

1960

## 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* 30, 1 (1960). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol30/iss1/1>

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](mailto:disc@unm.edu).



*The* NEW MEXICO  
QUARTERLY  
FEBRUARY, 1931



*Published by the Faculty  
of the University of New Mexico*

75 CENTS THE COPY

\$2.50 PER YEAR



Facsimile of Volume One, Number One

# New Mexico Quarterly

VOLUME XXX NUMBER 1 SPRING 1960

## ARTICLES

POSTHUMOUS BAROJA. Ramón Sender.	6
ALBUQUERQUE LITTLE THEATRE.	
Terry Ray.	11
ALFONSO REYES. Gerardo Sáenz.	63
ALBUQUERQUE ARTISTS EXHIBIT.	55
THE JONSON GALLERY. Ed Garman.	57
THEODORE VAN SOELEN. R. Dickey.	60
OBSERVATIONS ON SPANISH & ENGLISH DICTIONARIES. Anthony Kerrigan.	65

## STORIES

THE MADRID RAGPICKER. Pío Baroja.	3
MRS. F. PEARSON-BENT.	
Penelope Agnes Bennett.	26
TRUCK ROUTE. Beatrice Tydings.	44

## ILLUSTRATIONS

DRAWINGS. Elizabeth Clubb.	2, 5, 29, 32-43
	and front cover
SELF CHARACTERIZATION. R. Jonson.	56
LITHOGRAPH. Theodore Van Soelen.	61
DRAWING. Ola Apenes.	111

## VERSE

THE GARDEN. Peggy Pond Church.	33
SPRING. Peggy Pond Church.	34
SUMMER WILL RISE. William Stafford.	35
A PERSON FROM PORLOCK. John Atherton.	36
MEDITATION. Dorothy Masley.	37
LAWRENCE'S PHOENIX. Douglas Nichols.	38
NOT UNDER THE GEOMETRIC SUN. Anthony Kerrigan.	39
AN APPLE FOR CHARLES DARWIN. Franklin Dickey.	40
ABOUT THOSE DEAD. Nancy Sullivan.	41
LOMBARDY POPLARS. Joel L. Markman.	41
THE WHOLE RELENTLESS PROCESS. E. R. Cole.	42
MIGRATION. John Clarke.	42
THE VOICE. Octavio Amorátegui. Trans. Charles Guenther.	43

## DEPARTMENTS

BOOKS. Thirty-one reviews.	65
EDITORIAL. Thirtieth Anniversary.	109
HEAD NOTES. Contributors.	111

PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO

© UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, 1960. PUBLISHED QUARTERLY. MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRINTING PLANT IN ALBUQUERQUE. 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 REFLECT THE VIEW OF THE EDITORS OR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS NOT ACCOMPANIED BY SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE AND SUFFICIENT POSTAGE CANNOT BE RETURNED. SUBSCRIPTIONS: ONE YEAR, \$3.00; TWO YEARS, \$5.50; THREE YEARS, \$7.50. SINGLE COPY, 75 CENTS; BACK ISSUES, \$1.00 EACH. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, ONE YEAR, \$3.00, POSTPAID. ADDRESS: NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, MARRON HALL, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, U. S. A.



If GOD is anywhere in the big cities, I think he must be in the empty lots. That irruption of a desolate field within a city fascinates me. For me, nothing is so interesting as looking through the cracks of a fence at the inside of an empty lot, with the ground littered with broken dishpans, petroleum cans and wheels from cars.

"From where does all this come?" I usually ask myself, and I would like it if the broken-down kettle might tell me its story of how it came from Alcorcón, and the old broom near the wall and the broken dish might take me into their confidence.

But when I am most seduced by empty lots is in the springtime; then they fill me with a desire to stretch out in the sun, with my hat over my face, and to spend hours looking at the blue sky, watching the bees flutter, while the horseflies, buzzing in the air, fill my ears with a muffled murmur.

There is an enchanting empty lot next door to my house; if some day you should, by chance, pass by there between four to five in the morning, you will see an old lady and a little girl push out two boards of the fence and furtively leave for the street.

The old lady is small, wrinkled, and toothless; she carries an empty sack on her back and a hook in her hand. The little girl is skinny, ungainly, has a face full of freckles and a body covered with rags; nevertheless, ragged and disheveled, she emanates youth and freshness.

If, then, they have marched off and turned the corner, you can look for the spot from where they left, and you will see that the unnailed boards yield to the pressure of the hand, and through the opening, entrance to the empty lot is achieved.

The terrain of the empty lot is not flat; it has in the angle formed by two houses, a deep hollowing. Upon entering, the first thing seen is a road, which

## The Madrid Ragpicker

BY PÍO BAROJA

*a story  
translated by  
Elaine Kerrigan*

lies between heaps of junk and stones, and leads toward the hollowed out area.

In this part, there is a house, if you can call a shed made of sticks, upon which is a metal door that serves as a ceiling, one of those doors that covers and closes show windows of stores, broken, rusted and held in place by some large rocks.

The shack has no more than one room.

In this room, next to the window, there is a tiny oven, and over the white ash, a few pieces of charcoal, which make an earthenware pot boil with a smooth glu-glu.

At times, a spurt of steam rises timidly from the lid and an appetizing aroma invades the room.

I tell you, that the odor that escapes from the boiling earthenware pot is appetizing.

The other day, at five in the morning, I spied on the leavetaking of the old lady and the girl.

They left: the old lady stopped at the corner, digging around in a heap of garbage, she collected some papers and rags, put them in the sack, and she and the girl continued along the road.

They stopped at every step, stirring and prying in the garbage heaps. What a sport is that of the ragpicker! Eh?

Every garbage pile is a mystery. Inside it, how many things one can find: love letters, business documents, curls from beautiful women, revolutionary periodicals, neo periodicals, sensational articles, remains, above all, of human foolishness.

The old lady and the girl tramped along all the streets of the outlying districts, hunting paper, old containers and a piece of rag. Then they crossed over to Plaza Mayor and continued along the street of Toledo, which was sad and dark.

They entered a small coffee shop along the Rastro, a place famous for sheltering the choicest of Madrid bums and wanderers.

Almost all the tables were occupied at that hour by beggars who slept with their heads on their arms. The air, smelling of tobacco smoke and fried oil, was unbreathable.

For ten centimos, the old lady and the girl drank a coffee with a shot of

warming alcohol. They left the coffee shop as a winter dawn began to appear with shadowy colors in the sky.

The terrain slanted downward between two rows of houses along the Ribera de Curtidores; then a crowd of black things could be seen which were the huts of the Rastro and of the Américas; further on, the dark line of the fields undulated, under the leaden winter morning sky.

They went down the hill, and crossed over to the Ronda. There, the old lady spoke with the ambulating vendors, haggled with them, using picturesque phrases, overloaded with adornment of equivocal taste, and when the business was completed, returned toward Madrid.

It was seven o'clock. The neighboring streets were impassable: workers, maids, busboys and salesmen were crossing them.

The old lady bought a large bread in the street of the Ruda, at half price, gave it to the girl who put it in her basket and the two went off in the direction of their street.

They pushed the boards of the fence, and entered quickly in the empty lot, perhaps happy, perhaps satisfied for having a poor and miserable hearth, and a pot which boiled with a smooth glu-glu, invading the room with an appetizing aroma.



SOON AFTER the death of the Spanish novelist Pío Baroja, the University of Michigan published a handsome volume containing *The Restlessness of Shanti Andía*, *The Legend of Jaun de Alzate*, as well as several stories and essays by the harsh Basque author.\* Also a long preface entitled "The World of Pío Baroja," by the translator Anthony Kerrigan.

The translation is excellent, and if the preface tells Spaniards nothing new about Baroja, for the North American public it is filled with revelations and surprises.

Baroja reminds us of the Englishman Thomas Hardy, although the Spaniard is more tactiturn and arid. Among Pío Baroja's novels with Spanish background, *The Tree of Knowledge* is probably the best. Among his novels with cosmopolitan atmosphere the most typical is *The Restlessness of Shanti Andía* with its long voyages and fantasies. The Michigan editors' choice was a happy one.

Posthumous  
Baroja

Regarding the other novel, *Jaun de Alzate*, and the stories and essays completing the volume, they are of unequal value. *Jaun de Alzate* can be defined as an

BY RAMÓN SENDER

animistic, pantheistic and Christian fantasy—all together—in the Basque countryside. There is humor, color—something rare in Baroja, who seems to sketch and paint only in black and white—and a vague but inspired sense of historical perspective. If Baroja does not take the primitive animism of the peasants seriously, neither does he have much faith in their modern Christianity.

The stories, also with Basque background, are etchings whose violence does not preclude a certain tenderness. Baroja's love for human beings is very inferior, for instance, to his tenderness for dogs and cats, but this is natural since such feelings are usually inspired by innocence, and animals are innocent while we are not.



Who was Baroja, really?

The most interesting thing in this author's books is the personality of the novelist himself, elusive and, nevertheless, ever present. A fugitive man, voluntarily withdrawn from the social current and from the interests of his time. And of all times. He seemed to have come to this planet by mistake. And to write only to make his own idleness tolerable.

"Then you are interested in nothing?" some one asked him. And Baroja answered: "Yes, I am interested in aspirin which relieves my rheumatism." Aside from aspirin and his dog, he was indeed utterly indifferent to everything else. Even to literature. There is nothing more anti-literary than his books.

He mentioned America once, to express with one exclamation: "That stupid continent!" his first and last opinion on the subject. America apparently returned his disdain. During the nineteen-thirties Knopf published several of Baroja's works without ever selling the first edition. Finally Knopf advertised Baroja as the "least read author in the world." Not even this succeeded in interesting that minority which does seek out dissident authors. All of which did not improve the opinion Baroja already had of the continent.

Baroja was the best character in his novelistic repertory. He practiced medicine in a village in the Basque country, his native province. There he spent a couple of years during which he discovered, as he used to say, a fraudulent and not really honest aspect of the profession which caused him to retire. As a physician he had been very prudent—*terapeuta expectante*—and he was successful in some difficult cases. People respected him as a physician and as a person. But Baroja refused to live in conflict with his conscience and retired at the age of twenty-seven. He devoted himself to writing because literature demanded of him fewer compromises with reality. In Spain he had two or three thousand readers who were very faithful to him, but not many more.

He did not believe in religions, political parties, conventional morality, or in the philosophical systems whose authors he had studied thoroughly, especially the ancient Greeks and, among moderns, Kant. In politics he believed that the best government would be the one which governed least. To him religion looked like the ridiculous and petulant attitude of men with their anthropomorphous god and pretensions to eternity.

Although Baroja was of Basque parentage, he found the mania for ethnic differentiation of some Basques banal. He felt some slight respect for the

British and Scandinavians and contempt for the rest of humanity, without exception.

He believed that man is by nature wicked and that education does not make him any better, even though it does help him to dissemble.

At the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War the Fascists arrested him, and when the governor of his province ordered his release, Baroja remarked that he would prefer to stay in jail, where at least he felt safer. When later on I saw him in Paris he told me, somewhat disappointed: "They didn't shoot me, and that's because they have not read my books."

Baroja was careless in his dress. He always wore black—in the Castilian way—with a Basque beret on his bald head. He had a certain natural distinction and a secret haughtiness of spirit which were quite impressive, although unconscious on Baroja's part. Baroja was the *anti-divo* (anti-glamour) and what he scorned most in "the stupid American continent" which he never visited, was the cult of success. Men fighting for some kind—any kind—of recognition, and admiring anyone who achieved notoriety, no matter how, was for him a sad or laughable spectacle.

In all his vast work there is not a single rhetorical phrase. He wrote in an oral, careless and direct manner and said lively, original and deep things, with frequent errors in syntax. The attractions felt by the Basques for rarely traveled seas, misty horizons and the mystery of distant lands, is most evident in his work.

Baroja never married, nor was he reputed to have amorous adventures, although I do know that he had them. Like a chaste man he usually idealized the fair sex in his writings, and he liked sophisticated women freed from prejudices, but feminine. The type of masculine woman, so common nowadays, with a cigarette dangling from her lip and talking hoarsely, annoyed him. American women students of Spanish who sometimes wrote to him criticizing his novels or his feeling for life struck him as more bold than intelligent. He did not understand their "lack of respect for the author" who, one must assume, knows a little more about his own work than the readers do.

In social gatherings whenever anyone tried to make an impression with his opinions or spoke ill of an absent person, Baroja would excuse himself saying that he had something to do and leave. Everyone knew this to be a gesture of disapproval. The gesture was inevitable when Unamuno was in the group and he was the speaker.

When the Franquistas confirmed him as an Academician—he had previously been elected during the Republic—he had to attend an imposing ceremony. In the assembly hall of the Royal Academy (the boxes filled with duchesses and generals) Baroja appeared in street dress, his umbrella hanging from his arm. It was necessary to take an oath before a crucifix, a sword, a Bible and a copy—I believe—of the *Quijote*, and when Eugenio D'Ors, wearing the gold-embroidered dark green dress coat, asked, raising his voice, if he swore in the name of God and vowed to be loyal to the fatherland . . . etc., etc., Baroja replied:

"I have no objection, sir."

Eugenio D'Ors, an emphatic man, repeated the official formula and Baroja answered:

"As you wish, gentlemen, I said."

It was impossible to make him answer solemnly or recite the rhetorical reply which had been written out for him and which he pretended to be unable to read without his glasses (he had forgotten them, he said). They had to give up. The duchesses and generals must have found him really impertinent.

Don Pío lived half-hidden in his hours in Madrid during the winter—in the summertime, in Vera del Bidasoa, where he had his Basque home, coming out at dusk like the bats, his eyes lost in the pleasing vagueness of things.

He was fond of rare books and he had built up an important library with his constant purchases in the second hand bookshops of Madrid or in the stalls along the Seine in Paris, where he went in his last years with the same eager curiosity of his youth. He liked Paris. Not the brilliant Paris of tourists, but the Paris of the novelists of the last century, especially Balzac and Hugo, and—strangely—the Paris of the popular writers of *feuilletons* like Xavier de Montepin and Eugène Sue, whose streets, neighborhoods and taverns—those of their novels—he visited with juvenile excitement.

He was the least brilliant man of his time and maybe of all times. He fled from brilliance the way some animals flee from light. In his moral character and in his sense of beauty there was a difficult originality and delicacy, which saved him and which save his work from triviality. Not only is he a novelist of real distinction, but he is the most important novelist in the Spanish language since Pérez Galdós.

He wrote until the end of his life. He would say: "The young people

are rotten because of their false sense of things, and we old people are more rotten still with our arthritis and our old age. I think it's illogical to expect a man like me to become tolerant and benevolent."

He was neither benevolent nor tolerant. What he scorned most—still at eighty-three—was the American way to run after things. It would be curious and interesting to go more deeply into this aversion.

By a humorous trick of fate, in the last hours of his life, Baroja had Ernest Hemingway beside him talking with his stammering accent (due to his lack of mastery of the language), which at that moment seemed to be caused by emotion.

As the editors of this book recall—and they in turn quote *Time*, the American author approached the sick man's bed with a pair of woolen socks in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other.

"Allow me," he said to Don Pío, "to pay this small tribute to you since you taught so much to those of us who wanted to be writers when we were young. I deplore the fact that you have not yet received a Nobel Prize, especially when it was given to so many who deserved it less, like me, who am only an adventurer."

Baroja looked at him perplexed and spoke a single word:

"¡Caramba!"

It was one of the last things he was to say in his life. No one will be able to accuse him of having taken leave of us with rhetorical or emphatic expressions. *Caramba* is the humblest and most common Spanish word.

\**The Restlessness of Shanti Andía*, by Pío Baroja. Translation and introduction by Anthony Kerrigan. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1959. 423 pp. \$6.50.

**A**MATEURS in the theater are those who love it. When English actress Dame Sybil Thorndike said this in 1930, a community theater was barely an idea among Albuquerque citizens. They not only agreed with Dame Sybil's sentiment; they proved it by establishing the city's only community theater, the Albuquerque Little Theatre, now in its thirtieth year.

One of the ingredients necessary for starting a little theater is a stimulus to the community spirit—like a spark to a powder keg. Albuquerque's spark was—and is—Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor.

A person with a lifelong love of the theater, Kathryn Kennedy was a professional actress when ill health brought her to Albuquerque. She was playing in the stellar Broadway attraction *Rain* and as understudy to the play's star, Jeanne Eagels, had appeared numerous times in the role of Sadie Thompson—the second actress ever to play the part. She had contracts to star in future Sam Harris productions when tuberculosis ended her promising career and Albuquerque became her hope for recovery. Regaining her health here, she met and married James O'Connor, also a person with a long-time love of the theater. And Albuquerque became a new beginning for Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor.

Her talk about the theater in December 1930 for a public forum series in the old Congregational church and an interview with *Tribune* reporter Irene Fisher—made Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor the focal point of a movement to establish a community theater in Albuquerque. In earlier days such groups were frequently designated *Little Theatres*, with the European spelling employed; today, the American spelling, *Theater*, is preferred, but Albuquerque retains *Theatre*.

Starting the theater—with Broadway actress Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor as director—was Irene Fisher's idea. With the support of Ed Shaeffer and George Fitzpatrick, also of the *Tribune*, she quickly crystallized it by asking

## The Albuquerque Little Theatre

*Its 30 Years*

BY TERRY RAY

ten of the town's citizens to contribute \$100 each toward an operating fund. The resulting thousand dollars was to cover expenses of producing three plays. At the end of that first season (February to April, 1931), thanks to generous box office returns, the group still had an operating fund of one thousand dollars. It was decided to continue the theatrical enterprise for another year.

The first play chosen was *This Thing Called Love* and the cast included Wesley Connor, Grace Stortz McCanna, Fred Ward, Pat Miller, Dick Bennett, Rozella Britt (Kinslow), Bruce Hangar, Vivian Vance, and Eleanor Marron (Lopez). Stage crew, under James O'Connor's supervision, included Mrs. Anita Snyder, settings; Mrs. Grace Thompson, music director; Stuart Walker, scenery; Mrs. Dorothy Bryan, make-up supervisor. With a few changes, this was the principal group of players and crew for the first three shows.

Rehearsals were held in rooms at the Chamber of Commerce and the old American Legion hut, sometimes in vacant rooms above a store or at a local funeral home—any place that was offered. The operating fund was reserved to pay royalties, advertising, costumes, and rent when necessary, and for items of production that could not be obtained otherwise. The plays were usually presented at the KiMo theater, the only motion picture theater in town that had a stage suitable for legitimate productions. This meant, however, that neither actors nor crew saw the stage, properties, or a complete set until the dress rehearsal of the play. And the dress rehearsal had to be held after the last showing of the motion picture—which meant about midnight. Special shows were given in the Armory or the old Crystal Theater, a remnant of the days of traveling shows when grand operas, minstrel shows, Broadway plays and musicales were presented and names such as Geraldine Farrar, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Ruth St. Denis, Anne Nichols, Lynn Riggs, George McManus, Ted Shawn, Margaret Larkin, and Witter Bynner were seen on the programs.

The second show of that first season was *Cradle Song* and the third—with Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor again playing Sadie Thompson—was *Rain*. Also in *Rain* was former University coach Roy W. Johnson, who played the Reverend Mr. Davidson; Vivian Vance (of *I Love Lucy* fame), as Mrs. Davidson; Mel Dinelli, now a Hollywood scenario writer, acting as one of the marines; and Edwin Snapp, chairman of the Dramatic Art Department of the University of New Mexico, who portrayed the ship's quartermaster.

The technical production of the shows has always been supervised by

James O'Connor, although from time to time he has also directed a play—to keep his hand in and to give the regular director a rest. He also has acted in a number of shows. From County Sligo, Ireland, and Manchester, England, and now a U.S. citizen, James O'Connor worked for several years doing stage mechanics and acting with Miss Horniman's Gaiety Theatre in Manchester and with the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. In Albuquerque, he worked regularly for the Santa Fe Railroad, so that the wee small hours of the morning frequently found him and high school boy helpers putting up sets and finishing scenery before a show.

In August 1932, Vivian Vance had an opportunity to try out for Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory company, so the Albuquerque Little Theatre staged *The Trial of Mary Dugan* in the Crystal Theater, proceeds from which sent Miss Vance to New York City. (She missed out with the Le Gallienne company but later got a part in Jerome Kern's *Music in the Air* and other shows and did a radio program for a while.) Miss Vance played Mary Dugan; Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor played the jail matron; James O'Connor played the prosecuting attorney. The audience, as the jury, acquitted Miss Vance.

When the group was being organized, Irene Fisher insisted on having a Board of Directors whose responsibility it would be to determine theater policy, set and administer a budget, and approve or disapprove the selection of plays presented by the director. Neither Irene Fisher nor Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor has ever had a vote on this board.

For the first three shows, the Board of Directors was comprised of Mrs. H. V. Sherrill, chairman; Mr. Howard Roosa, Mrs. Neil B. Field, Dr. George St. Clair, Mrs. David Weiller, Mrs. Howard Raper, Mrs. Clyde Tingley, Mrs. W. S. Hopewell, Mrs. B. H. Kinney, Mrs. Leopold Meyer, Mrs. L. S. Peters, and Mrs. C. T. French. Later, Mrs. Sherrill and Mrs. French resigned and Judge Milton J. Helmick and Joseph Dailey were elected members. Twelve members make up the Board of Directors today. Serving as president is Mrs. Peter O. Sorenson. Terms are for two years.

Among the problems that often beset amateur theater groups are readily available rehearsal space and a playing stage. If the latter is in a school or city auditorium or park or theater of some kind, it requires, among other things, much adjusting of schedules to find playing dates that do not conflict with other activities of the place. And the Albuquerque Little Theatre was no exception.

# The Albuquerque Little Theater

Direction Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor

Presents

## "RAIN"

By John Colton and Clarence Randolph  
(By Arrangement with Samuel French)

### THE STORY, BRIEFLY

An inspired missionary with the vision of salvation for all; a dance hall girl with an ambition for life; they meet at Pango Pango. The constant tropic rain works with weird power in their lives.

Phone 2000 Taxi

### PRODUCTION STAFF

Stage Manager: James O'Connor  
Properties: Margaret McCasne and Richard Bennett  
Make up: Dorothy Bryne  
Business Manager: George Briggs  
Assistant Executive Director: Lois Hanger

### THANKS TO:

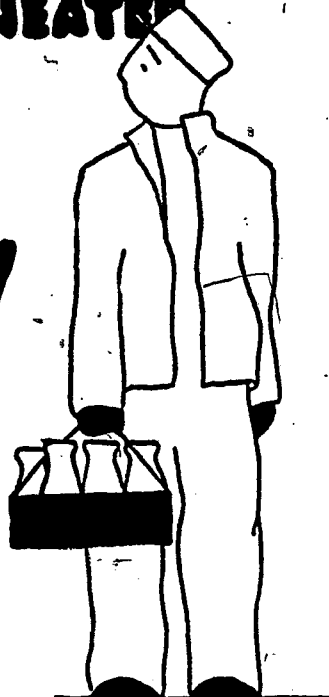
Mayor Clyde Tingler for monkey.  
Walter B. Gilbert Wrought Iron Shop for lamps and table.  
Albuquerque Greenhouse for tropical plants.  
Court Cafe for food and dishes.  
Fremont Grocery for basket of fruit and pineapple.  
Mathews Antique Shop for furniture.  
Bernie May and his orchestra for music.  
Paul Masters for tropical scenery.  
Ward's for scene supplies.

1931 Before the Theater—LIBERTY CAFE—After the Theater

# the Albuquerque LITTLE THEATER presents

## THE MILKY WAY

direction  
**KATHRYN  
KENNEDY  
O'CONNOR**



kimo theater  
february 17-1936  
n. m. glory



1933

# Albuquerque Little Theater

Presents

## "The Trial of Mary Dugan"

by Bernard Vailier  
By arrangement with Samuel French, Publishers

UNDER DIRECTION OF KATHRYN KENNEDY O'CONNOR

CRYSTAL THEATRE

Tuesday, August 16, 1932

The Little Theater and Miss Vance wish to thank all those who have so generously given to this performance money, time, work, advertising, rental, properties, etc.

The scene takes place in a Court Room in New York. The action is continuous. The lights will be lowered four times during the play to indicate the passing of time.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

The characters in order of their appearance

Policeman	John Murphy
Court Attendant	Clifford Diable
Charwoman	Dorothy Jones
Reporters	Carey Holbrook, George Fitzpatrick, Jadwiga Monkiewicz, Ruse Wilson, E. Avermaat, Ralph Hunter Logan.
Court Stenographer	Jimmy Baker
Court Clerk	Art Baker
Prosecuting Attorney	James O'Connor
Assistant District Attorney	Bud Ramsey
Dr. Walcome, a Coroner's Physician	Ernest Landolfi
Captain Price	Ned Elder
Inspector Hunt	Jack McFarland
James Madison	Ralph Hunter Logan
Attorney for the Defense	Sydney N. Elliott
Mary Dugan	Vivian Vance
Police Master	Kathryn K. O'Connor
Judge Nash	Joseph Axton
Pauline Aguerro	Rheba Wallington
Pauline Aguerro's Lawyer	Edward Berardinelli
Dagmar Lorne	Billie Whitmore
May Harris	Harriette Wells
Ferne Arthur	Mary McConnell
Jimmy Dugan	Eddie Saapp
Mrs. Gertrude Rice	Jessie Sharp
Private Detective Kearney	Bob Hughes
A Spectator	Harry Hickins
Henry Plasted, a Tailor	Monte Rosenwald
Marie Ducrot	Florence Miller
Jury Foreman	Ed. Wallington
Stage Manager	Bruce Hanger, Jr.
Artist	Carl Radin



# Albuquerque Little Theatre

Under the Direction of Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor  
Presents

## "THE WOMEN"

A Comedy by Clairy Booth Luce with Additional Dialogue by Pauline Snapp  
JANUARY 27 and 28, 1941

### CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

Sylvia Fowler	Jeffie Robinson
Nancy Blake	Pauline Snapp
Peggy Day	Camille Runyan
Edith Potter	Ellen Kirk
Jane	Charlotte Jones
Little Mary	Glenn Christensen
Mary Haines	Mary Bickel
Mrs. Wagstaff	Dorothy Glom
Oiga	Corbala Evans
Haidremeyer	Eleanor Gregory
Pedricurist	Margaret Lee Miller
Dolly de Peyster	Harriet Monk
Euphie	Myra Erlendson
Stock Girl	Irene Fisher
Second Stock Girl	Angelina Cappuccilli
Miss Shapire	Lucienne Bellas
A Model	Patricia Wickens
First Saleslady	Betty Woodward
Crystal Allen	Mimi Chadbourn
Princess Tamara	Minnie Bea Chappell
A Putter	Ava Humble
Mrs. Morehead	Catherine Critchlow
An Exercise Instructress	Edwyna Hereford
Maggie	Bess Jones
Miss Waite (Mr. Haines' Secretary)	Marian Mize
Miss Trimmerback	Harriet Rhodes
Lucy	Betty Shannon
Coutrous De Lagr	Marie Wallis
Miriam Aarons	Henrietta Sebbel
Helene	Mimi Bellas
Radio	Ava Humble
Cigarettes	Wanda Seligman
Two Society Women	Helen Arledge, Virginia Carless Jones
A Dancer and Her Debutante Daughter	Irene Jones, Joline Glom
A Girl in Distress	Margaret Miller
Her Friend	Eleanor Gregory

The Action of the Play Takes Place in New York City, with the Exception of Scene 7, which is Placed in Reno, Nevada.

The 10 Scenes are played with one intermission between Scenes 6 and 7

Scene 1—The Living Room of Mary Haines' Home.  
Scene 2—A Beauty Salon.  
Scene 3—A Fitting Room in a Dress Shop—Two Months Later.  
Scene 4—An Exercise Room in the Beauty Establishment—Several Weeks Later.

Scene 5—The Kitchen of Mary Haines' Home—The Following Evening.  
Scene 6—Mary Haines' Living Room—A Few Weeks Later.  
Scene 7—Reno, Nevada.  
Scene 8—Crystal's Bathroom—New York—Two Years Later.  
Scene 9—Mary Haines' Living Room—The Same Evening.  
Scene 10—A Powder Room of a Night Club—The Same Evening.

The audience is invited to attend the Spring Fashion Show and Dance at the Hilton Hotel Ballroom directly following this show. Submit stubs of your Little Theatre Tickets on entrance. . . . The Barley Shop, The Darling Shop and Maxine's are showing their new Spring Styles. The Workshop Men will produce an Act entitled "The Men."

## PREMIERE

## "LITTLE JO"

OPERA

by

J. D. ROBB

Presented as a Production Under the  
Auspices of

ALBUQUERQUE LITTLE THEATRE

AND

ALBUQUERQUE CIVIC SYMPHONY

at the

LITTLE THEATRE



WEDNESDAY through SATURDAY

JANUARY 18 - 19 - 20 - 21

1950

The Albuquerque

LITTLE

Direction

KATHRYN  
KENNEDY  
O'CONNOR

THEATRE

THIS IS A COMMUNITY THEATRE.....IT IS YOUR THEATRE



The Albuquerque Little Theatre presents  
JEFF DeBENNING in

"The Magnificent Yankee" . . . a Comedy by Emmet Lavery  
DIRECTED BY JAMES O'CONNOR

### CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

Mr. Dixon	Horace Simms
Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.	Jeff DeBenning
Fanny Dixwell Holmes	Kathryn O'Connor
Henry Adams	Ned Elder
Secretary Copeland	Ken Tyson
Mary	Louise Hoerman
Mr. Palmer	Ted Sophos
Owen Wister	Pat O'Hara
Secretary Hamilton	George Nason
Mr. Justice Brandeis	Howard Kirk
Secretary Halloran	Harry Banville
Secretaries	Ron Gage, Ernest Polansky, Ray Wallace Bob Perce, Jeff Epstein, Richard Cole, Roy Channell

The action of the play takes place in the library of Mr. Justice Holmes in Washington, D.C., between the years of 1902 and 1933

Act I Sc. 1—An afternoon in December, 1902  
Sc. 2—An afternoon in March, 1903

Act II Sc. 1—An evening in March  
Sc. 2—An afternoon in June, 1916  
Sc. 3—An evening in March, 1921

Act III Sc. 1—An afternoon in January, 1929  
An afternoon in March, 1933

There will be 7-minute intermissions between acts

1959

*Presents*

**ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE**

**"Streetcar Named Desire"**

By Tennessee Williams

Directed by James O'Connor

**FIVE NIGHTS**

Wednesday, Oct. 21st, thru Sunday, Oct. 25th

**1953**

**24th Year**

*The Community Playhouse*

**SAN PASQUALE AVENUE**

Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor felt that not only had she herself finally had enough of such haphazard operation but that for the good of the theater group itself a permanent theater must be had. She went to the Board of Directors and explained that unless a building of their own could be obtained, she would have to resign. This led to the first Works Projects Administration project in Albuquerque, the construction of the Albuquerque Little Theatre building at 224 San Pasquale SW. President of the Theatre's Board of Directors at this time was Clinton P. Anderson, now U.S. Senator from New Mexico, who favored the building idea and worked with Harry Hopkins, WPA administrator, to get government approval for WPA funds. The O'Connors, at their own expense, had plans for the new building drawn up; but before government approval was forthcoming and work started, Mrs. Albert (Ruth Hanna McCormick) Simms became president of the board and it was decided to have new plans drawn. John Gaw Meem, Santa Fe architect, supplied them.

