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NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

RUBEN DARIO: POET OF THE WESTERN WORLD

GEORGE N. MacDONELL

GOYA, A VISUAL PROPHET

VIVIAN NORA GRELICK

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WORD "GAUCHO"

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OKLAHOMA TERRITORY: TWELVE SONNETS

ELIJAH L. JACOBS

THREE SONNETS OF MICHELANGELO

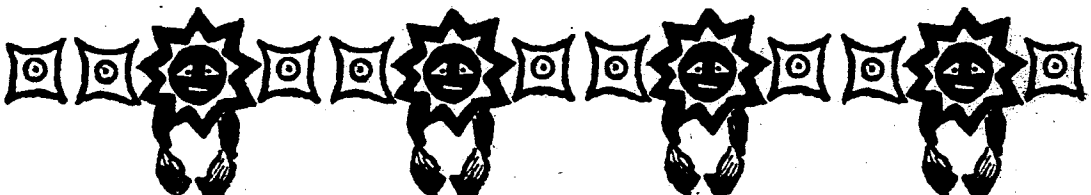
TRANSLATED BY PAUL E. MEMMO, JR.

SHORT STORIES

JERYL LAFON, NORMAN HALLIDAY, LEE JACOBUS

BOOK REVIEWS

VERSE



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OKLAHOMA TERRITORY

I. By Covered Wagon into Oklahoma

Green was beginning to brighten the flatland's dun;
Bushes laid shadows across the wandering road.
The low horizon already hid half the sun
Before they camped by the trees. As darkness flowed
Across the prairie, the dead-grass kindling flickered,
Glowed; the campfire burned, lighting a spot
Walled in by night. One of the horses nickered,
And presently somebody passed at a rapid trot.
A small owl's quavering screech, the sudden squeal
Of some small thing in the grass, the dusty scent
Of the warm still air—this was a night to feel
And see and hear and remember with vast content,
For here was the Territory; the homestead lay
Perhaps three days, by covered wagon, away.

II. The Dugout

A man who brings his wife to a homestead claim
Will need a house, but the house is only a part—
He needs to fence his pasture, he needs to tame
A bit of that primitive soil, to make it start
Potatoes and beans and corn; he needs a well.
The house can wait. Back in a little rise
A dugout room with a pleasant earthy smell
Holds bed and stove and table. Before it lies
A valley with trees, and a small stream winding through—
Makeshift, of course, but Father plows and fences
And digs his well. He makes a mistake or two.
His dugout is snug and dry till the rain commences
And the creek in the valley floods. His floor is low;
A foot of water comes in from the overflow.

III. The Sod-Breaking

No plow had ever gouged that ancient sod
Until the day when a man with his cattle came,
Swinging his whip, using its stock for a prod—
The prairie was not an easy thing to tame.
Three pairs of oxen—scrawny, my father said,
But big and impressive enough to a small boy's eyes—
Leaned against their yokes, and moved ahead.
I saw the rabbits run and meadow larks rise.
I saw the neighbors coming to watch the breaking—
Men and women, children and dogs in a stream.
I heard the excited gabble the crowd was making.
But mainly I saw that plow with the massive beam,
Its bright share tilted, nosing into its burrow,
Stripping a ribbon of sod from the field's first furrow.

IV. Longhorns Passing

Sometimes an Indian passed along the road
On a gaunt old horse, his hair in long black braids
Touching his saddle. A freighter's mule-drawn load;
A covered wagon with kettles, axes, spades
Stuck on the sides, a lean dog panting along
Between the wheels, children peering out;
Sometimes a cowboy, lariat tied by a thong
To his saddle horn—many folk traveled the route
To Texas and westward; and one day, crowding the slope
East of our little creek, a bellowing herd
Of longhorn cattle. I saw the swinging rope
Of the cowboy guiding the leaders, the pony spurred
To a sudden gallop, the wide and wonderful spread
Of the great white horns on every tossing head!

V. Little Toads

Plowing and stirring had broken the grass-roots' hold,
And the loose red soil of Oklahoma blew
With the wind, that spring. The open spaces rolled
With dust and last year's weeds, and nothing grew
In field or garden. Then rain brought a burgeoning spell,
And growth was quick and lush. Never was gain
So daily visible. Never sang birds so well,
Or grass-blades dripped such dew. Rain after rain
Had turned a thousand depressions to spawning-places,
And everywhere thousands of little toads,
Too young to be ugly, swarmed from the grassy spaces,
Their backs dew-sprinkled. They hopped in the sandy roads,
Dodged hooves and wheels, fled where the grass was thin,
The sunlight glinting on every gray little skin.

VI. One Man Rode a Borrowed Horse

The Anti-Horse-Thief Association met
In urgent session—Bryant's little bay mare
Was stolen. Now she took on value—a pet,
A family treasure. Bryant would sooner spare
Any two other horses. The man was a fool;
But neighbors took their guns and started a search.
They rode the region, they looked at every mule
And mare and gelding at every hitchrack—church
Or street or auction—grimly inspected teams
From Chandler to Guthrie, followed every track
Through Indian areas, camped by dried-up streams,
Gave up, and all but one man drifted back.
The mare, meanwhile, came home, alone, to her stall;
The borrowed horse never came back at all.

VII. Oklahoma Night

Saturday night, I think, a meeting of neighbors,
Visiting? Dancing? The things I remember best
Were talk and laughter, people free of their labors
Crowding together by lamplight; and then the zest
Of the slow ride homeward. Deep in the wagon box
We children sat, padded with quilts and straw
Against the jolting of springless wheels on rocks
And blackjack roots, in potholes of the raw,
Rain-washed, and rutted roads. Off in the dark
Some camper's fire burned with a flickering light,
A coyote yelped reply to a farm dog's bark,
A man on horseback, galloping through the night,
Showed against the sky at the top of a hill—
Oklahoma was half-wild country still.

VIII. Building a Railroad

Irish Paddies followed the right-of-way,
Came down the cut and stopped for a week or two;
Tired of the mules they worked, they drew their pay
And took to the cut again. Some of the crew
Were sun-cured farmers—Territory crops
Were thin that year. Profane and wonderful men,
They trundled the big-wheeled scrapers across the tops
Of ridges and fills, they lived in the Devil's Den—
The brown-tent camp—shouted, brawled, blasphemed
With casual zest, told tales to a boy's delight—
Stories with lie and truth most plausibly teamed
To move together. But once on a Saturday night
I slept too well. A certain exuberant spirit
Shot up the camp with his pistol. I did not hear it.

IX. Duel for Jennie

Jennie, belle of the railroad-building crew,
The foreman's daughter, was courted by several men,
Samp and Briscoe being the leading two,
Horse-doctor and dentist. They bickered one morning, and then
Briscoe the bantam, and Samp, big and uncouth,
Proceeded from insult to duel—a tooth-pulling match,
Each with the forceps he carried. Samp, in truth,
Looked like the winner. Agreeing that each should attach
His weapon to whatever tooth he selected, and pull,
They took positions. The starting-gun fired. They strained.
Samp, the lout, filled his horse-forceps too full,
Grasping three teeth. Too many; too firm. They remained,
While Briscoe twitched out a molar—the horse-doctor's loss.
Red-haired Jennie ran off with the stable boss.

X. After We Moved to Town

The claim had things to remember—a stranger stopping,
Weary and wet, for shelter in a storm;
The creek in flood; the ripe persimmons dropping,
Sweetened by frost; the spring days sunny and warm—
Exciting enough. But after we moved to town,
How much there was—the school where we all marched out,
The triangle beating time, as a house burned down;
The new hotel's green parrot that used to shout
At children passing; the elegant wooden walk
A whole block long, giving to running feet
A resonant clatter; the Saturday babble of talk
On summer days along the dusty street;
And Sunday mornings, in any kind of weather,
The great loud church bells ringing all together!

XI. The Hard Early Years

Between the Cimarron's bank and the edge of town
The road was a mile of loose, delightful sand,
Soft to a boy's bare feet, where wheels cut down
To the fellows' depth. The drayman used to stand
Leaning, as if to help his horses pull.
After that muted mile a splendid roar
Came from the bridge, except when the river was full,
From thudding of calk-shod hooves on the wooden floor,
From drumming of iron tires. But travel stopped
When a flood boiled red in the sandy bed of the river;
The bridge-spans canted, shifted, almost dropped;
We bold ones stepped on the timbers to feel them quiver.
We lingered by bridge and riverbank hour on hour,
Lured and held by that wild violent power.

XII. The Hard Early Years

The heat of the sun could bake a sudden crust
On fields too wet, and the cotton plants would die;
The wind could carry sand and brick-red dust
To drift like snow in a fencerow, top-wire high.
Some of our friends had kitchens with earthen floors;
They patched their harness with rusty chain and wire;
They whittled out primitive latches to hold their doors;
They roasted corn and potatoes before the fire
For lack of kettles and skillets. I sometimes heard
That corn parched nearly black, and ground, would do
Almost as well as coffee. Some preferred
Small bits of sweet potatoes, browned clear through.
Those early days were hard, too hard for some;
Most homesteaders counted on better times to come.

—*Elijah L. Jacobs*

SINCE the name of Rubén Darío is often on the lips of those familiar with the poetry of the Spanish-speaking world, it appears strange that the poet himself and his poetry are not better known to readers in the United States.

This is, therefore, an essay in appreciation of the poet himself, an effort to give a thumbnail sketch of the poet as he lived and labored in his native country of Nicaragua, where he was born in 1867, and to trace the incidents of his European sojourn when he was to become a figure of some note in Madrid and Paris, as well as to give some description of his major poetic works.

Rubén Darío is considered one of the outstanding poets of his period in the New World, and by some of his admirers in Latin-American countries, one of the greatest of those who wrote in the Spanish language. Certainly, he is worthy of study and consideration in North America, where he is little known because his poems are in Spanish with few translations into English. For this reason, certain of his poems have been selected and translated into English in meter nearly like the original.

Rubén Darío
Poet of
the Western World

GEORGE N. MACDONELL

In 1888, Darío wrote his book *Azul*, which met with a favorable reception by critics in Spain after its publication. He was named correspondent of *La nación* of Buenos Aires and, after a period of such employment, was able to visit Spain in 1892. There his triumph began.

When in 1896 he published *Prosas profanas* he was saluted as a poet of great stature. He not only lived in Madrid but traveled on the continent and for a while lived in Paris, where he acquired experience which matured him and benefited his art. In 1905 his volume of poetry *Cantos de vida y esperanza*, "Songs of Life and Hope," marked him as the foremost poet of his day in the Spanish language. His later books, *El canto errante*, "The Wayward Song" (1907), *El poema del otoño*, "The Poem of Autumn," and *Canto a la Argentina*, "Song to an Argentine Lady" (1910), served to confirm his prestige. Although his talent began to decline after 1910, his glory took on added luster

as he continued to receive recognition. He was obliged to return to America on account of the first World War, and arrived in New York in 1914, gravely ill, and went to Central America where he died in his native land in 1916, before he had reached fifty years of age.

During twenty-eight years of literary effort Darío had developed his creative genius, achieved a new triumph in a school of poetry developed largely by him, and had become a major poet who brought about a complete change in literary style. His place in the literature of the Spanish-speaking world would be difficult to overestimate. To Latin-Americans he is somewhat the same as Garcilaso and Góngora are to the Spanish people. America did not have before, and has not had since, a poet of his caliber in the Spanish language.

It would do him a grave injustice to base a complete critique upon his early poems, such as those in *Azul* and *Prosas profanas*. One cannot consider him as a Parnassian poet who sought escape from reality or lived in an ivory tower, in the light of his *Cantos de vida y esperanza*, or *El poema del otoño*. His fame could very well rest on *Azul* and such decorative patterns founded on realism as may be discovered in *La sonatina*, *A Margarita Debayle*, *La marcha triunfal*, *El reino interior*, and *Era un aire suave*, in each of which there is a certain formal elegance, although they lack a sense of reality. Certain of his poems lack the philosophical grandeur of the search for the mystery of life, or the search for God, and yet they found wide acceptance with the public. His verses were repeated by word of mouth, they were current in the salons, at meetings of the literati, in schools and colleges. They pleased the sensibilities, they delighted the ears, and they fired the imagination, by comparing beautiful women with the agile flight of butterflies, or the quiet gliding of a swan over a mirrored lake.

Dr. Juan Chabás, professor of the University of Oriente, Santiago de Cuba, in his highly estimable and valuable work, *Literatura española contemporánea, 1898-1950*, published by Cultural, S.A., Havana (1952), writes:

"It is among the youth of the Republics of the Americas that modernism acquired the fullness of a poetic school of new values and of an aesthetic inspiration of its own. Rubén Darío, affirming it thus, recaptured for America the supremacy of this new movement, and apparently it owes much to the relationships, both commercial or material, and spiritual with other nations of the world."

Devoting considerable space to Darío in Spain, Dr. Chabás says: "His influence was so vast and decisive that one cannot complete the study of the history of our nineteenth century poetry without considering especially the place which Darío occupies in it.

"The first voyage to Spain of the Nicaraguan poet coincided with the Fourth Centenary of Christopher Columbus in Madrid. Rubén Darío arrived as a representative of his country with the Pan-American diplomatic delegation. Afterward, he was at various other times in the Asturias, in the Balearic Islands, and in Madrid. Not all of these later trips have the same interest, but that first trip in 1892, and the one as the Consul of Nicaragua which he achieved in 1901 have the maximum importance for poetry. Rubén Darío referred to them various times, and we take note above all of the allusions made to them in his *Autobiography* (Barcelona, 1915) and the book *Contemporary Spain* (Paris, 1901)."

As a sample of Rubén Darío's earlier verse, I have translated his poem *Dice mía*, which subject may be rendered "Mine Says."

Mi pobre alma pálida
era una crisálida
luego mariposa
de color de rosa
un cefiro inquieto
dijo mi secreto
"¿Has sabido tu secreto un día?
¿Oh mía?
Tu secreto es una
melodía de un rayo de luna..."
"¿una melodía?"

My poor pallid soul
was a chrysalis
Then, a butterfly
of rosy color
An uneasy zephyr
told my secret:
"Have you known your
secret one day?
Oh, mine?
Your secret is a melody of
a ray of moonlight..."
"A melody?"

Already the poet had experienced the tragedy of his life, suffering which he condensed into a phrase: "A vast anguish and small cares." He acquired the force of resignation because of his doubts in the beauty of the world and in a vague mysticism which now possessed him.

En mi jardín se vió una estatua bella;
se juzgó mármol y era carne viva;
un alma joven habitaba en ella;
sentimental, sensible, sensitiva.

In my garden there was seen
A beautiful statue of marble;
And it was of flesh and blood;
A youthful soul inhabited it;
Sentimental, sensible, sensitive.

Dr. Arturo Torres-Río, in his excellent work *Rubén Darío, Antología poética*, "A Poetic Anthology of Rubén Darío," published in 1949 by the University of California Press in translation, maintains that Darío is the great poet of the North American continent and one of the greatest in the Spanish language.

Inasmuch as criticisms of the works of the poet's later years have been somewhat adverse to his fame Dr. Torres makes the assertion that, as a general rule, the writer who is not genial loses somewhat with the passage of the years. Each generation may produce a literary genius in its language; nevertheless, the writers who form the literary tradition of a country become half-forgotten, their names, always present in the history of literature, in the anthologies, even in conversation, become of less interest to readers as time goes on. Among these, Dr. Torres lists many Spanish, American and Brazilian writers, such as de Espronceda, the Duke de Rivas, Zorilla, Echeverría, Mármol, Gonçalves de Magalhães, and Castro Alves, who are well known to the literary world, but he asks what person of literary taste now calms his spirit by reading these poets?

"All go floating down the river of forgetfulness, certain ones still near; others already distant," he comments. "And in time, all will go and when they are remembered in the future it will be for reasons aside from their purely poetic values."

Rubén Darío was not a poet of society. He was not a Catholic poet, although a Roman Catholic, nor was he a poet of democracy. While he may not please every reader of today, it may be the fault of the reader rather than the poet that he is known widely for his most superficial poems, for those with the most brilliant external features, for example: *La ballarina de los pies desnudos*—"The Dancer with the Bare Feet," *El clavicordio de la abuela*—"The Grandmother's Clavichord," *Cyrano en España*—"Cyrano in Spain," *El faisán*—"The Pheasant," and many other poems which are without deep feeling.

A trace of vague mysticism appears in his *La dulzura del ángelus*, which I have translated in the English version as "The Sweet Sound of the Angelus":

The sweetness of the Angelus in
early morning,
Divinely sounding, delights the
provincial fields,
With an innocent air and the fragrance
of roses,
Of prayer and visions of the Virgin
and the trill
Of the nightingale, opposed to
all rude destiny
Which believes not in God . . .
The aureate tangle of the vespers
Which evening unwinds beyond
Opaque crystals, to weave the
seamless cloth of our ills.

All made of flesh and the aromas
of the wine,
And this bitterness of enjoying
nothing,
And not knowing where to direct
our prow;
Meanwhile our poor skiff in
darkness shrouded
Sails over hostile waves, an orphan
of the Aurora—
(Oh, sweet fields in the
awakening dawn.)

Already the poet is speaking of his lost youth, of the bitterness of his existence, of the falseness of Bohemia, of the sense of being a pilgrim in the world with the nightmare of approaching an inescapable doom. Yet he does not know, and does not wish to know the solution to the enigma of existence, for he says with entire humility:

Salute the sun, oh spider, do not show rancor;
Give your thanks to God, oh toad that
you are;
The hairless crawfish has rosy spines,
And mollusks are reminiscent of women;

Perhaps the simple soul of man should remain in an ineffable attitude of repose when facing the phenomena of nature, in a mystical quietness, in a recognition of the beauty of nature. In Darío this philosophy has an almost oriental fatalism.

Ah, sad that a day in its inner sphinx
turns its eyes and asks. It is lost.
Ah, that which asks Eureka's of
pleasure or pain,
Two gods there are, Ignorance and
Forgetfulness

Know what you are, enigmas having forms;
Leave the responsibility to the Norms
Which in their time the Almighty will send,
(Touch, cricket, the light of the moon
and dance the night away.)

In 1910 when he published his outstanding *Poema del otoño*, Darío handled the poetic language with such perfection that he became famous and

was considered the classic poet of his time. This poem has been compared favorably with the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, as a pagan song with optimistic tone, one calling to eternal youth and love. Gemlike stanzas follow one another with a lyric generosity rarely seen. Forgotten are the past dolours as the poet in a jocund mood exclaims:

Y no obstante la vida es bella
por poseer
la perla, la rosa, la estrella,
la mujer.
Y sentimos la vida pura,
clara, real,
cuando la devuelve la dulzura
primaveral.

None the less life is beautiful
through possessing the pearl, the rose,
the star, and woman.
We experience the pure life,
clear, real,
when there returns the sweetness
of spring.

Almost we can hear the strains of Anacreon and Omar when Darío sings with Dionysiac fervor:

Rejoice in the flesh, how well
That now it bewitches us,
And afterwards, it will turn
To dust and ashes.
Rejoice in the sun, in the
Pagan light of its fires,
Rejoice in the sun because
Tomorrow you will be blind.

Take joy in the sweet harmony
Which Apollo invokes,
Rejoice in song, because one day
You will not have a mouth,
Rejoice in the earth, which
One good certainly encloses;
Rejoice because you are not
Already under the soil.

His poetry is reminiscent of a flowery scene in ancient Greece peopled with satyrs and centaurs, nymphs and goddesses, this modern yet nearly pagan poet, traveling the road of life with the certainty of untimely death; crowned with a laurel wreath and with the dove of Venus over his brow.

En nosotros la vida vierte
fuerza y calor,
Vamos al reino de la muerte
por el camino de amor.

In us life gives out force and
warmth,
We go to the realms of death
by the road of love.

The lyrical agility of the great poet of Nicaragua has been compared with the prodigious magic of Góngora. It seems impossible that the vigorous author of *Canto a la Argentina* could refine his lyrical strain and purify it to such a point as to give expression to such ineffable visions as Darío evidences in

his later poems. In his *Canción otoñal* we are compelled to recognize this multiple gift of Rubén Darío, that force that adjusts emotionally to such variety in his poetry, the purity of his diction, the lightness of his treatment, the intimate harmony that this poem manifests. I am giving here only the translation:

The west drowns the setting sun;
dressed in purple and gold,
tomorrow it will return.
In life there are sunsets that
lead us to tears,
Because there are suns that depart
to return no more.

Flown is the magical illusion
in a moment of passion,
And with it the song
of the heart.

This was a king of Colquith
or perhaps of Thule;
A king of lyrical dreams, who
once smiled.
Of his smile perpetual
no one knew whether
It was in pain and pallid
or whether of pleasure.

Gone is the magic illusion
in a moment of passion
And with it the song
of the heart.

Melancholy evening throws
its canopy over the sea.
The evening star peacefully
and divinely shines in the sky.
There is in the tremulous air
An ardent desire to breathe
Because there passes a zephyr
with the soul of Autumn.

Darío died in 1916, but already the critics' darts had been hurled at him. The iconoclastic poets of France and Spain had become known in America, for example Miguel de Unamuno, whose dry and tortured poetry is devoid of elegance and melody. Yet Darío, genial artist that he was, had nothing to do with the newer school, having died before the great change took place. In his last years, he read much of Dante and carried the Bible in his equipment. He sought to express apocalyptic visions; he escaped in the direction of the poetry of dreams. Rare combinations of images and of memories gave these a tone of mystery essential to all great poetry. He had found his unity of the moral and aesthetic, in a form denuded of rhetoric. He wrote an ode to Walt Whitman, whom he characterized as "this poet who goes along his road with the superb face of an emperor."

In his poem *Era un aire suave*, "It Was a Delightful Air," published in 1896 in *Prosas profanas*, he has captured the orchestra's magical notes in a chorus of sounds that flutter to the ear: gallant Spanish dances, fleeting gavottes sung by melodious Gypsy violins. His poems, many of which are not capable of being dissected and are difficult to translate must be read in Spanish to be thoroughly appreciated. I have translated a few to give the sense of his poems, the inner content, although the translations cannot always be fitted into the same poetic forms as the originals. To accomplish such a result in English would require the genius of Rubén Darío himself, the poet of Nicaragua, of the new free world that is the Western World.

