

1959

Full Issue

University of New Mexico Press

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq>

Recommended Citation

University of New Mexico Press. "Full Issue." *New Mexico Quarterly* 29, 4 (1959). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol29/iss4/1>

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University of New Mexico Press at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in New Mexico Quarterly by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact disc@unm.edu.

NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

ELIZABETH C. HEGEMANN

THE IMAGES OF COLONIAL BRAZIL

FR. RICHARD BUTLER

SANTAYANA'S BOYHOOD IN BOSTON

ALLAN R. RICHARDS

JUAN: A BOLIVIAN INCIDENT

WILLIAM PEDEN

NIGHT IN FUNLAND

POEMS BY TWENTY-ONE POETS

E. HALE CHATFIELD

BYRON COLE

EDWARD J. CZERWINSKI

HARRIET L. DELAFIELD

EDSEL FORD

LOUIS GINSBERG

HELEN R. HENZE

DON IVERS

LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

TOM MC AFEE

CHARLES PHILBRICK

AMES ROWE QUENTIN

BURTON RAFFEL

HELGA SANDBURG

PAUL SANZENBACH

ELIZABETH SHAFER

GENE SHUFORD

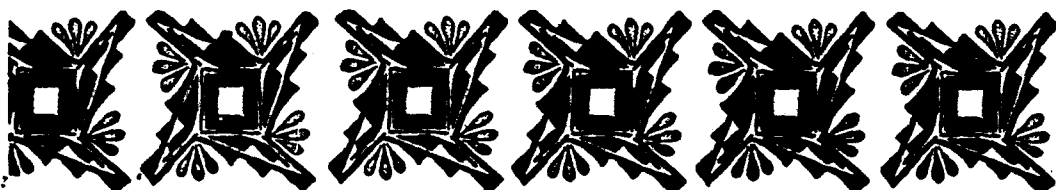
SARAH SINGER

HOPE STODDARD

LEWIS TURCO

CHRISTOPHER WATERS

BOOK REVIEWS — INDEX TO VOLUME XXIX



MINERALS of New Mexico

STUART A. NORTHROP

EVERY MINERAL found in New Mexico is described and records of its occurrence given, arranged alphabetically and cross-referenced.

"Highlights in the History of New Mexico Mineralogy and Mining" surveys the utilization of minerals from prehistoric times through Spanish, Mexican, and American occupation.

"Economic Aspects of New Mexico's Mineral Industry" charts the growth of production to a total all-time value exceeding \$5,858,000,000.

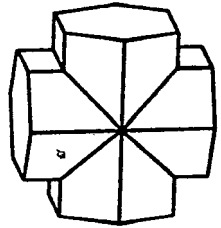
A list of districts and subdistricts is included, plus a bibliography of 1,300 titles.

The 28 × 32" two-color map shows 177 mining districts.

This Revised Edition contains twice as much information as the 1942 Edition, and it reflects enormous changes in the knowledge and economics of New Mexico's minerals since World War II.

Chairman of the University of New Mexico Department of Geology and Curator of its Geology Museum, Dr. Stuart A. Northrop has published some fifty contributions to the geological literature of New Mexico, Colorado and Canada.

6 × 9¼", 681 pages. Map in pocket. \$10.00.



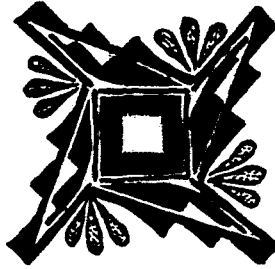
UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS

VOL. XXIX, No. 4

WINTER, 1959-60

NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO



ROLAND DICKEY, *Editor*

RAMONA MAHER MARTINEZ, *Book Review Editor*

MARGARET WEINROD, VIRGINIA MANIERRE, *Editorial Assistants*

Advisory Committee: GEORGE ARMS, LEZ HAAS, LINCOLN LAPAZ,
WILLIAM J. PARISH, PAUL WALTER, JR., DUDLEY WYNN

COPYRIGHT, 1960, BY THE UNIVERSITY
OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, ALBUQUERQUE.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY. COMPOSED,
PRINTED AND BOUND IN THE U.S.A. AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRINTING
PLANT. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
FEBRUARY 6, 1931, AT THE POST OFFICE
AT ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, UNDER
THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

OPINIONS EXPRESSED OR IMPLIED BY
CONTRIBUTORS DO NOT NECESSARILY RE-
FLECT THE VIEWS OF THE EDITORS OR OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO.

UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS NOT ACCOM-
PANIED BY SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE AND
POSTAGE CANNOT BE RETURNED.

U. S. DEALER'S DISTRIBUTOR: SELECTED
OUTLETS, 102 BEVERLY ROAD, BLOOM-
FIELD, NEW JERSEY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$3.00 A YEAR; \$5.50
FOR TWO YEARS; \$7.50 FOR THREE YEARS.
SINGLE COPY 75 CENTS. BACK ISSUES, \$1.00
EACH. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$3.00 PER
YEAR, POSTPAID.

ADDRESS: New Mexico Quarterly
UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, U.S.A.



NMQ is proud of the granting of a 1959 Longview Literary Award to PEGGY POND CHURCH for *The House at Otowi Bridge*, which appeared in two parts in the winter and spring 1959 issues.

In announcing this award, Mr. Harold Rosenberg, program director of Longview Foundation, Inc., New York, stated:

"To stimulate American literature, awards of \$300 each are made annually for outstanding work in poetry, fiction, and essays appearing in publications which cannot pay for contributions or which pay inadequately.

"The aim of the awards is to bring up the compensation for good writing to the professional level regardless of where it is published—and thus aid in relieving authors of the pressure to relax their standards or submit to extra-literary requirements in order to be paid for their work.

"The field of 'little magazines' and collections is surveyed by a panel of well-known writers, and award winners are chosen on the basis of the merit of their contributions.

"The panel selecting the award winners consisted of Saul Bellow, Louise Bogan, Charles Boni, Alfred Kazin, Thomas B. Hess, and Henri Peyre.

"A feature of Longview's Literary Awards Program, as of its Arts Purchase Program, is that no applications are received and that there are no forms to fill out. Unpublished manuscripts are not considered, but all literary periodicals are surveyed."

The story of Edith Warner and Los Alamos, titled *The House at Otowi Bridge*, has evoked more favorable comment than almost any work that has appeared in NMQ, and the demand for both issues quickly ran them out of print. This spring the University of New Mexico Press will release *Otowi* as a book, with an additional chapter and an appendix selected from Edith Warner's writings. The book will utilize the same effective drawings by CONNIE FOX BOYD which appeared in NMQ.

A PROGRAM for publishing four books of poetry a year has been embarked on by WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESS, Middleton, Conn. Making the selections are a Poetry Board, consisting of Donald Hall, University of Michigan, poetry editor of *Paris Review*; William Meredith of Connecticut College, author of *Ships and Other Figures*; Norman Holmes Pearson of Yale University, co-editor with W. H. Auden of *Poets of the English Language*, and co-editor with William Rose Benét of *The Oxford Anthology of American Literature*. The first four poets chosen are Barbara Howes, Hyam Plutzik, Louis Simpson, and James Wright.

Contents

ARTICLES

<i>The Images of Colonial Brazil.</i> ELIZABETH C. HEGEMANN.	389
<i>Making Music.</i> WALTER LEUBA.	403
<i>Poems.</i> WALTER LEUBA.	415
<i>George Santayana's Boyhood in Boston.</i> FR. RICHARD BUTLER.	441

STORIES

<i>Night in Funland.</i> WILLIAM PEDEN.	395
<i>Juan.</i> ALLAN R. RICHARDS.	405

VERSE

<i>On the Sixth Day of April This Year.</i> HELGA SANDBURG.	417
<i>The Warning.</i> E. HALE CHATFIELD.	419
<i>Childhood Remembered.</i> HARRIET L. DELAFIELD.	420
<i>Man-Who-Is-Horse.</i> GENE SHUFORD.	420
<i>Blues for a Fallen Bird.</i> PAUL SANZENBACH.	421
<i>Cornelia Fed the Swans.</i> EDSSEL FORD.	422
<i>Says Doctor Peabody.</i> CHRISTOPHER WATERS	423
<i>A Tale for Cynthia.</i> BURTON RAFFEL.	424
<i>International Geophysical Year.</i> LAURENCE LIEBERMAN.	425
<i>Miss Dickinson's Confession.</i> EDWARD J. CZERWINSKI.	426
<i>The Moose and How He Comes.</i> LEWIS TURCO.	427
<i>Eight Hundred Candles.</i> ELIZABETH SHAFER.	428
<i>The Alchemy.</i> TOM McAFEE.	429
<i>A Walk in the Wood.</i> LOUIS GINSBERG.	429
<i>Incident on Highway 54.</i> GENE SHUFORD.	430
<i>Passage of Summer.</i> B. COLT.	431
<i>Odes of Horace—Book II, Ode 13.</i> Trans. HELEN ROWE HENZE.	432
<i>Odes of Horace—Book III, Ode 30.</i> Trans. HELEN ROWE HENZE.	433
<i>Diorama.</i> DON IVERS.	434
<i>New Mexico.</i> DON IVERS.	435
<i>The Late, Late News.</i> CHARLES PHILBRICK.	436
<i>Self-Encountered.</i> HOPE STODDARD.	436
<i>Requiem.</i> SARAH SINGER.	437
<i>Count Him as Blessed, Dreaming.</i> AMES ROWE QUENTIN.	439

DEPARTMENTS

<i>Poets in This Issue.</i> Biographical Notes.	416
<i>Editorial.</i>	386
<i>Book Reviews.</i>	449
<i>Books Received.</i>	474
<i>Index to Volume XXIX.</i>	477



ELIZABETH C. HEGEMANN

The Images of Colonial Brazil

THE COLOR and profuse decoration inside Colonial churches in Brazil is overwhelming, even to one accustomed to the sight of the baroque in Austria and the churrigueresque in Mexico. Their very opulence is soul satisfying to those who love the rococo and baroque with all their life, their movement, their exuberance.

The carved wooden figures of saints in the churches of Brazil are called *imagenes* or, sometimes, *figuras*. Seldom are they referred to as *santos* and never as *bultos*, which is the word commonly used in Mexico and the Rio Grande Valley for *santos* carved in the round. In Brazil the word *bulto* means a bundle or bulky package and is never construed to mean the figure of a saint.

These images are present in vast numbers in the churches and represent almost every type made by the artisans of the 17th and 18th centuries. They show their Portuguese-Brazilian character as quite distinct from the parallel Spanish-Indian background of most of the South American countries. For in Brazil, there was no previous native sculpture to draw upon, such as was the case with the Mayan, Incan, and Anahuac cultures of Mexico and the Andean countries. The inspiration for the first sculptured figures was primarily European through importations from Portugal. Images were ordered in specific sizes to fit locations in the newly constructed Brazilian churches. Imports came with the

An ardent and discriminating collector of Spanish Colonial and American Indian arts and crafts, Mrs. Hegemann has enriched the holdings of several museums with valuable materials. The present article, which is reprinted by permission from "The Mooremack News," is a result of the author's research and extended visits to South America. Mrs. Hegemann, a resident of Albuquerque, has lived in the Southwest most of her life. During this time she assembled one of the most important collections of primitive Navajo silver in existence, exhibited last year by Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. For many years she was a trader in the Western Navajo Reservation.

first missionaries and continued until local schools could provide the needed figures. Records show that in 1620 there were ordered twelve images from Lisbon to fit a corresponding number of small niches in the Colegio de Rio, in Rio de Janeiro.

In the old coffee port city of Santos is the *Igreja do Carmo*, where on each side of the nave of the central chapel there stand surprisingly, *santo* after *santo*, of such a style that might have come straight from the Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico. They stand three or four feet high, with beautifully carved and painted wooden faces and hands, rising above the full robes of red or purple woolen cloth. "El Senor" is there with His huge crown of real thorns. All of them could be perfectly at home in the primitive adobe church of Tomé in New Mexico instead of among the swirling gold acanthus leaves of the Portuguese baroque church in Santos.

The 17th century in Brazil is generally known as the great "century of the Jesuits," and in the following century, virtually all the arts were dominated by the *Compania de Jesus*. During the two centuries the very word "Jesuit" implied a certain "spirit" or "manner" wherever the arts were concerned. Sculpture was tranquil in feeling with the faces of the carved figures often radiating a subdued happiness, and the bodies placed in clearly defined, graceful attitudes.

To distinguish between native "art" and native "style" in Brazil is difficult. Many an artist, though born in Brazil, and trying to project his native ideas, quite commonly expressed himself in an imported, distinctly European style or manner. And conversely, European artists on coming to Brazil and absorbing the feeling of the country, worked in an accepted native style. What could conceivably be termed a native or rather a local style could be the result of mestizo or Indian interpretation of Portuguese, hence foreign subject matter. Since there was little tradition of sculpture among the various coastal natives of Brazil, only those works created by natives using foreign subjects might be properly termed native, and, since pagan elements undoubtedly appeared, it is very unlikely that such were tolerated by the Church. Actually a native as opposed to a European Portuguese style could not have manifested itself until very much later. Frequently the styles merged; hence there is no clear line of demarcation between a pure native art and the relatively pure, so-called European style.

There are three main types of church images to be seen. One type in Latin America is carved entirely from solid wood; these are generally monumental in feeling. A second type, quite common elsewhere, are

those carved of wood, and with stiffened cloth for their robes. The cloth was molded while wet, having been dipped in gesso, before the entire piece was covered with its final coat of gesso. Lastly, there are those figures with carved wooden heads and hands, mounted on a framework that acted as a dress form for their cloaks or habits of cloth. Often no further drapery was added; the cloth framework simply being painted.

Strictly speaking, these images never were folk art. The first artists or instructors coming from Portugal were professionals. They formed small schools of art generally as branches of the Church; and soon their pupils joined or formed guilds and worked under contract. Each figure had first its sculptor, or carver, and then a painter or gilder who colored the robes or attributes, and, finally, an "encarnador," who specialized in painting faces and hands.

This characteristic life-like finish, called *encarnacion*, was produced by gesso mixed with other ingredients, applied in several thin coats. It could be either gloss or matte, with a pinkish white or cream complexion. Each coat was highly polished to a pearl-like luster. This gave a glowing realism to the exquisitely carved wooden features. The process of *encarnacion* was first used in Italy in 1410, and later in the 16th century was in general use in Spain and Portugal. The robes were painted in polychrome with reds, blues, and gold predominating, unless they were done in the *estofado* manner. In this method a thin layer of gold leaf is laid over the gesso, over which an all-over painted or stenciled design is applied in translucent colors. The result is extraordinarily luminous.

Much has been written about O Aleijadinho (The Little Cripple), whose real name was Antonio Francisco Lisboa. He lived from 1730 to 1814 and was the natural son of a Portuguese architect and Isabel, an African slave. He became crippled with leprosy. O Aleijadinho was negroid in complexion and features, and as his disease advanced, causing him to lose fingers and toes, he hobbled about in the mining towns of Minas Gerais doing his tremendous works in stone.

The magnificent figures of the twelve *Prophetas* in the courtyard or atrio, at Congonhas do Campo, were done in these later years. They are more than life-size. Their curious Oriental cast of countenance, their stylized, animated distortion of figure, carved from *pedra sabao*, the native Brazilian soapstone, are considered the masterpieces of Colonial sculpture in Brazil. Their expressions of tortured anguish are at such variance with the tranquillity of this period of church art that O Aleija-

dinho must be accepted as the great individualist that he was. He was the portrayer of his own reactions to life. Moreover, he established a stylistic manner peculiar to Brazil with his numerous pupils in Minas Gerais.

One of the leading authorities on O Aleijadinho and his times is Padre Heliodoro Pires of Rio de Janeiro. He has published several books about the stone Prophets at Congonhas do Campo, and the sixty-six large wooden images of the Stations of the Cross. These latter were all done between 1796 and 1800 by the master and his pupils.

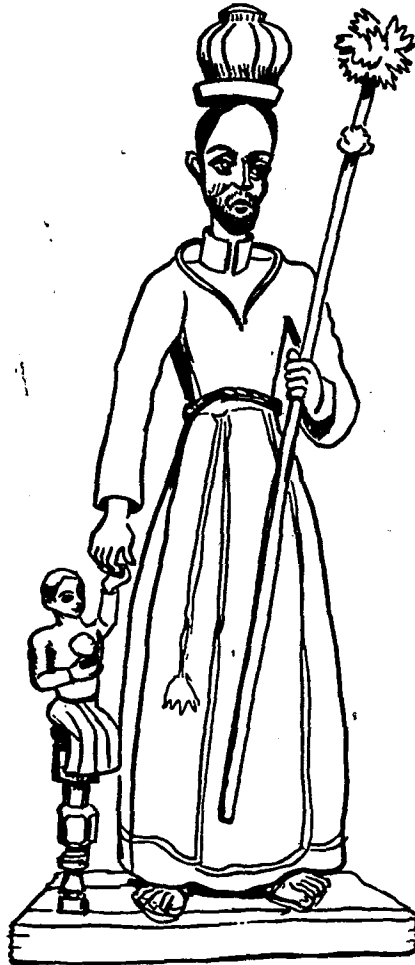
When the authorship of the abundant church and secular figures is considered, it is difficult to ascertain exactly who were the sculptors or painters. The loss or dispersal of old Church records makes authentication almost impossible. Some of the sculptors were known for their work in wood or metal, as well as stone. It is known that Jose Pereira dos Santos came from Portugal and worked in Brazil between 1753 and 1762, as did also Manuel Francisco de Aranjó, who worked in Ouro Preto, state of Minas Gerais, during 1771-96.

In certain districts the three great Negro confraternities, Our Lady of the Rosary, St. Benedict, and Sta. Ephigenia, were prominent. In the town of Marianna, near Ouro Preto, they built the Igreja do Rosario, which was consecrated in 1758. The elaborate images in this church have black skins, with round faces and happy expressions. Their robes, in the baroque manner, are decorated with exquisite detail. Nothing is Negroid except the color of their skin. Occasionally an image like that of Sao Benedito in Ouro Preto is seen, where the entire wooden statue shows the simple forms of African influence, and the kinky Negro hair with heavy features, as well as black skin.

The dominant style that gradually evolved toward the end of the Colonial period became quite lyric and dramatic. Voluminous robes often gave the effect of being "wind-blown," bringing life and lightness or "movimiento" to the figure, regardless of its size. At that time also an Oriental influence began to be felt. The carvings and statues which the Portuguese traders brought back from the Orient struck Brazilians with considerable impact. It was different from anything they had ever seen, and yet it blended beautifully with their own rococo. Therefore it quickly became fashionable. Artists turned to creating the smooth semi-oriental faces and curvaceous floating robes that brought the flavor of the Far East to many of these images. This Oriental influence, together with that of the African Negro, formed the true Brazilian Colonial sculpture.

Most of these images are realistic. The extreme distortion of face and body as seen in the New Mexico "bultos" conception is totally lacking. Where distortion was accentuated by the Aleijadinho school, it was highly stylized.

Those artists who carved the images were usually referred to as *imageros*, the equivalent of the Rio Grande Valley *santeros* in New Mexico. In Mexico they were known as *imagineros*. Two celebrated *imageros* were Feliz Pereira and his pupil, Manoel Ignacio da Costa, to whom is credited the magnificent wooden statue of San Pedro de Alcantara in the Convento do San Francisco in Bahia. This statue is smaller than life-size, probably wholly carved from Brazilian cedar, a wood of beautiful grain and hardness. The saint stands half leaning



Drawings by Lloyd Lózes Goff
for New Mexico Village Arts,
by permission of UNM Press.

against the tall cross that he braces upright with his hands. His Franciscan habit is brown, and his pale face is slightly upturned with the traditional expression of inner anguish. Since he was not a martyred saint, he is generally depicted as suffering only from the extreme religious fervor for which he was noted. His images are seen quite frequently in Brazil, often wearing the old Franciscan grey.

Some few statues of saints are of silver, *toda da prata* as the Portuguese description reads. Perhaps the most noted is "Nossa Senhora das Maravilhas" or "Our Lady of Marvels." The figure is about two feet high, with her robe falling in straight folds that blend into the silver base upon which she stands. Her hands are outstretched in supplication. There is no added decoration; only the diffused glow over all of smooth silver. Formerly from Minas Gerais, the statue is now in the Museum of the former College of the Jesuits in Bahia.

In these wooden figures, life-like porcelain eyes were frequently used. They were usually brown; blue-eyed saints seemed rare. Most of the figures of the saints also had a silver crown or nimbus over the head. Sometimes it was silver-gilt, but always it was attached to a slender silver pin that fitted into the top of the head. As the years passed, many of these ornaments disappeared, leaving the figures with nothing to show for their sainthood except a hole in the head.