Land for the building was donated by A. R. Hebenstreit and W. A. Keleher and all the lumber for it was donated by Albuquerque lumberman, T. P. Gallagher, Sr. WPA funds paid only for the labor required to construct the building. The Albuquerque Little Theatre paid for all other materials, equipment, and supplies. It took a few years and a lot of struggle to pay off these debts, but the Theatre did it from the proceeds earned each season. It is now one of the few community theaters of comparable standing which owns its own building.

As it turned out, the theater building was a grand structure indeed, measuring 160 x 63 feet, but it developed some odd quirks along the way and is lucky to be looking like a theater. As finally completed, the auditorium floor was made of concrete and slopes rather sharply for some ten rows, then flattens out the remaining distance to the orchestra pit, instead of having a gradual incline from the lobby doors to the stage. The concrete presented a problem when it came to fastening the seats down. James O'Connor with the help of some National Youth Administration boys drilled 2,000 holes in the concrete in which they secured the theater seats he had purchased from the Sunshine (motion picture) Theater. Some of the actors also helped with this arduous task. Then he had to cover the imitation leather of the seats with paint—he was told it couldn't be done—for which he used a plastic paint that is on the seats today.

The stage flooring is of top grade fir. It resounds like a drum because the area underneath it is hollow. This came about when, in accordance with plans for a basement workshop and dressing rooms, the workmen began to excavate and struck heavy water at two and one-half feet down (the Rio Grande channel was dredged a year or two later, lowering the water table and making such an excavation possible—too late).

The stage itself is a larger-than-usual area with a depth from proscenium to back wall of 37 feet 3½ inches and a width from wall to wall of 60 feet, with a maximum playing area of 37 x 33 feet, plus a 6-foot apron which extends over part of the orchestra pit. With the usual play set there is a 13½ foot passageway from sight lines to side walls. The orchestra pit is 4 feet wide beyond the stage apron and 4½ feet below the auditorium floor. When musical shows requiring orchestral accompaniment are given, some of the orchestra members are sitting under the stage apron.

Originally it was planned to have a patio-terrace on the north side of the building (where the parking lot now is) and the exit doors on that side today were to lead to it. Nothing ever came of these plans.

The lobby boasted four elegant rest rooms, two downstairs for men and two upstairs for women, but nary a one backstage. Neither were there dressing rooms provided backstage for the actors. For some time the actors and crew used an old workmen's shanty that was left after the building was completed and an old box car that James O'Connor brought from the railroad for rest room and dressing room facilities. It was the presentation of *First Lady* that brought the matter to Mrs. Simms' attention. Mrs. Simms and the Theatre's guest, Alice Roosevelt Longworth (about whom the play was written), were sitting in the front row. Mrs. Simms noted the splendid-looking chap playing the Secretary of State, dressed to the hilt: white tie, tails, highly polished shoes. When he re-entered after an exit, Mrs. Simms noticed that his shoes were now dusty and spotted. The next day she gave money to move one of the lobby rest rooms backstage for the actors. For eight years it was the only rest room backstage.

The front of the building was designed to have a sort of shallow porch. The upper walls of this recessed area were decorated with a fresco painting by Dorothy Stewart of Santa Fe. She was assisted by Samuel Moreno, a Mexican artist then in Albuquerque. The painting covers 900 square feet of plaster and, to quote the legend inscribed below, it depicts a *Battle Scene between*

*the* Albuquerque  
**LITTLE THEATER**  
 Direction  
**KATHRYN  
 KENNEDY  
 O'CONNOR**

presents

Patrons



**K i m o**

**FEBRUARY TENTH  
 1931**

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Anderson, Mrs. O. Bachechi, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Bellman, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Blessing, Rabbi and Mrs. Herbert I. Bloom, Senator and Mrs. Sam G. Bratton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Butt, Mr. Clark M. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Coors, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryson Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Dailey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Dietz, Mr. Lynn H. Dinkins, Mr. and Mrs. James I. Easley, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome O. Eddy, Mr. Russell Edgar, Miss Egan, Mr. and Mrs. Neill B. Field, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Fitch, Dr. Evelyn Friable, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. French, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gill, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Hagland, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Hannett, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Hebenstreit, Judge and Mrs. M. J. Helmick, Mrs. W. S. Howell, Mr. Louis Ifield, Mrs. Noa Ifield, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Judell, Mr. Will Keleher, Miss Ann Kilpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Kinney, Mr. and Mrs. L. Kligerman, Mr. and Mrs. Mace Laraway, Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Lasseter, Dr. W. B. Lovelace, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Luckett, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Mandell, Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Marron, Mr. and Mrs.

J. E. McCanna, Mr. and Mrs. J. McCanna, Mrs. P. F. Mcna, Mr. and Mrs. Winford Mains, Mrs. A. B. McMillen and Mrs. Leopold Meyer, and Mrs. Frank Mindlin, and Mrs. Daniel C. Moore, and Mrs. E. L. Moulton, Dan Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Nordhaus, Mr. and Mrs. A. Prager, Dr. and Mrs. L. S. ers, Dr. and Mrs. Ho Raper, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. nolds, Mr. Carl Redin, and Mrs. W. C. Reid, Mr. Mrs. Pearce Rodey, Mr. Mrs. Howard Roosa, Mr. Mrs. August Seis, Govt and Mrs. Arthur Seligman, and Mrs. Carl Seligman, and Mrs. Julius Seligman, and Mrs. Siegfried Selig Col. and Mrs. D. K. B. Sel Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sho Mrs. H. V. Sherrill, Mr. Mrs. Frank Shufflebarger, and Mrs. Ernest Spitz, Mr. Mrs. Ira Sprecher, Dr. Ge St. Clair, Mr. and Mrs. Strome, Mr. and Mrs. Ge Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. Tingley, Mr. and Mrs. J. Threlkeld, Mr. and Mrs. F. Waggoman, Mr. and Mrs. C. Well, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Wei Mr. Fred White, Mrs. T. Whitmer, Mr. F. E. Wood, and Mrs. H. O. Strong.

*Moors and Christians in the Drama of Los Moros, as it is still given in Santa Cruz de la Cañada, New Mexico being the First Gesture of Religious Chivalry on the part of the heroic Soldiers of Cap. Gen. don Juan Oñate who gave it in the Pueblo of San Juan de los Caballeros in July 1598 marking the Beginning of the Authentic Art of the Theatre in What is Known Today as the United States of America. Oct 12 Anno Domini 1936.* The contestants are on horseback, red ribbons designating Moors, white ribbons Christians.

The building lacks a "name plate." It has never had a marquee nor a sign of any kind to identify it. This probably explains why a lady guest in the neighborhood who wanted to go horseback riding told her hostess that they could surely rent horses at "that building just down the street, with the horses on the front."

In the lobby today there is the box office, a small check room, and two lounges. The auditorium currently seats 432 persons, with space for a few additional chairs along the wide aisles. In the forward "wings" of the stage there are light and sound booths, the curtains and the usual cycloramas, ropes and pulleys, overhead. A newer part of the building behind the stage area now houses two backstage rest rooms, six dressing rooms, a costume room, a property room, and scenery workshop and storage area.

# CAST

Harry Bertrand.....	Fred Ward.
Florence Bertrand.....	Grace Stortz McCanna
Ann Marvin.....	Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor
Dumary.....	Pat Miller
Dolly Garrett.....	Rozella Britt
Fred Garrett.....	Dick Bennett
Tice Collins.....	Wesley Connor
Miss Alvared.....	Vivian Vance
Normie DeWitt.....	Bruce Hanger, Jr.
Marie.....	Eleanor Marron

# PRODUCTION STAFF

Stage and properties, James O'Connor  
 Scenery, W. Stuart Walker  
 Make-up, Mrs. Dorothy Bryan, Vivian Vance  
 Tickets, Mrs. B. B. Hanger, Jr.  
 Business Manager, George J. Briggs  
 Publicity, George Fitzpatrick, Harriet Monk, Russell Wilson  
 Music, Mrs. Grace Thompson

# Officers and members of the advisory committee Albuquerque Little Theater

Mrs. H. V. Sherrill, chairman,	Mrs. Neill B. Field
Howard Roosa, treasurer	Mrs. W. S. Hopewell
Mrs. L. S. Peters	Mrs. C. T. French,
Mrs. B. H. Kinney	Dr. George St. Clair
Mrs. Howard Raper	Mrs. David Weiller
Mrs. Leopold Meyer	Mrs. Clyde Tingley
Irene Fisher, executive director	

FACSIMILES FROM THE PROGRAM OF THE FIRST ALBUQUERQUE LITTLE THEATRE PRODUCTION.

The building was dedicated in 1936 and Harry Hopkins was the honored guest for the occasion. The building itself was far from being completed, however; it was only a shell with a platform for the stage. City firemen climbed ladders and hung canvases and colored bunting which passed for scenery. Mr. Hopkins remarked that he felt as if he were "in the tent of the Sheik of Araby."

Four thousand dollars which the Theatre borrowed from the City of Albuquerque was used to buy some backstage equipment, such as pulleys and lights, from the old Crystal Theater, which had been the only legitimate theater in Albuquerque and was later the Crystal Gardens bar. Hearing of a road company that went broke in Dallas, James O'Connor managed to buy their switchboard for \$75. He then found that it would cost \$150 to have it shipped from Dallas to Albuquerque. It was a good buy; the Albuquerque Little Theatre is still using that switchboard.

The loan from the City of Albuquerque was eventually paid by Mrs. Albert Simms. All other expenses of the building (excluding the donations of land and lumber and the WPA labor) were paid by the Albuquerque Little Theatre from its seasonal proceeds over the years. At present, the Theatre is clear of mortgages; neither the City of Albuquerque nor any individual or firm has such a monetary investment in the building.

Much of the support of the Theatre comes from the list of patrons and the season ticket subscribers. It has never had an endowment or educational grant or similar financial assistance. It has always paid its own way, meeting ex-

penses for conservancy taxes, insurance, water-garbage, paving, remodeling, and utilities bills. The income each season and the amounts given by the patrons make this possible. Ninety percent of the Theatre's income is turned into trade channels in Albuquerque, royalties on plays and costume rentals being the only money to leave the city. The average attendance of the Theatre has grown from 350 to 2,000.

Until 1938, everyone associated with the Theatre gave his time and his services voluntarily. In that year, it was possible for the Theatre to pay a small sum to the lady who managed the box office (then in the New Mexico Book Store) for each show. Later that year or early in 1939 a regular employee was hired who did the carpentry for the sets, helped make the scenery, worked the light switchboard for the shows, and generally took care of the building. Until the 1945-46 season, these two were the only paid personnel on the Theatre staff. That season the liens and bills were paid and enough money was left over to pay the director a "salary." Her "salary" to this day is not a fixed or regular amount, depending upon what money, if any, is left after the season's bills are paid—Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor has never had a contract with the Albuquerque Little Theatre. James O'Connor has never been paid for any of his many and devoted services to the Theatre. They still hope to see the day when the Theatre can afford a full-time paid staff of at least five persons, as most comparable community theaters have. Last year (the twenty-ninth season) was the first time the Theatre was able to afford a full-time janitor.

In 1948 a fire, believed to have been started by children playing with matches, destroyed the workshop and caretaker's quarters at the back of the building. This disaster seemed to be the crowning blow, for, as with community theaters across the nation, the previous few seasons had been poor. It so happened, however, that Vivian Vance was then playing in *Springtime for Henry* with Edward Everett Horton. As somewhat of a forlorn hope, the O'Connors wrote asking if she thought Mr. Horton would consider playing the show in Albuquerque with a local cast. Mr. Horton, to their surprise, would be delighted.

That fall season, Edward Everett Horton played his show in Albuquerque with Little Theatre players and initiated an upswing in the Theatre's fortunes. Using professional guest players, it was found, raised the production standards and level of effort of the local group, provided good media of

training for local talent, and helped the box office. To date, more than forty professional players have appeared in Albuquerque Little Theatre shows, many of them for return visits.

This practice of inviting professional guests has occasionally given rise to some objection, a few theatergoers believing that a community theater should use only local actors. Professional players are only invited to assume a difficult or unusual characterization required by a play and *for which no suitable local talent is available*. In the years since Mr. Horton's first appearance (he has returned twice since) the practice has proved itself beneficial in both production quality and financial returns. The custom is rapidly becoming more widespread and accepted among community theaters. From the professional's point of view, it not only provides additional employment but also an opportunity for wider, more varied and valuable experience—always desirable in the field of acting.

Professional guests are paid in accordance with Equity minimum requirements. Some stars work out other arrangements with the Board of Directors.

Among the professional players who have appeared with Albuquerque Little Theatre casts, besides Mr. Horton, are Colin Keith-Johnston, ZaZu Pitts, Leatrice Joy, Jacques Cartier, Onslow Stevens, Lon Chaney, Barbara Knudson, Bill Henry, Jeanne Cagney, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Tom Powers, Bobby Driscoll, Pat O'Hara, Elaine Edwards, Oliver Blake, Keith McConnell, Jane Darwell, William Hughes, Mari Young, Lurene Tuttle, Jeff DeBenning, Leo G. Carroll, Christopher O'Brien, and Robert Courtleigh.

A nucleus of local actors who have had professional or semiprofessional experience makes it possible for Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor to present some very fine shows. These people, too, help to raise the standards of production. Well known locally in this group are Bernard Thomas, Katherine Duncan Walker, Vicente Gallegos, C. R. Davis, Rita McCollum, Elizabeth Bennett, Rozella Britt Kinslow, Edna Downer, Stretch Scherer, Margaret Itter, Winifred Kehoe, Earl Ferson, Marie Pope Wallis, Virginia Bedford, Bess Curry Redman, Pat Hill, Betty Ancona, and others.

Equally important are the men and women who are now highly trained actors, thanks to the experience and training acquired by playing in perhaps one show a year for many, if not all, the thirty years of the Theatre. Among the many in this category are Howard and Ellen Kirk, Ned and Evelyn Elder, Margaret Wetzell, C. E. and Virginie Dinkle, Mildred White, Francis Scott,

Robert and Lorene Bennett, Dick Bennett, Betty Rosendale, and Frank McCulloch, Jr.

Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor has been a member of Actor's Equity since 1918. With her encouragement a number of players over the years who have appeared in Albuquerque Little Theatre shows have gone on to professional status. The best known among these, probably, is Vivian Vance, television's Ethel Mertz of *I Love Lucy*. Mary McConnell Hickox, actress and Hollywood radio personality, and her husband, Harry Hickox, now playing in the road show of *The Music Man*, are both former local players. More recently Gloria and Leo Castillo and Louise Davis (known professionally as Jovon Monteil) have joined the ranks of professional players. Gloria Castillo played in the Albuquerque Little Theatre's production of *Late Love* (with Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor) at the Pasadena Playhouse, one of the few community theaters invited to so appear. Her performance there led to a contract for a part in a motion picture directed by Charles Laughton. Leo Castillo, who played in the Children's Theatre, is now doing motion picture work, having followed his sister to Hollywood. Louise Davis is presently studying at the Pasadena Playhouse and has had parts in some movies and television shows.

Actors, however, cannot claim all of the laurels. People interested in phases of technical production are always welcome at the Albuquerque Little Theatre and four of those who have gone on to professional careers in show business are Mel Dinelli, script writer who produced *The Man* (presented by the Albuquerque Little Theatre in 1950) and the screenplay of *The Circular Staircase*; Jerome Epstein, another writer and author of the radio series *The Falcon*; Mary Wills, who turned to costume design and last year was nominated for an Academy award; and Charles Koon, now chief art director of ABC-TV in Hollywood and who does the design for shows such as Lawrence Welk's dancing party.

Local artist Ted Schuyler has often helped with preparing sets, and from time to time other artists, such as Marilyn Schwalb, also have contributed their talents. But most of the backstage tasks are handled by people who usually vary from show to show, the returns for this type of contribution being neither so immediate nor so readily forthcoming as for the actors.

Over the years the Albuquerque Little Theatre has added its bit to the cause of "Good Theater." In earlier days, musical shows were presented, providing opportunity for singers, dancers, and instrumental musicians to try



their wings. The musicians for these shows were always paid, but they were the only ones. In co-operation with the University of New Mexico Music Department, the Theatre in 1950 co-produced an opera, *Little Jo*, written by John Donald Robb, utilizing a New Mexico setting. Preceding the opera, the Theatre presented a play, *Starfish*, written by Bill Noble, a young Pasadena playwright whose motion picture *Blue Denim* is now popular. *Starfish* showed an author with a flair for characterization who certainly had promise, even then.

In the summers of 1944 through 1946 the Theatre sponsored a Children's Theatre, the first of its kind in the area. Among the plays presented were *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, and *The Twelve Dancing Princesses*. Helping to stage these productions were Jean Crandal, June Walz, Dorothy Miller, and Patsy Quinn. Many of the nearly one hundred children in these shows appeared in later productions and have retained an interest in the theater.

In 1951, the Albuquerque Little Theatre was among ten leading community theaters in the country selected to present the play *Darkness at Noon* after it had been opened on Broadway only a short time. Victor Izay, who for a time operated a theater group of his own in Albuquerque, appeared in a major role. The summer of 1953 saw the presentation of dramatic readings, including George Bernard Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell*.

Always looking for ways to help the theater and to provide good entertainment for the area, the Albuquerque Little Theatre in the summer of 1957 sponsored a series of "summer stock" shows which four graduates of the Pasadena Playhouse were paid to do. They were directed by Bernard Thomas, assisted by Frank McCulloch and Jim Morley, and the shows they gave were *Wedding Breakfast*, *Janus*, *The Fourposter*, and *Papa Is All*. The players were Sarah Collingwood, Ruth Buzzey, Leo Brancefield, and Carl Crow. The summer was successful for the Pasadena group, at least, in that they were enabled to obtain their Equity membership cards for their work. So far, returning as professional guests have been Carl Crow in *The Rainmaker*; Leo Brancefield in *The Matchmaker*; and Sarah Collingwood in *The Happiest Millionaire* and *The Gazebo*.

Close to two hundred shows have been presented in the thirty years that the Albuquerque Little Theatre has been operating. Many of them also have been presented by other community theater groups, but the list reads like

a litany of familiar Broadway shows. A few samples besides those already mentioned: *Street Scene*, *Of Thee I Sing* (for which producer Sam Harris sent Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor without charge photographed copies of the script and score before the show finished playing Broadway), *The Marquise*, *Journey's End*, *The Night of January 16th*, *Idiot's Delight*, *Juno and the Paycock*, *Brother Rat*, *St. Joan*, *Lysistrata*, *You Can't Take It With You*, *The Little Foxes*, *The Women*, *Ladies in Retirement*, *Anna Christie*, *George Washington Slept Here*, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *My Sister Eileen*, *On Borrowed Time*, *Madame Sherry*, *Lady in the Dark*, *Berkeley Square*, *A Bell for Adano*, *Blithe Spirit*, *I Remember Mama*, *Tomorrow the World*, *State of the Union*, *Joan of Lorraine*, *Then There Were None*, *The Glass Menagerie*, *The Voice of the Turtle*, *Pygmalion*, *Kind Lady*, *The Heiress*, *Born Yesterday*, *Anne of the Thousand Days*, *Affairs of State*, *Mister Roberts*, *Life With Mother*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Gigi*, *Ah! Wilderness*, *Sabrina Fair*, *Time Out for Ginger*, *Dream Girl*, *Our Town*, *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, *Anastasia*, *Bus Stop*, *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, *Witness for the Prosecution*, *Inherit the Wind*, *No Time for Sergeants*, *The Late George Apley*, *Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?*, *Visit to a Small Planet*, *The Magnificent Yankee*, *Dulcy*, *Make a Million*, and *Nude with Violin*.

Not all the shows have been successes. Some made dismal box office records. Mention might be made of *Strictly Dishonorable*, *See Naples and Die*, *The Road to Rome* (revival), *Redemption*, *Present Laughter*, *The Firebrand*, *Oh Men! Oh Women!*, *Susan and God*, *Room Service*, and *Dial M for Murder*.

All in all, the Albuquerque Little Theatre in its thirty years has presented ninety percent of the listed "best plays." The remaining ten percent of the best plays were not chosen because the director knew the town would not accept them, they were hard to cast, or they were plays that she personally did not like. An interesting sidelight is that, generally speaking, Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor has found that her audiences do not like "serious plays with a message"—for example, *Darkness at Noon*, nor classical plays such as *Medea*. She has hesitated to try Shakespeare because of casting and production problems. In recent years her audiences have responded to such sparkling comedies as *Born Yesterday*, *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, and *No Time for Sergeants*.



KATHRYN KENNEDY O'CONNOR AS MRS. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR., IN THE ALBUQUERQUE LITTLE THEATRE PRODUCTION OF "THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE," 1959.

*Photograph by Terry Ray.*



JAMES AND KATHRYN KENNEDY O'CONNOR,  
DIRECTORS OF THE ALBUQUERQUE LITTLE  
THEATRE.



WARDROBE MISTRESS BERTA GRAY CHECKS THE COS-  
TUME FITTING FOR ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE, GUEST  
STAR OF "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE."



MISS JANE DARWELL AND HAROLD PATRICK, WHO APPEARED IN "THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC." ON THE  
RIGHT IS KEN FERRELL, LITTLE THEATRE PATRON.

*Photographic Artists Studio.*



BESS CURRY REDMAN, PAT HILL, EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, AND JACKIE BARNES BROWN, IN THE PERFORMANCE OF "ALL FOR MARY."



ACTUAL PERFORMANCE PHOTOGRAPH FROM ALBUQUERQUE LITTLE THEATRE'S PRODUCTION OF "LATE LOVE" AT THE PASADENA PLAYHOUSE. LEFT TO RIGHT: HARRY HICKOX, MARY MCCONNELL HICKOX, KATHRYN KENNEDY O'CONNOR, BERNARD THOMAS, AND PAT HILL.  
*Photograph by Jerome Robinson.*



TOM POWERS AND BOBBY DRISCOLL, "AH! WILDERNESS" GUEST PLAYERS, HEAR THE STORY OF THE MURAL ON THE LITTLE THEATRE PORTAL FROM KATHRYN O'CONNOR.

*Photograph by C. E. Redman.*

The Albuquerque Little Theatre has contributed to the cultural opportunities of the city and promoted a wider understanding and appreciation of the theater. Many local people who travel to New York City now make it a point to see at least one Broadway show—only a few of them would have done this not so many years ago. Now they send the programs back to Kathryn Kennedy O'Connor (who is glad to get them) and eagerly pass on their opinions of the show. Perhaps the matter is best summed up by Oliver Blake, for years co-ordinator at the Pasadena Playhouse and presently production manager of the James A. Doolittle Enterprises (Biltmore Theatre, Los Angeles; Geary Theatre, San Francisco; and the Greek Theatre in Griffith Park, Los Angeles). Mr. Blake said, "Albuquerque has real reason to be proud of its community theater; but like so many places, after the years it becomes an accepted fact of civic life, like a library or a park, and does not get its just desserts in ratio to the devotion poured into the project."

So besides a spark for its community spirit, a community theater is more likely to be successful for some thirty years if it also can boast good direction, good mechanics, good selection of plays, and a nucleus of talent. One more ingredient is necessary before it can look forward with confidence to a continuity of production: unfailing financial support and a constant leadership and authority. The Theatre's patrons and its Board of Directors have provided this stable base on which to establish a permanent community theater. A number of its patrons have supported the Theatre throughout its thirty years. There are those who may occasionally feel that the Albuquerque Little Theatre is just a plaything of "the Country Club set"—which is not true—but the fact is that without the staunch support through thick and thin of a group of "amateurs who are not in the theater," the Albuquerque Little Theatre would long ago have gone to extinction like many hopeful amateur theatricals.

Because it has been blessed for all of its thirty years with an actress-director production-manager team of the caliber of Kathryn and James O'Connor and a community that has been unswerving in its loyalty and support, the Albuquerque Little Theatre is a living symbol of what amateurs who love the theater can do.

UP AND DOWN the long dark passages of her London underground flat Mrs. F. Pearson-Bent went; stepping like a moorhen in her good narrow shoes. On each side of her the empty bedrooms stood, like a silent guard of honor, the doors and the doorknobs shining like medals and mirrors to twist and bend Mrs. Pearson-Bent's image in brass around their handles, so she could stop, for a moment, in the long dark passage to fix a silver earring before she went out. And, in case she had an accident and was brought home, opening the bathroom doors and unwrapping the soap with an Eastern scent which she would wrap up again when she came home.

Mrs. F. Pearson-Bent who had been eighty-one for some years now (thought and said her friends who were eighty-three, -seven and -nine, over the Fuller's cake in pastel shades and tea every day from a silver tea pot) had been married to a great man, "Your Uncle Frank," she told her nephews and nieces; she would use his initial for as long as she lived. Yes, those were his books under the silent glass case—Scott in green and gold for as far as you could see, from one to fourteen; that was the advantage of Scott, he always looked "nice" and could be depended upon to occupy the first shelf.

Mrs. F. Pearson-Bent

*a story by*

PENELOPE AGNES BENNETT

Now, after adjusting the lace-curtain modesty vest, she was ready to go out; and oh yes, there was her nephew by marriage and twice removed, sitting on the chair with a straight back in the hall: had he been sitting there since two o'clock? He opened the door for her and they went out.

Every Sunday she walked with this small boy, really no relation at all. Today they would go for a bus ride, "Hold my hand as we cross the road," and the nephew held it as loosely as he could and only for the crossing. "It's funny to see you growing up," she said. "And it's funny to see you growing . . . too," he answered, and watched his great aunt who had a "trim figure," his mother said, being blown about the pavement, never walking straight.



Was she being blown by the wind that he didn't feel, or was she very old?

Her feet were stepping well in the good shoes, and she was upright and had letters nearly every day. But I have suddenly grown old and can't remember things: that coffee is bad for me and I have to be careful. That I have had coffee fever which was due to my maid, Mrs. Dod, who boiled and boiled the coffee; and now I never see Mrs. Dod, just her son who works on the buses and knows me, I think. Now I think I can see coming along the road one of the Miss Darlings. I shall offer her some wax flower-cuttings and she will say, "How wonderful to always have something fresh and green." (I really am one of the most generous people I know.) And I shall ask her if she would like the Chinese bowl which holds no water, to take away when she comes to tea on Thursday. Miss Darling who had her name written in sloping handwriting on all the Thursdays of Mrs. Pearson-Bent's diary. She came to tea in faded green dresses which she wore when picking among the mint and thyme in the evening in her garden, on a slope, with all the unpainted beehives balancing and humming on the hillside: green, turquoise and all faded and pale in the strong light, and later in the day, when the bees returned with their bitter honey in the bright evening light, to go into the hives again before night. Miss Darling had a friend with her, and *what* a strange way to walk, thought Mrs. F. Pearson-Bent.

"Good afternoon, may I introduce a gentleman who is, if I am not a wee bit mistaken, just a little literary. Mr. Harrison, Mrs. Pearson-Bent," and Edwin Harrison shook the old lady's hand. Edwin Harrison who was writing part seven of *The Patient Abyssinian* and was supposed to have flights of pure fancy in his prose works and was, he thought, the nicest of contemporary, although unpublished, writers.

Miss Darling asked Mrs. Pearson-Bent if she could "manage" this Thursday and the old lady looked through the white pages of her diary and said she might, "with a little squeeze," be able to fit her in before four, and then asked Miss Darling if she would like the wax flower-cuttings and Miss Darling seemed delighted. "I shall put them in my wooden angel-vase;" the wax flowers that would knock and break in the the wind and melt when the sun came out. She would put them into the angel-vase that had contours one way only, next to the china sheep and lambs, "collected over a number of years now," with wool that looked like wool but scratched and was accurate, in china, to the last curl.

MRS. F. PEARSON-BENT

27

"Well we must be going now. I'm taking my nephew for a ride on the bus and perhaps we shall visit the park and the pond. I can remember when I was a girl in China with my mother, how we used to be taken for rides in a jigsaw and it was great fun. . . ." But Miss Darling and her friend had moved on, so she told the rest of the story in simple words to her nephew; how her mother used to cut flowers in the garden, with scissors tied round her waist, lifting them to cut the trembling branches. She told him about the green-houses that she had visited the other day and how they were falling away like old duchesses, the diamond panes falling out of the frames at night when they dropped and crashed or just fell onto the grass which grew very green in color through the glassless windows. But he hadn't heard because they had reached his great uncle's house.

The great uncle, who was an old old man who wore a coat that looked as if it had been made out of brown bread, and who had a garden in London. In his garden he had lamps and weathercocks and empty dovecots and a rocking horse, all painted white at the right time of the year; they seemed like great toys spread about the lawn and left out and not put back the night before: the rocking horse that was bolted down and tied with straps so it couldn't rock . . . not even in the roughest weather when the wind would butt and tug at it and the rain rot the real horsehair mane, put on in a strip with glue. But one morning the old man had found it a long way away on the lawn; he had told his sister this in a letter. In the better weather he would go and kneel among the rockery, the rocks he had placed and lifted from far parts of the garden. Like Jove he hugged and breathed hard over the heavy rocks. "You shouldn't lift them, dear," his wife used to say, but he did—there was no other way.

They stopped to have tea with the old man and left him in his creaking wicker chair following the sun round and putting in the small plants, with long Latin names, that would one day grow and tumble over his placed rocks, ready for him to thin and separate.