I

DARKNESS had come, but the little room where his grandmother lay dying was filled with people now, and the boy was no longer afraid. Earlier that day, when he was left alone with her, a thing had occurred that frightened him and later left him dazed and wondering: an odd thing, that he was unable to get clear in his mind, but which he vaguely understood as being somehow responsible for the arrival, with darkness, of the neighboring men and women; for the strangely diminished tone of their voices; and for the brown paper bag, which they had fastened loosely around the room's only light—a single bulb, suspended from the ceiling over the bed where his grandmother lay.

Shortly before noon he had been lying underneath this bed, on the cool linoleum, while his mother cleaned the room and attended to his grandmother's needs; he was stroking the antique and soporific cat, which had been raised from kittenhood by his grandmother — which had become, she was fond of telling him, a “doddering old man” before *he* was even born.

After a time he left off caressing it and began to toy with its whiskers, bending them double, one by one. His grandmother had forbidden this on previous occasions, explaining patiently each time she did so how it impaired their usefulness in measuring the width of holes in fences, and the like; but there was something about their pliant stiffness that made fondling them a great deal more gratifying than merely running his fingers through the soft white hair. Knowing his grandmother was unable to see him here, beneath the bed, he continued to thwart the old cat's determined endeavors to slumber—feeling somewhat guilty, but giggling a little at the drowsy manner in which it tried to fend off his hand with its paw, tucked its head further into its stomach, curled into a tighter and tighter ball — until finally it could tolerate the game no longer and rose wearily to

Night of the Harvest

(for Sylvia Christine Jones)

a story

JERYL W. LAFON

its feet, plodded across the room, leaped up to the window sill and went out through the open screen.

The boy became aware then that his mother, also, had left the room. He remained where he was for awhile, enjoying the floor's coolness until its hardness grew uncomfortable, then crawled out from under the bed and up into the ancient blue plush armchair beside it; there he drew his knees tightly to his chest, wedged his face between them, and began to examine closely the spaces between each of his toes in turn. "Granny," he said mechanically, "tell me the one about Oliver 'n' Roland."

But his grandmother lay exactly as she was, staring at the ceiling, and made no reply. The boy looked up, after a moment, puzzled. "Granny?"

She turned toward his voice this time, raising her head weakly from the pillow; instantly the boy saw the new thing in his grandmother's eyes—the thing which had sent the icicle lancing into his heart—the thing that had never been present before today: the glassiness, and the terror.

"No! Oh-no, Doctor, not today!" she pleaded feebly. "Next week, Doctor—it isn't time yet, please!" And she let her head fall back to the pillow, began rolling helplessly from side to side. "Don't let him, Harvey," she begged; "not today, please!"

"Oh Doctor-man," she moaned, and "Oh Harvey-Harvey!" in such a way as to set a four-year-old scalp aprickle. Or send a young man skipping from the room in a hurry when he couldn't help seeing that her eyes were open—that she was not asleep and dreaming—and couldn't help remembering (he had been told more than once) that his Grandfather Harvey had gone off to live with God, so many years before.

"That's the-dyin' in 'er," his father had said at lunch, slicing a piece of cheese, getting a warning glance from the boy's mother. But not in time: "What was *dyin'*, Daddy," he wanted to know.

"Hush, Honey," said his mother: "Eat your sandwich now," and "Look here, this is what the moon's made of," passing the cheese for his closer inspection.

The boy's eyes widened in momentary unbelief: he stared at his mother with his mouth slightly open, revealing the milky masticated bread he had not yet swallowed; then looked to his father for confirmation. But his father was looking fixedly down at the table and chewing thoughtfully. The boy decided to accept it on his mother's word; he examined the cheese on the

saucer she had set before him, then lifted the top from the sandwich he was eating and studied his own slice of cheese, comparing them carefully. This too was a new thing—something of which he had not been informed. “Izzat where this piece come from, Daddy—from the moon?”

Out of the corner of his eye he saw his mother look at his father and smile; saw his father return the smile, look up and return it sheepishly. “Well, yeah, I reckon it is—tastes like moon cheese to me,” said his father, and the smiles developed into chuckles.

Delighted to find that he had said something witty, the boy laughed too, louder than his parents, and forgot temporarily about the heart-chilling look in his grandmother’s eyes, which was called dying.

After lunch he sought out his bubble set, filled a small battered pan with soapy water, and went outside. The sun was hot, and for a moment blinding. He stood on the gray weatherworn porch, squinting; then moved down the three rough wooden steps to the yard. Grass was lacking there, and the patches of hot bare ground burned his feet. When he reached the corner of the house he hesitated, staring at the ground and thinking, wriggling his toes in a little pile of dust. Finally he turned the corner and made his way to the peach tree outside his grandmother’s window; here he carefully placed the pan of water in a crotch of the tree and climbed easily to the second branch, at a level with the window. He straddled the limb and kicked his feet back and forth for a while. He inspected the rough bark of the tree, explored it with his fingers. Maybe he would find some rosin. If so, he would chew it. He plucked a leaf and chewed on it, instead. He ignored the open screen. He politely disdained to peer through it, casually absorbed in his own affairs. The house was very dim inside anyway; there was little he could not make out, from the corner of his eye.

At last he relented, removed his bubble pipe from the box, and began blowing the big many-colored ones his grandmother loved to see.

She had been sick for most of the summer, and in bed since her return from the hospital. He came here often during the long drowsy afternoons, ostensibly to escape from the heat, in reality to entertain her: he was a solitary performer for an audience of one, and the tree was his stage. Sometimes he executed simple feats, such as chinning himself or hanging by his legs and “skinning the cat” on a limb of the tree; but she never failed to applaud his daring, and he had never divulged that these acts were not really difficult.

Other times he would bring the bubble set. He had become, since receiving the set as a present on his fourth birthday, an accomplished blower of soap bubbles; had mastered the trying business of producing the big one, and of perceiving the exact moment to remove the pipe from his mouth before the bubble broke. Holding a finger over the hole in the pipestem, to keep the air inside, he would gently disengage each individual product of his art from the bowl of the pipe, so that it floated lightly past the window for her consideration and approval.

Now and then she would call out to him, saying, "Hup-ee! *There's* a beauty," and naming the colors she fancied she saw as the bubble caught the sunlight—using words like *topaz* and *garnet* and *amethyst* and *sapphire*. At times the boy suspected that these strange-sounding colors were not actually present: he yearned to find them, but although he could see the bubbles clearly he had never been able to identify anything other than the elusive greens, purples, and yellows that flickered briefly and then were gone. This too was a secret he kept to himself, however, for he liked hearing the bubbles described in these exotic terms.

Today the boy's performance was rendered in vain. He sent bubble after excellent bubble wafting past the window, but no calls of encouragement issued forth from the darkened room. Finally he decided that perhaps his grandmother had outgrown the game, and to show her that he too considered it somewhat childish he dropped his pipe into the pan of water and purposely dislodged the whole affair from its resting place; it landed with a splash and a clatter at the base of the tree.

But when his manlier feats also failed to evoke response, his curiosity overpowered him. Grasping a limb above his head with one hand, he cupped the other hand to his temple and leaned far out to press his face against the screen. He barely had time to glimpse his grandmother, lying white and inert, before he lost both grasp and footing: his hands scraped the screen, then the side of the house, and he landed with a jolt in the soft earth of what had once served as a flower bed below the window.

Some may suffer the slings and arrows all their lives in stolid and courageous silence, so long as they are permitted to retain their semblances of pride; others may be willing to swallow their pride from time to time as the boy had done; but when the essential dignity of a man has been assaulted, and for no good reason, it is a time to protest vigorously to anyone who will

listen. The boy did so now, wailing at the top of his lungs. He was unhurt, physically, but his soul had been dealt a blow too many. Large salty tears streamed down the sides of his nose, coursed into the corners of his mouth, dribbled off his chin, splashed into the space of dusty ground between his legs. He paused between howls only long enough to get his breath and try to determine what effect his demonstration might be having; but his cries of outrage were unheard or unheeded by all save one, a shaggy flea-ridden red one, who stood feebly wagging his tail. Sneezer, the Irish setter, was also a venerable member of the household; hearing a beloved voice lifted in the not unfamiliar strains of distress, he had come on noiseless feet to investigate.

Unaware of the dog's presence, the boy had just tilted his head back for another protracted wail when he was caught full in the mouth by a wet but sympathetic tongue. He looked at the dog in astonishment, a little uncertain as to what his next move should be. After the moment of indecision he realized that he was not quite finished with his crying and cocked his head for another try at it. This time the tongue stroked his chin, and in spite of his best efforts the boy's attempted wail was more than half laughter. "Aw, Sneezy, you Crazy," he said indignantly, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand; then, with a great lump of love in his throat, he put both of his arms around the dog's neck and hugged it tightly.

The cat had turned the corner and taken several steps before it spied the dog and came to a sudden halt. Sneezer spotted the cat at the same instant: there was a low growl that exploded into a bark, a flash of white, a streak of red, and again the boy was left alone.

He sat forlornly, with his back against the house, silent except for an occasional snuffle and gurgle. His nose wore a smudge from the dirty screen and his lip was adorned with a ribbon of yellow mucous. Mournfully he sat and sifted dust through his fingers, until several tiny mounds of dirt with pinhole perforations, like miniature volcanoes, gained his attention; then he picked up a slender twig and almost unconsciously began to flatten out the little hills of dust. "Doodlebug, doodlebug," he mumbled: "Fly away home. . . ."

II

HIS GRANDMOTHER'S illness was something which the boy had, until today, been taking for granted—like the ugly, never-healing wound on her ankle, the result of a train-wreck injury years earlier, that required daily doctoring and constant bandaging; but seeing her steadily grow thinner and whiter, he occasionally wondered about it. It was a thing he had never understood, knowing only that it was in some way related to the peculiar hump in the bed sheet, made by her swollen belly—a hump that grew larger, day by day, while the rest of her body became pale and shrunken, until the mound beneath the sheet seemed to reach the size of a small round watermelon. Then one day the doctor would come, and if the boy happened to be present in his grandmother's room he would be told to leave. Lingered in the hallway, outside her door, he would sometimes hear her voice, gently protesting: "Not today, Doctor-man, please. Let's wait until next week—it really isn't time yet, please."

When he saw her again the mound beneath the sheet would no longer be visible, and she would be in a pleasant and talkative humor; this, he had learned, was the time to approach her if he were in the mood for a story: one or two days after old Doctor Shanks had paid her a call.

Before the sickness she had never needed coaxing. All during the winter past he had spent the darker, more dismal afternoons in her room, sitting beside her in front of the open fire, or sitting on the hearth near her feet, while snow fell past the window and she darned his father's socks on the little long-stemmed gourd she had found in the garden: telling him tales of knighthood and chivalry, sometimes reciting passages of poetry. A little of the poetry he had learned by heart, not understanding it but loving the sound of her deep melodious voice; liking the distant misty look that always appeared when she recited her favorite passage—with jaw firmly set, so that it sounded almost as if she were speaking through clenched teeth.

"One who never turned his back," she would recite with vicarious pride, "but marched breast-forward! Never *doubted* clouds would break. Never *duh-reemed*, though right were worsted, *wrong* would triumph. Held?" she would ask, "We fall to rise! Are baffled to fight *better*. Sleep? To waken! . . ."

Frequently tears would fill her eyes: "Those are beautiful lines, I love

that little old Bobby Browning." With gourd and needle poised, she would peer at him over the tops of her rimless nose-grip spectacles: "Don't you love that little scamp? Those are beautiful lines, aren't they?"

He would nod enthusiastically, filled with affection for Bobby Browning. But not understanding about the "beautiful lines." Never questioning, but longing to comprehend.

A few times during the winter he had been allowed to spend the nights with her in the big soft bed of goose feathers. On these occasions they would lie awake until far in the night, in a delicious unspoken conspiracy against parental strictness. There would be numerous stories on nights like these, some of which she had read in her ancient and tattered textbooks, and a few of which would spring up instantaneously in the fertile soil of her imagination; and always, the final story of the night, the one she never tired of telling and he never tired of hearing: one of her own stories, about a wretched little unloved orphan-boy, who finally ran away from the orphanage, where he had been treated cruelly all his life; ran away to a distant city with his only friend in the world—a pet monkey named Beppo—and made his home in an empty packing crate behind a deserted warehouse: stealing food for himself and his monkey, having many harrowing adventures and narrow escapes—finally getting caught, but by a wonderfully kind and understanding and childless couple, who legally adopted the little boy and his monkey and took them into their elegant home to live.

After this story had been told they would lie staring into the fireplace, at the dying coals and embers glowing red in the darkness; and, as the room grew cool, "Close your eyes now," she would say, "and tell me the colors you see."

He could never seem to find the proper words to describe them: the ragged lightnings of orange, the filmy networks of silvery blue, the little green islands in an ocean of crimson. But his grandmother would see the colors, and other things as well: pink graceful swans, floating in pools of indigo-blue; tiny scarlet boats on winding emerald rivers; pixies and fairies, riding on white fleecy clouds rimmed with gold.

He would try very hard to see these scenes in his own mind, closing his eyelids tightly, sometimes pressing his knuckles against his eyeballs in an effort to make the visions come—seeing nothing more than little puffs of colored smoke, which gradually merged into a single color, a dull and lifeless

brown, until even this melted finally into obscurity and there were no colors left. Only the darkness of sleep.

But the images would come then, so vividly that he would wonder why he had not been able to see them before; with such clarity he would think it strange, so strange here in his dreams, that he had been unable to describe the simple things he had been seeing before sleep came. If he were capable of conversing from the realm of slumber, he might tell his grandmother in her own terms of the things he saw there.

Once, his mind had started tiptoeing toward the tranquil regions of sleep while she was telling of a sunset; and as her voice dwindled to a pleasant droning in his ears he had seemed to be standing somewhere on the brink of a high cliff, with the sunset spread out before him, seeing the clouds she described—orange, pink, rose, vermilion, purple, and gold—in all their splendor and detail. One of the smaller clouds, a fluffy pink one, had parted company with the others and begun drifting slowly toward him. Just as it finally reached the edge of the cliff, where he was waiting to climb aboard, he saw that it was not a cloud at all but a little two-seater airplane—very much like the toy plane he had been given for Christmas. The pilot, who bore a strong resemblance to his father, had come to take him home.

He climbed into the open cockpit behind the pilot, and in an instant they were soaring noiselessly through the sky. As darkness fell and the sunset diminished from sight, the deep blue dome above them came suddenly alive with fat sparkling jewels—still moist, like huge drops of dew, from having appeared so recently. One of these stood out from the rest, much larger and more beautiful, like topaz and ruby, and sapphire and garnet, and emerald and amethyst—like all of the exquisite gems, which the boy had never seen, collected now into a single magnificent star. As he watched, awed by its brilliance, it abruptly began to fall, arching slowly downward through the night, like the Roman candle he had seen at his Uncle Hobe's on New Year's Eve. His throat ached for its beauty. He was filled with a desperate yearning to touch it—to grasp its loveliness, if only for a moment, in his hands. His longing became so intense that the little airplane continued its journey without him, and he was somehow left floating there in the sky, waiting for the falling star to reach him. It did, finally, and he put out his hands, cupped to seize its beauty; but it burned right through and kept on falling. . . .

III

WHEN BROTHER PURVIS began entreating the Lord to be with the sick in body everywhere—as well as the sick in spirit—and reminding him to be with those people in war-torn nations, relief in the room was almost audible; everyone present knew that the end of his supplication was now in sight. He had been explaining to the Lord at length about the basic goodness of the dying woman's soul, as though defining her subtler and less-evident charms to a person who scarcely knew her; but now the eulogy was finished. As he pronounced the words "A-Men," two or three pious voices repeated them, softly seconding the motion.

The boy had not been listening to all of the minister's words; but he had kept his head down and his eyes closed, like the others. He had been seeing the colors and wondering how he might describe them to his grandmother the next time he was allowed to spend the night with her. When he heard the rustling and coughing, and the sound of throats being cleared, he opened his eyes and saw the moon, full and newly risen, hanging low and round and framed like an enormous ball of yellow cheese in the branches of the peach tree.

His grandmother was in a coma. Doctor Shanks had explained it to the room at large before he left; and there was, he said, no way of knowing. . . . Maybe she would last the night . . . maybe not. Meanwhile he was sorry, there wasn't anything he could do . . . wasn't anything anybody could do . . . keep her comfortable, maybe . . . she was a mighty brave woman.

But what was a coma, the boy had wanted to know. "Whatsa coma, Momma?" he had inquired of her legs, encircling them with his arms, in a fond embrace; and "Hush, Honey," she had replied, "Granny's in a coma. It's a—well, sort of . . . Granny's in a deep . . . hush now."

Something deep, then. A well, sort of. Something deep, and indigo-blue in color. . . .

The women were sitting around the bed in a kind of semicircle, his mother occupying the blue plush armchair, nearest his grandmother. Now and then she reached out and removed the damp washcloth from his grandmother's forehead, handing it to his Aunt Effie and saying, "Here, Effie, damp it again, Honey: she's burning up, poor thing." And his Aunt Effie,

eager to be of at least equal assistance, would quickly douse the rag in the bucket of well-water between her feet, squeeze it, and pass it back to his mother: "Here, Honey—here's another cloth, poor thing." And old Grannie Shaw, next in the semicircle, would take up the words in a little refrain and echo them musically around the arc: "—Another cloth, poor thing. She's burnin' up, poor thing. . . ."

Grannie Shaw was always present on occasions such as this. But she never came to render assistance: she was wizened and frail, and not exactly right in her head, besides. Grannie Shaw was nobody's grandmother, in reality; but she was everyone's grannie. She was eighty-odd years old, and she was here tonight, in this house, in this room, simply because, at such a time, it was the granniest place to be. She had, in fact, outlived a great many of her "gran'churin", and she was often the one who continued to sit beside the bed throughout the night, after everyone else had gone home to his own, after the patient had passed on to another world. In her pink faded sun-bonnet—wearing her round, green-tinted, gold-rimmed eyeglasses—with her little gnarled hands clutching the little gnarled walking stick between her skinny knees—chewing perpetually on something known only to toothless grannies—she was always on hand at events such as this.

"Miss Emily" Harkin was sitting next to Grannie Shaw. Miss Emily was perhaps the closest friend of the woman who was dying beneath the shaded bulb. The two of them had much in common. Miss Emily (like the boy's grandmother before the illness) was a large woman, of the sort who might have been called, in her more youthful days, statuesque. She had the same beautiful silver hair that the boy's grandmother, before the sickness, had always worn in a bun at the back of her neck—which Miss Emily wore in braids, coiled about her head and fastened tightly at the top. Like the boy's grandmother too, Miss Emily had already survived her husband by many years.

She was an enduring source of awe for the boy. At some dim, unfortunate moment in her past she had undergone an operation on her throat; and now, when she spoke, it was with a voice not her own: it was only her lips moving, and someone else's voice—seemingly a man's—which appeared to come from a little box inside her. The boy had asked about it once, thinking perhaps she might have a radio hidden in her chest. Miss Emily had studied him affectionately, with a mixture of sympathy and amusement; then her eyes

had begun to gleam mysteriously, and abruptly the little radio had announced—from deep inside her throat: “Yes, she accidentally swallowed me, several years ago—the old fool!” And both Miss Emily and his grandmother, with a perfectly coordinated maneuver, had thrown back their heads in unison, in a duet of noiseless laughter.

Tonight, however, Miss Emily’s station was off the air: she sat almost motionless, with her head tilted slightly to one side, and watched her dying friend. Her hands, the slender fingers entwined in her lap, were in placid contrast to her grief-clouded eyes.

Sister Purvis, the minister’s wife, was seated in the chair at Miss Emily’s left; and Hattie Pritchard, the local schoolmistress, completed the semicircle.

Hattie also was a near friend of the boy’s grandmother, and aside from Miss Emily it was she who had come most often to visit during the illness, frequently bringing books for the sick woman to read: textbooks on literature and ancient history. From time to time she leaned over and said something in a low voice to Sister Purvis, who would nod her head and relay the message, delivering the words in a whisper to Miss Emily’s inclining ear.

A fat woman sat by the window, a little way apart from the others, occasionally stirring the air with a large cardboard fan. She was sitting in a straight-backed, cane-bottom chair from the kitchen, and it hardly accommodated her size: her thighs overflowed at either side. She was new in the community, and it was partly for this reason that she had not joined the semicircle. Primarily, however, it was to be near the window. She had lost no time in acquiring the fan on her first Sunday at the church, where Brother Purvis preached.

The room smelt sickly of her gladioluses. She had brought them tonight, and the boy’s mother had put them in a water pitcher and placed them on the mantelpiece above the fireplace; but they had not been freshly cut. Withering spikes of red, white, and yellow, some of their petals had already fallen to the hearthstone.

The fat woman made no apparent effort to overhear, or take part in, the whispered conversation around the bed; but intermittently muttered, “Whew!” or “Lordy, it’s hot!” to nobody in particular. Once she reached for the boy, with the intention of placing him in her lap; but he shyly wriggled free, timid of strangers and instinctively disliking the stains of brown that outlined her mouth and emphasized the crevices of her lips.

The men in the room stood in a group, conversing softly in their deep bass voices, gravely bobbing their heads at one another. Uncle Hobe and the boy's father stood in a corner with Brother Purvis, talking earnestly; or, more exactly, listening earnestly while Brother Purvis talked. Except for them the only masculine face in the room which the boy's eye had singled out for observation belonged to a young man who had winked at him a few minutes earlier and called him "Cotton." It was the face of a young man who had moved into the community early the previous spring: he had purchased the little farm a short way down the road and was now their nearest neighbor. But to the boy's knowledge it was the first time the young man had ever been inside this house, although he passed it often on his way into the village—usually walking, occasionally driving his tractor.

In the spring the boy's grandmother had been a big woman, still able to work in the garden. During the warm months before her illness the garden was where she had spent most of her waking hours—planting, in addition to the little beds of flowers and strawberries and radishes and onions at the upper end, several rows of corn and tomatoes and butter beans and potatoes; and a single row of watermelons. This year the boy had wanted to help with the planting, and after questioning him ironically as to which side of the family he owed his diligence (certainly not to his father's clan, she had remarked wryly) his grandmother had consented—pleased, in spite of her caustic comments, by his willingness to help.