Many of the old images which reach shops in the large Brazilian cities today, do so with their pristine glory somewhat faded. They are then repaired, repainted, and treated to a glimmering coat of protective wax. Even if they have lost most of their *estofado* and their complexions are cracked, and fingers or even hands missing, they are ready to take their place again in a niche, or on a table in a room of modern decor. The names of the "imageros" may be forgotten but their work remains.

a little girl
a chimpanzee
a Ferris wheel

WILLIAM PEDEN

Night in Funland

THEY drove slowly down the highway that cut cleanly through the desert, past the glittering motels with their swimming pools of pale blue water, past the shops of pink or green or azure adobe. In the humming light of the mercury-vapour lamps, the child was a gnome in a pool of color, the shadows beneath her eyes sooty in the darkness that had overrun the mesa. The father reached over and patted her hand. She squeezed his and edged closer towards him.

"Are you sure this is the way, Daddy?"

"Of course it is, Amanda, don't you remember?"

"Well, yes, sort of, but I thought maybe it was the other way."

"The other way is east, goosie," he said; "we go west. Look, in a minute, at the next stop light, we will see the wheel, and then you will remember."

At the intersection he slowed down as the traffic light clicked from green to amber and then to red.

"Look," he pointed at the rosy sky; "over there; can't you see the top of the Ferris wheel?"

She squealed with delight; then the light changed and they left the shining highway, and in darkness that was like a sudden plunge into unknown waters turned onto a bumpy dirt road.

"Can we get there this way?" Amanda asked. "Does this road go through?"

"Don't worry; sure it does, honey. You just wait."

William Peden is director of the University of Missouri Press, professor of English, and in charge of the writing program at that university. He is author of a half dozen books, and has just completed an anthology, "29 Stories," which Houghton Mifflin is releasing this year. Other volumes include "Increase Mather's Testimony," and "Life and Selected Writings of Thomas Jefferson" (Random House/Modern Library). For several years he has done the short story section for "Good Reading."

Then they were pulling into the tumbleweed-speckled parking lot. He switched off the motor, and turned off the lights, and went around and opened her door. Amanda came out slowly, and she smiled up at her spare, slightly stooped father.

"This is fun," she said. She reached for his hand and they walked beneath the arch that spelled out F-U-N-L-A-N-D in winking colored lights. It was a clean bright place, no leg shows, no wheels of fortune, no freak tents with greenish two-headed babies in discolored alcohol-filled jars; a clean bright place on the mesa, bounded by a miniature railroad with puffing steam engine and train of cars. They could hear the whistle now at the far dark end of the park, faraway and thin and clear, and Amanda tugged at his hand again. He wanted to pull her close to him and kiss her and pat her thin hair and tell her how glad he was that she was so much better and they could go on a spree together as they had in the old days, and he patted her hand and buttoned the top button of her sweater.

"Let's sit down a little," he said. His heart was thumping and the palms of his hands were damp.

"Oh Daddy," she said, "not now."

"You must rest a minute," he insisted; "you must remember this is the first time. . . ."

They sat down on the bench by the small depot, and the train with its bell clanging and its whistle shrilling and its headlight stabbing at the night swung around the turn, and stopped quietly almost in front of them. The engineer, a teen-aged boy crouching precariously on the tender, got up to stretch his legs while the young passengers spilled from the coaches.

"What shall we do first?" the father asked. "Do you want to ride the train?"

"I'd like a snowball first," she said; children were climbing on and off the train like monkeys and he thought there were too many of them and one of them might cough on her or something it wouldn't help her, god knows, to catch a cold or something just now. She walked ahead of him slowly, a trace of her old jauntiness in the blue toreadors with the white bows tied neatly just below her knees and the white-trimmed cap on her dark head, past the pool with its boats floating in the oil-dark water, and the enclosure where the ponies awaited their riders, and the clanking fury of the scenic railway.

"This is the nicest park ever," he said, and squeezed her hand. "I have never been in a nicer park, have you, Amanda?"

"No," she said; "it is the nicest ever."

At the refreshment booth he ordered two snowballs, with grape flavoring. The efficient girl in her starched white uniform pushed a button and there was a whirling sound, and the ice as white and fine as snow poured through a vent, and the girl scooped it up and expertly without touching it by hand transferred it into paper cups, and then she squirted thick dark purple fluid onto the ice, and it was suddenly magically like a sunset transformed into a violet delight, and she smiled and passed the cups over the counter.

"Keep your fingers out of it," he said to Amanda.

They rested on a bench, and tilted the cups to their lips, and the sweet ice gushed into their mouths.

"Isn't it good?" Amanda said. "It gets sweeter as it goes down."

"Yes," he said, and thought how few things were sweeter as they got down, and he squeezed his cup and the fluid was bright and clean in his mouth.

"This is the nicest park there is," he said again.

"Yes," she said, and drained at her snowball with a sucking bubbling sound. She thrust her thin fingers into the cup to extract the last sweet dregs. Roughly he snatched out her hand and slapped her hard, and cried by god he had told her to keep her fingers out of it and did she want to get sick all over again. She flushed and he felt as if he had kicked her, and he pulled her close to him and kissed her and stroked her hair; her thinness was like a blow.

"I am so sorry, honey," he said, "but I have been worried about you. You must not mind when I act like this. It is only because I love you so much, and I do not want you to get sick again, ever."

She slowly turned her head towards him, and tried to smile, and he took out his monogrammed handkerchief and brushed at the corners of her eyes.

"Now how do you feel?" he asked, and when she said she felt fine he wanted to shout and dance and sing. He held her hand as they walked away from the refreshment booth while the starched girl squinted at him, and they walked slowly over the hard-packed grayish dirt. There was very little dust, he thought with satisfaction; he had never known a place like Funland to be so clean and orderly.

Amanda suddenly broke from his grasp.

"Oh," she cried, and ran towards a large brightly lighted cage near an open place where baby tanks puffed and grunted.

"Look," she called; "oh Daddy, look."

In the bright clean cage, littered with scooter, tricycle, rubber balls, trapeze, and a punching bag, a young chimpanzee sat in a baby's high chair, munching at a banana.

"Rollo," the sign atop the cage read, "Just Recently Arrived from the Belgian Congo Region of West Africa. A two-year old chimpanzee . . . just four and a half months in captivity."

Daintily Rollo nibbled, breaking off small chunks with his long-haired, tiny-nailed hands and placing the fruit meticulously in a mouth like the furnace door of the small train that was again circling the far dark end of the grounds, emerging from its tunnel with a triumphant toot and jangle. The chimpanzee finished his treat, placed the parachute of limp skin on the tray of his chair, and wiped his hands on scarlet trousers. Amanda screamed with delight and Rollo swung with dedicated grace to land noiselessly on the floor with flat tennis-shoe clad feet. With strong, pink-palmed, beautiful hands he grasped the bars of his cage, and gazed at the child with stonedark eyes, like small pools of night in his clean tan face, and he opened his great lips, and smiled.

Amanda clapped her hands and Rollo whirled and leaped to the rope which spanned the cage; hand over hand, he swung from one end of the cage to the other. By ones and twos people approached, laughing and chatting, and Rollo again dropped like a sunbeam to the floor. His trainer, a gentle, patient man with a limp and a dangling cigarette and a face too much like Rollo's to be a coincidence, reached for the roller skates hanging on the wall and attached them to the chimpanzee's hightopped tennis shoes. He held his hand, and Rollo glided noiselessly on his well-oiled skates, skating surely and competently and enjoying himself.

When the man climbed clumsily over the low iron railing in front of the cage, and tossed a few pieces of popcorn between the bars, Rollo stumbled and almost fell. The attendant reached quickly for the chimpanzee's hand, and frowned at the intruder. Amanda turned upon the popcorn thrower, a fat man whose hairy black nipples stared blankly beneath a bilge-colored nylon sport shirt.

"You've frightened him," she said in sudden fury. "You've frightened him."

In anger the fat man threw another handful of popcorn between the bars, and the trainer sadly shook his head. Still holding Rollo by the hand, he led him to the high chair and swung him up to the seat,

and removed the skates. Then he pulled a switch, and all the light in the cage went out. Rollo sat alone, his yellow shirt and scarlet trousers and sneakered feet now gray in the darkness.

"Christ," the fat man said. "Who does that guy think he is, anyways? Christ, it's only a monkey."

He grabbed his fat child, a child with a face like a rutabaga, and disappeared.

"What a horrid, nasty man," Amanda said. "Can't we see Rollo again? Won't he come out again?"

"Maybe later," the father said; "maybe later."

"Besides," she said, "he's not a monkey. He's a chimpanzee, an anth . . . anthropoid, isn't he daddy?"

"That's right," he said. "He's not a monkey, he's an anthropoid, and maybe he'll come out later anyhow."

Amanda walked away, but soon stopped at the foot of the Ferris wheel. She gazed upwards at its swift smoothness, sparkling, a small circle of lights winking near the hub, and a larger circle glowing in the middle, and the whole great machine alive with an outline of red and blue and green neon tubing, flashing as the twelve carriages, one red then one black then another red and another black, swam miraculously into the cool dry blackness of the starless night, some carriages swinging empty, in another two teen-aged girls singing "Oklahoma," in others a father and a white-faced, pop-eyed infant, a young man and a girl their arms locked around each other as they soared from the light to the darkness, and two boys clowning and roaring. The operator squeezed the grip-handle of the lever and pushed it and the engine slowed down, and the wheel came to a silent stop. There was a sudden, almost reverent hush, and a squeal of terrified delight from the occupants of the carriage at the very top of the wheel swinging coldly in the dark, and then the voices of the girls singing "Oklahoma" clear and far away and miles and miles away in the thin cold air at the top of the wheel, and miles and miles away from the hard gray ground and the prancing merry-go-round horses with their flaring orange nostrils and white champing cannibal teeth and the refreshment stand with the efficient girl in her starched white uniform. The operator stepped on a pedal, and a landing platform slid close to the carriage; the attendant lifted the bar and the occupants stepped gingerly down, the father glad to deposit the child into the mother's arms.

"Must we ride this now, Amanda?" the father asked.

"Oh yes," she said and edged her way towards the entrance. "Can I," she said, and squeezed his hand, and her dark eyes glistened, "oh can I go all alone like you promised when I was sick?"

"Let me go with you," he said.

"Don't be a meanie," she said. "Please, Daddy, remember you promised."

"All right," he said. "All right, but you must be very, very careful. You must promise to sit right in the middle of the seat, and you must keep your hands tight on the bar all the time. Do you promise?"

"Brownie's honor," she said and held up her hand, palm outwards and three fingers aloft in a half salute. She hugged him, and he lowered his head and she brushed his cheek with a quick kiss.

The wheel stopped again, and he gave her her money and said loudly give it to the man. He looked at the operator like a fellow-conspirator suddenly catching in a great crowd the long-anticipated signal, and again he said loudly if you do not sit right in the middle and hold the bar tightly I shall ask the attendant to stop the wheel.

"Oh Daddy," she said. The operator smiled when she gave him the money, and placed her firmly in the very middle of the carriage, clicking the protective bar into place with special emphasis as though to say I understand the way you feel; do not worry.

Amanda sat very straight in her seat and gripped the iron bar. The operator pushed the lever slowly forward, and the wheel rose noiselessly. Amanda smiled from her perch as the operator again pulled back the lever, and the wheel stopped and an aged man and wife emerged from their carriage as though from the floor of the ocean.

Again the operator pushed the lever, and the wheel began to turn. The father ran back a few feet; he could see Amanda tiny, disappearing into the darkness. He hoped the operator would not halt the wheel with Amanda's carriage at the summit. His scrotum tightened as he thought of her, up there alone in the dark. He saw the crouching mountains, a ragged darkness palpable against the blueblack of the night, and the city swimming in a blob of red and blue and green and orange and white lights, while to the west naked and blue the desert scattered its bones to the ends of the vanished watershed. Then Amanda in a black carriage outlined with green neon swept past him, and smiled and was gone. He started to wave, but checked his arm, not wanting her to take her hands from the iron bar to reply. Then, in what seemed an instant, she came by him again, and he winked at her reassuringly before her carriage swam upwards into the darkness. He

looked at the sturdy iron wheel and the concrete foundation. This was no fly-by-night carnival, but a permanent operation, thank God, he thought; thousands of people rode the safe, sturdy wheel each season. Again Amanda was smiling when her carriage flashed by, and he lighted a cigarette and smiled conspiratorially at the operator in his white coveralls, a sensible man with one foot resting nonchalantly near the flywheel of the generator.

He counted the carriages as they glided before his line of vision, one red then one black, then another red and another black. He awaited the passage of Amanda's carriage which he must have missed while he was lighting his cigarette. Suddenly, painfully, a hard ball of fear exploded in his throat.

This is absurd, he thought. He forced himself to stand still and look with studied calm at the swiftly turning wheel. What had been the color of the tubing which outlined Amanda's carriage. Green? No, red. Surely not red on a red, or was it a black, carriage?

The wheel made several more swift, noiseless circuits, and still he could not see the pale smiling face of Amanda. His hands shook, and sweat drenched his back and upper legs. With an effort as conscious and deliberate as holding his breath under water he controlled himself. This is ridiculous, he thought. This is an optical illusion. He said to himself, I will count each carriage very carefully as it goes past, and then I will see her, and soon the wheel will stop, and she will get out, and we will have a very good laugh about this.

He counted the carriages as they glided swiftly before his eyes. First a red with an old man, then two empties, then a black with two grinning nobheaded boys, then a red with the girls now singing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning," then an empty, then another red, and his heart suddenly soared like a geyser only to sink hideously; it was not Amanda but a much older child. Then a man and a child and two more empties, then a red with a mother and a baby followed by a black with a soldier and a girl, then another red with an old man, the same hideous old man he'd begun counting with, and with a cry like an animal's he leaped over the low steel railing and clutched at the attendant's arm.

"Stop it," he said; "for God's sake, stop the wheel."

The attendant frowned, then smiled, and squeezed the handle of the lever, and pulled back the lever, and an empty black carriage swung like a dry leaf above his head.

"My daughter," he gasped, "the little one with the black hair," but two snottynosed boys pushed their way between him and the operator,

poking out their hands with the money in them, and climbed into the carriage snickering and guffawing and wolfing popcorn.

"For the love of God," he cried, and the popcorn-eaters looked at him as though he were an ape in a straw hat. "For the love of God, where is my daughter? I think it is time you let the little girl off. The one with the black hair. She has on a blue suit and a cap. You remember."

"Yes sir," the attendant said, and smiled. Relief flowed through him; he slapped the operator heartily on the back.

"I lost sight of her for a moment," he said. "In the dark. My eyes. It gave me a turn, for a moment."

The operator nodded, and pushed the lever, and the next carriage empty, swung past, and he stopped the wheel at the next to let the mother and baby out. The baby had wet its diaper and a dark stain overspread the mother's breast like a wound. Then there was the carriage with the soldier and the girl, and they leaned out and yelled whatsthematterwhyduhyuhkeepstoppinthewheel? Then another empty and one in red with the old man, and he lost count. Amanda, he screamed; his voice was like a ship sinking darkly.

"Amanda," he screamed again, and the attendant stopped the wheel and came towards him and he was no longer smiling. People converged upon him, he was the center of a whirling funnel of blank paper faces.

"Good God, good God," he cried. "Where are you, baby?"

The children in the toy train again making its sliding halt before the depot leaned over the edges of the coaches and looked questioningly at the Ferris wheel glowing in the distance. Amanda, the father cried, and the sound tore and twisted its way above the clanking of the scenic railway and the put-put-put of the miniature tractors and the wheezing of the merry-go-round. Noiselessly the curtains of the clean cage parted, and the lights flowed on, and Rollo climbed quietly down from his high chair. He listened intently to the wild broken cries in the night. Then he pressed his tan face against the bars and gazed with comprehending eyes at the dark figure with uplifted head outlined like a corpse against the spokes of the great wheel blazing in the night.

MAKING MUSIC

THE PERFORMANCE of music is play. We normally speak of "playing" the piano or the guitar and the like, and we sing—some of us—while we work or walk or wait. Despite the fact that many musicians today receive fanciful bounties based upon a scale of values that they do not really respect, they are one and all, like the rest of us at times, engaged in play. When musical execution is naturally engaged in it is a form of play that is, like dancing, among the least harmful and most satisfactory available to man. The play may be repetitive and monotonous, or it may have great variety, subtlety, and excitement: it is equally play and serves a useful purpose in the release of energy and the stimulation of interest with practically no harmful result unless it is mistaken for what it is not, that is, WORK. True enough, it takes effort of a kind to master an instrument or the voice, as it takes effort to master such miserable pastimes as bullfighting and football. No society, however, whose members regard such activities as necessary "work," as socially constructive effort, and allow musicians to become professional and rewarded in extravagant terms humiliating to the simple laborer, has preserved a humane perspective. In play the amateur is all there is. If a society wants him—and why shouldn't it?—he is entitled to a living and no more. He should be paid to make his contribution which, in his case, is to play: his performances should be free.

THE COMPOSITION of music, on the other hand, is an art. It substitutes forms of universal expression for the individual and relatively formless or guided expression of play. It organizes, interprets, and preserves, rather than releases, experience, and has an effect opposite to the impromptu or traditionally directed expression of play.

WHEN a man improvises alone on the flute, he can do what he pleases; he is amusing himself only. When he performs a Bach flute sonata, he is still playing, but he is directed by existing notations; he is following the rules. If he should himself compose a flute sonata, however, he is no longer playing, but is engaged in an act of creation, more or less successful to the extent that he possesses the power to weave something at once unique and communicative out of sound. Creation has no rules and no possible reward.

—WALTER LEUBA

ALLAN R. RICHARDS

JUAN

I REMEMBER JUAN. And Juan I shall never forget.

In our first meeting I did not see him with my eyes, although I did discover something about his character. He was honest.

Although honesty is not a distinctive trait among Americans, among Bolivians of Aymara, Quechua, or mixed (Chola) stock, it is more rare. And among Bolivian servants of these racial backgrounds, everyday honesty hardly exists. The explanation is simple, for dishonesty and poverty are often bed-fellows.

This was La Paz—a city in which the uneducated poor were forced to contrast the American standard of living (high here even for middle income families like mine) with their own pitiful plight.

But Juan had learned to be honest the hard way. Shortly after he had presented his introduction from the Servant's Bureau, operated by the wives of the American Embassy, and even before my wife had an opportunity to question him, he announced that he would steal nothing.

As he presented his *portamento*, a file of various official and personal papers that record one's progress through life, he offered, "Here is my prison record. Many years ago, when I was very young, I stole. I spent three years in prison. I have not stolen since."

In an environment in which trusted servants have been known to throw table model radios from second story windows and across twelve foot hedge-fences to accomplices waiting on the street below, should we have hired Juan? In this milieu in which every applicant indignantly asserts that he has never taken anything and never will and in which casual investigation among the close-knit American community readily

Allan R. Richards is advisor in personnel management for *Escuela de Administracion Publica, Universidad Mayor de San Andres*, in La Paz, and has been in Bolivia about a year and a half. He has written some twenty books, pamphlets, and articles in professional journals. "Juan" is fictional, derived in part from his experiences while on leave as professor of government at the University of New Mexico.

reveals that a cupful of Tide, a child's old toy, or an undershirt has occasionally disappeared mysteriously, we did hire Juan.

Our decision could not have been wiser, for he was out of tune with his environment. This was part of his charm.

A more pleasant person to live around one cannot imagine. Although his sixty-one years were deeply etched in clear-cut facial lines, our American friends would usually guess him to be about fifty. For in appearance too he was at contrast with his kind. The rugged altitude of La Paz—12,500 feet above sea level—drew old features on young faces, and newcomers were constantly assigning advanced ages to them.

When first we met, I saw nothing distinctive about Juan except that he wore a clean, neatly pressed, dark blue suit. Physically he could have been any other Aymara. About five feet tall, rather squat, square-shouldered, relatively slim-waisted, and well-postured, he presented an ordinary view. Only later, when I became acquainted with his character did I see the real Juan.

His was an Indian face, topped with straight black hair. Seemingly sunburned a dark golden tan, the tight skin of his high broad cheek bones glowed a slight red when he was tired. His deep-set large brown eyes appeared always to twinkle with radiance from the half stars creased in his large-pored skin at the outside of each one. Although the sight of his nose was almost lost between his cheekbones, it was not small. Protruding physically, but not obviously, his nose gathered size as it widened to a deep upper lip that stretched elastically into a full-mouthed smile. So captivating was the smile, the face, and the person, that only later when I lost an upper front tooth did I notice that he lacked two in the same place.

Typical Andean Indian faces are said to bear the centuries of suffering and hardship that their ancestors have endured. Juan's face bore not only his resignation to life, but also his enjoyment of it. Buried in the impassive surface of his Indian countenance lay the years of dignity the man had collected. Resentment seeped through not at all, because he bore none. Juan thought deeply. But his thoughts were not all pensive ones, for while doing various chores, such as laying a fire to melt the chill of the mountain night, Juan would smile. His eyes would widen in the middle, the tightly-drawn skin on his cheekbones would rise, and satisfaction would flow down the streams of his facial lines and flood his face with grin.

