, others charge a small membership fee or require that persons attending be members of the sponsoring organization.

In spite of the wide variety of films they present and the low price of admission, most American film societies have trouble finding a public. One important reason is that the societies cannot afford effective advertising, and so the public is generally ignorant of their existence, or is often misinformed as to their nature. When a society is sponsored by a school or college, the public often believes that membership or attendance is limited to the students and faculty—an error in nearly every instance.

Many Americans have never seen a foreign film with English subtitles, nor a silent film, and they have no interest in seeing either sort. This lack of information and interest on the part of the public is the greatest problem film societies face.

If this were not enough, commercial exhibitors stand directly in the path of film societies in their efforts to penetrate public unconcern. While it should be to the exhibitors' interest to stimulate the serious study of films, most commercial exhibitors consider film society activities as competition. Of course, the great majority of true film societies show films which no commercial exhibitor would think of running. Only seldom do they present a film of any real commercial value. Nevertheless, and in spite of the efforts of many film societies to cooperate with local theatre owners, the commercial exhibitors frequently do everything in their power to hamper film society activities.

For example, when one of the Harvard film societies wished to show the French film *MANON*, it was prevented from doing so by the Boston exhibitors who had first run rights on the film for the area of Greater Boston. The Boston exhibitors themselves had little hope of showing the film, since it had been banned in the city of Boston; however, they refused to permit a 16 mm. non-commercial showing of the film in an area where the ban

imposed by the censors did not hold, on the grounds that any showing of the film *at all* could be in violation of their first-run rights. This precedence of 35 mm. rights over 16 mm. rights is generally the basis of interference by commercial distributors, and thereby film societies can be prevented from showing a film in their area until after it has been shown commercially, or until a certain time has elapsed, even if the commercial theatres have no interest in showing the film. The restrictions are effective because few film societies can afford 35 mm. equipment.

Rights in 16 mm. prints of 35 mm. films are often further restricted, so that they may be available for classroom use but not to film societies, or not for showings where single admissions are charged. Thus the influence of exhibitors frequently prevents a film society from selling admissions at the door, and the society is then forced to operate on a series basis, which greatly hampers its scope of activity.

The uncooperative attitude of commercial theatre owners has caused such large libraries as that of the Museum of Modern Art to rent their films only to societies which operate on a series basis. Again, the commercial exhibitors are partly responsible for the lack of publicity film societies receive. In truth, American film societies have little cause for gratitude toward commercial exhibitors.

Newly-formed film societies frequently fail financially. They must collect fees from their members sufficient to sustain their programs and any other activities in which they may engage. This means that their shows must be presented in a manner which compares favorably with the presentation of films in a commercial theatre. Most societies charge moderate membership fees, from about 25 cents per feature to as high as \$1, on a series basis. Those societies which permit the public to come in by paying single admissions at the door charge from 40 cents to \$1 per person. Some societies are subsidized by the school or muse-

um in which they operate, but most are furnished with a room in which to present their screenings and are expected to sustain themselves otherwise. If their management is intelligent and officers industrious, they are usually able to make a success of their showings, providing the wishes of their membership are constantly borne in mind. The series in art museums and public libraries are, of course, nearly always subsidized, and the programs are presented as part of the cultural activity of the organization.

CENSORSHIP IS NOT much of a problem for most film societies, even for those which operate in states which have censorship laws, such as Ohio and New York. Cinema 16, for example, showed the American Museum's *LATUKO* to over 5000 members after it had been denied license for public showing by the New York censors. The film was banned in New York because many of the scenes featured undeniably nude natives. Alexander Hammid's *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A CAT* was denied public license because it showed the birth of kittens; again, Cinema 16 enabled anyone interested to see it. However, in Ohio in 1954 two film society officers were arrested during a showing of a 16 mm. print of a French film banned in that state. Recently, the U.S. Supreme Court has tightened its rulings holding censorship of most films illegal, and it seems that soon American film societies will no longer have to worry about this threat.

Some societies bow to public pressure and refuse to show the films of Charles Chaplin, or Russian films. In the western United States the circulation of Chaplin films is off about 25 per cent from four or five years ago. Part of this decrease is because there are no new Chaplin films available; the only Chaplin films which societies here can *legally* show are the old Mutual and Keystone comedies which Chaplin made before he founded his own company. If such films as *CITY LIGHTS*, or *MODERN TIMES*, or *THE GOLD RUSH* were available to Americans there would certainly

be a sudden and dramatic increase in the booking of Chaplin films. Nevertheless, some timid societies, frightened by public pressure, will not show any Chaplin film.

The Museum of Modern Art and commercial distributors report that circulation of Russian films is down considerably since the end of the war. This is explained, in part, by the disappearance of the Communist and left-wing groups which were the largest users of these films. A few groups, though not many, no longer use Russian language films because of fear of public reaction. Most groups continue to use the better Russian films, of which there are far too few in this country. The circulation of Russian films is down perhaps 20 per cent from four or five years ago, but only half of this decrease can be charged to groups fearful of public opinion; the rest must be attributed to the comparatively high quality of other films from Italy, France, Sweden, Britain, etc.

A few films have been actively attacked for other reasons. *OLIVER TWIST* received far fewer showings in this country than it should have because of Jewish pressure, but it was freely shown by many film societies. Some films, such as *THE WAGES OF FEAR*, are badly cut and altered before they are distributed in this country. Some of the cutting is done in anticipation of the supposed taste of American audiences, and some simply to shorten the features to allow greater turnover in the theatres. Since the 16 mm. prints are made from the 35 mm. negatives, the film societies here have no chance to see the original versions. The most recent example of a foreign film suffering cruelly at the hands of American distributors was Bresson's *DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST*. This, of course, is not censorship in the usual sense, but it is just as effective in depriving the serious cineaste in this country of the opportunity to see a great film as the director intended it to be seen.

Most of the films which are distributed commercially in this country eventually become available on 16 mm. for film society

use. This is less true today, however, because of the growing popularity of television. Most foreign language films become available to film societies from three to eighteen months after their New York premieres, but many of the best British films go directly from a commercial run to television; some even open on television and then are shown in the theatres. Rex Harrison's *THE CONSTANT HUSBAND* had its American premiere on television, as recently did Laurence Olivier's *RICHARD III*. Such outstanding films as *THE TALES OF HOFFMAN* and *THE MAN BETWEEN* have never been released for film society showings, but were held for theatrical use until recently and then released on television. In fact, the whole pattern of distribution of the films controlled by J. Arthur Rank is most unsatisfactory from the standpoint of American film societies. There seems to be no fixed policy on any of these films; one can expect to see any of them, from the oldest to the newest, on any television station. A film society can ill afford to show many films which are shown at about the same time, in some cases at the same hour, on television. This means that most film societies prefer to book foreign language films or old American films which have not been released to the television octopus. And even these are a rapidly vanishing species.

Many distributors today are anxious to cater to the needs of film societies. The Museum of Modern Art library can be counted upon to supply the best of the old historical films, both American and foreign, and they always send out good, usable prints. About a dozen large commercial libraries handle most of the current foreign films, and many of the best of the older films, foreign and American. Usually these libraries supply good prints at fairly reasonable cost, but it is always best to preview their prints before running them before an audience. Sometimes the sound is poorly recorded; occasionally the film has not been rewound or has breaks in it.

The final source of films is the numerous collections of private

collectors. Most of these have good prints in usable condition, although some do not maintain their prints and force the society which shows them to do extensive repair work on them. It should be borne in mind that in most cases the collector has not secured a clear legal title to the film, or the right to distribute it, and hence on occasion the owner of the legal rights can cause considerable trouble for the society showing such a film. In general, though, the legal ownership of most collectors' films is obscure and there is little risk involved.

THE FILM SOCIETY of the University of New Mexico typifies the problems and activities of American film societies. It is sponsored by an educational institution, and operates in University buildings, with the recognition and approval of officials of the University. However, the society has never received financial aid from the University, nor does it expect to. Like most groups whose aims are primarily cultural, the Film Society of the University of New Mexico had small beginnings. In 1942 a few devoted cineastes met occasionally without publicity to screen some of the great films of the past. The screenings were held in a small basement room in the Student Union Building, using a single 16 mm. projector and a tiny screen. In spite of these unfavorable conditions the group continued operations and soon moved to Rodey Theatre, where the University's dramatic productions are presented.

Rodey Theatre offered nearly 200 comfortable seats, a foyer, and a projection booth. However, the Department of Drama had first call on the theatre, and the Film Society frequently had difficulty in obtaining use of the theatre on the Saturday nights when the Society's screenings were scheduled. Often the film series did not begin until more than a month after the start of school, owing to the difficulty of booking films on such short notice. The Society never succeeded in showing more than twelve programs in Rodey Theatre during the course of one

academic year. Even so, the quality of the programs in those days was high. In 1948-49 the series included *THE WAVE*, *LA MARSEILLAISE*, *THE OVERLANDERS*, Walter Ruttmann's *BERLIN*, *BRIEF ENCOUNTER*, *SHOESHINE*, *AMPHYTRION*, *DEAD OF NIGHT*, and *LE PURITAIN*.