Now they were walking through the Park and soon he would have to sail his boat, with his great great aunt who never spoke and creaked when she stooped to launch the small boats off, and gripped his arm with cast-iron fingers, to prevent death by misadventure or total drowning in Hyde Park lake which was only eight inches deep, after heavy rain. He would *not* sit next to his aunt and watch the hand-made sailing boats tip and lean towards



the water, wetting the ironed sails that were pushed out and billowed by the boy's thoughts of a bigger sea. Must be a whirlpool, he thought, or a subterranean gale . . . (but she held onto him tightly) in the eight inch pool which makes the sailing boat turn all Sunday afternoon, instead of going out to the middle of the pond to wait for the weekend breeze to send it sailing across to the other side, "faster than I can run," to shipwreck on the glorious, dangerous, cement side. Then with wet giant fingers he pulled the ropes (a piece of pyjama cord) breaking and mending the rotting cotton.

He picked up his dripping boat and they walked on.

I mustn't run, and my face will drain of all color if I mount the stairs in the bus. And her nephew thought she looked dangerous as she climbed the stairs. And up on the top, what a height! He could see the lighted food shop windows where the frogs that were made from gherkins and other green things beat their vol-au-vent drums, and everything that did anything was made of food: animals and men with puff-pastry heads, almond eyes, marzipan hips and custard insides (by kind permission of Birds Ltd.) moving all night in the lighted windows.

The bus had stopped at the lights. There were privileges riding in the tops

of London buses, looking right into, so near so far, into this man's face, that woman's face with only the glass to separate the smile. And while the two buses waited, Mrs. Pearson-Bent looked into the faces, the eyes of the person opposite and saw all the small happenings, like a ship's mirror that makes everything round and in miniature. So close they sat now that the slightest movement of the lips might have been a kiss, until he looked. Mr. Silvery, who was an artist and wore light greens and an occasional dark pink in mid-summer; the colors blended perfectly into each other. The coat with the tie, in and out of perspective they went as he looked at himself in the window of the bus, past and through the old lady opposite. I am an artist of the first order and rank and probably the most sensitive person on this bus. I teach others to see as I see and wait for the psychological reaction as distinct from the . . . other reaction. I shouldn't be here on buses in London. I should be in Italy, in Palermo—which he pronounced with an almost perfect accent—in Roma. But he could paint, he was an artist! And while the bus waited he half closed his eyes and saw everything in shadow and shade, tone and half tone, burnt ochre in the old lady's face, raw sienna—what a word—and shading in ultramarine pastels with his fingers blue for the rest of the day; and infinity everywhere: on match boxes, the icing of cakes and St. Paul's. He was an artist, and the bus moved on.

"After one more stop we must get off and go home, because when you come to stay with me you must go to bed early," and the nephew hated his aunt and looked out of the window at the shops. The shops with "flesh-tinted" dummies with cardboard breasts and crossed legs and no movement in their perfect bodies, holding hands that didn't feel and standing in "gay abandon." "Gay abandon," shouted the head window-dresser who wore socks all day until he went home and changed into slippers. And all day he shouted to the under-window-dressers, "Cover them up or disassemble them, one or the other. I won't have indecency in my windows." So they put stockings on the dummies' hollow legs and unrolled the raffia lawns for the dummies to stand on and look "summery."

It was extraordinary, it was almost magnificent, she would come every Sunday and sit on the top of a bus with her nephew. The Sainsbury's shutters were closed tight over the shop-window eyes. The A from Sainsbury's was missing, but everybody knew it was for Sainsbury's that the red lights were shouting and changing into green after red. That, she supposed, was common

sense, no, more than that, the secret of being British—to know that the missing A formed Sainsburys.

When the bus arrived Mrs. Pearson-Bent said, "Go carefully down the stairs, child," and she followed him down and out onto the street, where the old sandwich-board men were asleep and walking between their boards of Lost Property, done in luminous paint so they could walk all day and all night, chestless and flattened.

Mrs. F. Pearson-Bent took her nephew's arm (although hardly a relation at all and still very much a child) and pulled him past the window where a late shopkeeper was arranging the apples in his window. He was arranging them for the first day of spring, tomorrow, which he had forgotten, and was a perfect nuisance; putting the leaves out of a box marked *SPRING* between the apples; a box for "spring" and a box for "autumn." "They should 'ave their own leaves by then," he said each year, and they didn't.

"Hold my hand as we cross the road," but there was no traffic, and only the light from a pet shop window, "They are extravagant!" his aunt said, but he looked at the tortoises and the sweet peas and some cat without a name lying in among the tall red wool of a rug, for this was a reliable pet shop where the bird seed was the best and the poodles already clipped.

When they reached the old lady's flat the street lights went out and darkness filled the day and reached right down to the ground. With light from birds' eyes the only light, and rain dripping from the trees with no leaves. He would ask his aunt for a night-light and hope his mother would come early in the morning to collect and take him away.

"Can I have a night-light please?" the nephew asked when they reached home and he was in his small bedroom, and his great great aunt gave him one. And quickly, while the flame went backwards and forwards, trying to avoid the water, and then went out with a sizz, he got into bed with the white sheets that were made black in the dark. . . . Perhaps someone had died in the bed and his toes touched a cold, copper bottle and then his great great aunt said "Good night, child," and kissed him a little with her straight mouth and put her old hand on his head, then went. And for a long time he waited to hear her get into bed. . . . Perhaps she was dead and they would bury her, her body would molder sweetly into the roots of violets and dandelions in the dark damp earth, and being dead would be like having one's eyes closed for ever and ever.

After she had closed her nephew's door, Mrs. F. Pearson-Bent did her hair, in case any one called, but no one came, and she remained tidy all evening. Then she went into her room with the window which had been left open all day, so that while she was away the room had become filled with sights and sounds, impressions and scents she hadn't heard or seen. So when she came home at night, opening the door quietly, it was like entering a party of silent people, guessing at what she hadn't heard or seen.

Each evening she sat and crossed-and-stitched, in the right brown, a thatched roof, or sewed a little further round a leaf, in different greens, for the undersides; and remembered that the right, the exact, shade for a laurel leaf was number twenty-six in Craft Silks. Then she undressed: folded her silk scarves down and across in the right creases and pushed shoetrees further into the dark tips of shoes, rolled old mothballs into camisoles, and put new mothballs into grey silk petticoats. All this she did late at night with her bedside lamp on, to save electricity; moving around in the small amount of light with shadows lying like tired animals all over the room. Tidying and tidying with quick footsteps until everything was as tidy as it was before she had started and she was ready for the next day to come rolling over the hills and into London, Chelsea, and along the empty pavements in the early morning, to drop through the windows into her underground rooms. She was ready.





## The Garden

She remembers  
that when they cut down the pine tree  
to make room for the road  
she cried  
as the saw chewed through the red bark  
and the yellow flesh of the tree bled  
its oils and odors on the clean air.

So when she returned  
to the house belonging now to strangers—  
a city with numbered streets having taken  
the place of the forest—  
and saw the fruit trees she had set out as seedlings,  
the poplars beside the porch,  
wisteria clinging to the log wall  
and the red rose by the door

all now in the season of winter but  
triumphantly alive still,  
it seemed to her like a miracle.  
She wondered what long-forgotten god  
had kept the little garden  
safe, a place to walk in  
in the cool of the day, perhaps, lonely as leaf fall  
while the city increased and no one remembered Eden.

—Peggy Pond Church

## Spring

Spring is the signal for insects in flocks  
to unwind on my flowers like an army of clocks.  
no nymph and no naiad, no gauzy-voiced sybil  
but only the Tick Tock of quick teeth that nibble  
makes music all day like some rusty guitar talk,  
a tune on a saw, or a concert by Bartok.

My gardener, Ivan, like a regal ghost  
from black Liberia or the Golden Coast,

leans, tall as ladders, limber as girls' sighs are,  
to lift each leaf where thugs in curled disguise are

lurking gut-shaped or dragon-haunched and scaly  
to do with glee the midnight will of Kali.

The light is like a violin  
that plays an air by Scriabin  
as soft as silver or the bloom  
on swan's eggs hatched by Leda's womb.  
The bridesmaid sky looks down through tears  
that float through sea-shell colored spheres  
among the trees. The white balloons  
of blossom tug like tethered moons  
tied to an old clown's hand. We run  
braiding the ribbons of the sun  
around the maypole of the year  
bright as the voice of Chanticleer.

Brown as cigars or lizards Ivan leans  
among the lentils and the lima beans.

His eyes, black moons reflected in molasses,  
are bright with dreams of snakes in jungle grasses,



of pythons sleek as lilies, and of boas  
that bulge like bulls, or a bad dream of Noah's.

Armed with malathion and DDT  
he hunts among my hem-stitched greenery

and storms along the pencil-trail of ants  
as though it were the spoor of elephants,

stealthy as blushing boys who read erotica  
he seeks each leaf for signs of diabrotica.

—Peggy Pond Church

[with apologies to Edith Sitwell]

## Summer will rise

Summer will rise till the houses fear;  
streets will hear underground streams;  
purple, the banished color, will flare.  
*This is the town where the vine will come.*

People will listen but will not hear.  
Eyes will wizen to find a friend.  
When no one is watching the candleflame  
*this is the town where the wind will come.*

The trees will hear, farther than winter,  
over the town a coming of birds.  
What great wild hands will reach for them?  
—and for all who are here when the wanderers come?

—William Stafford

## A Person from Porlock

" . . . At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter!"—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, Introduction to "Kubla Khan."

I'm only asking for justice. Look at my side  
For just a moment. Yes, I came on business—  
What's so bad about business? Is it the  
Mud, sweat, and daily stink of human affairs  
That sticks to it? I'll take that any day  
To daydreams and debt. I'd come over from Porlock  
To ask about a bill. I woke the man up  
In the middle of the afternoon—just  
When most people *are* up, and about their  
Business, too—I woke him up from a dream  
Born of idleness, indolence, and the neglect  
Of human obligations; and for that I'm to be  
A butt, a symbol of stupidity carried through  
The whole of human history. Is that fair?

Oh, I know how you feel. I'm the oaf who  
Stumbles his thick boots through cobwebs  
Draped with dew; I'm the ogre of the everyday  
Who's too much with us. If it hadn't been for me,  
And for my business, we'd have had a masterpiece.  
That's what *he* says. From what I can make  
Of the sample, I'd judge he was pretty smart  
To have arranged an interruption. His muse  
Was trotting down hill, if you ask me, and soon  
Enough would have been on the dead level  
Of prose. Well, I'm no judge of that. I don't hold  
With dreams, when dreams are made an excuse  
For lack of effort. Who supports me?

I'm a mere person. Porlock's a town  
Without a single Chinaman in it. Our river,

Only a stream, at that, runs above ground  
And nobody I know ever called it sacred.  
A man can make a living in Porlock—I do.  
That keeps me quite busy enough, thank you,  
To dispense with dreams. I deal with  
Brick and mortar, with corn and oats,  
With debit and credit, with solid cash—  
These are the facts that build the *real* world  
Where poets sleep at my expense. Porlock  
Is prose, and prose is a good mare  
For the long pull. Poetry flashes and is gone.  
Where's the money in it? He didn't have any.  
I kept him going most of that year—that is,  
Until I asked him for it back. Another time,  
My good man, can't you see I'm not well?  
Be damned—he didn't ask my health  
When he took the loan; he didn't ask whether  
Idealism made my profits; but, by God,  
He took my labor and fed his flabby mind.  
I made him; but then I'm too gross for the parlor.  
He kept me standing in the kitchen,  
And then sends me down through history  
A joke for all his fancy friends—  
That "person on business from Porlock"  
Who murdered a moth.

—John Atherton

## Meditation

The first is the final  
The final is the end  
Of the broken line  
Through which the bend  
Of the curve marks  
A tenuous tremor  
Seeking the life rhyme.



—Dorothy Masley

## Lawrence's Phoenix

(Kiowa Ranch, New Mexico)

Lawrence's phoenix could be my phoenix, hammered  
To the tall ponderosa pine and rising  
From bowl of flame up trunk to needled branches  
Sparkling in white dawn light, lighting the valley  
To patches of green, yellow, pastel red  
Across to Picuris Peak over shaded Taos.

Sometimes I write on the floor of a drained pool,  
Concrete pool with sun beating down all windless:  
I sweat out verses and rise from the pool—the phoenix  
Renewing itself for the world of people, withdrawing  
Till time for rebirth, new knowing. . . . Lawrence was sick,  
Rose daily, the Morning Star, to the world of knowing.

Daily the phoenix will die and rise again,  
Be watered by showers, its plumage shaded by clouding,  
Rising once more at sunset, spreading its wings  
Of light across the plain to low-lying mesas,  
Religiously humble before the Jemez Mountains. . . .  
Lawrence was humble only before the sun.

The sunflower shines brilliantly yellow, brown, orange  
From the sunflower window catching the eastern light  
Above the altar in the Lawrence shrine up the hill,  
All white in morning light, whiter than ashes  
Captured in silvered concrete: O is the spirit  
Finally rested there, in sunflower country?

The phoenix rises, an eagle atop the chapel,  
Out of the piedmont over Indian country;  
It flames at night from deeps of the adobe fireplace,  
Glowing green-blue of earth, piñon wood, sky,  
Soaring, a thunderbird, to quickenings of lightning,  
Immortal sun-god inspiring its own ashes.

—*Douglas Nichols*

## Not under the Geometric Sun of Muslim North Africa

Warping lends wings  
to things

textures

otherwise plaque-like:

blank plainsong dirges:  
dervishes

(demons?)

dead as boards in the sun

outside Sephardic cemeteries,  
seas

entelechies

of marble boats awash

at Tangier, Xauen, Tetuan  
undone

misspelled

in their Spanish sentiments,

but in haphazard geometry  
free

(cultured?)

too free and propitiatory:

Across the Herculean Straits  
the Fates,

European,

are warped and gloriously beserk.

—Anthony Kerrigan  
Tangier, 1959

## An Apple for Charles Darwin

### I

At Sunday school  
They used to carry in a wooden cake  
While we sang happy birthday  
And blew the candles out.  
You couldn't eat that angel food:  
I guess before the Fall  
You could have cut the cake.

### II

This year is a year of Dedication,  
This year and every year  
We commemorate  
Our Common Ancestor.  
And from which side, Soapy,  
Did you come, leaping and  
Gibbering?  
Both  
Is the right answer,  
And Both being omnivorous  
Ate all the apples they could get.  
We still do:  
Let us eat in perpetual Memory  
Of them.

### III

One bite of apple  
One crumb  
Would have been enough  
And Lucifer had bushels.  
No price was the Just Price  
But now All is Dear  
Nothing is Cheap  
Bought with your blood,  
Our blood  
His Blood—  
My Dears.

—*Franklin Dickey*

"Soapy," of course, refers to Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, so called by his intimates, whom the Lord delivered into the hands of Thomas Henry Huxley in a debate wherein the prelate had impudently asked which side of Huxley's family had descended from the Monkey.



## About those dead on various beachheads

When all the white and swollen beauty of whatever sea  
Sprawls upon a chosen beach  
Like alabaster crushed,  
It is curious remembering that many once lay here  
Dead, or almost so.  
Soon, few who wade the rock pools

On such pauper landscape  
Will recall those who once rose  
Like grave pirates out of the sea  
Only to fall again.  
Children will fling scarred shells  
Over their grave;  
Fisherman will cast slack, expectant lines  
Out to where those once were caught  
Beneath the taut and instant strike of war.

—Nancy Sullivan

## Lombardy Poplars in New Mexico

### *Spring*

An old woman,  
reduced to searching  
for green portents  
in her mirror  
discovers that she is not  
a dowager countess  
sunning herself, wrapped  
in winter shawl,  
but has sent shoots  
into a dry country.

### *Summer*

High country,  
hot country,  
dry country,  
and a river.

### *Autumn*

It seems  
the leaves  
have eaten  
too much sun.

—Joel L. Markman

## The Whole Relentless Process

The whole relentless process is the same:  
disheveled quests for some ideal chair  
where human love could drape its injured hair  
on ermine, or rebuild its shattered frame.

(Our bees, imagining they saw the name  
"your summum bonum" on that clover there,  
flew down to it, fell backward on the air,  
moved on to others they would later blame—

unsatisfied as half-moons.)

So the years  
are full of motion toward a cryptic sun  
whose brilliancy endures as "x-unknown;"

from partial bliss to partial bliss man-tears  
are stretched, pursuing endlessly the one  
that's faultless down to the last numbered bone.

—*E. R. Cole*

## Migration

Over the roof for seven nights  
The land birds cried. Behind the orchard  
Taurus drove two horns through summer  
Low in the flyway stiff with frost.

Already far from falling leaves  
Where subtle nests are filled with mice,  
Vireos under the Milky Way  
Whined long in the windless dark.



Out of Laurentian Highlands down  
Through Maine the secret warblers flew  
With fragile screams that faded only  
In light upon the morning wind.

Last came the thrushes, sweetly whistling,  
Olive-backs with steady eyes  
Fixed on the Centaur where he canters  
In meadows of the fragrant South.

—John Clarke



## The Voice

by Octavio Amorátegui

The irrigation channel slowly flows  
and lulls to sleep the fields and linden trees,  
and your calm eyes that tenderly half close,  
enchanted by its silken melodies.  
The breeze entangled in the branches seeks  
to clasp you with a trembling furtiveness.  
Through the sharp edges of the distant peaks  
the moon drifts by, a circle of distress.

But tearing through the infinite, our cry soars,  
and sobbing back, the voice of infinity  
resounds to us from the suspended shores:  
Why are there any April dreams at all  
if the measure of our life remains so small  
and our dreams are of such immensity!

—translated by Charles Guenther  
from *Patios de luna*, 1949.

“We must get gas at La Zarca,” Helen said. “Both our guide books say to get gas there.”

“I know,” I said. “It’s a long stretch to Durango.”

“One hundred sixty-five miles,” Helen said, checking the map.

We drove along at about sixty-five, an easy speed on the unpopulated Mexican highway. There were a few pot-holes, and I slowed down for them. We had just had lunch at Parral, and our body motors were purring.

“Twelve miles from La Zarca,” Helen said, catching a kilômeter mark as we sped by. We had been working on the kilometer-mile ratio ever since we left Ciudad Juárez. There was little else to do in this desolate country. Flat. Spanish bayonet cactus and scrub bushes we knew from the desert in California. Occasionally there was a burro on the side of the road. Or a few cattle. Sometimes we had to stop for the cattle.

At eleven miles from La Zarca the car began to knock. It was a loud knock. We stopped and raised the hood, the way two women would, curiously, unknowingly. “Looks all right,” I said.

“Yes,” Helen said. “I can’t see anything. Let’s go on.”

We started the car again and the noise was just the same. It was two o’clock in the afternoon. The noise got worse. I cut the speed down to thirty. Then there was a last banging, a gush of liquid onto the road, and the car stopped.

We lifted the hood again. In the motor block there was a hole two and a half inches wide. “Threw a rod,” Helen said, knowingly now.

Helen kept repeating that Johnny at the corner gas station at home had sworn he had checked everything. Everything. That’s all she could say.

The first car to come by had a Chihuahua license and was driven by a woman. She spoke English fluently and promised to send a tow truck from

## Truck Route

### *a Mexican Journey*

BY BEATRICE TYDINGS

La Zarca. She was taking her three young boys to visit her parents in Mexico City, she explained.

In about fifteen minutes a yellow station wagon with an Alabama license caught up with us and stopped. The tall, suntanned young driver immediately began unloading his two children and his expensive luggage.

"I have a tow rope," he said. His wife stood at the side of the road in the hot sun and watched him connect the flaxen-colored rope, tying expert knots like an ex-sailor. Then he loaded his luggage back into his car. He smiled at us. "Be sure it's not in gear," he said, in the way men have of talking to women about mechanical things. "All set?"

He towed us sanely and evenly over the eleven miles. As we pulled into the gas station, I put my foot on the brake too soon and broke his tow rope. We apologized, but he said he had another rope. We thanked him for his help. He hung around for a while, wrinkling his brow over us. "It's 145 miles to Durango," he said, looking at his watch and up at the sun, "but if you think there's nothing more we can do. . . ."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll be all right," Helen said. "You'd better go on."

He pulled his car next to the one pump of La Zarca. The attendant ambled out of the little building and hand-pumped gas into the glass tank. When the car was filled, the Alabama man asked again if he could help. "No, thank you," we both said. Surely there would be a mechanic somewhere.

The station wagon pulled out slowly and headed south for Durango. Our car sat in the middle of the large dusty space between the gas station and the road. It was 2:50. There were no other travelers at the moment. The junction was a major one, the meeting point of four roads: the north and south main highway, a road to the east, and another road from the northwest at an acute angle to the highway. Across from us a couple of hundred yards to the west was a motel. A little to the north of that was a small bus station and adjoining that was an adobe shack. To the north of us there was a small building and over the door was painted "Oficina" in shaky black letters. Outside it were two men in uniform, wearing pistols. Attached to the gas station was a restaurant. There was a car in front of it. It had a Chihuahua license.

I walked over to the little restaurant. A sign said it was a stop for truck drivers, but at the first table by the open double door was the woman who had said she would send help. Her three children were eating their lunch hungrily. She came out immediately when she saw me and explained that

there was no tow truck to send. We talked about other possibilities and she began to question the gas station attendant. He told her there was a mechanic, across the way in the adobe shack, and that he was a good one. The woman walked with us across the road.

The "garage"—the sign said it—was just a few inches wider than the 1939 Plymouth inside it. The front end of the car was raised by a chain that was fastened to a large hook in a beam across the roof. There were other beams, but little roof. For a while we saw no mechanic, but we noticed that a woman was sitting in the doorway of the attached house and she was holding a baby which she rocked violently from time to time.

Our interpreter held a long conversation with a man under the car. Helen and I stood, straining for a few familiar Spanish words or phrases and waiting tensely for the reply.

"He's busy," the woman said finally.

"Ask him just to come and look," Helen said.

"Maybe he could tell us if he could fix it—if we waited," I said.

The woman talked to him again. This time her voice rose stridently. The man crawled out from under the car.

Another car stopped at the garage. A young, plump Mexican, dressed in a flowered sports shirt, got out. He walked up to the mechanic and gestured in triangles as he spoke urgently. His wife sat in the car and put in a word now and then in a wailing voice. The mechanic shook his head. The Chihuahua woman talked to the mechanic as soon as the young man came to a semicolon. Soon they were both talking at once. The mechanic didn't even try to answer. He pointed to the car with its head in the air on a chain. He muttered something, but no one paid any attention, for the woman and the young man were still talking.

Abruptly the mechanic wiped his hands on the oily rag that was hanging in the back pocket of his coveralls. He nodded his head to the woman and marched across the road to our car, the three of us following in single file. He raised the hood of our car. He shook his head again. "Ay,ay,ay!" he said, connecting the words so they sounded like yi, yi, yi. Then he let loose a torrent of information, none of which we could understand, but all of which we knew left our situation hopeless.

"No, he can't do it," our friend said.

The mechanic walked back across to his garage, ignored the young

Mexican who was now waving his arms in circles over his head, and crawled back under the 1939 Plymouth. "It will have to be done in a big city," the woman told us. "It will have to have at least half a motor. Durango is the first big city."

"Yes, I know," I said.

Helen looked at the ground and I looked far away across the flat land. Our car stood in the center of all the vastness. It grew smaller and smaller as I pushed my thoughts ahead to Durango. Durango! A magic name. We had never been there. We wanted to go to Durango. It was the shining citadel of automobile agencies and parts for cars. A large bus came down the road and stopped at the tiny station. Passengers hopped out, prancing around animatedly as they claimed their packages and baggage. Indians carrying their colored string market sacks spread out across the countryside, walking through the fields to their adobe homes. Home!

The woman said quietly, "Let me see about my children's lunch. Maybe I can think of something." It was 3:15.

She went into the restaurant and came out almost immediately with a small dark man who might have been pure Zapotec or Aztec. His coveralls bore the name of a Mexican trucking company sewn in red letters on the back. "He says," the woman said breathlessly, "that you can get one of the trucks from his company to load your car on and take it to Durango."

Helen stirred to life. "When will one of the trucks be along?"

The woman turned to the driver. "He says maybe five o'clock. . . . Maybe two or three days."

"Nothing more certain than that?" Helen gasped.

"He's been waiting for over a day," the woman said. "He'll be glad to take you when the truck comes. Maybe today, maybe not."

Helen and I looked at each other. "What about price?" I said.

The man and the woman talked. "He says it will cost you two hundred and fifty pesos," she interpreted.

Helen and I translated the sum into dollars and then we told the woman it would be all right. The man went back into the restaurant and we saw him tackle a plate of food large enough for a wrestler. The woman went back to her children, still lingering at their long lunch.

Helen and I paced a little and began to look for a place to sit down. The restaurant had a dozen empty tables but we had no thought of food. There

was no place to sit except in the car—we somehow couldn't—or on a box next to the gas pump. The box at least was in the shade. We sat on it and discussed the motel across the way. It was certainly not the recommended type. Recommended or not, it was ours.

The woman and her three children came out of the restaurant and she used the hose at the gas station to wash their faces and to give them a drink. We thought of all the warnings we had had about the dangers of drinking water. The little truck driver stood in the restaurant door a minute, finishing his last few bites and sucking his teeth. Suddenly he exclaimed something and the woman turned to answer him.

The man was pointing up the road at a large truck that soon came roaring into the intersection. It towed a large, flat empty trailer. The truck was doing about fifty, and the trailer bounced around like a plastic toy being pulled by a child. The truck stopped near the motel.

"His truck!" Helen and I shouted at the same time.

"No," said the woman, "not his truck. But he knows the driver and will see what he can do."

Our man walked across to the truck and there was a great deal of gesturing in the direction of our car. The new driver was tall and muscular, dressed in brown slacks and a beige cotton sports shirt. There were two young fellows standing on the trailer and they had on coveralls alike with names on their backs.

The two drivers came across the road. The Chihuahua woman was bundling her children into the car now, but she did not get in herself. We looked at her anxiously. She advanced immediately to the two men and began to talk. We walked quickly to the group and listened. The important word we recognized was *camión*.

The second driver was fairly handsome. His wavy hair fell over his eyes as he talked, and he kept pushing it back in a sweeping gesture. His clothes were very soiled and he needed a shave. He was about thirty-five or forty.

"Yes, he will take your car on the trailer to Durango," the woman told us, smiling.

We talked back and forth about making sure the car was tightly anchored. "Don't worry," she said. "He has been driving this way for years."

"Talk to him about price," Helen said.

After a few minutes the trucker turned to us and said something about

pesos in a very earnest tone of voice. "He says it will cost you three hundred and fifty pesos," said our interpreter.

Helen gasped. "But that's . . ."

"I know," said the woman. "But he has a better truck. And—you should not have agreed so quickly before."

We were reluctant to see the woman leave, but we knew she had to make Durango before night. "You will be all right," she said as she climbed into her car. "These are good honest men."

We waved goodbye. "Tell the motel manager in Durango to save us a room. With bath!" Helen's voice was cheerful, and tearful.

We stood in the sun watching the dust settle after the Chihuahua car had churned up a little cloud. There was no one in the junction now except the young Mexican who was still trying to persuade the mechanic across the way to do something about his car. The two uniformed men with pistols had locked up their little *oficina* and gone off in an old Dodge. It was 3:50.

"Alora!" said our truck driver. He smiled at us and waved his hand toward his truck and walked briskly over to it. He drove the truck in a circle, studying the layout, and finally lowered it into the small hollow on our side of the road, not far from our car. This brought the trailer almost on a level with the bank. It seemed possible to roll the car right on the trailer.

It was not so simple. The trailer was just short of being low enough. The two young men and the driver worked feverishly, piling huge blocks of wood that they had found behind the gas station to make a ramp. The car was heavy. The uphill push was real labor. The gas attendant and a small boy who had appeared from somewhere stood close and watched the three work. The little man who was waiting for his truck helped in a minor way. A well-dressed Mexican in a '54 Chevrolet stopped and offered advice. Once in a while he made a gesture about a block of wood and the three men working would stop and talk with him and then move things. We went back to our seat on the box near the gas pump.

"Remember how we hurried to leave Chihuahua this morning?" Helen said.

"Uh-huh. And the way we gulped that good *coffee* at our stop in. . . ."

"Yes," Helen said. "Yes. . . ." Her voice seem to fall into her shoes.

The men worked, shouted, moved blocks of wood, and rattled heavy chains. Our car sat in the sun where the Alabama man had dropped it.

A Chrysler from Arizona carrying a middle-aged man and his wife stopped at the gas pump. They were going east to Torreón, they said. I talked with his wife, and Helen and the man talked. They had a coke and offered us one. We said we didn't want one and they drove off. Helen said, "That incredible man asked me if we needed money! He almost insisted on giving us some."

We looked after the car with the Arizona license. We sat down again. There was little shade now, for it was past four o'clock and the sun was slanted under the roof of the station.

A Mercedes-Benz with a Sonora license drove into the station. Two expensively dressed young men got out and watched the attendant pump gas into his glass tank. They laughed and joked with each other while the car was being filled. They did not look in the direction of the truck and the toiling men. They gunned the sweet-sounding motor and took off on the road to the east.

The two uniformed men carrying the pistols came back again. They did not unlock their little office but came over to the truck and stood silently watching the loading process. The young Mexican who was waiting for the mechanic came over to the station and got a coke. He talked with us in English about his car troubles and then went and watched the loading too.

Several trucks arrived from north and south and northwest. Some were loaded with unidentifiable cargoes. Some were empty. All went up the east road.

"Torreón," Helen said. "Everybody goes to Torreón."

At last the men began to push our car into line with the trailer. The Chevrolet driver was now a part of the working crew. He held a rope, and now and then gave orders in a supervisory way.

A New Mexico Oldsmobile came into the station, headed for Durango. A man and wife, Mexican-Americans, offered us a coke and talked about our car. The woman, a large-bosomed, motherly type, patted the seat beside her and we got in and settled into the soft upholstery.

"Come and go to Durango with us!" the woman said.

Helen hesitated. "I feel responsible," she said. "I think I should stay with the car."

"Your car will be all right," the man said. "Besides, where are you going to ride? You can't ride in that truck!"



"In the car, probably," Helen said.