Here was a man who understood, accepted, and enjoyed life. I have often wished I had been able to learn more about his thoughts. But

except for infrequent moments when he talked about the other servants—in only a short time he had begun to run our household—he was reluctant to speak of himself. Although in time we became quite close, indeed affectionate, the barrier of our relationship prevented the companionability of true friendship, although it was he who raised it, not I. Juan's reserve was probably subconsciously self-protective. I think he recognized then, as I do now, that close friendship can sometimes be cruel, for only friends are permitted to criticize with the cutting barbs reserved for family, barbs that stab the dignity that represents position. Reserve protects role and thus self, as Juan knew.

But as Juan maintained reserve—and close affection—with my wife and me, he discarded his reserve with our children who readily learned to respect and obey him as they did us. Penny, Patty, and Pamie were respectively about two, three, and four years old when first we met Juan. Since Penny was in the wide-open “cute two” stage and especially since she is a blonde (in Bolivia dark hair is so predominant that a *rubia*—and especially a small one—is cherished), she walked right into Juan's heart, as well as his arms. Remarkably enough, these arms were clean, although cleanliness is not a Bolivian virtue. Even some upper and middle income people occasionally reek of their own stale bodily odors. Most of the homes in La Paz do not have water piped in, much less the electricity necessary to heat it. Indeed an estimate that half of the people in this city of 300,000 have never bathed in hot water would be a conservative one. Where Juan learned cleanliness I shall never know, but as he and Penny developed their cuddling relationship I was glad he had.

Juan seemed always the first to her when she skinned a knee. While the rest of us had momentarily given up the search, Juan it was who always found Penny's “Bobby”—the time-worn ear-chewed stuffed dog that was her bedtime companion. Juan had to cut her meat. And when she was ill, he always supplied the final persuasion that chided Penny into swallowing her medicine.

With our other two girls Juan was equally kind, but Pamie and Patty were somewhat more distant, for they were older and attended nursery school in the morning. Nevertheless, they too were fond of Juan. Hide and seek, tag, and ring-around-the-rosie were the favorite games played around the patio outside the kitchen door. Among the screams and the giggles and the shouts, we would hear Juan's voice: “Cum on,” “You et,” and “Now, bebe.”

I never knew how much English Juan spoke, for he would never

speak English in our presence. Perhaps his ability was limited to a few words and phrases that he had picked up while working for other American families, but like much about Juan, we never knew.

If Juan's English was limited, his Spanish was not. Unlike most Bolivian servants, he not only read the language but also spoke it grammatically. During our first months in Bolivia, I had much more difficulty communicating with servants than with my Bolivian counterparts in the office, and my Spanish teacher suggested that this trouble was not due entirely to my inability with the language but partly to theirs. Later I learned that this advice was generally sound, although not applicable to Juan whose vocabulary was astonishingly large. Indeed, he often acted as interpreter between us and the other servants. When Pedro, the gardener, asked for some supply, often I could not find the word in the household Spanish-American dictionary, sometimes—I later learned—because of its specialized usage in Bolivia and sometimes because the word was Aymara, not Spanish. Then, expecting an explanation, I would ask Pedro, "What does it mean?" But to him the word always meant only what it was. On the other hand, Juan could always explain it and usually in model definitional form beginning with its general nature and then carefully delineating the particular word from others of its broad kind.

Perhaps this ability was a by-product of his inquiring mind. He was always seeking to know "why?" As a teacher, I have always admired inquisitiveness and inside the classroom and out have attempted to supply immediate answers and to encourage further thought about more remote ones. But Juan's questions often went beyond my knowledge. Why, he wanted to know one evening, did not American-made electric clocks and automatic washing machines work in Bolivia? Explaining that in the United States 110 current was 60 cycles and in Bolivia it was 50 cycles was easy. But explaining in limited Spanish and with limited knowledge how the difference was produced was beyond my ability, though not beyond his interest.

Juan read our newspaper daily. He was well informed on international and domestic developments, though he ignored the sensational news, like cinematic divorces and airplane crashes that capture the interest of the American. I often wonder whether his interest in the significant, as opposed to the trivial, was attributable to the man or to the papers. For Bolivian dailies, unlike American ones, play up important events on the front pages and in other eye-catching spots, even

though they, like American papers, must sell their product in order to get the advertising from which they profit. I am inclined to believe Juan's knowledge was due to Juan's intellect, for even the sensational was available.

Well do I remember his wanting to know why, when the United States was democratic, Negroes could not attend the white public schools in Little Rock. As an indirect representative of the United States government, I tried to tell him. But explaining why the slow preservation of federalism was more important than the immediate practice of human decency was difficult, and I could see from his face that my explanation no more satisfied his moral sense than it did mine.

Juan was not a prejudiced person, but in this aspect of his character—as opposed to most of the others—he was like his Bolivian counterparts. On one of those many days when we were between cooks, I had explained to Juan that we had employed another, but that she could not begin work for ten days. He was much interested. Where was she from? Was she a Chola? For whom had she worked? Although I could not supply the answers to these questions, for my wife had hired her, I was curious about his inquiries, for in Bolivia—much more so than in the United States—one's status is determined by the position he occupies, rather than by the irrelevant characteristics of race, color, religion, or legitimacy. But, no, to Juan too these were unimportant. What difference made it if she dressed like a Chola? What was important was "good character." And it was necessary, he thought, for the household to be cooperative, to be a family. The answers to his questions might help determine his doubts.

Juan's abilities were not limited to his head, but extended to his hands as well. When he joined our family, he brought his own tools. Without instructions he daily made some minor household repair: putting a wheel back on a serving cart, rewiring the plug of an electric heater, or reconstructing one of the children's toys.

Unlike most Bolivian servants, he was not a slave to his jurisdiction. Supposedly limited to first floor household duties, he willingly tackled any job anywhere. One evening after answering the telephone, my wife explained that if we wanted them, we could have the egg-laying hens of some friends who were leaving La Paz, but we would have to pick them up early the next afternoon. Where were we to keep them? Since we lived close to the center of the city, we had no chicken coops, although La Paz has no restrictions against them. Since Pedro, the out-

side man, had the day off, I asked Juan if he could build a coop for six hens the next morning, so that we might accept them. Of course, he could—and would.

At one o'clock the next day, when I arrived home for lunch, the hen house was complete. With hammer, saw, screwdriver, and pliers as his only tools and with some scraps from the crates of our overseas shipment, this jack-of-all-trades had not only built the coops—roosts and all well protected from the near-equatorial sun—but also a dog house as well. Having started his building, he noted that Diablo, our hundred-pound watchdog, had no place to escape the rain.

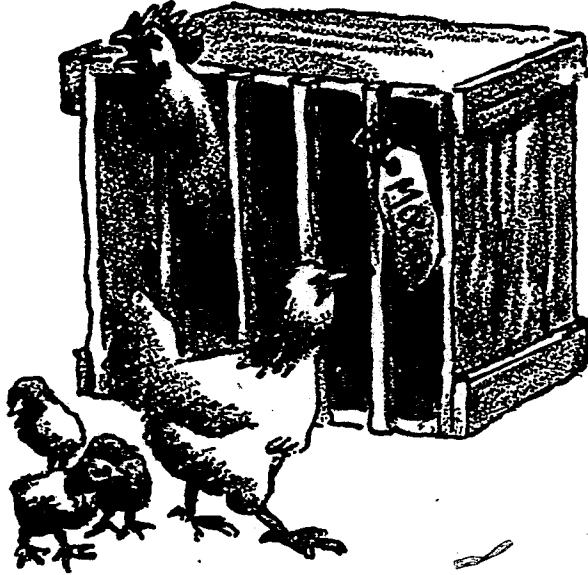
After lunch two days later the children and I went out to look at the chickens. Deep in the interior of the covered coop, half-buried in a bed of straw, we saw a round white object. We were elated. Our first egg! Pamie asked, if she were very careful, could she please go into the coop and get it. Our elation over our first egg turned rapidly into elation of a different sort, for Pamie emerged carefully cuddling within the open palms of both hands a ping-pong ball. Juan had put it there to show the hens where to deposit their eggs. I never thought to ask him where he got a used, but unbroken, ping-pong ball.

We were always discovering new talents in Juan. Once when a cook had quit us because I had suggested that the potatoes had not been sufficiently cooked—even in Bolivia cooks are temperamental—we learned of Juan's culinary abilities. Snowier, fluffier, lighter biscuits with crispier, flakier, golden crusts have never been made—and at this two-and-a-half mile altitude where experienced cooks—Bolivian and American—expect at least twenty-five percent baking failures. From then on, regardless of who cooked the dinner, Juan made the biscuits. And he never had a failure.

On Tuesday morning after Juan had been with us about a year and a half, eight o'clock arrived, but not Juan. At quarter to nine when I set out for the University, Juan had not yet sounded the bell, so I tested it. When I returned at one o'clock, Juan still had not arrived. Both my wife and I were concerned. For eighteen months Juan had always appeared on schedule. We speculated.

The midst of Carnaval was upon us. Could Juan have celebrated the night before and become too hungover to appear? Especially during Carnaval this custom was common enough among many lower income Bolivians, since the temporary numbness of overindulgence coated the pangs of living and was considered worth the unpleasantness of the next day's horrors. Variety seems to improve even the burdens of life.

Juan was no teetotaler, that we knew, for on festive occasions such as birthdays or Christmas he always joined our celebration toasts. But knowing Juan, I could not attribute his absence to overdrinking, for I remembered once talking with him about it. A trago was sometimes a pleasure, but drinking in excess, becoming *borracho*, was dangerous and foolish. I doubted that the gaiety of Carnaval would erase this conviction.



On his last day of work and at his request, my wife had given Juan the money he had earned since the first of the month, his customary payday. Could he have decided to quit? Why had he not told us? Juan, we had reason to believe, thought himself a part of the family and we thought him part of it too. But we were forced to consider this possibility. Although emotionally we were confident of Juan, intellectually we knew we did not deeply understand the workings of the Bolivian mind. Additionally, we had heard of similar behavior.

One day a tried and trusted cook who had worked loyally for some friends for three and a half years disappeared bag and baggage at noon of a day on which company was invited that evening. When she reappeared at the Servant's Bureau some thirty days later, the cook explained that she had just wanted a vacation and that she was tired of working for the Perkins family anyway. So we looked for Juan's belongings, and we found only hammer, saw, screwdriver, and pliers. Although apprehensive, we still could not bring ourselves to believe, for we were not certain what he usually kept at the house.

Surely Juan was neither drunk nor fickle. He must be sick or injured. Tuesday evening passed with more conjecture. Wednesday fell easier upon us, for it was Juan's day off. Thursday morning we awaited his bell signal with anticipation. But our wait was in vain.

When Friday morning was only a tortuous repetition of Thursday, our concern grew beyond containable bounds. Friday afternoon my wife found the home address that Juan had given to the Servant's Bureau. We could not locate the street on any city map, because even the most complete ones show only the main arteries of the downtown area. After many inquiries I did discover the general section in which the address was presumably located, but none of my informants seemed quite certain.

A search at night could only have been fruitless. La Paz was founded in a narrow, closed valley surrounded by the rugged Andean mountains. From the center of the city, at one end the valley rises a thousand feet within four miles to the Altiplano, a vast, barren 13,500 foot plateau and at the other end falls another thousand feet within four miles to Calacoto, a suburb. The city stretches more along the length of the narrow valley than its width, and the rapid rises on its sides are called hills, rather than mountains, only because they are built up, although the inhabited area extends only about a twentieth of the way to the edge of the Altiplano. About ten blocks from the valley floor, paved streets—even the cobblestone ones typical of La Paz—end and rutted, narrow, dirt passageways begin. Rarely are automobiles driven on them because automobiles are so scarce and the passage so difficult. There are no street lights.

From what I could discover, Juan lived on one of the valley's hill-sides, approximately a mile above our house, which was located about at the ends of the paved streets. In these neighborhoods the language was any combination of Aymara or Spanish that the user knew. Inasmuch as my Spanish was uncertain, and inasmuch as I knew no Aymara, I decided to delay my investigation.

Pedro arrived promptly at nine Saturday morning. Since it was the rainy season, I got the wipers from the trunk compartment of the Volkswagen, tightened them on the windshield, and immediately we set out to locate Juan's home. Climbing slowly up the steep hillside, we stopped at intervals, got out in a torrential rain, and knocked on doors seeking directions. Frequently, we were given wrong leads, for Bolivians—though not to the same extent as the Japanese—are reluctant to admit that they do not know. Frequently we retraced our route because we

had been misled or because the rain had cut too deep a stream for us to ford. After an hour's search, we spotted a man who assured us he knew exactly where Juan lived. His house was only a short distance from where we were. Since Pedro and I could not tell whether there was a road ahead or whether it had been completely washed away, we abandoned the Volkswagen and slogged, angle-deep in mud, to Juan's.

Typical of the section, but larger, the house was built of adobe bricks, similar to houses in the Southwestern United States, but without the outer covering of stucco. The edges of straw protruding from the adobe mud dripped water. About sixteen feet square, the house had only one small window. As we faced it, the entire roof—incongruously covered with red tile, sloped down to our right.

We knocked. A Chola woman of about 25, in colorful *pollera* and *manta*, opened the door. While Pedro introduced us, I spotted in the house's dark interior the end of an overseas shipping crate that Juan had once asked if he might have. With two or three adobe bricks acting as legs at each corner, it was now a table and on it was the senora's brown derby.

We stood in the driving rain and Juan's wife in the doorway. We heard all about Juan. At least Pedro then heard all, while I was only able to gather snatches of the conversation, but later he translated in full.

Monday evening Juan had become ill. He grew very hot. He coughed. He vomited. He had chills. And he grew very hot again. About noon Tuesday he breathed his last.

What had caused his sudden death? Juan's wife thought *catarro*, but we were never sure, for Juan had had no doctor. Indeed how could one have been called? For blocks around no house had a telephone. And could a Bolivian doctor have been induced to make a call during the midst of Carnival? How could he have found the place? The clinics were not open, and even if they had been, Juan was not physically able to visit one.

Early Wednesday morning about a dozen of Juan's male companions had appeared at the door with a stretcher—two long poles webbed with woven twigs and scraps of string—and two spades. They placed what was left of Juan upon it and tied the body in place. Taking turns, they carried the stretcher and Juan through the rocks, along the curved paths, up the mountainside, to the uninhabited Altiplano. There, now lay Juan in his unmarked grave beneath two feet of Andean earth. Since Juan's wife had been sick recently, their slight savings were exhausted

and Juan's last salary had paid her medical bill. Nothing remained for a La Paz burial—or even for candles.

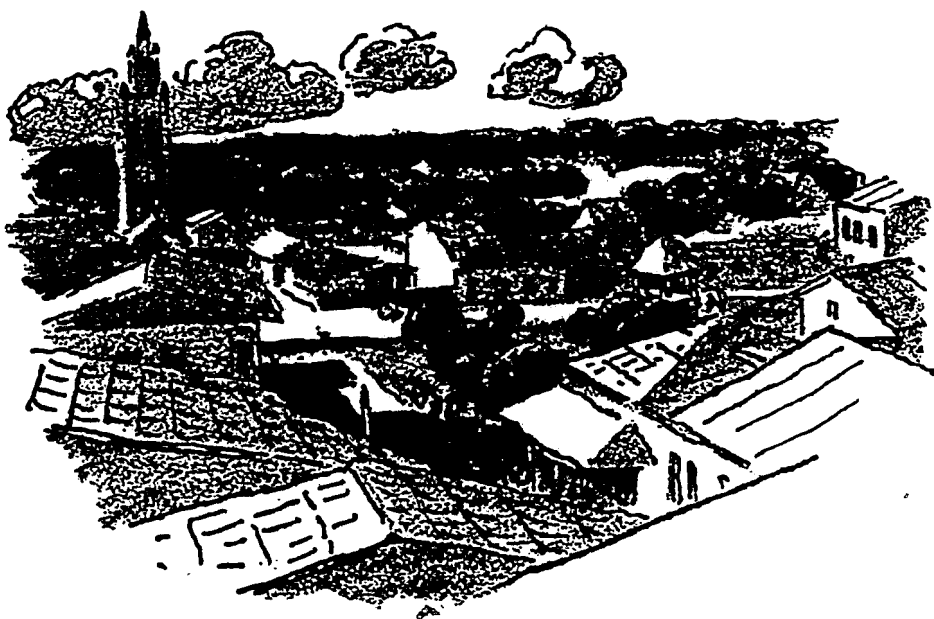
By now the hard rain had become only a drizzle. Pedro and I, thoroughly soaked, walked foot-heavy back to the car. Only when I had pulled the switch to start the windshield wipers did I notice that they were missing. I should have known better. Leaving an unguarded car with windshield wipers in place is an invitation to steal, even in broad daylight. I got out to look at the rest of the car. The hubcaps were gone too.

Being emotionally exhausted, I drove home silently. I wondered what I was going to tell my children.

Sunday I took Juan's tools to his wife. Then, all of Juan was out of our life physically, but not emotionally.

A year has gone by since Juan's passing. The children still await his return, although they have been told that he is dead. When is Juan going to come back and push us in the swing? Why won't Juan help me shoo the chickens in the coop? Why can't we ever have any more of Juan's biscuits?

Yes, I too remember Juan. And I shall never forget him.



Drawings by Gustave Baumann for *Dancing Diplomats*, by Hank and Dot Kelly, permission of University of New Mexico Press.

a jug of verses

POEMS are designs in words, articulate forms, speaking shapes of feeling and thought. They make use of the common and uncommon meanings of words, the traffic of words in the history and fashions of language and the power of their sounds floating through the mind. Poems are made by men and women who think that the writing of a poem is a vigorous enough act to satisfy many of their needs. Poems take the place of heroism, abnegation, retribution, and romance for those who think that a work of art is the best deed. Poems domesticate the lively and chop-licking man-eating animal in man so that he can contemplate the universe acutely and in peace, befriend his fellows, and serve his anger and indignation honorably. This tamed animal in man now watches over his thought and keeps it honest.

THE WRITING OF POEMS requires thoughtfulness to make feelings true, and feelings to make thought actual. The writing of poems is a great and humane act. It discovers a man to himself and offers him candidly to others. There is no better business and none more social and easy, for the most obscure poem communicates the lovable part of a man and that is what we need to know more of. There are many very bad poems written, hundreds of thousands of them, but the act is always good, is always an encouragement to life. Poems are not essentially what are found in the classics and in collections, anthologies, and memories: they are what a man is now struggling to express with his knowledge, his mind, and his imagination.

—WALTER LEUBA

poets in this issue

E. HALE CHATFIELD is author of a book of poems, *The Young Country*, and his verse has been published in *Views* and *San Francisco Review*. He is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy. BYRON COLE placed poems in *Yale Review* and *Literary Review* in 1958. An assistant professor at McNeese State College in Louisiana, EDWARD J. CZERWINSKI has had three of his plays produced in Atlanta, and had works accepted by *Epos*, *Wings*, *Chicago Jewish Forum*, and other periodicals. Now free-lancing in poetry and nature articles, HARRIET L. DELAFIELD has been a professional singer, a newspaper editor, and a bookseller. Her poetry is found in *Queen's Quarterly*, *Pacific Spectator*, and *New York Herald Tribune*.

EDSEL FORD wrote the delightful story, "Eight-Story Tree House," for *NMQ*, spring '57. He was featured in "Talk of the Town," Nov. 14, 1959, *New Yorker* having interviewed him by long distance phone in Rogers, Arkansas.

"When one has bottled-up feelings, poetry helps release these feelings," says LOUIS GINSBERG, who has taught English at Paterson (N.J.) Central High School for 38 years and serves as a Rutgers evening college lecturer. His verse was selected for Rittenhouse and Untermeyer anthologies, and by *Saturday Review*. Author of four volumes of verse, among them *Arise My Love* (Doubleday, 1953), HELEN R. HENZE is a secretary in Kansas City who has had some twenty-five of her verse translations published.

DON IVERS teaches in an elementary school in Albuquerque, and is a painter who believes poetry to be "the highest and most brilliantly pointed of the arts." WALTER LEUBA, a field and supervisory worker for the Pennsylvania Dept. of Public Welfare, is preparing a volume of essays on Bach's music; he has published two books.

An earlier version of "International Geophysical Year" was included in the ms. that won LAURENCE LIEBERMAN the major Hopgood Award in poetry at the University of Michigan. Appearing recently in *Saturday Review* and *The Nation*, and soon to come in *Paris Review*, Lieberman is working toward a Ph.D. in English at Berkeley. "The Alchemy" is being printed this spring with other poems and short stories by TOM MCAFEE at the University of Missouri Press.

Continued on page 440.