In the fall of 1952 the Society abandoned Rodey Theatre's comfortable seats and transferred operations to the largest lecture room in Mitchell Hall, the University's new classroom building. The lecture room seated nearly 160 persons, and was available practically every Saturday night of the year as well as on many other nights. The Society could now plan its programs a year in advance, if it wished, and no longer needed to accept whatever films were available at the last minute. The Film Society presented two series of ten films each in Mitchell Hall that year, including *PAISAN*, *DEAD OF NIGHT*, *LA GRANDE ILLUSION*, Murnau's *NOSFERATU*, Flaherty's *MOANA*, *THE MAGIC HORSE*, *IVAN THE TERRIBLE*; a program of the films of George Melies; a Chaplin program; *GOD NEEDS MEN*, *SIEGFRIED*, *THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE*, David Bradley's *JULIUS CAESAR*, *JANOSIK*, *THE BLUE ANGEL*, *THE BLACK PIRATE*, *THE DYBBUK*, and *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST*. The two series were extremely successful.

The fine climate of Albuquerque has permitted the Film Society for some years to present series of films outdoors each summer, in an enclosed courtyard on the campus which seats about 230. After a disastrous experience in the summer of 1952 with a series that included *THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI*, "*M*," *KAMERADSCHAFT*, *POTEMKIN*, and *NANOOK OF THE NORTH*, it has become the policy to present a lighter series in the summer. Recent summers have found the society relying heavily on English sound films from the studios of Rank and Korda—*ELEPHANT BOY*, *THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES*, *THINGS TO COME*, *REMBRANDT*, *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII*, *OLIVER TWIST*, *NICHOLAS NICKELBY*, *QUARTET*, *PASSPORT TO PIMLICO*, and others.

During the summer of 1955 the society changed an old regu-

lation against Hollywood sound films, which had been made to avoid competition with local commercial theatres. That summer it was decided that Hollywood sound films made before 1945 would be safe to show; *LOST HORIZON* and King Vidor's *OUR DAILY BREAD* inaugurated the new policy. The 1956 summer series will consist of *THE CRUEL SEA*, *TOPPER*, *GREEN PASTURES*, *THE PROMOTER*, *THE MAGNET*, *RAIN*, *ISLAND RESCUE*, and *MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN*.

In the fall of 1953 the Film Society had the unique opportunity of collaborating with the Robert Flaherty Foundation in presenting the first Festival of Flaherty's Films ever to be held for the benefit of the Foundation. The Festival included *INDUSTRIAL BRITAIN*, *MOANA*, *LOUISIANA STORY*, *THE LAND*, *MAN OF ARAN*, and *NANOOK OF THE NORTH*. In addition to these the Festival also presented two other films made in the spirit of Flaherty's work. They were *LA RIVIERE ET LES HOMMES*, and, just three weeks after its New York premiere, *THE LITTLE FUGITIVE*. The program notes for all the films were written by Mrs. Flaherty, and during the intermissions she spoke about her husband's films and the aims of the Flaherty Foundation.

The Film Society has long felt that in addition to presenting good films it should provide as much factual and critical information as possible about the films shown. For this reason, the group's officers have prepared careful program notes for each film. These list the complete cast and technical credits for each film, and contain reliable information about its background, and a certain amount of objective criticism. The Film Society tries to discourage its program annotators from writing reviews or appreciations of the films, on the grounds that the audience is capable of making up its own mind about whether or not it likes a film.

To aid in writing program notes the Film Society buys as many of the important books in the field as it can afford. A fairly wide variety of books on films are available to the Society's

members; the library has the standard reference works in English—*The Film as Art*, the Library of Congress copyright entries on all films from 1894 to 1950, and *The Educational Film Guide*—as well as historical and critical books, such as Sadoul's *Histoire General du Cinema*, Rotha's *The Film Till Now*, Bestetti's *50 Years of Italian Cinema*, Grierson on *Documentary*; theoretical books by Eisenstein and Pudovkin; miscellaneous books by Clair and Cocteau; and biographies of Chaplin, Laughton, Eisenstein, Fairbanks, and Flaherty. While these books are primarily for the writer of program notes, any member of the society may borrow them for his own instruction and pleasure.

To maintain close contact with the Society's members, questionnaires are passed out to the membership four times each year. On these questionnaires members are asked to rate each film they have seen on a scale of 5 points: 1 for excellent down to 5 for very bad. They are also asked to rate as many of a selected list of commercial films as they have seen. Finally, they have the opportunity to indicate what films they would like shown in the future. The Film Society of the University of New Mexico is one of the few which uses this method of informing itself as to the tastes and preferences of its audience

Keeping these preferences in mind, the officers of the Society go on to book a series of films. Foreign language films are balanced by American and English films; silent classics and full length documentaries also have a place on the program. The officers know that the average cost per program should not rise above a certain figure; therefore they rent both expensive films and films with low rentals, and they try to keep the series as attractive as possible without sacrificing quality, because the Society's only means of support is the dues paid by the membership.

Since the members of the Society have such convincing ways of expressing their opinions and desires, it has not been found necessary to establish democratic procedure in governing the Society. The future officers of the Society are selected by the cur-

rent officers. They consist of a faculty sponsor, a director, an assistant director, a publicity director, a cashier, a house manager, and an editor. This group meets each Thursday evening preceding a Saturday showing, to screen the coming film. The principal purpose of this screening is to give the writer of program notes a chance to see the film before he writes the notes. The condition of the print is determined, and the faculty sponsor, who is the Society's official connection with the University, makes sure the film is suitable for public showing. We might add that only once has a film been deemed *not* suitable for public showing, and that only a very short film. Besides all these more or less official reasons for having a screening, the preview gives the officers an opportunity to meet and discuss the affairs of the Society at their leisure.

In addition to its local program the Film Society of the University of New Mexico plays an active part in national film society activities. In the fall of 1954 the Society made a great effort to launch a periodical, *Montage*, which was to be devoted to the interests of film societies in the western United States. *Montage* published one issue and perished for lack of funds. The single issue contained an article by the well-known Herman G. Weinberg, summaries of new 16 mm. releases, notes on western film societies, book reviews, and an article on the future of the American film society movement. While the Society could not continue to publish *Montage* at a complete financial loss, it can and will continue to distribute its *Newsletter*. The *Newsletter*, now in its eighth issue, informs members and others here and abroad of the activities of the Society. In the summer of 1955 a special number of the *Newsletter* was issued, containing sixteen pages. The Society expects to make this sixteen page issue an annual, as well as to continue publication of the smaller edition.

The Society also sponsors a half-hour radio program weekly, over KHFM in Albuquerque, featuring Gordon Hendricks in

"The Sound Track," a program in which he plays and analyses the sound tracks of important films.

But the principal function of a film society is to show good films. In Albuquerque, with over 200,000 people in its metropolitan area, most foreign language films, great English language films, and virtually all the silent films and classic documentary films are presented by the Film Society of the University of New Mexico. At present the Society is offering more than forty separate showings each year. Attendance ranges from 60 to 500 per showing, averaging about 150. Regardless of the difference in size and scope of activities, this is typical of the service rendered film enthusiasts in the United States by that growing institution, the film society.

Gina Allen

JUDGE SCOGGIN'S PLAN

THROUGHOUT THE NATION it is known as "The Scoggin Plan," to distinguish it from other methods of combating juvenile delinquency. It is a working model for many communities in the West. Enthusiastic probation and parole workers have spread its fame from coast to coast. Details of the plan—such as its youth panels, its use of lay committees, and its recreational program—have been incorporated into older, established youth programs elsewhere. The University of Southern California will include a description of the Scoggin Plan in a social studies textbook now in preparation.

The plan operates in the Third Judicial District, which includes the counties of Doña Ana, Otero, and Lincoln, in southern New Mexico. It was conceived by Judge W. T. Scoggin, from whom it derived its popular name. (*He* named it The Third Judicial District Youth Commission.) In its three years of operation the Plan hasn't broken the problem of juvenile delinquency, but it has been effective enough that even the skeptics now admit that it works.

Not all its accomplishments are measurable, but some can be measured in cold cash. In the past year, for instance, The Scoggin Plan operated on a total budget of \$45,000. In that year, nineteen boys and girls were sent to State Correctional schools from the Third District. Without the Scoggin Plan, 140 children and 86 first-offender adults, now on probation, would have been confined in State institutions at an average cost to the taxpayers of \$1500 per inmate for the year. That's a saving, in one year alone, of well over \$250,000.

You can say that The Scoggin Plan doesn't cost—it pays. Yet from the beginning it has had to struggle for money. Its most

distinguishing characteristic—use of lay committees—was born of lack of funds to pay professional probation workers.

Laymen, as parents and citizens, have long worked for and with youth. But the idea that their interest and activity could be used by the Juvenile Court to supplement and replace professional probation workers was revolutionary.

The lay committees have worked so successfully that they have given new hope to other Juvenile Courts which cannot afford standard methods of delinquency control. In the Third Judicial District lay members of the Youth Commission have carried their enthusiasm to schools, churches, civic boards, and organizations, with a resulting increase in funds, workers, and facilities.

"The Youth Commission is as contagious as a cold," one recent convert complained. "A handful of people have infected the whole town and the thing keeps spreading."

A large part of the contagion can be attributed to Judge Scoggin, who carries the philosophy of the Youth Commission with him wherever he goes. When he isn't working on youth problems in the Third Judicial District, he is helping another Court set up a youth program, or analyzing methods of financing delinquency control throughout New Mexico.

Judge Scoggin, too, is responsible for the emphasis on *prevention* of juvenile delinquency—another way in which the Scoggin Plan differs from ordinary Juvenile Court programs geared primarily to correcting the young offender after he has come in conflict with the law.

"Our main purpose," Judge Scoggin says, "is to keep children out of the Juvenile Court. We want to find the children who need special help before they are brought to us. Through the education of parents and communities, we want to provide for every child an environment in which he can develop to the full extent of his potentialities."