The man laughed and shook his head. "You don't know that road. It's a pretty mountainous road."

"Come," his wife said. "Put some of your baggage in here."

Helen and I looked at each other. "No, I think I'd better not leave the car," Helen said. "Thanks so very much . . ."

We both looked at the comfortable Oldsmobile. With its engine running.

"No," I said. "If Helen stays, I stay. Thanks."

They left after another few minutes of urging. "See you in Durango," they called.

"Tell the motel manager we'll be late," we shouted. They pulled slowly out of the station. It was 4:42.

At 5:10 the loading was finished. Our forest-green Ford sat atop its launching pad, bound and gagged, hamstrung and throttled, blocked and tackled. Ropes, wires, chains, and old rags had been used to bind the contract.

We did not leave at once. First the driver, whose name was Manuel, signaled to us that he was going to the "comedor." He and the two apprentices went into the restaurant and ordered a meal. Helen and I decided to have a cup of coffee. But when we saw the boy ladle it out of a bucket on the back of the old-fashioned wood-burning stove—where it had no doubt been for days, we lost our taste for it. We played with the cups for a polite ten minutes and left.

Manuel and his men then began to clear the cab of the truck of all their belongings, small zipper bags and rumpled pieces of clothing. We realized they were making a place for us. We protested, but the language barrier was solid. We ascended the cab. It was 6:00.

To the populace of La Zarca our take-off had all the important implications of the landing of the first man on the moon. All stood around and watched—the gas station attendant, the mechanic (he even crawled out from under the ailing Plymouth), the officials with the pistols, and the young man in the sports shirt who was still waiting for the mechanic's services. The two apprentices stood on the trailer by our car. They were young boys in their teens. We saw now that the letters on their backs spelled CAMIONES MENDEZ.

"Mucho calor," Manuel warned us pointing to the spaces around the gear shift. As soon as we started we knew why he warned us. The engine heat

coming up through the floor boards was intense. And, too, three persons riding in the cab made a pretty tight squeeze. Manuel apologized every time he had to shift into one of the six or eight grinding gears, for Helen had to move her feet out of his way.

After about an hour we decided that there was a more comfortable way to ride. By gesture and speech we made Manuel understand that we wanted to ride in the Ford. "You won't like it!" Manuel said with his eyes and shoulders. Soon after we moved back to the car, we started the mountain driving. Every curve—not banked—took us farther and farther up a canyon. The drop below grew deeper. We swayed around the hairpin turns and switched back sharply as in the child's game of crack the whip. Car sickness added to our miseries. We blew the horn and signaled frantically to the two boys who were standing just back of the cab. They spoke to Manuel through the window and he stopped the truck as soon as we reached a wide flat place. We went back to the *calor*.

The sun set red just as we were climbing up a long grade at the head of a stream of about twenty cars and trucks. They all passed us eventually, their drivers honking madly. The short twilight showed the fingers of the Spanish bayonet cactus spread out menacingly against the magenta sky. "I hate to see that evenin' sun go down," Helen hummed.

Before it was dark we came to an Indian village. The adobe huts were scarcely visible against the desert background of the same color. There were a few Indians in their white pants and wide-brimmed hats, their folded serapes over their shoulders. One fellow came running across a field, yelling to the driver. Manuel waited and took him aboard. He sat on the edge of the trailer, his feet swinging, and a few miles farther on he slipped off silently and disappeared into a field. A little later we picked up a priest, a youngish, bald, blond man in a black cassock that was browning at the edges. He stood on the running board of the cab and held on to the door. He passed his Indian straw hat into the cab, and Helen held it on her lap for him. His hands were soft and white, his fingers long and lean. In his other hand he held a bottle of sacramental liquid. He signaled to Manuel when he reached his destination, alighted with many *muchísimos*, and went out into the vast, lonely, open country.

Manuel continued to talk to us. My summer-school Spanish, learned in Mexico City several years before, gradually came back to my ear, and now and

then I could understand a whole paragraph. He told of his work in the mineral fields, of hauling precious stuff like manganese from the source to the refineries. Every once in a while I would reply to him, but usually in French, I realized later. Helen said, "What *are* you two gabbing about?" and I laughed and translated what I knew. Once I remembered, "¿Dónde está su casa?" Helen laughed wildly. "It took you long enough to think of *that* one!" she said. Manuel told of his home in Mexico City, his many children, his boss who was very rich and owned the fleet of CAMIONES MENDEZ. Manuel asked us our names. They were very difficult for him to pronounce.

The kilometer markings began to catch our interest again. I had remembered from the guide book that Durango was at K 1042. We had started from La Zarca at about K 1200—the distance from Mexico City. In the 1100's Manuel caught on to our interest and began to look for the markers for us. At K 1100 we began to sing. Some of the songs, like "Rancho Grande," Manuel joined in in Spanish. We offered cigarettes to the three of them. One of the boys, the younger, did not smoke, but he took the cigarettes anyway and piled them behind his ears. He had a round face and looked like an Indian cherub when he smiled his thanks. The older, nineteen perhaps, smoked each of the cigarettes slowly and seriously. He would come forward to accept the offer, but he always returned to his duty station beside the fender of the car. Every once in a while he would circumnavigate the Ford and bang on the fender twice with the palm of his hand. In this way he signaled that all was well.

Once Manuel stopped the truck in a wide place in the road and he and the boys took a long drink from their canteens. They offered us some too, but we had no taste for food or drink. We had not eaten since 11:30 in the morning, at Parral. While the men were out of the cab Helen looked down at her hands. Her diamond sparkled in the dash light. "Maybe I should have taken off my ring," she said.

"No," I said. "I don't think it is necessary. I think everything is going to be all right!" Helen smiled and nodded her head.

From the moment it was dark the only sign of life was in our truck. No more traffic, no people walking on the road, no burros, no cattle. We looked out over the country and there was not a light. At 10:40 Manuel stopped the truck abruptly. He got out and walked away a couple of hundred yards in the beam of the headlights. He came back and climbed into the cab and turned

the truck hard left off the road. "No puente," he said, and he maneuvered the clumsy vehicle expertly down a bank, into a dry river bed, and up again. The apprentice checked our car and patted the fender twice.

At K 1048 Manuel slowed the truck. "Un momento!" he exclaimed, looking at us mischievously. He eased the truck around the corner. "Durango!" he shouted. There below in a vast valley lay the town. Lights, red, green, and white went off and on. We let out a cheer that would have competed at a high school football game. The truck sped along easily, on the down grade. We entered the city and made a few sharp turns. Some blue lights spelled out MEXICO COURTS and we entered the driveway of our motel. It was 12:50.

A sleepy motel clerk let us in. "Did you get the message we sent?" Helen asked him.

"Yes," he replied, "from everybody. Each one told me about you."

The clerk made change for us while the men unhitched the car from its moorings. They threw all the heavy blocks on the driveway. They lowered the car gently until the last and then let it hit the pavement with the maximum strain on its springs.

The motel clerk told us about the protocol of tipping, and we presented the money with all our thanks. Manuel said he was very tired and was going to find a place to sleep. We shook hands all around, the boys returning the handshake shyly. Manuel's handshake was warm and strong. We stood in the driveway and watched them leave, the trailer bobbing and skittering from right to left.

## Albuquerque Artists Exhibit in New York *by Elaine de Kooning*

ALBUQUERQUE, impersonal and uningratiating as a gasoline station, nestles in the rockies under a sun forty percent brighter than New York's. "Earth colors" in New Mexico are intense pinks and reds. Color and space are actors, changing role from hour to hour, constantly in flux. Light resounds and reverberates over the city, drastically magnifies and diminishes the buildings, brings the surfaces of the mountains aggressively close or thrusts them off to legendary distances. The sunsets here would have reduced a Barbizon painter to ashes. This opulent landscape has spawned hundreds of buckeye painters who try to pin it down and succeed only in reducing the grand to the picturesque. It might be said that the sun chased the modern artists indoors. The most inspired artists often seem to respond to their surroundings in reverse. Drenched in color, the Albuquerque painters generally work with palettes that are subdued, dense, introverted. Space-rich, they do not need to escape into big canvases as New Yorkers seem to and their forms are compressed and immediate.

Having certain attitudes toward their surroundings in common, these artists do not form a "school" as is usual in art colonies. Indeed, "art colony," with its connotations of Bohemianism, exhibitionism and conformism, seems an inappropriate term for this group of individualists, almost rude in their insistent independence of each other.

The University of New Mexico is the cultural focus of the city. Two of the artists included, Lez Haas and Ralph Lewis, teach there; two of them, Enza Quargnali and William Conger, are students at present; and the rest, with the exception of Jean Armstead, a Hofmann student, studied there in the past under Raymond Jonson.

Mr. Jonson, an artist of tremendous energy and conviction, has painted some 1500 works over the last forty years. In 1949, the Jonson gallery was established at the university to house a permanent collection of his work.

Jonson is probably the factor most responsible for encouraging the intense productivity and high level of professionalism (not characteristic of university towns) of the young Albuquerque artists by offering them one-man shows at his gallery. In his generosity and ability to stimulate other artists, Jonson is comparable to Hans Hofmann, and would undoubtedly be a nationally known painter if he had been working on the East or West coast all these years.

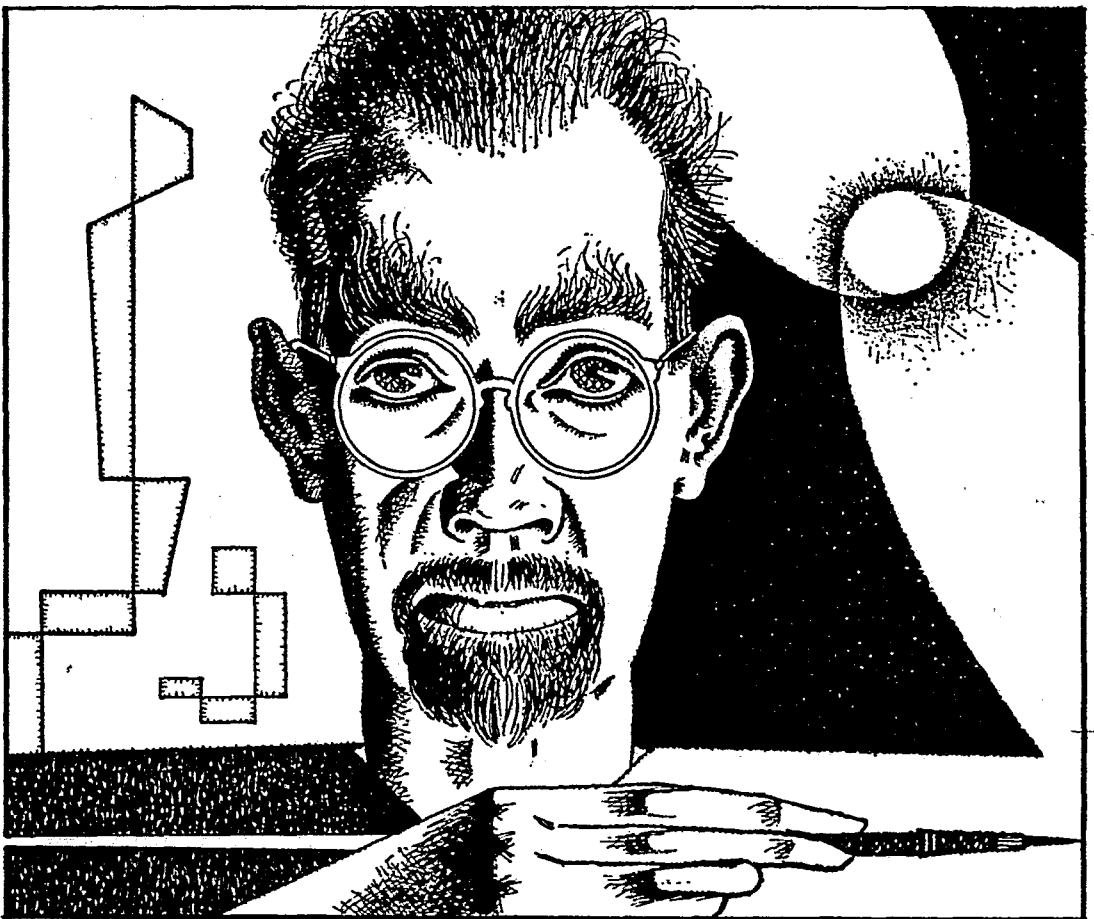
For the rest, the artists in Albuquerque relate to New York artists today the way New Yorkers related to Parisians in the 'thirties: they know what is going on but there is no recognition for them from the city to the East. Like New Yorkers, most of them were born elsewhere and have a fierce, defensive devotion to the city of their choice. Also

reminiscent of the New York art world of the 'thirties is the depression atmosphere—the impossibility of living by painting and the resulting bitterness and acrid humor. The outsize canvas might be uncommon in Albuquerque—as it was in New York not so long ago—simply because most artists can't afford them. There are several gloomy advantages however, to being neglected—the main one being that a kind of glorious, tough originality blooms in isolation and tends to vanish in an atmosphere of easy acceptance.

---

THIS ESSAY is reprinted from the program for the "Albuquerque" show, February 2 to 21, 1960, at The Great Jones Gallery, 5 Great Jones Street, New York. Albuquerque painters exhibiting were Jean Armstead, William Conger, Connie Fox, Alice Garver, Lez L. Haas, William Vaughan Howard, Don Ivers, Raymond Jonson, Richard Kurman, Ralph Lewis, Joan Oppenheimer, Enza Quargnali, and Robert Walters.

---



SELF CHARACTERIZATION

by Raymond Jonson, 1949

ON JANUARY 8, 1950, on the campus of the University of New Mexico, a combination Art Gallery, artist's studio and residence was formally opened to the public. With this unit its founder, Raymond Jonson, hoped to bring before the public a vital presentation of his own creations as well as those of other artists. Not only was it to be a place of exhibit but it was to be a place to demonstrate that an artistic activity could and should be an important part of a community life.

The Jonson Gallery is a two-level structure with the residence and a museum and sculpture room at the street level. The lot contour allowed the architects to develop the second level below the residence area. This level contains the main gallery, a studio, small study, three storerooms, workshop and garage. Adequate parking space is at this level in the rear of the building where entrance also may be made.

## The Jonson Gallery

*a significant decade*

BY ED GARMAN

The Jonson Gallery was conceived and projected into a plan by its founder in 1947. Thirteen years earlier, in 1934, Jonson, a painter-artist, joined the faculty of the University of New Mexico. Because of a long and happy association with the University, he wanted to remain always a part of it. Therefore he hoped that the University would become the final custodian of his life effort. In this way the many works painted in the spirit of idealism would become public property rather than private which was more consistent with his beliefs.

In formulating the project, Jonson was prompted by the belief that much of his work warranted preservation and that under proper conditions could serve a cultural function. He reasoned that it should be possible to evolve a permanent structure wherein an artist could work and his art be preserved, seen and studied under proper conditions. Underlying this concept was the conviction that art can be of tremendous importance.

Jonson had in mind an attempt to demonstrate an ideal environment as regards space and the arrangement of that space for a painter. He felt that he should attempt to establish a condition that not only planned for the fore-

seeable care of art works, but should attempt to create an environment wherein one might partake of the spiritual aura established by the work of art. This not only seemed a worthy idea but an actual necessity.

The University accepted Jonson's idea early in 1948. The physical projection then took two years to complete. Although the University allotted the plot of ground for the project, Jonson was responsible for carrying out the project from the ground up. He and Mrs. Jonson put all they possessed into the project, but it would not have been possible without a major gift from Adele Levis Rand and Frank C. Rand, Jr.

Finally the project as conceived was completed. At the time of the formal opening, four distinct groups of art works out of the Jonson collection were presented to the University as the nucleus and primary reason for the project. The first group was a retrospective selection of 474 paintings by Jonson. The second was a group of theater designs prepared during the period 1913-19 when Jonson was a part of the pioneering Chicago Little Theatre. The third group represents studies of students who worked under Jonson since 1934 and is now extended through 1954—the year Jonson was retired from teaching. There are 350 of the latter. A fourth group of approximately 150 works represents a collection of works by other artists.

The physical plan of the project has served many activities. In the ten years of its existence the gallery has proved excellent for showing contemporary art. The past schedule of exhibitions total 105; of these, 80 are by other artists. The workshop has proved its worth in that over twelve hundred paintings were framed there in addition to the many panels and canvases prepared there for painting. The studio in this same period has been the area of production for almost four hundred new paintings by Jonson, most of which will be added later to the retrospective group. The storerooms are excellent. The means for the preservation of works of art is well solved through the arrangement of storerooms, racks, methods of storing, and by glazing a great number of works.

The year 1960 not only celebrates the tenth anniversary of the Jonson Gallery, but also the Golden Anniversary of the creative life of its founder.

It was in the fall of 1910 that the teenage Jonson "fell in love and was lost in a puddle of paint." In the following fifty years he wrestled with the multiple problems of giving form to that "puddle of paint."



With Jonson, Art was not the business of making pictures. He believed it was something like creating a new rhythm, a new reality. It was also an attempt to realize something which could exist as pure expression.

He was interested in techniques, because in technique he found the most effective method for carrying out a creative intention. Technique included purpose, knowledge, skill and his own relationship to them.

He believed in a language of color and that in its infinities and multiplicities there was light, the energetic symbol of life. . . . He believed in pure personal creation and worked to reach it at the highest possible level because he believed it the whole point of being an individual.

His significant work began in 1923. At that time he developed his basic approach. He chose to call it "Design." At its most sophisticated it is the total dynamic use of all the means pertinent to painting in significant relationship to the artist's intentions. Beginning with *Earth Rhythms*, *Cliff Dwellings*, *Variants*, and *Syntheses*; then the *Digits*, *Alphabet Series*, *Spirals*, and *Figurations*, on to the *Trilogies*, and *Cycles*, *Cosmic Themes*, *Chromatic Contrasts* and *Progressive Improvisations*. There are major works of an isolated nature throughout his development. There is also an outpouring of rich temperas, watercolors and works done in an incomparable airbrush technique. Major works continue to emerge as he moves into the later years with the poise of a master.

The Jonson Gallery contains most of one man's lifetime of work, development and expression. At this time it is the major wealth of the gallery collection. The hope has been that the Gallery and all that it contains would serve the University students and faculty, the townspeople of Albuquerque and visitors from elsewhere as a place where the Arts, and particularly painting, could, for a period, be looked at in peace.

**M**ORNING—OLD TOWN, a painting by Theodore Van Soelen, returned to the walls of the Museum of New Mexico Art Gallery on May 1, 1960, after an absence of forty-three years. The canvas, a bold landscape of Old Albuquerque and the Sandia Mountains, shown in 1917 at the dedication of the newly built state art gallery, has been loaned by Laurence Lee of Jacksonville, Florida, to hang among ninety-nine oils, temperas, drawings and lithographs in a Theodore Van Soelen retrospective exhibition. Van Soelen's first one-man show was at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1913, and even then included "Western scenes, adobe houses, deserts blazing under the sunlight, and portraits of cowboys," plus the fruits of two European traveling scholarships he enjoyed after his training at St. Paul Institute of Art and the Pennsylvania School of Fine Arts.

## Theodore Van Soelen

BY ROLAND DICKEY

Born in 1890 in St. Paul, where he received his early education, Van Soelen went to Nevada in 1910. He worked as a cowboy on big ranches, and as a mule-skiner during the construction of the Western Pacific Railroad between Winnemucca, Nevada, and Burns, Oregon, in a day when Wells Fargo was not a TV drama. He began then his outdoor sketches of working cowboys, an interest he has never abandoned, for Van Soelen still spends part of each year on a ranch, and has printed a series of eighteen lithographs on the theme. These prints were chosen in 1958 for the opening exhibit of a gallery at the University of Chihuahua, dedicated by Governor Teófilo Borrrundo.

In 1916 Van Soelen came to Albuquerque, where he lived in one of the town's most historic adobe houses, at 1801 West Central, which he shared with Ralph Twitchell, New Mexico governor and chronicler. It was here that *Morning—Old Town* was painted. As Albuquerque's first professional artist, he was the city's sole representative at the state gallery's opening show,



*Van Soren*

to which the renowned artists of Taos and Santa Fe were invited, and which attracted such Eastern painters as Robert Henri, George Bellows, and Leon Kroll. In the fall of 1919, his work was shown, along with other leading New Mexico artists, at one of the first significant art exhibits in Albuquerque, held in the Elk's Club.

In 1921 Van Soelen married Virginia Carr, daughter of an Albuquerque stockman, Clark N. Carr, and granddaughter of Gen. Eugene Carr, celebrated cavalryman of the Battle of Wounded Knee, under whom John J. Pershing served as a second lieutenant. Shortly after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Van Soelen moved to Santa Fe, and in 1926 came to live in their adobe studio on a magnificent hilltop in nearby Tesuque. Their son Don is a vice-president of the First National Bank of Santa Fe, and his brother Ted heads his own real estate firm in Albuquerque. They lost their only daughter, Jay, in a tragic automobile accident while she was a junior at the University of New Mexico. During the children's schooling, the Van Soelens spent winters in Connecticut, and the artist is perhaps as well known for New England landscapes as for Western scenes. "His whole life," writes Mrs. Van Soelen, "has been dedicated to his family and to perfection in his chosen work." Always closely teamed with her husband, Mrs. Van Soelen undertook the elaborate task of carrying out the arrangements which culminated in the retrospective show.

Besides his skill as landscapist and lithographer Van Soelen is a distinguished portrait painter and muralist. His works have been exhibited in or purchased by virtually every important art institution in America, from the Metropolitan Museum to the Corcoran Gallery, and Carnegie Institute to Art Institute of Chicago. His many awards include the Bronze Medal at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exhibition, Philadelphia, the J. Frances Murphy Prize at the National Academy, New York, the First Altman Prize in the National Academy Exhibition, and the Audubon Post Prize at the Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

An outline of Theodore Van Soelen's career is only part of the sum of his seventy years. He served many terms as chairman of the State Police Board, and as an executive member of the board of the School of American Research. He has neglected neither art nor civic duties, nor yet the world's amenities, and his well-rounded life has made many men his friends. A modest, straightforward, hardworking man, Theodore Van Soelen has, in his definite, quiet way, achieved the things in which he believes.

**T**HE DEATH of Alfonso Reyes on December 27, 1959, has left an empty chair in Mexican literary circles which will not easily be filled by anyone within view at the present time. His not unexpected departure was the last of a series of grave losses suffered by Mexican letters during the tragic year 1959; among the other literary figures that preceded the great essayist and poet one finds the names of José de J. Núñez y Domínguez, Heliodoro Valle, a Mexican by choice, and the brave warrior José Vasconcelos.

Of course, all four of the writers above listed had lived a full life and one could say that their work was completed. However, it cannot be denied that José Vasconcelos and Alfonso Reyes were producing at a youthful rate up to the time of their death; Núñez y Domínguez was less active in the literary field when he died of cancer, while in the diplomatic service in South America, and Valle spent his last days in a mental penumbra. But Vasconcelos and Reyes, both victims of heart attacks, were fortunate in that they possessed their mental power to the end.

Alfonso Reyes  
1889 — 1959

BY GERARDO SÁENZ

Alfonso Reyes may be considered the last of the great Mexican writers that were formed during the final days of the Díaz regime. It seems ironic that most of the prominent men in Mexican letters have appeared under the most adverse political circumstances. It is true that since the Revolution of 1910 some good writers have entered the literary stage, however, none show signs of attaining the stature of a Vasconcelos or a Reyes, to mention only two of the many well known names that date back to the dictatorship. And it is interesting to note that while Vasconcelos was ever the aggressive fighter for justice, Alfonso Reyes preferred to be the conservative meditator who believed that he who survives is right.

Perhaps because of his conservatism, not a few people criticized Reyes for locking himself in an ivory tower and ignoring the struggle for justice in which his country was engaged for long years. Others criticized him for devoting too much time to the Greeks and the Romans instead of writing about

Mexico. And yet, Alfonso Reyes, a humanist in the fullest sense, was interested in his country and loved his fellowmen. He wrote about Mexico and Mexicans with loving care, but he believed in looking to the past in order better to be able to meet the present and the future. This attitude characterized him from his earliest years.

Those who had the good fortune to know Alfonso Reyes and to hear him talk were always impressed by the kindness he radiated and the way his gentle voice made one feel at ease in his presence. Truly he was a humanist who not only studied man but loved his neighbor as well. During the Revolution, when his father was killed and his brother went into exile, Alfonso Reyes felt obliged to place a notice in a Mexico City newspaper to explain that he was not involved in any political intrigues and was interested only in pursuing his literary work. This, at the time, was not a happy position to take and he thus left himself open to censure by the Revolution; however, he did not waver and before long he found himself in the service of his country, not killing his fellow countrymen but in the diplomatic corps. He believed that he who survives is right, and, having survived, he proved to be right.

Ever the humanist, Alfonso Reyes employed one wing of his two-story duplex home for a library. At the north end of the large room he had a small balcony where he would spend most of his day after he began having heart trouble. And it was there that he received many of the friends that came to see him in Mexico City. Often he would spend a few days in the pleasant climate of Cuernavaca, but his heart was in Mexico City and he would always return to his beloved Tenochtitlán. Toward the last he was engaged in cataloguing his library. With the help of his wife and his daughter-in-law he was not only making the catalogue but sending any duplications to the library which bears his name in Monterrey, his birthplace.

Since the death of Alfonso Reyes, his son has announced that the library will be opened for service to the public. Thus, even after death, with his writings and his library the name of Alfonso Reyes will continue to live in Mexican literary circles. He was poet, essayist and literary critic, all in great measure. But to those who knew him, he will always be the great humanist whose generous hand was ever willing to open locked doors for those who needed to enter. And when we enter the library at Benjamín Hill Núm. 122, we shall look to the small balcony at the back, and there, at his desk, we shall remember a friend, don Alfonso Reyes.

# Books



## Observations on Dictionaries in Spanish and English

THE TROUBLE with all bilingual dictionaries in Spanish and English begins in Spain. Most authorities on language agree that Spanish—on the face of it, and without reference to the psychology of its usage or the (to us) exotic complications of its thought—is the simplest of languages to teach, learn, or categorize. Besides its obvious spelling and regular pronunciation, it does not even have important class distinctions in accents, and the standard of the written language is much the same in Santiago, Chile, and in Santiago de Compostela. There is no equivalent within the bounds of the language, for the far-fetched *Schweizer Deutsch* of German-language Switzerland, for example, since such Spanish offshoots as American Spanish or even Judeo-Spanish (“Ladino”) are understandable to a Spaniard (these dialects being surprisingly faithful to traditional Spanish) whenever purely foreign loan words are not involved. But the compilation of the meanings of its words,<sup>1</sup> the atoms and molecules of the chemistry of language, is not necessarily simple, especially as Spanish is the language of the most individualistic (not to say natively anarchistic) of nations and that it is merely the *official* language in Spain of three great racial

---

1. The present note will deal with the way the dictionaries in the field treat words, individual words. There are numerous methods and techniques of dictionary making and all of them seem valid as long as the words are defined with some show of imagination and subtlety, as well as with accuracy. The best dictionary in the Spanish/English field, within the limits it sets for itself—McElligott's *Spanish-English Medical Dictionary*, London, H. K. Lewis, 1946—has no system at all. For the serious student, ease of location is no real test, for speed can only substitute for proper study and assimilation of the words and for variety of meaning. In sum: for our purposes (learning and translation), the only test will be meaningful definition, and not technique of ordering entries. For a discussion of the latter, see the journal *Hispania*, which prints occasional commentary on the subject.

and language groups, each of which possesses in addition its own perfectly independent and full-fledged language: Catalan, Galician, or Basque.<sup>2</sup>

Here in Valsain was born the *infanta* Isabel Clara Eugenia, the daughter of Philip II and his third wife Isabel de Valois; she became governess of the Low Countries and married Archduke Albert. It was this *infanta* who gave her name to the color *isabel*, a color tending toward yellow; the name for the color came from the tint of her chemise, which she had sworn not to change for as long a time as her troops tarried in taking Ostende, and the troops tarried three years. This filthy bit of luck is mistakenly attributed, oftentimes, to Isabel the Catholic and the taking of Granada. The name Isabel as a word to designate a color—the chemise color of an *infanta* who changes her clothes infrequently—is now scarcely used, perhaps because modern *infantas* tend to be neater. Among horsemen, the color *isabelo* designates a horse whose hair is almost totally yellow, while the color *isabelino*, of which the Dictionary speaks, does not designate anything at all.

—CAMILO JOSÉ CELA, *Judios, Moros y Cristianos*.

The Dictionary referred to in the last sentence of the above quotation, the Dictionary by antonomasia, is the Dictionary of the Royal Spanish Academy and it is the standard of Spanish usage and meaning wherever the language is spoken.<sup>3</sup> Camilo José Cela is a member of the Academy, and when he points out that a definition in the key book issued by the august body of which he is a member is meaningless, he merely accepts a sorrowful fact. The ill-defined word is one of many which Cela has challenged in print; and he is not the only Academician aware of the deficiencies of the Academy Dictionary. But in Spain (where paradoxically publishers move faster than their unionized machine-age counterparts in America) there is little haste to change or clarify the minutiae of the language, and little stimulus to correct or improve one of the sparsest among the authoritative dictionaries of the Western languages. And the deficiencies of *the* Dictionary are a root cause of the deficiencies in all bilingual dictionaries in Spanish and English.

The scant etymological information supplied by the Academy Dictionary is nowhere near as adequate as that given, for example, by the various re-editions of Noah Webster's glorious work. The immediate Latin antecedent is given for the key word of each group of Spanish words of similar root. Arabic roots are given with consistency. But no succinct resumé is attempted, as in Webster's, and such helpful Webster's notations as "of unknown origin," are not furnished either. A comparison of the difference in bulk—whether in pages, words, or material cited from authoritative sources—between the Academy Dictionary and such works as Webster's Unabridged or the Oxford English Dictionary makes clear the wealth of the latter two and the paucity of the first.

One might start anywhere in a discussion of the failures of Spanish dictionary making. For instance, the book I had in hand just before undertaking these notes is as valid a

2. Catalan remains a viable language and, despite official restriction, does not yet tend to disappear. Galician cedes slowly but surely, and Basque is dying out.