ON THE SIXTH DAY OF APRIL THIS YEAR

On the sixth day of April this year
I picked a blade of grass
From a yard in Denver,
Colorado. It was
A dull and dusted spear,
Sprouted in soot, fed by fear
Of trampling feet;
Not knowing sun at all or a clear
Swept look that sky can have.
And back behind the cave
The city made I could hear
Mountains bellowing.
I heard them I swear
Under a sun yellowing.

I picked a twig of sage two days before
On a mountainside on April four,
Near Fort Collins, Colorado, this same year.
I'd been driven there
In an ancient car
By a young college pair.
He lean in tight jeans; she pregnant, fair,
White teeth, red lips, gold hair.
The trees whistled and whispered and
I crushed the brittle grey-green sage.
The pines were using the wind for a tongue.
I smelled the sage on my hands;
Then saw the small-balled dung
Of mule deer. "Look here!"
And before a crow could call
Or a magpie fall
Into a fir or a ponderosa pine,
The trio of deer walked into the clear
Before the trees on the mothering mountain.

One a young buck with antlers shy,
Two does with great dark eyes.
With watchful step they passed by.
Already the tall young mountain man
Had shot all three
With his camera slung
On his arm. And was creeping like a fourth,
Slowly after them down the north
Slope, as if compelled. The sky yelled
And raced around the snow-stained peaks
And dashed its light in striped streaks
On everything. On the boy who was moving
Like a muscled wild thing, shoving
The deer before him. You understood
He could stroke their long ears if he would;
They would stand and never move.
I heard the mountains.
I heard the mountains bellow
Under the sky of yellow.

I folded my piece of sage
In a handkerchief, and climbed in a cage,
On a later date,
On April eight
This year,
Of a railway train that rattled and battled
And shuttled and bumped
And swayed across a continent;
Eastward, downward, to Washington.
In a box of bricks
Under a tree of sticks
Where a lonely starling shrieks,
I opened the cloth.
From the green-grey stuff the scent came up.
Three deer, the buck and both
Dark-eyed does walked through the walls.
I crumpled the sage leaves in the cup
Of my palms and laid them to my face.

The deer stood
Watchful in a green-glowing aspen wood
In my house in Washington.
Mountains muttered.
Mountains roared.
They bellowed.
I heard them I swear.
I heard the mountains bellow
Under my walls of yellow.

—HELGA SANDBURG

THE WARNING

The sea shone
and the earth trembled
and man arose from the dust
of the street where he had been struck
down and turned his eyes
to the sky: at his side
stood the children and behind
the women with their aprons
twisted in their hands

and a voice from the mad
sky said "I am chaos:
I am blood: I am ruin
and devastation," and the trees
bent in the wind and the ships
at sea sailed into a new darkness:
there was only a hum
there was only a dull throbbing
there was only a weird whistle
in the world's brain.

—E. HALE CHATFIELD

CHILDHOOD REMEMBERED

There had been so many city winters;
And some deep country; that the feel
Of small-town fall had died away.
Unsought, it came again
To console her on this empty afternoon
As she walked down a hill on strange pavement
Toward the new place where she now belonged.

It was hard to accept it; the new place.
She still said 'home' when describing
Somewhere else, but this afternoon,
This afternoon alone,
A comfort had come back in fallen leaves
As she walked down the hill on old sidewalks,
And she began to run, to run toward home.

—HARRIET L. DELAFIELD

MAN-WHO-IS-HORSE

1.

The stallions came in the night, flowing like black water
across the mesa top,
driving their hooves hard against the corral,
splintering the rails,
beating the great barn doors,
standing straight up like giant men,
hammering with iron-hard hooves,
thudding drumbeat of iron
splitting the hearts of the mares
moaning behind thick-timbered doors
(incense-clothed mares in sweet prairie hay,
man-stalled and haltered,
barriered and bound),
hearing the screaming nostrils
riving the night,
foam flecked.

2.

My heart is older
 than all the stallions.
 It ran here in the vast wastelands
 when fire was gone
 and ice was coming.
 It reared and galloped
 across the Great Plains
 before the Apaches
 before the mighty Sioux
 donned their war bonnets.

Ay-i-eeeeeeeee!
 Wait for me, stallions;
 wait for me, wild mares
 bursting the barn doors,
 splintering the stout oak:
 waves of hooved fury
 fleeing the man doors,
 drumming across the dark land,
 back across the mesa top
 into the night,
 into the endless night of time.

—GENE SHUFORD

BLUES FOR A FALLEN BIRD

Your crushed golden notes flew through the smoky room,
 Offering me an exit from the neon tomb.
 You shouted my questions, found the windows for my dreams,
 Your moving sound filled my empty screams.
 Your notes will echo out of the traffic's hum,
 Flowing down the granite channels till all time has run.
 If your sound doesn't touch me and make my eyes open wide,
 I'll know that something inside has laid down and died.
 So blow, Bird, blow, wherever you may be,
 Make those wild searching notes come on back to me.

—PAUL SANZENBACH

CORNELIA FED THE SWANS

Beloved of bird
if not of man,
Cornelia fed
the downy swans

on Medley Pond
until they grew
both plump and fond
of Cornelia, who

forewent the snacks
that served so well
to sooth and lax
the little hell

her office was.
Though she grew thin,
she loved the state the swans
were in,

and each noon plied
their appetites
with boiled or fried
or frozen bites

until one day
when she fell ill
the swans' dismay
was loud and shrill;

but she came not
to calm their hunger.
Whereupon
in choicest anger

they flayed their keeper
with their feathers
good and proper,
demanding whether

the Lovely Lady
of the Crumbs
was gone for good; he
said she'd come.

And sure enough,
she did. However,
meantime his huge rough
hands had severed

head from body
one by one
and dressed himself
as a noble swan;

and when he took her,
white as snow,
Cornelia never
let him know.

—EDSEL FORD

SAYS DOCTOR PEABODY

Doctor Peabody peered through wavy glass
 At his docile graduate student class,
 His herd. He doddered cutely as he said
 The age of criticism, far from dead,
 My boys, will live again in each of you.
 Under my aegis, you will all go through
 All that has been said by critics on all
 Shakespeare's plays. To speak vulgarly, the haul
 Will be a long one, but think of the prize!
 And also read the works they criticize,
 If you find time. So rich in backward looks,
 Much better friends to men than dogs are books.
 I hate to watch the cheapening degree,
 And feel I must mistrust the Ph.D.
 That took less than ten solid years to do
 After the Bachelor's. (I hope that you
 Will pardon these ellipses.) What force is
 In bibliographical resources!
 Read, re-read, know your libraries, no fools,
 As you would know the simplest garden tools.
 Look carefully at all books on one rack,
 Memorize, get to know that pack
 Of tomes as family, as part of you.
 You will be all the better for it. Hew
 Students like yourselves, gifted in recollection.
 And try in dissertations for perfection,
 True contributions. By no means slight
 The best form for each footnote you may write.
 Use youthful vigor to absorb new facts.
 Later, when you have dulled, you may relax;
 After, of course, relieving tenure fears
 With a few articles. This may take years.

—CHRISTOPHER WATERS

A TALE FOR CYNTHIA

They said of young Wang, when the Emperor's glove
 Slapped across his shoulder and in nineteen southern
 Provinces, unhappy sucklers of bandits
 And civil servants, men began to shave
 Their daughters' heads and carry buried
 Silver into the mountains, in terror of what
 A poet could do if governors possessing no talent
 Had left them only every other grape and taxed
 Even the flowing of water—they said,
 Where his poems were known, that Wang
 Had too much thirst to drink from a slender spring,
 Meaning to say that poets who govern
 Have shed the scholar's shabby robes
 For the public lust that is everyman's pride.
 Only the third of his seven daughters,
 Who slept next to his door and wrote,
 In the mornings, the dreams he had saved,
 Could have told how every night's vision trembled in beauty
 Of words no pen had ever conceived, brushed in wonder
 Across unwinding scrolls his hands trembled
 To touch, in the cold morning when courtiers
 And beggars and eager officials already pulled
 The brass and iron knocker pinned to his gate.
 Only his wife, and later his six grown sons,
 Could have told why Wang, governor of eighty
 Provinces, honored with rice from the Emperor's bowl
 And soon to be regent of China itself, boarded
 A sampan and drifted like a lazy fish
 Along the Yellow River, collecting leaves
 And burning his face in the sun and staring,
 Unable to weep, at a chest of virgin parchment
 Hung beside his bed, unopened, unsoiled,
 As ready to be enscribed with careful reports
 As, five weeks before, when the porters carried it up
 From the dock and Wang, smiling and silent,
 Followed them like the tail of a dragon parade.
 His daughter's record was found, a decade ago,
 Lining a box of tea; his wife's story

Was whispered down a hundred years
 And is worthy of even a critic's belief.
 His sons were honorable men, his daughters
 Married well, and when Wang died, bearing
 The crescent ruby of semi-godhead upon his heart
 And the crimson band of every power around
 His wrist, the old professors were careful not to exhume
 His youthful indiscretions, the wild, inebriate
 Poems the Emperor chose to forgive.
 Only his poems seem really dead, thrust
 By timid hands beneath an unknown pile
 Of parchment, buried deep in the palace vaults.
 I hope, some day, to find them,
 Spread them for all to read how Wang
 Could rhyme and sing with no-man's pride
 And a heart so full that he needed neither court
 Nor jewels nor the sacred scraps from the Living Moon God's plate.

—BURTON RAFFEL

INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR

I

We harness this year
 The galactic simoons of space . . .
 In forge of our hydrogen and shrapnel success
 We scaffold manned bullets:
 Challenge to much fabled and fictive discs.

 Peace beyond reach,
 We infringe the firmament We
 The foragers,
 Cradled by such our speeded funeral We'll
 Land our shells
 Abreach the aerie esplanades:

 Take heed our threats! savannahs of the moon.

II

We arrange panoplied counters
Along chiaroscuro—assymetric chessboards.
We fathom no depths
But rocking secure balance
As at
shoals in fjords
Knolls in oases
Atop glacier floes Now
Orbs and their satellites.

The night's fracture takes to wing
Its star-sealed promise.
As the moon-lit criminal shore
Sleeps among fallen shards,
Our lucubrious phantoms sort bits and ashes
Flitting lambent above
The budding much-seeded soil.
Let death reimburse the shadows of death,
Replenish the slow-sifted silt of the living.

—LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

MISS DICKINSON'S CONFESSION

I feared the fathom never found
In lakes where starving fish were bound
By too much space.

I feared the wind that left no trace
Of what had come to take its place
Surrounding me.

I feared the night, especially
Without the stars. Day frightened me
When birds were gone.

I feared . . . people most, the fun
They seemed to poke at God through me—
You, my enemy.

—EDWARD J. CZERWINSKI

THE MOOSE AND HOW HE COMES

DERIVED FROM THE ABENAKI

The moose was once so large that he
nibbled the leaves of the oak and maple,
made the tops of the pines his staple.
The moose was larger than any tree.

Kloskurbah came. He called for the bark
of mottled birch, three hands long.
He fashioned a trumpet, taught it the song
the bull has loved since Noah's ark.

He blew the trumpet. Across the wood
answer returned. The animal neared.
Kloskurbah waited. The moose appeared,
came to The Teacher who knew he would.

Kloskurbah spoke to the moose and said,
"I have come to make you smaller so that
my children may use your flesh and fat.
Come here." The moose came, lowered his head.

The Teacher hauled him by his horns,
pummeled him down to his present size,
told him to come when the trumpet cries,
taught him to scorn the voice that warns.

Thus, the moose, the foolish beast,
trots to the sound of his own demise,
snorting and scuffling and rolling his eyes,
anticipating a sexual feast. . . .

Do not jibe: the moose begins
his day with zest. He hears the trumpet,
wagers that it's a woodland strumpet.
Sometimes he loses. More often he wins.

—LEWIS TURCO

EIGHT HUNDRED CANDLES

"As a child, Lady Cary was a voracious reader and her family tried to stop her habit of reading in bed by depriving her of light, so that she owed the maids for eight hundred candles they had smuggled in by the time she was twelve."

—Marchette Chute in *Shakespeare of London*.

Eight hundred candles, so they say,
Young Lady Cary burned and read away
While she was yet a child. She loved to read;
It seems she could not read enough. Indeed,
She read by day, she read by night —
She read by sun and moon and candlelight.
Her parents, fearful for her eyes, her health,
Forbade her nightly reading, so by stealth
She hid her books beneath her poster bed
And still, by candle gleam, she read and read.

It was a rule she could not help but break
For in the darkness she would lie awake
And wonder how the story had turned out
Or what the newest book was all about.
But soon her family learned what she had done
And took the candles from her one by one.
At last the girl was forced to use her wiles:
She bribed the maids — with money, gifts, and smiles
Until they brought her candles secretly,
And thus provisioned she read happily.

But soon she could no longer pay. The maids
Smiled at the anxious child and winked. Their raids
Continued, and the nightly candles burned
Until, at twelve, young Lady Cary learned
Eight hundred candles was the debt she owed
For stolen reading while the candles glowed.
Four hundred years could not that reading end
So, Lady, if by starshine you should apprehend,
Accept this homage from one who, herself,
Can never reach the last book on the shelf.

—ELIZABETH SHAFER

THE ALCHEMY

Before I knew my soul
I knew my father's voice,
The sacrosanct control
Of every final choice
And first. The morning bird
Sang right or wrong for me
By what my father heard.
Through his blue eyes I'd see
The mare and judge her gait.
Somehow from him there grew
My mordant soul—with hate
And fear enough for two.

—TOM McAFEE

A WALK IN THE WOOD

"Come, let us walk in the wood," she said.
As I had nothing to do instead,

Who was I to deny a friend
Whatever it was she did intend?

The fragrance was so ferny and deep,
It drugged more than my mind asleep.

The forest breathed with a heavy scent,
As more than into the wood we went.

"Here is the place all things are hid.
Rest here," she whispered. And we did.

And it was more than deep in the wood,
I felt the deepest solitude.

—LOUIS GINSBERG

INCIDENT ON HIGHWAY 54

He strode his horse
straight as fireweed reaching for the sun:
we almost saw his lance, which was but air.
"Romero—that's the town. That's the country."
His words drove westward down the High Plains wind.
"Nothing. Nothing there that you won't see
from here to there." But clearly we were going—
this he saw and took us then at last
into his mind. "Vanished," he said. "All gone."
We said that we had read the tale in books;
we did not say we sought the ghosts; we dared
not put the thought in words. He must have known
and found us not *turista*—quite, for then
he looked at us. "From Taos and Santa Fe,"
he said. "They called them *ciboleros*. All
were Spanish, armed with lances like the chiefs
and warriors who came out to ride with them.
Comanches. I have heard it long ago,
when I was young—*el muchacho*." The words
slipped out as though he dared not hide it long,
the secret that we shared. A dark-skinned boy
who rode with ghosts that sought the buffalo,
a boy with home-made lance who galloped hosts
of hunters seeking meat and hides, hunters
who rode with red men as the red men rode,
and called them friends, and jerked the meat.
He used the Spanish words "*carne seca*" and spoke
of traders, "*comancheros*," and "*pastores*,"
shepherds who were driven out by us
who came so late, the Anglo-Saxon men
whose guns and cattle won the fight. I looked
into his eyes and saw contempt for guns,
for men who feared to ride against the beasts
with only sharp-tipped death upon a lance,
contempt for men who pushed death far away

with powder, guns, and moulded lead, for men
 who thus had taken all the earth. For we were late,
 late come to this wide land, and in his eyes
 we read the wordless hate for all our kind
 and saw him turn and ride into the wind.

—GENE SHUFORD

PASSAGE OF SUMMER

*Hills move into the ragweed and rose fever,
 the inflammable pollen touched with the color of evening
 like lac left on the boughs by the burning insects—*

*It is summer sick with the fever in cattle,
 with grey glass and monotony on hills,
 hotels, war memorials with their iron flags,*

*broken . . . like the comet of Biela,
 converted to dust and astigmatic fires
 in the gravity of evening slowing the trees.*

*Road-lamps interlace their flame
 in the traffic of insects above open fields
 and larval lights of decay in woods.*

*It is summer spent with the dregs of daylight,
 the erosion of furrows and the hemisphere
 elided to darkness as iron stars,*

*pulverized by friction through the galaxies
 sew fables of dust and annihilation.
 It is words in the brain and the sword of vision
 agile as lightning in Capricorn.*

—B. COLT

ODES OF HORACE — Book II, Ode 13

Some wretch it was, that luckless, ill-omened day,
Who planted you with impious hand, O tree,
And reared you to his shame to be the
Bane of posterity and the village;

I could believe he strangled his aged sire;
In dead of night he spattered his inner rooms
With blood and gore of trusting guests; oh,
He was a dealer in Colchian poisons,

And anywhere a horrible crime was hatched,
He planned it,—he who stood you within my field,
You sorry log, and destined you to
Crash on the head of your guiltless master!

What each should shun as peril from hour to hour
Man never knows sufficient to guard against:
The Punic sailor greatly dreads the
Bosphorus, fearing no fate hid elsewhere;

The soldier fears the Parthian's arrowed flight,
The Parthian fears chains and Italian strength;
And yet death's unexpected blight has
Seized and will seize every race and nation.

We almost saw Proserpina's gloomy realms,
Almost saw Aeacus on the judgment seat,
Abodes where dwell the blessed host, and
Where with her Lesbian lyre sad Sappho

Complains and sighs for girls of her native land;
And you, Alcaeus, sound with your golden quill
More loudly on your fuller strings the
Hardships of sailing and war and exile.

The shades, amazed, in reverent silence stand
 To hear these stories worthy of sacred awe,
 But shoulder close to drink the magic
 Tales of great battles and banished tyrants.

What wonder is it then that the spellbound beast
 At songs like these his hundred black ears drops down,
 That snakes entwined among the Furies'
 Locks cease to writhe and are lulled to quiet?

Prometheus and Tantalus are beguiled
 By this sweet sound to rest from their endless toil;
 Orion cares no more for hunting,
 Lion and lynx rest in timid safety.

(Metre: Alcaic Strophe)

ODES OF HORACE — Book III, Ode 30

More enduring than bronze I've built my monument
 Overtopping the royal pile of the pyramids,
 Which no ravenous rain, neither Aquilo's rage
 Shall suffice to destroy, nor the unnumbered years
 As they pass one by one, nor shall the flight of time.
 I shall not wholly die; no, a great part of me
 Shall escape from death's Queen; still shall my fame rise fresh
 In posterity's praise while to the Capitol
 Still the high priest and mute maiden ascend the Hill.
 From where Aufidus brawls and from that thirsty land
 In which Daunus once ruled over his rustic tribes,
 I, grown great though born low, I shall be named as first
 To have spun Grecian song into Italian strands
 With their lyrical modes. Take this proud eminence
 Won by your just deserts; and with the Delphic bay,
 O Melpomene, now graciously bind my hair.

(Metre: 1st Asclepiadean)

—TRANS. BY HELEN ROWE HENZE

DIORAMA

The love-whips pause and in their place
screams; passion and
the gods pass now and the soundless deaths
prove back the loving living boundaries

Machines and passionate pageants
all cut from amber winds
with ice for crystal form the buildings
of priests:
Hand rubbed in blood and the living
the wind rocks and their gray warriors
set in their pattern of defeat are gathered
drinking; waiting for the love again

But the pageant shifts and the
river moulds the hills and,
forming valléys for the warrior's homes,
floods them, their hands and food,
and rises in contempt to the
crystal and fluid air
driving the soft old warriors back
again:

their axe hands raised the weapons
form themselves to the only purpose
And the ice-wind fortress raises from
the frosted hills, now again among gray rocks
and listening earth

With the resurrection then the songs
and drinking and the purpose
of new cleaned armor—
Death rides through the ice-wind room
in the presence of the living
Singing itself to the glory of time;
to the mask of the prophets;
to the cry of the bloodless
and the forceful strength of battle.

—DON IVERS

NEW MEXICO

RIO GRANDE

Dust dry water of a waiting river
winding down through the disinterested valley
Beside an adobe house:
 organic and newly old
 life indicated by red sunned chiles

The river of the pueblos
dealing in hours of geologic era
minutes of past cultures
taking seconds of a lifetime for granted

The river of the dancing Gods
dynamic calmness dealing in dust grains
and time:

 without a need for harsh rapids or lover's falls

The river predicates upon itself dispassionately
moving beside an adobe house
and over another:
 returned already to its mother valley

MADRID: PENITENTE COUNTRY

Pinyon hills and waiting canyons
lying between the river and the Christ Blood mountains
The loving black of the coal dust
and the haze-blue moon of the innocent night
are fearful of their own silence

The April cold morning breaks to sun;
Fasting skulls of scarred and bloody images
lie in council with excommunicated passion
The carreta creaks as the dry horse death
rides down the canyon
with his whips of love

—DON IVERS

THE LATE, LATE NEWS

In the back of the brain blows around
The weather of hell, and the wind inside
Blows old into towering new; at the top
Of the spine all spins over yesterday.

—CHARLES PHILBRICK

SELF-ENCOUNTERED

The day I found that I was I
The sun still blazed within the sky;
Earth's creatures walked or crept or flew,
For I alone, unlike them, knew.

I knew I was no effervescence
Of ten ten trillion rules and lessons
Nor yet concatenation of
Eternities of time and love.

Instead of universal mind
I was myself. I could be signed
On documents. My feet left prints.
Names levelled at me made me wince.

Instead of weighing all the ills
Of all earth's peoples, I took pills
For my own special kind of aches;
I was sent bills. I made mistakes.

Caught as I was in bony wall,
Watching the leaves of fancy fall,
I counted it no gala day—
For, like all other folk, as they
Must hold a teacup, so must I.
Where my bright stars? Where field? Where sky?

—HOPE STODDARD

REQUIEM

(For Buffalo Creek 1845-1878)

Let the verse be solemn,
 The euphonies muted
 And cadenced as dead time.
 Unspell dumb
 Earth-stopped mouths; refruit dust-routed
 Harvests; shape this requiem
 To aspiration, to the grey rhyme
 Of women wearing homespun, to deed
 And sinew, and rhythm of men
 Swinging axes; treed
 Wilderness hewn,
 Become a town. . . .
 Refresh the ghost of then.

This town had its Davids who strummed and sang
 Psalm tunes and ballads with a western twang;
 Goliaths with six-guns who strutted and were downed.
 Let the verse be solemn for seven who were drowned,
 For hewers and builders and garlanded heads,
 For proud men and sober who died in their beds,
 For three who were hanged. Let the verse be muted
 For those without guile, and those who disputed.
 Let each assert his claim!
 The now anonymous,
 The first who came
 With dreams and wagons and the sound
 Of jew's-harps, —let them speak too.
 Like earth and churchyard grass,
 This proffered requiem
 Disavows no one. They knew
 Deer run and salt lick, thicket-crowned
 Valley and foothill; venturesome
 Acres of beginning,
 Upland and level
 Furrowed, seed-quickenened.

Let the verse echo their long-ago revel,
 Their frets, their wooing and winning,
 Their outworn grief;
 Lost as lost seasons, as arms that beckoned,
 Lost in time as year's-end leaf.

This was the hub of town, the halting place
 For wayspent stage and buckboard;
 Street where bank
 And crude emporium abutted rank
 Frontier jail. Here seed
 And saddle gear were sold, and lace,
 And boots and fencing wire and cord;
 Here talk exchanged like coin; here winter need
 Became addenda on a grocer's list;
 Here surge and newness, upgrowth manifest
 In visioned scope and stir. . . .
 Beyond time now, beyond spur
 Of hope or season, and besieged by dust.

All vintage throve that year, unmarred
 By taint and weather; verdure sleekened
 Rise and hollow.
 (Let the verse be solemn for husk and shard,
 For paths no feet may follow,
 And groves no longer fecund.)
 Apples swelled with sap,
 And young calves balked
 At roundup ropes and branding.
 Back east they talked
 Of railroads and chalked
 Junction points and routes upon a map;
 Proposing and countermanding
 As draftsmen sketched and auditors computed
 Disbursements, fees, the most expedient course.
 About this town, they said:
 "Small. Out of the way. Unsuitable
 For station site. Bypass it just beyond
 Those mountains, bearing north instead
 Close to the river's source."

The dying started thus with plan and bond,
 And faraway decree.
 Across the country, hammers pounded ties,
 Their drumbeat intervals
 Evocative of legend, rhythm-wise
 As song. Smoke hung upon the light,
 Blurring the shattered symmetry
 Of newly-blasted hills.
 Yet unaware
 Of augured change and ban,
 This town held stillnesses and bright
 Unsullied air. . . .

But then the exodus began,
 The laden wagons, the slow arduous haul,
 Tradesmen first and tall
 Restless cowhands; smith,
 Saddlemaker, farmer and drone.
 Unfleshed as bone,
 The town died, became a myth,
 A dream in retrospect, wraith and host
 To dust.

—SARAH SINGER

COUNT HIM AS BLESSED, DREAMING

Count him as blessed
 Who in the moss-dim greenwoods of his sleep
 Summoned the kindly cows and gave them salt,
 Threw the cooped chickens oyster-shell, and called
 The pigs to wash themselves clean in his pool;

He waking smelled the charity of rain
 On the dry country; stretched himself, and rose
 To work the rocky pastures of his day.

—AMES ROWE QUENTIN

POETS IN THIS ISSUE (continued from page 416)

A World War II fighter pilot, and now an associate professor in English at Brown University, CHARLES PHILBRICK won the \$1000 first prize in 1958 in the Wallace Stevens Poetry Contest. AMES ROWE QUENTIN, a college-bred farmer in Claremont, Calif., who started writing again because he "was irritated by the condescension of a couple of school teachers," has sold his work to *Atlantic*, *The Humanist*, and *Saturday Evening Post*. Wall-Street lawyer BURTON RAFFEL, who once taught literature at Ohio State and elsewhere, has done verse translations from Indonesian and Anglo-Saxon for *The London Magazine*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Atlantic Monthly* and *NMQ*. "A Tale for Cynthia" is his first original poem to see print.

HELGA SANDBURG, of Falls Church, Va., has written two novels: *The Wheel of Earth* and *Measure My Love*. "Blues for a Fallen Bird" started out as a "twelve-bar blues" by PAUL SANZENBACH, of Española, N. M., a child-welfare worker in the Santa Fe area. He has written for *Antioch Review* and *Saturday Review*. A free-lance writer who started out on the children's page of *Denver Post* at age eleven, ELIZABETH SHAFER sells to *Christian Science Monitor*, *Opinion*, *Westways*, and others.

C. E. (GENE) SHUFORD is director of journalism at North Texas State College in Denton. *New Republic*, *Southwestern Review*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and *NMQ* have used his poetry. "Buffalo Creek" is a fictional name for "pathetic ghosts" of Western towns, according to SARAH SINGER, who divides her time between keeping house and writing for *Commentary*, *New York Times*, *Chicago Jewish Forum*, *Poetry Digest* and other magazines.

For ten years associate editor of *International Musicians*, HOPE STODDARD came under the influence of Robert Frost when he was poet-in-residence at University of Michigan. She is author of two books on music published by Crowell, and has contributed verse to various magazines, including *Poetry* and *Voices*. "Abenaki" is derived by LEWIS TURCO from legends of Indians of the Kennebec River region of Maine. Now a graduate student at State University of Iowa, his poems have been accepted by *Sewanee Review*, *Mid-Century*, and *Best Articles & Stories*. Assistant professor of French and Spanish at the College of William and Mary, CHRISTOPHER WATERS is working on a novel. He has written for *Modern Language Quarterly*, *Prairie Schooner*, and *Colorado Quarterly*.

FR. RICHARD BUTLER, O.P.

George Santayana's Boyhood in Boston

The Back Bay of George Santayana's boyhood was not a distinguished residential section. The basin area of the Charles had not yet been developed and the lagoon was still a shallow and often muddy stretch of shoreline that extended to the neck of the river. In the seventies, the water reached Dartmouth Street and what is now Copley Square. Empty, sunken lots, swampy and littered with refuse and washed-up debris, bordered the waterfront at the western end of the basin. Winter's sharp winds howled furiously across the unprotected banks of the river and through the barren area of undeveloped land. In the summertime, the stench of the mudflats wafted inland with the sultry breezes.

No. 302 was the last house on the waterside of Beacon Street, a narrow, high-studded house with only two large rooms on each of the principal floors: a reception room and dining room on the first floor and two bedrooms on the second. Four makeshift cubicles in the attic supplied additional sleeping quarters. The old house on Boylston Place was providing a modest rental income, pending a suitable sale. Uncle James had advised the purchase of this second house on Beacon Street, trusting that the gradual westward extension of the residential section would vindicate his speculative judgment.

Unfortunately the financial panic of 1873 dissolved these sanguine hopes, as well as the personal investments and resources of Uncle James. Property values depreciated and rental profits dwindled with deflation. The relentless mortgage demands on both houses left the

This is the second article to be extracted by NMQ from Father Butler's The Life and World of George Santayana, by permission of the publishers, Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, who are releasing the book this spring. Fr. Richard Butler, a Dominican priest, and director of the Aquinas Newman Center in Albuquerque, was the close friend of the famous philosopher and poet before Santayana's death in Rome.

hapless Sturgis widow, although remarried, leaning more heavily on her American relations. Uncle James, barely solvent with his own reduced finances, felt responsible for risks advised to his own relatives and informed his brother Russell of the sad state of affairs. Once again the London representative of the Sturgis family responded to a crisis and supplied one hundred pounds a year allowance in perpetuity for his brother's widow and children.

For young George this period was critical in other ways that were more personal and influential. For this was his first winter in Boston, a time of attempted adjustment to his new surroundings and different manner of life. As long as his father remained with him he could continue to feel like a temporary visitor, a curious tourist viewing the American scene with detached interest and even occasional delight. But the familiar figure customarily at his side, offering the support of his sympathy and the pungent observations of his worldly wisdom, vanished all too soon. The first bite of winter chill gave him an acceptable excuse for returning to the enclosed valley town of Old Castile. Without any promise of a future reunion, his father went back to Avila.

This, then, was the first winter of George Santayana's discontent, the beginning of a perpetual sense of not belonging, of being a stranger wherever he was. The initial estrangement was a geographical fact that raised real difficulties. When he had arrived in America he had not known a single word of English. His mother, who spoke the language with familiar ease, seldom did and insisted on Spanish being the medium of conversation at home. While he was there, his father, who spoke no English at all, had accompanied the boy on his few timid ventures outside the house. Robert was not very helpful, mostly because he was not very fraternal, then or ever. He considered his younger half-brother an inferior, not only because of the natural breach between them in age and interests but for other undisclosed reasons which widened the breach in later years. Besides, at this time Robert was working for Uncle James, whose tottering investment firm required the support of extra initiative and application from its employees. Josefina, like her mother and namesake, was too apathetic to recognize or take interest in his plight, and, unlike her mother, too inefficient to do anything about it anyway.

Only Susana could help, wanted to, and did. She started with a book of nursery rhymes, having him repeat each line after her. Gradually,

with painstaking determination, she taught him the intricacies of proper English pronunciation and grammar, with timely warnings of approaching irregularities, bothersome exceptions that were more numerous than the conformities. The discouraging confusion ordinarily experienced by a Latin encountering English was avoided, or at least overcome, in his case. He was young, with a connatural pliability and ready enthusiasm for novelty. He possessed a gifted mind, alert and retentive. And he was eager, anxious to become absorbed in his new environment. He had a fixed will for accomplishment, not merely to acquire the language but to achieve a perfection of expression in his use of it. That he succeeded and ultimately attained his ambitious goal is a matter of literary record, but not before considerable time and effort had been expended in its realization. Repeating nursery rhymes was only the beginning. Susana's assistance, no matter how willing and adept, was not enough. Schooling was necessary in any case. And for a child only commencing to lisp his English, that meant starting at the very first level of formal instruction. He was enrolled at Miss Welchman's Kindergarten on Chestnut Street, just three months before his tenth birthday.

These early school years brought more formidable difficulties and intensified his painful sense of not belonging. He was almost twice as old as his first classmates and precociously mature for his own age. His speech, hesitant and untried, was broken and thick, with a lisp peculiar to Spanish and unfamiliar even among immigrant children who were more accustomed to Irish, Polish or Italian accents. In appearance, he was big without being robust: an odd figure of a boy, with his small feet and short thin legs, a heavy trunk tapering into close round shoulders, and a large head that tended to tip to one side as if it were too heavy for the support of his thin narrow shoulders. He was awkward in his gait, yet deliberate in all his movements and almost daintily precise in his manner. Moreover he was shy and reserved, giving a false impression of timidity. Above all, he was keenly sensitive and self-conscious. Such characteristics were tempting bait to the rougher element that bullies a school or a neighborhood. The kindergarten children were too little to have dared to bother him; and they were too young to have acquired the mature art of cruelty. But the following winter (1873-74) George Santayana attended a public grammar school in the depths of the South End.

The Brimmer School was more than a mile from his house: down

the length of Beacon Street, across the Common, then downhill on Tremont to Common Street where the school was situated, a dull brick building that resembled a police station and housed a mob just as tough and unruly. The awkward Spanish boy, older and bigger than the others, soon held the invidious distinction of being a kind of monitor with a desk next to the teacher and facing the class. The struggle for survival began.

A ruthless gang of boys made a regular sport of chasing the strange interloper around the schoolyard at recess and all the way home at the end of the day. Jeers and guffaws and cutting wisecracks became the boy's daily fare. As if playing with a frightened animal, his relentless hunters were content to keep their prey in misery and in flight. Only once the words turned into blows, a physical attack that a big boy with a fiery temper was better equipped to cope with. His advantage of size and pent-up fury put his persecutors to rout. In time he even developed a quick sharp tongue and a testy vocabulary to withstand the verbal attacks. A schoolmate of later years recalls that his stinging retorts and rebukes had sharper edges than the barbs of ridicule thrust at him by his tormentors.

But the damage was done early and it was devastating. He was not wanted by the brawling world outside; the sentiment was mutual. He stayed in the house as much as he could, usually confining himself to his narrow one-windowed den in the attic, a kind of monastic cell where he could retreat from the snares of the world. His house reminded him of a monastery, anyway, where a community of people lived together, sharing a common residence and table but preferring their opportunities to retire to their own private interests and devise their own means of combatting the hostile forces that surrounded them.

Solitude was his refuge. While other boys of his age and acquaintance occupied their time with body-building games outside, he remained inside invigorating his mind with the factual data and delightful flights of fancy that were the reward of his reading. Downstairs was a large bookcase with glass doors that contained long rows of dusty classics and a complete set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—a challenge to his determination to master English and sufficient provender to whet his appetite for facts and fiction. Nearby was the Boston Public Library, a storehouse of knowledge and romance to satisfy his spiritual hunger. He carried his selections to the attic cubicle, like coveted treasures, and

in the musty quiet and dim light of his den he devoured the facts of the encyclopaedia and the fantasy of *Arabian Nights*, the fiction of the Oliver Optic stories and the biographical data of historical figures.

History and architecture were his preferences, appealing to his natural interest in the artistic construction of human aspirations and the interpretive reconstruction of human events.

Susana accidentally introduced him to the stimulating expressiveness of constructive design. She was keeping company with a local young architect and accepted his attentions seriously enough to purchase a copy of Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* in order to share his interests. But this romantic alliance was short-lived, not even lasting long enough for her to read the book. Losing her sudden interest in architecture, she gave the book to George who avidly read whatever fell into his hands. Fascinated by the potential significance of patterned stone, he devised a new and delightful diversion by spending his afternoons sketching elaborate plans for palace courtyards and the facades of cathedrals.

Loneliness in him was chronic, but he was accustomed to it, like one suffering from a congenital malady who is resigned to his condition and adjusts his life accordingly. He did not miss the companionship of other boys, because he had never shared his experiences with others of his own age. In Avila he had lived in an adult world, as he did now. The school there was not a social and competitive center as it was here. He vaguely remembered his three years of desultory schooling in Avila: a large dark room on the ground floor of an old government building, the children standing in a circle reciting lessons they learned together, grave and disinterested, with unfeigned anxiety to leave the building for other places and other pursuits. When they were not occupied with their chores, the boys in the neighborhood had their games and their mischievous plots. But he had never joined in them.

* * *

And so the boy's preference for solitude and his mood of pessimism were qualities he had brought with him. They were not acquired in his new environment, only intensified under different circumstances and knit more firmly with increasing maturity. He was not bitter; nor was he running away when he climbed to his attic den. He was simply turning within, tasting sweeter delights, experiences more pleasant and

more satisfying which he discovered inside of himself. These were the cultivating years of his elected dream-life.

The dread days at the Brimmer School fortunately were few; they ended after a year. By a happy change the progressive School Committee of Boston attempted an experiment at this time which snatched the harassed schoolboy from his hoodlum persecutors and placed him in an atmosphere more congenial and better accommodated to his capacity for scholastic advancement. Boston Latin School then possessed and deserved an enviable reputation as one of the best secondary schools in the country, offering an excellent college preparatory program that extended to the junior college level. The new experiment consisted in a further extension of the program, the addition of two years of preparatory courses preceding the regular six-year schedule of studies. George Santayana benefited by this timely trial; he was included in the first group accepted under the new system. Although the experiment itself proved unsuccessful in the long run and was later abandoned, he had the opportunity to enjoy the decided advantages of eight years of Latin School education.

Now the differences in age and size between himself and his classmates were not as great and he was spared the embarrassment of an immediate and obvious physical disparity. Besides, the boys at Boston Latin were of a distinctly different caliber than those in the ordinary public schools of the city. Scholastic ability and interest determined their acceptance and the schedule of studies was geared to prepare them for colleges and professional schools later on. The ruffian element, therefore, was almost negligible; and although the peculiar traits of the Spanish boy prompted a normal amount of boyish banter, especially in the beginning, he gradually won some respect and even admiration from his new schoolmates. Academic, rather than athletic, achievement stimulated the competition and earned the honors at Boston Latin School.

The short-lived extension program was not conducted at the regular schoolhouse but in temporary quarters, first on Harrison Avenue and later on Mason Street. From Beacon Street both of these destinations required a walk across the Common, windswept and blanketed with snow during the winter months, fresh green in the fall and spring when the trim flowerbeds were in colorful bloom and clusters of pigeons waddled along the shaded paths. This walk across the Common was

the part of the schoolday he liked best, especially on his return home in the afternoon when he could stop in the nearby Public Library to browse and to choose another book. He loved the familiar musty smell and the breathless silence, and the countless shelves of books in the vaulted reading room, mutely inviting him to consume a digested world within its walls. Sometimes he preferred to stay there and sit at one of the long shiny tables, with his selected book propped in front of him and beside it a lined notebook in which he jotted down unfamiliar words to be checked or his own thoughts that came as a commentary on his reading.

More often now he was tempted to delay his return home: sitting in the library or, in fair weather, walking around the Common, visiting the Museum on State Street to view the plaster antiques and stuffed animals, or wandering through the colonial graveyard behind the Park Street Church, examining the slate slabs over the graves of early patriots and pilgrims with their curious inscriptions and names that reminded him of his catechism and Bible history—Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Moses, Abraham, Ezechiel. Evidences of religious influence were everywhere in the world in which he lived and in the world in which he dreamed. In his history books he read of the terrible dissensions over religion which divided the world; the same source of conflict, on a smaller but more personal scale, was dividing his home, and even himself.

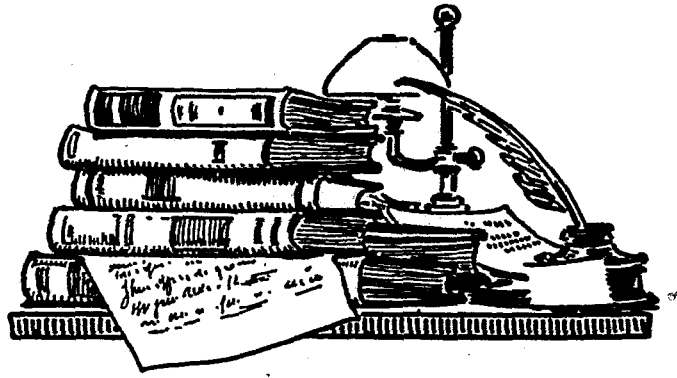
* * *

Two youthful sonnets express his painful rejection of grace and poignantly describe his chosen position on the border of faith. The first of these poetic laments, entitled "At the Church Door," was written at fifteen or sixteen and was never published. In his memoirs, Santayana recalls one stanza from memory:

Ah, if salvation were a trick of reason
How easily would all the world be saved!
But roses bloom not in the winter season
Nor hope of heaven in a heart enslaved.
To break the bond with earth were easy treason
If it were God alone the bosom craved;
But we have chosen thrift and chosen rest
And with our wings' plucked feathers built our nest.

The second sonnet, written about a decade later, reiterates the same sentiment in a more developed style. It was contained in his first book of poems, published in 1901:

Deem not, because you see me in the press
Of this world's children run my fated race,
That I blaspheme against a proffered grace,
Or leave unlearned the love of holiness.
I honour not that sanctity the less
Whose aureole illumines not my face,
But dare not tread the secret, holy place
To which the priest and prophet have access.
For some are born to be beatified
By anguish, and by grievous penance done;
And some, to furnish for the age's pride,
And to be praised of men beneath the sun;
And some are born to stand perplexed aside
From so much sorrow—of whom I am one.



book reviews

COLONEL JOHNSON'S RIDE, by Robert Huff. Detroit: Wayne State University Press. 80 pp. \$2.75. *OF THE FESTIVITY*, by William Dickey. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1959. 73 pp. \$3.50. *HEART'S NEEDLE*, by W. D. Snodgrass. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1959. 72 pp. \$3.75.

Three recent volumes of poetry show once again that the younger poets are still wanting to be heard. And we can hear them if we will listen. Robert Huff's *Colonel Johnson's Ride*, William Dickey's *Of the Festivity*, and W. D. Snodgrass's *Heart's Needle*—each of these books rings, for the most part, with its own voice. Like the best of modern poetry being written today, most of the poems here are powerful and meaningful, going the way of their own making, making the way of their own going to discover both themselves and the purpose of discovery. And all three volumes have a similar theme—the difference between a twentieth century world of appearance and reality. Though this idea is nothing new, sensitivity and perception give to these poets and their poems a fine quality, a quality that suggests the presence of the mature voice searching for an audience.

Colonel Johnson's Ride is a strange book consisting of poems that vary both in tone and voice. The poems range from short impressionistic pieces like "Although I Remember the Sound" and "Serenade" to such complex and beautifully rendered works as "Early Snow," "Lookout Tower," and the subtle and moving "Colonel Johnson's Ride." Huff is a poet who, when his voice is strongest, can create both irony and pathos. In the "Rainbow," for example (perhaps Shelley's skylark, doomed for a fall), the hunter reveals himself by what he had wounded. It would appear that he has killed a bird, that his daughter would be sensitive to the rainbow feathers and their moment of descent in sunlight. But Huff is concerned with something else:

It is about the stillness of the bird
 Her eyes are asking. She is three years old;
 Has cut her fingers; found blood tastes of salt;
 But she has never witnessed quiet blood,
 Nor ever seen before the peace of death.
 I say: "The feathers—Look!" but she is torn
 And wretched and draws back. And I am glad
 That I have wounded her, have winged her heart,
 And that she goes beyond my fathering.

When he lets the poem do its work through a dramatic action, Mr. Huff is best. Occasionally as in "Bay," he will begin a stanza which challenges the reader through imagery, only to disappoint later on because another voice intrudes to make a direct comment. And a number of poems—though they attempt to separate the is from the seems—are not entirely successful. "Country Club Easter," written by John Crowe Ransom, "J'ouvre Lente-ment," for E. E. Cummings, and "Emily Dickinson and Patanjali Examine a New Soul" are clever but uncertain, and are more the mark of the inexperienced writer than they are the style of most of Huff's poetry.

On the other hand, in such poems as "The Snows," "Cormorants," "Cata-mount," "Faculty Club," and "Bachelor" there is evidence of an ability to bring together idea and feeling, image and language, in such a controlled way that the reader discovers for himself a grotesque and gratifying moment. Huff's world of reality is suggested in "Bachelor." Here is the entire performance:

Yeats found a hare's thin bone and on it played
 The wisest ditty out of anguish made.
 I laid my love down in another shade.
 Moonlight made monkeys of them when they played.

And I recall another love whose staid
 Heart churned a lawn into a glade.
 She was all fur by moonlight. I'm afraid
 The moon makes more of everything I've made.

Because I'm lonely, I let nothing fade.
 I keep these two in mind, maid close by maid.
 Their lovers come, broad, moonlit, making shade.
 The moon makes more of everything I've made.

Not to slight Mr. Huff, but a book that makes more of almost everything it makes is *Of the Festivity*, chosen as this year's winner of the Yale Series of Younger Poets. Very different from Colonel Johnson's *Ride*, Mr. Dickey's poems have the advantage of a Foreword by W. H. Auden (who completes his editorship of the series with this work). The thing most impressive about

this book is its tone. Dickey has learned his craft well. Almost every poem unfolds itself in an attitude of doom. Here is the octave of a sonnet entitled "For Easter Island or Another Island":

We are the last that there are anywhere.
 The changeless figures, the great heads sitting on stones,
 Look out of place. We, too, who put them there
 Look out of place, ribbed in these cages of bones
 Where the heart hangs and hangs like a yellow gourd,
 And the eyes, divest of covering, lean and sway;
 Throat's edge shines out bright as the edge of a sword.
 We are the last. Everyone goes away.

Here, as in most of the poems, a certain inevitability is present. And a new kind of wasteland, of hollow man, reveals himself. Not only is each word carefully chosen, falling into place like the stones, but each line carries the reader toward an awareness of Dickey's sense of reality.

If we can find our lost identities here, we can also see our escape from ourselves in "G. F. Died 1954, Aged 27":

Where will you go now, anywhere, not to find him?
 He is drunk so deeply that he does not stir.
 As the day goes, he goes, and leaves behind him
 All things but sleep, to start that passage for
 The summer country of the dreams that hold him.

Other poems that explore this theme of self are "The Dolls Play at Hansel and Gretel," "*Quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido? Dicam.*," and "Canonical Hours." In these, technique is never sacrificed at the expense of meaning. However, in "Footnote to Caesar's War," "The Lady of Shalott, Her Mirror Broken," and "Twenty Years Gone," the poet's skill seems to strain at its perfection. Yet the poems are dramatic: all of them do their work through action, even when dialogue is used. "Part Song, with Concert of Recorders" shows Dickey's ironic handling of his material. In the final scene the reader overhears

SHE Come, Doctor, we must fly someotherwhere.
 HE I have my bag full of essential things,
 False passports, currency, and diamond rings—
 SHE True pledge of love for those who truly care.
 HE Who live and care.

And again the reader sees reality as appearance, appearance as reality.

Several other poems that deserve attention are "Memoranda," "Étude: Andantino," and the title poem "Of the Festivity." In "Memoranda" the ordinary world becomes alive in the body, in the flesh; for there are the

wounds that don't wear off, that are really "full of essential things." Here is the last stanza:

Like hasty marks on an explorer's chart:
This white stream bed, this blue lake on my knee
Are an angry doctor at midnight, or a girl
Looking at the blood and trying not to see
What we both have seen. Most of my body lives,
But the scars are dead like the grooving of a frown,
Cannot be changed, and ceaselessly record
How much of me is already written down.

"Étude," however—an accomplishment where technique is subtle—can remove for the moment any wounds, for even though

I see you dimly, yet I see you farther
Than in the day's loud eyes and hungry voices,
Than in the hot spate of that human river
Where we can be but cannot be together,
As here we are, hearing the voice of water,
Deep in the twilight where all lovers wander.

Safe and together, toward intrusive voices
Like troubled water, may we never wander;
But let the river bear us gently farther.

Certainly the tone of this poem as well as the concluding lines in "Of the Festivity" show the influence of Matthew Arnold:

Put out the light. Somewhere the morning stirs.
Outside the world is dead or gone to sleep.
Still on their branches stand the sleeping birds;
On the verandah the still air lies steep
And in the room, the murmur is of sleep.
Lie close, lie quiet, weary and undistressed,
Kissing the hand that hollows to your breast.

W. D. Snodgrass, who was the 1958 Hudson Review Fellow in Poetry, and whose "Heart's Needle" won the first \$1000 award in poetry given by the Ingram Merrill Foundation, is unlike Mr. Huff and Mr. Dickey in that his voice not only makes itself felt and heard: it resounds and echoes back through the poems to the author. For this reason the poetry is never still. At the moment where a line ends, it begins again. At the moment where a poem would seem to discover its own silence, that silence moves and grows into sound.

All of Mr. Snodgrass's poems are concerned with one problem—communication. Because of this, and because the writer seems to suggest that

contemporary man is isolated, often detached, and sometimes aloof, a voice enclosed by four walls and often delighting in hearing its own words projects itself with violence and a terrifying humor. In "The Marsh," where there is "Swampstrife and spatterdock" and where a snail "walks / inverted on the surface / toward what food he may choose," the speaker concludes:

You look up; while you walk
the sun bobs and is snarled
in the enclosing weir
of trees, in their dead stalks.
Stick in the mud, old heart,
what are you doing here?

This, then, is the dominant tone of the book, though often there is a reaching out for help from another—as in the beautiful "Papageno" (which is a poem about poetry):

I beat about dead bushes where
No song starts and my cages stand
Bare in the crafty breath of you.
Night's lady, spreading your dark hair,
Come take this rare bird into hand;
In that deft cage, he might sing true.

But "that deft cage" is not easily found. Usually the poems suggest a driving sense of man's guilt, a guilt that separates man from himself, from others, and from the world. The beginning of "Song" broods with this feeling:

Observe the cautious toadstools
still on the lawn today
though they grow over-evening;
sun shrinks them away.
Pale and proper and rootless,
they righteously extort
their living from the living.
I have been their sort.

And in "Home Town," "A Cardinal," "Ten Days Leave," "Returned to Frisco, 1946," and "These Trees Stand . . ." there is frustration, bitter humor, isolation.

"Heart's Needle," the most important poem in this volume—probably the most important to both the reader and the poet—is a love poem. But the same sense of man at war with himself is present. Father and daughter are caught up in a warmth of "Love's wishbone, child, although I've gone / As men must and let you be drawn / Off to appease another." But warmth turns to coldness again, where "The world moves like a diseased heart /

packed with ice and snow." And so both speaker and reader are back at the beginning: the problem is not solved.

This concern with the nature of reality, and with man's attempt to face and understand reality, makes these new volumes of poetry important. If Mr. Huff's book seems the weakest, perhaps it is because the voice wavers from time to time. Mr. Dickey, on the other hand, usually can throw his voice with good effect, though sometimes it becomes strained. And Mr. Snodgrass, who must know how awful the sound of one's own voice can be, writes a most dangerous kind of poetry. For poetry is always dangerous when it lets us hear for a moment those things which most of us would rather leave unheard.

—PHILIP LEGLER

Eight poems by Philip Legler appeared in the Spring 1959 issue of NMQ. He teaches English at New Mexico Highlands University.

EARLY AND LATE: FUGITIVE POEMS AND OTHERS, by Jesse Wills. Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press, 1959. 106 pp. \$3.50.

Two of its members whom the Fugitive group considered real poets are unknown to the literary public that is quite familiar with Ransom, Tate, Davidson, and Warren. Despite their fellow Fugitives' urging, Alec Stevenson and Jesse Wills left their verses uncollected during the thirty-four years following the expiration of *The Fugitive*. Jesse Wills' recently issued *Early and Late* only now makes amends for his part of the omission, presenting as "Early" a group of his *Fugitive* poems and as "Late" a second group, composed more than a quarter century after the others.

Jesse Wills joined the Fugitive circle during the first year of the publication of *The Fugitive* and, next to

Robert Penn Warren, was the youngest of the group. Like Warren, and like Merrill Moore, he had a deftness and certainty of rhythm that permitted him a fine flexibility of poetic line. Ransom, Tate, and Davidson were strongly convinced of his genius and urged him to continue in poetry.

That he should so impress his fellow poets is not surprising when one looks again in *Early and Late* at the first of Wills' poems published in *The Fugitive*, a sonnet beginning, "If minds dream on when they have ceased to dwell / In the skulls Death has dried. . . ." Throughout the four years Wills contributed to the magazine, one is reminded, his work exhibited a tightness of phrase, a brilliance of diction, a compactness of metaphor—frequently condensed to a single adjective or verb—that marked a talent no less promising than those of his compeers: "Could

that bright, careless gold / Of dandelions, those grackles glittering, / Sun-purpled, or the meadow larks awing, / Portend a scoriac desert, chasms, and cold?" In wit, too, he was their match: "Our lady of the clatter keys," he calls a typist, and as "the minutes chip upon the hours," he notes that "In a white dance, each finger runs / A naiad on the stairs of hell." Why, one can wonder, would not this be the talent to go to the writing of "The Mediterranean" or "Lee in the Mountains" or "Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter"?

In a long introductory "Proem" Wills himself provides the answer as he describes his attitude toward poetry: "I sat and listened . . . / but I never wholly joined / The causes that they talked for." After the group meetings began to break up, Wills records, and his marriage and his insurance business consumed more of his time, he stopped writing verse entirely. "Business is creation of a sort," he continues. "Decision turns on thinking; to distort / Attention from it is a business sin. / Clerks have been poets; their chiefs have seldom been." Later in his life, when "the children are gone," and the business is less demanding, the urge to poetry returns: "Hence these verses late / To join the early, never in a spate, / But a thin trickle." These late poems, written under a different stimulus, conscious of a different audience, manifest the same certainty of line but, in being mellowed, lack

the penetration of metaphor the earlier poems possessed. "I am in continuity with that boy / Who wrote before," Wills declares. "Do I take up a pen / That he laid down and merely start again / To finish what he planned so long ago? / The form is like. The spirit? I don't know."

In recording the work of a gifted and intelligent man who, though not dedicated to poetry, nonetheless writes good verse, *Early and Late* is a valuable book. It is important, too, in making available another facet of the Fugitive poetry. If Alec Stevenson's poems can be issued and some small garland made from the verse of Walter Clyde Curry and the other less persistent poets of the group, then the amazing array of talent that produced *The Fugitive* will have its proper display.

—LOUISE COWAN

Dr. Louise Cowan is chairman of the Department of English at the University of Dallas.

THE DARK SISTER, by Winfield Townley Scott. New York: New York University Press, 1958. 115 pp. \$3.95.

Mr. Scott, critic, essayist, and the author of several earlier volumes of verse, gains considerable stature as a poet with the publication of *The Dark Sister*. A narrative poem of epic proportions, this is a saga of those first Christians who landed on our

continent over four hundred years before Columbus struck his bargain with the Catholic rulers. More specifically, it is the tragic story of Freydis, misbegotten offspring of Eric the Red, half-sister to Leif Ericson, Freydis, the ambitious "dark sister," as wild and treacherous as the stormy northern waters which ruled the existence of her people.

The poem sings with the music of the cold winter seas, chants of the primitive passions of a race which lived on the bleak treeless plains of Greenland and took to the sea for adventure and livelihood. The opening narrative recounts Leif's first voyage to Vinland, how he lost his younger brothers there, and how he sailed again to Greenland, his ships loaded with magnificent trees from the virgin continent. But now Leif is old and even the wealth of the forests cannot tempt him to return to the land of the savage Skraelings.

And so the greedy Freydis, hungry for power, and remembering the fabulous wealth of the forests, devises a daring plan for just one expedition more, and wheedles the aging Leif into assisting her enterprise. She will sail westward in autumn and return home before the next summer, harvesting the treasure of trees during the winter when the hostile natives seem to disappear.

From the onset of the voyage the narrative moves swiftly. The characters are sharply distinct. The imagery builds into an almost physical

sensation of a stark frozen coldness which stretches, "like a humming drum, day after iron day." But it is coldness with a fire beneath which can be seen but not felt, like the rosy glow of the northern lights. Freydis herself is cold in spite of her womanly proportions, yet within her this chill fire smolders and invests her at times with the semblance of human warmth.

In sharp contrast to the frozen feel of the sea and of the people is the lyrical, almost mystic, description of the new-found land in autumn:

. . . . the land around
Like something the sea dreamed,
the land
Between the wind and the light,
carved out of glacial rock;
Like something secret the sun
nourished; like no land man-
founded

Like something the sea begot when
the sea was scoured by light
and earth made

This latest land; this newest earth—
strident in the causeways of the
west.

But with the coming of the Norsemen the autumnal lushness turns to winter's wasteland, and the poem's music rises to a thundering crescendo of passion and violence, then trails off into a dirge with undertones of immortality. —RUBY L. GIBSON

Mrs. Gibson is a graduate student at Central Missouri State College. She studied last year at the University of Madrid.

THE NOVELS OF JAMES GOULD COZZENS, by Frederick Bracher. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1959. 306 pp. \$5.75.

Since 1957, publication date of *By Love Possessed*, much criticism has been written about the Cozzens novel. Mr. Bracher, who takes the view that the book is neither as good nor as bad as some of the critics say it is, attempts to arrive at a balanced evaluation of Cozzens as a major American novelist by looking deeply into twelve of his novels from his youth to his maturity. He discusses Cozzens' early novels, style and structure, techniques, characterizations and principal themes in a gentlemanly, honest fashion that would become one of Cozzens' own heroes.

In his concluding chapter on the imperfectibility of man, Mr. Bracher has best achieved his purpose of isolating and analyzing Cozzens' social philosophy. He takes the point of view that Cozzens' thinking on this subject is close to that of Reinhold Niebuhr, a distrust of a modern "liberal" Protestantism "optimistic enough to believe . . . that the forces of reason had successfully chained all demonic powers; which in adjusting itself to the ethos of this age . . . sacrificed its most characteristic religions and Christian heritage by destroying the sense of depth and the experience of tension . . ."

Although Mr. Bracher is working mostly with abstractions in this book,

he is successful in keeping his analyses lucid and direct. For the convenience of the student, an index, chapter notes, and selected bibliography are included.

—BERNICE M. DELANEY

Bernice Delaney is a graduate assistant in the Central Missouri State College English Department. She lives in a sleepy little Missouri town with her two children and dachshund and says it is "the best of all possible worlds."

THE BARON IN THE TREES, by Italo Calvino. Trans. by Archibald Colquhoun. New York: Random House. 217 pp. \$3.50.

Literary fantasy seldom exists for its own sake. Written by a classicist, it becomes "hard" satire, tough-minded, with a naive but educable protagonist—like Swift's Gulliver, who is a "gull," but who learns. Fantasy written by a romantic becomes "soft" satire, tender-minded, with a hero who is amorous, free-thinking, cynical—learning little, becoming more intensely himself—like Byron's Don Juan.

A prime example of soft satire, Italo Calvino's *The Baron in the Trees* is hailed as "a highly imaginative satire of eighteenth-century life and letters." Calvino, a promising young Italian writer, is best known for a novel drawing in part on his

experiences as an anti-German partisan (*The Path to the Nest of Spiders*).

Calvino's Baron goes up in the trees in 1767, at the age of twelve, in protest against the beheaded snails prepared for dinner by his conniving sister Battista. He never comes down. Hence the romantic paradox: by removing himself from his fellows and making himself the outcast, the eccentric, the outsider, he is able to deal with mankind more wisely and more intimately than if he had remained below. An old riddle with a new twist, eternally interesting.

Still, there are limits to a man's arboreal activities, and sometimes Calvino as well as his Baron seems up that tree. Then the problem provides other claims upon its reader's attention. There is the Robinson Crusoe puzzle—how is a man to live, cut off from normal human resources? How will he eat, dress, sleep? What about desire over the elms? Too, there is Calvino's close knowledge, garnered from his botanist parents, of the small peculiarities which distinguish one tree from another—patterns of branches, feel of barks, strength and slant of limbs. Calvino plays these enticements one upon another throughout his fantasy.

The Baron in the Trees is an appealing extravaganza, pleasingly written, weak only in its romantic satire. It features slow-witted or Machiavellian priests, noble bandits, tutors taught by their pupils, and an

encyclopedist translated at his moment of death by an anchor from an aeronaut's balloon. Calvino neither disowns this oversimplification nor reveals any clear view of a world behind it. His fantasy is entertaining not because it tells us of our world but because it refuses to look at it. In *Fathers and Children*, Bazarov dismisses Arkady's aphorisms as commonplaces turned upside down. *The Baron in the Trees* is likewise weak satire but lively inversion, turning the world comically upside down.

—FRANCES MAYHEW RIPPY
Assistant professor of English at Ball State College in Muncie, Indiana,
Mrs. Rippy wrote her M.A. thesis on the twentieth-century novel.

NEO-CLASSIC DRAMA IN SPAIN, THEORY AND PRACTICE, by John A. Cook. Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press, 1959. 593 pp. \$8.50.

It is customary to look upon Spain's eighteenth century as a literary wasteland which agonizingly separated the brilliance of the Golden Age from the ebullience of Romanticism. Ruled by Bourbon monarchs and regulated by French arbiters of taste, Spanish playwrights—so tradition has it—found it expedient to conform to neo-classic "rules of art" alien to the national genius. Not only did their efforts fail to produce works of lasting merit—

with a very few not so notable exceptions—but also their plays found little favor with the great majority of their contemporaries, who continued to cherish the irregular dramas of Lope de Vega and Calderón. Only those few hardy souls who resisted the French-oriented movement and composed plays in the spirit of the preceding century drew paying customers to the theaters. Such is the traditional view represented in most manuals of Spanish literature, a view which is examined throughout the course of this heavily documented book.

Professor Cook makes clear in the Preface his own attitude toward the neo-classic period: "The eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth should not be written off by the student of Spanish literary history. It was a period of transition from the old to the new, and as such deserves careful and sympathetic consideration." And indeed, Professor Cook gives the period both careful and sympathetic consideration. He examines in detail the critical doctrine which informed the neo-classic movement, he traces the polemics that raged between neo-classicists and traditionalists, and, most disconcerting to nationalist critics and sentimental Hispanists, he quotes statistics from contemporaneous sources to prove that although Golden Age plays were favored by frequent performances, they ran a poor third to comedies of

magic and translations of French plays in the matter of attendance and box-office receipts. In no instance, however, does the author try to urge upon us the dubious quality of the Spanish neo-classical theater itself. In no instance does he try to revive the usual long-neglected "masterpiece." In fact, although Professor Cook's study claims to be no more than a history of the neo-classic movement, what one misses most is a critical revaluation of the most significant plays.