Late one afternoon they had been preparing to plant potatoes. They had been working since noon, and the boy's arms were numb with fatigue. He was still only halfway across the final row when the young man passed the garden. It must have seemed a curious sight: the tall aged woman, bent almost double and hoeing furiously, wearing a dress that reached below her ankles and an enormous sunbonnet which was—even for this remote and timeless section of the country—a little outdated; and the little cotton-haired, sun-toasted boy, scarcely as large as the hoe he wielded, chopping grimly in the next row down, wearing nothing at all except a pair of ragged blue overalls which had been cut off above the knees.

The young man had slowed his walk to gaze at them. But Granny looked up and caught him staring, and the young man dipped his chin in a nod, then looked quickly in another direction. Granny straightened up to her full height, brandishing the gooseneck hoe and shouting, "Don't just bob your

head at *me*, young man! If I happen to be working in this garden when you walk past it, *speak!*" She had literally screamed this last word and had then added defiantly: "The name is Talburton—*Aitch Vee* Talburton!" (It was not untypical that she used her dead husband's initials by way of introduction; nobody outside the family had been permitted to know that her given name was Tabitha. Even her dearest cronies, Hattie Pritchard and Miss Emily, called her "Tallie," or "Tal," or simply, "Talburton.")

Flustered, the young man had merely nodded his head again. He attempted a smile, succeeded only in looking as though he had just been bitten by a snake. But he had never failed to speak thereafter, or wave from his tractor, or stop to lean on the sagging wire fence for a chat, when he passed the garden.

The boy, also, had been surprised, looking up in dismay, at the tone of his grandmother's voice; but even as he saw the little sparks of fire that were prancing in her eyes, and took note of her pulsating nostrils, he was conscious of the smile held tight at the corners of her mouth, and his alarm had subsided rapidly. Afterward, when the young man was out of sight, "You're a good worker," she had said—so unexpectedly, he immediately wasn't tired anymore, plodded along beside her even, while she finished out his row and dropped the little chunks of potatoes into the furrows: "We're sowing now, when summer comes maybe we'll reap."

Summer had come. Now it was Indian Summer, and it seemed to the boy that the reaping had been forgotten by everyone except himself. He no longer mentioned it, not since the sickness, but hope like a thorn in his daily thoughts could still produce an image of his waking one day to the coolness of early-morning air on his naked body: he would open his eyes to find that his grandmother had drawn back the cover; she would be bending above him, peering at him over the tops of her spectacles. "Up! Up, little Hindu! Today we're going to reap."

The boy's disappointment would have been less acute had he known that the reaping, which his mother had been seeing after for several weeks, was connected in any manner whatever with the corn he tried to help her silk, and the butter beans he tried to help her shell, for these were chores he despised. Especially the corn: the silking in itself was tedious enough, and there was always the soggy, rotten-looking tip, dank and unpleasant to the touch; forever the uncertainty as to what sort of hideous green worm might

be lurking in the darkness, under the fibers of the tassel, to make his flesh crawl. . . .

But his flesh crawled now, and for the second time that day his breast was pierced by an ice-cold sliver of fear, as he heard the sudden loud and unearthly gasp from the bed—prolonged, as if his grandmother were trying to drink up all the air in the room with one tremendous sob. He found himself sitting in the fat woman's lap of his own accord, her face a blob of white through the boiling tears: "Whatsamatter with 'er, lady—whatsamatter wi' Gran?" he implored in a whisper, while simultaneously an inner voice was pleading silently, fervently: *God, God, God, be wi' them people in war's tornations*, and the old white cat was entering unnoticed through the open screen.

The fat woman winced, visibly taken aback by her unexpected visitor. She looked furtively about the room, mildly embarrassed as she gently pried his fingers loose from the enormous breast he was clutching with all his strength. "Hush, Honey," she said softly. "It's all right: your granny's havin' a little trouble gettin' 'er breath, that's all. God is—takin' 'er breath away, I reckon."

But, "What's *breath*, lady?" he wanted to know. He wondered if perhaps it too were made of something akin to cheese: something firm but yielding, and yellowish orange in color.

The fat woman had no answer. She was having a little trouble getting her own breath. "Lordy, it's hot!" she said, and began to stir the air more rapidly with the cardboard fan.

It was the same thing his grandmother had said, just before the horns started to blow.

An awesome and thrilling thing, his first visit—his only visit—to the big, sprawling city: the crowds and the traffic and the noises and the beautiful window scenes and the laughing, jostling people. But the day had spent itself, he was tired, and there had still been the long walk back to the bus station, where they were to meet his father and mother. "Lordy, it's hot!" said his grandmother, when they were halfway across an intersection; and just then the light changed, and a man in his car sounded the horn.

His grandmother stopped in her tracks, brandishing the walking stick and looking fierce. Another horn honked, and she shook the stick at it. Then

another horn, and another and another, until suddenly every car in sight was sounding its horn, some going beep-beep, some going tin-tin, some blaring and some bleating, and his grandmother waving the knotty old stick at them all, her eyes aflame, her nostrils aquiver, grim little smile at the corners of her mouth, like the insane maestro of an orchestra gone berserk, leading it in a wild and terrifying symphony of deafening, discordant sound.

Walking numbly by her side, in the eternity it required to reach the curb, he could not be certain whether she deliberately allowed her chin to precede her, as she hobbled on across the street, or whether—as was frequently the case—the chin just naturally walked a little ahead of the rest of her. But that was a thing he remembered afterward; that and the way the men in their cars had laughed, bobbing their heads at one another. . . .

Now she lay unmoving, white and shrunken below the brown paper bag. Her wide open eyes stared at nothing. Her long sharp-pointed chin pointed at nothing. The intervals between each wasting gasp for breath became longer and longer. Until finally there were no more gasps. No sound, nothing. Someone said, "She's gone, poor thing," and covered her face with the sheet.

The boy's mother looked at him then, across the room, her eyes wide, as though seeing him for the first time that night and not believing he were really there. "Granny's gone, Honey—gone to live with God," she said, looking as if she didn't exactly believe that, either. Then she covered her face with her hands, and her shoulders began to shake, and she sat there shaking, reminding the boy somehow of his father's old truck with the engine idling, until Brother Purvis came over and put his arm around her, assisted her out of the chair, and led her out of the room.

"She's gone, poor thing, poor Tallie's gone," Grannie Shaw sang it pianissimo in her cracked, nasal voice. Then Aunt Effie's shoulders began to shake, and Miss Emily brought her hands to her face, and the boy said, "Where's she at, lady? Ain't that Gran over yonder?" pointing at the mound beneath the bed sheet, and Sister Purvis put her arm around Miss Emily, and the fat woman said, "Hush, Honey, it's all right, God's took your granny's breath away, she's gone t'live with God, it's all right, hush-now-Honey."

But his mother, also, had left the room. Where had *she* gone? "Where's Momma, lady?" he wanted to know, but a man's voice whispered, "Look—the moon," and the fat woman turned to look, and Sister Purvis and Hattie

Pritchard turned to look, twisting around in their chairs, and three or four men came over to the window to look, and one of them said, "Well, I never. . . ."

"Why, it's the—eclipse," said Hattie Pritchard. "I saw—in the paper—but I'd forgotten. . . ."

"Yes, but—isn't it—strange?" said Sister Purvis, and someone else said, "Yes . . . it's awful strange. Almost as if . . ."

What? The boy never found out, everyone seemed to be having trouble getting his breath, but shortly before his Uncle Hobe came over and removed him from the fat woman's lap and carried him out of the room he had looked and seen it too, over the fat woman's shoulder; had seen that she was right: it was higher than the peach tree now, but God had been slicing away while nobody was watching, most of it was gone, and the part that remained had become white and shrunken.

Possibly the boy understood, then, that his grandmother's breath was gone for good—that not one of the hush-Honey people could ever bring it back. He could not have known that he would never again eat a cheese sandwich; but he was dizzy, his heart was plummeting down, down, and his eyes were gleaming tears again in the amber half-darkness. "We ain't reaped yet," he said weakly, seeking a definite answer.

It was not what he wanted to say: the words had simply darted out, while his mouth was open; and one or two of the men standing nearest the window turned to look at him oddly, wondering what he meant. But no one answered, none could think beyond his own heart's beating, and there was silence, except for the old white cat meowing pitifully at regular intervals.

Indies

Muslin and silk, Solages, and stunning canvas:
spin me the cloths of dream, inherit thunder
spreading their depths and folds and amplitudes,
some native wooden table crudely whittled
sufficient with a bed and tropic candle
for laying deep late suppers of our lives,
the breadfruit and the passionfruit, the wine.

I shall remember gulls, Solages, and dolphins
dappled among the strings of sea pianos
plucked from the surf, inlaid with keys of salt,
islands from here and midnights that you sounded,
a breath like music only partly music
tremulous on the wings from every feather,
codas like breathing deeper than a breathing
hammering from the gills humming release,
all their soft bodies holding on the dark
merely by air and water and the evening.

Muslin, Solages, that all the night be bedded
sweet and immaculate, smelling of light
on which the women beat out common laundry
centuries where the coasts crumble to boulders
under the ceaseless raining of the sun,
to lie with just that touch of poverty
delicious to the limbs, rather than linen
woven of niceties and aspiration,
some coarse reminder threaded to the nights
of origins, poor sources, meager ends,
that we not lose the feel of who we are

and where it is, relentlessly, we blow,
nor that we like so well some finer garment
that we mistake it for a coat of skin,
never again to go naked and burning
out to the pieties of midnight islands
and swim there dimly trailing opalescence.

And silk, Solages, that we lie soft in dream
launched on a sea whose archipelagoes
stagger the wheel of color in the mind,
make infinitely poor and like a dark
what light we thought whenever we thought light,
silk of blue mornings presaging sheer weathers
over the sea-lanes to the Grenadines,
the Windwards and the Leewards, the Bahamas,
silk of the body in the blinding rooms
woken to in white ports and gleaming harbors,
or the great beaches, or the stunning beds
made of the passion laid there, of the breath,
silk of bright semen billowing on the night
as if the Trades shall populate the earth
and warm the dead to riches, plangencies.

Canvas, Solages, that we may know of voyage,
of pride like light and brine, of manly things,
stronger than sail, profounder than the wind,
all settings out, all passages, all entrance,
something too dark of music to be music,
closer than breath, Solages, to be but breath,
barnacles on our eyes, encrusted visions,
nothing so much as self the sea we sailed for;
canvas, Solages, that staunch and bleached above us
something as vast as heaven sail tomorrow.

And what of speech, Solages, the island tongues:
muslin of Spanish, crude, endured, familiar,
lash of the everyday, the human lot,
sweat of the body, that work of the hands
marking us as the humble and religious,
simple because we carry but ourselves,
plain shirt and breathing of the hemisphere;
and silk of French, sounding too delicate
for anything, Solages, but some exotic
ambience, and indolence, and sheen,
a rapture of the body on the tongue
summed in the graces and felicities
of syllables like wrists and waists of phrases
redolent with the flesh of fragile secrets
stirring themselves in dreams from dry cocoons;
canvas of Portuguese, that on our heads
lift durabilities beyond disaster,
that what befalls us of a wind or tide
must first break on the language, on the sail,
smashing itself before our chests and shoulders
feel the full lash of agony across it;
that somehow language and its noun of darkness
hold themselves to the last as far salvation,
and that the word be breath's aching extension,
so that all air and light must first be suffered,
even survived, if speech be undertaken,
speech or the word for setting out attempted,
day and the sea and Indies passed from breathing
into the bloodstream of the fiercest language,
Portuguese the canvas that shall sweep us
hot to the breathy reefs and loom of islands,
cloth of the blazing wrists, the stitch of voyage,
my textures of belief, Solages, my advents.

—*Herbert Morris*

Sunken Galleon

Sinking it was unsettling. Brandy began to pour,
A golden gulp in the gullet of the sea.
Many a Spaniard will drink coffee without *fundador*
After this fall from grace. A duke's cigars and tea
Bob off in lacquered boxes past an escritoire.

Ormolu nightingales like open-mouthed marauders
Are the interlopers here. In this nocturnal light,
Japanned and hemmed in by Pacific waters,
Fish nuzzle up and stare, fins poised for flight,
But eager to see the galleon at close quarters.

The nets of the sea have seined in a surprise
This day, and like a gargantuan Christmas
The baubles spiel out the hold until wildest surmise
Could not bridge imagination from the isthmus
Of reality, which caused the vessel to tilt, capsize

And crush the cursing Portugee in the crow's nest.
(Last to see land, he is perhaps most unyearning
To see the land which is the most unguessed.
That the last to see is not the most discerning
Is sometimes comforting to the parting guest.)

Go sound the galleons where thick they lie
Under the Southern Cross, under the weather eye
Of God and little fishes. Let them lie.
I prefer to think of each sunken ship as a pearl
Purloined from the fisticuffs of Jean LaFitte
And cast before the sweet swine of the sea
In the pig-sty of the Pacific.

—*Ramona Maher Weeks*

ARAGON has been known for its proud and independent people for a thousand years. In Fuendetodos, a hamlet near Zaragoza, in March of 1746, was born one of its most ruggedly influential sons. Francisco Goya was a fitting product of this unquenchable border province. In the art world he was to stand alone, taking from many but with no precursor, and influencing two centuries of art, but having no followers.

The titanic inner struggle expressed in Goya's work links him with Michelangelo and Rembrandt, but he did not have the quarrels with patrons or the embattled later years which they did. In the fullness of his life and the recognition which he received in his lifetime he is more comparable to Titian or Rubens. But while they painted the sunshine of humanity throughout their long lives, Goya depicted its troubled darkness.

G O Y A

a Visual Prophet

We would look in vain for the clue to this basic paradox in the artist's early life. The son of a comfortable tradesman father and an hidalgo mother, his early artistic studies were fostered by Don Félix Salzado, the prior of Aula Dei. Even with the way so smoothly paved for him, the young

VIVIAN NORA GRELICK

painter restlessly sought adventure and found trouble. He was involved in daring sword fights while studying at Zaragoza and later at Madrid. His friends, finding him one night with a knife in his back, sent him off to Rome. There he associated with the most rebellious group of students, and finally was banished from the Eternal City for scaling the walls of a nunnery and attempting to abduct a young novice. However, once Goya was back in Spain, Don Félix again came to his aid by securing for his protégé an important fresco commission for the Cathedral of El Pilar in Zaragoza. The subsequent appointment to design cartoons for the royal tapestry factory of Santa Barbara firmly established the young painter.

Far from being the moody recluse which his caustic social criticisms and visions of monsters and spirits would imply, Goya must have been a man of considerable personal charm. In his early student days in Madrid he gained the friendship of the leaders of Madrid's art world. Marriage to the sister of the first court painter came soon after his initial success. The artist was very popular in Madrid society throughout his life. In the reign of Charles IV and María Luisa he was appointed first court painter, and became a great favorite at court as well. All this is a far cry from the bitterly maladjusted image of the artist which we have come to cherish as an adjunct to greatness.

It is true that Goya's most powerfully disturbing works were not produced until after his fiftieth year, by which time he had seen much sickness in his family and had himself suffered the illness which left him deaf. He also had experienced the emotional trials and vicissitudes of his affair with the Duchess of Alba. Such common human tragedies, however, do not produce a man of great vision. It is obvious that even in his earliest series of etchings Goya is not expressing personal disillusionment, but rather universalized despair over mankind's follies and self-inflicted sufferings.

The answer to the enigma of this great and solitary genius is the same that we must give for others like him. Rembrandt, Michelangelo and Picasso, as well as Goya, can be described as having perception so intense as to cause them pain. This perception, in order to give rise to powerful expression, must be coupled with a oneness with, and love for, the artist's fellow man. Because of his merciless denunciations of the decadence of society, many have accused Goya of cynicism and disgust with mankind. However, the tragic impact of his wartime etchings could not have been achieved by a man whose horror did not arise out of great love; nor could the timeless validity of the other series come from the hand of a man who did not have sympathy with and awareness of his fellows. The Spain of Charles IV and Ferdinand VII, when compared with the productive and harmonious societies of Titian's Renaissance Italy or Rubens' thriving Flanders, was at a nadir of decadence and disharmony with man. Thus Goya is not an enigma, but rather one of the select company of the world's great artists, all of them men with sharp vision, emotional awareness, and a powerful expressive ability.

AS WITH MEN of his caliber, Goya did not possess a genius which "sprang full blown from the head of Zeus." Not until he was past sixty did he produce

his most highly personal statements. By then he had behind him the financial security to paint as he pleased, as well as the years of ripening.

Until the 1780's Goya's financial position was never desperate, but always precarious. Therefore he had to insure his income by pleasing his patrons with works which were fashionable. While in Rome he had sold "picturesque" scenes of Spain. Back home he had to retain his major source of income, the tapestry cartoons, by designing in the current court style, à la French Rococo and Watteau, but with a new common touch. It is difficult to see these inconsequential scenes of idling nobles and peasants in idyllic settings as coming from the same hand as that which produced the later works we know so well. Closer inspection, however, reveals a directness and economy of composition, refreshing when compared with others of the time. There is also a hint of satire seen best in retrospect. The tapestry of young girls tossing manikins in a blanket seems a sunny depiction of a charmingly innocent diversion. However, the subject is repeated in one of the etchings of the late series, *The Proverbs*, where the smiles of the girls have become hollow, and the manikins have been transformed into real little men. With financial security the early whisperings became full statements.

Charles IV's accession to the throne brought Goya his appointment as painter to the Royal Chamber. His harshly revealing portraits of this weak monarch and his decadent wife have been marveled at by later generations. How could Goya portray royal weakness so blatantly and without censure? Indeed, these paintings were proudly displayed in the palace. We must remember that the tradition of Spanish portraiture had been one of unyielding realism for centuries. Velázquez' portraits of Philip IV follow the same pattern. As in religion and revolution, so in the arts, the hard pride of Spain would not allow any glossing over or embellishment of the most painful and ugly truths.

The brilliant and glowing paint quality of the portraits testifies to Goya's careful study of Velázquez. However his insight gives his portraits a poetic and individual statement of which Velázquez' detached virtuosity was incapable. Velázquez neither sympathized nor judged, while Goya did both. Within the conventional opulence and dignity of the royal portraits, the humanity of his sitters, for better or worse, is revealed for all time.

The portraits painted for the court and private patrons from his fortieth year on were forthright and original enough in composition to have earned

him long recognition as a strong individual at work in an era of decay. The etching needle, however, was the tool with which his genius was to be best expressed. He took it up in his fifties when illness kept him from his easel, and returned to it after 1810 for the same reason.

In *The Capriccios* the first incisive, Goyaesque comments on humanity were revealed. They were not, as many have thought, pointed criticisms of individuals in the government or society. In fact they were taken over by the state at the time and imprinted for the public to see. In Goya's own words he has "chosen subjects which afford opportunities to turn into ridicule and stigmatize those prejudices, impostures, and hypocrisies which have been consecrated by time."

In *Que viene el Coco* (Look Out, Here Comes the Bogey-man) the self-satisfied expression of the mother indicates that she feels she is handling the situation properly by frightening her children into submission. The looming ominous quality of the bogey-man and the stark terror of the children as they cling to their mother's skirts, show that Goya, one hundred years before Freud, was aware of the harm done by supposedly innocent practices in child-rearing. The handling of the forms and light and dark is as far ahead of its time as is the subject. The cloaked figure and background are completely abstracted, while the grouping of mother and children creates a dynamic focus of abstract, interweaving planes and textures. This psychological awareness and abstract handling prevails throughout the series.

The eighty plates of *The Capriccios* are divided into two sections. The division is announced by the portrayal of a scholar slumped at his desk asleep, while his cat, at his feet, watches ominous hordes of bats and owls emerge from the darkness to surround his master. The intent of this plate is made clear by its title, *El sueño de la razón produce monstruos* (The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters). The following thirty-seven plates are peopled not only with humans, but also with witches and other creatures of the night who owe their existence to the follies and irrational behavior of mortals. With the use of these unconventional beings, increased abstraction of form was possible, and thus these compositions have more vitality of movement and a more dynamic effect on the viewer than do the preceding ones. Though Goya's preoccupation with the creatures of darkness is difficult for our scientifically oriented minds to accept, and contemporary writers have questioned his sanity, we cannot over-

look the fact that witches were as familiar to the Spain of the Inquisition as they were to colonial Salem.

The etching *Subir y bajar* (Ups and Downs) illustrates well the quality of the second part of the series. A huge half-man, half-donkey sits on the curved surface of the globe and tosses people high, then allows them to fall. This use of a strange, edge-of-the-world setting, plus an anthropomorphic form, allows Goya to place bodies and limbs, as well as light and shade, arbitrarily as his design demands. Thus he achieves a plasticity and surface pattern of which any current abstractionist would be proud. The facet of humanity expressed is also pertinent in today's struggle with the goddess Success. Goya's own comment on the etching is apt: "Fortune is unkind to those who court her. Ambition is rewarded with emptiness. Those who have risen she often punishes with downfall."

Soon after the publication of *The Capriccios*, Goya witnessed the bitter fighting and atrocities which followed the occupation of Spain by Murat and his twenty-five thousand Mamelukes, in 1808. There was bloody street fighting, mass execution, and the continual horror of the stubborn Spaniards' door-to-door resistance to English and French troops alike. Outrage and pain for his countrymen gave rise to the artist's immortal expressions of human suffering.

In the painting *The Third of May*, the random execution of Spaniards by the French in reprisal for the previous day's uprising, is chillingly portrayed. The hapless victims stand with arms and legs wide, illuminated by a strange light reminiscent of that surrounding Christ on Calvary. The executioners with their rifles are massed with a repetitious solidarity which compounds the tragedy. The painting is much more than a socially conscious criticism of a present disturbance. It cries out with man's deep and timeless anguish.

The etchings of *The Disasters of the War* express the horror to which humanity had brought itself. As Aldous Huxley points out, "Goya never illustrates an engagement, never shows impressive masses of troops. . . . His concern is exclusively with war as it affects the civilian population." In this work his abstract compositional handling reached its full maturity. Human forms are not only shown tortured, torn and dismembered, but are used as plastic design elements. Goya bundles, juxtaposes, splays out and bends bodies, often omitting or distorting some elements to further the emotional impact and the design. The plate *Qué valor!* (What Bravery!) is typical in its use of

the single, coherent, silhouetted form of the woman standing on the interwoven forms of the pile of dead men, and strongly etched with the shape of the cannon against a no-man's-land of shadowy background. Or again, in *Estragos de la guerra* (Ravages of War), the specific setting is not delineated, nor are the number or exact disposition of the bodies. With this abstraction of form and content the artist could strengthen the aesthetic and emotional impact beyond the level of the actual scene of a ravaged household of dead men, women, and children, where some familiar and ordered surrounding would appease the eye of the viewer. Goya gives the eye no escape, but draws it relentlessly to the core of the torment.