3. *Diccionario de la lengua española*. Real Academia Española, 1947, Madrid. 1345 folio pages of text. This edition, the 17th, is cited here inasmuch as the other dictionaries under review depend upon this edition, and since this edition is the one in my possession.



starting place as any: *A los colores del caballo*, by Miguel Odriozola, Madrid, 1951. I had been preparing a brief piece on "The Colors of Horses: The Yellow Hairs" for an American scientific journal. The Spanish know a good deal about horses and the treatise by Odriozola was proving most useful, but I found it difficult to transfer the Spanish terms into English. The difficulty, as was usual, began with the Academy Dictionary. By the time I reached page 119 of the book, the author succinctly summarized the situation in this quarter by pointing out that the use in English of the term "red Ysabella" (that is, a red-haired *Isabelo*-colored horse) is less ridiculous than the Academy Dictionary's invention of the word *isabelino* (as noted by Cela above), a term never heard among horsemen. And Odriozola adds in a note: "In justice to the Dictionary, it must be admitted that among its designations for horse colors only a minority are ridiculous by reason of the word chosen, of the word itself. In most of the entries, it is the definition of the word that is ridiculous. Among some twenty examples, the following gem is worth citing: 'Roano, na. Adj. Applied to the horse or mare whose coat is a mixture of white, grey and bay.'"

The word *roano* (or *ruano*) has changed meanings through the centuries (from "clear-red"—still the sense in the province of Asturias and in the Argentine—to "white haired on a coat of color") and it has today a different sense in Spain and in Spanish America. All this—both the evolution and the present meanings—might have been succinctly reflected in a bilingual dictionary (and the comparative unimportance of the word makes it a good test for proper pedantic care). But such is not the case; it is scarcely to be expected, when the prime authority itself carries a definition which an expert in the field considers "ridiculous." And thus, the Williams dictionary<sup>4</sup> gives simply "roan" for both *roana* and *ruano*, while the Cuyás dictionary<sup>5</sup> gives "sorrel, roan" (an inadmissible historical telescoping) for *roano* and equates *ruano* with *roano*. The terminology of horse colors may be both over-subtle and rather technical for a dictionary of equivalents to handle easily, but the language of horsemen, like that of a dozen other "languages" within a language, is of a living sensitivity as regards meaningful nomenclature and serves very well to test the "ear" of a dictionary maker.

In the case of a fascinating word like *zaino*, for example (perhaps from the Hebrew, and then Arabic, for "pure," and coming to mean, in Arabic, "mixed, false"—that is, the perfect opposite of its original meaning), the Academy Dictionary, as an exception to the rule, furnishes a workable definition, which Williams excerpts—"dark-chestnut (horse); black (cattle)"—while Cuyás, and/or his revisers, eliminates the cattle color and dilutes the color in the horse down to the simple "chestnut," which is incorrect, but adds "*zain* (horse)," which Webster's great dictionary gives in full and yet succinct correctness: "A horse of a uniform dark color, neither grey nor white." (Lest the reviewer of dictionaries be charged with over-nice caviling, it should be remembered that the compiling of diction-

4. Williams, Edwin B. *Spanish & English Dictionary*, Holt, 1955. 621 pp. English-Spanish; 605 pp. Spanish-English.

5. Cuyás, Arturo. *Appleton's Revised Cuyas Dictionary*, Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1956. 697 pp. English-Spanish; 575 pp. Spanish-English.

aries is of the essence of pedantry, and that the discussion of meanings must inevitably be carried to a fine point.)

CONSIDERED in its relation to time, to the times, the Academy Dictionary often manages to be incorrect historically as well as deficient in contemporary meanings. For example, psychology is not now "the science which treats of the soul," and was no such thing even in the 19th century, but this quaint definition is found in Velázquez,<sup>6</sup> taken over, intact in part, from the Academy's "That part of philosophy which treats of the soul, its faculties and operations."

The Academy Dictionary, however, is not responsible for every fault; nor for the presumptuous modernism which occurs on this same head in Williams' dictionary, where we find the entry "*sicología*, var. of *psicología*," a bit of nonsense from the newspaper world. The Academy Dictionary has no entry for *sicología*, but the root of the word is made clear in the oldest dictionary in which Spanish figures as one of the languages, Alfonso de Palencia's *Universal Vocabulario*,<sup>7</sup> where (on p. 172 of the Academy edition of 1957, under the entry *sicomoro*) we read that "*Sicos* is fig, and wild fig trees are called *sicomoros* sycamore figs." In the second oldest of dictionaries dealing with Spanish, and the oldest in which Spanish is given first (Spanish-Latin), patronized like Palencia's by Queen Isabel the Catholic, we read "*Higo dolencia de la cabeza. Sicosis*."<sup>8</sup> The last word is the Latin and stands for "fig-sickness" (and not, of course, for psychosis, which derives from psyche), probably in reference to a bulb in the shape of a fig which formed on the head. In 1958, in the prologue to a book on Azorín, the already-cited Academician Cela alludes to "*sicología*, the science of figs," and ironically speaks of the similarity between fig curing and soul curing (*psicología*). Contemporary newspaper practice, in short, has no license to displace already existing (or historically existing) terms by propagating arbitrary spelling of its own manufacture.

It is without the help of the Academy Dictionary, too, or of any English-language dictionary either, that Williams gives as equivalent for the correctly spelled Spanish *harakiri* or *hara-kiri* (directly from Japanese *hara-kiri*) the popularly incorrect English "hari-kari," where the spelling should be exactly the same in Spanish or English (or Japanese).

As regards viable new additions to the language, the Academy Dictionary fares badly.

6. Velázquez, Mariano. *A New Pronouncing Dictionary of the Spanish and English Languages*, Wilcox & Follett, 1953. 681 pp. Spanish-English; 766 pp. English-Spanish.

7. Hill, John M. "*Universal Vocabulario*" de Alfonso de Palencia: *Registro de voces españolas internas*, Madrid, Real Academia Española, 1957. This excellent job of remaking a Latin-Spanish dictionary into a Spanish one is the work of the American Hispanist John M. Hill and is based on a reshuffling of the principal words used in the Spanish definition of Latin words in Palencia's dictionary, issued at Seville in 1490.

8. Nebrija, Elio Antonio de. *Vocabulario Español-Latino*, Salamanca, 1495? (facsimile ed. of the Real Academia Española, Madrid, 1951). Both this dictionary and Palencia's, beautifully published by the Spanish Academy, should be in every Hispanist's library.

To take the most important example: the Academy largely ignores the systematic contributions of new words by the most important thinker and stylist in modern Spanish letters, José Ortega y Gasset, who minted a number of terms which should, on his authority alone, be authoritative enough for the Academy, and which no doubt would be in evolving editions of Webster's, were it favored with an equivalent source in English. The 18th edition of the Academy Dictionary (1956) admitted few new words to the language, and little heed was paid to Ortega's contribution, though it allowed his keystone neologism: "*Vivencia*. An experienced fact which, with the conscious or unconscious participation of the individual, is incorporated into his personality." Other vivid (or revived) terms of his habitual usage were not to be found: *amencia*, *petrefactos*, *patencia*, to cite only a few omissions incidentally noted. The impression one retains after reading the master stylist Ortega with the help of the Dictionary is that—it is no help at all.

To go from the sublime to the silly, from a great authority of the language to an official and shoddy propagandist—for the living tongue is sometimes found on the lips of fools as well as of philosophers—we will cite a passage from a post-war novel by Javier Martín Artajo, a brother of Franco's former Minister of Foreign Affairs. (Incredibly enough, the book has appeared in translation in the U.S., though an infinity of worthy books go untranslated.) The novel, *No me cuente Vd. su caso*, deals with the Spanish Civil War, in which the Other Side—depending on the author's bias—tends to emerge as the guilty (and always filthy) party. A detail of prisoners repair to the prison's kitchen to get the kettles of food for the prisoners' mess. There they are mocked by the militia-women in charge of the place.

La más gorda y monstruosa, queriendo sin duda suplir con su propio jugo la insulsez de los alimentos, se puso a horcajadas sobre uno de los peroles y, abriendo la cremallera de su mono, satisfizo sus necesidades menores, diciendo:

—Esto es lo que yo me hago en los fascistas.

Anyone dependent on Velázquez, the "best seller" in Spanish/English dictionaries (can this claim be true, or still true?), as I was when I read this passage at a publisher's instance (not the publisher who took it, it goes without saying), before I had gone to live permanently in Spain and there learn the names of modern everyday things, would be hard put to understand the maneuver—which is far-fetched enough, considering that it is the work of a "monstrously fat" woman. The reader unfamiliar with the terms of 20th century dress would have to guess that the fat woman unzipped (or unzipped, for we must admit that the 1953 Webster's does not give the verb) the slide fastener on her militia-woman's coveralls, for neither *cremallera* nor *mono* are given the meaning in Velázquez proper to this context, and the same dictionary gives "astride on horseback" as the sole meaning for "a horcajadas." The Academy Dictionary is again responsible, for it gives (in the 17th edition) only the hippic meaning for "a horcajadas," which should properly be defined as "astride, astraddle" (Williams); and it does not give the meaning of slide fastener or zipper for *cremallera*, a failure shared by Williams and by Cuyás as well as Velázquez. (Dr. Williams, apparently then, would have shared my ignorance in reading this passage—had he chanced to read it, a doubtful eventuality, since he is happily able to

devote his time to a masterful contribution to Hispanism, and need not waste it in reporting on foolish books.)

The 17th edition of the Academy Dictionary has dozens of notable omissions at all levels: from *eclosión* (a favorite of Ortega's), meaning hatching, flowering, brought into being, to *leví* (as used in records of the Inquisition; as in, e.g., *La sinagoga balear*, Palma, 1951, "*abjuró de leví*": he abjured being a Levite, i.e. of attending the synagogue), and from *vikingo* (or any other equivalent for Viking) to *marrón*, meaning brown, maroon-colored.<sup>9</sup>

All these deficiencies are maintained in the 18th edition, and words like *robot* (from the Czech), though in common use, are found unacceptable; *drogueria*, according to the Academy, was still a place "selling drugs," though in point of fact Spanish *droguerías* had long ago been forbidden to dispense drugs, an activity now ceded and confined to the *farmacias*. Naturally enough these omissions and deficiencies in the mother dictionary of Spanish were reflected in one way or another in the various Spanish/English dictionaries, though some of the words were given equivalents, particularly by Williams.

ANY SMALL QUOTIDIAN INCIDENT may by chance occur to illustrate the disappointing inadequacy of existing bilingual dictionaries. My wife will purchase a whole *cerviola*, one of the finest fish to come out of Balearic waters, and the cook, after baking it over a wood fire and adding a superb clam, squid and fresh tomato-paste sauce, will serve it up, still entire. If a traveler to Mallorca should consult any Spanish/English dictionary, or the Academy Dictionary itself, he will find no news of this great fish. We must admit, of course, that the names for flora and fauna in any language are admittedly one great *mare magnum* of popular usage, localisms, duplication, pseudó-scientific approximations and correct scientific designations. And perhaps there is no help for such confusion, but the fascinating names from the lesser kingdoms of beings are worth the work of clarification as well as that of helpful approximation. And as with horses, the search through our dictionaries for a selected specimen from the fishes can prove disappointing, possibly symptomatically so. We can find nothing on *cerviola* in Spanish—though characteristically Webster's will have something to say on this question—until we get to the etymological dictionaries: in this case specifically to Joan Corominas' masterful four volume *Diccionario crítico etimológico de la lengua castellana*, Madrid, 1954, a work of high philology, and in a category far above any of the practical—albeit authoritative—manuals we are here examining. Under his entry on *cerviola*, Corominas writes of this originally

9. A three-headed Cerberus guards the portals of the Spanish Academy against the entry of French words. Gallicisms are anathema—especially since Spanish is particularly vulnerable to the pressure of the high culture across the border. Baralt's *Diccionario de Galicismos* serves as an Index of Forbidden Words, its function being that of the police dossier rather than a source of objective information. Thus, though Ortega uses *eclosión*, and though in any department store in Madrid the word *marrón* is the normal term with which to ask for brown shoes, the watchdogs in the Academy have kept such words out of the dictionaries. Even the listing of foreign words (as foreign words), Webster's common practice, is avoided. The easiest method to evade this censorship or border guard is merely to look the word up in a French dictionary in the first place.



Catalan word (but now fully Castilian, as well, in its usage): "An idea of the vitality of this word [*cérvia*] in Catalan is furnished by the use of *cérvia* (or *círvia*, with metaphony), and of its diminutive *cerviola* to designate a fish, the *Seriola Dumerili* (whose scientific name must have the same origin), in the Principality [of Catalonia] as well as in the Islands [the Balearics] and in the country around Valencia." As we have said, Webster's is not found wanting as regards some information: "*Seriola*, n. (New Latin—said to be fr. an Italian vernacular name.) *Zool.* The genus of carangoid fishes containing the amber fishes." No doubt Corominas is right in his categorical attribution of the word's origin to the vitality of its Catalan usage, and that Webster's, in its uncertainty on this head, is reflecting only a dubious surmise in the attribution of the word to an Italian source; but it has done better by this Mediterranean word than has the Spanish Dictionary which is so much closer to the area of the word's origins. From all this one might easily conclude that the arbitrary disregard of the word in Spanish—and consequently in Spanish/English—stems merely from the fact that in Madrid (seat of the Academy) the restaurants do not serve *cerviola*, for the Balearics do not support a fish industry strong enough to export local delicacies and share them with Academicians.

The woman who serves the fish—in our case the same person as the cook—has a variety of designations in Spanish, to match in this the variety of names, a good number of them agreeable euphemisms, in English (in which language we have arrived at a high point of absurdity by refusing to call a servant a maid—a flattering term by implication—and prefer to call a grown woman a "girl" instead; and the Spanish are now doing the same thing). The Spanish, however, with their strong sense of the realistic as regards social scale and work, have tended through the ages to use terms whose root-meaning is as rank as the job in hand may be, or as a scullery may suggest. No office could be more realistically named than that of a *merdellona* (from *mierda*), who comes to clean up; and if the cleaning up follows a hot butchery or the like at a farm or house where animals are kept, there is the descriptive *mondonga*, which derives from the Latin to clean or which is allied to the even more descriptive *mondongo*, hog tripe. The Academy Dictionary makes both these terms denigrating, as if the maid were filthy rather than her work, and the bilingual dictionaries echo this contempt. But the people who used or use these terms, to the faces of those designated, would seem to have been putting the work

in its place and not the servants, and here in Mallorca, where the great local saint is Santa Catalina Thomas, I have seen her eulogized in print as *Patrona de las mondongas*, for this saint was herself a *mondonga* on a farm near Valldemosa, many years before Chopin lived in sin with George Sand at the nearby Carthusian Charterhouse. Properly a *doncella* serves the table; and *doncella* is far from depreciatory. Like the word maid, it implies virginity, and the *doncella* should by nature be more presentable than the cook, who earns more. The writers of popular theatrical farces like to call a servant *fámula*, using pure Latin for their low purposes, and in this usage they are followed by the outrageous newly-rich. While these last two, rather neutral, designations are both translated with neutrality in the bilingual dictionaries, three other names for maids do not appear anywhere: *marmota*, *mucoma*, and *criadera*. Since the last is Ladino, and used by Sephardim (in Salonika, for example), and most especially for a wet nurse, it is understandable that it is not listed. But the *mucoma* of Argentine tangos should probably be in a dictionary which—like Cuyás—lays stress on its Americanisms, especially as the Academy Dictionary does include it, which is not the case with *marmota*, a Madrid word.

JUDEO-SPANISH is a dialect or variant of Old Spanish, or is at least, in its basic words and usage, more Old Spanish than anything else. English has assimilated the Spanish word Ladino to designate this dialect, but in Spanish there is no name for the dialect, *Ladino* meaning merely early Spanish or *romance*. Certainly Judeo-Spanish must be classified as part of Spanish. Then, since Old (or perhaps better, antique) Spanish is not anywhere near as different from contemporary Spanish as older variants of other European languages are from their present forms, it can be said that Ladino (to use the accepted English word) is as much a part of contemporary Spanish as is Cuban or Venezuelan, especially as it is spoken by living people, the descendants of the Jews long ago expelled from Spain. The Germans wreaked atrocious destruction on the large colony of Sephardim at Salonika, and with increased immigration to Israel and the gradual development of Hebrew as a common language for all Jews, Ladino has become a less viable language, and perhaps its main interest stems from its quixotic philological position. Webster's gives: "Ladino. 1. The mixed Spanish and Hebrew spoken by Sephardim." The Academy Dictionary merely equates it with Old Spanish and makes no mention of its modern speakers. True enough Ladino comes directly from the word Latin, and is a designation for early Spanish, or vulgar Latin. But it seems incredible that a bilingual Spanish/English dictionary should not give the information on a Spanish word found in a purely English dictionary: Cuyás comes no closer to our definition than "apt as a linguist" (correct for one meaning of the adjective), while Velázquez defines a "*Negro ladino*" as "A negro that speaks Spanish so as to be understood." Williams includes the definition given by Webster's.

In any case, there are a number of Ladino words that deserve mention. An interested reader in Spanish might well have cause to look to a general dictionary for help, especially if he does not have at hand special lists. For instance, the most important of Spanish

literary reviews, *Papeles de Son Armadans*, has scheduled publication of a Ladino poem, written during the war at Belsen and Auschwitz by two Sephardic sisters, Violeta and Sara Mayo. Most of the poem is easily understood by anyone who reads Spanish. What is perhaps the most difficult section runs as follows:

*Al son de la música exterminados*—Exterminated to the sound of music  
*Desgraciado Auschwitz*—Wretched Auschwitz  
*Que rovinó [arruinó] nuestras familias*—Destroyed our families  
*Embesadas [avezadas] en mucho y bueno*—Accustomed to wealth and leisure  
*Arrastadas [arrastradas] sin manzía [piedad]*—Dragging us about without mercy  
*Los transportes nos cansaron*—The transports exhausted us,  
*De Lager en Lager nos arrodaron [rodearon]*—Rounding us up from camp to camp

Admittedly the dictionary would not serve here, for the phonetic corruption is probably too individual, but there are many other instances where a definition of a Ladino word would seem highly indicated. Judeo-Spanish proverbs and the splendid poetry in that dialect make constant reference to *el Dió*, their invariable appellation for God; the Sephardim use old loan words from other parts of the Iberian peninsula, for instance, the Galician-Portuguese-derived *buraco*, for hole, and since this is the common word used as Spanish in the province of Extremadura (as in Portuguese and Galician in Portugal and Spanish Galicia), there would seem ample reason to give it. One of the most interesting of Ladino words is actually to be found in the Academy Dictionary—but its Hebrew origin is concealed or ignored. *Mazaloso* in Ladino designates a lucky person; and *desmazalado* a luckless one. This typically Jewish concept comes from the Hebrew *Mazel* (as in *mazeltov*) meaning star, constellation. The Academy Dictionary makes it derive from the Latin *dis* and *malaxare* loosen, soften. No dictionary gives the Ladino sense (though most equivalents imply the situation: "spiritless, faint-hearted") which must be the prior and original meaning. The arbitrary approach to historical words in all these dictionaries, incidentally, is here revealed in a symptomatic manner, as is the mere echoing of the Academy Dictionary in far too many entries by the Spanish/English dictionaries. For the word has fallen into disuse in both Spain and America (when I asked a member of the Spanish Academy his opinion on this word recently, he said he had never heard of it) and, despite the Academy's ignoring of everything Judeo-Spanish, it is now used largely only by the Sephardim of Constantinople, Salonika, Monastir and Morocco. The Academy Dictionary, moreover, which ignores numberless other words of historical significance, not only lists this particular archaism without mentioning the fact of its archaism but even lists a variant, *desmalazado*, which does not appear in any known text or in any other dictionary, according to Corominas, and which is, in any case a secondary metathesis.

An area of appalling misunderstanding in all the bilingual dictionaries is that surrounding taurine terms. The confusion begins with the misnomer "bullfight." Very little accuracy can be expected from anyone who thinks of the running of the bulls as a fight with bulls, and when, in addition, Anglo-Saxon maudlinism about animals comes into play, the translation of the terms becomes utter chaos. It is no doubt a very good thing

that *all* dictionaries are complete and completely competent as regards sailing-boat rigs, for though the day of the great sailing ships is past, all countries cling to the memory and even to a certain number of symbolic sailing vessels. But it is far less practical when dealing with Spain and Spanish to list every sail fore and aft from flying jib to spanker and all the rigs and then give only a dozen terms from the so-called bullfight and most of them badly. For the bulls to Spain and Hispania are much more than baseball to America, and they are endlessly older, and play a vital part in much of Spanish literature as well as life. What happens is that it is very easy to copy from the illustrated nautical dictionaries from one language to the other, and so all dictionary makers always seem to include this endless terminology though it is every year of less daily value. Without condemning the practice, however, it is only natural to ask for attention to something as viable as the bulls in Spain and South America, for despite world commercialism of every form of public spectacle and SPCA interference on behalf of the bulls (with overtones of rancor against the human element), the running of the bulls is as meaningful as it ever was. Anyone dealing with a compilation of Spanish words has the obligation to attend a certain number of "bullfights," or if, after he knows what is involved, he rejects such a realistic ritual entirely, he should call on the assistance of someone familiar with the matter. Most entries on the bulls in all dictionaries are poor, from the terminology to the description of the action; again, the trouble often begins in Spain, where the Academy Dictionary says, for example, under *volapié*, that the torero "wounds" the bull with his sword, and thus Williams, under *volapié*, states that it is a "stroke in which the matador glides towards the bull and wounds him": the matador does not ever "glide," and he never intentionally "wounds" the animal, for the matador's job with the sword is to kill. The correct definition should read to the following effect: *Volapié*, The method of entering for the kill in which the torero moves in on the standing bull instead of awaiting the bull's charge. Ernest Hemingway, in his Glossary to *Death in the Afternoon*, includes an excellent historical and technical description. But in all the dictionaries many of the definitions are faulty, a great number are wrong, and the omissions of key words are endless. In this area, as in all others, Williams has made by far the greatest effort, and often with laudable success. It is perhaps far-fetched to expect accuracy in a quarter where most encyclopedias and dictionaries in English (even Webster's fails us here) write burlesques on the subject. The entry in the English *Everyman's* under "Bullfight" was apparently written by an SPCA official, and is ludicrously false; the bull is said to be "led out," etc. The *Columbia-Viking Desk Encyclopedia* explains that the matador "is assisted by *banderilleros*, who enrage bulls by stabbing them with darts, *picadores* who jab the bulls with lances, and *toreros* who distract bulls by waving red flags": a semi-criminal description by some fetishistic friend of animals and enemy of the human race. One of the high-points of golden-calf worship (and consequent debasement of man) was reached in a September issue of the scandalous London *Daily Mirror*, which ran an editorial (in English and Spanish) congratulating the bulls of Spain for having "in the past five weeks caught, tossed, wounded, bruised or incapacitated thirty-one toreros. On one triumphal Sunday, the Spanish bulls bagged eight matadores . . ."



THE GREAT HISTORIAN Américo Castro, in his latest book (1959), *Origen, ser y existir de los españoles*, considers the fate of the word *grandioso* in the Academy Dictionary and, incidentally, the comparative good luck of the equivalent word in other dictionaries; his points are so well taken—and so astutely and intensely light up certain aspects of the Spaniard and of Spanish, as well as shed light on the entire field of dictionary making—that they deserve our translation here. The word *grandioso* was created in Spain and it was finally accepted in all of Europe (as Menéndez Pidal has made clear), and it was created because the “Spaniard lived and made a life experience (*vivió, vivenció*), ‘erlebt,’ according to his notion of *grandía*, as no one had “done before him.” Américo Castro adds a note to his text to say that: “The definition of *grandioso* in the Dictionary is insufficient: ‘Outstanding, magnificent.’ *Grandioso* expresses the way the abstract concept of ‘*grandía*’ or ‘*grandeza*’ is felt or lived. The Spaniard is not interested in calculating magnitudes, but rather in expressing the refractions of magnitudes in his soul. For this purpose he invented the word *grandioso*, later adopted by other European peoples, who have done a better job of analyzing it in their dictionaries: ‘*Grandioso*.’ Che alla vista o all’immaginazione *fa impressione* di grande, solemne, straordinario.’ ‘*Grandiose*: Qui frappe l’imagination par grandeur.’ ‘*Grandiose*: Producing an effect of grandeur.’ All of which goes to demonstrate that the Spaniard could and knew how to create a word, which was so important and necessary that it was perforce adopted by other languages; on the other hand, he attached no importance to reflecting on the meaning of what he had created. A form of life may be analyzed microscopically or macroscopically, in such a way that both analyses prove the same thing. In 1933, Menéndez Pidal found that *grandioso* derived from *grandía*, and that for this reason the word was Spanish and not Italian. But in 1956, the Dictionary of the Royal Academy continued to derive *grandioso* from *grande*, and did not list *grandía*.” Naturally, perhaps, none of our dictionaries give *grandía* nor reflect the essential sense of *grandioso*.

Almost daily use, in Spain and in America, of the dictionaries here reviewed, through the years since their publication dates (as given in this article) has naturally led to certain subjective conclusions. First of all, the evidence would seem to indicate that the general weakness in the field of Spanish/English dictionaries follows from the over-all weakness in the field of Spanish/Spanish dictionaries. In addition, there would seem to be serious inattention in areas of specifically Spanish concern: horses, the fish of the Mediterranean, the running of the bulls, and many others.

As regards an estimate of the value of the various dictionaries for the translator or daily practitioner of the language, it would seem inevitable to say that Williams’ latest contribution is the most worthy and welcome that has been made. His dictionary, in short, is the preferred book, and should be in possession of all students of the language. If the work in Spanish is of large-scale, then the Cuyás dictionary is an almost necessary complement, for it has the one advantage of including a larger assortment of definitions in many areas and as equivalents for words of the most common use; Williams has apparently striven to cut down the choice of definitions in a laudable search for the *mot juste*; but often it escapes him, and Cuyás provides a practical source of further meanings, though

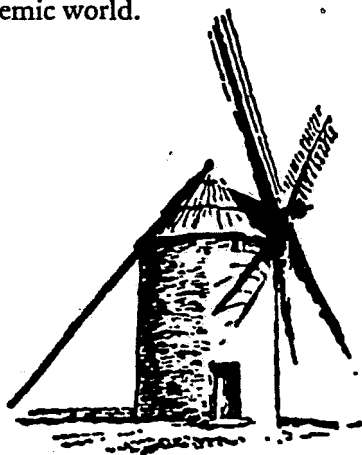
sometimes it is the other way around and Williams gives more equivalents. The Velázquez dictionary, at least in its 1953 edition, is not a serious effort; practically the only good feature to be encountered—from time to time—lies in its listing of archaic words, and its defining them at some length, where other dictionaries have ignored these rare or obsolete terms; an example is the Velázquez entry on "*La santa hermandad*. A kind of court of justice, which had the right of trying and punishing without appeal persons who had committed offenses or misdemeanors in fields and roads." This definition may be wordy, and is no more than a re-working of the Academy Dictionary's definition, but it would prove convenient if the large Dictionary were not at hand, since neither Cuyás nor Williams has any entry on this subject. Once, while I was translating a novel of the sea, it was necessary to find the English equivalent for *saica*; only Velázquez gave the answer: "a saick, Turkish vessel."

A most interesting work is McElligott's Medical Dictionary, which goes beyond the call of duty; compiled by the late Maurice McElligott, this little volume boasts an air of vigorous curiosity and general intelligence; where no one has thought to list *eclosión*, the key word we have mentioned before, this book does so. An entry like *doble* exemplifies its tendency to go beyond its immediate limits: "double, fold; *also* burial, or 'passing' bell." Paradoxically, this dictionary has long been out of print in America; in England it is available from H. K. Lewis, Medical Publishers.

The only dictionary to deserve condemnation on all counts is *The University of Chicago Spanish Dictionary*, published since 1950 by Pocket Books. Its initial premise sets the tone of its faultiness: it proclaims itself the dictionary of "modern English and Spanish as written and spoken in the United States and Latin America today." To appeal to the mentality of commercial travelers and clerks by pretending to ignore the existence of England in English or of Spain in Spanish (those old countries so far away!) is sheer chicanery. There can be no dictionary of Spanish based on "Latin American Spanish," for there is no such language. Despite its paperback price, this dictionary is valueless if one has enough Spanish to read the simplest literature, in which case one will know just about every word listed in this shortcut substitute for the real thing. It might serve someone interested only in commercial correspondence. But why a university should sponsor (at least with its name) a dictionary whose concern must be more secretarial than humanistic, is one more of those mysteries which flutter about like bats in the twilight places of the American academic world.

—Anthony Kerrigan

[dedicated to Camilo José Cela  
of the Spanish Academy]



Drawings by Warren Chappel  
from *THROUGH SPAIN WITH DON QUIXOTE*,  
by Rupert Croft-Cooke.  
New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1959.  
300 pp. \$5.00.

NMQ XXX: 1

MINERALS OF NEW MEXICO, by Stuart A. Northrop. Rev. ed. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1959. 681 pp., map. \$10.00.

This new and revised edition of *Minerals of New Mexico* will be heartily welcomed by the legion of amateur collectors, prospectors, mineralogists, geologists, and others of diverse pursuits who have bemoaned the general unavailability of a book of this scope for more than a decade. The first edition was published in 1942 and reprinted in 1944; within a few years the supply was exhausted.

The revision has been brought up to date (1958), encompassing the rapid growth in segments of New Mexico's mineral industry and numerous contributions to our knowledge of mineral occurrences since World War II.

The book is divided into three main parts, plus a preface, bibliography, and a map. The preface includes a statement of the scope and plan of the book, a list of basic references consulted (grouped by general and topical categories—a useful bibliography for the reader interested in sources of broader coverage of both general and restricted subject areas), and acknowledgments.

Part I consists of a 91-page introduction with sections summarizing previous work, historical highlights relating to mineralogy and mining in New Mexico, and economic features of the state's mineral industry.

A brief account of the prehistoric utilization of minerals in what is now New Mexico reaches from the earliest recognized human activity in Sandia Cave, possibly more than 20,000 years ago, to an inventory

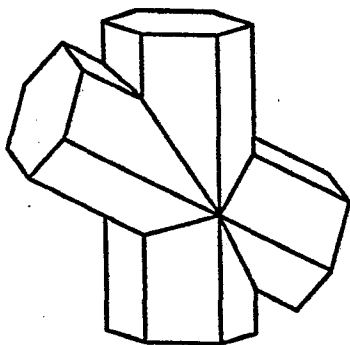
of the contents of medicine pouches of modern Navajo singers.