THE SON OF A PROMINENT Doña Ana county farmer, Bill Scoggin might have had an idyllic childhood, but polio, at the

age of two, left him with a crippled leg. When his classmates were entering junior high school, he was sent to an orthopedic hospital in Los Angeles where he finished grammar school between operations. The Judge still walks with the aid of a brace and a cane. The long months in the hospital, the inability to participate in the more active sports of his companions, taught him that childhood can leave scars and that, for each individual, the scars are different.

Bill Scoggin received his Bachelor of Arts degree from New Mexico A & M and after a year of graduate study in sociology and psychology, began his career as a school teacher. He taught school in Doña Ana county for seven years before he studied for the bar. During this time he married the former Marie Davenport and started a family of his own. Billy, the eldest of the three Scoggin children, recently returned from four years in Germany with the Air Force, and is planning to study law. Becky and Linda, high school students, often spend weekends typing and filing for the Youth Commission or helping their mother prepare food for Youth Commission enthusiasts who gather in the Scoggin game room.

Ten years ago, when he was serving as District Attorney, Bill Scoggin first decided that something must be done about the troubled children he met every day in the line of duty. "Some of them weren't any older than my own children," he recalls, "and there was little we could do for them or with them. If the offense was small we turned them loose, hoping they wouldn't commit a more serious error but unable to help them avoid it. If the offense was serious we sent them to an overcrowded state institution. Our methods were obviously wrong because the same children kept coming back."

Scoggin began a serious study of methods used in other localities to prevent and correct juvenile delinquency. In 1948, when he became District and Juvenile Judge, the difficulties in his path loomed much clearer than the path itself.

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For one thing he was the only judge in a district that embraces sixteen thousand sparsely settled square miles. It is 241 paved miles from Anapra, at the southern tip of Doña Ana county, to Corona, at the northern end of Lincoln county. Distances between other communities in the district are shorter, but they aren't always paved.

The district includes the rich farm lands of the Mesilla Valley and the barren lava waste known as the *malpais*. The once-rich mining site of White Oaks is now a ghost town, but Las Cruces and Alamogordo have doubled and tripled their populations in the past ten years.

In Las Cruces, and Doña Ana county, two languages and two cultures enrich each other—and give rise to misunderstandings. Cross-country highways bring transients, runaways, and members of the “wanted” fraternity from all directions. Wetbacks and heroin cross in the night from Mexico. Stolen cars and those who steal them just as easily slip over to the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. New population has brought greater prosperity but has added new tensions—between Anglo and Spanish, Southerner and Negro, military personnel and civilians, old-timers and newcomers. Today atomic scientists and rocket engineers watch the ancient Mescalero Indian rites and dances, and the Indians watch the rockets and planes flying overhead. In communities like Old Mesilla and Tortugas, Spanish is the predominant language. In the new housing developments at White Sands Proving Ground and Holloman Air Force Base, Spanish is a foreign tongue.

Serving as judge in such a district seemed to allow no time for anything else. Certainly there wasn't money to set up the elaborate probation offices and clinics that Judge Scoggin had learned about in his studies of juvenile delinquency control.

Out of Court funds he managed to set aside a small salary for one probation officer and induced a retired Episcopalian minister, the Reverend George Wood, to take the job. Larger efforts,

he felt, would have to wait for more money and a second judge to take over part of his judicial duties.

As it turned out, the Scoggin Plan had been going strong for almost three years when a second judge was appointed in the Third Judicial District early in 1956. Indeed, the new judge, Alan Walker, of Alamogordo, had been an active member of the Youth Commission since its beginning.

When the Youth Commission was born, in 1953, there wasn't any second judge in the district and there weren't any funds. Nothing had changed except that Judge Scoggin had been seriously ill. Recuperating from his illness, Judge Scoggin had the leisure to think about the children who had been brought into his court in the past several years. Those children couldn't wait for a judge to be relieved of his arduous duties nor for funds that might never be available. They were growing up without the help that might make them useful, happy citizens—help they needed without delay.

Along with the children, Judge Scoggin kept remembering another man's concern for the children. That man was Edward Penfield, now a dedicated member of the District Youth Commission. In Penfield's store, in the little town of Lincoln, the two men had once discussed the problems of youth and the possible solutions.

Penfield was interested and willing to help. Surely in the three counties there were others equally interested—parents, educators, community leaders who might be willing to join in the battle for young lives. Slowly a youth program which substituted public spirit for funds and professional personnel took shape in Judge Scoggin's mind. And the Scoggin Plan was born.

When the judge returned to the Courthouse in Las Cruces, he went to work in high gear. Because of his age, the Reverend Wood preferred to step out of the probation office and let a younger man direct the new project. Judge Scoggin frightened away several prospective probation chiefs with the magnitude of the job he offered them. But the judge determined to find

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the right person for every task. As the Reverend Wood went into the Las Cruces police department, Kenneth Barnhill left the City force to coordinate the activities of the Youth Commission throughout the Third Judicial District.

Barnhill was a happy choice. Well-educated, with a philosophical turn of mind, his business experience made him an excellent administrator. As a former newspaper man he knew public relations. He had long been interested and active in police and probation work.

In temporary quarters in the Doña Ana courthouse, with a meager budget squeezed from Court funds, Judge Scoggin and his new probation chief began organizing a Youth Commission that would fight the rising tide of juvenile delinquency in every town and village in the district. They began by sending letters to thirty-five community leaders explaining the Scoggin Plan and announcing an organizational meeting.

The thirty-five letters brought seventy-five interested citizens to the Doña Ana courthouse. When Judge Scoggin is pleased, his usually serious face bursts into an unexpectedly boyish smile. He was smiling that day. City officials, school officials, representatives of women's organizations, churches, and service clubs came to the meeting, enthusiastic and ready to work.

Their first task was to raise funds. Cities and schools contributed. So did private organizations and individuals. For some projects, state funds were available, and federal funds may be forthcoming.

The money was used to set up probation offices in each of the three counties in the District. And aided by city governing boards and public schools, the Commission provided summer recreation for 5000 children in Las Cruces and Alamogordo.

The success of the recreation program can be attributed to Kermit (Bud) Laabs, Las Cruces businessman, who now devotes most of his spare time to his duties as Chairman of the Third Judicial Youth Commission. A former football coach with fifteen years experience in the field of recreation, Bud Laabs is usually

considered an "expert"—except by himself. When he needed experts to help plan the summer activities he went to the children.

"They knew what they wanted, and that's what we tried to give them," Laabs says. The recreation program the young experts devised has been used as a model elsewhere in New Mexico.

Unlike many recreation enthusiasts, neither Laabs nor Judge Scoggin feel that "keeping children busy and tiring them out" is a solution to the problem of delinquency. Laabs tries to place recreational facilities in areas with high delinquency rates. Both he and Judge Scoggin are working toward the day when every supervising adult will have enough psychological training to spot emotionally disturbed children in their everyday contacts.

"Many of the children who need help most are too anti-social and suspicious to join in sports and games," Judge Scoggin points out. For this reason great emphasis has been placed on arts and crafts, where disturbed children may make their first slow steps toward social adjustment in creative effort.

Right now the Youth Commission is extending the recreation program to the other communities in the district and working toward a schedule of year-round activities in Alamogordo and Las Cruces. Alamogordo has the beginnings of such a program in its popular Model Airplane Club of seventy members, and its amazing Hot Rod Club.

The latter, made up of forty persistent traffic violators, has had only one member called into traffic court in the past six months. Boys who once practiced daredevil driving on city streets and highways now show off on supervised runs. They are proud of their knowledge of cars and safety rules, conduct their own traffic court for members, and work for points which bring awards at the end of each year.

The Model Airplane Club and the Hot Rod Club are supervised by John Wall who was imported from California to head the probation office in Otero county. Wall's specialty is the use

of organized activity as a corrective measure for young law violators.

Each of Judge Scoggin's probation workers has experience in a different field. This specialized knowledge can be used when needed on individual cases throughout the district and "rubs off" on other probation workers and lay volunteers.

Til Thompson, of Ruidoso, is a criminal psychologist, inventor of a polygraph lie detector. Manuel Chavez, stationed in Carrizozo, is an authority on local culture, customs, and geography. Miss Julia Silva, recently out of college, is a psychologist who, because of her youth and training, can often gain the confidence of a child who has learned to distrust adults. Mrs. Ruth Arnold, a motherly person with six children of her own, has had eleven years experience in psychiatric social work.

With the arrival of Miss Silva and Mrs. Arnold, the Youth Commission took a large step forward in delinquency prevention. Emotionally disturbed children can now be referred by teachers, doctors, and parents, and the trouble treated before it breeds serious consequences.

Working closely with the professional probation officers of the Youth Commission are lay committees of parents, educators, business and professional people. A district committee coordinates the work. County committees handle local problems.

Last Fall the Commission grew alarmed at the ease with which teenagers in Tularosa could, and did, get liquor. Ordinary methods had failed to reveal the secret sources of supply. So Archie Archuleta, Jr., Juvenile Police Officer, was sent to Tularosa to discover them. He went not as an official but as a returning veteran who wished to complete his high school studies.

Archie, a father of four, looks more like a boy than a veteran policeman with a bullet-riddled ankle. He won the confidence of the Tularosa teenagers, who revealed their methods of obtaining liquor, but he also fooled the school teachers who plied him mercilessly with homework.

While Archie performed his secret mission, the less exciting—

but just as important—commission work went on throughout the district. In Lincoln county, the county committee was completing, with the help of high school teachers and students, a survey of youth needs in the area. In Carrizozo, with the help of the P.T.A., the lay committee worked on plans for a summer recreation program.

In Alamogordo a series of monthly meetings informed the public of the work being done for youth by local organizations while it stimulated interest and activity. In Las Cruces, the committee began a search for suitable locations for supervised harmony hangouts for teenagers hanging out on local street corners. Judge Scoggin and several commission members were studying ways and means of financing youth programs throughout the State in preparation for a meeting of the New Mexico Probation and Parole Association legislative committee, of which Judge Scoggin is the chairman.

And what of the children who are brought before the Court? Traffic offenses account for the largest number of the 1400 referrals each year. After that comes theft, then vandalism, sex offenses, and truancy, in that order. Each child receives attention—as an individual.

"The offenses they commit may be the same," Judge Scoggin explains, "but the reasons may be entirely different. You can punish a child for the crime but you cannot keep him from repeating his mistake unless you know why he made the mistake in the first place. Then you can correct instead of punish."

Take Mary, for instance. Mary was a persistent truant and runaway, constantly looking for "kicks" from liquor, marijuana, and sex. Interviews and psychological tests finally uncovered the heavy burden of guilt she carried on her young shoulders because she felt herself responsible for her parents' broken marriage. Working both with Mary and her mother, probation counselors were able to dispel her guilt feelings and, with the help of the schools and lay committee members, they transferred

her need for "kicks" to creative achievement in music, where she showed a very real talent.

John was fifteen when the Youth Commission was organized. For years the police had picked him up periodically for gang fighting and petty theft. His parents, the neighbors, and John himself were sure he would end up in the penitentiary, which had claimed his older brother. It was "in his blood."

John was one of the first cases Kenneth Barnhill encountered when he took over as Chief Probation Officer. "It took two hundred hours of my time and a remedial reading course to put a smile on John's face," Barnhill recalls. He still keeps in his office the home-made knife with a seven-inch blade that he took from John at their first meeting.

Now John carries a knife as an assistant instructor in arts and crafts in the summer recreation program. He uses it, and his natural talent as a leader, to help younger children with their leather work and clay modeling. The remedial reading course didn't keep him from being the oldest boy in his class, and the largest, but it did keep him from appearing to be the dumbbell. He is completing high school this year, often drops in after school to visit with his friends in the probation office.

Some children come in conflict with the law for the most innocent reasons. One small boy, picked up late at night for attempting to break into a store, was simply looking for a warm place to sleep. After a night in the juvenile detention quarters of the courthouse he was overwhelmed by his good fortune. "This is really a swanky joint," he told his interviewer the next morning. "I had a whole bed all to myself and all the breakfast I could eat!"

Another child brought in for attempted theft was trying to get a doll for his sister for Christmas, "because if I don't get her something, nobody else will." The Youth Commission in Alamo-gordo found two hundred other children facing a cheerless Christmas, responded by buying toys for all of them.

Not all cases of stealing are so easily remedied, of course. One little eight-year-old, referred repeatedly for petty theft, was taken to a psychologist for a series of tests. On the way home, with mixed pride and guilt, he produced the psychologist's stop watch. "I lifted it," he confessed, "but I want you to send it back to that nice man."

On particularly difficult cases Judge Scoggin calls for expert opinions from psychologists at Las Vegas, from Dr. Chester Reynolds, head of the Child Guidance Clinic in near-by El Paso, from local educators, and from faculty members at New Mexico A & M. Educational and corrective institutions throughout the state have helped willingly and have also sent speakers and consultants to Youth Commission meetings. Schools throughout the Third District have cooperated in the treatment of individual cases, have provided funds, and space and personnel for recreation programs.

In February, New Mexico A & M instituted a study program for probation workers and Youth Commission members. This series of reading courses, with lectures on Saturdays, covers the field from General Sociology and Psychology, to Criminal and Clinical Psychology, Educational Tests and Measurements, Community Analysis, and Supervision of Probation Officers.

Youth workers who participate in the program will not only receive a useful education but can also acquire up to fifty hours of college credit. The year-round educational program is supplemented by summer workshops on specific problems, such as the preparation of a case study or the techniques of the interview.

Education of probation workers, commission members, and the general public is an important part of the Scoggin Plan. The Commission holds three open meetings annually, one in each of the counties of the District. Experts are brought in from over the country and the state. Panels of young people, of police officers, of educators, of social scientists, discuss the problems of youth from their different perspectives.

The young people on these panels have been particularly effective in driving home to their audiences the importance of the work being done and the areas in which more work is needed. With amazing candor these teenagers have discussed problems as trivial as proper bedtime and as important as race and sex relations. Official Probation and Parole periodicals have reported the youngsters' words of wisdom and encouraged the use of similar panels in other localities.

Critics of the Youth Commission and its work are invariably of the "round up all the little hoodlums and throw them in jail" school. ("Economically impossible," Youth Commission backers point out.) These critics sometimes accuse the Youth Commission of "meeting too often."

With the patience of one who believes in education, not argument, Judge Scoggin invites his critics to the meetings, occasionally makes converts of them. The frequent meetings and youth conferences keep commission members abreast of the work being done in other parts of the country and in other parts of the district. The meetings stimulate enthusiasm and produce new ideas while informing and educating the general public.

"You can't offer help to juvenile offenders if the public is screaming for punishment," Judge Scoggin says. He also points out that behind every juvenile delinquent are the mistakes adults have made. "We not only have to make today's children into tomorrow's better parents, we have to make today's parents better, too."

A large order that, but not one to dismay Judge Scoggin and his co-workers on the Youth Commission. They have surmounted so many problems that they're ready to tackle anything with characteristic determination and zeal.

"There is only one thing we've run up against for which there seems to be no solution," a member of the Youth Commission admitted recently. "Whenever we invite an expert to talk to us on youth problems, he replies, 'You already have *the* expert—Judge Scoggin. I'll come and learn.'"

BRIEF REVIEWS

The Encyclopedia of Jazz, by Leonard Feather. New York: Horizon Press, 1955. \$10.

JAZZ MUSIC IS AN extremely volatile art, hard to catch and even harder to hold for purposes of static analysis. Essentially spontaneous and improvisatory, it cannot be separated from the artists who produce it. Even in the orchestrated "written" jazz of today, it is the musician and not the music that provides the essential jazz elements. From the same notation, the same written arrangement, the jazz musician and the non-jazz musician will produce identifiably different music. That difference lies in the jazz musician's legacy of special techniques and effects in rhythm, phrasing, and intonation developed and extended through some fifty years of jazz improvisation, and in the jazzman's intensely personal approach to the music he plays. Every jazz artist has an opportunity—indeed, a responsibility—to place the stamp of his own personality and musical expression on his art. There are no legitimate carbon copies in the field, only a progressive series of jazz originals. *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, compiled and written by Leonard Feather, is the first full catalog of that series.

Not that this volume is the last word. Jazz is too dynamic and elusive to be hog-tied in encyclopedia form, and Feather—despite the book's title—knows his subject well enough not to try it. Louis Armstrong has put it more colorfully: "When it comes to telling stories about jazz and the men who have made it, Leonard Feather is my boy . . . he is one cat that really knows what's going on." While Feather's attractive reference work includes sections on the history and techniques of jazz, an annotated list of basic jazz recordings, a selected bibliography, and other related information, the bulk of his volume is a thorough dictionary of jazz biography. By collecting individual biographical (and musical) data about 1065 jazz personalities and supplementing these with 200 photographs of jazz musicians in their own settings, Feather's book surrounds and defines its subject more successfully than any previous single volume on jazz.

Among American publications in the field (Feather points out in his section titled "A Brief History of Jazz" that it was not until 1939

that any American publisher deemed this native art form worthy of a documentary book) the richest material has come in the form of jazz biography. Critical and historical surveys of jazz, whether they attempt technical analysis like Winthrop Sargeant's *Jazz: Hot and Hybrid*, sociological criticism like Sidney Finkelstein's *Jazz: A People's Music*, or interpretive history like Barry Ulanov's *A History of Jazz in America*, have contributed valuable opinion and documentation, but somehow they fail to evoke the soul of the art—and of the artist. The reader who wants to know jazz rather than to know about jazz must turn to the autobiographies of the performers—to Louis Armstrong's *Satchmo*, Wingy Manone's *Trumpet on the Swing*, Eddie Condon's *We Called It Music*, Hoagy Carmichael's *Stardust Road*, Mezz Mezzrow's *Really the Blues*, or perhaps best of all for the short course the anthology edited by Nat Hentoff and Nat Shapiro, *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya—the Story of Jazz by the Men Who Made It*. These entertaining and candid books reveal the distinctive point of view of jazzmen in their own rich idiom. They display their intense devotion to their art, their lack of inhibition, their pervading sense of the comic, their intuitive approach to things essential in life and in art, and their lack of self-conscious analysis except as it applies to self-expression through their music. Implicitly, they chronicle more surely than any academic study could the nature, the history, the sociology, and the spirit of jazz.

A good measure of the authenticity of spirit in Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz* is the continuity and rapport that carries from Duke Ellington's discursive reminiscing in the foreword to Feather's orderly essay on the history of jazz, his technical analysis of the music, and the thousand-odd biographical sketches.

The volume maintains a consistent and appropriate tone throughout, in spite of the fact that it is meant to satisfy laymen and specialists alike. Information is provided at every level of approach. In his technical analysis of jazz, for instance, Feather offers this elementary observation—so essential and basic that the jazz spokesman often neglects to point it out: "The concept of treating a song in terms of a chord sequence rather than basing improvisations on its melody has often proved hard for jazz novitiates to understand. 'Where's the melody?' they will cry, not realizing that the jazzman is neither playing the melody nor departing from it. He is merely using the harmonic bones of the tune, rather than the melodic flesh, as a point of

departure." Elsewhere in this same section can be found a discussion of the effects of rubato in jazz and a reproduction of an excerpt from a modern jazz orchestration scored by Pete Rugolo for twenty-one pieces.

The international significance of American jazz has long been neglected, but to the reader of Feather's book it is inescapable. His section on the history of jazz points often to the early appreciation of the art in Europe and the lag in serious attention given it at home. His biographies and photographs include musicians from all over the world. Feather, who came to New York in 1935 from London, where he was born, is personally aware of the high regard for American jazzmen in Europe, where our touring jazz units have been given enthusiastic reception for years. An encouraging corollary of this is the steady increase in the number and quality of foreign jazz musicians. England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, the Scandinavian countries, Australia, and even Japan all have excellent jazz musicians whose background and training in the art have come almost exclusively from the recorded jazz of America. And they obviously understand what they have heard better than most Americans do. Literature on jazz has been flourishing abroad since the nineteen-twenties. In Feather's bibliography of periodicals dealing directly or indirectly with jazz today, five United States entries are listed as against fifteen published abroad.

The most important contribution of Feather's book, however, is its biographical dictionary. Here, although each is in miniature, are the stories of all the men—and women—who have created and are extending the world of jazz. Together they make a fascinating, readable compendium that provides much of the same insight and color one finds in the full-length autobiographies of jazzmen.

If anyone still needs notice that jazz is a full-blown art, distinctively American in its inception, character, and personality but world-wide in its appeal and recognition, *The Encyclopedia of Jazz* should settle the matter.

EDWARD LUEDERS

JAMES JOYCE AND THE COMMON READER, by William Powell Jones. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955. 168 pp.

JOYCE HOPED FOR an ideal reader—one preferably with an ideal insomnia. William Powell Jones' "common reader" is not such a person. On page 98, explaining why he will restrict himself to detailed analysis of merely three episodes of *Ulysses*, the author remarks that "there is a limit to what the common reader will bear." Acting on such an assumption, Jones strips Joyce's work to a series of skeleton plot summaries and thereby succeeds in addressing himself to no audience at all. Joyce himself, in spite of his desire for as many appreciative readers as possible, realized the impracticality of encouraging them to ascend the foothills of his literary mountains if they were not willing to attempt the steeper climb. "Please stop if you're a B.C. minding missy, please do. But should you prefer A.D. stepplease." Joyce knew that he could never appeal to the reader interested merely in plot. The hope of Mr. Jones to widen Joyce's circle of readers is commendable, but by his synopses he is not likely to accomplish his purpose.

If this book had been written before Levin, Budgen, Gilbert, Kain, Smith, and Duff issued their own studies, in the thirties and forties when the first faltering guides to Joyce's works were appearing, it would have served a useful purpose for all types of readers. Scholars anxious for a clue to the labyrinth would have been grateful for the enlightened plot summaries which, especially for *Ulysses*, the author provides. At the same time, laymen attracted by the notoriety of a "dirty" book would have been set straight: they would have dropped *Ulysses* in disappointment or gone beyond the limits set for the common reader by Mr. Jones to a real understanding of Joyce's accomplishment. Coming in the mid-fifties, however, when specialists no longer require such aid (and Mr. Jones very honestly points out this circumstance), the book must make its appeal to those who do not know Joyce and yet would like to.

In my experience, except for an occasional convert here and there in the mature world of affairs, Joyce's important works are of concern mainly to bright young college students and graduates eager to sample what has meant to them hitherto merely a controversial name. It is this group precisely which must be guided skillfully into the works of a brilliant, complex, and difficult author. Mr. Jones' book is, I think, not ideally suited to such an audience.

It is impossible to discuss the value of Joyce's work without admitting the reader—even the common reader—to his symbolic content, his richness of allusion, and the complexity of his mosaic patterns. The author himself, in his preface, defines his common reader as "intelligent" and "willing to work in order to understand any piece of writing that is worth the effort." Surely, intelligence and deliberate application to a literary problem are capable of going beyond plot summaries to the rich core of an intricate work. Indeed, there is danger in suggesting to college students, for instance, that the importance of *Ulysses* or of *Finnegans Wake* or even of a story of *Dubliners* centers principally about the narrated events of each episode. Since there is a strong tendency on the part of students to report the "message" or the plot of a book as the meaning of that book, a guide which stresses page by page detailing of external action may too easily convince a student that there is no need to take a second look at elements more significant.

Mr. Jones makes it quite clear that there are deeper levels to Joyce's later works, and, as he has every right to do if he wishes, that he chooses not to discuss these levels in this book. But I think that, perhaps quite unintentionally, his offhand references to complex analyses of these literary depths are at best slighting and at worst contemptuous. The author, an intellectual and a scholar of note, seems to assume a posture of anti-intellectual camaraderie with his "common" reader in order to qualify as a regular guy and thus entice the timid to be like him and read Joyce. On page 108 he proposes to "*rescue* [*italics mine*] the reader of *Ulysses* from such elaborate exegesis" as the critic A. M. Klein provides. Other standard writers on Joyce he labels "dangerous" or "confusing." Constantly worried about how much his audience can "bear," he succeeds, it would seem to me, in convincing the lazy or inept reader that Joyce and the critics are at fault; and in alienating the alert and ambitious reader, chary of condescension. A writer may decide not to discuss symbolism, say, but he ought not to make fun of what he omits in order to appeal to readers who know little about the subject.

Perhaps the publisher is at fault for speaking of the book, on the jacket, as a "study of the complete works of James Joyce." Eight short and general pages on *Finnegans Wake* scarcely constitute a glance. Nor is it enough to offer as a complete analysis of "The Sisters" the not very helpful comment that it is "a boy's first experience

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with death." Even the common reader could not fail to be aware of this from a casual reading of the first page of the story. And since *A Portrait of the Artist* resembles scores of other modern novels of adolescence on its surface, there is a serious question whether the author should not have made available to his readers at least a digest of exegeses by such writers as C. G. Anderson, who try to explain the distinctiveness of Joyce's attempt.

Mr. Jones has many good things to say. His short account of Joyce's use of words and his analysis of the comic element in *Ulysses* are both enlightening. If there is a "common reader" of Joyce, and if he is able to keep his balance as he threads his way through this guide, he will pick up some useful information.

MARVIN MAGALANER

The Sorrows of Travel, by John Breon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1955. 250 pp. \$3.50.

JOHN BREON, WHO TOOK his discharge in France following World War II, writes of those young Americans who stayed on after the war, or hastily beat their way to Paris afterwards, to be in on the artistic revival which they felt sure was immanent. They had thrilled to *The Sun Also Rises*, they studied Malcolm Cowley's *Exile's Return* as collateral reading in literature courses in college, and some of them — the more ambitious — had probably written term papers about *transition*. It comes as no surprise to learn that the ferment they expected turned out to be rather heavily watered *vin ordinaire*, but here at last is an eyewitness report on it. Mr. Breon is the man; he was there; he suffered.

Whatever the virtues of this first novel as art — and they are considerable — *The Sorrows of Travel* is important social history. Surely the author had no intention of presenting a representative group of Americans in Paris; yet, to an extent, they are that.

Chuck is a cripple who lost his leg in no romantic foray at the front but in a humiliating adolescent hot-rod accident at home. The kind of childhood that might have made possible his own self-recognition had been denied him; America had given the poverty-stricken boy nothing to cling to, but perhaps in Paris, in an artificial world lovingly constructed and maintained by his friend Paul, he could find his place in a reasonably satisfactory society.

Paul, a composer of some talent, is the only one of the group who

works at his art as much as he talks about it, though not a little of Paul's creative ingenuity is directed to furnishing the room with flea-market *objets d'art* to amuse his friend. Livia, in love with the memories of love, is wealthy but hides the fact of her wealth as well as she can. She is nonetheless a major financial buttress of Chuck's and Paul's world. George, who vainly loves Livia, is a would-be writer but appreciates the comforts of a decent standard of living more, and consequently contents himself by translating third-rate detective novels. And Henry the Existentialist, bumbling both as a writer and a man; Eunice, more French than the French themselves, reducing all experience to entries in her card catalog; Albert, whose feline machinations keep the plot simmering; and an assortment of weird poetesses and sculpturesses. There they are, brought into focus by their life together in the moldering Hôtel Gallia, in a Paris where it is always night and the rain never stops falling.

The narrative thread of the novel has to do with the beautiful though sexually oblique friendship of Paul and Chuck, and the unsuccessful attempt of the whole group to restore Chuck to psychic wholeness by enabling him to overcome the handicap of his missing leg. If Chuck's amputation calls up memories of Jake Barnes' "peculiar wound," the consequences of the psychic cicatrix are somewhat different. Livia may manufacture pornographic cuff links for the titillation of tourists, but she is a perfect substitute mother for Chuck, and she and Paul together manage to provide a room on the top floor of the Hôtel Gallia that is a reasonably satisfactory surrogate womb. Chuck's rehabilitation is at least conceivable in an environment of wooden angels, bare-breasted harpies, and tall carved gryphons — furniture as much of the mind as of the room, for the articles are the sort that take on private meanings and acquire virtue by association. But all hope for his salvation is lost when Albert, an obscenely overt homosexual, descends upon this pleasantly whacky group and upsets the delicate personal relationships that have been so carefully poised, by insinuating that Chuck is an albatross to Paul's developing talent. In the end Chuck shoots himself, and, dragging his bleeding body all over Paris, surely takes longer to die than any hero outside Elizabethan drama.

We wonder why the story takes place in Paris at all. The people, the events, even the locale (a Parisian cafe is not so very different from a campus drugstore, if the novel is to be believed) could be duplicated

in Paul's home town, Randall's Falls, Illinois. Much of the purpose of the novel, however, is to demonstrate just that. These people are not a lost generation; they are a misplaced generation, misplaced more in time than in space. George tells Livia that their Paris is a "leftover version" of the twenties. They are "twenty-five years too late! Still hoping to flower once again in faded Dômes and empty Coupoles." While others of their generation are at home, purposefully climbing the rungs of advancement in anonymous corporations, living contentedly in their split-level houses, complacently buying life insurance, and happily unaware that they are a Beat Generation, these young Americans in Paris are learning the hard way that "there are no people on earth as provincial as the new expatriates; they never leave the provinces behind." They learn that

The protests are clichés; the literati, except for their clothes and haircuts, are indistinguishable from the live-wires at a church social. Whatever Paris may be, the final experience has become one of slow withdrawal from it — first to restaurants more and more like places back home, then to hotels perhaps distant but at least what hotels are supposed to be, and throughout all of it there is a continual reorganization of possessions until finally, with locked trunks standing beside them on the dock, it's all over — they are ready to go home. If there is any longer a story of Americans in Paris, it is a Midwest Story, an Ivy League Story or a Hollywood Story. There is no Paris Story any more.

After such knowledge, what forgiveness? Surely the melodramatic end of Chuck is false to the premise of the novel, however true it may be to the author's unarticulated desire that the Paris experience have real meaning, which his own clear understanding rejects. Now that he has written out his Sorrows of Werther, Mr. Breon can be expected to turn his impressive talent to subjects nearer home; and his wit, his grace, and his sympathy should produce memorable results.

CHARLES BOEWE

Modern Homesteaders. The Life of a Twentieth-Century Frontier Community, by Evon Z. Vogt. Cambridge: Belknap Press of Harvard University, 1955. 232 pp. \$4.25.

MODERN HOMESTEADERS is a report on the Texas homesteader culture which coexists with four other cultural groups in a relatively small ecological area in western New Mexico. The other four cultural groups are Navaho, Pueblo Indian, Spanish-American, and Mormon. Each group has developed and continues to maintain its distinct value system. All five groups have been studied in a field study initiated in the summer of 1949 by the Laboratory of Social Relations of Harvard University. The project was financed by the Social Science Division of the Rockefeller Foundation.

While *Modern Homesteaders* deals primarily with the Texas homesteader culture, some comparisons have been made with the other cultures in the area. Subsequent publications on the Homesteaders and on the other cultures are intended to provide a more complete picture of the comparative values in the five cultural groups.

The author moved into Homestead (a fictitious name for the village center of the community studied) with his wife and three children in October 1949, stayed there until September 1950, and returned again in the summers of 1951 and 1952. During the period 1949 to 1954, numerous other field workers were engaged in research on the project. However, this report covers for the most part the full year in 1949-1950 during which the author lived in the community.

Homestead is a small pinto-bean farming community. The production of beef cattle is emphasized on some farms, but "the more typical pattern is a focus upon pinto beans, with some acreage devoted to corn and winter wheat, and with a milk-cow, a few hogs and a few chickens for home consumption only. The land which is not devoted to cultivation is either pasture for the livestock or woodland."

The community was founded in the early 1930's by families from the South Plains region of western Texas and Oklahoma. The original settlers were part of the vast westward migration from the South Plains during the period of national depression and drought conditions which prevailed during the early 1930's. Most of the migrants went to California, but some stopped in New Mexico to settle in a number of semi-arid farming communities in the northern and western parts of the state. Homestead is one of those communities, and one of the few to survive the vicissitudes of nature, the depression,

and the attraction of economic alternatives. During the two-year period from 1930 to 1932, eighty-one families arrived and filed upon homesteads. Since then, an average of three families per year have arrived and an average of five families have left each year so that in 1950 there were 61 families consisting of 232 individuals residing in the community.

Modern Homesteaders is the story of these people. They came to New Mexico, not merely because of the depression and the adverse agricultural conditions in the South Plains, but also because of the promise of an opportunity to establish permanent family-owned farms on which they could achieve an independence that had not been possible in the area from which they came. It is the story of how the hope of mastering nature and a boundless faith in the future have been motivating factors in the continuing attempts to maintain an agricultural economy that frequently is not profitable, and a way of life that appears to be doomed by the very values that prompted the settlement in the community in the first place.

The thesis of the book is that

a cluster of the crucial value-orientations had a positive effect on the settlement and early development of the community, but that the continued (and almost compulsive) adherence to aspects of these same value-orientations in the face of a changing environmental and economic situation is now contributing to the transformation of the community. In other words, the situation, in both its environmental and general economic aspects, has altered in recent years, but the value-orientations have not changed proportionately. Further, the values which were appropriate for the original settlement and early survival of the community are now inappropriate for its continuing development.

Value-orientations which Vogt finds as having been and still are being emphasized are individualism, hopeful mastery over nature, and living in the future. These value-orientations were a part of the cultural tradition of the South Plains region from which the Homesteaders had migrated and stimulated the kind of pioneering activity that led to the settlement and early development of the community. The tragedy is that these value-orientations have persisted in a new geographical and cultural setting and in spite of recent changes in the environmental and economic situation.

The cultural setting into which the Texas homesteader moved was one of diversity. The Homesteaders found themselves neighbors of Pueblo and Navaho Indians, Spanish-Americans, and Mormons.

Each group had values differing from those of the Homesteaders. Instead of values being transmitted, what happened was the development of attitudes of group superiority and inferiority on the part of the Homesteader toward the other cultural groups—attitudes of superiority toward the Indians and the Spanish-Americans and attitudes of inferiority toward the Mormons, the ranchers, and the world at large.

Not only did the value-orientations persist in a new cultural setting, but they have persisted in the face of drought and depletion of the soil from the wind erosion and such economic aspects as the rise to power of encroaching cattle ranchers, and the work opportunities outside the community. This changing environmental and economic situation is one which should have stimulated change in existing value-orientations, but instead the Homesteaders have clung to the old values which may have been logical at one time but which now are illogical. The conclusion that Vogt reaches is that

precisely because the Homesteaders in their firm attachment to their values do not take cognizance of the ecological and economic situation, the dreams of the community's founders will not be fulfilled and Homestead will never "become a city like Plainview, Texas." Instead of changing from a farming village into a metropolis as the founders envisioned (and as the younger generation still hopes), the community is in the process of becoming a settlement of widely scattered ranches. This process is likely to continue to the point where the community will be too small to support its service center of schools, churches, and stores. Indeed, there is the possibility that the community as such will disappear altogether as the ranchers continue to buy up the land, and eventually the "big ranchers" may graze cattle in the streets of Homestead—a frontier community which started out with such big dreams of its future.

The report is an attempt to understand the course of events in Homestead in terms of values, and both the presentation and theoretical treatment therefore are somewhat unique. On the whole, it is a refreshing change from the usual community analysis. Furthermore, the central theme has resulted in an integrated report. The reviewer also feels that the field work on the study is participant observation at its best.

The findings which Vogt reports should be of much interest and value to sociologists. Apart from the emphasis on value-orientation and the methodology and presentation, much sociological informa-

tion is presented about a rural community in the early stages of its development. It would be interesting to know what place such values as Vogt discusses might have had in rural communities of an earlier period—both those that survived and those that did not.

SIGURD JOHANSEN

I AM ABOUT to do something completely unjust—review a book not only in terms of what it does, and does well, but also in terms of what it does not do and does not pretend to do. For this I beg Professor Vogt's pardon in advance. He has written a clean, lucid, and careful book, and it is not his fault if other people, including some people in his own field, have suggested uses for it that I do not think it can live up to.

The six-year study of five New Mexico cultural groups which was begun in 1949 under the direction of the Laboratory of Social Relations of Harvard University is one of the most elaborate of its kind ever undertaken. It has proposed to examine the value systems of Navaho, Pueblo, Spanish-American, Mormon, and transplanted-Texan communities existing close together in western New Mexico; the purpose has been to try to expose the roots of community and cultural difference where the environment is comparatively uniform and hence comparatively controlled. The dozens of scholars who have worked in the various communities over a period of years have traded information, methodologies, criticism, and insights from the beginning, and their collective work, keyed to a single theme, is certain to be a monument in cultural anthropology. *Modern Homesteaders* is one of the first studies to be published as a trade book.

It is a portrait of the settlement here called Homestead, a dry-farming community homesteaded in the 1930's by families from the Texas Panhandle. They came with a system of beliefs, prejudices, superstitions, acceptances, and assumptions derived from the experiences of many generations of frontiers. Professor Vogt's interest is less in where the existing value system came from than in what happened to it; that is to say, his bias is more sociological than historical. He is very clear on what has happened to the value system of these Texans: with only slight yielding to the pressure of new conditions, it has stayed what it was thirty years ago. The clusters of values and beliefs that Professor Vogt calls "value orientations" are not simply random by-products or "dependent variables," but lenses through which the members of a culture view their world. Far from being

products, values seem in Homestead to have been the shaping force of the community. Most historians and students of literature would have guessed this conclusion in advance, but it is pleasant to have the guess corroborated. This is what Vergil meant: *Inferritque deos in Latio*.

"Value orientations" imported from the Texas Panhandle have conditioned Homestead's methods of farming as well as the special forms of modernization and mechanization it developed. They have moulded family life, recreation, religious observances, racial and color prejudices, even the quality of the aspirations of Homestead's youth. The characteristic optimism in the face of repeated crop failure, the local boosterism that persists through gradual decay and gradual alteration of the economy from bean farms to large ranches, the superstitions with regard to water—all these will be very familiar to anyone who has read John Wesley Powell or Walter Webb, or observed how stubbornly wet-country institutions have tried to make their way in the arid West. Such a belated dry-farming frontier as this is a very fine laboratory in which to study the bull-headedness of human habits.

Modern Homesteaders should properly be reviewed by a sociologist or anthropologist, to whom the homesteaders' almost pathological individualism, "atomistic" social order, and faith in the future of man's ability to master it, will suggest considerations more profound and scientific than they suggest to me, a layman. My own reaction is so completely persuaded as to be uncritical; I believe this to be a very accurate and careful picture of the Homestead community and in particular of the value-orientations that select, regulate, and guide its life, and I have no complaint to make except the general and impersonal one against the semantically aseptic language that social scientists feel they must employ. But it is perhaps permissible, though obviously unjust to Professor Vogt, who nowhere makes the claim, to examine the suggestion I have heard from some other participants in the five-cultures study, that a community analysis of this sort ought to be a rich source book for a novelist.

Certainly the raw materials are the same for either the student of cultures or the writer of fiction. Man may be spelled in many alphabets, but he is always the proper study of mankind. A novelist from outside, deliberately setting out to use the community of Homestead in a book, would have to obtain his information in the same ways

that the anthropologist did, and he could probably benefit a good deal by utilizing a little of the anthropologist's method and system. People in all their activities, in work, play, affection, conflict, crisis, are their mutual concern. They would draw the same conclusions from the unfinished town gymnasium, begun in a flurry of unaccustomed cooperation and rapidly abandoned as the old folkways asserted themselves. The life-plans of hopeful high school students who do not know how sadly they are trapped can be relevant and even touching in either context, the stiff-legged antagonism toward Indians and "Mexicans" are the stuff of fictional conflict as they are of sociological analysis.

Yet I do not think that any good writer of fiction is going to sit down with Professor Vogt's good book to get background for a novel about New Mexican bean farmers. To think that anyone is going to is to reveal the belief that fiction is only dressed-up sociology or psychology, a more palatable but less reliable form of individual and community portraiture, and that it can be prepared for with notebooks and tape recorders.

If anyone is going to write fiction about Homestead it will be someone who grew up there. Reading *Modern Homesteaders* might be an immensely illuminating experience to such a person, already steeped in the community life; it might broaden his horizons more than any book he could lay hands on, because of the things it can tell him about what he already knows in other terms. But it is those other, deeper, more emotionally meaningful terms that will serve him as novelist. It will do him only good to understand his home town more thoroughly than anyone else in it does, but he must still remain "culture-bound" to a degree. The inherited value system of a Homestead may seem to him perverse, obtuse, and disastrous, but its capacity to betray itself and its believers ought to break his heart or make him laugh or set him on a furious crusade.

All this is to say that novels stem from *commitment* of a kind that no good social study can afford. A good social scientist will make you understand a town, but a good novelist will make you remember one. His job is *presentation* in the fullest sense, and it is actually more valuable to him to be emotionally tuned to his material than it is to understand it fully. Emotion is the solvent that makes all the diverse elements in a novel one, and makes it, therefore, like life. To pretend, as some of the students of culture seem to, that a controlled

and methodical analysis is the same thing as a passionate recreation is the equivalent of saying that one might fall in love with an anatomical chart.

All this is manifestly unfair to Mr. Vogt's book, which makes none of these attempts to confuse science with art. I think it is good science, and I think it might be useful and instructive to many people, whether laymen, social scientists, politicians, planners, agricultural agents, teachers, or even writers, if it is read only as what it is.

WALLACE STEGNER

FOLK RECORDINGS

THE FOLLOWING recent recordings of folk music are here grouped together insofar as possible according to the land of origin; but, owing to the propensity of folk songs to wander from one land to another, such groupings cannot really be hard and fast. All recordings are ten-inch LP's unless otherwise specified. The engineering of all recordings may be assumed to be first class by current standards unless otherwise excepted. Performances in most cases are by that ubiquitous phenomenon of our time, the "folk-singer," unless it is noted that certain recordings were actually made *in situ* by "the folk" for some enthusiast with a tape recorder. It is not meant by the foregoing to sneer at the folk-singer, who — radio or night-club artist though he (more frequently she) may be — nevertheless in the majority of the recordings listed below will be found to sing with simplicity and taste, and without whom, in any event, we should very likely have no recordings at all of the wonderful music they are responsible for bringing us.

The Life of Christ as told through Afroamerican Folksong (Negro "spirituals"), arranged and sung by Roland Hayes (tenor) with Reginald Boardman (piano). [Vanguard VRS-462, 12-inch. Notes and complete texts.] This cycle consists of about a dozen Negro spirituals arranged, with connecting interludes, to depict the life of Christ from

the Nativity to the Crucifixion. The voice of Roland Hayes, who was sixty-seven when this recording was made, was past its prime but was still a beautiful one, and these songs do not tax it unduly. The whole recital is a deeply moving experience, and the listener who was not familiar with Hayes at the height of his powers will have no difficulty understanding why he was considered by many to be the greatest Negro artist America has produced. Highly recommended.

Catskill Mountain Folksongs. Sung by Bob and Louise DeCormier. [Stinson SLP-72. Ten songs. Notes; no texts.] A wide variety here, some very lovely, many being local variants of songs well-known in other parts of the country. Sung with an unaffected kind of sophistication which is very effective. Recording very good except for occasional peaks resulting from too-close mike placement.

Adirondack Folk Songs and Ballads. Sung by Milt Okun. [Stinson SLP-82. Ten songs. Notes; no texts.] Good, hearty, straightforward singing, especially effective in the humorous songs.

Shivaree! Cast: The Bride, Jean Ritchie; The Groom, Oscar Brand; The Best Man, Tom Paley; The Married Couple, Harry and Jeanie West. [Esoteric ES-538, 12-inch. Seventeen songs. Notes and biographical sketches of the performers; no texts.] This disc purports to present a complete shivaree in music. The spoken interludes are pure radio corn, but the songs are pure delight and done with a fine sense of style by the noted folk-singers involved. Highly recommended despite the reservation noted above.

Hally Wood Sings Texas Folk Songs. [Stinson SLP-73. Fourteen songs. Excellent notes; no texts.] A fine variety of songs here, both Negro and White, ranging from *Sugar Babe* through *St. James Infirmary* to gospel songs, all sung with sympathy and enthusiasm. Accompaniments for the most part by guitar or banjo. Recommended.

Kentucky Mountain Songs. Sung by Jean Ritchie with dulcimer accompaniments. [Elektra EKL-25. Fourteen songs. Excellent notes; complete texts.] Simple, unaffected re-creations of some of the wonderful old ballads, mostly of English or Scotch-Irish origin, still to be heard in the Kentucky mountains. A very attractive collection. My review copy had some surface noise, although Elektra's discs and packaging are usually very fine.

Nova Scotia Folk Music from Cape Breton Island. Collected and recorded by Diane Hamilton. [Elektra EKL-23. Seventeen selections. Excellent notes; no texts or translations.] These recordings were made *in situ* and are the Real McCoy. The record includes not only songs in Gaelic and English, but some wonderful country fiddling and bag-piping. The "milling songs" and "mouth music" are especially interesting. A superb record; highly recommended.

Bad Men and Heroes. Sung by Ed McCurdy, Jack Elliott, and Oscar Brand. [Elektra EKL-16. Ten songs. Notes; complete texts.] Captain Kidd, Charles Guiteau, Jesse James, Billy the Kid, Dick Turpin, Pretty Boy Floyd, Jim Fisk, and Robin Hood are some of the bad men and heroes celebrated herein. (Jesse James figures in both categories.) These are good examples of the "occasional" ballad and are presented with gusto by the well-known folk-singers involved. Recommended.

Haul on the Bowlin' (Vol. I) and Off to the Sea Again (Vol. II). Sung by A. L. Lloyd and Ewan MacColl, accompanied by Alf Edwards (concertina.) [Stinson SLP-80/81. Twenty-four songs. Notes; no texts.] Shanties and foc'sle songs, mostly British in origin, of whaling, piracy, slaving, shipwrecks, tough skippers, bad food, loose women, lost weekends, and other aspects of the sailor's life. A few of the songs deal with the Age of Steam, but not many. Performed *con brio*. My review copy of SLP-80 had a little pre-echo.

Folk Songs of Courting and Complaint. Sung by Peggy Seeger (banjo and guitar accompaniments.) [Folkways FP-49. Twelve songs. Notes; no texts.] Wonderful songs, none of them really serious, perfectly suited to the special talents of this well-known folk-singer. The guitar accompaniments of Clark Weissman, as well as those on the banjo by Peggy Seeger herself, are notable. These are very skillful, sophisticated performances which, however, do no violence to the material. Recommended.

The Jewish Young Folk Singers, conducted by Robert DeCormier. [Stinson SLP-67. Ten songs. Notes; no texts or translations.] This is a young people's chorus from the Bronx which sings here a repertoire ranging from Yiddish folksongs to Negro "spirituals." The voices are fresh, the chorus very well trained, and the conductor has taste (nothing is souped-up or glee-club-ized). An attractive record of its kind.

English Folk Songs. Sung by Audrey Coppard. [Folkways FP-917. Fourteen songs. Notes; complete texts.] An interesting collection, mostly of very old English material, including an unorthodox carol, a love song, a game song, two "riddle" songs, three old ballads, and three London street cries. Adequately sung. Recommended for the interesting repertory.

Irish Rebel Songs (Vol. I, *The Great Rebellion, 1798*; Vol. II, *The Young Irelanders and the Fenian Brotherhood*; Vol. III, *The Easter Rising, the Civil War, the Black-and-Tan War*). Sung by Patrick Galvin, accompanied by Al Jeffery (guitar and banjo). [Stinson SLP-83/85. Twenty-nine ballads. Good notes; complete texts.] This impressive collection on three discs is practically a musical history of the struggle for Irish independence from the late eighteenth century down to the twentieth. They are all sung in English with a pleasant Irish brogue that won't interfere with anyone's enjoyment or understanding of the words. The voice is pleasant also, and the performance expressive. A major enterprise in the recording of folk songs. Possibly a little special for non-Wearers of the Green, but highly recommended nevertheless.

Folk Music from Italy. Collected and recorded by Walther Hennig. [Ethnic Folkways P-520, two twelve-inch, boxed. Twenty-seven selections. Notes; texts and translations not ready at time of publication, but will be mailed to purchasers who fill out a postcard enclosed with the set.]

Absolute authenticity is the attraction here. Not for the casual collector who likes to put a record of folk music on his phonograph as background music while he shaves; but musicians will find it fascinating. Engineering; uneven, resulting from recording under field conditions. Highly recommended within the limits of its appeal.

Germaine Montero Sings Folk Songs of Spain. With orchestra conducted by Salvador Bacarisse. [Vanguard VRS-7001. Thirteen songs. Sketchy notes; complete texts and translations.] Montero, a protégée of García Lorca, is a celebrated Parisian chanteuse, thoroughly professional, thoroughly sophisticated, and does these songs with complete artistic integrity. Like Roland Hayes [*vide supra*] and other great Negro singers in their performances of Afroamerican folksong, her roots are so deep in her own cultural past that her singing of this wonderful material never lacks for the authentic passion, conviction,

and harshness of the true Flamenco style. Orchestral accompaniments not obtrusive where used, and, considering Montero's objectives, perfectly legitimate. This recording is a Grand Prix du Disque winner. Highly recommended.

Folk Songs and Dances of the Basque Country. Chorale Basque Oidarra and Folk Instrumental Ensemble. [Vanguard VRS-7031. Eight selections. Notes; no texts; paraphrases in some cases.] The chorus is polished and professional-sounding — at any rate well trained; the choral arrangements are a little slicked up for this taste, but not objectionably so except in one case. The music itself is wonderful, and the ensemble of native Basque instruments is fantastically effective. Highly recommended despite reservation noted above and a further one that the record sides are only half filled (about eight minutes per side), making the record relatively expensive.

Russian Folk Songs. Sung by stars of the Bolshoi Theatre and the Kiev Opera. [Vanguard VRS-7024. Eleven songs. Notes; paraphrased texts but no translations.] The singers here include Serge Lemeshev, Maxim Mikhailov, Mark Reizen, and Alexander Pirogov, to mention a few well known to American record collectors. Some are better singers than others. Some of the simplest and most beautiful singing is done by the seventy-year-old Nadezhda Oboukova. The songs themselves are authentic folk songs, many of them very beautiful, very sad, and occasionally very long, and are appropriately accompanied considering that the singers are opera singers. Recording: good, which is not always the case with tapes originating in Russia.

Voices of Haiti. Recorded by Maya Deren. [Elektra EKLP-5. Nine selections. Elaborate, illustrated notes; texts or translations unnecessary in this case.] Recorded *in situ* at actual voodoo ceremonies. The recording, accomplished under field conditions, is superb by anybody's standards. A tremendously exciting record, not to be passed up under any circumstances.

Olga Coelho Sings Songs of Brazil and Other Lands. [Vanguard VRS-7021. Ten songs. Notes; paraphrases, but no texts or translations.] The material here somewhat resembles that popularized by the late, lamented Emily Houston. It is not all strictly folk music, including as it does one of Falla's *Canciones Populares Españoles* and an air of Alessandro Scarlatti, etc. But the voice is a

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beautiful one, well schooled, and the intelligence and taste behind it make this record well worth having.

Folk Songs of Israel. Sung by Theodore Bikel. [Elektra EKL-32. Thirteen songs. Notes; full texts in Hebrew, with English transliterations and translations, pronunciation key, etc.] Fine performances by Mr. Bikel, the well known actor, which, though thoroughly professional, are always manly and sensitive and never slick or souped-up. He obviously has a simple, profound respect for his material. In several songs, through the use of multiple recording techniques, Mr. Bikel sings duets with himself. Most of the songs presented here are new songs originating in Israel and illustrate folk music in the making.

HENRY SHULTZ

COMMENT

The Thirty-Second Session of the Institute of World Affairs

WE LIVE IN AN ERA of meetings, conferences and conventions, and undoubtedly we exaggerate this practice. Nevertheless, if we decide to do away with some of them, there is one I should like to keep: The Institute of World Affairs at Riverside. For thirty-two years the University of Southern California, with the collaboration of other institutions of the Pacific area, has been sponsoring this reunion which is, in some aspects, unique.

The participants are not crowded in a hotel of a metropolitan area, meeting in separate rooms with little chance to mingle. Nor do they meet on a university campus, which would give some of us the feeling of continuation of the academic routine. The conference takes place at the Mission Inn, at Riverside, California, with all the advantages of a small community and the facilities of a delightful resort. The Institute does not approve resolutions, nor make motions or recommendations. It is limited to the presentation of papers and discussion of topics in a rather informal and scholarly manner. Each annual session has a general theme that is analyzed and discussed for three days, in a series of plenary sessions and panel meetings.

Last December the Institute held its thirty-second annual session. Its general theme was "America Learns to Lead." The opening session, held on Sunday night, December 11, was devoted to two main addresses on the topic "America's Religious Heritage and World Leadership." The next day the resources of the United States were considered in connection with its role in world politics. This was done in two plenary sessions and six panel discussions. On Tuesday the attention of the delegates was focused on the record of the foreign policy of the United States during the last decade. Several papers placed the emphasis on the world's response and reaction to our leadership. The last session elaborated on the theme of "Leadership for What?", and gave a realistic appraisal and comprehensive treatment to the problem.

The Institute is organized under the administration of a Chancellor, a Director, and an Executive Committee formed by professors and civic leaders of the area. It is also sponsored by a committee of citizens of Riverside.

Of special significance were the approaches used in the European and Latin American panels the second day of the session. Instead of considering the policies and aims of the United States, delegates and audience examined the point of view of the other countries. Reports and discussions were centered on the emergence of the United States as a world power, and the problems created for other nations as a result of this change in the balance of power. In the European panel the discussions covered such topics as: "What should be the U. S. policy with regard to European unity, coexistence, and East-West *rapprochement*?" In the Latin American panel attention was given to the problems of our close neighbors, forced by geography to live under the influence of a super-power.

The general tone of the speakers and mood of the audience was different from the 1954 meeting. A year ago emphasis was on the military aspect of world affairs and the dangers of subversive activities. This year the delegates and public, free from the tension of a possibility of total war, seemed to be more interested in the diplomatic and political aspect of our leadership. It seems that among internationalists belief in the imminence of a world war has been gradually disappearing. It is possible that the cold war is over and that we have entered the era of a cold peace.

MIGUEL JORRÍN

CONTRIBUTORS

continued from page 4

WALTER LEUBA lives in Pittsburgh where he has done public welfare work for the state of Pennsylvania for many years. A number of his poems were published in 1947 in book form by Macmillan.

EDWARD LUEDERS teaches English at the University of New Mexico. He is a talented jazz musician with a serious interest in jazz topics. His book, *Carl Van Vechten and the Twenties*, was published last year by the University of New Mexico Press.

HORACE T. PIERCE, a technical artist for the Federal Government, lives in Albuquerque. He has illustrated several books, and in his spare time he is a non-objective painter. He prepared the drawings for *Missions of New Mexico*, which also accompany Roland Dickey's article in this issue.

HENRY SHULTZ teaches at the Albuquerque Indian School. He has written on recordings for other publications, and has written many short stories. A notable one, "Oreste," appeared in *New Mexico Quarterly* four years ago.

LLOYD LOZES GOFF is a well known Albuquerque painter, who has illustrated many fine books. He has done a drawing to accompany "The Windmill" in this issue.

WALLACE STEGNER is Professor of English at Stanford University. His numerous writings reflect his constant interest in the country and the people of Western America.

HANS OTTO STORM, an electrical engineer, had a growing literary reputation at the time of his death in 1941. His story "The Windmill" came to *New Mexico Quarterly* through the courtesy of David Greenwood, Storm's longtime friend and literary executor.

PETER VIERECK's article on the New Deal is a further proclamation of his independent conservative political position. His article on "The Trend Behind Revisionism" appeared in our Winter issue.

LAWRENCE WILLSON teaches English at Santa Barbara College in Goleta, California. His essays have appeared in a number of journals, and he is currently working on a book on Thoreau's interest in and use of American history.

NOTE: With apologies to the publisher we print here the following credit which was omitted in the Summer-Autumn 1955 Quarterly. The story, "The Madness of Doctor Montarco," by Miguel de Unamuno was printed in that issue by permission of Henry Regnery Company who extended pre-publication rights to the Quarterly for the story which was a part of their forthcoming book, *Unamuno, Three Short Novels*.

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