The war had uprooted the court and society which Goya had known. Soon after the expulsion of the French, and the return to the throne of Spain of the Bourbon, Ferdinand VII—whom Goya hated—the painter retired from Madrid society to his home near the Guadarrama Mountains. It was called the Huerta del Sordo, or House of the Deaf Man. On its walls Goya painted strange and powerful murals. There are, among others, a massively ominous Judith, hollow and contorted faces of pilgrims to San Isidro, a skeletal old man eating voraciously, and most disturbing of all, a giant Saturn crazedly devouring his children. When they were first revealed to the public in the 1870's, Victorian critics were revolted. Hammerton said that Goya's mind "grovelled in a hideous Inferno of its own—a disgusting region, horrible without sublimity, shapeless as chaos, foul in color and 'forlorn of light'; peopled by the vilest abortions that ever came to the brain of a sinner." To the twentieth century, conditioned by Freud, Surrealism, and Expressionism, they are more comprehensible. Certainly we see in these murals the elimination of non-essentials, as well as the broad and plastic use of color and mass, which were to herald modern painting.

In addition to the murals for his house, Goya produced in the years between 1810 and 1820 numerous paintings and portraits, and two masterly series of etchings. *The Art of Bullfighting* etchings are not only magnificent in technique and concept, but a valuable documentary on the history of bullfighting as well. *The Proverbs* continue the theme of *The Capriccios*, but are more general and reach deeper into the core of human anxiety.

The series is a generalized exposé of human frailty. In *Disparate ridiculo* (Strange Folly), a complacent group with vacant expressions sits huddled on the branch of a tree. The statement is intensified in *Disparate general* (Uni-

versal Folly), where the indistinct and shadowy massed figures seem completely lost and directionless. In the last plate Goya returns to his bulls, symbols of strength and wanton destruction, and as their forms interweave aimlessly we feel that in their confusion they will destroy each other.

In his last years as a voluntary exile in Bordeaux, Goya worked vigorously, in spite of his failing sight. When he was eighty he experimented with a new process, lithography. He would set the stone on his easel, using his pencils as brushes and spreading a grey tone all over; then he would scrape out whites and add rich black line. His unity of composition was admirable, in spite of the fact that he had to use a magnifying glass to see what he was doing. On April 16, 1828, Francisco Goya y Lucientes died, having laid his work aside only a few days before. In his eighty-two years of life and work he had framed a whole new concept for artists.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that Goya was fifty years ahead of his time, but it would seem that he was more like one hundred and twenty years in advance of the artistic thinking of his day. Certainly the broad selectivity and simplification of form and emphasis found in the paintings of the Huerta del Sordo, and in the etchings, struck a note which was to be picked up by the Impressionists and especially the Expressionists. He broke from the tradition of intellectual representation, and in dramatic terms presented the world of his inner eye. His was the precept which guided the nineteenth-century revolution in art, but they still worked with what was pleasing to behold: the beauty of nature and happy genre scenes. That century still looked with disgust at many of Goya's most powerful and personal statements. It remained for an age which saw another prophetic Spaniard, Picasso, paint *Guernica*, to understand that art works of great beauty can illuminate the torment and pain in men's souls, as well as their moments of calmer delight.

Others had sought to express the soul of humanity with its pain, but they did not have the utter lack of faith, the tremendous "Why" that was Goya's, and is ours. Michelangelo's twisting, tormented figures had the sureness of proportion and logic that the Renaissance believed in. Rembrandt looked for revelation among the prophets of tradition. Goya was, from all evidence, an agnostic with the sharp sight to perceive the destructive evils in the rotting society around him. As Malraux has stated, "For an agnostic a possible defini-

tion of the devil is that which in man aims to destroy him." This lack of conventional faith is firmly stated in the plate of *The Disasters of the War*, in which a specter rises from his grave to proclaim that there is nothing beyond.

Unwillingness to yield to conventional truisms, and their unrelenting search for naked truth has often led to the linking of Goya's name with those of painters of social criticism. However, unlike Daumier or Hogarth, Goya did not moralize or portray, but rather laid bare mankind's innermost self. When he used society's image it was merely as a vehicle for something more far reaching. Goya's works express an untempered mystical anguish and suffering. The faces of his people are not merely poor, tired, and careworn, but torn, as those of the dead and wounded of *The Disasters of the War*.

It is impossible to imagine a Spain saturated with vapid portraits and church decorations, or a Europe indoctrinated with Reynolds' and David's synthetic classicism, accepting, or even wanting to see Goya's disturbing works. He could not have foreseen the vast audience which his personal idiom was to find in the war-torn twentieth century. We are delighted with the spirit of his work which is so close to our own. With his experimentation with technique, form, and emotional expression, he was truly the first of the moderns. He knew in 1810 that art is not merely a means of translating worn out morals and ideals, but rather a specific and independent language of the soul and senses of man.

Pacific Sunset

Wait, wait for the tide
That dips the kelp reefs low
Rolling the trackless reach
To beach the necklace tow
Safe from the churning throw
Of foam in the spent wave's leach
Beyond the rip-tide's gold
Where coins of night collide.

—Robin Johnson

It was June and commencement again. The two of them came to Roswell every year, though commencement really began in the last two days of May. They brought parents, mostly, and a few other friends of the school to watch the cadet corps go through their commencement paces. These included a jambolaya on the football field on Friday night—tumbling down long gym mats, giant swings on a horizontal bar, things on the rings and parallel bars, all done by the cadets who were more athletic and muscular than I and who learned such things quickly in the last few weeks of school for the purpose of putting on the jambolaya. It was at jambolaya, too, that the whole corps lined up in ranks and each troop went through a ceremony of saluting their lady of honor by uncovering, which the whole corps had to get out to practice a few times before the night we did it in front of the customers (parents, patrons, etc.). Not that it's any great feat to take off your hat, but we were supposed to do it all together. Mostly that happened.

Then the next day was a drill exhibition in the morning, a polo game in the afternoon; a polo game Sunday, passes to spend Sunday in Roswell, with or without parents. Monday there was a lot more free time; a horse show; packing and the like until late afternoon when the uniform was full dress for final parade and such awards as the best all-around troop, and the regiment's passing in review in front of the whole graduating class. Then we turned our rifles in to the armory, and that with some feeling of relief. Nothing special then until the Final Ball that night in the gym; as a matter of fact it covered the gym, the natatorium, and part of the grounds, and it wasn't any mean affair at all. Tuesday morning brought graduation and final formation; reading of the next year's promotions, and dismissal by the commandant. And another year was out of the way.

The Old Post

a story

NORMAN HALLIDAY

That was the commencement pattern every year. The week days didn't change. Jambolaya was always on Friday, for instance, and Final Parade and Final Ball on Monday; graduation Tuesday. New Mexico Military Institute put on the same show every year. The audience changed and the spectators changed and the participants changed, but the show was the same. A lot of people came to Roswell, Chaves County, New Mexico, in the Pecos River Valley, to see the doings. We cadets were glad to see them come because it meant that we could soon leave—that was our big thrill out of it. Discipline was rigid, you drove hard all year, but commencement meant that it was almost over. Same old commencement; same old stuff; but it was the signal for emancipation and I guess that's why the cadets hit it with a smile and a swinging stride and it never failed to come off well.

It brought about a blast of bitching from old Harry that was worse than usual. Harry bitched all the time. Sometimes he bitched more than he did at other times, but he was never not bitching when he was awake. He bitched about the food, the weather, the hard water, the dust, the heat of the sun, the cold of the north wind. Some things—Texas, Texans, etc.—were so bad that they were unspeakable. Harry didn't bitch about things like that because he couldn't find words. But you could look at his face and tell that he was bitching at a non-verbal level.

The Institute in those days was at a peak of morale and efficiency among the cadets that I yet believe was because of the horses. There was a senior ROTC program there then—horse cavalry. There has never been anything in the United State's armed forces to match the *esprit de corps* of the horse cavalry. There's an old saying that "There's nothing for the inside of a man like the outside of a horse," and the old horse units had something that hasn't been matched by the Marines, the Air Force, parachute troops, or anything else:

Hail, hail, hail the Cavalree,
To hell with the Field Artilleree.
Damn the Air Corps and the rest,
We are Uncle Sammy's best,
We are Uncle Sammy's fighting Cavalree.

And if NMMI was only ROTC—we were *cavalrymen*. Horse cavalry, by God. And maybe you don't like it? It may be an unconscious elation at mastering an animal that outweighs you five or six times or more; it may be

this plus the legends of horses and heroes and the wind in your face and ears as you gallop over the ground; or moving in close formation of column of fours or platoon line front at a trot, the curb chains on the bridle bits and the rings on the McClellan saddles jingling. Or the soaring wonder of going over a jump on a thoroughbred. I can't say what it is, but it's there and grand and strong.

Harry bitched about the horses. I was never sure if it was horses generally or whatever horse he happened to be riding that drew his ire, but he spoke right up: "I don't know why they keep these nags. Not worth ten cents a pound, dressed. Undressed. At the slaughter house gate. Ouch!" (While we are trotting or galloping in close formation, knees get solid blows from nearby knees.) "This thing I'm on must be from Texas." (The jungle, the pit-hell itself to Harry, who was from Arizona.) "I'll bet if I showed this goat a dog food ad he'd faint from sheer terror. What am I doing on this horse anyway? Modern war is mechanized. They could wipe us out with B-B guns." And so on.

Harry's roommate, Win, came from Denver and was not like Harry. Win was tall, blue-eyed, blond and handsome. Harry was almost as tall, hazel-eyed, brown-haired, red-faced and homely. Win was quiet but had a fine-edged sense of humor and a dry wit that could dart like a rapier, and often did. Win never bitched. "Harry takes care of it for me. Harry takes care of it for all of L troop. Harry does enough for the whole school. Harry is everybody's safety valve." And Win smiled.

Harry and Win were steady companions. The routine of the school put them together in the daily functions of going to meals, going to class, and to drill. At reveille, the first formation of the day, which was before daylight in winter, they stood side by side in the second platoon of L troop.

The cadets in those years were in troops by height and grade standing. The school covered the last three years of high school and two years of college. Tall boys in the high school were in A troop, next tallest in B troop, and so on down the alphabet to G troop, which was of the littlest high school cadets, and some of them weren't much taller than the '03 "Springfield" army rifles they carried and cleaned and did the manual of arms with right along with the six footers. They were real rifles, seven or eight pounds apiece.

The short college cadets were E troop and the tall ones L troop. When the regiment was drawn up in a long line, A to L, you'd think there was a

considerable dip in the middle of the line, but I don't remember its being too noticeable. But if a G trooper happened to be standing next to an L trooper, that was a sight. Of course, I was usually *in* the long line and couldn't look around, but I saw the Mutt and Jeff bit more than once and I can still smile when I think of it.

It was fun to watch when the conversation between two cadets of extreme sizes had a serious subject. Each troop had a guidon, a lance with a red and white pennon with the troop letter on it at the end. A sergeant carried the guidon, and L troop's guidon sergeant was about six feet six tall and was called Big Stoop. The guidon sergeant of G troop was five feet, maybe one or two, tall, and had a high voice. He was deadly serious about everything. I called him Teensy because it made him mad: it wasn't dignified. But, about once a week all the guidon sergeants were detached from their troops for drill together in their regimental review maneuvers, and when there was a break in drill small talk would begin. I tell all this because I remember that once I looked around during a break in drill and saw Teensy and Big Stoop hard at it. They were both holding their guidon staffs vertically at their sides; Teensy was shaking his left forefinger and hand up at Big Stoop, who was leaning over him, bent only at the waist. Teensy shook that finger at (not in, he couldn't reach) Big Stoop's face, and I could hear the shrill piping of his voice but not what he was saying. But suddenly, without changing his bent position, Big Stoop boomed out, "Now you know you got no right to talk to me like that!" He sounded hurt.

But I digress. Another thing that turned Harry on was our having to sing *The Old Post* so many times. It is the Alma Mater song and has an appeal to the sentiments that are strongly in favor of the Institute—friends, laughter, young camaraderie—the things that make pleasant memories about such associations as school memorable and pleasant. I think that those associations are something that never stop pleasing. They are the symbols of a time of freedom and joy and little or no responsibilities of consequence. But Harry scorned sentiment. He said. It is a good song, though; best of all when you heard the whole corps sing it in the auditorium. The words were written by Paul Horgan when he was a cadet, as I remember the song's history, and the refrain is:

We will remember Kaydets marching,
We will remember Kaydets playing;
And bugles in the sunrise,
All of our lives, beneath blue skies.
These are the things that cannot vanish,
No matter where we go.
Old friend, Old Post;
Place we love most—
In you our hearts will grow.

All year long, when the first bars of introduction were played and the cadet corps uncovered and the spectators stood and uncovered, Harry would let out a kind of a grunting moan before he took off his cap. His comments before we starting singing were, about, "I'll remember nothing. Down with regimentation. Why should I sing about this place? This jail? Never." But he did sing, either because he wanted to or because people were watching. And Win would smile.

Commencement that year came off with its usual neatness. Jambolaya left the patrons convinced of the strength and prime condition of the cadet corps. They were further pleased with our gallantry as we saluted our troop, squadron and regimental sponsors: "To our lady of honor: *Un-cover!*" The drill exhibition, mounted and dismounted, made them forget all about West Point or VMI. (This exhibition was also a competition. L troop didn't win anything. L troop was often called "The Foreign Legion," and sometimes we called ourselves that because it didn't seem as though we belonged to anybody.) Harry bitched all the way through the mounted drill—at his horse, at army horses, at horses from Texas (hell), at General Custer's stupidity on the Little Big Horn, at General McClellan for the saddle he invented for Harry to sit in, at my horse for banging my knee against Harry's, and at Win for smiling and never bitching.

NMMI smashed and ground under heel the polo opposition in both games. The Players Club repeated for the commencement guests that year's spring offering, which was *Charley's Aunt*. I was Colonel Sir Francis Chesney, Bart. Veddy English. Harry and Win came. Win smiled, and Harry cackled at me, which must have been another form of bitching, though he wouldn't own up to it.

Harry and Win and I had parents on hand (Harry hadn't really wanted his to come, he said) and didn't get to see as much of each other as we might want, though I seem to remember that we got rid of them long enough for them to go to the Superintendent's reception in the big memorial garden behind Headquarters.

My class was the graduating class that year, so I got to stand in the reviewing line and review the regiment. Harry and Win were a year behind me and I could see their faces as they marched past. Win wasn't showing anything, but Harry's face was a volume of abuse. He could do it while he marched, too.

Nothing much happened at the Final Ball. We stood around and drank the free Cokes. Harry said what he thought and Win and my date and I listened. This date was a tall girl from Lordsburg, New Mexico, whom I had met in El Paso, Texas, and madly invited to the Final Ball late one evening while we were over in Juárez, Chihuahua. She came all the way up to Roswell from across the state, so I had to take her. She was very pretty and she thought Harry was a scream. "So natural," she said. I suppose he was. He was as usual, if that's natural. She was very nice. I treated her wretchedly.

Graduation came off without a hitch. I got my Junior College diploma from the Governor of New Mexico and a certificate of excellence in trigonometry from the Dean. I heard Harry snort. Those who had finished their ROTC got their second lieutenant commissions.

The whole commencement had come off well. Every little thing happened as it was supposed to. Some said they'd never seen such a smooth one. But it seemed to me that it came off by itself, as if we were watching one thing and doing another; as if we all moved mostly by reflex through the things we put on to show ourselves off because we were thinking about something else. It was 1942 and the first commencement of the war.

We knew we had things to do. Beside such defeats as Pearl Harbor, the Java Sea, Singapore, Rommel's great offensive in Libya and German successes in Russia; the entire New Mexico National Guard had been wiped out on Bataan and Corregidor, which had only finally surrendered in May. Every cadet from New Mexico seemed to know somebody out there.

The cadet corps was about six hundred strong. They didn't go into battle together nor did they do an immortal feat of arms as had another six hundred cavalymen in the Light Brigade at Balaclava. But NMMI's own six hundred had some no less noble.

My class of 1942 had fifty-six members. Seventeen were killed in action, among them my roommate.

The class of 1943, Harry and Win's class, had fifty-seven members, about. Eighteen were killed in action, among them Harry and Win, in France, in 1944. They were in the Infantry.

There were many more in other classes, of other years, but the men of 1942 and 1943 were all known to me. New Mexico Military Institute isn't a big school but it lost a lot of blood. I don't know exactly how many from NMMI died in that war but their pictures cover a large framed board in Headquarters.

As we walked to the final formation Harry said he was coming back to this place and laugh at it. "I'll be very sloppy and unmilitary and I'll be drunk, maybe. The first place I'll come to after the war will be here, to laugh at these serfs, robots. I *hate* it here."

We fell into line for the final formation. L troop stood at the rear of the regiment, which formed up inside the quadrangle of the yellow brick barracks, on the walks that crossed the quadrangle. Lines of olive drab, parallel, at attention; the first stoop of the barracks covered with visitors.

The commandant spoke over the public address system, put the regiment at ease and read the make sheet, the promotions for the next year, starting with captain and going down to private first class. He called us to attention again.

"Sound off!" And the band played *Auld Lang Syne*. I hear it now. It was played in a manly, crisp fashion; not syrupy, but with strength and a confidence of better times, no matter what was then being done to us in the world. There, under the arching blue benediction of the New Mexico sky, that old song reminded us so clearly how much all that was then at hand meant to us.

Before the last notes stopped echoing around the quadrangle, the commandant spoke again: "Gentlemen, you are dismissed." The cheer that met those words every year went up as usual, but not so loud as usual.

Not everyone was cheering. I looked at Win and he was biting his lower lip and his chin was trembling. I looked at Harry. His craggy, red face was screwed into an agony, tears were streaming from both eyes, and his shoulders shook with sobs.

I looked at some more fellows. Almost everyone around was crying. Then I did.

It was terrible.

Three Sonnets of Michelangelo

XIV

To Vittoria Colonna (1550)

When holy art conceives some god-like form
and act from which she then brings forth
a simple model in mere clay, she knows
the primal birth of her conception.

Then in a second birth the mallet's promise
is made good in living marble; thus,
conception is reborn a thing so beautiful,
no power can blight its immortality.

So was my birth the primal model of myself,
a self to be reborn a far more perfect self
through you, sublime and worthy lady.

If your compassion strengthens my deficiency,
cuts my excess away, does not my untamed passion
merit penance by your blows to teach and to chastise?

XXXII

If love is chaste, and piety sublime,
and two lovers share one fate alike;
if one feel one cruel blow that strikes
the other, and two hearts are governed by one will and mind;

if in two bodies but one soul is made
to raise the two to heaven with mutual wings;
if with one blow and with one golden dart
love pierce and cleave the core of both their hearts;

if each one love the other and forego himself
with but a single savour and delight, and with
such grace that to a single end both blend their wills;

if thousands fail to show the meanest fraction
of such love and immense faith, can one mere
scornful word that knot untie and break?

XLIV

Oh, night, oh, sweet time although dark
(for every labor finds its end in quiet),
he who gives praise to you comprehends you well,
and he who honors you knows you with all his mind.

You restrain and put aside each dolorous thought,
for dew and darkness seal up all quietude:
you often bear me up in dreams from lowest
hell to highest heaven where I hope to soar.

Oh, shadow of my death, through which the soul
shuts out each sorrow hostile to the heart,
oh, last of all our woes, and wholesome cure!

You render strong again our failing flesh;
you dry our tears away, bring every labor rest,
and purge the good soul of all wrath and loathing.

—translated by Paul E. Memmo, Jr.

TODAY the word *gaucho* is used universally to denote the cowherder of the South American Pampas. How did this word happen to be chosen as the sobriquet of the Plata cowboy? No one really knows, but it is most interesting to trace the etymology and semantics of the word *gaucho*, for doing so will help to make understandable not only the type of society to which the *gaucho* belonged, but also his relations with other contemporary groups.

The dictionary of the Spanish Royal Academy gives the word *gaucho* an American origin and states that it is used to describe a peasant of the countries of the Plata. Paul Groussac in his *Anales de la Biblioteca Nacional de Buenos Aires* claims that after careful research he found that the word *gaucho* was never used in Spain before it was introduced there from America, where the origin should be sought.

Some Observations

on the word GAUCHO

STEPHEN PAULLADA

In very early documents of the Plata colonies two words appear to describe the peasants of the pampa. These are: *gauderio* and *changador*. The first one refers to his social state, the second to his occupation. Now a goodly portion of the etymologists of the word *gaucho* are inclined to derive it from the Castilian word *gaudlerio* which was commonly used in the peninsula during the days of the colony. The word is of Latin origin: *Gaudeo* is the first person singular present indicative of the verb *gaudere* (to enjoy)—a man who enjoyed life was called a *gaudeo*. According to the best tradition of the pastoral novels and poetry a peasant was supposed to be an individual who enjoyed life, therefore, a *gaudeo* was a peasant. After the Spanish *Siglo de Oro* the learned word *gaudeo* became the vulgar *gauzo* to signify a rustic person. From this the word is supposed to have gone to *gausho* and finally to *gaucho*. The principal objection to this theory is that studies of colonial documents show no trace of the word *gauzo* or *gausho*. The word often used is *gauderio*.

The earliest documentary mention of the word *gaucho* is found in a communication of one Lorenzo Figueredo, an official of the Banda Oriental, now Uruguay, to José Varela y Ulloa dated at Montevideo, April 30, 1790. The reader will notice that the words *gauderio* and *gaucho* are used synonymously.

Lastly it was to the great advantage of the service of God and the King to establish a roving patrol without station or permanent residence even if it consisted only of ten troopers (that are worth one hundred peasants for they are much feared by these people) with a trusted and honest commander, who acting as provost could pursue and arrest the many bad-men, thieves, deserters, and peons of all kinds who are called *gauchos* or *gauderios* and that without occupation or trade only are wandering and circulating through the towns and ranches of this neighborhood, living on what they can steal on skinning expeditions, horse rustling, and other clandestine activities, without wishing to hire out to the *Estancias*, farms or cattle roundups.¹

Writing about this document, Emilio A. Coni says that according to the learned investigator of the Archives of Indies of Seville, Don José Torre Revello, this is the oldest manuscript in which the word *gaucho* appears.²

Judging by this evidence, it may be assumed that both words were in use in 1790, and that *gaucho* was not the degeneration of *gauderio*.