Historic records are treated chronologically from 1535 to 1956, followed by a summary list to 1904. Changes in name or status, and erroneous and discredited citations are reviewed in alphabetic sequence. Minerals discovered in New Mexico since 1925 are treated chronologically to 1957, followed by a summary of unpublished records.

Additional lists in this section concern minerals for which complete chemical analyses have been published, museum specimens and districts that have supplied them, fluorescent minerals, radioactive minerals, and minerals of outstanding character or significance.

The final section of Part I presents a summary of the economic aspects of the state's mineral industry. Topics include estimates of total value of products to 1958; annual values for representative years from 1905 to 1941, and for each year from 1944 to 1952; trends in exploitation of the principal commodities; total all-time production values for specific products; resumsés of production of mineral fuels, metals, and non-metals; a review of employment in mining; and a list of citations of New Mexico mineral deposits in seven basic books on economic geology.

Part II contains the primary objective of the volume in 471 pages of descriptions and records of occurrence of 440 species and 130 varieties of minerals in New Mexico. These are arranged in alphabetic sequence from acmite to zoisite. Each species name is followed by a concise synopsis of the chemical composition, physical properties, and varieties. Descriptions and records of occurrence for a given mineral are arranged



by counties and districts of origin in alphabetic order. References to source records, including numerous unpublished reports and personal communications, are given for the more significant occurrences, and a number of chemical analyses are shown. The extensive treatment of New Mexico meteorites and turquoise is especially noteworthy.

This section has been greatly expanded over that of the first edition as a consequence of numerous recent contributions to our knowledge of mineral occurrences in the state. Dr. Northrop's meticulous search of the literature and personal acquaintance with the many individuals, both amateur and professional, who have contributed identification records, provide a comprehensive coverage of the subject.

The reviewer was gratified to find that the author has retained the alphabetic order of treatment of the mineral occurrences used in the first edition. This system offers a material advantage in convenience over the Dana system in a volume of this sort. Thorough cross-referencing, the boldface type used for species names, and the highly legible type style used throughout the text contribute to the speedy subject finding and ease of reading that are commendable features of this book.

Part III (95 pages) is a list, in alpha-

betic order, of mining districts, subdistricts, camps, and their locations. This list, together with the bicolor map in a pocket in the book, simplifies the problem of locating geographically the districts referred to in the text.

A bibliography of some 1,300 titles completes the subject content. This is a valuable compilation that should be appreciated highly by all who are interested in the history, mining development, mineralogy, and geology of New Mexico.

Dr. Northrop is to be congratulated for a notable contribution to the growing list of scientifically oriented, yet popularly intelligible, New Mexicana. His long and intimate acquaintance with the subject in a professional capacity as Professor of Geology, Chairman of the Department of Geology, and Curator of the Geology Museum at the University of New Mexico provides eminent qualification—he is no stranger to the subject nor physical areas of which he writes. His book reflects, moreover not only professional competence, but also an enthusiastic personal interest in the minerals of the state viewed in perspective as objects of man's innate curiosity and increasing useful exploitation throughout the course of human history. *Minerals of New Mexico* stands pre-eminent among the several volumes of similar scope for other states with which the reviewer is familiar. It satisfies the exacting demands of the specialist, yet is comprehensible and informative to the lay reader.

—Robert H. Weber

Economic Geologist for the State Bureau of Mines and Mineral Resources, New Mexico Institute of Mining and Technology at Socorro, Dr. Weber has published more than twenty articles in professional and regional bulletins on the geology and mineralogy of New Mexico.

NOONDAY 2. New York: The Noonday Press, 1959. 180 pp., paper. \$1.25.

*Noonday 2* contains the work of several poets, a novelist, and an essayist. The novel is a powerful story of political terrorism in Cuba, written by Alejo Carpentier, the essay is a provocative study of André Gide written by Pierre Herbart, one of Gide's close friends, and the poetry, which ranges from the usual to the bizarre, is written by such authors as John Moffitt and Ned O'Gorman. There are also several short stories by such authors as R. K. Narayan and Machado de Assis. *Noonday 2* offers entertainment, variety, and thought.

—Robert Getchell

A BAR CROSS LIAR, by W. H. Hutchinson. Stillwater, Okla.: Redlands Press, 1959. 95 pp. \$7.00.

It is doubtful if any scholar other than W. H. Hutchinson, author of *A Bar Cross Man: The Life and Personal Writings of Eugene Manlove Rhodes* (1956), and editor of *The Rhodes Reader* (1957), could have assembled such a complete and authentic bibliography as *A Bar Cross Liar*. Every Rhodes item that was ever published in a magazine, whether in the form of an article, essay, poem, or story is identified, indexed and described.

The same procedure is followed in regard to every Rhodes novel with additional details in regard to publication date, editions, types of binding, and varying prices of each book. In order "to show how Rhodes' books were received into the fold of current literature," Mr. Hutchinson presents contemporary reviews of each book. Some of these reviews reveal illuminating biographical material in regard to Rhodes.

According to Fremont Rider in *Publishers' Weekly*, "Rhodes confesses himself to be in that unregenerate minority of novel readers who is rather bored than otherwise by cowboy novels. *The Virginian* for example, no less than its numerous progeny of imitators, left him unstirred."

In the section of the book called "Major Review and Critical Opinion" a focus on Rhodes' literary reputation is achieved by identifying the writer of the review and the literary publication in which each appeared. Approximately a hundred such reviews are included.

In "Association Items" evaluations and critical appraisal that appeared in a wide range of publications attest to the creative talent and significance of the classic writer of the New Mexico range country.

Mr. Hutchinson states that "'Gene Rhodes did not bother to change the real-life names of his people when he transferred them to fiction, and in many cases he gave the real-life names story characters." Similarly he often used the true name of a community: sometimes he disguised the town's name without changing its characteristics. Eighty characters appearing in Rhodes' stories are identified, and the fictional names and true names of communities are also listed.

The author of *A Bar Cross Liar* states in the closing section of the book that "twelve years of laboring in the vineyard have been poured into amassing the details that made it." The labor was not in vain. The bibliography is a distinguished one, and Mr. Hutchinson will always be regarded as *the* authority on Eugene Manlove Rhodes.

The title of the book is very misleading, however. A subtitle (which appears

only on p. 3) *Bibliography of Eugene Manlove Rhodes Who Loved the West-That Was When He Was Young* is significant, indicating as it does, the contents of the book, and symbolizing 'Gene Rhodes in an era that has gone forever.

—Julia M. Keleher

Miss Keleher, who retired last year from her post in the University of New Mexico English Department, will be remembered for her peripatetic column, "Los Paisanos," which appeared in *NMQ* during the '30s and '40s.

**THE FIRST LOOK AT STRANGERS**, by Robert Bunker and John Adair. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1959. 151 pp. \$5.00.

Dr. Robert Bunker, formerly with the Bureau of Indian Affairs and now a professor of English at Highlands University, and Dr. John Adair, long known for anthropological work among the various Indian tribes of the American Southwest, are co-authors of *The First Look at Strangers*. Their long and intimate contacts with people of cultural backgrounds different from their own and their skills as writers combine to offer, first, a literary description of the intimate experiences of students, technicians, and professional persons from many lands intent upon learning about the problems involved in introducing innovations designed to raise the level of living among peoples of underdeveloped areas of the world; and second, to outline the aims, procedure, results, and to evaluate a teaching method designed to make the participants aware of the role of cultural differences in programs of technological change. The basis for these experiences was the field seminars sponsored by Cornell University and the University of Ari-

zona which were held in the American Southwest during the summers of 1949, 1950, and 1951.

The authors portray the problems and difficulties encountered in attempting to understand why, among some groups in the prosperous United States, some programs of change worked, and why others have been resisted even though they were technologically sound. At first hand, participants from India, Egypt, Turkey, Philippines, and Iran, viewed in microcosm processes they had observed in their own countries. They, and American technical personnel engaged in, or anticipating careers in foreign aid, were able to assess what had been, or was being accomplished within the boundaries of the United States in order to pull together general principles of human behavior that might be applicable in change programs.

To find explanations, and to make assessments, field contacts were made with such diverse cultural groups as the Papago, Navajo, and Pueblo Indians and the Spanish-Americans who live in the villages of northern New Mexico. In order to obtain a whole view of the situation, interviews were carried out with technical people and administrators involved in helping the people realize their potential.

In their experiences the participants not only realized the existence of problems of communication and understanding with the local residents which stemmed from language barriers and from other cultural differences, but those which existed among themselves because each represented different scientific and technical points of view.

The effectiveness of the seminar from the standpoint of its impact on students is carefully evaluated. The authors indicate

that the groups varied in their responses to the field situation, to the grueling pace, and to the many frustrations in their interpersonal relations with the local residents and among themselves. Questions are raised as to the optimum number, composition, aims of the participants and faculty participation as criteria to consider in conducting similar field programs and suggestions are forwarded.

*The First Look at Strangers* has a literary quality which will appeal to the layman, and at the same time its message will be of concern to the specialist. While, on the one hand, the reader finds himself involved intimately with the students, the Indians, and the Spanish-Americans, at the same time he is made aware of peoples of other areas in the world who face the common problem of attempting to raise their level of living through improved technology. The numerous superb photos, most of which are the work of John Collier, Jr., complement the text to give the reader a vivid picture of the difficulties involved in introducing change.

—Tom T. Sasaki

Co-director of the New Mexico-Jicarilla Apache Indian Project and Research Associate with Cornell University Department of Sociology and Anthropology, Dr. Sasaki has done research with the Navajo-Cornell University Medical School Project. Cornell University Press will publish his book, *Fruitland Community in Transition: New Mexico Navajos in the Postwar*, sometime this year.

THE GARDENER'S WORLD, ed. by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1959. 476 pp., 45 illus. \$8.95.

In this delightful anthology of the great literature of plant and garden lore,

its illustrations all on leaf-green paper and reproduced from rare volumes and prints, garden lovers from Homer's day to the present tell of innumerable facets of gardening—practical, educational and inspirational. Many gardens herein described had never been touched by man.

Such is the sandwash garden in Olga Wright Smith's *Gold on the Desert* (University of New Mexico Press, 1956), a book from which one of the anthology's most dramatic nature stories was selected. The chapter chosen records the unfolding of a night-blooming cereus blossom, an event witnessed by Mrs. Smith and her husband while prospecting on the uninhabited Lechuguilla Desert of Arizona.

Here is Dr. Krutch's introduction to the chapter called "To Blush Unseen," from *Gold on the Desert*:

"No part of the Arizona desert is hotter, drier or emptier than its southwestern corner, which the army chose as the site for the training program known as 'Operation Furnace'. There an Iowa schoolteacher spent a year with her prospector husband looking for the gold they never found. They camped beside a rock until they exchanged it for the luxury of a shack to which even the irreducible minimum of water had to be hauled for miles across the sands. Bitterly loathing the desert at first, she gradually began to feel its fascination, and here describes perhaps its most striking miracle—the sudden flowering of a night-blooming cereus. This desert relative of a jungle species is for most of the year a dry stick which looks as unlikely to flower as Tannhäuser's staff. Then one night—and for one night only—it opens a huge, white and overpoweringly fragrant blossom obviously remembered from its jungle past."

MEXICO, 1825-1828. The Journal and Correspondence of Edward Thornton Tayloe, ed. by C. Harvey Gardiner. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1959. 224 pp. \$5.00.

AN AMERICAN IN MAXIMILIAN'S MEXICO, 1865-1866. The Diaries of William Marshall Anderson, ed. by Ramón Eduardo Ruiz. San Marino, Calif.: The Huntington Library, 1959. 164 pp. \$4.25.

During the last few decades our general knowledge and understanding of the republics south of the border have expanded enormously. Artists, writers, and scholars have been disclosing rich and varied cultures which are centuries old. Evidence that a wealth of information still remains is demonstrated by these two journals now being offered for the first time.

As a field of interest, Latin America was apathetically regarded in the United States as recently as twenty or thirty years ago. Few universities or colleges offered special courses or area studies even about our neighbor Mexico. Now, however, there is a growing cooperation in the greater exchange of research materials, old editions, and current literature relative to all Latin American countries. One mark of a library collection of quality, especially for research purposes, is the thoroughness with which rarities of the like have been assembled. Certainly, publishers who are making obscure manuscripts and scarce editions available for wider distribution are to be highly commended.

A rather remarkable step forward was made recently with the *O-P Books*, University Microfilms, Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan. Through a new publishing technique, called xerography, expensive out-of-print books and manuscripts are to be obtained for a nominal fee. But as remarkable as this and similar services may be, they still lack the potential offered by the author-editor-publisher relationship such as exists in the two works considered here.

Professor C. Harvey Gardiner has accomplished an excellent editing job with the Tayloe journals and correspondence. His analysis of internal information referring to other contemporary journals, as well as the interesting background he gives in the prologue and epilogue, are really necessary to the use and enjoyment of these manuscripts. Editor Gardiner points out that "no student of Poinsett's career in Mexico has utilized Edward Thornton Tayloe's journal and correspondence," in addition to other omissions on the part of scholars of the period.

Edward Thornton Tayloe, of that affluent Virginia family, persuaded his father to lend him the necessary support so that he might accompany Joel Poinsett and the first diplomatic corps from the United States to Mexico, 1825-28. Under these conditions, imposed by Poinsett's limited budget, Tayloe became the diplomat's private secretary—a position which allowed him some very close insights into the relationships of the two countries and enough latitude and time for extensive excursions into the Mexican countryside. Tayloe's descriptive powers were neither strictly comprehensive nor always terribly exciting except for his observations of the mining industry. He visited the larger mining centers and camps in Central Mexico and tried to encourage his family and friends at



home to invest in these enterprises. His description of the mines leaves no doubt that in this area of Mexico, at least, mining was being monopolized by British and German interests.

The sojourn in Mexico broadened his aspirations for travel and for a diplomatic post and within six weeks after his return to Washington he was appointed Secretary of Legation to General William Henry Harrison, Minister to Colombia in 1828. This expedition turned into a fiasco and the Harrison-Tayloe team barely escaped the country late in the following year. The experience endeared Tayloe to the future President, whose death prevented Tayloe's being named Treasurer of the United States. Tayloe retired to his Virginia plantation where he spent a peaceful, prosperous life and named his eldest son Edward Poinsett.

A similar approach has been taken by the Huntington Library in the publication of the diaries of William Marshall Anderson. The editing has been carefully handled by Ramón Eduardo Ruiz. We can be indebted to Professor Ruiz for saving the Anderson diaries from possible oblivion. There are two sets of journals, actually: an 1834 diary recording the daily events of a Rocky Mountain fur trading expedition with William Sublette, and the journals published here, for the first time, of Anderson's experiences in Mexico during 1865-66. The first set was found and finally purchased by Ruiz in 1948 after "weeks of pleading and negotiating" with descendants of the Anderson family in Circleville, Ohio. He was successful again in 1957 when he rescued these Mexican diaries.

William Marshall Anderson possessed a temperament typical of the rapidly expanding United States of the first half of the nineteenth century. In addition to being a trained lawyer, he served the state of Virginia as a surveyor, later managed two farms in Ohio, and meanwhile wrote on such subjects as fine horses, Indian mounds, improvements in farm equipment, Lincoln, and the Catholic Church. Much of his life was dedicated to the promotion of Catholicism in America, and at one time he tried unsuccessfully to obtain an appointment as papal ambassador to Rome.

His southern background gave him mixed feelings on the secession question. As the Civil War came to an end he left for Mexico, where he found friends among the Confederates who had fled the United States to settle in the empire of Maximilian. He spent six months near the colony of Carlota which was located just south of Córdoba in the state of Veracruz. Then, as an agent of the Emperor, he traveled north to Coahuila where he surveyed lands that the government planned to colonize.

Anderson's descriptions are more colorful and at the same time, more sympathetic to Mexico than accounts written by most of the visitors who preceded him. His diaries reflect the insecurities of the emigrants, especially those who looked to Maximilian to furnish them a place to live. He finds Mexico in an economic depression and in a general state of decay which had not yet reached its perigee. The Confederate colonies, he believed, would help rebuild and revitalize the Empire to bring it renewed grandeur. He describes the old haciendas between Saltillo and Piedras Negras, on the Texas border. The entire region, a great part of the state of Coahuila, was under the waning influence of the Sánchez Navarro family which had its headquarters in a large hacienda located

at Hermanas. It was hoped some of the 2,000,000 acres which they had offered Maximilian, along the Río Salado, might be acquired for the ex-Confederates. Monclova, the old capital of the states of Coahuila and Texas, was "a shabby looking concern" but Saltillo was more active. The haciendas north of Saltillo and Monclova bore a close resemblance to the Spanish and Mexican frontier compounds, many of them inhabited today, along New Mexico's Pecos River, especially those between Fort Sumner and San José or north of Las Vegas along the Gallinas and Mora rivers.

In Soledad, near Monclova, on February 3, 1866, he noted: "I slept in a house and on a table nearly, or quite one hundred years old. In the same room is a chair and a sitting bench of the same age." There was a melancholy fascination about this hacienda, as it demonstrated both the former prosperity and present desolation of the district. The once opulent home was in ruins and over the door of the roofless room in which they dined was inscribed: "Thomas Flores me fecit die 19 de 7bre, 1766."

The Sánchez Navarro estates bordered on the eastern rim of Juárez-held territories. The Liberal troops often roamed through them and during one of their forays captured Anderson. He made a spectacular, single-handed escape to submit a report to the Maximilian government. Editor Ruiz has thoughtfully included that curious document and has eliminated most of the accounts of churches visited because they "... became monotonous and were deleted for the sake of the story and the reader's interest."

—Ward Alan Minge

Candidate for the Ph.D. in the Department of History at the University of New Mexico, Mr. Minge is historian for the Air Force Special Weapons Center, Kirtland Air Force Base, and Research Historian for the Acoma Pueblo, New Mexico.

COLT, A Collection of Letters about the Man, the Arms, and the Company, by James L. Mitchell. Harrisburg, Pa.: The Stackpole Co., 1959. 284 pp., illus. \$10.00.

The story of Sam Colt and his guns holds and has held a strange fascination for writers. The man himself has become a legend; and of course a world-wide literature of both fact and fiction has grown up around the guns that bear his name. Readers of Colt-iana will face this new book with understandable doubt that it can hold much that is new on either subject. Yet there is new material here, even though the newness lies mainly in the addition of minor details and (more importantly) doc-

umentary evidence, to the old, widely known picture.

Mitchell has chosen to tell this story largely through verbatim quotes of letters Colt wrote and received. This is a method less in fashion now than in the past, but it has its values. Colt's letters, aside from their documentary value, reflect the personality of the writer in ways that are both amusing and revealing. His urgent obsession for the right to use a military title appears in and between the lines of these letters, as does his dream of a world-wide arms empire. The letters throw new light also on many of Colt's involved business dealings.

Firearms collectors will find in this book clues that will aid them in the evalua-

tion and identification of their own and other Colt items. Students of Civil War history will find new data toward an understanding of the problems encountered in the arming of Federal troops, including records of Union arms production in the years 1861-65. Of keenest interest to the firearms specialist is the new evidence here offered regarding the Model 1861 Special Musket which, as Colt made it, deserves to be known as the first of the "American Enfields."

The first-time reader of the Colt story will find interest in these letters, but it is this reviewer's opinion that this is primarily a book for the specialist, supplementing and documenting earlier and broader studies. Certainly the man who owns *A History of The Colt Revolver*, by C. T. Haven and F. A. Belden (William Morrow & Co., 1940) and *The Story of Colt's Revolver: A Biography of Col. Samuel Colt*, by William B. Edwards (Stackpole Co., 1953) will want this one also. Given all three, he will be well prepared to become an authority on the life and affairs of a colorful man whose genius and drive made him a real factor in a spectacular period of this nation's history. Colt was truly "the man with a gun" when guns were needed.

—E. B. Mann

Author of a number of Western novels, Mr. Mann is editor of *Guns Magazine*.

**THE FUGITIVE GROUP, A LITERARY HISTORY**, by Louise Cowan. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1959. 304 pp. \$5.00.

The subtitle of this work is, indeed, modest. Dr. Cowan has produced a model of excellence for literary history. The scholarly reader, accustomed to the dismal task

of reading the clumsy style that dominates American scholarship, will be delighted with Dr. Cowan's sophisticated prose. Yet these prose effects in no way interfere with her accurate marshaling of facts. She has used the unpublished correspondence of the Fugitives in conjunction with periodical material and personal interviews to give a chronological account of the principal years in which this group of poets stimulated each other to poetic and critical maturity. The work, however, has much more than sound scholarship and style to recommend it. The subject is one that by its very nature is exciting to members of the academic community and to any who are interested in the creative process and the interaction of keen, enthusiastic thinkers.

In recent years we have been forced to revaluation of the university in America and with it the community of scholars. Often the experience is only too disillusioning. The freshman-ridden instructor, the committee-haunted assistant professor, and the associate professor, bound to the wheel of "publication if you want promotion," may, and frequently do, fall into an understandable cynicism about a life which was once their greatly desired goal. For these disillusioned ones, the history of the Fugitives may provide a reawakening of enthusiasm to the possibilities of the academic life, at least.

One striking feature of the group revealed by Dr. Cowan's book is that the Fugitives were not simply professors of literature and English majors from Vanderbilt. Merrill Moore, pre-medical student, and James Frank, Nashville businessman, were part of the group. Moore, in fact, produced sonnets and free verse at an almost terrifying rate. Throughout the book the

reader discovers financiers and businessmen with impressive training in the humanities and an active interest in art. The presence of these men among the Fugitives or in the helpful periphery is a reassuring note now, when so many members of the scholarly community feel a particular antagonism to the commercial world. The memory of the businessman and poet Geoffrey Chaucer is all too dim in both the market place and academe.

Another member of the group whose presence may surprise some readers is Dr. Walter Clyde Curry. So eminent is this gentleman's reputation as a Chaucer scholar that his name and the title of his work, *Chaucer and the Mediaeval Sciences*, constitute almost automatic responses from students questioned about Chaucer bibliography. One of the delights of Dr. Cowan's book is the brief poem by Curry which she includes. This really excellent poem along with the interesting fragment of a Curry sonnet are enough to persuade the reader of the genuine poetic talent of this scholar. That Dr. Curry found time to write so well and act as critic during the meetings of the group while he was working on his now famous scholarly book is a tribute to his own talent and a reproach to those scholars who become so absorbed in their scholarship that they fail to take note of creative activity around them.

It is probable, however, that the most valuable function of Dr. Cowan's work will be in clearing up many misconceptions about the background and methods of New Criticism. The most familiar figures of the Fugitive group, John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson, and Robert Penn Warren, receive perceptive criticism from the author, while the letters of the men re-

veal clearly the genesis and growth of ideas that have expressed themselves in their work and criticism.

Dr. Cowan's book comes close upon a surge of publication by and about the Fugitives. Donald Davidson has published "Still Rebels, Still Yankees." Mr. Warren and Mr. Tate have published collections of essays recently and the autumn issue of *The Sewanee Review* was devoted to Mr. Tate. A new novel by Mr. Warren, *The Cave*, has appeared. Dr. Curry's *Shakespeare's Philosophical Patterns* has been recently re-issued as well. Another book, *Fugitives, A Critical Account*, attests to reawakening interest in the group.

—Marjorie Fontaine Dunlavy

A former student under Dr. Cowan, Marjorie Dunlavy teaches English at Texas Christian University.

SUMMER KNOWLEDGE, New and Selected Poems: 1938-1958, by Delmore Schwartz. New York: Doubleday and Co., 1959. 240 pp. \$4.95.

Though the years seem to have softened the angry young Mr. Schwartz who wrote so vitally against and for the bears and angels he saw dropping all about him, the older Schwartz still commands the line and music of poetry—and commands it well. And *Summer Knowledge*, in that it combines young and middle-aged poems, shows a steady progression and concern with the craft of poetry and the music of the language, an endeavor that should be noted in the midst of a world no longer as concerned with excellence.

The first sections I found more demanding of my attention than the last—perhaps that is because of the intensity of the lyrics and the power of the protests

made by the younger man. The later poems border often upon logical and too clean dissections; yet, the drive of the search and the questioning can still be felt. Certainly, it is a more mature and considered poet who speaks in the later poems, and, if lines from one of the poems could sum up the impression gained from reading the total of the later poems, these from "Narcissus" might do adequately: "The mind is a city like London,/ Smoky and populous: it is a capital/ Like Rome, ruined and eternal. . . / The mind possesses and is possessed by all the ruins/ Of every haunted, hunted generation's celebration."

It is hard to lose the sense of a ruined world, or a special haunted street, as one reads Mr. Schwartz's later poems, so closely packed with the creatures known and remembered by the poet. Sometimes though, one also feels the presence of a fortress, erected through the years, strong enough to be a monument in itself, but also shutting out some light and some experience.

—Keith C. Wilson

A technical writer for Sandia Corporation, Mr. Wilson recently helped launch a "little" poetry magazine, *Targets*.

PEDRO PARAMO, A Novel of Mexico, by Juan Rulfo. Trans. by Lysander Kemp. New York: Grove Press, An Evergreen Original, 1959. 127 pp., paper. \$1.25.

A first novel by Mexican writer Juan Rulfo, this is a surrealistic study of evil in the tangible form of one powerful, depraved man. Although the theme is essentially depressing and pessimistic, the cumulative effect of the story is strangely stimulating. There is here the indefinable quality of a Dali canvas.

—Ruby Gibson

THE CONFUCIAN ODES, by Ezra Pound. New York: New Directions, 1959. 240 pp., paper. \$1.45.

This most recent of Ezra Pound's excellent Chinese translations is now available in a paperbound edition. Readers of Pound's *Cantos* will welcome this translation as an important source book for the later cantos. And those who have been delighted by the early, the lyrical Pound—the poet of, for example, the *Personae*—but who have been hesitant before the obvious difficulties of his epic, will be pleased by this work. It is *il miglior fabbro* at his best: mildly didactic and singing in the clear, melodic voice of the enthusiastic disciple.

—Richard G. Landini

SECRETS OF THE CUNA EARTHMOTHER, by Clyde E. Keeler. New York: Exposition Press, 1960. 352 pp., illus. \$6.00.

The Cuna Indians inhabit a chain of islands, the San Blas, along the Caribbean coast of lower Panama. In many respects they live as did their ancestors 450 years ago. To scientists, therefore, they are worth their weight in coral and coconuts.

Clyde E. Keeler, professor of biology at the Georgia State College for Women, is one of the few whites ever accorded Indian recognition as a sachem. For many summers Dr. Keeler lived with the Cunas, going first as a biologist and geneticist seeking data on Cuna albinos, "Moon Children," but soon becoming absorbed in the study of the Cuna religion.

Financed by various grants, among them a seven-year Rockefeller grant, Dr. Keeler's work has resulted in many articles and two books about the Cunas. This report

on their religious practices is a scholarly but simple exposition of that religion and its relationship to primitive faiths in general. Basic to Cuna beliefs is the idea of the Great Earthmother (Giant Blue Butterfly Lady), whose counterparts appear all through the world's religions. By ferreting out (a dangerous activity for most *wakas*—whites) the meanings of Cuna symbolism as it appears in religious ceremonies, in traditional art, in the medicine-chant "manuscripts" explained to him by *Inatule* (medicine man) Manitickinappi, in the *uchu mimmi* (medicine dolls somewhat akin to kachinas), and as further explained by friends among the *neles* (diviners), *kantules* (high priests), *saiqlas* (chiefs), and *nappatakētis* (morticians), Clyde Keeler has learned most of the theology of these Indians, who have probably been less touched by the *wakas*' "civilization" than have most American tribes.

The biologist brings to the layman the realization of a fact long known to students of religions, primitive and "enlightened": only civilized peoples have reduced the physical facts associated with the creation of life to, at best, the level of self-consciousness and, at worst, that of the pornographic. The Cunas believe that the Great Earthmother (Olokukurtilisop) and the Sungod (Olowaippilele) were the original parents of all things good and evil. Their counterparts—usually as alike as reflections in only slightly moving waters—are the chief protagonists of hundreds of other Creation stories. To the Caribe-Cunas the physical facts of the Great Ones' parenthood—and, therefore, of the parenthood of all creatures—are held divine, worthy of reverence and awe, and are represented in a thousand ways within the fabric of Cuna life.

The book also impresses the lay reader by its wealth of information about and the great number of similarities among innumerable ancient religions—Sumerian, Persian, Hebrew, Minoan-Mycenian, Indonesian, Cuna, Hopi, Pottawatomic, and many, many others. For the Southwesterner interested in understanding better the symbolism of his Indian neighbors the book is almost a guidebook. Those uninitiated *wakas* who find the antics of the Koshare as well as some formal Indian dances "obscene" will do well to read thoughtfully this objective treatment of sex symbols and rites considered by the Cunas and their far-flung brethren-in-the-faith to be sacred representations of a sacred and universal miracle—that which assures the earth of continuing generations of human beings and animals, of birds and trees, of insects and serpents and creatures of the sea and all other living things—all of them descendants of the Great Blue Butterfly Lady and her consort-son, the Sungod.

Here are Cuna myths, cosmology (eight heavens; eight hells), the Tree of Life, the meanings of the most significant rites and taboos. Here, also, is the interesting and unique human relationship of a white man, called with affection "Kilupippi" ("Little Uncle"), with the strange, secretive, usually withdrawn and suspicious Caribe-Cunas of San Blas.

Shup-She, medicine chief of the Pottawatomies and former president of the League of North American Indians, has said that the book (one among 175 Keeler scientific articles and books) "gives the very ancient religion the most honest reading" he has ever known. The explanation is, perhaps, that no other white man ever took the trouble to devise for these aborigines a

written alphabet and to get printed for them a primer and readers. The Cunas repaid him courtesy for courtesy, kindness for kindness. As a result, here is not only an "honest reading" of their religion, but a compendium of ancient secret rituals and customs and beliefs still practiced today not many jet-miles south of the Atomic Age.

—Margaret Meaders

Formerly associate editor of the Division of Publications at the University of Georgia and Director of the News Bureau there, Margaret Meaders has taught journalism and done feature writing. She is now editor for the Bureau of Business Research at the University of New Mexico.