As it stands, one must continue to regard the eighteenth century as being productive of much excited talk but no exciting plays. Perhaps all that can be said for it—and all that Professor Cook claims for it—is that the new (and better) drama of the second half of the nineteenth century owed its form to the neo-classic school. To clinch the point the author ends his book with a quotation from Cánovas del Castillo: "Everyone knows . . . that the new dramas are much less irregular than the old ones in their action and changes of scene because of the influence of Moratín and the preceptists of his school, who educated most of the contemporary authors" (p. 552).

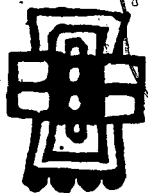
Although misprints are not excessive for a book of this length, there are a few disconcerting errors, especially with regard to dates. In the footnote on p. 24 the date of Juan Cano, *La "Poética" de Luzán* should be 1928, not 1825. On p. 108 Agustín

de Montiano's error in dating the Nicolás Antonio's *Bibliotheca hispana* as 1581 should have been noted, the *Bibliotheca hispana nova* having been published in 1672, the *Bibliotheca hispana vetus* in 1696. On p. 114 the date of Alonso López Pinciano, *Philosophía antigua poética* should be 1596, not 1569; and on p. 115 it should be indicated that 1731 was the date of the second edition of the Marqués de San Juan's translation of Corneille's *Cinna*, the first edition having been printed in 1713. On p. 81 Rojas Zorrilla is twice written Rojas Zorilla and on p. 552 (José) Zorrilla's name is similarly misspelled.

The product of many years of labor, this book will long serve as a useful reference work to all those curious enough to inquire into the Spanish neo-classical theater. And if the curious do not know Spanish, the author has obligingly translated into English all quotations, all titles of plays, even the titles of such standard works as the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*.

—RAYMOND R. MACCURDY

Author of *Francisco de Rojas Zorrilla and the Tragedy*, Dr. MacCurdy is professor of Spanish at UNM.



CRITICISM AND FICTION AND OTHER ESSAYS, by William Dean Howells. Ed., with introductions and notes, by Clara Marburg Kirk and Rudolf Kirk. New York: New York University Press, 1959. 413 pp. \$6.00.

This welcome volume collects and makes readily available thirty-six of the very best items from among that literary criticism which William Dean Howells produced, in a steady and stimulating flow, during half a century and more of unbroken consecration, both as creator and as judge, to the cause of letters. It is true that in some of the selections gathered here Howells' language has faded and become dated, his critical strategies grown outmoded; in a few others his enthusiasms, we now can see, amounted to impressionistic overpraising. Yet it is also true, at the same time, that in hardly any of them have his conclusions been totally overthrown by the passing of numerous decades (even the review of three romances of Björnson's, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1870 and the earliest piece reprinted here, has not ceased to be at least obliquely worthy of attention). Most important of all, in none of these writings does Howells' absolute integrity fail to stand inviolate: he emerges not only as a long-neglected critic of some considerable brilliance of insight but as an intelligence of courage and stature, as a

strong, honest voice still with much to say, still valuable to heed. For all these reasons and for numerous others, students of American literature—and of certain aspects of the reception accorded Europe's literature in this country—should be grateful for the opportunity of having on their shelves so comprehensive and so convenient an assemblage of Howells' finest critical testimonies as is offered in this one. Most such students will be hard put, moreover, to quarrel really seriously with the taste and the general rightness with which Professor and Mrs. Kirk have resurrected, ordered, and annotated that assemblage.

—ROBERT STILWELL

Mr. Stilwell teaches English at Ohio State University.

THE CURSE OF THE MISBEGOTTEN, by Crosswell Bowen. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1959. 406 pp. \$5.00.

Literary revivals, inevitably it seems, spawn all kinds of factitious trout. Renewed interest in Eugene O'Neill has given us musicked flim-flam, convenient reminiscences by his second wife, a fish-net veiled fictionalization of her frenetic life, and a journalistic profile by Crosswell Bowen. Certainly Barrett Clark's "official" biography, recently reprinted as a paperback, has been out-of-date for years, but unfortunately *The Curse of the Misbegotten* does

not fulfill the need for an accurate, complete, and perceptive account of America's greatest dramatist.

The one asset of this diffuse tale of the House of O'Neill is an overwhelming one—today: here is more knowledge about James O'Neill and his family, the dramatist and his life and times, and his offspring than otherwise available. We learn, for example, that Ella Quinlan met James backstage at a performance of "A Tale of Two Cities" in Cleveland (p. 11), the unacknowledged source probably being Doris Alexander (footnotes are promised for later editions). But examine his dating. From letters to his second son Shane (who assisted Bowen) some of O'Neill's movements, his emotions upon deserting his family, certain compositorial matters, etc., are unfolded, though abbreviated. Eleven-year-old Eugene, Jr.'s first meeting with his real father is startling (pp. 136-37). The information comes perhaps from him and at least partially from Agnes Boulton—sources which may account for the cold and disparaging description of O'Neill's first wife's actions.

How much can be counted on as "truth," in view of the pitying comments about O'Neill's treatment of Agnes as on pp. 186-87, the improbable dialogue put into the mouth of a father-worshipping Shane (p. 275), or the purported "facts" taken over directly from the plays as on pp. 38-39? The theme of an inherited curse

(psychological fate) runs through the text as it runs through O'Neill's lines, but imprudent is the fatalism invested in each act and word, inducing a pattern of the "haunted." O'Neill's "literary biography" will have to wait for the courage and testimony of a truly informing mind.

—JOHN T. SHAWCROSS

Mr. Shawcross is Associate Professor of English at Newark College of Engineering in New Jersey.

SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY, by Sylvia Beach. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1959. 230 pp. \$4.50.

This is a peculiar love story. It was a case of unmentioned and unrequited love at first sight. The event occurred at a party in Paris one sultry Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1920. The words are simple, the results of lasting significance in the history of literature:

There, drooping in a corner, between two bookcases, was Joyce.

Trembling, I asked: "Is this the great James Joyce?"

"James Joyce," he replied.

We shook hands; that is, he put his limp, boneless hand in my tough little paw—if you call that a handshake.

So it was that Sylvia Beach, young owner of a Left Bank bookstore she called Shakespeare and Company, met her apocalypse. "I worshipped James Joyce," she writes, and this

book is the spasmodic, uncoordinated account—told in a kind of silvery prattle—of the consequences of that adoration. Some of those consequences are especially noteworthy.

For one thing, the world soon received Joyce's *Ulysses*, the seminal novel of this century. Without Sylvia Beach it would not have appeared at least for years. Although Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap in New York had published four sections of *Ulysses* in the *Little Review*, seizure of the fourth issue by the United States Post Office destroyed the magazine. "And here in my little bookshop," Miss Beach writes, "sat James Joyce, sighing deeply." Love seeks to comfort, to serve, to give. "It occurred to me that something might be done, and I asked: 'Would you let Shakespeare and Company have the honor of bringing out your *Ulysses*?'"

"He accepted my offer immediately and joyfully."

Ulysses was printed in Dijon, Joyce rewriting a third of the book on the page proofs. The added expense was damaging, but Sylvia Beach, struggling to find the money, eating little, said nothing. "I would not advise 'real' publishers to follow my example, nor authors to follow Joyce's," she says. "It would be the death of publishing." Then she adds: "My case was different. It seemed natural to me that the efforts and sacrifices on my part should be proportionate to the greatness of the work I was

publishing." She gave all she decently could for the sake of her love and Joyce took all she offered for the sake of his book.

From her absorption in Joyce comes a second consequence, a series of disjointed, illuminating, or curious observations of Joyce himself. No detail was trivial to her; her love invested him with a wonder and glory. Joyce, she relates, knew Italian, French, German, Greek, Spanish, Dutch, Norwegian (in which he learned to read Ibsen), Swedish, Danish; he spoke Yiddish and knew Hebrew. Joyce told her he had never met a bore; his language was always mild, "never a swearword or the slightest coarseness"; he sighed a great deal. He was terrified of dogs, thunderstorms, heights, the sea, and infection. He thought that fewer than twelve copies of *Ulysses* would be sold. Nine shocked typists failed to type the Circe episode of that novel. His favorite poet was Yeats. He sometimes wore four watches, "all telling a different time of day." His wife Nora declared that she hadn't read a page of *Ulysses* and "nothing would induce her to open it."



The Paris of the 1920's was the focus of genius. Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe, Scott Fitzgerald, André Gide, Samuel Beckett, Gertrude Stein, Thornton Wilder, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot—the names, the names! Miss Beach knew them all. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven. But like one who has stared into the sun and is blinded by the brilliance she has seen, Miss Beach passes by many of these figures almost in a trance. She has known Joyce and virtually all else is dross. Of Wolfe she reports: "He talked about the influence of Joyce on his work; he was trying to get out from under it, he said. Wolfe was indubitably a young man of genius, and perhaps very unsatisfactory as a social being—" and nothing more. Of Hemingway she records that he made one exception to his rule against reading in public and "consented to appear if Stephen Spender would be persuaded to join him—" and leaves the episode at that.

Miss Beach says no word of Joyce's death. For her it must have been a holocaust too terrible and deep for words. Oh to love so, be so loved. The profit of this particular experience is the world's: the publication of Joyce. The pathos of it is the author's: she loved, she was not loved, but used. Sensing throughout this book the spirit of an all loving, all sacrificing and all forgiving woman, one feels that not the least of Joyce's

merits is that he possessed that quality which won the devotion of this good and noble woman. In spite of all, his was an enviable life.

—WILLIS D. JACOBS

Dr. Jacobs is Professor of English at UNM. With regard to his assignment to review Shakespeare and Company, he noted: "... how frustrating to confine myself to the word limit you proposed! I wanted to write more of Miss Beach's style (chatty, jerky, like nibbling peanuts, and hard not to continue nibbling); to write about a whole series of books dealing with this same period ('As We Were,' 'The Improper Bohemians,' Mabel Dodge, Gertrude Stein, 'My Thirty Years' War,' and so on); to write about her cast of characters (only Joyce among them is developed, the others touched and passed); to write of my reflections upon that golden era. . . ."

VANDOVER AND THE BRUTE,
by Frank Norris. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1959. 358 pp. \$4.75.

Grove Press has recently reprinted *Vandover and the Brute*, a fifty-five-year old novel written by Frank Norris when he was apparently trying to do with morality what Dostoyevski has done with psychology.

The idea of this novel is almost classical. Primarily, it is that of a

schizophrenic situation wherein the beastly side of the hero overpowers and conquers the better part of his nature until he is pulled into complete decadence.

Vandover eventually comes to suffer from lycanthropy, a recognized form of mental ailment wherein the patient imagines himself as some form of animal and imitates its actions. This may be realistic enough and Norris adds some masterful touches of writing, yet it cannot but strike the reader as an hyperbole when the hero begins to crawl naked on all fours to substantiate this bestial whim.

The fictional counterparts of Vandover are exploited in endless detail, somewhat dull and stereotyped, as the author appears to have included in their personalities an accumulation of all of his pet peeves. His attempt here to dig deep insight into a shallow lot comes across as objective but lacking.

All of this is compensated for, however, by some excellent passages and chapters. One such chapter is possibly the finest depiction of a shipwreck this reviewer has read or hopes to read. Another, the closing chapter devoted exclusively to the personalized decadence of Vandover, is comparable and in many ways surpasses the writings of degeneracy and decadence of Maxim Gorky, the fairly established king in this field.

There are enough of these pearls to warrant wading through the book.

—RON KENNER

Pfc. Ron Kenner is sports editor and feature writer for the Sandia Crossroads, Army newspaper. Formerly on the editorial staffs of the Los Angeles Evening Herald and Express, Private Kenner is author of a screenplay, "The Invisible Monster," now being filmed in Hollywood.

THE SEARCH FOR GOOD

SENSE: Four Eighteenth Century Characters, by F. L. Lucas. New York: Macmillan, 1958. 354 pp. \$5.00. *THE ART OF LIVING: Four Eighteenth Century Minds*, by F. L. Lucas. New York: Macmillan, 1959. 285 pp. \$5.00.

Steering a middle road between the prolixity of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and the sparseness of an encyclopedic account which reduces lives of even a Caesar or Alexander to prosaic boredom, F. L. Lucas offers in these two companion volumes the biographies of eight eighteenth-century figures: in the first volume, Johnson, Boswell, Chesterfield, Goldsmith; in the second, Hume, Horace Walpole, Burke, and Benjamin Franklin.

The author seems well aware of the problems confronting him. His main duty, he writes, is to historical

truth, but biography—like all art—is a selective process.) By selecting and arranging some details, while ignoring others, a biographer necessarily colors the truth. The fullest account of an isolated day in the life of his subject might swell a single volume, while endless research on the life of one man might reveal enough material for a 30-volume tome. As long as the central theme of any biography is the human personality, the writer must necessarily concern himself with a man's actions and motives (which are frequently obscure), with his writings (which can be insincere and conflicting), his conversation (which may not be recorded)—to say nothing about the reactions and writings of other people who know or who think they know the subject. One must avoid distortion, as well as tediousness.

There can be no question about Professor Lucas knowing his eight men, nor can there be any question about the sensitivity and judgment he brings to bear. His insights are keen, his style is lively, and the reader is consistently aware of the intelligent mind and the sympathetic heart, rarely divorced, roaming over his materials. Samuel Johnson, "an intoxicated hippopotamus," emerges neither as a great thinker nor a great writer, but as one who "would have been a better man, had he been better-tempered, more courteous, gentler, cleaner; but he would be less

picturesque, more amusing, less known and valued to-day." Lord Chesterfield, contrasted with Johnson, was too rational, too ignorant of the human heart; he was a humanist who became too inhuman, talking much of reason while blinded by his own passions. Boswell—impetuous, mercurial, philandering, indiscrete—behaved "like an eternal orphan in search of a spiritual foster-parent," even as Chesterfield sought out young men with whom he could play the father. Goldsmith was a charming idiot who recklessly squandered his genius, rarely improved his art but dispensed it rather with rash extravagance. Hume managed a happy balance between too much passion and too little, between suffering and ennui. And Benjamin Franklin "was perhaps sometimes a prig, but never a prude; all his life a moralist, but never a Puritan." What a wealth of discernment lies behind Professor Lucas' observations about "the cold William Pitt . . . the lonely Benjamin Franklin . . . the naïve David Hume, the boorish Johnson, the ugly Goldsmith, the scandalous Sterne, the ungainly Gibbon, the mad and dirty Blake!"

Like Plutarch, Lucas is concerned with writing lives, not histories, and for the main part he follows the prescription of the Roman biographer who announces in his life of Alexander that

as portrait-painters are more exact in the lines and features of the face, in which the

character is seen, than in the other parts of the body, so I must be allowed to give my more particular attention to the marks and indications of the souls of men, and while I endeavour by these to portray their lives, may be free to leave more weighty matters and great battles to be treated by others.

What obviously matters most to Lucas is not success or failure, the value of ideas or the greatness of art, the movements of history or the enunciation of principle. "What matters most . . . is people, people, people," he writes in his chapter on Goldsmith, and this is certainly the perspective which dominates the text. Nowhere is this more apparent than in his summary of the first volume, when he parades, with lucidity and warmth, with penetration and sympathy, the human personalities that have engaged him:

If Johnson remains to-day more than a grotesque or picturesque eccentric, it is largely because, though often swept into nonsense by passion, prejudice, or pride, he wrestled perpetually with himself for honesty of mind. If Boswell is more than a pathetic figure of fun, it is largely because, though so often senseless himself, he tirelessly pursued good sense and intellectual distinction in others. If Chesterfield, too prone to mistake cleverness for wisdom, is more warning than example, still the positive value of his writing lies in its effort to see realities unclouded by convention or cant.

A second and subsidiary perspective is apparent in Lucas' handling of these eight figures, and their pursuit of common sense, for each looked upon reason as an ideal in a way that has become increasingly alien for the twentieth century. The modern

world has discovered the frailty of reason, a fault all too much ignored by the eighteenth century which underestimated the capacities of man, the writer contends. Increasingly, man has discovered his perverse rationality. Since Rousseau, Blake, Keats and the early romantics, we have tired of reason; and though later writers have mocked romanticism, much as the romantics mocked the earlier rationalists, the retreat from reason has still persisted. These eight figures, then, are held up as models—not for their having achieved the ideal of reason, but rather in their relentless pursuit of sense, intelligence and understanding.

These two volumes are not without their shortcomings. Too frequently, the author reverts to psychoanalytic cant in his efforts to pinpoint the particular malaise of his characters: Walpole is suspected of "some degree of mother-fixation"; Johnson, the "classical type of obessional neurotic," reveals symptoms of "simple masochism"; Gray and Boswell, like Johnson, are described as suffering from "neurotic melancholia." A second and much more pertinent objection might be raised with the author's all too frequent reliance upon chronological progression as an organizing principle within his chapters, for this only dulls what is otherwise a sparkling and lively book. Though Lucas himself recognizes that mere chrono-

nology is colorless, still, he himself moves awkwardly and unnecessarily when he is tied down to historical facts. Here, I believe, emerges the major problem of these two volumes, a problem which every biographer must face, and which Mr. Lucas has not solved. If we assume that biography is an art, then we must recognize that twentieth-century biography—like contemporary poetry, novels, painting, and music—is not bound by ancient forms or by the notions of time and character and reality which we have inherited from the nineteenth century. How illuminating it would have been to have taken a single day in Boswell's life and to have spun from it the whole man, recapturing the past and anticipating the future, exploring the omnipresence of time and the multi-layered consciousness, as Joyce has done in *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, as Proust has done in *Swann's Way* or Virginia Woolf in *Mrs. Dalloway*.

Mr. Lucas himself recognizes that clearing away the moss and bringing back to light the words of those who served humanity is a task which "must be done and redone in a world where the tendency is to read the newest writers—not because they are better, but because they are newer. The moss grows fast and ceaselessly." If the reader accepts this self-imposed limitation, then he must recognize that this is precisely what Professor Lucas has done. He is not

offering a set of definitive biographies; and he does not pretend to have made any great inroad into the art of biography writing. He has attempted, rather, to clear away some of the moss. And he has done just this, in a lively, sensitive and knowledgeable way.

—M. A. GOLDBERG

Associate Professor of Literature at Antioch College, M. A. Goldberg is the author of *Smollett and the Scottish School: Studies in Eighteenth-Century Thought*, as well as numerous articles and reviews.



STRANGER TO THE DESERT, by Dorothy Ross. New York: Wilfred Funk, Inc., 1959. 249 pp. \$3.95.

"Natives in the U.S.A. do some frightfully rummy things," is the thesis in which this sprightly autobiography germinates. The setting is a homestead on the dry plains of New Mexico, the time around 1908-16, and the narrator English-born Dolly, alias Toodles, educated in private schools on the Continent, tenderly reared to be a lady, but sadly miscast as the wife of a young Texan with ambitions to be a cattle baron.

"For a number of years," says Dolly, "white-face cows were to be the mainspring, not to say the guiding star, of our existence. While they

lived, we worried about their health, the intimate details of their family life, and the resulting offspring. When they died, we hung their hides on our fences, where they dried and rattled in the wind. And, not to put too fine a point upon it, we breathed their dead dust, and tasted it in our mouths with the ever-blowing sand."

This paragraph, including the word "we" is as misleading as the giant cactus on the jacket of the book. Cattle and cowboys are so indefinitely mentioned as to appear phantomlike. There are no round-ups, no brands. Beef is never butchered or eaten. If Dolly ever rides a horse she fails to say so, and her husband Britt mounts a horse only once. Wagons are their means of conveyance, but Dolly neither drives nor hitches up a team. While Britt and his shadowy crew dig well holes all over the valley in search of water, his helpless helpmate usually languishes in a tent house with her young son and no female attendants. At the campfire a husky male cook hoists the too, too heavy lid of the dutch oven. When Dolly gets a stove, she does, to the disappointment of the hungry frijole enthusiasts, try out some dainties such as quail on toast and creamed salmon. But even when she eventually acquires a frame house with imported roses round the door, she is too engrossed in her awful servantless predicament to be interested in cattle

or much else. And when a providential drought releases her from New Mexico, she leaves, with few regrets, a country and a people she never cared to know or tried to understand.

This monologue has the ring of fiction rather than fact. How Dolly's eight years as a homesteader's wife were reconstructed, I do not know, but fifty years is a long time to remember concrete details. She fails to recapture the flavor of a colorful land or the true quality of its people; and a too-jesting tone, combined with sleazy writing, robs the story of heart and depth. Perhaps failure to attain harmony lies in the fact that she held herself aloof from neighbor women who were experiencing more rigorous hardships. It is most regrettable that clowns and eccentrics take the place of believable characters, and that the focus is upon kitchen comedy rather than significant situations. Chronological disorder is an obvious and confusing structural fault.

Told in anecdotal style and in naive, fast-moving English school-girl chatter, *Stranger to the Desert* is light entertainment only. Since burlesque, phantom cattle, phantom riders, a chimerical drought and a Texas gate on a stock corral hardly give a convincing picture of a New Mexico cattle ranch, this material has little regional value.

—OLGA WRIGHT SMITH

Mrs. Smith is the author of *Gold on the Desert*, a chronicle of her year on the Lechuguilla Desert in Arizona.

THE URBAN FRONTIER. THE RISE OF WESTERN CITIES, 1790-1830, by Richard C. Wade. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1959. 372 pp. \$6.00.

Professor Wade in *The Urban Frontier* has given another cause to further the abandonment of Frederick Jackson Turner's frontier hypothesis. The frontier movement was not altogether what Turner had formulated it to be. He had set up the theory that the frontier moved in waves from hunters to pioneers to city dwellers. The wedge into the frontier was the urbanist rather than the pioneer cattlemen and farmers, and the story of Western expansion begins not at the gates of the Appalachians but within the heart of the Greater Mississippi Valley itself.

Commerce, occupation and settlement were determined by the best routes of communication. Land routes were next to impassable during the summer and impossible during the winter. The paths of least toil and effort were rivers and what better water avenue could be found other than the Mississippi and its tributaries? So it was that this artery, whose fingers touched every corner of the Mississippi Basin, became the main road between the frontier and the Eastern Seaboard. Along this avenue urbanism established itself.

The major metropolises of the Middle West (with the exception of Chicago, Milwaukee and Indian-

apolis) had their beginnings in the eighteenth century long before the farmer. Professor Wade has picked five of these urban settlements: St. Louis (1763), Pittsburgh (1764), Lexington (1775), Louisville (1778), and Cincinnati (1788), and follows each through its birth (location and early economic base), youth (war and depression), and maturity (civic pride, museums, libraries, and education); or until 1830 when the West had produced another society—rural.

The story is based almost entirely on primary material gathered laboriously from libraries, public files and archives of the five cities. It is written in a scholarly manner with few flaws. Unfortunately, the book has but one map and that quite inadequate to fit the needs of the reader.

—YNEZ D. HAASE

I FOUGHT WITH GERONIMO, by Jason Betzinez, with W. S. Nye. Harrisburg, Penn.: The Stackpole Co., 1959. 214 pp. \$4.95.

In *I Fought with Geronimo*, Mr. Betzinez writes the first Apache history of the Southwest, beginning it with the massacre of the Warm Springs Apaches at Ramos, Mexico, in the summer of 1850. Though this happened ten years before his birth, it was an event long remembered by his family, and which set his clan against the Mexicans for the duration of the Apache nomadic years.

The meat of his history is the final

struggle of his unit, directed by Geronimo, against the overwhelming odds of Mexicans and Anglo-Americans; the destruction of Apache way of life and the humiliation of prison. Scattered throughout this exact and vivid story are clear descriptions of old Apache life, customs and ceremonies.

In his concluding chapters, Mr. Betzinez relates the difficulties of culture change, from a wild life to a civilized life; his experiences of going to the Carlisle Trade School, Pennsylvania; his outspoken crusade, after the Apaches are moved to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to help his people fight against superstitions and witchcraft; his human description of the white homesteading of the Kiowa-Comanche Reservation; his fight against reservation life for his people; his firm belief that the Apaches should have been given land allotments in Oklahoma where they would have had reasonable chance to succeed as farmers and ranchers; the decision of the tribe to return to reservation life; and the pathetic move of his people back to New Mexico.

A few Apaches were allowed to stay and take out land allotments—land of their own, by law of their adopted culture—in Oklahoma. Mr. Betzinez was one of these. He proved to the skeptics that a "wild" Apache could match the "civilized" whites, step for step.

Many histories of the Apaches have been written; most discrediting,

some sympathetic, but none quite hit the core of understanding. Mr. Betzinez writes from the other side—the Apache side—a simple, direct and beautiful story of his people.

—YNEZ D. HAASE

A research geographer, Miss Haase recently has completed an economic study of northeastern New Mexico and southeastern Colorado under a contract with the Jicarilla Land Claim.

CENTRAL AMERICA: THE CRISIS AND THE CHALLENGE, by John D. Martz. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1959. 365 pp. \$7.50.

This is primarily a political history of the six Central American republics in the years 1945-58. Advertised as the product of five years of study, research and considerable travel in the area, it purports to fill the gap in knowledge of post-war developments in Central America, but does not succeed in doing so.

The style is crisp and dramatic. The tone is aggressive. ("For the person who questions my opinions, let him read further to verify or refute them." p. viii.) The mood is one of deep pessimism. ("The tide of Central American history is sweeping toward desolation, if not complete destruction." p. 26.) The treatment is episodic rather than balanced. To cite only one of many examples, one-fourth of the chapter on Honduras

is devoted to the strike against the United Fruit Company during the spring of 1954.

From the standpoint of sound scholarship, this book has many deficiencies. The author's sources are mainly Central-American newspapers, none of which is noted for journalistic excellence or objectivity. In the opinion of this reviewer, the author exaggerates the Communist threat. It is hard to agree that "in 1954 the entire subcontinent escaped utter anarchy by the narrowest of margins," that Guatemala actually had a "communist government" or a "Red regime."

Area scholars will certainly be outraged by such bold assertions that "Areválos' six year term (Guatemala, 1944-50) appears devoid of accomplishment" (p. 30), that El Salvador is "the only Central American government with a sturdily reliable national atmosphere" (p. 107), that Honduras has been "plunging blindly into every endeavor with a common obedience to the forces of elemental folly and immature, irresponsible, political thievery" (p. 163), that Somoza achieved what "perhaps no one else could have done" and that as a consequence Nicaragua is "certainly ready for more democracy" (p. 301), that in Costa Rica, "while his economic record was bleak, Figueres' political activities were even worse" (p. 250), and that "even [Remon's] worst enemies never denied that his government was more honestly ad-

ministered than any other in Panamanian history" (p. 278).

In the eighth and final chapter, Mr. Martz presents a fairly balanced, critical, and judicious analysis of United States policy problems in the area. If the first seven chapters were equal to the caliber of this one, there would be much to recommend in this book.

—EDWIN LIEUWEN

Dr. Lieuwen is co-author, with Dr. Miguel Jorrín, of "Post World War II Political Developments in Latin America," a study prepared at the request of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and released by the U.S. Government Printing Office in November.

THE NEUTRON STORY, by Donald J. Hughes. MAGNETS: THE EDUCATION OF A PHYSICIST, by Francis Bitter. SOAP BUBBLES, by C. V. Boys. ECHOES OF BATS AND MEN, by Donald R. Griffin. HOW OLD IS THE EARTH?, by Patrick M. Hurley. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1959. Nos. 1-5, Science Study Series. Paper, \$.95 each.

Doubleday Anchor paperbooks have begun marketing a new Science Study Series, designed to offer to students and to the layman public the writings of distinguished authors on the wide world of physics. The volumes are prepared under the direction of the Physical Science Study

Committee of Educational Services.

The first five pilot books are priced at \$.95 each and are uniformly good. *The Neutron Story* by Donald J. Hughes is a step-by-step account of the most puzzling of all the fundamental particles of matter-energy.

In *Magnets*, Dr. Francis Bitter describes his career as a physicist with a specialty in magnetism, one of the many influences that one bit of matter can exert on another. Descriptions of experiments, his struggle with the language of physics, anecdotes about courses in subjects like celestial mechanics, descriptions of his involvement in magnetic mines in naval warfare, make a delightful autobiography. Insight to the scientific mind is gained: "... if you examine nature closely enough, and think over and over, and around, and in and out of the facts that experiments tell us about you finally can 'see' a most beautiful world that is far different from that which is revealed to you by your eyes and ears."

Soap Bubbles by C. V. Boys consists of three lectures delivered before a juvenile audience at the London Institution in 1889 and 1890. Experiments were conducted to explain things like the elasticity of soap bubbles, how it is possible to go to sea in a sieve, and how to blow out a candle with a soap bubble. There is a complete section of simple and harmless experiments. Describing the antique fascination of soap bubbles (shown on an Etruscan vase in the

Louvre), Boys went on to comment on the nature of experimentation: "It is a question which we ask of Nature, who is always ready to give a correct answer, provided we ask properly." *Soap Bubbles and the Forces Which Mold Them* is the unrivaled classic on this subject—charming and scientifically relevant.

Donald R. Griffin, author of *Echoes of Bats and Men*, has combined physics and biology with original and valuable results. This survey examines the many ways animals like bats, porpoises, and whirligig beetles make use of echoes, and compares them with artificial devices which operate on the same basic principles. There is a useful index.

"New answers to an ancient riddle" are given by Patrick M. Hurley in his examination, *How Old Is the Earth?* The application of nuclear physics to geology caused Hurley to theorize that the energy of the radioactive breakdown of nuclei of atoms initiated the dynamic and

sweeping changes that caused the genesis of earth. Dr. Hurley begins at the beginning with the structure of the earth, and continues with a description of radioactivity and methods of measuring geologic time by radioactivity. Memorable dates (measured by carbon 14) are illuminating man's cultural history, and Dr. Hurley cites them. As answer to his question, he suggests seven billion years ago as "the maximum time for the creation of the elements." The sun is estimated to have an upper age limit of about six billion years. Proto-planets were reduced to planets about five billion years ago, and chemical separations within the terrestrial planets and parent meteorites happened 4.5 billion years ago, and formation of a lasting earth crust began 2.8 billion years ago.

George Giusti has supplied attractive cover designs for the Science Study Series, and the typography by Edward Gorey neatly complements the books.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Aesthetics, Lectures and Essays*, by Edward Bullough. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1959. 208 pp. \$4.50.
- Alexandre Dumas' Adventures in Algeria*. Trans. by Alma Elizabeth Murch. Philadelphia: Chilton Co., 1959. 226 pp. \$3.50.
- America as a Civilization, Life and Thought in the United States Today*, by Max Lerner. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1957. 1036 pp. \$20.00.
- America's Literary Revolt*, by Michael Yatron. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 186 pp. \$4.50.
- An American Epic, Introduction, The Relief of Belgium and Northern France, 1914-1930, Vol. 1*, by Herbert Hoover. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1959. 504 pp. \$6.50.
- Art and the Creative Unconscious*, by Erich Neumann. Bollingen Series LXI. New York: Pantheon Books, 1959. 242 pp. \$3.50.
- Autobiography of Thomas Jefferson*, with an intro. by Dumas Malone. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1959. 123 pp. \$2.50.
- Autocrat's Miscellanies*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1959. 356 pp. \$6.00.
- Best Television Plays of 1957*, ed. by William I. Kaufman. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co., 1957. 318 pp. \$5.75.
- Black Bull*, a novel by Frank Goodwyn. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1958. 262 pp. \$3.95.
- Book of Jazz*, by Leonard Feather. New York: Meridian Books, 1959. 288 pp. Paper, \$1.35.
- Buckskin and Blanket Days*, by Thomas Henry Tibbles. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1957. 336 pp. \$4.50.
- Campaigns & Battles of America, 1755-1865*, by Barron Deaderick. Boston: The Christopher Publishing House, 1959. 290 pp. \$4.00.
- Challenge of Science Education*, by Joseph S. Roucek. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 505 pp. \$10.00.
- Clown of Hemlock*, a novel by Richard Ashby. Philadelphia: Chilton Co., 1959. 352 pp. \$4.95.
- Coleridge's Writings on Shakespeare*, ed. by Terence Hawkes, with an intro. by Alfred Harbage. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1959. 256 pp. \$2.50.
- Commonwealth of Americans*, by Byron D. Murray. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 232 pp. \$3.75.
- Counterpoint: Kenneth Burke and Aristotle's Theories of Rhetoric*, by L. Virginia Holland. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 144 pp. \$3.75.
- Dance Back the Buffalo*, a novel by Milton Lott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1959. 416 pp. \$4.50.
- Deep Is the Shadow*, a novel by G. Arnold Haygood. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1959. 288 pp. \$3.95.
- Dictionary of Education*, by John Dewey. Ed. by Ralph B. Winn. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 160 pp. \$3.75.
- Effective Writing*, by Robert Hamilton Moore. New York: Rinehart & Co., 1959. 626 pp. \$3.90.
- Far From the Madding Crowd*, by Thomas Hardy. Ed. by Carl J. Weber. New York: Rinehart & Co., 1959. 416 pp. Paper, \$.95.
- Fossils and Presences*, by Albert Guérard. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1957. 270 pp. \$5.00.
- Freedom and Federalism*, by Felix Morley. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1959. 288 pp. \$5.00.

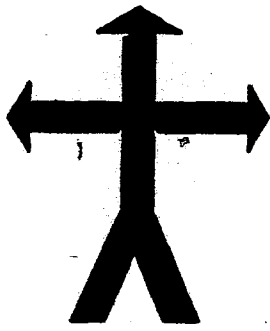
- Great Farm Problem*, by William Peterson. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1959. 256 pp. \$5.00.
- Handbook of Philosophy*, by M. H. Briggs. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 220 pp. \$4.75.
- Heiress of All the Ages*, by William Waserstrom. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1959. 171 pp. \$4.00.
- I Chose Teaching*, by Amos L. Herold. San Antonio: Naylor Co., 1959. 266 pp. \$5.00.
- Illusion of Immortality*, by Corliss Lamont, with an intro. by John Dewey. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 322 pp. \$3.95.
- Interior Distance*, by Georges Poulet. Trans. by Elliott Coleman. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1959. 310 pp. \$6.00.
- Introduction to the New Economics*, by Bernard L. Cohen. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 192 pp. \$3.75.
- Joseph Conrad: A Study in Non-Conformity*, by Osborn Andress. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 222 pp. \$3.75.
- Keats and the Dramatic Principle*, by Bernice Slote. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1959. 240 pp. \$4.50.
- Letters of the Brownings to George Barrett*. Ed. by Paul Landis with the assistance of Ronald E. Freeman. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1958. 402 pp. \$6.50.
- Literature of Possibility*, by Hazel E. Barnes. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1959. 412 pp. \$5.75.
- Massive Retaliation*, by Paul Peeters. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1959. 304 pp. \$5.00.
- Moral Principles in Education*, by John Dewey. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 80 pp. \$2.75.
- Myths and Men: Patrick Henry, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson*, by Bernard Mayo. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1959. 84 pp. \$2.50.
- New Inflation*, by Willard L. Thorp and Richard E. Quandt. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1959. 248 pp. \$5.00.
- Novel of Violence in America*, by W. M. Frohock. Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press, 1959. 254 pp. \$4.50.
- Oedipus Plays of Sophocles*. Trans. by Paul Roche. New York: New American Library of World Literature, 1958. 224 pp. Paper \$.75.
- Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson*, by Herbert Hoover. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1958. 336 pp. \$6.00.
- Order and Integration of Knowledge*, by William Oliver Martin. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1957. 368 pp. \$6.50.
- Our National Parks At a Glance*, by Monroe Heath. Redwood City, Calif.: Pacific Coast Publishers, 1959. 32 pp. \$1.00.
- Oxford Companion to French Literature*, ed. by Paul Harvey and J. E. Heseltine. New York: Oxford University Press, 1959. 803 pp. \$12.50.
- Practice of Zen*, by Chang Chen Chi. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1959. 224 pp. \$4.00.
- Principles & Practice of Criticism*, by Allan Gilbert. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1959. 172 pp. \$4.50.
- Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, by James Hogg. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1959. 246 pp. \$3.50.
- Quiet Rebel*, by Robert L. Hough. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1959. 148 pp. \$4.00.
- Right to Learn*, by Glenn McCracken. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1959. 256 pp. \$4.50.
- Road of Propaganda: The Semantics of Biased Communication*, by Karin Doving. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 164 pp. \$4.75.
- Roosevelt's Road to Russia*, by George N. Crocker. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1959. 334 pp. \$5.00.
- St. Peter's Day & Other Tales*, by Anton Chekhov. Trans. by Frances Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1959. 192 pp. \$2.50.
- The Seed*, a novel by Pierre Gascar. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., An Atlantic Monthly Press Book, 1959. 192 pp. \$3.50.
- Selected Writings of Gerard de Nerval*. Trans., with an intro. by Geoffrey Wagner. New York: Grove Press, An Evergreen Book, 1958. 257 pp. Paper, \$1.95.

- Unit & Universe*, by I. L. Salomon. New York: Clarke & Way, Inc., 1959. 80 pp. \$3.00.
- Unpublished Letters*, by Friedrich Nietzsche. Trans. and ed. by Kurt F. Leidecker. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 160 pp. \$3.75.
- Valadon Drama, the Life of Suzanne Valadon*, by John Storm. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1958. 271 pp. \$4.95.
- Vanishing Crafts and Their Craftsmen*, by Rollin C. Steinmetz and Charles S. Rice. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1959. 160 pp. \$4.75.
- This Violent Land*, a novel by William H. Jacobs. New York: Frederick Fell, 1959. 320 pp. \$4.50.
- The Way Down and Out*, by John Senior. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1959. 248 pp. \$3.75.
- Yoga: Immortality and Freedom*, by Mircea Eliade. Trans. by Willard R. Trask. Bollingen Series. New York: Pantheon Books, 1958. 552 pp. \$6.00.
- Zen and Shinto, A History of Japanese Philosophy*, by Dr. Chikao Fujisawa. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. 96 pp. \$2.75.

POETRY

- ... and Our Little Life ...*, Poems by Ida Rauh. New York: Bookman Associates, Inc., 1959. 72 pp. \$2.75.

- A Doctor's Life of John Keats*, by Walter A. Wells. New York: Vantage Press, 1959. 256 pp. \$3.95.
- Flight of Mr. Sun*, by John Barkley Hart. Redondo Beach, Calif.: Hennypenny Press, 1959. 64 pp. \$1.75.
- Flowers from a Foreign Field*, Poems trans. by Richard Burdick Eldridge. New Jersey: Agency Press, 1959. 48 pp. n.p.
- Georgics of Vergil*. Trans. by Harold Arnold Hedges. New York: Vantage Press, 1959. 72 pp. \$2.50.
- In the Deepest Aquarium*, Poems by Hy Sobilloff. New York: The Dial Press, 1959. 94 pp. \$3.00.
- Plays & Poems*, by Elder Olson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1959. 180 pp. \$4.00.
- Poems*, by Vladimir Nabokov. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1959. 46 pp. \$3.00.
- Poems*, by John Tagliabue. New York: Harper & Bros., 1959. 96 pp. \$3.00.
- Poems of St. John of the Cross*, trans. by John Frederick Nims. New York: Grove Press, 1959. 159 pp. \$3.95.
- Rainer Maria Rilke, The Ring of Forms*, by Frank Wood. Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota Press, 1958. 248 pp. \$4.50.
- Singing in the Shadows*, by Ada M. Engle. New York: Vantage Press, 1959. 158 pp. \$3.50.
- Voice in Ramah*, by Marion Buchman, with a preface by William Stanley Braithwaite. New York: Bookman Associates, 1958. 72 pp. \$2.75.



VINTAGE BOOKS

New and distinguished titles

The Power of Blackness

by HARRY LEVIN

A critical study of Poe, Hawthorne,
and Melville. K-90 \$1.25

They Came Like Swallows

by WILLIAM MAXWELL

A novel concerning the death of a
young mother. K-91 \$1.10

Catherine of Aragon

by GARRETT MATTINGLY

A biography of the first wife of
Henry VIII, by the author of *The
Armada*. K-92 \$1.45

Four Metaphysical Poets

by JOAN BENNETT

The English critic's interpretation
of their work, with a new anthology
of the poetry of Donne, Herbert,
Vaughan, and Crashaw. K-93 \$1.25

Alternative to Serfdom

by JOHN MAURICE CLARK

A contribution to the economics of
a free society. K-94 \$1.10

The Age of Reform

by RICHARD HOFSTADTER

Examination of the American pas-
sion for political and social reform,
from 1890 to 1940. K-95 \$1.25

Lafcadio's Adventures

by ANDRÉ GIDE

A comic novel set in Rome, by the
Nobel Prize winner. K-96 \$1.25

Modern French Painters

by R. H. WILENSKI

The history of modern art in its
social, political, and cultural setting.
Profusely illustrated.

K-97 A & B \$1.65 each

The Mind of the South

by W. J. CASH

The nature and significance of the
ideas and manners of the South.

K-98 \$1.45

The Inside Story

by FRITZ REDLICH

and JUNE BINGHAM

Psychiatry and Everyday Life, an
introduction for the layman. *Illus-
trated with cartoons.* K-99 \$1.25

Beethoven

by J. W. N. SULLIVAN

The musical works seen in the light
of the composer's spiritual develop-
ment. K-100 \$1.10

*For a free descriptive circular listing
all Vintage titles, write to*

VINTAGE BOOKS, INC.

501 Madison Avenue, New York 22

NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