Dr. Rodolfo Lenz mentions that Monlau and Diez sought to derive it from the French *gauche*, which in some of its meanings signifies *crooked*, *rough*, *coarse*, *uncouth*, all of which could be applied to the *gaucho*. This opinion is hardly tenable since there was very little French spoken on the Plata in colonial times.³

E. E. Vidal wishes to derive it from the English *gawk* or *gawkey*. He says:

All countrymen are called by the inhabitants of Buenos Aires *gauchos*, a term no doubt derived from the same root as our old English words *gawk* or *gawkey*, adopted to express the awkward, uncouth manners and appearance of those rustics.⁴

There may be some basis for this claim since from the earliest times of the colony the clandestine trading in hides was carried on by the *gauchos* with

1. Informe de Lorenzo Figueredo a José Varela y Ulloa. Montevideo 30 de Abril 1790 en el primer anexo a la carte de Arredondo a Lerena. Expediente del Virrey Loreta con Sanz para el arreglo de los campos de Montevideo. Años 1784-1786. Archivo General de Indias, Seville. (All translations of Spanish and French originals are by the author.)

2. Emilio A. Coni, *El Gaucho* (Buenos Aires: Ed. Sudamericana, 1945).

3. Rodolfo Lenz, *Diccionario etimológico* (Santiago, Chile: Imprenta Cervantes, 1904).

4. E. E. Vidal, *Picturesque Illustrations of Buenos Aires and Montevideo* (London: 1820).

British ships, so there might be a possible connection between *gawkey*, and *gaucho*.

Emilio Daireaux sustains that with the colonization of the Plata region by Andalusians the Arabic word *chauch*, which means a herder, was brought to America. This word was pronounced by the Andalusians as *chaucho*; hence later on to *gaucho*.

By the time the first settlements in America were established the Arab domination of Spain was ended by the expulsion or submission of the vanquished. Many of these emigrated. In the Pampa they found an environment where they could continue the tradition of the pastoral life of their ancestors. They were the first to leave the walls of the city to herd cattle. So true is this fact that many tasks and artifacts used there are designated by Arabic words; a well, Spanish *pozo*, is called *jaguel*, a corrupted Arabic idiom. It is easy to find the relationship of *gaucho* with the Arabic *chaucho* which means a herder of cattle. In Seville and even in Valencia the cowherder is called *chaucho*; this name is also used for the man who herds the bulls from the stock farm to the bullfight ring. It is easy to see why in America it was applied to the cowherder of the plains, and also one can deduce without difficulty why when pronounced by the Indians the first syllable was voiced gutturally.⁵

It is indeed debatable whether the Arabs were the first cowherders of the Pampa. At any rate the word *chaucho* is never used in the extant manuscripts of the period. It is always *gauderio* or *changador*.

Rodolfo Lenz assigns to the word *gaucho* an indigenous derivation. He believes it to be a corruption of the Pehuenche word *cachu* which means comrade, friend, or of the Auracanian voice *kauchu* which signifies astute man.⁶ However, Lenz fails to prove that both the Pehuenche and the Auracanian words existed prior to the colonial period, and therefore, it may very well be that they are corruptions of the word *gaucho* used by the Indians.

Along these same lines and perhaps a bit closer to the origin of *gaucho* is the indication by Paul Groussac that it is derived from the Quichua *huajcho* which means orphan, errant, abandoned. This word was pronounced in Spanish *guacho*, and hence through the metathesis of the stronger vowel to *gaucho*.

The word *gaucho* was never used or known in Spain where it came as an

5. Emilio Daireaux, *Vida y Costumbres en el Plata* (Buenos Aires: 1888); Vol. I, p. 32 (Trans. by the author).

6. Lenz, *op. cit.*, p. 346.

American importation. One ought not to search for its etymology but in America. As far as I am concerned I have come to believe that it is derived from *guacho*. The word *guacho* belongs to the Inca language and is used in many Indian dialects. It signifies an orphan, an abandoned child, a wanderer, and it is employed in a somewhat denigrating sense. It is employed principally to designate animals abandoned by their mothers. The syllabic inversion that the grammarians call metathesis is very frequent among the Spanish speaking peoples, thus *guacho* is transferred to *gaucho* by the most logical process which is the precedence and accentuation of the strong vowel.⁷

Groussac further states that this phonetic phenomenon is rather common in American Spanish. After careful consideration I find no basis for this phonetic assumption.⁸

Rojas does not favor this derivation because Quichua was never spoken in the Plata region.⁹ His objection, however, is not tenable since the word *guacho* seems to have spread throughout the American countryside. It is used by the peasants of Chile, Bolivia, Perú, México and New Mexico and always with the same meaning—to denote a person who lives without relatives or friends, a young animal that has lost its mother, or one member of a pair that has lost its mate, such as *un zapato guacho* (an unpaired shoe). In Chile it is given a further meaning to signify solitary plants which grow alone away from the rest of the crop, like *una planta de trigo guacha*. In our own New Mexico, among the Spanish-speaking shepherds, I have heard the expression *está guacho ese penco* to mean that a young lamb is an orphan. The real objection to this derivation I believe lies in the fact that the metathesis has appeared only in the Plata region. It is possible, however, that the Quichua word *kaicho*, which meant sorcerer or the equivalent of our medicine-man, might have influenced it. M. Calandrelli in his *Diccionario Filológico de la Lengua Castellana* tells us the following about the Quichua word *kaicho*:

Caicho-K sorcerer, that which loses its leaves, wizard, derived from the verb *caichu*, to bewitch, and this derived from *caucha*, to strip the leaves off a plant. The

7. Paul Groussac, "A propósito de americanismos," *El Viaje Intelectual* (Buenos Aires: 1904), Vol. I, p. 21.

8. As far as I have been able to find by consultation with qualified Spanish American phonologists, and by my own observation, the tendency is towards diphthongation and the further softening of the weaker vowel: viz. *teatro*-to-*tiatro*, *maestro*-to-*maistro*, *baúl*-to-*baul*, *Rafael*-to-*Rafail*. *Gaucho* would have normally gone to *guacho*, but I doubt seriously that *guacho* went to *gaucho*.

9. Ricardo Rojas, "Los Gauchescos" (*La Literatura Argentina*, Buenos Aires: Juan Roldán y Cía., 1924), Vol. VIII.

primitive significance of *caucho-K* was one who strips the leaves off a branch in order to tell fortunes or to know by the number of leaves in the branch whether he will be lucky, etc. From whence the meaning of sorcerer or wizard. And as these fortunetellers were wanderers, without occupation, and traversed a long distance through desolate places the inhabitant of the plains without occupation, or trade acquired the now *caucho-K*, then *gaucho*.¹⁰

It appears that this word was in common use in the Plata region by the local Indians who called their medicine-men *Kauchus*.

The influence of this other Quichua word upon *guacho* might have been the necessary force to effect the metathesis called for. Some researchers have looked for traces of the word in the Portuguese language. In this regard we may follow the suggestion of Rojas who affirms that the word *gaucho* was used in Brazil to denominate the country people of Rio Grande and infers that there might be a possible derivation from Portuguese words or from the Guaraní language; but here again we find that the Guaraní Indians used commonly the word *huajcho* and the Portuguese also used the word *gaudeo* to denote country folk. *Gaudeo* could have been pronounced *gauzo* in Lusitanian prosody and, hence, to its corruption *gaucho*. However, there is ample evidence that the word first appeared and was used in the Plata region.

It is undeniable that the word became commonly used very soon after it appeared. This quick popularity might have been due to its euphony. This euphonic power of *gaucho* cannot be overlooked. It first caught the fancy of the foreign writers who began to use it between quotes as an exotic and untranslatable word which lent local flavor to their chronicles written in French or English. Later the *gauchófilos* took it as a *mot de mode* and popularized it throughout Europe and America.

The etymology of the word *gaucho* is most uncertain since there is no documentation of any sort that will fix its origin to any particular time, place, or language.

The author favors Groussac's derivation from *guacho*. It is true that the vocalic metathesis called for in this derivation is not common in Latin American speech, but the native term *Kauchos* with its peculiar indigenous semantics could have acted as a catalyst, thus bringing about the necessary change. The law of association might have been stronger than the phonetic tendency of vulgar speech.

10. M. Calandrelli, *Diccionario Filológico de la Lengua Castellana* (Buenos Aires: 1917).

Of much more social interest is the semantics of the word. Let us examine first the meaning as given in some of the well-known dictionaries. The *Diccionario de la Real Academia* gives:

Gaucha—1. A colored man who leads an errant and adventurous life in the vast plains of Buenos Aires and the Argentinian Confederation. 2. A peasant of those countries.

Let us keep in mind the second meaning which extends the word to all the peasants of Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Chile.

In the *Diccionario Nacional o Gran Diccionario Clásico de la Lengua Castellana* compiled by Nemesio Fernández Cuesta we find:

Gaucha—Adj. noun. A provincial of America: A vagabond peasant almost a wanderer of the countryside of the Río de la Plata. Some employ this word improperly to denote, in general, all the peasants of Buenos Aires and Montevideo.

Here we meet a new concept. *Gaucha* does not mean a peasant but a vagabond of the pampas, that is, a separate group of the peasant class. This is important, for as we shall see, this confusion of the semantics of the word has given rise to the controversial evaluation of the *gaucha*.

It was pointed out that the word first appeared in a known document in 1790, but it was not until 1845 that an author concerned himself with the semantics of the word. Francisco Javier Muñoz in his *Voces Usadas con Generalidad en las Repúblicas del Plata, la Argentina y la Oriental del Uruguay*, published April 20, 1845, gives the following meanings to the word:

(6) *Gaucha*—Peasants serving as peons in cattle raising or farming. It also serves to designate all peasants, who are also called *cameluchos* and *guazos*.

(7) *Gaucha Alzado*—One who wanders through the lonely countryside always alert.

(8) *Gaucha Neto*—Completely *gaucha* whose dress, manner of riding, speech, and conduct proclaim him a true *gaucha*. Errant men, loose and without domicile. As a general rule they are criminals pursued by the law or by the military authorities by virtue of desertion. Their only occupation is to participate in the *yerras*, or cattle branding roundup, horse stealing expeditions, and to visit taverns and gambling houses. They ride the best horses, and when they don't own them, they steal them from the herds that graze in the fields by means of the *bolas* or *lasso*. These men often transport a woman sitting behind them on the horse. The woman, in order to satisfy a most important preoccupation amounting to an honor among them,

must be kidnaped. She must take part in all the adventures of her supposed raptor, and go through frequent beatings. They call her lovingly, their *charqui*.¹¹

As can be seen, Muníz tries to differentiate here between types of *gauchos*, and still considers the men of the country as *gauchos* regardless of whether they work in agriculture or cattle, and although he does not consider them *gauchos netos* they nevertheless are *gauchos*.

In 1802, the chronicler Félix de Azara is the first to differentiate the Plata peasant from the so-called *gaucho*, calling him by the name of *campestre* whom he describes as follows:

Not possessing any education other than horseback riding, and cattle butchering, tasks which they practice from infancy, they don't hesitate to cut a man's throat, and this with coolness and without anger. . . . They value life very little and fear death not at all. . . . When they feel like it they leave a place without motive for they have no love for any place, or person and only heed the whim of the moment. They are hospitable and give food and shelter to the passerby without asking him where he came from or where he is going. When they play cards they sit on their heels with the reins of the horse under their feet to avoid losing it. Sometimes the knife is stuck on the ground beside them ready to kill anyone they think is cheating without this preventing them from cheating if the opportunity arises. They care little for money, often risking all on the turn of a card, even their clothing, and it is not infrequent that they find themselves naked.

Concerning the *gaucho* or *gauderio*, he says:

Beside the aforesaid, there is in the plains another class of people properly called *gauchos* or *gauderios*. All are escapees from local or Brazilian jails, or uncaptured criminals who flee to the desert. Their nakedness, their long beards, their uncombed hair, and their dark and dirty faces make them horrible to look at. They will not work for any motive or interest and on top of being thieves they are also kidnapers of women. They take them to the wilderness and live with them in huts eating wild cattle. When they feel the need for something they rustle a few cattle or horses, sell them locally or in Brazil and they bring back the needed objects.¹²

We may note here that already an author of rank begins to separate the bad *gaucho* from the good, for his description of the *campestre* is a good description of the country dweller of the pampean region, while the other is a fair description of the *matrero* or *gaucho malo* (outlaw).

11. Milcíades Alejo Vignati, *El Vocabulario de Francisco Javier Muníz* (Buenos Aires: 1924).

12. Félix de Azara, *Descripción e Historia del Paraguay* (Madrid: 1847), Vol. I, p. 305.

However, most of the foreigners writing about the Plata region nearly always joined the two groups together and for Xavier Marmier in his *Lettres Sur L'Amérique* the *gaucho* "*est l'habitant des champs*." Capt. Francis Bond Head in his *Las Pampas y los Andes* calls all the lower classes *gauchos*. Even his milk was brought by a "young *gaucho*." Capt. Joseph Andrews in his *Journey from Buenos Aires through the Provinces of Córdoba, Tucumán, and Salta to Potosí and Arica* considers as *gauchos* all the inhabitants of the countryside. Charles Darwin describes and calls *gauchos* all the peasants of the province of Buenos Aires in his *Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited during the Voyage Around the World of H. M. S. Beagle*.

There were, however, more observant foreigners who discovered a difference between the uses of the word *gaucho* among the groups of the lower classes. William MacCann says the following:

The word *gaucho* is considered offensive by the mass of the people, for it designates an individual without fixed domicile and who leads a nomad life; for this reason when referring to the poorer classes, I shall not employ the term.¹³

Again the Frenchman Martin de Moussy analyzes the semantics of the words as follows:

In these immense plains it is that lives and develops that most notable population of shepherds called improperly "*gauchos*."

In the countryside, *gaucho* is essentially the errant man, the vagabond without a home that lives now in one *estancia*, now in another one, without fixed occupation, soliciting here and there a hospitality which never is denied him, and paying for it occasionally with small services; he is the singer of the *pulpería* (a countryside store where drinks and all the articles of prime necessity are sold) that seated at the door on a bench, that a strong wooden grate separates from the keeper, scratches the guitar singing in a monotonous voice, and in a minor key, songs that he improvises, and that gather around him the unoccupied of the surroundings.

By extension in the cities the name of "*gauchos*" has been given to all the inhabitants of the plain with pastoral occupations; but in reality this name should only to be applied to the vagabonds, and it is taken in this sense only in the native countryside.¹⁴

13. Wm. McCann, *Trip on Horseback through the Argentine Provinces* (Buenos Aires: 1929), p. 132.

14. Martin de Moussy, *Description Géographique et Statistique de la Confédération Argentine* (Paris: 1861), Vol. II.

Finally the native writer General Lucio V. Mansilla gives us a well-mediated and careful analysis of the *gaucho* types. These he divides into the *paisano gaucho* and the *gaucho neto*. He describes the types as follows:

They are two different types. *Paisano-gaucho* is he who has a home, a permanent residence, he works, has respect for the authorities, and is on their side even against his inner feelings.

The *Gaucho-neto* is the errant countryman, that is here today and gone tomorrow. He is a gambler, a bully, and an enemy of discipline of any sort. He avoids military service, seeks refuge among the Indians any time he murders someone, or joins the bandit gang when it appears.

The first has instincts of civilization and imitates the cityman in manner of dress and custom. The second loves his ways and detests strangers. His luxuries are his spurs, his silver ornaments, his saddle and his knife. The first is a farmer, a wagon driver, a cow-herder, a handy man. The second helps out in the roundups. The first has been a trooper, the second detests the service and deserts at the first opportunity.

In a word, the first is a useful man for industry and farm; the second is a dangerous character in any place. The first forms the social mass of Argentina, the second is now disappearing.¹⁵

We have arrived now at the crux of the matter for before us stand two types; one that has been described since the early eighteenth century as vagabond, thief, barbarian, and cutthroat; the other a more or less civilized type, as rugged, as good a horseman, as good a drinker, gambler and singer as the other, but who works for a living, has a home and family. The second type forms the mass of the inhabitants of the pampa, and is undoubtedly the one that becomes the so-called heroic *gaucho* of the War of Independence. It is this *paisano gaucho* who deserves the following description from the Spanish General García Gamba, who fought against the insurgents of Salta during the War of Independence:

The *gauchos* were men that knew the country, well mounted and armed with machete or sabre, and rifle which they used mounted or on foot with surprising ability. They approached the troop with such confidence, relaxation, and coolness that they caused great admiration among the European military men, who were

15. Lucio V. Mansilla, *Una Excursión a los Indios Ranqueles* (Buenos Aires: Biblioteca Sopena, 1928), p. 86. This is a reproduction of the 1st Edition published in Paris in 1870.

seeing for the first time these extraordinary horsemen whose excellent qualities for guerilla warfare and swift surprise they had to endure on many occasions.¹⁶

Emilio Coni has proven conclusively that the famous *gauchos* of Artigas and Güemes were not the *gauchos netos* but *paisanos* from the *estancias* of the provinces of Salta and Jujuy.¹⁷ How did these *paisanos* obtain the name of *gauchos*? This seems to be the explanation. The Spaniards knew that the word *gaucho* was used in a disparaging sense by the Argentinians. Very soon after the hostilities broke out they began to call all the militia units of the insurgents *gauchos* to signify their contempt for them. This insult was first leveled at the patriot militia of Güemes who picked up the insulting word as a compliment and as a standard to represent the patriot army. From then on Güemes referred to his troops as "my *gauchos*" and following suit San Martín in a communiqué to the government dated at Tucumán March 23, 1814, uses the word *gaucho* for the first time in a document with the new laudatory meaning when he says:

The *gauchos* of Salta alone are engaging the enemy in a war of attrition so terrible that they have obliged him to detach a whole division in order to procure mules and cattle.¹⁸

The name *gaucho* grew somewhat in popularity with this laudatory meaning but it was never accepted as a compliment by the greater mass of peasants. And still for the *paisano* it denoted the homeless vagabond cutthroat of the pampa. In the two decades 1830-1850 the word *gaucho* became a political banner. To gain popularity among the lower classes, leaders of the *montoneras* (Revolutionary parties), like Rosas, called themselves *gauchos*. General Lavalle in a proclamation addresses the peasants as "Country folks, brave and loyal *gauchos* whom I love with all my heart."¹⁹ Thus the word is used for praise, but it is also used for insult. In the great social conflict which engendered the two belligerent parties of Argentina in the middle 1800's, the Federals defend themselves from Unitarian insults in this fashion:

16. Juan Carlos Dávalos, *Los Gauchos* (Buenos Aires: Juan Roldán y Cía., 1928), p. 19.

17. Coni, *op. cit.*, pp. 213-16.

18. Bartolomé Mitre, *Obras Completas* (Buenos Aires: 1934), Vol. I, p. 318.

19. *Comisión de Homenaje a la Muerte del General Lavalle* (Buenos Aires: 1941), p. 10.

Look if those Jackasses
are not really fools
to call us stupid
gauchos and hicks.²⁰

This confusion in the meaning of the word reaches even the great exponents of *gaucho*-lore. For instance, José Hernández, the author of *Martín Fierro*, in a little-known pamphlet gives the word *gaucho* the meaning of cutthroat and highwayman. Notice this in the following paragraphs:

As a vanguard to the small force Colonel Yanzón accompanied only by four or five soldiers was traveling on the road to Catamarca. He was suddenly attacked in the Santa María region by a party of *gauchos*.

Yanzón shot and killed Gutiérrez, the captain of the gang, with his pistol, but he was overcome by the superiority of numbers and was killed after a heroic defense.

One of his soldiers escaped and reached Colonel Peñaloza who rapidly came to succor, arriving at the unfortunate place where the *bandits* were still encamped. (Notice that here *gaucho* is made to appear synonymous with *bandit*.)²¹

A study of Sarmiento's *Facundo* will show that he uses the word in a very contradictory manner; now as the prototype of the Argentinian, now to signify a bandit, highwayman, or assassin.

The literary interest in the *gaucho* begins and continues through the two decades of the War of Independence. *Gaucho* literature, written by cultured persons, seeks to imitate the speech of the peasants, but is dominated by the romantic spirit of the early eighteen hundreds, and the unleashed passions of the political struggle. The *gaucho* as defender of the cause is eulogized, and he is made into a romantic type which unites the qualities of the peasant and the adventurous life of the *gaucho*. This was easily done since the line of demarcation between the two was very thin. An honest *paisano* might, at any minute, cross the line. If he went afoul of the law, without much effort he identified himself with the *matreros*. As a matter of fact, is this not the story of *Martín Fierro*? Didn't he have a ranch and family before he was taken to

20. Manuel Ibáñez Frocham, *Apuntes para la Historia de Saladillo* (La Plata: 1937), p. 26.

21. José Hernández, *Vida del Chacho. Rasgos Biográficos del General Angel V. Peñaloza* (Buenos Aires: Angel da Ponte Editor, 1875). The words *gauchos* and *malhechores* (bandits) have been italicized by the author to call the attention of the reader to them. They are not italicized or underscored in the original text.

the frontier? *Martín Fierro* was a *paisano* turned *gaucho* through his difficulties with the law.

In this way was developed the literary type that the gauchophiles have converted into the representation of the Argentine nation. This is the *gaucho* of cultured people. This is *Santos Vega* and *Segundo Sombra*, but in reality he is not a social type at all, and certainly not the peasant of the pampa. The word *gaucho* among the cultured classes of the world means this romantic type coined by the poets of the *lirica gauchesca*.

Today among the masses of the republics of the Plata there has been a further split in meaning between the adjective *gaucho* and the noun *gauchò*. The adjective has for the last fifty years been considered as laudatory—*es muy gauchò*—meaning that he is brave and well-versed in the tasks and customs of the plains. *Es un gauchò* (he is a hick, an uncultured person) is, of course, a degrading statement, but more and more that meaning is disappearing under the pressure of *gaucho* theater, literature, and gauchophile societies.

From the study of the origin and semantics of the word we can arrive at the conclusion that the representative of the pampean society is not and never has been the *gauchò*. The word *gaucho* when applied indiscriminately to all the population of the Argentinian countryside seems to ascribe the attributes of one group of individuals to the whole society. Furthermore, a study of the popular ballads gathered by Ventura, Lynch, Carrizo, di Lullio, and Draghi Lucero revealed that the word appeared only seventy-three times in eleven thousand thirty-three *coplas* and *romances*. This indicates that the word was not used commonly by the rurals, and certainly was nothing to sing about.



PETER HURD



"MUST HAVE HAD A SAD LIFE, death in the family or maybe a friend," a neighbor whose husband worked in Tansey's told Kate Lacey the first day Oliver moved his few things into the room on the third floor. She, Kate, never believed it because she had known people who had had death and sadness in their lives and none of them seemed as calm and controlled as her new roomer. There was either much more or much less to it than that, she decided. And after his first few months in Orion, when the speculation about him had become wildly improbable before it ceased completely and forever, she was convinced from her few glimpses and rare words with him that it was much less. And after twenty-three years of seeing him change only in appearance and

age, she no longer gave the matter the slightest consideration. She would never have disputed with anyone that he was lonely and old and even, perhaps, disappointed, because she had no more idea than anyone else.

A Love Story

LEE A. JACOBUS

His room was small with three small windows fronting out toward Highland Avenue where they caught the sunlight of early morning and of much of the day.

Oliver Gillen, partly because he was indifferent and partly because he was rarely in his room except in the evenings, kept the dark shades drawn from one end of the year to the other. Properly speaking, the shades were "fixed" in their present position and would not, even if he had wanted them to, roll back to reveal the day.

Prominent on the stand near his bed was a picture of his mother as she had appeared when he was too young to remember. She was a ruddy-looking woman of extraordinarily masculine stature, high-collared in the lace old fashioned way, and square-shouldered in a way Oliver would never be. He never looked at the picture other than to dust it, and almost as if he were con-

scious of all the modern talk about mother-complexes he kept it pointing away from his bed so that when reading or awaking he had not to look upon her reproachful sternness.

Mrs. Lacey had furnished the rest of the room with yellowed mesh curtains which smelled forever of a strange acrid dustiness, a bookstand with castoff books she had moved up from her own living room, two violent seascapes she had sent away for and had mounted when Mr. Lacey was alive and an assortment of lamps, chairs and oddments which had formerly been in other parts of the house, but which she now felt might be put to better use in his room. Because he was her most reliable tenant she gave him a few extra bits of attention, but he never acknowledged any of her touches, nor did he ever question her authority either in inserting an extra piece here or there or in removing a knickknack or lamp, nor did he ever question her taste in choosing things for him. He hardly ever noticed a change in his room unless it were of a major consequence; and few things were of major consequence to Oliver Gillen.

He countered the consideration that much of his life was dictated by routine with the conviction that he was ordering his life and living sensibly. He always arrived early to work, shocking his colleagues who regarded him not as someone to be envied but as someone to be avoided. As far as they were concerned he seemed to live for his work and anyone who lived only to work for Big Ed Tansey was, in their estimation, a trifle, if not a great deal, aberrated. But actually he thought of his work only as something to accomplish and accomplish well before he left late in the evening, later, often, than Big Ed himself. From work he traveled the few dozen yards across the street and up to the Astoria, where he bought the evening paper and read in the lobby under the watchful scrutiny of the manager, Oscar Brehm, until it was time for dinner. With the paper safely tucked under his arm and occasionally with a burnt-out cigar in his mouth, he would travel across the street, his back, now, to Tansey's, up to Claire's Restaurant, where he found his usual booth empty and waiting. After dining on liver or chicken croquettes, he would sit and ponder sometimes for all of twenty minutes in order to pick from the six choices of dessert, and three times out of five his first choice would be exhausted in the kitchen and he'd have to sit and stare for another ten minutes before he could make up his mind about a second choice.

Saturdays, of course, there was the show at the Orpheum on the corner

of Jameson Street. Whether the picture was a re-run, a holdover, a love story or a western, Oliver would be at the window to get his ticket for the early showing and he would buy a packet of licorice pastilles and take it to his usual seat on the right of the center aisle. Occasionally, if the picture were very good or very short, or both, he would decide to indulge himself by sitting through it twice. Invariably, he would fall asleep during the second showing, but he had an uncanny capacity for awaking as the film ended, and so he was never embarrassed by an attendant's having to arouse him.

Sometimes after a film he would want to talk with someone about it, either to criticize or compliment, but Oliver never had anyone to talk to. The urge would burn in him for a few long minutes as he started home, but it would usually die out unexpressed before he reached Highland Avenue. If the picture had really touched him he would cast a few words of comment or appreciation to the winds and would return home with his head full of the vision. In these few instances, he would fall asleep dreaming of himself as hero riding hard or loving hard, and he would slumber with a contented smile on his face.

It was after one of these latter experiences in the Orpheum that an odd thing occurred to him. When the lights went on after the picture he found that he'd been sitting only two seats away from Annie Buechler, who had been his waitress at Claire's for the past year and a half. He hardly recognized her without her normal drably-green uniform and he might not have said anything to her at all if she hadn't looked him full in the face with an awkward, almost girlish smile when he first saw her.

Having sat so long without talking, he found his voice thick and his hello a bit hoarse.

She answered very shyly as she edged over toward the aisle, heading in his direction; she called him, "Mr. Gillen."

Outside they found themselves standing together while the thick crowd of people flowed around them. Oliver did not quite know what the proper thing was to do. His strongest urge was to go right back to his room, back to familiarity and comfort; but at the same time he felt a strange obligation to say something to her, to offer, because he was a gentleman, to walk her home.

She accepted and they started down the dark street. Mrs. Buechler was

a quiet, melancholy looking woman, thin and somewhat reddened about the eyes. She seemed near Oliver's own age, though he thought she might be a few years younger; there was no way of being sure. Her marriage had not lasted, evidently, and she had been forced into working at Claire's and other restaurants like Claire's, she said as they walked.

After a few blocks of awkward, cautious conversation, they found themselves suddenly talking very fully and anxiously about the film. Their favorite actor had been the star and Annie was amused at Oliver's clumsy imitations of his voice and gestures. By the time they reached her rooming house they were both chuckling loudly over the comedy of the movie and the whole humorous situation in which the two stars had somehow found one another. They talked for a few moments in the street until Oliver began to sense her melancholy returning. He said goodnight then, and walked briskly back to his room in the crisp air, happy in one sense that he had had an opportunity to discuss the show with someone—that, in fact, someone had been interested in hearing his opinions—but he was distressed in another sense because he did not know how to make himself feel normal in Annie's presence. Being with her outside Claire's was too new an experience for him. It was almost an immoral experience. It was too severe a shift from the regularity of life for him not to feel let-down as he walked home; his conscience was far too strong, far too well-developed for him not to feel that he had done something wrong. Guilt was the only natural reaction he could call upon for guidance. It was the only reaction he had ever had in this kind of situation, a situation that veered away from normalcy. Oliver tried to fight against it as he continued home, but as his pace slowed and as the cool air of night crept beneath his clothes and into his bones he knew he was too old for such things as strolls with strange women, that his life had been too well-ordered to permit him the luxuries other men lived for. He knew now, as he walked up the stairs to his room, why he had felt such a straining in talking with Annie; it was like being thirteenth at table; it was something very wrong.

THE REST of the week dragged itself limply like a ragged animal. He saw Annie six times and before each time he felt a slight surge, an embarrassing twinge of an emotion he could not rightly identify. But she simply treated

him with the same dispassion and efficiency that she had always used toward him. She tolerated his long examination of the menu after each meal and she reported dutifully when an item he had chosen was not available.

By Saturday he had almost forgotten about her. He no longer felt anything when he thought about walking up Highland Avenue to Claire's. Whatever had touched him for those first few days had worn off.

The film, an adventure story about two men who loved the same woman and went to different parts of the world to try to win her, mesmerized him. His only disturbance was that he unconsciously identified himself with the wrong man, the man who had gone too far in his extremes and whose sudden death had created the proper occasion and atmosphere for the union of his chief antagonist and the girl. This ruffled him a bit, and as the lights went on after the performance he found himself staring at the empty screen for a moment.

When he rose, finally, to leave, he cast a sudden glance to his left and discovered the thin, wan, plaintive face of Annie Buechler, who had sat unnoticed through the film only a few seats away. He was startled at seeing her, as if it were the last place he would have expected her to be.

She smiled her plain, drab schoolgirlish smile and began moving toward him. Oliver felt tempted, as she folded up the seats between them, to simply nod and begin to walk up the aisle, but unaccountably he held himself back. It would have been rude.

"That was pretty good, wasn't it?" she asked as she came to stand next to him. "I liked the last part best."

"Yes," he said a bit too grimly, still thinking of himself as having perished in the wake of a great storm.

"But it was sad, too, wasn't it?" she said, reacting to his glumness.

"Yes, it was that, too," he answered.

They walked slowly that night, remarking occasionally at the quivering stars and at the heart-shaped linden leaves shining greenly over the street. Oliver was aware of the honeyed perfume of the trees seeping down around them. He had never noticed that before.

Their talk was not as voluble as it had been before, and they both seemed grateful that they could walk quietly and not feel the necessity for talk. Talking seemed almost superfluous to them.

When Oliver slept that night he dreamed of himself flying low over

choppy seas, dipping lower and lower as his fuel gauge disappeared, knowing that he'd never get back to land. The heroine, his woman whom he would never see again, had Mrs. Buechler's sad eyes, her sad smile, and her whole, round sad face.

The dream gave him an uncomfortable few minutes when he awoke and recalled it the next day.

During the week that followed, Oliver found it easy to accept Annie's indifference in Claire's because it was, in fact, his own indifference as well. They carried on the everyday life just as they had in the past, neither greeting the other with anything more than the normal courtesies they had shown in the previous eighteen months. Oliver even left the same tip, fifteen cents, after every meal.

One thing had changed, however, and that was Oliver's emotional state when he occupied his seat in the restaurant. It was similar to that of the first few days after their initial meeting in the Orpheum. He could not identify it, but it was very much like the adolescent quaking and anticipation in meeting someone viewed previously only from a great distance. He was sometimes annoyed by it, but could not alter it.

Their Saturday evening meetings became rather regular after that. For the first few times they sat in widely separated seats and Oliver found he could not concentrate properly on the film, knowing that Annie Buechler was sitting in the same aisle with him. It was only natural that he should linger a moment longer one Saturday night, the fifth after their first meeting, at the counter after buying his pastilles. Annie came in with her torn ticket stub and smiled plainly at him. They sat together that evening and for many Saturday nights after. Strangely, he found that with her sitting next to him, he could concentrate more fully on the picture. He could give voice to any appropriate comments which might strike him, and he exulted silently a little bit whenever she showed her appreciation by a stifled laugh or a somber nod, depending on his observation.

Gradually, as the time passed, they came to talk about things far removed from the world of motion pictures. She told him about her first husband, how he ignored her, drank until he had to take the cure and then, finally, how he'd run off with another woman who, she had somehow discovered later, had been thrown over for a third. He had been intolerable, she said, but she had been too young and impetuous when she married to know what he'd be like.

It was an old and familiar story, she admitted to him, but Oliver knew by looking at her, by realizing that she had been left with the marks of her experience, that it was a true story. He had nothing as grim to tell, in fact he had nothing to tell about his own history that would have interested her, but once in a while he found himself relating an experience here and there about situations he had been in or witnessed. And because the things which had happened to him were far less interesting than what had happened to other people, he would occasionally falsify a few details and relate someone else's story as having happened to him.

This bothered him.

Alone in his room after a Saturday evening, he would very often reproach himself for having lied. Sometimes he would go so far as to imagine that it was she, Annie, who had forced him to lie, as he would never have done had he been alone. It was at these times that he'd wrestle with himself, vowing never to see her again, imagining almost irrationally; that she was a kind of succubus who first extracted the truth from him and then, when the truth was not enough, forced him to lie. It was illogical, almost immoral, to think this way and he told himself so, though all his telling could rarely do more than blunt slightly the feeling he'd already entertained too long. There were times when his self-arguing would continue into the night, when he could not sleep with the thought that she, her very presence, made him a man he often did not recognize, a man who bragged as he would never have done under ordinary circumstances, a man who stooped to the sin of lying to impress. But his trepidations were, for the most part, short-lived. After a night's sleep, he would no longer think of Annie as succubus, but rather as a responsive, if somewhat plaintive and perhaps pathetic, companion. He was contented that he had someone to talk with and to listen to, someone who demanded little of him, only an infrequent lie or an occasional inflation of reality. Relinquishing his privacy of soul one evening a week was not too much, he realized, considering the pleasure he received from being with her, considering how much she, herself, seemed to brighten and shine with someone, himself, beside her to share a few moments with. It was not too much, he decided.

The professional indifference she showed him in Claire's continued. Their conversation, questions and answers pertaining to the menu, rarely differed from one month to the next and Oliver was happy with things that way. Not that he didn't enjoy her, or find that each time they met he was

tempted to reveal more and more about himself and to learn more and more about her, but he had found that adjusting to even this slight degree of intimacy with another person, particularly a woman, was so difficult that the adjustment to constant or greater intimacy would have been impossible.

Gradually, over the months, as summer waned into autumn and gave itself up into the beginnings of winter Oliver lost his feelings of guilt at his occasional lies. In fact, as they became more natural with each other at the Orpheum and after, he found that he no longer felt the urge to lie or to magnify his experiences. They talked less and less about their past experiences and more and more about abstract ideas, the world and God and life.

Their criticism of the films they had seen sometimes led them to harsher judgments of their quality than Oliver would dared have make had he not had her to talk with. And though he often disagreed, he pondered over her dislikes and observations and he took them to sleep with him, frequently unable to reconcile his own feelings or to agree that a film he had liked had not, in fact, been a good one. It was a matter of taste, he decided, and left it at that. Though they agreed on many things he had no right to expect that she would always like the pictures he thought most highly of.

So GRADUALLY that it seemed unconscious, Oliver Gillen began to make certain slight changes in his habits and environment. The first change was unexpected. Oliver himself hardly knew what to make of it; but one day he found that Kate Lacey's seascapes were impossible to live with. She, so incredulous as to risk a palpitation by racing upstairs to ask why, had found them neatly stacked in her parlor with a small note saying, "Thank you," and nothing more.

In their stead she found two pastel prints of approximately the same size, but of subjects which were more lyric, milder and more generally pleasing in terms of their union of appropriate colors. Oliver had no explanation for her when she steamed into the room and looked about. He was busy arranging his furniture, looking critically at each piece to see how it should fit into the scheme of the entire room. Winded, she let out only a few exasperated tones and left as quickly as she had come, not even having given Oliver cause to wonder about her presence.

At Tansey's his colleagues began to notice that he wore a truly clean shirt,

that his suits—he had three now—were more often neat and pressed than not. Even Big Ed himself remarked casually about the difference to one of his secretaries. His comment was that for the first time since he had known him Oliver's haircut seemed to fit his head.

These changes were slight. Few people would have noticed any of them had they not taken Oliver for granted for many years. None was major enough for anyone to comment openly to him about them, nor were most people as moved as Big Ed even to mention anything to someone else. People simply noted the fact, wondered for a moment, then resumed their daily duties.

If Annie observed any changes in Oliver she kept silent. She herself seemed a bit brighter, a bit less plaintive even in these winter months. Their weekly meetings continued uninterrupted and they seemed mutually pleased by their Saturday talks and their weekly indifference. Oliver noticed that as February wore on, Annie frequently huddled near him for warmth on their way to take her home, that she talked less and listened more to him. He even thought, strangely, that her eyes were wider when she regarded him than they had been before. Consciously he attributed this to the weather, but unconsciously he feared it might be something else, that, in fact, another change might take place; and Oliver did not want any changes now. His life was too complete, too placid to accept an alteration in any but the most minor aspects of its routine.

Late in February, in the evening of the extra day the calendar had given it, Oliver turned his mother's portrait around to face his bed. It seemed far less reproachful and stern than it ever had before.

That very night he had one of the oddest and most frightening dreams he could remember having had. He dreamt he was in Claire's finishing his dessert and Annie had, without comment, placed his check next to his dish and moved back to the kitchen door where she could see his face from across the room. He thought nothing of it, but continued eating his Boston cream pie until each last flake of crust had been licked from his chin. Only then did he reach for his check, and simultaneously his hand took a dime and a nickel from his trousers pocket to place on the table. But he did not put the fifteen cents there. Instead he stared incredulously at the check where, under the printed figures of his bill, were the words, scrawled almost painfully as a child

would, "I love you." He was astonished. He gasped at the words, refusing to believe they were there in front of him, refusing that Annie had had the awful nerve to confront him with them. He couldn't imagine what he had done to provoke them, why she should do this to him, spoil the relationship he had had with her, a relationship he had come to respect and enjoy. Everything was ruined, he thought, as he stood there. Nothing was left. He couldn't even look at her face as he hurried out of the restaurant. He could only imagine the sad look of hurt that must have been there, a hurt she had only caused herself, a hurt he could do nothing to ameliorate. It was all beyond his power. She had betrayed him.

Oliver woke to the darkness in a cold, trembling sweat. That Annie might love him had never occurred to him before. It was out of the question, he had thought, but, then, how could he, Oliver, control such a thing? Was it his fault as well as hers? He couldn't be sure. Certainly he had never encouraged anything of this sort, nor would he. It was all only a dream, yes, but a possibility, nevertheless. Perhaps her huddling, her widened eyes should have told him that, beyond his control, he had affected her in a way he had never wanted to. It was a way which could only bring unhappiness to her and misery to him, a way he had never expected could happen.

Oliver didn't sleep the rest of that night. Instead, he bundled himself into his overcoat and wandered through the black streets of Orion, thinking about Annie and the dream, what he had done that might make the dream come true, and how he might reverse what he thought of now as the natural course of events.

As he walked he attempted to reason with himself that he had only had a dream, but something within him proclaimed that the dream was a sign, an irrevocable sign he should heed. He stood calmly in the cold outside the window of Claire's. The restaurant was closed, but the dull pink neon sign shone through the window and lighted his face as he looked inside. He could see Annie as she had stood in his dream. He could see her face now, and it was full of remorse and pain. Oliver couldn't endure it. He turned quickly away and stared up the street toward the Astoria. All the lights were out and the street looked cold and grim in the night.

The dream had been too real, he decided. He wasn't superstitious, but he was not so foolish as to ignore such a palpable directive. No, it was defi-

nitely meant as a warning, he decided, as he turned his back to Jameson Street and headed home. It was a warning that he must act upon for his own sake and for hers. It was, in fact, a signaling of his duty in the affair.

FEELING STRANGELY guilty the next Saturday, Oliver avoided Annie in the Orpheum. He sat in the back on the left so he could leave quickly when the film was over and not have to see her. It was the only way, he thought. She would have to understand that he was saving them.

In Claire's—he could not alter his life so severely as to change his restaurant after twenty years of uninterrupted dinners—he tried not to look at her. He kept his eyes to his plate and the menu, and he confined himself to the normal problems of choice and choosing.

The following Saturday he could not avoid seeing her as he left the Orpheum. She had not gone in at all, but waited outside for him to come. And though he tried to avoid it, his glance was riveted firmly to her. She was standing silent, a thin specter of a woman with the sad round eyes of a child who had been betrayed. He couldn't help sensing her feeling and wanted to explain why he had behaved as he had, but the words would not come; they seemed almost unnecessary as he looked at her and saw that she could not speak, that she would not understand what he had to say. He hurried by her feeling nauseous and shaken, and he wished he had never seen her. The night was cold and whipping and when he returned to his room he walked endlessly over the worn carpets around his bed. He felt miserable but just. In the morning Mrs. Lacey found a note requesting the return of the seascapes and she found, after she had re-hung them, that the pastels were crumpled and wedged deeply in one of the outside ashcans.

Annie left Claire's shortly after that. Without a word or a nod she had simply vanished from Orion, and Oliver thought she had done the best thing. Her action merely confirmed what his dream had told him. She had been as sensible as he, and he was grateful. Months later he had heard from someone in town that her husband had found her and through fear of him she had left to start life somewhere else, but he could never be sure of what people said. It didn't sound very reasonable to him. Someone even said she had died only a short while after she had left, but he didn't believe this either. People weren't very sensible in Orion when it came to things of this nature.

There were times now when Oliver sensed something missing in his life, but these times were only brief, spasmodic moments of weakness, he knew. He paid no attention to them. Occasionally he would catch himself talking out loud in the Orpheum, but no one noticed. Once or twice he began going home from the film in the wrong direction, but he was never more than a minute or two out of his way, so it did not matter.

In April, perhaps because spring was coming, he turned his mother's picture away from his bed.

In June he still imagined, sitting in Claire's having dinner, that Annie was standing by the kitchen door watching him eat, but he shook that off, too, by protesting that he was getting older and that things of this nature were to be expected. Nothing was beyond his power of rationalizing because he had gone to great trouble to order his life well and to control himself. The only things that really bothered him were the things that happened to him in the night, when he was completely alone, when he would wake from a sound sleep and see her standing silent at the foot of his bed imploring him with her sad eyes, calling him mutely away from himself and into her world as if she were a spirit come to redeem him from bondage.



HEADNOTES

VIVIAN NORA GRELICK is a Graduate Assistant in Art at U.N.M. She has a B.F.A. in Art Education from Syracuse University, and is a practicing artist as well as a teacher.

NORMAN HALLIDAY is a journalist. A former New Mexican and a 1942 graduate of NMMA at Roswell, he served in the U.S. Army in Europe in 1944-45. He has published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Appearing for the first time in *NMQ*, LEE JACOBUS, graduate of Brown University, is an English instructor at Danbury State College, Danbury, Connecticut. He is currently working on a novel; and his "A Love Story" in the present issue of *New Mexico Quarterly* is one of a series of similar stories with the same setting of the mythical Orion.

ELIJAH L. JACOBS was born in Oklahoma Territory on the homestead claim of his father, who worked on the construction of the railroad. At present the chairman of the Division of Humanities in Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana, Mr. Jacobs has taught as a regular staff member in other colleges and universities from Ohio to California and Washington. He has contributed widely to many quarterlies and general magazines and has published two books—*Farewell to Romance*, a volume of light verse, and *Missouri Writers*, a history of literature in Missouri which was written in collaboration with F. E. Wolverton. Mr. Jacobs holds degrees from the Universities of Kansas, Chicago, and Southern California.

A graduate of Scripps College and the University of Michigan, ROBIN JOHNSON, who describes herself as "housewife-mother, writer, poet," is a Californian who now lives in Belmont, Massachusetts. She writes fiction, non-fiction, and poetry and has published in denominational magazines and in such poetry magazines as *Fiddlehead*, *Poetry Digest*, *Caravan*, and *American Bard*. Since 1956, she has won five of the University of New Hampshire's Writer's Conference awards in juvenile, fiction, non-fiction, and poetry writing.

A native of Alabama, JERYL W. LAFON, after a seventeen-month stay at Ft. Bliss, Texas, yielded to a long-time urge to return to the Southwest and moved back to New Mexico in 1959. He lives in Albuquerque where he is employed by the U.S. Army Engineer District. *Night of the Harvest* is his first published story.

GEORGE N. MACDONELL is a practicing attorney-at-law in Miami, Florida. He lived for fourteen years in Cuba and northern

Mexico and has translated a number of Mexican and Spanish authors. He was graduated from Emory University and received his training in law at Emory and the University of Miami. He has been a special Assistant Attorney General of Florida and was formerly connected with the Bureau of Censorship, Miami, where he handled Spanish and French translations. He has written a novel of northern Mexico, *Song of the Chaparral*, and short stories with Mexican and Central American settings.

We have selected three of DR. PAUL E. MEMMO, JR.'s, translations of Michelangelo's sonnets for publication in this issue. Dr. Memmo is translating the entire series and held a fellowship from Fordham University in 1960 to work on this project. He is a Professor of English and Comparative Literature at Fordham, a Renaissance specialist, and is author of a number of critical reviews. He has traveled and studied widely.

Verse by HERBERT MORRIS, who lives in Philadelphia, has appeared in *Kenyon Review*, *Hudson Review*, *Poetry London-New York*, and other magazines.

STEPHEN PAULLADA belongs to the rare tribe of native-born New Mexicans. He has a book in preparation on the Gaucho and cowboy and is President of the Pierce College Faculty in Los Angeles and coordinator of the Honors Program in the college, where he also is Counselor.

RAMONA MAHER WEEKS was Editor for the University of New Mexico Press and Book Review Editor for *NMQ* for several years. Author of two novels for young people, she is at present engaged in writing three full-length books. Mrs. Weeks serves on the board of *Inscape*, a quarterly poetry magazine published in Albuquerque.

Books

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF WALT WHITMAN: THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WALT WHITMAN, 1842—1875, 2 vols., ed. by Edwin Haviland Miller. New York: New York University Press, 1961. Vol. I, 394 pp., Vol. II, 387 pp. \$10.00 each.

Many of the major American writers of the nineteenth century cultivated a mythical public image. Hawthorne, Poe, Twain all encouraged (or at least did nothing to discourage) a picture of themselves that was more fancy than fact; but Walt Whitman was probably the most difficult of the lot. Scholarship has managed to dispel the Hawthorne who sounded like a Count Dracula floating around Salem only by the light of a full moon, the Poe maniacally addicted to drugs for literary inspiration, and the Twain who had no concern for structure. But Whitman has never been completely untangled from the "I" of *Leaves of Grass*. Readers have always reacted violently to Walt. They have labeled him a braggart, a mystic, an insufferable egotist, a blatant homosexual, a "kosmos," but until the publication of these two massive volumes of his letters (which constitute only half of the projected collection) not many have considered him a bore. Now, however, there can be no doubt; the Walt Whitman who lived and breathed (whatever the characteristics of "I") was insufferably dull.

His letters are grammatical monstrosities. They show—except for a few written during the Civil War, when Whitman was a nurse—a disturbing lack of imagination and personality. The poet repeated entire paragraphs in different letters written at about the same time. He developed a formula for ending letters, in which the last paragraph began, "I am sitting in the office" and then described, monotonously, the weather and the scenery he saw out his window. After his paralytic stroke in 1873, practically every letter contained a Pollyannaish statement that he might get well or might not, but was prepared for anything. Many of these letters (forty per cent, according to Professor Miller's count) have been in print before, scattered over more than fifty years; the rest are published here for the first time. And once they get gathered together in chronological order, they are hopelessly banal and lusterless.

- Professor Miller recognizes the insipid character of Whitman as letter writer. "I never think about literary perfection in letters . . . it is the *man* & the *feeling*," Miller quotes Whitman as saying. And the editor points out,

It would be absurd (and dishonest) to claim that the publication of Whitman's letters will suddenly unveil the truth which has escaped critics, biographers, and fanatics. Perhaps an editor . . . may be forgiven if he makes an unacademic assertion: the printing of the letters, with copious annotation from the riches of material now available, will bring this baffling figure closer to readers by focusing attention on the poet of immensities engaged in the intimacies of daily experience.

Certainly there can be no more confusion about how closely the Walt Whitman in *Leaves of Grass* parallels the Walt Whitman who wrote that book. Whoever touches both *Leaves of Grass* and the *Correspondence* touches a man; but in the latter case, the reader confronts a mundane, jejune, often bathetic and frequently soporific letter writer, and in the former he meets (to paraphrase Scott Fitzgerald's description of Gatsby) Walt Whitman's Platonic conception of himself.

The correspondence raises, paradoxically, exactly the opposite problem from the one that faced critics and biographers in the past. Instead of attempting to unravel fictional character from historical writer, critics now face the task of trying to explain how the Walt Whitman who wrote these letters could ever have composed his poetry. It is a problem that has to go farther back than the current studies of the textual revisions of specific poems from their first to their final versions for its solution; the question is, how did the man who wrote this kind of letter ever get even to the rough draft stage of his poetry? I do not mean that poets cannot be unpoetic in appearance (the photographs and the voices on recordings of modern poets reading their own verse have prepared us for the worst), but Whitman professed that a letter should reflect "the *man* & the *feeling*." And he insisted in the 1855 Preface that inspiration was everywhere around him. So consider these facts: the man who wrote "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" wrote nothing in any extant letter about Lincoln's death; the man who wrote "Passage to India" and "To a Locomotive in Winter" was interested in his letters only in train wrecks that might kill or injure some of his "mechanic" friends, especially Peter Doyle; the man who wrote "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" described the same trip in a letter of 1863 thus:

I am quite fond of crossing on the Fulton ferry, or South ferry, between Brooklyn & New York, on the big handsome boats. They run continually day & night. I know most of the pilots, & I go up on the deck & stay as long as I choose. The scene is very curious, & full of variety. The shipping along the wharves looks like a forest of bare trees. Then there are all classes of sailing vessels & steamers, some of them the grandest & most beautiful steamships in the world, going or coming from Europe, or on the California route, all these on the move. As I sit up there in the pilot house, I can see everything, & the distant scenery, & away down toward the sea, & Fort Lafayette, &c. The ferry boat has to pick its way through the crowd. Often they hit each other, then there is a time—

The scene "very curious, & full of variety," with an "&c." to fill in the blank is a far jump from the observer of "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," and one can respect the artistry

of the poetry even more when one realizes how apparently uncongenial to Whitman the man the techniques of Whitman the poet were.

Professor Miller has done a superb job of annotating the *Correspondence*, which is full of obscure references. He has provided plausible dates, compiled lists of letters to Whitman, of letters from Whitman that are no longer extant or available, and of locations and prior publications of letters printed here. His footnotes are exhaustive; they reveal a fascinating portrait of Louisa Whitman, a cantankerous and completely disagreeable woman who should have received switches and ashes every Mother's Day. There are a few typographical errors in an otherwise handsome job of printing: the half-title of the first volume (p. 23) lists the dates included as 1842 to 1847, and it should be 1867. On the preceding page, Emory Holloway is spelled Halloway. And on page 32 of the first volume, when Jeff Whitman explains that carpenter's wages in New Orleans are "fifty dollars a month and found," Professor Miller emends this to read "I found," ignoring a common Americanism. "Wages and found" meant salary plus room and board, as the *Dictionary of American English* defines the term.

It is impossible not to admire Professor Miller's patience in assembling and annotating his material, with almost every page a lotus. The Whitman specialist will find the *Correspondence* a necessity; the general reader will do well to savor it to prove to himself that, just as he claimed he was, Walt Whitman was a very common man.

—Hamlin Hill

Formerly of the English Department of the University of New Mexico, Hamlin Hill is an Assistant Professor of English and American Studies at the University of Wyoming. He is collaborating with Walter Blair of The University of Chicago on the forthcoming facsimile first edition of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

WEBSTER'S THIRD NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY UNABRIDGED. Springfield: G. & C. Merriam, 1961. 2,718 pp. \$47.50.

The third edition of the Merriam-Webster (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) unabridged is a publishing event indeed. The basic second-edition copyright was granted a generation ago in 1934. Since then of course there have been reprintings, revisions and addenda. As the language grew, so did *Webster's*—creeping middle-age-spread necessitating especially stout tables and stands to hold it—three men and a boy to transport it.

The new *Webster's* has the new look of the younger generation; by comparison with the second edition, it is tall and slim. Pages are a shade wider and a half inch deeper, but there are 612 fewer than in the 1960 reprint, a book a third again thicker. Since our vocabulary has not diminished in a year, how can such a physical reduction be accomplished without a corresponding reduction in coverage?

The answer to that knotty question is "Hmmm!" The fact is there are about a hundred thousand new entries in the third edition. These split in half, with one category of new words admitted and the other, new uses for old. The reduction in physical size has been accomplished in two ways: First, the definitions have been radically shortened by using symbols which will require for the first time in the sesquicentennial history of

this dictionary a thorough study of the front matter. Previously, when one looked up a word, he needed only to know the alphabet and how to read. Now, with the technical ability of a private pilot it will still be possible to extract all the juice from a definition, but without a preflight checkout, one may never get off the ground.

The second way the dictionary has been shortened is by eliminating the encyclopedic material. For instance, in old *Webster's*, if you wanted to find out something about Thebes, you had the gazetteer in the back. There you were given the modern name, the ancient name and the location of the city in Egypt with the same information about the Greek town, some facts about the old and the new town, references to maps included, references to some associated words such as *Thebaid* which turned out to be "Thebian suburbs" in its primary usage and "A Latin epic poem in twelve books by Statius on the subject of the Seven against Thebes" in its secondary usage. There were then full entries for the adjective *Theban* in use, such as *Theban eagle*, *Theban bard*, and *Theban year*.

Looking up *Seven against Thebes*, *the*, one could find the whole Greek legend pithily recounted, together with full names of each of the seven heroes. Here were references also to several classic authors who had retold the tale, and if you wanted to know more about them, there were short but informative accounts in the biographical section. So it went; and so a very interesting rainy afternoon could be spent, providing it ever rained and providing you were interested in Thebes. By contrast, the new dictionary brusquely defines *Theban* in its clipped and cryptic style, once for the town, and once for the inhabitants, and that's all. You've had it. Next subject?

Gone are the thumb-indexes for ABBR (necessary abbreviations are given in text); SIGNS; GAZ; BIOG; and of course NEW WORDS. These last are assumed to be covered in the text. Instead there is one called CONT which is table of contents—unnecessary in both editions as it is in the very front of the book, but the notch is probably there for symmetry to fill out two columns of notches. The old book had four columns and the outer ones straggled a little.

Of plates and illustrations, eight pages of "Flags, Seals, Coats of Arms, etc." have been condensed to one. There are no longer four pages of photographs of the editors of the dictionary (but Noah Webster, 1758-1843—still holds the frontis), nor four pages of photographs of airplanes. Pictures of architecture, American and historical, have been deleted. A plate of "State Birds" replaces "Common American." There are no "Noted Examples of Bridges," "Cathedrals and Other Religious Edifices," no "Coins of the World," "Orchids," "Emblems of Fraternal and Service Organizations," "Medals and Orders of Honor and Merit," "Types of Naval Vessels," "Orders of Knighthood and of Merit," nor are "Trees" illustrated. What great loss to knowledge the omission may represent can only be surmised. In its stead, they have "Cats," "Dogs" (all twelve known breeds so that now you can tell a cocker from a boxer), "Monkeys," "Shells," "Fishes," and "Tropical Fishes" (aquarium-style with popular or pet names). What great gift to science this may be can only be conjectured.

The first typical page in the dictionary is probably page 2. Using that as a sample, we find in an old (1947) edition this page beginning with *Abacus* and ending with

Abat-vent; in the new, beginning with *abalone* and ending with *abdomina*. There are 92 words to the 3-column page of the new as compared with only 68 in the old. In the first six pages, the new dictionary omits three of six illustrations of the old, namely the *aardwolf* (a "hyena-like quadruped of South and East Africa"), one style of *abacus* (the one with the sliding counters, not the uppermost division of a capital) and the Roman cloak called *abolla*. The type size and style are nearly the same in both dictionaries; the increase in entries apparently is accommodated through condensation.

There are two new editorial principles incorporated in this dictionary. One is the inclusion of any word that is frequently used, without regard for its respectability. Hence both "ain't" and "hain't" find their way into *Webster's* for the first time. "Finalize" and "Taxwise" are admitted in the same way that "colonize" and "clockwise" were long ago. Four-letter Anglo-Saxon vulgarisms have finally made the grade five centuries after Chaucer with the notation "usu. considered vulgar." The new dictionary cannot double for either *Godey's Ladies' Book* or the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. If it is no convenient storehouse for miscellaneous information it is even less an arbiter of good taste. On the other hand, slang that did not catch on has been dropped, and the editors claim that a lesser percentage of new slang has been admitted. Hence "ruptured duck" of post-World War II and second edition addenda is now as extinct as the dodo, which word, by the way, still thrives in the dictionary with two new slang usages: "flight cadet who has not soloed" and an "illegally weighted bowling ball."

More serious is the omission of rare and obsolete words, definitions of which are useful to students of period literature. We are sorry to see *cuneator*, a minter of coins, and Voltaire's charming *Cunegonde* go in favor of *cow college*, *coffin nail*, *garter belt*, and *potty seat*. But there is still the *Oxford* in libraries, and with words entering the language at the rate of a hundred thousand in a generation, serious students will have to go to the *Oxford* for the definition and history of archaisms.

The other innovation, if it can be called that, is a more generous use of quotations of words in modern context. To this extent, *Webster's* imitates the *Oxford's* use of historical quotations. The debt is admitted for the first time now that that lexicographical monument is out of print and not likely to be reprinted. Formerly the only recognition of the competition on the part of the G. & C. Merriam Company, the publishers, was a warning to the reader to beware of imitations. If by some odd quirk one desires to know how Bob Hope uses an occasional word, some of these pearls are on display with credits. Eisenhower, too, is quoted in preference to Dryden or Tennyson.

Figurative uses are out, such as "*Sea urchin* n. A boy sailor. *Jocose*. Irving." Etymologies are still included: "*G.I.* adj. [fr. unofficial abbr. (used by U. S. Army Quartermaster clerks in listing such articles as garbage cans) for *galvanized iron*, but taken to be abbr. for *government issue* or *general issue*]."

The dictionary pretends only to cover the language in use and has but a slight stiff bow for its history. In another generation or less, by the time of publication of a fourth edition certainly, not only will the encyclopedic material be dropped, but, we can imagine, much of the technical vocabulary as well. The trend in dictionaries is toward specializa-

tion and this is inevitable. We have more classical, mechanical, electronic and biological dictionaries and glossaries in print now, for example, than we did when the second edition came out, and we may look for more and bigger ones. Right now, you can find Carbon 14 in the new *Webster's*.
—Richard C. Angell

EVERYONE KNOWS that the function of a dictionary is to record current usage and to set certain nebulous standards for "good usage" as practiced by the "best" of the current crop of writers and speakers—everyone knows this theory and pays lip service to it; but most writers and readers and students are more than likely to treat Webster's as something holy and wholly unquestionable. At least they treated the old Webster in this way; but I have my doubts about the new one.

The volume is slimmer, thinner-paged, wider-margined, easier to handle, and the editors may well be proud of the face lifting job they have done on it. It probably will wear better than the earlier editions—fewer ripped pages, torn plates, etc.—and probably will cause fewer sprained wrists and aching backs from trying to carry it. The pages are wider and contain more matter, and gone are the footnotes and guides to pronunciation. Gone also are the gazetteer, the lists of abbreviations, the biographical material, and some of the other features which used to be more useful in many instances than the dictionary itself. This new incarnation of the book includes more useful and fewer useless words than the earlier one; and it has finally admitted words that everyone has known since Middle English emerged from Anglo-Saxon but which never made the dictionary. I find, checking a few random entries, that the vocabulary seems somewhat more realistic, and there are fewer esoteric definitions than used to plague us. I find that in using the new edition I rarely am forced to wander through mazes of definitions of obscure definitions of obscurer terms used to define obscure definitions, *ad nauseam*—a parlor pastime which used to force me to spend a half hour trying to locate the precise meaning of a word I had always taken more or less for granted. In this respect at least the new dictionary is a time saver.

However, what is gained by greater simplicity and more realism in the definitions is lost elsewhere. Use of this dictionary necessitates a thorough study of the 56 pages of prefatory matter; and a smattering of knowledge of English grammar and phonetics would help. The pronunciation is indicated by a system of hieroglyphics that is a fascinating study in itself.

Any work of this magnitude is certain to contain a few flaws, and no one can please everybody. I look with a certain sentimentality toward the old dictionary, after having spent some twenty-five years with it, and I believe that the new one has certain advantages and other disadvantages. The flaws will become more apparent as the book is used. It is too early yet to be sure how much current unfavorable reactions are due to shock and how much they are due to studied criticism. I miss a great deal of the useful material which the old dictionary included, but I rejoice in the clarification of much of its obscurantism—the occupational hazard of lexicographers—and the greater clarity of

definition. However, I'm not going to throw away the old second edition until maybe after the fourth one appears.

—J. Robert Feynn

To writers and editors, the "Big Dictionary" is a constant companion, a bulwark of defense, a non-electronic brain, a Pierian spring (Q V in Ed. 2) of entertainment, conversation, frustration and controversy. When the Third Edition arrived at the University of New Mexico Press to take its place as the new arbiter of words, two editors, Richard C. Angell and J. Robert Feynn, were asked to review it for the *Quarterly*. The consensus: to use the new, but not "to lay the old aside."—R. D.



From the collection of Edward Larocque Tinker
Courtesy of Kim Taylor, designer of
Corridos and Calaveras, University of Texas Press

CORRIDOS & CALAVERAS, by Edward Larocque Tinker. Austin: Humanities and Research Center, The University of Texas, distributed by the University of Texas Press, 1961. 60 pp. Illus. \$5.00.

Corridos are the topical ballads of Mexico sung by *cancioneros*, Mexican counterpart of the medieval troubadours, usually to guitar accompaniment in *pulquerías*, *cantinas*, around the campfire, at fiestas, or wherever people gather. *Calaveras* are a subspecies associated with the peculiarly Mexican celebration of All Saints Day, dedicated with macabre humor to the dead, featuring skulls, skeletons, hearses, and coffins in toys, decorations, and confections, much as black cats and witches are the Halloween motif north

of the border. The *calaveras* frequently take the form of slyly satiric to broadly scurrilous epitaphs of the living.

Edward Larocque Tinker is author of this monograph and collector of the amusing and quaintly grotesque illustrated broadsides or handbills of the verses, samples here represented from the collection now in the Hall of Horsemen of the Americas at the University of Texas. He heard his first *corridos* extemporized around the campfires of Pancho Villa's guerrillas, his brothers-in-arms, when as a young soldier of fortune, he cast his lot with the Mexican hero-*bandido* before the United States had taken an official stand in favor of Obregón.

The *corridos* are not invariably lively and amusing as they run the gamut of folk experience and aspirations.

They are loosely classified according to subject. Those that point morals or tell of saints and miracles are known as *ejemplos*; those used for dancing are *sones*; while love songs, burlesques and satires are called *coplas* or *versos*. *Relaciones* are more imaginative and are of fantastic happenings, put fables into the mouths of animals, or list in great detail the beauties of towns or regions. They laud popular heroes, describe picaresque adventures, or even rise to heights of allegory. The *tragedias*, as their name implies, describe public catastrophes or individual misfortunes. They are sung in a minor key with slow, dirge-like solemnity, in contrast with the usual *corrido* that has a gay, animated melody.

Tinker traces the history of the genre, giving thumbnail biographies of some of the most noted composers, publishers, and illustrators. There are three theories about the significance and derivation of the name, one school holding that the songs were called *corridos* because they scandalously *ran* through the city; another because of the easy flow or *running* of the verse; the third, because the *cancioneros* sometimes had to run for their lives. *Corridos* are of great historical interest and social significance as outspoken criticism of corrupt officialdom, always on the side of the people. Many concerned with their production, from Maximilian's empire down, have served time in horrible *calabozos* as a result. Diego Rivera acknowledged his debt to one *corrido* broadside engraver, José Guadalupe Posada, calling him "the interpreter of the sorrows, the happiness, and the agonized aspirations of the Mexican people." Judging by the samples of Posada's work here, the prolific illustrator of more than fifteen thousand *corridos* was more an inspiring example than a teacher of technique for the revolutionary artists.

Eight single- and two double-sided *corrido* broadsides and two double-sided *calaveras* are offered on unquestionably much better tinted paper than the butcher-paper originals which sold for *centavos* in the *mercados* and on street corners in Mexican towns. Rather than work of Rivera, they are reminiscent of the old Nast cartoons of a comparable period in this country, but with overtones of coffee houses, Gin Lane, Beer Alley, and St. Paul's Churchyard of a century and more earlier when this same broadside method was the way of spreading the word in London with the same interesting, sometimes disastrous results. Something of the background of each *corrido* is given in an accompanying paragraph while complete translations are appended. It is a thin but large-size, handsome book.

—Richard C. Angell

THE DETECTIONS OF DR. SAM: JOHNSON, by Lillian de la Torre. New York: Doubleday, Crime Club, 1960. 190 pp. \$2.95.

This is the second book by Miss de la Torre (in real life, Mrs. George McCue, of Colorado Springs) in which Samuel Johnson is promoted to the ranks of fictional detectives. It may be a little odd at first to think of the great lexicographer as one with Hercule Poirot, Lord Peter Wimsey, and Perry Mason. But it is a logical development: Miss de la Torre's Johnson is hardly more fictional than the Johnson of, say, Lord Macaulay, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, or Hesketh Pearson, to mention only some of those who have rung the changes on Johnson as a great "character" *et praeterea nihil*. Miss de la Torre at least admits that her Johnson is fictional. Only one thing, it seems to me, is lacking in Miss de la Torre's picture of Dr. Sam: Johnson, Detector—a comely female secretary. Could not Mrs. Thrale or Hannah More be called in to play the part of Della Street?

As one who, in his fashion, cares who killed Roger Ackroyd, I feel that these stories show something of a falling off in criminological interest from Miss de la Torre's earlier collection. Perhaps Johnson's opportunities for detection are now pretty well exhausted, and the possibilities of other literary periods should be explored. How about having John Milton solve the mystery of who stole the Crown Jewels from the Tower in 1671 (his blindness will add to the piquancy of the situation)? Or William Wordsworth, assisted by Annette Vallon (fetchingly disguised as a *sansculotte*), rescue Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette from the guillotine? Or Mr. T. S. Eliot (known to his admirers at the Yard as "Old Possum") in a police car, siren wail-

ing, speeding across the Scottish moors in desperate pursuit of the thieves of the Coronation stone?

—D. J. Greene

Dr. Donald Greene, Associate Professor of English at the University of New Mexico, is a leading authority on Dr. Samuel Johnson. His book on Johnson's politics was published by Yale. He is the editor of the latest edition of the Johnson bibliography. His articles on the eighteenth century lexicographer appear frequently in scholarly journals here and abroad.

KING OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN, by Gene Caesar. New York: E. P. Dutton, 1961. 317 pp. \$4.95.

The period of the mountain man lasted from about 1820 to 1840, the most heroic man chapter in American history. Jim Bridger was the hero. Now we have no heroes. We try to make up heroes and get mechanized men. Our heroes are competing with chimpanzees. We strap a man in a capsule and fire him into space, but we make certain that no harm will come to him and that he is intellectually capable of the adventure by first going up with a monkey. Man has come full circle in his evolution and is again competing with an old relative. In our unheroic times we vie with a tin warhead and the corporation. We think in slogans and talk in bombs.

The stories of Jim Bridger will never occur again because the raw North America is all over—the country made the men. The wild furious savagery of the dangerous land, the high mountains filled with red death waiting to fall on the small bands of trappers. The high mountains made big men.

But Jim Bridger, even way back there, couldn't escape the corporations, the vested interest small men have in money and religion. John Jacob Astor was forming the

great American Fur Company and one of his early interests in life was to "eliminate at any cost Jim Bridger." And they did. The Mormons sent out a military expedition to destroy by force "this heathen in our midst." And they did. But Jim survived John Jacob Astor's religious zeal for "Free Enterprise" and the Mormon's financial interest in his trading post, to remain a hero.

Those days are over. We can't go home again. The mountains are finished. The mountain man is dead. We don't produce them any more because the land is benign and calls for tame men pushing IBM machines, and so Jim Bridger did not win in his battle with John Jacob Astor. The mountains are still there but they are organized.

This book—any honest, well done book like this book on Jim Bridger—could serve as a Marxist manifesto because it's about the fall, the end in America of personal individual genius. But the speech would miss the point because it wasn't the vested interests that finished Jim Bridger, or the Indians. It was people—thousands, then millions of us jamming for space, filling the West, piling up into the mountains. We demand organization against chaos. We demand the life of the hero so that we may breed. Jim Bridger, the hero, was not killed—he was smothered.

Read *King of the Mountain Men*. It will tell you exactly the heroic way, the wonderful way, it all was before the tract houses came.

—William Eastlake

William Eastlake, writer-rancher of Cuba, New Mexico, has been anthologized in several annual best American short story collections. He is the author of the novels *Go in Beauty* and *The Bronx People*. His story "Bird on the Mesa" in the Octo-

ber *Harpers* is an episode from a forthcoming novel, *Portrait of an Artist with 26 Horses*.

LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL, well known author of many books and essays on the Southwest, has been named Dean of the School of Library Service of the University of California in Los Angeles. Dean Powell is conducting a course there in Libraries of the Southwest which will embrace the history, geography, natural history, ecology, literature and lore of this region as well as all the many kinds of libraries represented here: public, county, state, museum, academic, school, private, commercial, industrial and special.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SPANISH POETRY FROM GARCILASO TO GARCIA LORCA IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION WITH SPANISH ORIGINALS, ed. by Angela Flores. Garden City: Doubleday Anchor original, 1961. 510 pp. \$1.45.

On the Rua Amador Bueno in Santos is, or was up until a few years ago, a variety store known as the *Casa Tem Tudo* "the business establishment that has everything." Unfortunately in an effort to communicate so precisely and explicitly in another tongue, we lose some of the poetry, if one dares call it that, of *casa tem tudo*. There must be a moral in it.

It is interesting to compare this new paperback anthology with the English Penguin, introduced, edited, translated by J. M. Cohen, 1956. It does not include an index of first lines or nearly as many poets. The Penguin included the work of over a hundred poets not counting a generous number of *anónimos*, while the new book covers more thoroughly seventeen great ones from pre *siglo de oro* Garcilaso to the

late García Lorca, who wrote of modern Iberia, Brooklyn, Manhattan, and the Bronx as seen darkly through the glass of his troubled soul. Only three of the seventeen, Miguel de Guevara, Manuel González Prada, and Gabriela Mistral, are omitted in the Penguin, however, which provides half the number of poems of the others in the new book, and includes more verses of some important poets such as Góngora and Lope de Vega.

Another advantage the English book has over the new one is that the translations are on the same page. These are, to be sure, in agate-type footnotes, requiring a reading glass or good bifocals for those with less than 20-20 vision, and the prose translations by the editor are fairly literal, which may or may not be a good thing. The old Loeb Classics style of facing-page translations is of course superior as the foreign language text can be instantly compared, line-for-line, with the English. But this takes paper and paper costs money. Verse translations in the new book are in the back, separately indexed, necessitating for comparison, page flipping at the very least.

Perhaps too obvious to require comment is the fact that not all these verse translations are equally happy in conveying the aura and effect of the originals. One competent reader commented on the Góngora, for example, that the translations did not convey the condensed simultaneity of outrageous image and idea of the Spanish. One of these Góngora translations, of "¡Oh claro honor del líquido elemento," is Cohen's, who did the Penguin. It is not as close to the original in anything but stanzaic form as his prose translation which even so was relatively free. The problem is inherent in the material. One must have

a lyric gift and luck as well as a superior grasp of both languages to translate verse faithfully. Even then, like some wildflowers, some words will not stand transplanting.

Lysander Kemp, one of a dozen translators of this edition, probably has the gift, and, having grown tired of cold winds, gray skies, and correcting Freshman themes, was last heard from employing it, blowing a saxophone with a *mariachi* near Lake Chapala. So he has another requisite of the translator: luck. Of few of the others does this verse by Prada apply:

*Mal traductor de poeta
Hace papel de lacayo
Grotescamente vestido
Con los arreos del amo*

"A poet's bad translator plays a lackey's part, grotesquely garbed in his master's finery." This is a lackey's translation, and not the neat but possibly copyright verse of the new anthology.

In spite of inevitable shortcomings, either one of these books is a real buy.

—Richard C. Angell

PAMPHLETS & PAPERBACKS ON AMERICAN WRITERS

There are several companies now specializing in series of inexpensive monographs on American writers that should prove a boon to students from high school through graduate school in the ever more popular American studies programs.

Barnes and Noble American Authors and Critics Series.

Most ambitious and thorough of the

new booklets is the Barnes and Noble series written and edited by acknowledged experts, illustrated, annotated, indexed and supplied with intelligently categorized bibliographies for those wishing a quick reference to the canon as well as those who wish to delve a little deeper. These books run close to 150 pages and retail for \$1.25 each. Titles to date are: Wolfe, Hawthorne, Twain, and Whittier with Henry Adams, Stephen Crane, Hart Crane, Whitman, Brooks, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Howells in preparation.

University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers

A little less than fifty pages in length are these Minnesota pamphlets retailing at 65 cents. They too include excellent bibliographies but no index, or illustrations, and less biographical material. Titles include Hemingway, Frost, Faulkner, James, Twain, Wolfe, Eliot, Whitman, Stein, Stevens, Wharton, Melville, Fitzgerald, Recent American Drama, and The American Short Story.

American Writers—American Century Series

Hill & Wang, Inc., New York, have announced that they are publishing reprints of the American Writers Series in their American Century Series. These anthologies, similar in length and style to Viking's "Portable" series run approximately 600 pages and contain in addition to the author's original material in full-length works, 100 to 150 pages of critical introductory essays, updated bibliographies, chronological tables, and notes. So far, they have published Howells and Paine at \$1.95 and Whitman at \$1.75.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT READS FROM HIS OWN POEMS, Yale Series of Recorded Poets, produced by the Yale University Department of English and the Audio Visual Center. New Haven: Carillon Records, 1961.

There is no question about it, poetry should be read aloud. No matter how well trained the musicologist, reading the score of the opera at home is not like being swept along with the music, listening to a skillful performance from a good seat in the opera house. In his easy chair, the reader may be able to imagine the effect, humming to his inner ear, but that is not the thing itself. So it is with verse that is just as surely written to be heard; what more authentic interpreter can there be than the composer-musician playing or conducting his own composition or the poet reading his own poem?

This is what the book says, yet, just as in the case of the musician-composer, the poet is not always his own best interpreter. Yeats as an old man joked about when, as a boy, he pronounced *O'Leary* as *O'Larry*, yet the amusing fact is that till the day he died he pronounced *Leary*, *Larry* and the grave, *grrive*. Indeed his brogue was so thick and his old man's voice so sepulchral that these got in the way of the words, the sense, and the feeling, which especially in his later verse are challenging and significant.

Most of the time, however, there is a singular thrill and a heightened appreciation in listening to the inflection, emphasis, and sometime lingual idiosyncrasies of the creator himself interpreting his verse; the nuances obtained by the listener transcend and actually differ in kind from those evoked merely by cold type for the reader.

This is especially true of the Winfield Townley Scott album under consideration. Next to the magnificent Caedmon recordings of Dylan Thomas, these poems are the best we have ever heard from the standpoint of audio-individuality, even topping the dry, ascerbic, and quiet intoning of St. Thomas Eliot, the intriguing squeak of e.e. cummings, and needing no music backdrop which, by Walton, enhanced Dame Edith Sitwell's "Facade."

Southwesterners must reluctantly give up the illusion, however, that Scott is one of them, like Bynner, say, or La Farge, and all the other good writers who have swallowed the desert and the desert has swallowed up. A large part of Scott's poetry, to be sure, is irrespective of time or place, universal as a geometry theorem. But the intensely personal part (an even larger part) is rooted as deeply as Frost, in New England. One cannot hear this beautiful voice without having the fact underlined. It is worth the price of the record to outlanders to hear Mr. Scott pronounce "mirror." And *mirror* is a keyword, a symbol for this verse; it is a mirror facing backward. Scott is not the minute assessor of the *Now*, nor the poet of prophecy. He is the master not of second-sight but of hind-sight.

New England is the key to Scott. Mark Twain to him is not from Missouri but from Hartford; Whitman, not the purveyor of the spirit of America but the peddler of books from a basket in a discrete location on the Eastern seaboard. This is not to say than Winfield Townley Scott is a regionalist. Like all real artists, his country is within. He belongs no more to New England than he does to the Southwest, but New England to him is a symbol of the national past as well as his personal past, and the

past to him is important—the basis of the present to which he speaks poignantly, the key to the future to which his poems are addressed. "How could you know today is today," he asks in *Memento*, "having forgotten yesterday and tomorrow?"

Fortunately for us and for posterity, waxing the moderns is a continuing trend. This Yale recording of impeccable fidelity is an addition to an extensive series of recorded poets; Harvard has its series, and there are specialized labels as well as those of the big commercial companies which always have their ears to the ground if not their eyes on the stars. (We mean the celestial variety, not Hollywood's for they are not chargeable with neglect there.)

A full, thoughtful hour with Scott is a delightful experience. The two dozen poems have been selected from *Wind the Clock* (1941), *To Marry Strangers* (1945), *Mr. Whittier and Other Poems* (1948), *Shenandoah*, and *Nucleus* (1954), and *Scrimshaw* (1959).

—Richard C. Angell

SOMERSET MAUGHAM: A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL STUDY, by Richard A. Cordell. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1961. 274 pp. \$5.95.

"The day broke gray and dull. The clouds hung heavily, and there was a rawness in the air that suggested snow." So begins a novel with a scene that tells how a child, half-asleep, sees his mother die. The man who wrote these words was thirty-eight years old. At the age of eighty, when he tried to read these first pages from *Of Human Bondage* aloud, he was choked with tears. Grief overwhelmed him. Yet this is the man critics have called cold, dry, and unfeeling.

Critically speaking, Somerset Maugham has been his own worst enemy. For sixty-three years of writing—through 20 novels, 100 short stories, 27 plays, and 11 volumes of essays—he has steadily and courteously depreciated himself as artist and philosopher. And critics generally have taken him at his word. Because Maugham has described himself as a “mere entertainer” critics have said he is merely an entertainer; because he has insisted that a novel should “amuse” critics have called him trivial. Because he has been clear-sighted and unhypocritical he has been called cynical and brutal.

It is time to say directly that at his best Somerset Maugham is a genuine artist with a rich philosophical mind. Maugham is that rarity: an admirable artist who is also a philosopher and an admirable philosopher who is also an artist.

There is, of course, philosophy and philosophy. “Philosopher,” said James Thurber: “one who seeks a magnificent explanation for his own insignificance.” Maugham is not of that tribe. But what a splendid roll call too is that list of men throughout the years who have believed in reason and intellect, who have honored common sense and tolerance, who have sought to understand, regret, and forgive, who have opposed bigotry, fanaticism, and cruelty, who have relished wit, clarity, balance, straight thinking, and honesty, who have avoided the self-deception that familiarizes man to live a life of lies. Democritus, Voltaire, Hume, Locke, Montaigne, Bayle, Diderot, Shaw, Bertrand Russell: this list of secular saints is spare, tragically few, and perhaps the world should be grateful that to it can be added the name of Maugham. It is important to

remember that philosophy is not the exclusive preserve of the divines. The work of Maugham, in great episodes like the Persian rug scene in *Of Human Bondage* and in passages almost everywhere in his writings, has encouraged thousands of readers to thought.

Not everything Maugham has written is good. What can one say of the jejune *The Razor's Edge*? or of the trivial *Theatre*? Well, surely one can say this. Despite every banality like *The Razor's Edge*, there is *Of Human Bondage*, *The Gentleman in the Parlour*, *Don Fernando*, *On a Chinese Screen*, *The Summing Up*, the arresting essays on writers and painters, and—their neglect is criminal—the plays.

Maugham the dramatist was the Maugham who in the early 1900's made his name and fortune. Today it is the Maugham least known. To read the novel *Of Human Bondage* is an illumination and emancipation—it is almost to be force-fed, force-grown. This novel flings open the shutters of the mind; through one side, then another and another, one gazes out into the world stretching away everywhere. By the end of the book the reader feels that the shutters have been thrust open on every side, and the strong bracing winds of the world—and its light—flood in. Yet the neglect of Maugham's best plays is due to more than the power of his best novels.

The plays are too direct for a pusillanimous world. *Sheppey*, which might be termed Maugham's colloquial dramatic version of Dostoyevsky's novel *The Idiot*, asks us to practice the Christianity we profess, or shut up. *For Services Rendered* requires us to face the human consequences of war, and will not let us look away. The time for such plays will certainly come.

Professor Cordell knows Maugham well and has written an excellent survey of his life and writings. As if trained by Maugham's own prose style, his book is brisk, interesting, surgical, modest, and wide-ranging. There is no nonsense about it; there is crispness, wryness, and understanding. It returns us to Maugham. Of Maugham himself this last word can be added. As a writer and man he is not only worldly-wise: he is wise.

—Willis D. Jacobs

Dr. Jacobs, whose signature is well known to readers of these columns, is Professor of English at the University of New Mexico.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES, ed. by Peter Gray. New York: Reinhold, 1961. 1,119 pp. Illus. \$20.00.

This year the Reinhold Publishing Corporation has added another distinguished volume, *The Encyclopedia of the Biological Sciences* to its line of scientific books. This same publishing house has had for some time an *Encyclopedia of Chemistry* and now, with the aid of some eight hundred articles and an almost equal number of authors, has done the same for the biological sciences.

The articles range from the classical biological concepts to those with the most up-to-date information available, and the contributors in all have made every effort to provide comprehensive treatments, although condensed, of their particular assignments. Covering the industrial, agricultural and medical applications of biology, as well as biological theory, the articles vary from about five hundred words to about ten times that figure in length and in each the writer has attempted to tell a complete story, not merely define a term.

The authors, as the editor states, range

in age from their early twenties to some in the nineties with a bulk of middle-aged contributors. All, including many Nobel prize winners, are recognized specialists in their particular subject and were invited to contribute on that basis.

Articles were sent in from nearly every major scientific center and nearly every country on the globe. In a check of the names and sources from the lists of contributors I found foreign specialists running about twenty per cent with the remainder in the United States, although many of these had migrated to this country after establishing reputations in foreign areas.

The standard subdivisions of developmental, ecological, functional, genetic, structural and taxonomic aspects of the biological sciences are included along with the more recent biochemical and biophysical information of molecular biology. Beginning on page 1 with "abiogenesis" and ending on page 1083 with "zoological gardens," the volume includes a wealth of stimulating and informative material which has been written not solely for the biologist who needs a quick comprehensive treatment of a particular subject, but for anyone wishing an authoritative review of almost any phase of the biological sciences. Generic plant and animal names are not given in the index, but in the descriptions of various family, class and phyla groups the more common genera are often included. However, if one is more interested in general topics he will find about a thousand words devoted to the "mating dance" as performed by grouse, scorpions, mayflies and others. "Space biology" and "biological warfare" have been summarized in about four thousand words with "symmetry" receiving about half that amount. Due to the

volume's breadth of coverage almost everyone will find articles of particular interest to him.

Brief biographies of outstanding naturalists and biologists have been interpolated. These accounts go back to Pliny the Elder and even a few scientists before his time but do not include scientists active at the present. The scope of biology is emphasized in listings and descriptions of the international biological societies, museums and journals.

The volume has been very carefully organized and compiled by the editor, Peter Gray, but even an editor can make mistakes. One that appears in the introduction is found in explanation of use of the index. In this paragraph a statement is made for finding a certain term: "The word 'archigonium,' for example, probably occurs in at least a hundred scattered places in this

volume. A reader who comes across it, and who does not know its meaning, may refer to the index where he will find the word ARCHIGONIUM followed by a page reference." I hurriedly looked in the index and found, with relief, the word ARCHEGONIUM; then I checked the context and in each case I found it spelled correctly as *archegonium*. This, of course, may have been the planned method of the editor to get the reader to use the index, but I have an idea Dr. Gray will never again pass the word "archigonium" when reading proof.

In general the encyclopedia is a very well written and illustrated volume, well worth the time, effort and money it took to produce it.

—Howard J. Dittmer

Dr. Dittmer is Professor of Biology and Administrative Assistant to the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences of the University of New Mexico.

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The Early Novel of the Southwest

by Edwin W. Gaston, Jr.

THE HURLY-BURLY of the early Southwest captured the fancy of novelists who saw exciting ingredients for fiction in the explorations of Spanish Conquistadores, in the establishment of settlements, in conflicts between various ethnic groups of the region, and in the daily round of frontier life.

This study, a critical history of fictional writing of the Southwest, focuses primarily upon forty representative novels written between 1819 and 1918. Beginning with the earliest novel of the area, *L'Heroine du Texas*, by an anonymous Frenchman, and closing with *The Desire of the Moth* by cowboy-novelist Eugene Manlove Rhodes, the author covers the representative novels dating between these two works.

The novelists were chiefly Anglo-Americans, although there were several exceptions including Frederick Marryat, the critical caustic Englishman who wrote *The Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet*, and Adolph F. Bandelier, archæologist-author of *The Delight Makers*. The writers preferred to cloak their fancy with fact, as in Amelia E. Barr's *Remember The Alamo* and Prentiss Ingraham's *Buffalo Bill and the Robber Ranch King*. Nature was glorified somewhat in the vein of Chateaubriand, and the treatment of Indians was influenced by James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*. Charles King's *An Apache Princess* and Marah Ellis Ryan's *The Flute of the Gods* typify the "noble savage" school in the Southwest novel.

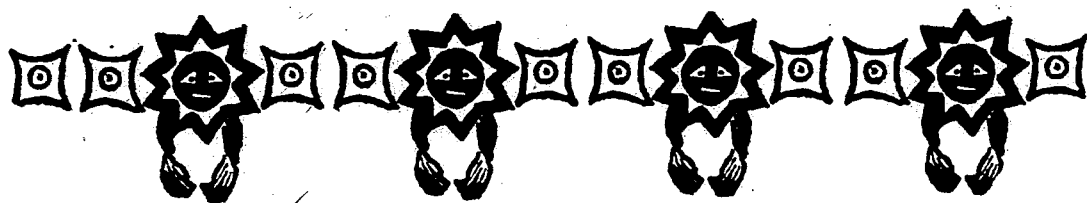
Novels depicting swashbuckling deeds by heroic adventurers and hair-raising exploits of the mountain men and trappers, *Old Hicks the Guide*, by Charles W. Webber, and *Mustang Gray*, by Jeremiah Clemens, are among this group. The local-color novel is a genre almost to itself: *Under the Man-Fig*, by M. E. M. Davis and *Sonny*, by Ruth Stuart, may be singled out.

Dr. Gaston also isolates minor facets of the Southwest novel: the development of the "frontier flower" woman, the character of the adventurer, attitudes toward Catholicism and priests. He analyzes the minor devices of technique—the postscript method of supplying an end to the story, digressions, and the adoption of journalistic, epistolary, and dramatic styles. An important part of the work discusses plot type and method, point of view, focus, and dialogue. A valuable and interesting section of the book is the Appendix, which contains synopses of the forty principal novels and biographies of their authors.

EDWIN W. GASTON, JR. calls himself "the product of institutional inbreeding." Born in Nacogdoches, Texas, the site of Stephen F. Austin College which he says "has conferred upon me the B.S. and the M.A. degrees in English, as well as employment for the past decade," he holds the Ph.D. in American Studies from Texas Technological College in Lubbock. His research papers and reviews have appeared in *The Texas Journal of Science*; *The Texas Outlook*; *Singers and Storytellers* (the 1960 publication of the Texas Folklore Society), and *New Mexico Quarterly*. Now associate professor of English at Stephen F. Austin, he is at work on a follow-up to *The Early Novel of the Southwest*, studying the modern novel and novelists of the region.

6 x 9", 332 pp. \$5.00

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