MANY MEXICOS, by Lesley Byrd Simpson. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1957. 349 pp., maps. \$1.95.

It is hard not to praise this cultural survey of Mexico, presented here in its third revised edition, extravagantly. Many technical books on foreign countries are scientifically and judiciously developed; conversely, countless surveys of alien lands are written primarily for humorous appeal. But it is tiresomely seldom that a serious study of another country combines 1) dedicated research and knowledge from experience, 2) a broad humanistic sympathy for all people together with a special affection for the nation under discussion, 3) literary excellence embellished with sophisticated wry humor. But Professor Simpson's book, a companion volume to his *The Encomienda in New Spain*, is precisely this rare literary work of art. Like Gerald Brenan's masterpiece on Spain called *South From Granada*, it reveals the *inglés* as an amusing and knowledgeable stranger at home in a Latin country that he can both love and criticize.

Geography, agriculture ("the tyrant maize"), Spanish and Indian interactions, Church influence, and Mexico's slow coming-of-age are among the subjects Simpson deals with in his cultural-historical account. Profoundly sensitive to the nature of Spanish cultural influence, Simpson shows its effects on Mexican life since Cortes the Conqueror took the land for Spain in the early 1500's. His discussion of the New Spanish Inquisition is particularly good, but the same could be said for many other portions of the book. Simpson does not deal adequately perhaps with the scenic aspects of Mexico or its present day popular culture (ballads, bullfighting, movies, etc.), but in an omnibus one-volume work like this such omissions are not too serious. Viva *Many Mexicos*!

—Samuel I. Bellman

Mr. Bellman is book editor of the Fresno, California *Guide*.



THE TALE OF GENJI: Part II, The Sacred Tree, by Lady Murasaki. Trans. by Arthur Waley. New York: Anchor Books, 1959. 266 pp., paper. \$.95.

*The Sacred Tree*, the second of six parts of the great eleventh-century novel of Japan, recounts, in a witty and Proustian style, the affair between Prince Genji, the "Shining One," and the Lady from Aoi during his exile from court. This novel should help readers to understand modern Japan, and it is hoped Arthur Waley will translate the remaining volumes.

—Barbara E. Wykes

SCRIMSHAW, by Winfield Townley Scott. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1959. 72 pp. \$1.25.

Since 1948, Winfield Townley Scott has given us *Mr. Whittier and Other Poems* and *The Dark Sister*, an epic poem which has, I am afraid, received too little attention. So I think we can be grateful that the poet has seen fit to bring together a number of new poems in his book entitled *Scrimshaw*. We can also be grateful to Macmillan for giving us both Mr. Scott and The Macmillan Poets, a new series which has already made available in paperback such poets as Hayden Carruth and Reed Whitemore.

For those of us who don't know what the word *scrimshaw* means, the poet helps us with three quotations. All are important, and I take Z. W. Pease's statement as representative: "Scrimshaw is folk art devised by whalemens. . . . It represented the striving of men, exiled on long whaling voyages, to attain something beautiful with the crude implements and materials at hand." And Mr. Scott, of course, is the scrimshander, though his implements and materials are never crude.

The poems are arranged in three sections—"Come Green Again," "Two Lives and Others," and "The Man at Mid-Century." I don't know just how much New Mexico has influenced this writer's poetry, but the usual movement of his lines is spacious, giving the reader room to see and find himself while at the same time grasping a view of the horizon. Like a traveler winding up and down mountain roads, through village and town and desert, the reader also doesn't always know just how far he's come. For the poems, in discovering something about the present, discover something about the past; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they look forward and backward at the same time.

And the poems discover themselves through images of light and darkness. Light is often Eden, a force which holds momentarily the physical action, of young bathers; it is the summer which "stood huge/ on the house and in the fields"; the mirrored past as part of the present where "the boy ghosts with guns are in the spring woods: Now—a century after—they are here."; the false glitter, really darkness, seen in "this jeweled hand"; the present bringing a remembered, assembled light where "Every lilac that blossomed is/ In this one flower—take it for yours."; the sensual and pulsing awareness, unfulfilled in "thighs/ Forked open and the mount of glossy ribs"; the threat of a cold and "unmentionable moon" which appears after separation of child and adult; the twilight under which is seen "A solitary house, one room lamplighted,"; and the imagination, where the poem is "A vast meadow of flowers,/ A brave dance of Yes."

Darkness can be, on the other hand—though not always opposed to light—the unknown: "the buffalo: horned ghost/ Of an ancient philosopher, bearded and ominous,/ Transmigrated, neither free nor dead."; or the mysterious force "there in the damp shadows/ Of musty ruins—"; the light itself, though a special kind, when "the stranger, the stout and hairy Adam, came"; adult chaos when "The room minced back and forth in shadows" or when, at a party, "Identification had to be made by mask." Darkness can also be a part of the modern man who, alone in his room, has only the glare of "Tele-



vision, radio:/ Sessions to watch and listen to"; or the frustration felt "while the sanded wind blew between us." But most important of all is the fusion of both light and darkness, past and present, one place and another where "The difference within the resemblances/ Holds all our art and joy and grief." Even though both elements are present, like Scott's well-known "Swedish Angel" the book gives us, for the most part, "a total larger light."

Now to the first part. The finest poems here are "The Difference," "Wax," "Merrill's Brook," "The Ghost," "Dead Leaves out of Place," "Summer Place," "Memento," "Point of View," a miniature *Our Town* or *Under Milk Wood*—I could go on and on. These are delightful lyrics, always trying to catch hold of the moment, always holding the moment under the sun while the sun fades. But sometimes there is regeneration. In "Dead Leaves out of Place," for example,

I remember the girl, as one  
Reminded of his forgotten poem  
Blushes for fabrication, yet may be  
By history touched a little; retrospective love  
Fulfills itself with a later stranger—  
Requires the stilled woods, the skinned mirror,  
Knowledge that wherever they belong  
Leaves like these return to live again.

And it is this "retrospective love"—of persons, places, happenings—that grows throughout the book.

The second section has the same lyric quality, and most of the poems are very successful. Occasionally (as in "The Last One," "The Mother," and in the final section in such poems as "Unfurnished Room" and "Two") scenes are rendered as fragments, and as more the impression of experience than the experience itself. But the entire book shimmers with light, and it may be that, even when reflected, it is sometimes too strong to face for any length of time.

Just as extreme exposure to light may blind the eyes for a moment, there is something about the darkness that gives light. "Codicil for Pvt. John Hogg's Will," for example, reveals ghosts that appear to "Rove in a haunt of spring." And here the past becomes the "Sunshine, thin and young, burning like mirrored light" in the present. And in the beautiful "Frieda 75,"

Listen, she laughs like bells all over the room.  
That is because there are tears in the broth she stirs.  
She traveled a far way to arrive at her house,  
Of course leaving much behind her, and learned about tears.  
Drink what she has and you'll tell the truth forever.

This section also sparkles with a variety of form and emotion. There is the humorous "Mrs. Severin" and "Phelps Putman," and a triumph of ironic characterization in "Celebrity."

Section three gets its title from "The Man at Mid-Century"—a commentary:

He hurries home to letter-box,  
To rooms as empty, to the same  
Expectancy of dreams and drink.  
Pacing he waits for me or you  
Or anyone to speak his name:  
Someone to tell him what to do  
Someone to tell him what to think  
Someone to tell him what to feel

And though we are in shadows again, the lilting rhythm of "What I Assembled and Dissemble" restores us:

Surf of wind on the willow-walk,  
This fluttering shuttle of flying song,  
Mean what the cherry's white floating fall  
Means to morning: We knew this once.

Other poems are also quiet as they do their work on the reader, such as "Blue Sleigh," "Obdurate Change," and "Between Ironwood and the Sea." Still others throb: "Watch Hill," for instance.

As a reader of Scott's poems—seeing them often in magazines and, more recently, in a number of anthologies—I have the feeling that they are worth much more attention and love than we have given them. For the reader who is a traveler they offer the challenge of finding new terrain, the excitement of making new trails, the reflection that comes with a new perspective. In *New World Writing* No. 12, Mr. Scott in "A Calendar of Santa Fe" says that

In this staggering spaciousness of earth and sky, light is the vital force, the nervous or majestic rhythm, the master painter. In October the late-afternoon light performs dramatic things. It will turn the Jemez Range into a two-dimensional colossal backdrop, pigeon-indigo. It fires all the ridges of the foothills while shadows fill up the infolding erosions. And at that time of day, if you drive within the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, you repeatedly drive into deep shadows and yet always with ways east or south to see out, as it were, to other peaks blazing in sunlight. The golden aspens quiver along the amazing blue intersections of the sky.

Winfield Townley Scott's best poems move with these same qualities—light and shadow ripple over the pages of this book.

—Philip Legler

Resident of Montezuma, New Mexico, Mr. Legler teaches English at New Mexico Highlands University. A group of his poems appeared in *NMQ*, Spring, 1959.

THE CHICAGO REVIEW ANTHOLOGY, ed. by David Ray. Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1959. 252 pp., illus. \$5.00.

*The Chicago Review* is a rather remarkable Little Magazine because it is edited by students and because it has, since its founding in 1946, successfully maintained its original purpose of presenting "a contemporary standard of good writing" and of fostering "the talent of the unknown writer." It has deliberately shunned membership in any school and has withstood the temptation to publish the kind of scholarly essay deplored in the *Anthology* by Henry Miller for exhaling a "most sickening stench." It does publish reviews and articles on theater, art, and music; but they are very lively indeed.

The editors' proposal of an anthology in 1947 resulted, two years later, in the volume edited by David Ray, himself an editor of the *Review* in 1957-58. He made his selections on "the value of permanence," hoping that the *Anthology* would obtain recognition for "fine and neglected writing." He excluded work already receiving adequate attention and book reviews for lack of space. Exorbitant copyright fees also excluded some works. Perhaps these factors explain the absence of translations of La Fontaine by Marianne Moore and of Kazantzakis by Kimon Friar.

The *Anthology* contains five sections: Articles, Stories, Poetry, Drama, Diary and Satire. Essays by Isaac Rosenfeld and Henry Miller stating the writer's problem of avoiding dishonesty and stodginess are followed by effective solutions in scholarly essays by Oscar Cargill and Lawrence Lipton who scathingly satirizes reviewers of Nelson Algren. Ben Shahn's "Art as Positive Value" precedes seven of his own drawings; and there is an illustrated plea for freedom by Walt Kelly (a bit earnest but forgivable because Pogo is loved much). This section ends with an exhortation by David Riesman to the college student to make much of work after graduation and of initiative before it.

The Story section is the most exciting, and the most exciting stories are by Walter Toman who writes tight-knit allegories. His "My Friend's Mother Had Been Informed" is as terrible as Kafka though less complex. The friend is found alive in a veterans' hospital, though a basket case without even a head. The nurse says they'd really like to keep alive a man whose trunk is split in two. Amos Tutuola's "The Elephant Woman" is next best; and third best is Walter Ballenger's account of opening day at a suicide parlor. There are more well written stories by Jack Matthews, Mark Van Doren, and others.

The Poetry section reflects the current trend toward simplicity. Conrad Aiken's "A Letter from Li Po," spacious in execution and optimistic in thought, is the most distinguished poem. The more major works include Ruth Herschberger's ironic "On the Detection of Death" and John Logan's "A Century Piece for Poor Heine" which paradoxically evokes reverence through insult. I also liked especially Elder Olson's "Ars Poetica," Reuel Denney's "Affection for a Countryside," Galway Kinnell's "Geometry" and "Reply," Karl Shapiro's "The Travelers," Reed Whitemore's "Abbreviated Interviews," Richard Eberhart's "Yonder" and "Some Men Have It Early," and Constance Urdang's "Grandfather." Cummings and Williams represent the famous; and there are

poems by Philip Booth, Maxine Cassin, Beth G. Fawkes, Jackson MacLow, George Starbuck, Richard Stern, Robert Sward, and others.

The Drama section presents a very stark one-act play, *The Strange Rider* by the Fleming Michel de Ghelderode. Though not as unsophisticated, the play is economical as a Mystery; it shows the reaction of six old men and an old woman to a visit by Death.

The Diary and Satire section includes selections from the Venetian and Roman *Diaries* of Bernard Berenson whose style evokes both awe and love. Harry Zohn, translator of Toman's stories, gives a brief biography of Kurt Tucholsky with translations of some of whose satires and aphorisms the *Anthology* ends.

The tone of every section is cosmopolitan and competent, sometimes even exciting. Though most of the material comes from volumes eight through eleven, they appear genuinely to have contained the best work; and David Ray has, therefore, quite admirably winnowed the literary harvest. Time is most likely to present prizes to Toman, Tutuola, and Ghelderode; but the efforts of the rest make the *Anthology* good enough so that editors of *Review Anthologies* after Ray will have to run to keep up.

—Barbara E. Wykes

Instructor in English at the University of New Mexico, Miss Wykes holds the Ph.D. from the University of Michigan.

STEWARDS OF EXCELLENCE: STUDIES IN MODERN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS, by A. Alvarez. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1958. 191 pp. \$3.50.

World War I changed everything, and forever. It could be argued that the central date in human history is 1914. No other event has caused such a universal, searing, and lasting shock. The soul of the world changed and will not be the same again. Appalling as the destruction of human life was, it was not only that. The 37,508,686 casualties of the war impelled even a bumbling President Harding to cry out, "How can humanity justify or God forgive the World War unless its fruits shall be the fruits of permanent peace?" As well as lives, much else was lost forever. To those who staggered shell-shocked and choking from the miasma of war it seemed that all the moral and social codes, all the traditions of the past, had led to that swamp and

sewage of blood and bones; then such codes and traditions were bankrupt and nauseating lies. The year 1914 is the effective end of the past. We shall find this increasingly and profoundly true.

With 1914 much of the literature of the past became repellent too. Its yeasty optimism now seemed sanctimonious and pharisaical. Its very style seemed unctuous and false. As in personal life the vigorous rejected inherited moral conventions, so in artistic life they demanded—no, simply assumed—freedom to experiment in subject and style, in technique and tone. Since World War I, we dwell in the age of experiment in life and in letters. Today the search has slowed, has become glacial, battles to continue; but it will continue.

In the 1920's and 1930's the result of this experimentation was a startling renaissance for the high art of poetry. "I suppose no other period has been so copious for 300 years, i.e., since 1600-1650." These are

the words of John Crowe Ransom, himself a remarkable poet. For a while it seemed that the English-speaking world was a nest of singing birds. The acrid fumes of the war and the utilization of fresh techniques vested their utterance with new vigors and subtleties. There can be no doubt that we have lived through a resplendent era of poetry. Its only peers in our language are the Renaissance of Shakespeare and the Romantic Period of Keats.

Now in the Superficial Sixties we regard with wonder and joy the accomplishments of the recent past. To this hour it is the poets of the 1920's and 1930's who are the young and vital, the most fascinating, the most rewarding, the most refreshing.

T. S. Eliot and W. B. Yeats, Ezra Pound, Empson, Auden, Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens, and D. H. Lawrence, to these poets Mr. Alvarez, now drama critic of the *New Statesman*, devotes most attention. His candid, clear, and trenchant mind flashes lights all about his subjects. He is particularly good about Pound and his essay on Hart Crane is itself almost a firm poem. Although he is unsympathetic to Auden, whom he disesteems, and unconvincing about Lawrence, whom he extolls, only with Wallace Stevens does he fail. But fail there he does.

He is not alone. No British critic has written well about Wallace Stevens. British readers suffer from the barrier of language. They grasp his statements, they miss his tone. Stevens has only one theme (he is Johnny-One-Note) but he sings it with verve—and humor. He is hugely interested in the human imagination at work creating out of raw earth and air a place of habitation for man. The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a

hell of heaven. If Wallace Stevens needs a motto, that one will serve. But what British critics have not fully realized is that despite his Greek stance and French parnassianism Stevens is quintessentially American. He is a richly plumaged Yankee.

When it comes to Stevens the British ear is faulty and thus their sympathy imperfect. They stand before his poetry puzzled and distraught. They do not discern the humor, the tall tale, the tall word too, the smile with the earnestness. Clearly recognizing the Mallarmé in Stevens, they overlook in him the bantering, loquacious, skeptical, word-savoring, whimsical, commonsensical, deadly-earnest Mark Twain.

—Willis D. Jacobs

Professor of English at the University of New Mexico, Dr. Jacobs has a practicing interest in criticism.

THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO AFFECTING CHURCH PROPERTY, by Manuel J. Rodriguez. Washington, D.C.: The Catholic University of America Press, 1959. The Catholic University of America Canon Law Studies, No. 406. 235 pp., paper. \$2.00.

The major purpose of this work is to compare Canon law with the law of the State of New Mexico and to determine how the Church is affected in cases where no parallel exists. Since one of the more troublesome legacies of New Mexico's history under four flags has been some very knotty legal problems, Father Rodriguez' task was hardly an easy one and entailed considerable study of the highly complicated Spanish and Mexican historical and legal background, of which he presents a clear and useful synthesis. The result is a contribution of unusual interest.

—Eleanor B. Adams

A TREASURY OF ASIAN LITERATURE, ed. by John D. Yohannan. New York: New American Library, A Mentor Book, 1958. 432 pp., paper. \$.50.

RASHOMON AND OTHER STORIES, by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. New York: Bantam Classics, 1959. 188 pp., paper. \$.35.

CHINESE THOUGHT FROM CONFUCIUS TO MAO TSE-TUNG, by H. G. Creel. New York: New American Library, A Mentor Book, 1959. 240 pp., paper. \$.50.

THE WAY OF ZEN, by Alan W. Watts. New York: New American Library, A Mentor Book, 1959. 228 pp., paper. \$.50.

THE CLASSIC NOH THEATRE OF JAPAN, by Ezra Pound and Ernest Fenollosa. New York: New Directions, 1959. 173 pp. \$1.75.

An awareness of things Asian is certainly necessary to the understanding of modern complexities now manifesting themselves in that region of the world. A knowledge of Asian literature is invaluable to those seeking new insights into Asian culture, since the attitudes of its peoples are reflected in the literature. The following paperbacks should be of interest to those seeking new light on old Asia:

*A Treasury of Asian Literature* presents a vivid selection of the literature of five Eastern countries, China, India, Arabia, Iran, and Japan. This anthology covers the literary development of 2,500 years and includes some of the world's finest writing. A few of the selections included are: The Judicial Murder of Tsui Ning; Chapter V, Murasaki from *The Tale of Genji*; Chapters 6 through 9 of the Hindu *Bhagavad Gita*; as well as selections from the Buddhist *Dhammapada*. With regard to modern Japanese literature, the new Bantam Classic, *Rashomon and Other Stories*, by Ryuno-

suke Akutagawa, is a true contribution. Many who saw the film by the same name will want to read this book. The stories are good, and interesting from the standpoint of modern psychological insights revealed in Mr. Akutagawa's characters. Such insights are not well developed in traditional Japanese literature. The selections represent the blending of Eastern and Western literary technique and the results are some fascinating tales.

For those seeking an understanding of modern China may we suggest H. G. Creel's *Chinese Thought From Confucius to Mao Tse-Tung*. Professor Creel, a distinguished scholar, imparts to his reader the vital knowledge of the traditional attitudes extant in Chinese culture for three thousand years, with these attitudes an integral part of twentieth-century China. Also of interest are the incisive and penetrating reasons for China's break with the West and the manifestations this division has produced in our modern world.

On the shelf of religion *The Way of Zen*, by Alan W. Watts, is a "must" for those wanting a comprehensive explanation of the "new" religion sought after by so many members of our frustrated society. Mr. Watts, long-time lecturer and authority on Zen, is perhaps the best qualified Occidental to render such a concise and understandable interpretation of Zen. In the opinion of this reviewer, *The Classic Noh Theatre of Japan* is by far the best contemporary book on the subject. It is best not only because the plays have been so admirably rendered by Mr. Pound, but the reader will find the introduction of Mr. Ernest Fenollosa of great importance; a man greatly responsible for the Noh's survival through the difficult Meiji period, a

time when all things Japanese were being put aside in favor of the new Westernization of Japan. The combined efforts of Ezra Pound and Ernest Fenollosa impart to the reader the perspective and knowledge necessary to the enjoyment and understanding of one of the highest aesthetic forms existing today.

—Clarence Huff

CHAUER, MODERN ESSAYS IN CRITICISM, ed. by Edward Wagenknecht. New York: Oxford University Press, 1959. 413 pp., paper. \$2.65.

Edward Wagenknecht has compiled an anthology of papers on Chaucer by twenty-six well known teachers and scholars, including George Lyman Kittredge, J. S. P. Tatlock, and Arthur Mizener. The choice of material strikes a reasonable balance between criticism and historical scholarship. The result is an interesting, valuable, but reasonably priced aid to the student or other admirer of Chaucer.

—Bernice M. Delaney

THE TRUE STORY OF BILLY THE KID, A Tale of the Lincoln County War, by William Lee Hamlin. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1959. 364 pp. \$6.00.

Poor Billy the Kid must be spinning in his grave like a dynamo, for the fanciful tales which have been woven around his name seem, like weeds, destined to crop up all over the place forever. As a somewhat interested reader, I am at a loss to know what to make of William Hamlin: on the one hand he professes that this mish-mash is the result of "extensive investigation in New Mexico," backing up his claim with

some worthy documents and photographs, and on the other, has the gall to salt his claim with the most utterly fantastic "conversations," completely false interpretations, and unreliable "documents." Basing his book very loosely on the well-worn patterns of Walter Noble Burns and the bibliographical legion who followed faithfully in his footsteps, author Hamlin has studded his text with the most remarkable collection of errors to appear in any biography since Ned Buntline laid down his pen.

The narrative relies far too heavily upon sketchy legend and folklore, as evidenced by the treatment given to such important proponents in the story as Murphy, Dolan, McSween, Chisum and Tunstall. No attention whatsoever is paid to the Pecos "war" of 1876, nor the troubles which the Harrell boys visited on the *placita* of Lincoln. Author Hamlin apparently does not accept the findings which indicate quite reasonably that the Kid's real name was Henry McCarty, but fails to substitute any other explanation of the Kid's early years, so that the reader knows virtually nothing of the youngster prior to his arrival in Lincoln County. He goes so far as to say that the Kid had no indictments (other than a small item of horse-theft) against him, when it has been established to the satisfaction of most researchers that Billy killed a man in Camp Grant in August, 1877. The other stuff is just as fanciful: the Kid, the natural leader, taking over after Brewer's death; being dubbed the murderer (or killer, for there is, we are told, a subtle difference) of Morton and Baker and Beckwith, together with the wounding of one Ben Litchfield in the July fight—baddie Litchfield is unknown to any of us outside of the pages of this book—

and having the meeting with Governor Wallace arranged by none other than Mrs. McSween! For a real flight of fancy, the handling of the Dudley Court of Inquiry takes some beating: Governor Wallace in attendance, and District Attorney Rynerson not only questioning the Kid, but asking him about the murder of Joe Grant in Fort Sumner, an event yet eighteen months in the future! On names there is so bounteous a crop of errors that the reviewer boggles, but here are a few at random: A. L. Roberts becomes "Al"; J. H. Blazer, Emil; Huston I. Chapman, George; Frank Warner Angel, Warren; and perhaps most laughable of all, Milnor Rudolph of Fort Sumner becomes a Scotch-Irishman named MacDonald Rudolph. Hamlin has the Kid tried and found not guilty of the murder of Joseph (Morris J.) Bernstein, and his account of the meeting between the Kid and John H. Tunstall is nothing short of ridiculous. Tunstall, he says, met, received advice and accepted a letter of introduction from Miguel A. Otero—indeed, Otero said so himself; but it is strange that no mention of this occurs in Tunstall's diaries and letters. But then, neither does the name of his defender and friend—according to Mr. Hamlin—Billy the Kid. The publication of some documents in this book would bear investigation, and I would like to see pedigrees of the Kid's account of the deaths of Morton and Baker (pp. 47-48); of the photographs which are published as being of the Kid whilst the author dismisses the accepted one; and of Mrs. McSween's statements concerning the Kid (pp. 342-43).

I pass lightly over the multitude of other mistakes and errors both of omission and commission, for I doubt that one could correct them without writing yet another

book. McSween, I see, still has his Bible, and George Hindman still falls dying on the steps of the church of San Juan, although Mrs. McSween herself labeled one "a lie," and the church wasn't built in 1878. It is not a light matter to dismiss a work as long as this one offhandedly. I am sure the writer worked hard on it to the best of his ability. That his work resulted in utter failure is only natural when he has done virtually no research on causes, history, or people. As far as biography is concerned, this is folklore, and I can only hope sincerely that Americans are not as naïve as this book would make them appear.

—*Frederick W. Nolan*

One of the best informed specialists in Western Americana anywhere, Mr. Nolan is a writer and reviewer living in London. He is preparing a biography of John Henry Tunstall based on the latter's diaries.

*MOOT PLAYS OF CORNEILLE*, trans. by Lacy Lockert. Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press, 1959. 486 pp. \$6.50.

In an earlier volume Professor Lockert published translations of the six best-known plays of Corneille, and in this one he presents eight of the lesser-known ones, together with brief critical appraisals of each. His translations are in verse, and while I am always somewhat uncomfortable at finding French alexandrines rendered into English blank verse, Mr. Lockert has done a very good job—if his verse is at times rather prosaic, so is Corneille's. These plays should be better known than they are, and having them available in this attractive book will probably stimulate many people to read them.

—*J. Robert Feyn*





**SOUTHWEST GARDENING**, by Rosalie Doolittle and Harriet Tiedebohl. Rev. ed. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1959. 238 pp. \$5.00.

The solutions to many gardening problems are provided in *Southwest Gardening*. The authors present home gardening as fun and explain very simply the best methods, plant varieties, and fertilizers to use. Although the title indicates that this is a book for southwestern United States, the major portion of the contents would have application anywhere. The calendar near the close of the book, in which the approximate dates for most gardening activities are given, is very useful for gardeners in the Southwest. This would also be helpful to growers in other areas, for most garden planning is based on the date of the last killing frost in spring and the first killing frost in fall, both of which are fairly constant in any area.

This second edition has been made current in the most critical sections, but the average reader will see little change from the first edition. An index has been added which, of course, is a big help when one wishes to look for a specific plant. Two new lists, "Plants for Special Purposes" and "Dependable Varieties," are also helpful for those planning a new garden. For those interested in competition, two paragraphs have been included on preparing flowers for showing. There is even a precautionary

note concerning the affinities of small boys and fruit trees when the latter are planted too near the street. Unfortunately there is no recommendation for keeping birds out of cherry trees.

The list of chrysanthemum varieties is quite extensive, but most of those listed have a blooming date almost too late to escape our first killing frost. Of course, the chrysanthemum fancier will expect to cover his plants every night in fall if he wants to raise the finest varieties. It would be nice, however, to include more of the early-blooming varieties, even though they are not as handsome. Iris varieties are listed alphabetically but no attempt has been made to arrange them with regard to color or time of blooming. For me, this chapter has lost something by this omission.

No doubt to compensate for the simplified iris lists, those on roses have been revised and expanded with many new varieties included. A few roses have been deleted, probably because they have not proved as satisfactory as expected. My favorite white rose, Caledonia, was one of those eliminated. New varieties have also been added to the acceptable lists of annuals, bulbs and other perennials, as well as to those for trees and shrubs. The supplementary material added to lawns, one of the most complete chapters, greatly improves this unit because of the discussion on new grasses now being used. Fortunately, the authors did not express too great enthusiasm over the new unproved varieties, but they are there for consideration.

The most difficult section to bring up-to-date is that on insecticides and herbicides (the authors call them "pesticides"). Each year dozens of new compounds appear on the market and some are proving

highly effective. Instead of the non-selective toxins of a few years ago, the new compounds are being prepared along the lines of a selective poison. The most effective ones are of a hormone type and once the specific nature of an inhibiting growth regulator for each weed species is found, chemical weed control will be practically foolproof. This section in *Southwest Gardening* could be considerably enlarged with special attention to the pre-emergent and post-emergent herbicides and also the inclusion of such insecticides as lindane, which is proving very effective in the control of chewing insects.

A more adequate treatment of the various soil types in the Southwest would be helpful to the average grower. For example, the most commonly asked question is "How often should I water my lawn?" It is also the most difficult question to answer. No one can answer it without knowing whether the soil is clay, sand or loam; whether the plants are freely exposed to the sun or are in shade; whether the exposure is N, E, S, or W; whether the amount of water coming out of the sprinkler system is little or great; whether you normally irrigate for fifteen minutes or an hour and many other factors including the species of plant itself. A discussion of soil types in relation to water-holding capacity, nutrient supply and some of the new fertilizers such as fritted trace elements would probably benefit most gardeners.

Although I may seem critical of certain sections, the book is quite adequate for the non-professional gardener. For those who have the first edition there is little to be gained by buying the second. However, the latter is more useful because of the complete index. A little of the frosting has been lost with the elimination of certain plates, but aside from that I prefer the second edition.

The charm that many find in the book is the warm genuine style and cheerful manner in which it is written. One is never bogged down in scientific terminology; in fact, if one can read he can understand *Southwest Gardening*. If the reader is not too literal he does not object to such expressions as "Azaleas like" or "Iris enjoy," but for some it implies that plants possess a quality of consciousness that is found only in cerebral tissue. This does not bother me as much as the personality given a compost pile: "Cover . . . with a couple inches of soil to seal in the goodness." To me this is an expression of beneficence and virtue I had never previously associated with compost. Expressions like these give character to the book; most readers do not mind. Put a little fun in your life—try gardening.

—Howard J. Dittmer

Professor of Biology at the University of New Mexico and administrative assistant to the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Dittmer has published several monographs on the botany of the area, including *Lawn Problems of the Southwest*.



THE CIVILIZATION OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, by Jacob Burckhardt. New York: Harper and Bros., 1958. 2 vols. 566 pp., paper. \$1.35 each.

A welcome set of newcomers to the paperback realm is this long out-of-print illustrated edition (in two volumes) of Burckhardt's masterpiece on Renaissance thought. Although it has since its inception stimulated considerable controversy, this "essay" remains the as yet unsurpassed classical study of Italian Renaissance culture. Harper Torchbooks has made available a handsome and valuable addition to students' and scholars' libraries.

—Margaret Weinrod

THE MUSICAL EXPERIENCE OF COMPOSER, PERFORMER, LISTENER, by Roger Sessions. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1959. 127 pp., paper. \$1.50.

Music, to be fully realized, is the result of the composite contributions of composer, performer, and listener. That is the thesis of composer Roger Sessions' series of six lectures incorporated into a comparatively short paperback volume. Furthermore, the respective roles of the composer, performer and listener have changed during the past two hundred years just as music itself has grown, developed and acquired new manifestations during that time. Mr. Sessions' theory is logical, easily accepted, and without controversy. But in spite of its brevity, the book fails to be especially stimulating reading, and will be appreciated fully only by the most persistent reader who will read with determination to finish it, reread it, then carefully read and study each chapter again.

—Ray Reeder

AFICIONADO, The Pictorial Encyclopedia of the Fiesta de Toros of Spain, by Vincent J-R Kehoe. New York: Hastings House, 1959. 256 pp. \$12.50.

FIGHTING BULLS, by Angus Macnab. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co., 1959. (Published in England in 1957 as *The Bulls of Iberia*.) 280 pp. \$5.00.

As a well-illustrated text for a sophomore college course called Technique and Terminology of the Spanish Bullfight, *Aficionado* would do excellently. Though not without technical errors and though carelessly designed and edited, it is probably the best reference book on the subject in our language to date. No serious student of the *fiesta* should fail to add it to his taurine collection unless he owns and can read the official *Reglamento Taurino* and José María Cassío's definitive work *Los Toros* from which most of the facts and figures of *Aficionado* were assembled.

Perhaps Mr. Kehoe, a professional photographer from New England, can be excused for the textbook air that pervades most of his writing since the book is billed as a pictorial encyclopedia. The outline is sound, though it is not really encyclopedic and the text violates it frequently. The first section of the book carefully discusses all the elements of the bullfight: the men, the equipment, the animals and the "house." The next shows the various types of *corrida*, how they are brought about, and what actually happens in the bullring. The last section describes in detail how one performs each part of the *corrida*. Appendices give much almanac-type information about bullfighting in Spain in recent times.

It is a shame that Kehoe's understanding of the bulls fails to enrich the dry bulk

of the text. But that he comprehends his subject is obvious when we read such passages as: "A *lidia* is more than just a 'fight.' It is an art form of the highest order . . . a test of courage on the part of the man and of strength on the side of the animal . . . It is tragedy in the true heroic manner . . . and it is probably the most rapidly growing art form of our generation."

A more vital and critically intelligent work than *Aficionado* is *Fighting Bulls*, the work of an English-born citizen of Spain.

Says Macnab in his preface: "After twenty-five years, Mr. Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon* remains the standard work of literature in the English language on the subject of bullfighting . . . but in its utilitarian aspect as a guide to current bullfighting it is simply out-of-date; and that is really my chief excuse for producing this book, which . . . has no literary pretensions."

The book, except for a couple of chapters and an overabundance of adjectives, is plenty good literature, and in some ways—especially in giving the reader unclouded comprehension of bullfighting—it outshines *Death in the Afternoon*. The forty photographs are equally fine.

Macnab is a *torista* and his book is probably the first in English to emphasize the bull above the men or other elements of the bullfight. His discussion of *Bos Taurus Africanus*, however, though excellent reference material, is dry reading.

So also is most of the novel section of the book which describes in detail eight exceptional afternoons witnessed by the author. It appears to be copied nearly verbatim from his journalistic notes and sounds like the statistics of a baseball game.

Some of it, however, is conversational description of bullring action that will recreate emotion in you if you have seen and understood bullfighting.

Perhaps the best part of the book is the last chapter, a concise interpretive history of the much-publicized abuses that grew in the Spanish *corrida* through the last two decades and the method and extent of their reform. It is Macnab's opinion that the reforms have been complete but that the 1958 season saw a new relaxation of the enforcement of the regulations.

Another feature that will interest *aficionados* is a studied analysis of the situation that caused the death of Manolete by a bull at Linares in 1947.

—Tim Weeks

Currently employed at a travel agency in Albuquerque, Mr. Weeks is an *aficionado* and a collector of books on the bullfight.

A TASTE OF HONEY, by Shelagh Delaney. New York: Grove Press, 1959. 87 pp. \$3.50.

Jo, Josephine, the heroine of a work which stands positionally as "a play," has appeared on the stage in various guises from Phaedra through Desdemona and Sally Bowles; although the first two are her antecedent she is most like the last: she takes up with a homosexual, is morally passive, and instead of odd clothes has romantic attachments to such things as flower bulbs which she forgets, and like her life, lets rot. Jo's passivity is not divinely induced, as is Phaedra's, or determined by Christian ethic, purposefully accepted because one is innocent, as is Desdemona's (and even Othello who is impotent in his innocence when faced with the cognizance of Iago) for modern tragedy, unlike either

Greek or Christian tragedy, depends on society for its frustrations and possibly its glory. Jo is passive by choice, does nothing because impotency is a form of revolt.

Like the heroes and heroines of much modern tragedy Jo is left hanging at the edge of a pit which she neither escapes from nor descends into. One might say that this is the pit circling the pit of tragedy that we are used to. Her tragedy consists in falling without that self-committed act of *hybris* which makes the hero one of the fallen. She is tragic, the essence, in fact, of *tragicness*.

The problem is that her tragedy does not come off, is reduced from the horror at impotency, which *Godot* conveys, to witty drawing-room dialogue in a tenement house which is never a belly-laugh or a transcendence into physical and mental shock.

—Joel L. Markman

Former student at UNM, Joel Markman writes from New York: "New Mexico has accustomed me to clean air and has, perhaps, forever invalidated me in climates of wet and smog." A poem by him appears elsewhere in this issue.

EIGHTY POEMS OF ANTONIO MACHADO, trans. by Willis Barnstone. New York: Las Americas Publishing Co., 1959. 222 pp. \$5.00.

ANTONIO MACHADO, by Alice Jane McVan. New York: The Hispanic Society of America, 1959. 258 pp. \$5.00.

Whether, as Pío Baroja maintained, the Generation of '98 never existed or whether there was such a group, it is undeniable that the generation of writers under the influence of such teachers as Francisco Giner de los Ríos who were forced to turn inward for a period of in-

tensive soul-searching following the Spanish-American War has produced a quantity of literature of such variety and quality that many writers and critics have compared this period to the Golden Age of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and have not found it wanting. Such writers as Pío Baroja and Valle-Inclán in the novel, Ortega y Gasset in philosophy, Azorín in the novel and essay—to name but a few members of this group—have revitalized the literature of Spain and their influence constantly expands outside their own country. The two outstanding poets of the Generation of '98 were Juan Ramón Jiménez, whose *Platero y yo* appeared on the North American literary scene in recent months, and Antonio Machado, who if, in the words of Gerald Brenan, "... is not among the very greatest of Spanish poets—Juan Ruiz, Garcilaso, Góngora, García Lorca—... follows close behind them"—and there are many who would accord him a place in the first rank.

Barnstone's anthology is the third title in the Cypress Books series so far published. This series will consist of Spanish and Spanish-American classics translated into English with the laudable intent of acquainting English-speaking readers with the much neglected field of Spanish-language literature. The present work contains a brief introduction by John Dos Passos, a foreword by Juan Ramón Jiménez, and a drawing on the book jacket which was made by Picasso in 1955, on the occasion of a homage paid to Machado by Spanish artists. A number of pen and ink drawings by William Bailey add to the attractiveness of the volume. The Spanish text of the poems is presented on the left-hand page and Mr. Barnstone's translation

on the right. The translations are adequate and accurate on the whole, and the translator wisely confines himself to an effort to render the clear lines of Machado's verse as closely as possible into English and avoids the temptation to sacrifice the qualities of the original to the exigencies of English verse.

Alice Jane McVan states in her book that "English translations from the open-voweled, sonorous Spanish with its wealth of feminine rhymes and its abounding assonances can do little more, as a rule, than convey the mood and meaning of the original." In spite of the fact that the translations included in her anthology are from the pens of a variety of translators, they are all of a consistently high quality. Ninety-one pages of *Antonio Machado* are devoted to a brief biography of the poet and an analysis of his works, and the index and bibliography at the end are helpful. Included also are several portraits and photographs of Machado, Unamuno, Azorín, and other members of the Generation of '98.

Antonio Machado y Ruiz was born in 1875 and died in 1939, in France, a few days after he had left Spain because of the Civil War. The outward events of his life are not outstanding: he spent some time in France and taught school during much of his life in Soria and in Baeza. His brief marriage, in his thirties, ended tragically with the death of his young wife shortly before the First World War. He published several volumes of verse, collaborated with his brother Manuel, an outstanding literary figure in his own right, on a number of plays, of which the best known is *La Lola se va a los puertos*, and wrote *Juan de Mairena*. Containing his views on every-

thing under the sun, this book purports to be the philosophizing of a schoolteacher and is widely read.

In spite of his thorough acquaintance with the French and Spanish poets, Machado did not follow their styles to any appreciable degree. His poetry lacks the *fin de siècle* quality of much of that of his contemporaries and tends to be bare and straightforward. He was preoccupied with time and the search for the inner core of his own being. The verse is not sensuous nor sensational and tends to be melancholy without indulging in self-pity. He seems to listen to the language of the soul speaking for itself through the natural symbols which abound in his verse—rocks, trees, roads, and especially water.

It is unfortunate that Machado, more than twenty years after his death, is only now becoming known outside Spain, where he has been one of the most quoted poets for many years. However, these two books are excellent, and although it is not possible to translate poetry accurately, they do not betray Machado.

—J. Robert Feynn

Mr. Feynn is Technical Editor of University of New Mexico Press.

ATTITUDES TOWARD HISTORY, by Kenneth Burke. Los Altos, Calif.: Hermes Publications, 1959. 386 pp. \$6.75.

HISTORY AS ROMANTIC ART: Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman, by David Levin. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1959. Stanford Studies in Language and Literature XX. 280 pp. \$5.50.

Kenneth Burke's *Attitudes toward History* was first issued in 1937; this edition is revised with a new section, the Seven



Offices, added. It is a remarkable book, combining stimulating insights and ideas about the nature of historical reality with a literary style so turgid as to be impenetrable at times. Burke has attempted a synthesis of ideas about history and he has intended to make the synthesis a new thesis, an ambition shared by St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and Karl Marx. He has not succeeded to the degree those masters did but he can never be accused of low aim.

Burke was right in 1937 as well as today in believing such a task needs to be performed—that is, a synthesis of knowledge which would at least show the integrated elements of Marxism, Freudianism, Relativity (Einstein's), and Thomism. If it can be done, perhaps the Existentialists have come closer than Burke, but they are a school and he an individual, something of a disadvantage. Even a Past President of the American Historical Society has recognized the necessity for the historian's admission of Freud into Clío's circle. (William L. Langer, "The Next Assignment," *American Historical Review*, January, 1958.)

Burke seeks in a wide-ranging speculation on the ideas of a number of men (mainly literary, from Hesiod to Eliot) to come to some conclusions about attitudes toward history. Part I deals with the fundamental attitudes, Acceptance and Rejection. (It is possible for the *individual* to reject history.) Part II takes up the Curve of History from Christian Evangelism to Emergent Collectivism, and Part III is an Analysis of Symbolic Structure concluding with a sort of philosophical dictionary of pivotal terms that lexicographically is a descendant of Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* but philosophically is a collateral cousin of the Marxian *Dictionary of Philosophy*. The

Seven Offices, an appendix, sets up a kind of sacramental system to identify the basic social services (that is, what people in societies do for one another).

In a footnote beginning on page 44 and running to page 48, Burke seems to state his fundamental hypothesis which in a sense the rest of the book elaborates. Attitudes toward history may be homeopathic or allopathic, just as attitudes toward medicine may be; in fact, one is a consequence of the other, since if one's attitude is that reality must be accommodated, it is reflected in everything—science, religion, literature (as Shakespeare's "Sweet are the uses of adversity"). The allopathic principle causes the response based on the conviction that reality (at least unpleasant reality) must be opposed (hence Marx's "Workers of the World, Unite!"). It is intriguing to attempt to apply the homeopathic-allopathic test to historical figures as well as to historians (Toynbee, for instance).

David Levin's *History as Romantic Art: Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman* is a study of the qualities of these four historians as they may be revealed by their diction. It is a product of a current conviction that diction is the man. Levin applies the method well and convincingly to *The Conquest of Mexico*, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, and *Montcalm and Wolfe*, finding in the writing of each the romantic shibboleths of the time: the power of moral (natural) law, the reality of progress, and

the triumph of simplicity. In the nineteenth century the "success" of the United States and Prussia seemed to be a consequence of their being in harmony with these forces of "nature." Motley and Parkman found the seventeenth and eighteenth century "failures" of Spain and France to be a result of their flouting these same forces. Prescott discovered that sixteenth-century Spain rose to "success" with the same principles. Individuals who knew nothing of the inevitable irresistibility of moral law, progress, and simplicity (Montezuma, Pontiac) were admirably tragic; men who denied them (Philip II, the Jesuits) were villainous; and heroes who were in accord with them (William of Orange, Frederick the Great, Cortez, Wolfe) triumphed.

Levin's analysis of the literary style of the historians in *The Conquest of Mexico*, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, and *Montcalm and Wolfe* throws a clarifying light on the historians themselves as well as the histories. Certainly Prescott, Motley, and Parkman are understood better for such a study, and the value of their books is enhanced, not lessened, by having the nature of and examples of the romantic era's prejudices, convictions, limitations pointed out in their works. These qualities of their histories have great bearing on the impressions the reading of them gives without having any relationship to the accuracy or thoroughness of the authors' mastery of their data. The result is a new dimension to the works, not a shrinking of their already-recognized breadth and depth.

Both *Attitudes toward History* and *History as Romantic Art* are stimulating books on subjects as broad as their titles indicate, which in turn is one of the de-

spairs of the historian. Burke's work calls for a multi-volume study since his book leaves the impression of being insufficient; it badly needs an index to bring some order to its diffuseness. Levin's book is beautifully made and indexed and perhaps could have done with less parsing. And what a pity neither writes like Prescott!

—Merrill Rippy

Dr. Rippy teaches in the Department of History at Ball State College, Muncie, Indiana.

THE CENTRAL DESERT OF BAJA CALIFORNIA: Demography and Ecology, by Homer Aschmann. Berkeley: University of California, 1959. Ibero-Americana Series No. 42. 294 pp., paper. \$5.00.

In recent years much Mexican and Anglo-American concern has been given to the population pressure potentialities of Baja California. This has been stimulated primarily by the population explosion of Alta California, and a search by this population for a playground area. In order to understand Baja California's possibilities it is necessary to investigate the past. Homer Aschmann's *The Central Desert of Baja California* is an examination of that past. It is a historic population study of central Baja California from the eighteenth to the mid-nineteenth century. It includes the geographic problems of climate, soil, vegetation and resources. The central area lacked the necessary components—soil, water and resources—to support a large permanent population. The essence of the monograph is lost in minute detail. The reader is burdened with the tasks of comprehending and evaluating a tremendous mass of data.

—Ynez G. Haase



FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT ON ARCHITECTURE, Selected Writings (1894-1940), ed. by Frederick Guthrie. New York: Grosset & Dunlap, Universal Library, 1959. 308 pp., paper. \$1.65.

"I would much rather build than write about building, but when I am not building, I write about building, or the significance of those buildings I have already built." In *Frank Lloyd Wright on Architecture*, Frederick Guthrie has selected the most important writings from Frank Lloyd Wright's essays and speeches from 1894 to 1940. During Wright's lifetime his concept of "organic architecture" (most evident in his building, unfortunately not illustrated in this edition) was almost universally misunderstood and compelled him to preach and teach until his death over his protests that he wanted to be neither preacher nor teacher but an architect. His unique literary style expresses the same passion for integrity, love of nature, and belief in human-kind as his building. This compilation, as a companion to *An Autobiography* and *On the Nature of Materials* is the best guide to understanding of Wright's architecture yet written.

—Ben Benson

BOOKS IN MY BAGGAGE, by Lawrence Clark Powell. Cleveland: World Publishing Co., 1960. 257 pp. \$4.50.

Dr. Powell, that perusing and peripatetic Librarian of the University of California in Los Angeles, has come across again with a collection of essays on books and places in his thoroughly individual and delightful manner. As he travels he sees

but he also reads, thus seeing through writers' eyes and enlarging and often deepening his own sensitive appreciation of landscape and people. He admits to reading in planes, trains, and ships; one is inclined to wonder if he does not also motor with a book propped up on the instrument panel. If an unknown is ever discovered in an overturned car with piles of books about that will be Larry Powell, a victim of a life-long inability to take his nose out of a book.

This volume offers 250 pages of comment on books he read to enrich his travels; of books collected, with intimate notes on book sellers, other collectors, and the fun of the hunt. All his sidelights on his own background and how he grew into such a bookish man are delightful; his studies of Three Americans—Robinson Jeffers, Henry Miller, and Frank Dobie (Powell's Mr. Southwest)—are bursting with understanding of what makes a significant writer; but most typically Powell is his way of linking certain books with the landscape that produced the writers who gave their country renewed life. Bookscapes he calls them. But of most value is this man's infectious enthusiasm; as you read Powell you want to read every book he mentions, to know every author you may have missed, above all to get writer and landscape together as he does. As a good librarian Dr. Powell appends a bibliography, but the man himself is his most valuable contribution to a reader's growing knowledge and understanding. Long may he travel, but always keeping one eye, please, out of the book and on the road.

—Erna Fergusson

Well-known Albuquerquean and writer, Miss Fergusson is currently engaged in a study of Clyde Tingley, former New Mexico governor.

MEXICO, PRE-HISPANIC PAINTINGS. Preface by Jacques Soustelle, introduction by Ignacio Bernal. Unesco World Art Series. New York Graphic Society, by arrangement with Unesco. 1958. 96 pp. \$18.00.

Published in cooperation with the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, the Unesco World Art Series is one of the most distinguished contributions to today's books of art. In large format, 13½ by 19 inches, beautifully illustrated in color, and edited by national authorities, important epochs in the art of eleven countries have been surveyed.

Thirty-two full color plates printed in Italy provide the excitement of *Mexico, Pre-Hispanic Paintings*, tenth in the Unesco project.

"Our ancient Asian and Mediterranean civilization had already come to an end at the time when the Bonampak painters were working in the steamy atmosphere of Chiapas; simultaneously . . . the Byzantines were covering the walls of their churches with mosaics and paintings," writes Soustelle, adding that "No conceivable link is apparent between this art and those other arts indigenous to the Old World, the Mediterranean Basin, or China."

Twenty-one sections are chosen from the great murals of Bonampak, an art which began in seventh century, A.D., and

lasted a thousand years to the end of the Aztec Empire. Found in temples buried in Mexico's jungles, these frescoes "rival the tomb paintings of ancient Egypt." The artists drew strident and dramatic personages in rich dark flesh tones and brilliant costumes against flashing blue backgrounds, often plain, sometimes studded with hieroglyphics. As with much of the art of ancient Mexico, the figures hold one in an atmosphere of dignity and power, and the serene, often impersonal dedication to ceremony and belief.

In contrast, lacking the "orgy of color," but decorously severe in monochromatic line, are drawings of jaguars from Atetelco, Teotihuacán. Five black-and-white photographs show sculptures from several areas that place the reader in the proper architectural setting to move on to the mural compositions for the understanding of which we have been well prepared by the Mexican painters of our own century.

"It had been long known that painting had reached a high level among the Mayans," says the publisher's note, "but before the discovery of the Bonampak frescoes only fragments of this art remained. Now it is possible to study scenes in which battles, religious rites and costumes are meticulously depicted. No other site has added so much to our knowledge of the ancient Maya people."  
—ROLAND DICKEY

## Thirtieth Anniversary

*TWO ASSUMPTIONS are necessary when a University undertakes the publication of a magazine.*

*The first is that publication is a proper and necessary part of an educational program. The second is that the field into which the magazine is launched is not already entirely filled.*

*The publication of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY is in no way a commercial venture. The motive behind it is not one of financial gain. It is designed to give to the faculty, advanced students, and all others who may have something worth while to contribute to the literature and scholarly thought of New Mexico, an outlet for their writings; and at the same time to give to the thinkers of New Mexico a medium through which there may be an exchange of serious and disinterested thought on the problems of New Mexico, regardless of their nature.*

*This is not intended for a popular magazine, in the ordinary sense of the term. Neither is it intended as a "high brow" magazine. It will not carry material of such a nature or so written that it cannot be understood by the large reading public. It will not, on the other hand, stoop to sensational devices such as often are necessary to gain large circulations for commercial magazines.*

*Material of all kinds is solicited for the QUARTERLY. It will be judged on its suitability for this particular publication.*

IN FEBRUARY 1931, the passage at the left was published as the Foreword to the first issue of NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, and it still holds true.

The QUARTERLY's first article was by the eminent philosopher, Hartley Burr Alexander, on "The Great Spirit," a study of the white man's concepts of Indian religions. Henry Smith, then editor of *Southwest Review*, wrote about his friend Mary Austin. John D. Clark of the University of New Mexico Chemistry Department, in an economic essay on "Potash in New Mexico," named a population of 423,317 for New Mexico, and took a moment to digress on New Mexico's problems of the early '30s:

"At the outset, it is obvious that the population is better educated than formerly. Public schools are open to every non-Indian child, and government schools are available to a very high percentage of Indians. . . . Our people have become educated to higher and higher standards of living, in which fact we should rejoice, but we should not shut our eyes to the ominous fact that high grade employment is, each year, harder and harder to find. Already the migration to other states of the highest type of intellectual young men trained in New Mexico colleges, presumably for service in New Mexico, yet who leave us to bear our burdens and to conduct our affairs with the help of those not their mental equals, is becoming sad to contemplate. They leave us to secure the better grade positions which

we cannot offer them. [And, referring to health-seekers] We have also received remarkable intellects from other states (the white plague sends us other things besides money). Indeed, without the culture and intelligence that reside with us in many a less vigorous body, we would be poor indeed, yet it is hard to see our own hardy sons leaving us, when we know only too well the chances that life mates for our educated daughters will be found more and more among those of less rugged health."

Dr. Clark's worries about the arrival of tuberculars and the departure of bright young men seeking employment elsewhere, have been stilled by the medical progress of World War II, which made TB a curable disease, while atomic energy and its attendant scientific developments at Los Alamos, Sandia and White Sands, have brought thousands of America's most competent young intellectuals into New Mexico, many of them, we trust, to become "life mates for our educated daughters."

A poem by Witter Bynner introduced the volume:

#### NEW MEXICAN ADOBES

*Here in this autumnal Spain  
Adobes live with little rain,  
And even crumbling seem to me  
Sweeter than a spring can be  
In any other place but this,  
Where an eternal autumn is.*

Other poets included Margaret Pond (Peggy Pond Church) "a Santa Fe girl, now resident at Otowi, N. M."; Norman Macleod, Catherine Macleod, Dorothy Ellis, and Robert Hunt.

Other contributors included T. M. Pearce, later to edit *NMQ*, on "Martin

Chuzzlewit;" Lynn B. Mitchell, classical scholar, presenting Theocritus' play "The Women of Alexandria," and George St. Clair, on "Moments of Beauty" from his travels.

The reviewers were Paul A. F. Walter, George St. Clair, F. M. Denton, Paul Walter, Jr., and Vernon G. Sorrell. The books were *Ancient Life in the American Southwest*, by Edgar L. Hewett; Dirk Gora's *Russian Dance of Death; The Mysterious Universe*, by Sir James Jeans; *The Navajo Indians*, by Dane Coolidge and Mary Roberts Coolidge, and *The Stock Market Crash and After*, by Irving Fisher.

With DR. PAUL WALTER, JR. as Editor of University Publications, the first seven issues were under a faculty editorial board: President J. F. Zimmerman, Dr. John D. Clark, Dr. George St. Clair, Dr. J. W. Dieffendorf, Dr. France V. Scholes, and Prof. F. M. Denton.

In Winter, 1934, DR. T. M. PEARCE became the first editor to be so listed, continuing until Volume X in 1940, when DR. DUDLEY WYNN became editor, with Dr. Pearce being listed as associate editor through 1948. In Spring 1947, DR. CHARLES ALLEN became acting editor for four issues. DR. JOAQUÍN ORTEGA, eminent Spanish scholar, became editor in Spring 1948, and continued through 1950, producing a distinguished series of art and literary features. DR. GEORGE ARMS was editor from Spring through Autumn 1951. KENNETH LASH edited *NMQ* from Winter 1951 through Spring 1955. PAUL M. SEARS edited the magazine from Summer 1955 through Autumn 1956. The present editor, ROLAND DICKEY, became *NMQ*'s tenth editor in Winter 1956.



## Head Notes

PENELOPE AGNES BENNETT, a young lady who lives in Sussex, England, left Leeds University to work on her short stories and a novel. "Mrs. F. Pearson-Bent" is her first published story, but her poetry has been printed in *Atlantic Monthly* and "obscure" magazines.

Pío BAROJA (1872-1956), Spanish Basque author of nearly a hundred novels, the best those "reflecting city low life," chose as his preferred heroes "non-conformists and insurgents." ELAINE KERRIGAN, translator of "The Madrid Ragpicker," has translated eight stories for a special Spanish literature issue of *Texas Quarterly*. Schirmers has published her book on the folk songs of Palma de Mallorca, Spain, where she lives with her husband ANTHONY KERRIGAN. Author of thirteen books in translation, Mr. Kerrigan is preparing a volume on Unamuno for Bollingen Foundation. Besides his dictionary article, the present *NMQ* carries a poem by Kerrigan, and he has published a book of verse, with accept-

ances of poems and articles in numerous periodicals.

TERRY RAY has been associated with Albuquerque Little Theatre since 1949, "doing mostly backstage work." She has edited an Army paper and a trade journal, and has done newspaper reporting, feature writing, and technical editing.

RAMÓN SENDER, one of today's most significant Spanish authors, has written *Before Noon* and a long list of other distinguished novels. He is a professor at the University of New Mexico.

GERARDO SÁENZ, who became a friend of Alfonso Reyes while doing research in Mexico City, is an assistant professor in Modern Languages at the A & M College of Texas.

BEATRICE TYDINGS ROSENBERG, widely traveled member of the English Department at Pasadena City College, based her "Truck Route" on a personal experience in Mexico in 1957.

OCTAVIO AMÓRTEGUI is a Colombian

attaché living in Mexico City. His translator, CHARLES GUENTHER, is a noted St. Louis poet and critic, whose verse, translations, reviews and articles have appeared in more than eighty magazines.

A poem by PEGGY-POND CHURCH appeared in Volume I, Number 1, of *New Mexico Quarterly*. Recently returned to residence in Santa Fe, after years in San Francisco, she is one of the Southwest's most talented writers.

Verse by JOHN ATHERTON, associate professor of English at Claremont Men's College, is found in *New Yorker*, *Saturday Review*, *Yale Review* and other media.

JOHN CLARKE is studying for the A.M. degree at Stanford University on a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship.

On the staff of *Experiment*, a *Quarterly of New Poetry*, E. R. COLE's work is known in many of the "little" magazines.

Now teaching at the University of New Mexico, FRANKLIN DICKEY has received a Guggenheim fellowship to study Renaissance poetics in England and Italy, and grants from the Folger and Huntington libraries for work on English poetry of the 1580's. His book, *Not Wisely but Too Well*, on Shakespeare's love tragedies, came out in 1957.

JOEL MARKMAN, now in New York City, was editor of University of New Mexico's student literary magazine, *The Thunderbird*.

DOROTHY MASLEY, an Albuquerque resident, says "Piano improvisations at Graham & Humphrey studios to improvisations in the kitchen mark my Odyssey."

Holder of the 1959 D. H. Lawrence Summer Fellowship at Taos, DOUGLAS NICHOLS is assistant professor of English at the University of Colorado, and has pub-

lished verse in *Botteghe Oscure*, *Kenyon Review*, *Colorado Quarterly*, and *New Republic*.

A collection of poems by WILLIAM E. STAFFORD is being released by Talisman Press, and his verse is in a dozen magazines, from *Poetry* to *Paris Review*.

NANCY SULLIVAN is with the English Department at Brown University and her poems have been printed by *Southwest Review* and *Chelsea Review*.

ELIZABETH CLUBB, now eighteen, had her first one-man art show in Las Vegas, Nevada, at the age of seven, painted in Alaska for five years, and at age ten won third prize in an All-Alaska show with adult competition. She lives in Albuquerque, where her work has been shown at various galleries.

---

## New Mexico Quarterly

### THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

*Editor*, Roland Dickey

*Assistant Editor*, Virginia Manierre

*Book Review Editor*

Ramona Maher Martinez

*Editorial Assistants*

J. Robert Feynn, Margaret Weinrod

*Advisory Committee*

George Arms, Lez Haas,

Lincoln LaPaz, William J. Parish,

Paul Walter, Jr., Dudley Wynn



**Frazzled-?**

**RELAX & READ**



**SAINTS IN THE VALLEYS**

*by José E. Espinosa*

Christian sacred images in the history, life and folk art of Spanish New Mexico, illustrated with 47 photographs. \$6.50

**BEFORE NOON**

*by Ramón Sender*

A candid, delicately humorous novel of a peacock boyhood in pre-Civil War Spain. ". . . beautiful, tranquil, and generous-spirited. . . ."—Anthony West, *The New Yorker*. \$5.00

**DANCING GODS**

*by Erna Fergusson*

Dances and ceremonials of the Indians of the Southwest are described and explained in this authentic guidebook. \$5.00

**ROOTS IN ADOBE**

*by Dorothy L. Pillsbury*

More delightful whimsical sketches of her Santa Fe neighbors-in-adobe by the author of *Adobe Doorways*. illustrated \$4.00

**STEINBECK AND HIS CRITICS**

*by E. W. Tedlock, Jr. & C. V. Wicker*

". . . gives me the pleased but uneasy feeling of reading my own epitaph."—John Steinbeck. \$6.00

**VIOLENCE IN LINCOLN COUNTY**

*by William A. Keleher*

Fresh insight and new documentation of the New Mexican frontier and the bloody Lincoln County War. \$6.00

*University of  
New Mexico  
PRESS*

RALPH HUGHES



# **New Mexico Quarterly**



**THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY**