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# NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

HAMLIN GARLAND & THE INDIANS

Owen J. Reamer

A PIKA ON THE GRASS, ALAS

a satire by Arch Napier

POEMS OF ANTONIO MACHADO

translated by Charles Tomlinson

STORIES

Gregory A. Barnes      Elroy Bode

Simon Grabowski      Annette T. Rottenberg

POETRY

George Abbe, Ann Darr, Rosamond Field

Paul Allen Gonzales, Frances Hall, Ernest Kroll

C. R. Lloyd, Frank Polite, Hollis Summers

BOOK REVIEWS

75 CENTS

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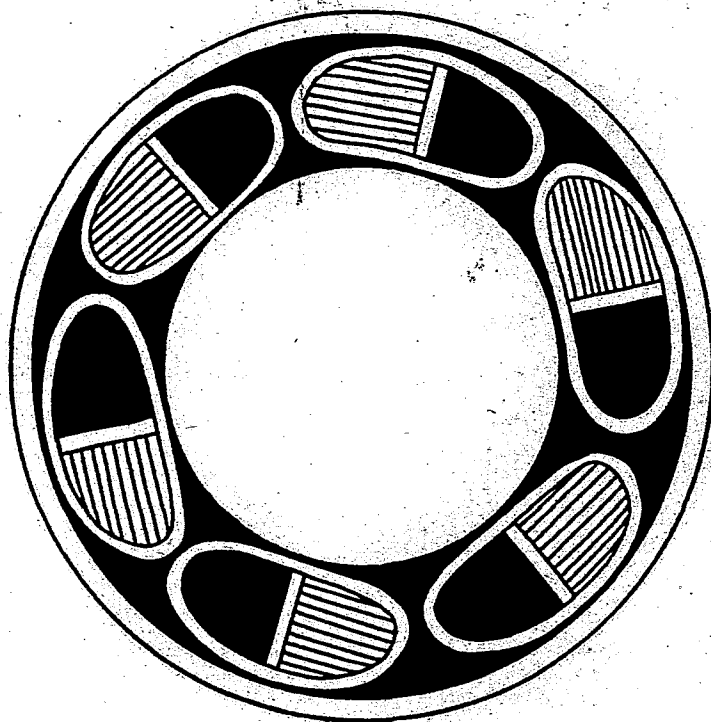
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# NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

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*Arch Napier*

## A PIKA ON THE GRASS, ALAS

We chose the yucca as our official New Mexico flower in 1927 and the roadrunner and piñon as state bird and tree in 1949. After these momentous decisions, we rested until 1955 when we selected the cut-throat trout for state fish.

This left one spot vacant in the state pantheon. A few states have official mammals, and we were prodded into a search for a suitable candidate for this post in the summer of 1962. What followed was scarcely noted at the time and is probably one of the least important chapters in New Mexico history. However, the search for a state mammal may have revealed more about our state psyche than we intended.

Choosing a totem is a very old custom, of course. When our ancestors lived fearfully in caves, they tried to ally themselves with birds and beasts of great ferocity and cunning. The development of civilization did not change this. Tribes and nations chose fierce symbols: England flaunted the lion and unicorn on its banners, and the newly-independent United States of America—after a minority vote for the turkey—selected the eagle.

Circumstances have changed since then, but the symbol remains. As our nation grows in strength, we seek to project a friendlier image around the world. Perhaps instead of a bird of prey, we should decorate our embassies with a symbol of wealth and generosity. A roast turkey, probably. This would radically change our Thanksgiving dinners, of course. We could not eat our national symbol and might have to resort to cranberry sauce and roast eagle.

One might expect that national growth would ease the need for predatory totems, but this was not the case in 1913 when the New Mexico Legislature chose a coat of arms. Its design has two eagles, and they still appear on the Great Seal (not the mammal variety) of the State of New Mexico. One is a small Mexican eagle grasping a serpent in its beak and a cactus plant in its talons. This busy, though apparently uncomfortable bird, is shown shielded by the American eagle which has outspread wings and a clutch of arrows.

Other states started with fearsome menageries on their escutcheons, too, and yet have felt in recent years that they must adopt additional critters as state symbols. Most have official flowers, birds, and even fish, but the adoption of animals is less prevalent. When the New Mexico Department of Game and Fish surveyed other states, only six official mammals were found in the forty-three states that responded to the questionnaire.

California has the grizzly bear; Colorado, the bighorn sheep; Kansas, the American buffalo; Pennsylvania, the white-tailed deer; South Dakota, the coyote; and Wisconsin, the badger.

Some states admitted unofficial symbols. Michigan wrote: "Have been called the Wolverine State but not by legislative act. No conclusive evidence that we ever had a wolverine in the state." Nevada wrote: "We have adopted the Bighorn Sheep (Desert) but it has never been named by the Legislature."

North Dakota reported "no officially designated state mammal," but added, "However, this state has the nickname of the Flickertail state, from the Richardson's Ground Squirrel or Flickertail gopher." Oregon's flag depicts the beaver, but it replied: "This animal has never been officially designated."

Some states did not take this question entirely seriously. One wrote: "Here in dear old Missouri, our favorite mammal is MAN!" However, Missouri has not adopted this species officially. Florida wrote: "There have been suggestions regarding the alligator as a state mammal, but the critter is a reptile; therefore, it cannot be the state mammal."

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, our New Mexico Game Department asked the citizens of the state for suggestions. Anabel Haas, who made the appeal in the Department's bimonthly *New Mexico Wildlife*, did not explain why the project was started or how the official mammal would be employed. So there was understandable confusion in the replies.

No one ever seems to analyze the role of a state totem. Should the creature be something ferocious to symbolize power (and perhaps scare away litterbugs and speeders) or something clever and industrious to represent growth? Should the totem be a rare beast found in few other states, or should it be a universal favorite beloved by tourists everywhere?

One citizen felt we should select a mammal on the basis of its accomplishments. Richard Vann of Albuquerque nominated the bat—which is a mammal, despite tourists who think it is a bird—and wrote: “Insect-eating bats have done their share in contributing to the development of the state. They have provided valuable guano deposits, and have aided greatly in the retardation of insect pests, and they helped the discovery of the Carlsbad Caverns.”

Another respondent favored individualism. He nominated the javelina because this “ugly little pig would fit in with the roadrunner and the yucca.” A second vote for distinctiveness and local color came from a resident who named the coatimundi with the comment: “He’s the only Mexican-speaking animal we’ve got around here.”

The horned toad got a vote, but he was rejected as a reptile.

Nominations came in for such non-natives as the camel and the aoudad or Barbary sheep. “This is the only state in which the Barbary sheep is offered to the sportsman,” the reason stated, “and he is as native to New Mexico as many hunters are.”

Squirrels were suggested as “enchanting little animals” and the mountain lion as “a fascinating creature to watch.”

In the final tally, the antelope ranked second; the mule deer and Barbary sheep close behind; then, the prairie dog, the mountain lion, and a long line of animals that included the chipmunk, elk, and wild mustang.

In first place, with fifty percent of the vote, was the black bear. Miss Haas attributed the bear’s popularity to the favorable image created by Smokey the Bear and his mate Goldie. Both are natives of the state.

The survey received most attention among hunters and the results were slanted in favor of game animals as one might expect. Yet I believe that extensive sampling of New Mexico residents might have chosen the black bear, too.

Bears have enjoyed a good press. Even in our nursery books, we are told how loveable they are. When the Game Department held this survey, a letter arrived from Sussex, England, with two votes for “the



little bear." No doubt the writer was influenced by *Winnie the Pooh* or the bears who were victimized by that young trespasser and vandal, Goldilocks.

Smokey has become a legend in his time. Rescued from a forest fire near Capitan, he was treated for burned feet in Santa Fe and sent on to Washington where he poses for fire-prevention posters, comic strips, and animated cartoons. He is dressed in a Forest Service hat and generally carries a shovel and dispenses advice in English, French, Spanish and several other non-Bear languages. Little wonder that the people of Capitan have built a museum in his honor, equipped at times with fire tools and a live bear hostess named Smokeena.

Despite this popularity, I did not feel at the time—nor do I feel now—that the bear is the proper symbol for New Mexico. The difficulty lies in the fact that when most people in the nation think about bears in the West they recall those in Yellowstone Park who sit by the side of the roads begging for handouts. Now, most of New Mexico's bears are not beggars. They are, as far as we can tell, self-reliant and noble creatures in the finest tradition of free enterprise. Yet the nation does not know this: to most people, the bear is a lazy creature looking for public handouts.

In the voting, I favored the pika or coney, a rarely seen little rock rabbit that lives on our highest mountains. It is notable for the fact that in summer it harvests grass and spreads it out on rocks to cure before it stores it away for the winter. This is the thrifty little animal that should symbolize our state.

However, the pika never received any support, not even from the New Mexico Grain and Feed Dealers Association. Perhaps any creature whose name sounds like the way a Texan pronounces "piker" has no chance.

When Representative Bill Shrecengost introduced a bill in the 1963 Legislature to name the black bear as state mammal, there was little opposition. The lawmakers avoided discussion, recalling that lesser animal topics had created greater embarrassments in the past. A decade ago, when they passed a bill to prohibit goats from wandering loose in villages—and accomplished little else that pleased the public—the session went into history as the "Goat Bill Legislature" and the members were presented with little goat-head lapel pins.

The election campaign of 1962 had been enlivened by a controversy about the angle of the state bird's tail. Governor Edwin L. Mechem had accepted a painting of a roadrunner with a tail pointed upwards.


The opposition party said that the state bird should be depicted in a running stance—with tail pointed straight back—to symbolize New Mexico's fast progress. It was one of the few interesting issues of the campaign, and Governor Mecham was defeated by Jack Campbell.

When the Legislature met, the politicians decided to treat the "black bear bill" carefully. Senators voted alternately yes and no on the matter so that Lieutenant Governor Mack Easley would have to break the tie. But before he could make it official, Senator Fabian Chavez moved to make the black bear our state mammal by unanimous vote.

Possibly the same result would have taken place if there had been more analysis of state symbols and more public discussion. In our modern society, I feel that we call on totems less and less to scare our enemies, but we need them to express our yearnings in an all-too-mechanical world. *Playboy* magazine chooses a rabbit as its totem, and cars are named after falcons, jaguars and mustangs. The advertising industry is now in a tiger phase, sensing that in our effete society consumers long for tiger qualities when buying slacks, cars, and tires. A gasoline company urges you to "Put a Tiger in Your Tank" and actually sells thousands of synthetic tiger tails that can hang out of the gas tank. One rival station had a sign that said: "We'll strain tiger hairs out of your gasoline."

What then does the black bear really symbolize? Dependent as New Mexico is on federal appropriations and out-of-state tourists, are we like the Yellowstone Park bears secretly yearning for more handouts from the rest of the nation? Or are we envious of Smokey, who is, after all, the classic example of a poor boy who got burned in his home state and found a soft job working for the government in Washington? Has anyone ever seen him really using that shovel?

Anyway, I favor the industrious pika. I voted for him, and I'm a poor loser.

 ARCH NAPIER, currently New Mexico news correspondent for *Sports Illustrated* and *National Observer*, has previously served as correspondent for *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune* and the *Wall Street Journal* over a period of ten years. At one time he was a staffer for the *Albuquerque Journal* and now lives in Albuquerque. His articles have appeared in *Reader's Digest*, *Magazine Digest* and *Best Articles & Stories*.

*Simon Grabowski*  
THE FIELD GLASSES

IN THE MIDDLEMOST PART OF HARDANGERVIDDA, north of lake Nordmannslaagen and south of the road from Haugastoel, stretches the area between Eitro and Bjoreio. From the rivers on each side the tableland arches up toward that ridge whose barely noticeable summits are Susaren and the southernmost part of the Jengli Hills and which is called Hoegahae—a ridge that is in itself a plain, lying ignorant as a sleeping giant stretched out on the spot where he has grown tired.

This area is one of the poorest for water in all of the Hardangervidda. Brooks are, of course, to be found here as in all other places, but lakes are both few and small. For the mountain-wanderer who is on his own and unaccustomed to finding his way where it is not indicated by cairns and who has started from the Bjoreidal hut toward Langvasshallet, there are not many landmarks in the terrain. If he has managed to cross Hoegahae, the maps will most certainly tell him that he is more than halfway to Langvasshallet—he has long ago given up reaching Hallaskard that day—but it scarcely helps one who has first begun to doubt both place and direction, and who has come down into surroundings where the view is hindered and where the nearest peak, while still seeming to promise a solution, only reveals a new top which mockingly echoes his own uncertainty. Thus it can easily happen that the goal, Langvasshallet, becomes a dream about Langvasshallet, that the wanderer begins to shout among the silent cliffs—for nothing seals doom as the sound of an imprisoned cry and often he who is only partially lost is driven toward the demonic totality and consequence of disaster. And then, too, he is probably able to feel how this, which first cut off both cries and view, soon hangs around his throat and dries it with a grasp so choking that he must throw himself on his knees by a brook and slurp up the ice-cold water in feverish gulps. But if, after a while, he decides to save what he can, he will turn and try to reach the cabin from which he

came before darkness can overtake him. He then musters the strength of ten men, a strength that only resoluteness and desperation together know how to produce; and through the cool twilight, up and down the mountain slopes, ploughing through bushes and splashing over rivers, he reaches back again to a height in the northwest in time to see lights glimmering in the early darkness. By then the strength of ten is spent.

WHEN THE WANDERER awakened in the morning, he could barely move. With difficulty he piled out of the bed and slowly began to clothe himself. For a long time thereafter he sat collapsed, staring half consciously at a yellow magazine spread on the table in lonely decay. After a while he humped into an adjoining room where breakfast was laid. Without, the sun flamed for the fourth day and the sky was as blue as a beckoning cry. The wanderer chilled a little. When he had eaten and drunk, he could think only of going out to sit in the sun. He borrowed a needle from the kitchen and meticulously burned it over the gas. Outside, he lowered himself heavily onto a stone and began reluctantly to prick holes in the large blisters that had formed on the soles of his feet. They burned as he pressed the water out of them. When finished, he oiled his feet and put on socks and sandals. Then he arose and walked a little back and forth. He was still stiff in his legs and his feet were barely to be walked on. "Five hours from Sandhaug and with, at least, better markings than yesterday. I'll get there before dark well enough; but it will soon be time to get started." He weakly sat down on the stone again. It was warm now, but the freshness of the September morning had not yet vanished. He took a deep breath. It would have been better if he had already started and could have managed to cover at least a part of the way before the heat became suffocating, or to wait until the very late afternoon to start—but he should not willingly deliver himself into darkness when he was uncertain of the road.

The man came out of the hut. He had been gone yesterday evening when the wanderer came back and now he saw him for the first time. "Welcome back from Hallaskard," he greeted him. The wanderer had no possibility of answering. But he was too tired to bother about being congenial. He only said, "It'll be easier today."

"Which way are you going?" asked the man disinterestedly.

"To Sandhaug," answered the wanderer. "Anyway there can't be any trouble with the markings in that direction."

"No, it's idiot-certain," said the man. "But the trip itself . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "Then, of course, you won't come up on Haarteigen this time?"

"Given up for lack of time," answered the wanderer laconically.

IT WAS LATE in the forenoon when he pulled on his boots. The women waved good-bye with an indifferent friendliness. The drivable road, which bound the hut to the main highway, continued up over the mountain all the way to Trondsbu. He had only to follow it. It wasn't so far from there to Helluhalsen at Langavatn, and about halfway to Sandhaug. It would also be convenient to eat lunch at the hut there, by Langavatn. He hadn't stood by a real lake since the day before yesterday, although there were lakes enough around here.

After he had waded the crossing down in the hollow, there where he had left the trail yesterday, he realized the dog was following him. In his opinion there was nothing unusual about a dog running along with a stranger the first short distance from the hut, but by this time, it should have turned back. It wasn't a large dog. It was brown and white and one of the kind that often appears to have something pitiable about it. It didn't arouse his interest; he felt no urge to pat it or to play with it. He could not imagine any type of fellowship to exist between them. But neither did he have anything against it. If it would follow after him, that was its own affair.

For the first half hour everything went tolerably well. The cairns began to leave the road so he was released from having to follow it. It led slightly upward and to the rear lay a lovely view. He tried to make himself believe that this stretch of the way was entertaining, that fatigue was unimportant to him and that a fresh wind would soon be rising. It didn't take long, however, before he was back on the road. Yellow and dusty, it twisted around the parched slopes. His stride was slower now. Walking on the flat road wasn't good for his feet, not when they were already so exhausted; one couldn't deny that they would begin hurting this way. If only he were, at least, soon in Trondsbu. . . .

He was astonished when he heard the noise of a motor behind him. He turned and saw a big truck toiling through a cloud of dust. It stopped just across from him. He caught a glimpse of a passenger by the side of the driver. "May I have a lift to Trondsbu?" shouted the wanderer over the din of the motor. "I don't have room," shouted the driver in return. It was a bad lie, since one didn't need to stand

on tiptoe to see that there easily could have been room for two more men. But these people were often like that. Some were born friendly and would pick up anyone; the rest categorically said no, even if it was in the middle of Hardangervidda and one was just about to drop in his tracks. If one were lying on the road, they would probably drive over him and curse in addition.

"Besides, it is only half a kilometer to Trondsbu," said the driver, "so it wouldn't pay to hop aboard anyway." The wanderer shrugged his shoulders and turned away from him. The truck started with a groan and disappeared around the corner of a hill. The dog, who had mistakenly gone on ahead, came bounding back and remained standing at a little distance. Then the wanderer pulled himself together and trudged on.

When, after an eternity, he reached the place, he was filled with distaste. Below him the area was sprinkled with work-shacks, the most of them on wheels and poking their thin, black metal chimneys up everywhere in the quivering air, as if they would impale the sun. A few tractors were strewn about over the landscape; he saw, on the other hand, no sign of the truck. Draught, barrenness and the burning sun forced themselves upon him and gave him a feeling of choking. This place, spread out before him, was populated—that was evident—even if he saw no one for the moment. But in its man-created sterility it appeared more to be dying than the most deserted gorges he had wandered through. Perhaps all of those who had stayed here were dead. Perhaps they were lying all around, two in each shack. . . .

"Hello!" someone called. A stone's throw away a man stood in the doorway of one of the wagons and watched him. The wanderer moved that way. "You look like someone who would ask the way!" said the man. He was a jolly man. He was bare to the waist and wore an old cap on his head.

"That I would." The wanderer smiled through his cracked lips. "Is it far to Helluhalsen?"

"Not so bad," said the man. "A half hour if you hurry." He pointed toward a cluster of tractors a short way off. "There are tractor-marks leading from over there. You can follow them right to Helluhalsen."

A half hour wasn't much—even when one was already prevented from hurrying, predestined to take longer anyway. The distance had still been mentioned together with the short period of time and was hereby shortened in one's consciousness.

Fear of becoming lost again was so much a part of him that, at first, he was grateful for the tractor-marks. Such tracks were continuous. They couldn't suddenly disappear from before one's eyes—like a row of cairns—and leave one in danger of never finding them again. But he quickly became disgusted with them. In reality they were all that had been missing to make this landscape absolutely hopeless. Now he walked over dreary fields which sloped slightly upward and made his tired steps even heavier. Low, soft ridges locked him in from afar on either side. There was no strip of color nor sharp outline that the eye could grasp to escape the sun's dry fire. That, in this region, there could possibly be a real hut within reach . . . was like thinking about an oasis. The thought sent waves through him and drove him by jerks and fought his desire to lie down on the earth in despair. He directed his need to work off the anger against the dog. He thought about kicking it both hard and harmfully and he imagined how it would whimper. No. At one time or another some seek relief by kicking a dog; others wouldn't do it. For him it was out of the question.

As the terrain began to slope downward, he won again a sense of proportions: the hut could be there. He walked a little faster now. He experienced, in advance, the vision of the hut, which would suddenly pop up in his way, and impatiently tried to materialize it in the blue air before him and suck it forth from nothing by his glance alone. When he had come down to the banks of the lake, he couldn't at all understand it. But it must lie here! He staggered further, as in a trance, when the dog began to bark behind him. "Damned filthy dog!" he snarled and turned around. To the rear and at an angle to the right lay the red, timbered house, hidden by the hillside. He could have walked further a long time before completely understanding that he had passed it by.

THE WANDERER'S PACKED LUNCH was not exciting. But he sat on a chair in the house and rested, hanging over the table as he ate. There were a number of people: two reindeer hunters who apparently always stayed at the hut during hunting season and who, with loud voices, talked together across one of the tables; at another table, sat an old man alone. To judge by the rifle leaning against the wall beside him, he was also hunting. He was bald as a peeled onion, sharp featured, and, in spite of being old, resembled, not ten other old men,

but only himself. His manner suggested simultaneously a great frailty and a great strength of will. In the kitchen were the landlady and two girls, perhaps daughters or perhaps hired. The girls were stemming red currents in a large tub. One of them was enormously fat and had an ugly face. The other was chubby and rather pretty; anyway, in the wilderness one would have to let her pass as being so. "If I stayed here," thought the wanderer, "I could probably go to bed with her tonight. Under the circumstances, a profit, an approach to some consolation for Haarteigen!" Sad that he had to go on. He asked the girl if he could buy a bowl of currents. He received a good portion and half a cup of sugar to sprinkle over them. Gradually he revived.

"Of course, more than just a few animals perish in the bogs from year to year." The two hunters had moved over to the old man's table. "A bad way to die. I think I would prefer a bullet."

The old man didn't say much. Mostly he gazed off and once in a while let fall a word of commentary.

"We've lain around here for three days now without having shot anything," announced one of the hunters. "If the wind doesn't shift soon, it'll be a really grand failure. But, of course, it's a nice place to live at any rate. There aren't so many spending the night here. They usually pass on by."

"Won't you stay here tonight?" asked the other hunter. The old man smiled a hint of a smile which seemed to say that he could very well walk further than they thought. "No. I shall continue toward the south," he answered. "I'll quite probably remain at Sandhaug for a couple of days and see how it's going there. Besides, I have driven by car to Trondsbu, so it won't be a long hike today."

After this answer, which in length audibly surpassed anything he normally found to be worthwhile uttering, he maintained silence. The conversation died out; the hunters arose, nodded to him with a suggestion of respect and went outside.

Then it was he who had sat beside the truckdriver, the wanderer thought. If, at the time he had really been observant, he would have had no trouble now in recognizing the old man. But the old man had naturally known him at once.

He arose and went over to the table. "Excuse me," was his polite approach, "I happened to hear that you are going to Sandhaug."

"Yes?" said the old man.

"I would ask if I might join you. I am not always equally certain



about the way-markings and seldom meet anyone to accompany me.”

“I don’t walk fast,” answered the old man. “And I stop once in a while to rest.”

“That doesn’t matter,” said the wanderer. “On the contrary, that’s excellent.”

“We will leave in about a quarter of an hour,” said the old man. “If you want to look through my binoculars until then, you may borrow them.”

At that moment, the wanderer’s fatigue disappeared from his entire being; scattered parts of his consciousness returned and gathered into a whole within his head, and his eyes became young. For the first time in his life he was going to hold a large set of binoculars in his hands, and he was going to do it here where it should be a natural thing for him. It was as if the thought of binoculars had lain hidden someplace in him for days and for weeks, without having been consciously recognized, and now that it had been released, he contained nothing else.

“Thank you,” he said and carefully lifted the glasses from the table. Outside, he impatiently looked about him for a viewing point. In back of the hut the terrain sloped slightly upward. He didn’t need to go far to get a clear view toward the north. Half running, he reached the place where the fields became flat and placed the binoculars to his eyes. As vast as a world, the Hardangerjökulen’s dome flashed toward him. Through the flickering air over the expanse, trillions of ice crystals sparkled their lightning, and sharp as the crack of a whip, stood the outline of immense snow banks drawn against the blue sky. It almost seemed to him as if he walked around up there in the snow, as if flown through the air by the binocular’s magic. The air was cool and clear, and the sun only a vision. He felt his ribcage fill and new power flowed through his body, whirled out into his arms and legs and strengthened his tired feet with miles of freshness. Enchanted, he let the binoculars fall. Remembrance of the south drew through him with a twinge of disappointment. They were to go in the opposite direction and every step would carry him further away from the white dream behind him. Only the glasses could bring him back; each time he turned they would let him fly up there for a short moment until the horizon and the hills between had hidden all from his eyes. With his hands he hugged the glasses, pressing them hard to his breast. The touch of the cold, black steel felt like a secret understanding between them; a cold fire rushed from the palms of his

hands, up through his arms, and lay like an iron ring about his head, making him feel faint. White and black became one and he believed he was holding the ice of the dream in his hands. With that black magnet before his eyes, he conjured a strange reality into becoming his own; he drew to himself a happiness lying miles away, or he flew through the air to where he wished to be. Intoxicated, with the binoculars to his eyes, he sank to his knees.

"Someone said that they've forecast rain for tomorrow afternoon." The two hunters had come up the slope behind him without his having heard them. He quickly arose. The men sat on a large stone and pulled off their boots. The one looked at the binoculars as the wanderer walked by. "Not a bad view!" the hunter said and jerked his head in the direction of the glacier.

"No," said the wanderer and smiled back. When he came down to the hut, the old man was sitting on a bench with his rucksack lying beside him. He stretched his hand out after the binoculars without a word.

"Thanks a lot for loaning them," said the wanderer.

"We start now," said the old man and pulled a watch up out of his pocket. He looked at it. Then he said, "My watch has stopped."

"It's five minutes past three," the wanderer quickly informed him.

The old man got up. "In that case we can be at Sandhaug before dark," he said.

Now that the wanderer was, for the first time, no longer alone, all effort to think crumbled away with the first step he took and for some minutes he remained a robot walking at the old man's side. But at the place where he had turned and noticed the hut before, a shadow slipped through his brain, and he turned once again. Following them, fifty meters to the rear, was the dog. For a moment he stopped in amazement. He had taken it for granted that, once they had reached the hut, it would remain there and afterward he had forgotten it existed. All at once he was uncertain that there had been two moments at this place. It could be that he still stood here for the first time and, in his exhaustion, only imagined that he had lived through the situation before. In that case—he had not yet been at the hut!

Whenever he stopped, the dog stood still. Suddenly, as he waited in vain for it to come closer to where he stood, it occurred to him that earlier it had only stopped when he did as long as it was ahead of him. For the first time it awakened his curiosity and he tried to

fix its gaze. It was impossible for him. Its eyes met his, and yet, it was not he they saw. He felt that they sought something which concerned him, a thought he had perhaps entertained, or perhaps had not. And while he searched for it, the image of the dog—which he had never accepted consciously—became strange and intangible. Through his dwindling perception of the moment, he heard that half stillness and half ring of steps suddenly alone; and when he turned, he saw the old man's back just a few meters before him. Of course! They were on their way from Helluhalsen to Sandhaug. He felt the dog behind him, as he again fell into step.

When they came down to the southeast cove of the lake, the row-boat lay on the other bank. The wanderer grabbed the wire under the water and slowly pulled the boat over to their side. A little way from the bank it scraped bottom and they splashed out to it in the sunshine. First the wanderer crawled on board, then the old man; he pushed off from a stone and made a sign for the wanderer to haul at the wire above the boat. The pulleys whined from both banks and the boat glided grudgingly across the water. When they were halfway across, the wanderer swung round with a start. The dog—! Yes, it was there on the shore and he understood that it was the dog, but he couldn't be certain as to how it looked. He knew only that it was there: it looked after the boat, but it was not he it sought, nor was it his eyes: it was something that lay in them, something which, in that second, blazed up like the burning sting of coldness. Blinded by pain he shut his eyes tightly and jerked away. He felt his hands, like those of a stranger, mechanically continuing to pull on the steel wire. Thus, bowed over on the bench and half conscious, he glided through an endless darkness.

But as the boat jarred against land, an unexpected quiet streamed through the wanderer. The pain slowly dissolved into a mist, which spread and drew away from his eyes; his convulsive clutching of the wire, which had cut into his hands, was loosened; and with a foot on the edge of the beach, he turned for a last look across the water. The dog was gone. Memory returned to him; it washed over him like a wave and, for the second time that afternoon, it brought youth to his eyes. Before him lay the plains and hours of a view. With a few leaps he was up the slope and faced the north where the glacier awaited him.

THE WANDERER often stopped to look back. Then he would remain standing quite a long time and lose himself in the view, so long in fact, that afterward, he had to hurry to catch up with the old man, however slowly he was walking. The wanderer became breathless and felt disgraced, like a child who must shorten an outing in order to reach home by dinner time. But he didn't dare lose track of the old man. This was, in itself, ridiculous—even if he were alone, it would have been impossible for him to lose his way with these markings; but fear meant everything. He thought this made him even smaller and he felt unworthy of the proud dream which had possessed him and from which he impotently withdrew step for step.

Resting hadn't appreciably helped his tiredness, neither had marching conditions improved: still only the same hills, the same low ridge in the south—and the same damned tractor marks which had reappeared on this side of the water. He was constantly stumbling in these tracks and each time decided to keep somewhat away, but at the next moment, in some inexplicable manner, he was back in the trap. He had an all-encompassing feeling of having been captured, captured by the direction, by the tracks, by the sun and by the fact that he had to walk behind another creature who held an invisible leash which tightened whenever one stood still. Once he tried to look at his map to convince himself that there couldn't be far to go now, but the map was gone. He had forgotten it during lunch at the hut. Normally, he would have felt greatly vexed by the loss, now he promptly accepted it as a martyr—driven out into the wilderness to be crucified—would drink from the pitcher of salt water placed to his lips. He turned a couple of times more, but the reward became less and less; he owned nothing of what he saw and, after each time, he had to strengthen his renunciation by increasing his speed. And even if he took his time, he lacked, above all, the magic—that which could do away with distance and could quiet the hollow ache of retreat. The last time he kept his pace until he came up beside the old man, but a presentiment of hopelessness made the wanderer uncertain and paralyzed his tongue so that he could not even begin to talk; and when, at last, he managed to stutter forth an attempt at speech, the words hung unanswered in the air, where they slowly faded away into senselessness. Instead, a question about the quiet figure he followed came to him like a breath of wind: had it life as he did? Was the pathfinder at his side a mummy? He wanted to scream, dreamed the scream in a woken dream, and heard how it grew out

of the silence into a new silence, that was greater than the first, and carried further yet, while the tone broadened in rings in his head. During the echo of the last silence, he had again fallen behind, and when he awoke he was alone. A cold, close dread turned him to ice and he started to run, came round a little outcropping and stopped. Below him lay a shallow depression, on the bottom of which a brook murmured good-humoredly on its way. The old man sat on a stone in the sun and smoked a pipe.

THE OLD MAN SPOKE. He said, "One must rest more often, when one is old."

The wanderer said that, when it was as warm as today, one needed to sit and rest all the time.

"We will hardly come across any reindeer today," said the old man.

"Do you often spot reindeer through your glasses?"

"Sometimes."

"If you're not using the glasses just now, I would like to look through them a little," said the wanderer.

The old man nodded. The wanderer put the binoculars around his neck and crawled up on the little hilltop. His heart pounded as before a rendezvous in early youth and he sat down with his back toward the north and looked at trivial ranges of hills, until he had become nearly quiet. Then he turned and let all exhaustion glide from him once again.

The moment that the wanderer again drew the snows of his longing to him through the field glasses, the unendurable march was transformed into something beautiful, hopeless, it was true, as even in life—his life—which was condemned to be unredeemed, like an eternal flight from all dreams, but beautiful as well, as when, at the same time, it bore a dream's comprehension—the inspiration to the unattainable. And as he accepted his life, because he at least conceived of a beauty, which could never be made his own—so he would also be able to live through this part of the way, when only, during his wandering, he might dream that this vanishing dream was as near and real as now.

Standing yet at the foot of the hillock, he scouted the corner of the glacier that was visible from there. Then he turned abruptly toward the old man and driven by an inner vehemence which he only just barely managed to master, he stammered forth: "D-Don't you think I might carry the binoculars while we go—too?"

The old man's face was stone.

"No," he said shortly. And added, "I'll carry them myself."

For a second the wanderer was out of himself. When he again thought, he was divided in two and inside his head two chains of thought crossed. He had expected this rebuff; yes, he had known that it wouldn't even help to ask. Nevertheless, he felt an all-absorbing disappointment. It had begun to seem as if his life was contained in only this one day, at the end of which he foreboded the future as only a great vacuum and darkness; and the old man's "no" meant his own "no" to wandering, the day, life. From now on his whole will to continue lay in the field glasses: they were his will during those moments he held them in his hands.

But to merely touch them under the dictates of another's whim, or otherwise to turn without them, to look back upon the wandering without the magnet's eye, was to have lost will and sight, to drag oneself blindly through a desert. He had to have them every second of his wandering, for otherwise he might just as well lay himself down in the sun now, here where he was, and wait for death. And all at once he knew: through a flickering yellow veil, he perceived how the old man launched himself, with some effort, to his feet. The movement was mirrored like a hasty shadow in his soul; it was hate being born within him. With a dumb, strange hand he held out the binoculars.

WHEN DISAPPOINTMENT became hate, the wanderer's resistance disintegrated as if by the order of a higher power—as something where there was no longer room for his own yes or no—so that he suddenly found himself again marching behind his companion, just as he had done all along. During these first steps he was not thinkingly conscious of his emotions; it was as if a curtain had been drawn aside from something which shone so brightly that even its form and nature could not, in the first moment, be distinguished. That which he had experienced as two chains of thought a short time before, was now simply a division into two beings alternately taking possession of him at every step. The new light blinded his thoughts on every level, to the point where a human being only experiences himself as "I," a being that in a glimpse shone like a stone struck against stone, that washed through him and rinsed out the other being—only at the next moment, to give way to that other. Thus two beings each made his mark beside the other's.

His first sensations were in his feet. They had become so very heavy that he managed to drag himself forward only with great difficulty. Then the rest of his body—finally up to his arms and his head—slowly followed. It was all very heavy. He was a suit of armour. He walked through a large smithy which stretched endlessly before, above, and to either side of him. The smithy was both without and within him. Within there was as well a vertical partition dividing him into two rooms. Each space was filled with something, solid and hard in the one, formless and glowing in the other. With every step a blow rang against an anvil and the glare of flames arose in his eyes. The two ringings harshly matched one another in monotonous alternation: the one was high and brittle against the solid interior, the other lower and thicker against the glowing mass, which, slowly stiffening, pressed against the partition, and all the time seemed to fill the space more and more. As the strength of the blows grew, the ring of the tones began to verge and the interval between them to decrease. When the din reached its peak, the tones glided into a single one; he walked on one foot, with one gigantically thick leg; the partition gave way to that glowing stream which, breaking through, completely filled him, just as the solid mass splintered so that a thousand small pieces exploded, rising up in his throat and flaying it to shreds. He was one; and around him lay darkness—and an echo which hardened into silence.

Next the wanderer realized that he lay on his knees, vomiting. The sun stood just over his right ear. It felt very warm. Only a dull pressure against the back of his head reached him as something unpleasant; being still a bit unclear, for a moment, he dreamed it to be of nauseating weight. Then he realized that it was the rucksack which had slid up over his shoulder and had come to rest against his neck. When he was finished vomiting, he raised himself up. He felt pretty well, knew it without thinking it—like the expectations of one drunk with sleep who quickly rises from the night's embrace to execute yesterday's resolution. How much time had passed? He had no idea at all, but anyway, they must have managed to come a bit further after leaving the brook. Before him, on a stone, was again the old man's profile, the eternally set profile of a tired old hunter at rest, on stone after stone in endless continuation along the way. At no time had the old man paid any heed to him, and now at last the distance between them must have grown; at least there was a little way to the stone where he sat. But the wanderer had time enough

and no questions. Slowly and relaxed, step for step, he could allow his legs to lead him toward that resting shadow. It wouldn't move in all that time; and whether it did or not, didn't matter.

And in the last of the blue afternoon, as the wanderer continued, he saw that the landscape was beginning to change. The horizon's distant irrelevant hills had, all at once, been jerked very close; under his feet the terrain awakened from its flat lifelessness, began to rise and, as if overtaking something it had forgotten, lifted itself hastily up toward the chain of hills they should now cross. Like the threshold between two dreams, the first indefinable and merely assumed, the other suddenly clear, the plateau's meaningless shadows gathered, thickened like a face suddenly leaping out before one, unknown before and yet as eternally obvious as the unsolvable riddle's easy solution. Involuntarily he stopped. Casted in the reflections of the empty mirroring of the flats, it lay there as if by magic: a place.

For thus it revealed itself to the wanderer. They had sallied forth over the plain of the thousand waters, through the whenever and wherever, a protoplasmic nightmare without sleeping, without awakening. Now they stood on the horizon's doorstep. It was here that the fields became stone, the colors few and sharp, and the mountain shoved up out of the earth like a threatening doorkeeper, who with severe relentlessness blocks the way forward at the same time that a hidden nod to the side allows the intruders a hint of the rugged path twisting up over its shoulder and loosing itself in the heights. It was here that the darkness grew forth like a refreshing sea. It was the transition to evening, to the awakened night of consciousness. But for the wanderer it was purely and simply a place. He had, perhaps, passed many places during his life; they had, perhaps, been others' places, but he had never been in them; he understood that now. First at that moment he knew what a place meant. What he felt was only here and now; at a glance he held place and time's innermost nature, the one indivisible from the other, and a time not to be distinguished either by now or always. And just as he was ruled by the unity in the revelation this place made to him, just so he took in at a glance each detail of which it was comprised: away to his left, the big flat lake; by his right foot, the two small tarns, formed and chained to each other exactly like the two halves of an hourglass; in the continuation of them, an opening in the range of hills, perhaps a path for a glacier avenue in a bygone time. (it wasn't difficult to see the glacier before him as it must have come in through



the pass there and reached all the way down to the tarns); and just between the water to the right and left, the broad tongue of land he stood on, the last bit of level field. Ten meters farther ahead it narrowed, lifted and crept up toward the ridge like a muscular arm bending to bear a drinking horn to a mouth. Crooked and light, the path was drawn the whole length of its edge and nearly shone against the higher darkness. It was still a long way from here to the top of the ridge; but out to the side, directly on the right and not ten minutes away, were a couple of low-lying foothills. There he would walk and there he would cast a backward glance before continuing. Afterward, he could look back yet one more time, immediately before he disappeared on the other side of the ridge. From up there everything would be even more distant and more beautiful. But first he would make a detour up over the low hilltops. He would start just to the right, wade over the middle of the hourglass and go up the most easterly of the peaks.

Unknowingly, he had gone a couple steps further when he stumbled over something and nearly fell. He looked down. There lay a long stone before him. He bent down and picked it up. It was slender and nearly completely straight, a bit thicker on the top, a little thinner toward the bottom, like a club. It lay softly and naturally in the hand; its weight felt like the bite of hungry teeth into that which will satisfy. His hand had been hungry and was filled by its grip. He raised his eyes. In the quiet and completely moulded experience of the moment which seized him he saw the old man suddenly anew, as he sat with his lighted pipe and gun, leaning up against a stone, silhouetted against the blue sky; everything congealed into a picture, a transfigured timeless idyll like an imperishable vision from childhood, of which one hardly knows whether it has been reality or simply one of these dreams without plot that has silently remained in the mirror of memory. In this picture the sky no longer burned; it was both clearer and less tangible; all had become a golden harvest day where there is no thirst. And very naturally to the wanderer came a realization of that which gave the moment its beauty, of that which was hidden from his eyes just now, but secretly present everywhere in the picture, in every form, in every shade, like a powerful and all-mastering idea. Only the thin, black leather strap about the neck of the old man was caught by his eyes in a hasty glance. For a fraction of a moment the old man turned his head, just as the wanderer stripped his knapsack off; the soft bump of the sack, leaning its

paunch against a rock, was thinned nearly unnoticeably by the shorter sound of the stone club ramming the old man's pate. The stone must have had a sharp edge for there where he had crumpled the grass was colored by an autumn red. Quickly and carefully the wanderer slipped the faithful strap over his head and lifted the binoculars up.

WHEN THE AFTERNOON feels the night drawing near, it grows tired of distributing its colors—tired of choosing between brown and red and black and green, between near and far, between the fleeting and the invariable. Then it throws a large blanket over all that is mountainous; it is a solid one, for of all the colours the brown has yet remained; and the plain stretches gratefully under it—it still has the hours of light flowering on its face; it feels, not heat and youth as before, certainly, but a mature, far-reaching warmth. For colour is day and brown contains all those that have been.

But the brown has not remained. The flame whose caress now colors the earth is no earthly color, but just a consuming glow—a nothingness clothed in the crushed-like silver behind the mask of the present. Still it adds to the contours with the density of the present; but he who sees, already senses night through it, night, the last, the only identity, destination of a fall through a thousand nothings. And slowly it grows dark, becoming lost within itself. It is as if the afternoon wishes nothing more than to put out the fire it has so long watched over, so far, far back in times that it dimly remembers its having been another. Soon it will be relieved: then comes evening, the great simplifier, merely giving expression to the earth's contrasts in shadow and light and gathering all the colors in the sky. But before this, afternoon must take leave in a manner befitting one who has been busy so long with light. And now, before the brown fire of magic has yet begun to sink into its well, the afternoon kindles the waters on the plain; one for one they spring forth like fever stars against a deep brown firmament, grasp a sun and pass another on, drown themselves in light and intoxicate themselves in reflections, until the whole plain blinks and glitters, blinded by laughter and shrillness in sun: a thousand eyes' dizzy signals of life.

It is the great festival of forgetfulness. What has been until now is abolished; what comes after is insignificant—no, doesn't exist as anything that shall come at all—and yet present in everything, as near as a disavowal. It is the hour of seduction and indifference,

when he who is on his way between day and night is in danger; plowing forth over the mountain's face, binding its features with an unconfusable trail, this was belief and meaning; its was a work which must be formed thus and not otherwise. But when the waters are first set on fire, when the flats widen from one to a thousand liberties . . .? Paths and directions that wither, a face that disintegrates feature for feature . . . well, this is darkness, its power is something known and the way through it is always just one—but where lies the road through a dissolved day, a brilliant sea that is the termination of all differences, a way not through darkness—indeed, through chaos—no, through light, through light into darkness . . . ?

He who has thus been stopped in the light hour, face to face with an abrupt universe, can seek his customary path; but if he also asks himself what he really wants with it, he is already in the mountain, captured, surrounded, distracted in a circle of reflections. Perhaps he will then own the universe and a thousand roads along with it, perhaps he will simply shake it all from him like a dream that was too great—or perhaps it will be the universe that owns him. Then his eyes will be filled by its light; and when the ring has given way and the lesson hour is at an end, twilight finds him blind, dazzled or with averted eyes.

AT THE MOMENT, when the wanderer realized that he was lost, he knew, too, that he had known it the whole time. Dread managed to stick up its old face in a fixed glance; then he waved it away. That, at least, was in the past.

It was evening now.

He knew it from the first moment upon reaching the summit and putting the binoculars, his binoculars, to his eyes. A dream through a sudden glass. Reality, a door whose key springs open the lock like that of a riddle, an eye staring for the first time. This was not the flame of ice crystals in blue longing. It was something unknown, something he had not seen before, a cold white light that watched him.

In not too long it would be dark. He thought it an infinitely long time since he had crossed the hourglass tarns in the afternoon. The big ridge he should return to and cross. . . . Beyond the ridge lay . . . Sandhaug. A name. He repeated it to himself. Sandhaug, Sandhaug, Sandhaug. A meaningless word from a language he had forgotten. At the first cold light he must have forgotten Sandhaug, no, not

purely and simply forgotten, but there was, of course, such a short way and one could always go there afterward. He had suddenly no relationship to the fact that one could get lost in a universe of suns, no desire to return just then. And so he had continued to mount a higher top near by, and one yet higher and one higher still. Suddenly he had to see it all. And the cold light? It had been there all the time. Now and again he felt its eyes upon him; he knew and he knew not. . . . But it was impossible to get lost in the hour of light. He had never had so certain a feeling of any clearly defined path as he had now—the same one he would follow back. All the hours of light belong to him; he should just take care that. . . .


And then all at once: certainly—the glass-clear acknowledgment that he would not be able to find anything at all. Certainty like lightning, certainty like an attendant whose steps one rather thought to have heard . . . .

Lost . . . .

The wanderer looked out across the sunken flats. In that moment the waters were extinguished; one after one they went out, the last, already paling lanterns in a blanket of sleep. How could evening come so quickly to one who had always thought he knew it? It was too late now, but he had to try anyway. . . . For one who was marching through a wood of gazes unmasked, it was no longer fitting to lie down and wait. Well, yet, waiting was most certainly that which one now must do, wait for the first and the last time; but it was during exactly this waiting that he had to keep on his feet.

He chose a direction and started to walk.

—Translated from the Danish by Faith Ingwersen

 SIMON GRABOWSKI of Copenhagen, Denmark, where he attended the University as a student of economics, has published in *Chaplin*, a Swedish magazine, an article on Verdi and MacBeth in an Icelandic publication, and has written articles for the *Yearbook of the Norwegian Tourist Association*. He has traveled widely in Scandinavia, Scotland, Ireland, Mexico and, most recently, in the United States.

TRANSLATIONS FROM ANTONIO MACHADO

BY CHARLES TOMLINSON

PORTRAIT

Recollections of a patio in Seville,  
a lucid, lemon-ripening garden—my infancy.  
The years of my youth? Twenty on soil of Castile;  
a plotlessness I shall not recall, my history.

Neither a seducer like Mañara, nor a Bradamín,  
—you know already the incompetence of my dress—  
but I took the arrow that Cupid had assigned,  
and in the women I loved, I loved their hospitableness.

My verse comes up from an untroubled spring,  
despite, in my veins, the drops of Jacobin blood;  
and, more than the man who lived by mere doctrine,  
I, in the good sense of the word, am good.

I adore beauty and in modern aesthetics  
merely cut ancient roses from Ronsard's garden:  
I dislike the glare of contemporary cosmetics,  
and the nest of new singing birds has too gay a burden.

I disdain those ballads for the tenor, sonorous, hollow,  
and the choir of the crickets singing at the moon,  
I stop to distinguish the voices from the echo  
and I listen among the voices to one alone.

Classic or romantic? I cannot say. Let  
me leave my verse as the captain leaves his sword:  
known for the virile hand that flourishes it,  
not prized for the learned craft of the smith who forged.

I talk with the man who is always there beside me  
 —he who speaks alone hopes one day to speak with God—;  
 the secret of love for men: in my soliloquy,  
 discoursing with this good friend taught me this good.

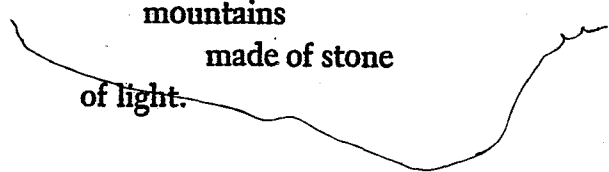
And in the end I owe you nothing: you all remain  
 in my debt for what I've written. I work, I pay  
 with my own money for the clothes, the house I live in,  
 both the bread that nourishes and the bed in which I lie.

Once the day of the last voyage arrives, and there  
 the ship, that will not return to it, neighbours the quay,  
 you will find me aboard already, scanty of gear,  
 next to naked, like one of the kindred of the sea.

### NOVEMBER 1913

Another year  
     has gone,  
     the sower casts  
 the seed in furrowed earth.  
     Oxen  
     plough  
 in two  
     slow pairs  
     whilst ashen clouds  
 pass over  
     shadowing  
     the plain  
 and seed-fields  
     where there's nothing growing,  
     the grey  
 of olive-groves.

The river  
     deep in the valley  
 carries by  
     its troubled waters.  
     Snow  
 on Cazorla  
     and a storm  
     round Mágina,  
 Aznaitín has  
     his cloud-cap on:  
     mountains  
 bright towards Granada  
     mountains  
     made of stone  
 of light.



## TO A DRY ELM

Sparsely

with a few green leaves  
the old elm

breaks:

lightning, rot  
could not gainsay  
what rains of April  
sun of May  
at last bring out.

A century

it's held the height  
above the Duero.

Moss-stain spreads

a yellow on the white  
bark of its dusty trunk  
the worm invades.

Unlike the poplars  
singing guardians  
of road and river  
it will never be  
to the tawny nightingales  
their nesting tree.

In file

the military ants  
go climbing over it:  
within  
the grey webs thicken as  
the spiders spin.

Before the woodman fells  
and you  
are turned into  
a beam to stay a bell  
a shaft, a yoke,

before  
     tomorrow when  
         you'll smoke and redden  
 on a wretched, wayside  
     hovel hearth  
         before  
 the whirlwind tears your roots  
     or breath  
         of white sierras  
 rend you or river  
     send  
         through gulch and valley to the sea  
 let me record  
     this growing beauty branches stored:  
         for how the heart  
 must read  
     in what it sees  
         its expectations'  
 life and light  
     and echoing  
         await  
 a second miracle of Spring!

### **EMBERS**

Embers of a violet dusk  
 smoke on through the black of cypresses.  
 Enclosed by the shadowed arbor  
 stands the fountain with its nude  
 and winged stone Love  
 that dreams in silence. In the marble  
 basin the dead water does not move.



## GUITAR OF THE ROADSIDE INN

Today  
You will dance and say  
Aragon, Valencia!  
tomorrow brings  
an Andalusian hand  
to explore your dusty strings  
and Andalusia becomes your land.

Guitar of the roadside hostelry  
a poet you never were, nor shall be:  
you are a soul in stillness, speaking  
its solitude to souls in flight:  
entranced, the listening traveller  
will catch an always native air.

### TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

ANTONIO MACHADO died in 1939 at the age of sixty-four. In the Spanish-speaking world his reputation stands higher than it did in his own lifetime. Like Yeats or Alexander Blok he is, in the words of Henry Gifford whose collaborations made these versions possible, "an unmistakably national poet who felt keenly the stresses and the tragic potentialities of life in a backward, suffering, and fanatical country, and affirmed through the experience a larger truth that transcends patriotism." Machado's unromantic use of the Castilian landscape, his preference "essentially Georgic, for land that is worked," his sense of time (he, like Mr. Eliot, attended Bergson's lectures at the College de France in 1910), his reflection of the aridities and emptiness of provincial life in *Poem of a Day* and *The Ephemeral Past*, all these combine to form a poetry that is at once traditional and new, that is solitary yet aware of a community with its own past and its own future. These "versions" discard the meters of the original but try to find correspondences with Machado's original "pacing" and track of thought. Machado, who spent most of his life as a teacher in country schools, is now an international fact to be learned from. His masterpiece, *Poem of a Day*, was contemporaneous with Eliot's first distinctive poetry.

—Charles Tomlinson

Owen J. Reamer

## GARLAND AND THE INDIANS

In his long and prolific career as a professional write, Hamlin Garland handled a wealth of subject matter and tried to achieve success in many genres. One area of his writing has received too little attention—his work with the American Indian.<sup>1</sup> Garland's interest in the Indian was only one strand in the rich weave of a dynamic, enthusiastic personality, but his work with this material reveals the man and also his eventual mastery of a clear, effortless narrative prose style, the style of his better known "Border" series.

I. The sympathetic attitude toward the red man which Garland displays in his Indian stories is curious even at first glance because it is not what one expects to find in a man who prided himself as being the son of true pioneers. If one comes to first acquaintance with Garland through *Main-Travelled Roads* or the Border books, one tends to think of him as the great advocate of pioneering. Once his boyhood disgust with the sweat and hardships of frontier life had driven him back to civilization, he spent the rest of his life in a kind of "mental" pioneering, recapturing the glamor and adventure of pioneer life by numerous (but relatively brief) expeditions on horseback through the remaining wilderness, or the "high trails" of the Rockies, as he loved to call them. His famous Alaskan trip through British Columbia was a *tour de force* which had no apparent point other than to reassure him that he was of pioneer stock, still hardy enough to endure such a physical ordeal. During the latter half of his life he stumped the lecture circuits projecting an image of himself as the descendant of a rugged strain which had largely disappeared from the American scene. Frontiersmen feared, hated, and exterminated the American Indian for generations. It is strange, therefore, that Garland, who

usually identified himself so thoroughly with the ways and attitudes of the pioneer, should become a champion and self-appointed historian of the enemy.

Garland's feelings towards the Indian can probably be accounted for by the fact that, as a boy, he was a little too far behind the actual edge of the frontier to have much contact with hostile Indians. His knowledge of them came chiefly from Wild West stories, and in those the Indian was a cruel, bloodthirsty, romantic foe. When Garland ran into flesh-and-blood Indians for the first time on his Western journeys after he was thirty, he found them much different from the picture he had carried in his mind. They were pathetic remnants of a once noble race, just as the farmers of the Middle West, after fighting the rigors of prairie life for several decades and the economic and political corruption of the 1870's and 80's, were worn-out husks rather than the splendid romantic giants of his youth. Perhaps because Garland saw the plight of the Indians in the 1890's, while he was still in the first flush of enthusiasm as a reformer, he identified their cause with that of other downtrodden folk. If nothing else, he considered them a part of the glorious early days on the frontier, the passing of which he was already coming to regret. If he could help his red brother in any way, he decided, he would. If not, he could plead the red man's cause by enshrining him in fiction<sup>2</sup> as he then was, for future generations to contemplate.

It is not clear from Garland's autobiographical writings just when his interest in the Indian developed, but as early as 1890 he published in *Harper's Weekly* a brief piece entitled "Drifting Crane," depicting a verbal skirmish between a hardy white settler and the valiant old chief of an Indian tribe which was about to be overrun by the advancing wave of the white man's civilization. Each figure is presented as a kind of heroic representative of his race, and each is shown to be maddeningly but humanly both right and wrong in the stand that he takes. Nevertheless, it is apparent that the future lies with the white man and that the old chief's brave defiance is futile. The story is in keeping with Garland's reforming bent during this period when he was concerned with all kinds of problems of oppressed minorities.

In 1892, on his first trip to California,<sup>3</sup> Garland had another glimpse of Indians, but he was with his parents then and had no time for prolonged study. It was in the summer of 1895 that he made his first extensive visit to Indian country, to the land of the Ute, the

Hopi, and the Navajo.<sup>4</sup> Here, with customary thoroughness, he studied his subjects, learning some of the Ute language from a trader at the agency or listening and watching as the trader carried on the day's business with the Indian women. He traveled from the Southern Ute Agency at Ignacio through the old city of Santa Fe, and the still older pueblos of Zúñi and Isleta to the Hopi village of Walpi, taking careful notes every step of the way.<sup>5</sup> Garland was so moved by the snake dance of the Hopi that, for an hour, he felt almost hypnotized. He was compelled by his emotions to set to work at once to record these wonders, "not as a scientist but as a writer of stories, a singer of songs." "All my later work," he said, referring to his treatment of this material, "was influenced by the concepts and emotions of this inspirational outing."<sup>6</sup>

By July of 1897, work on his Grant biography had ceased, and there was time for a trip with brother Frank to Standing Rock Reservation in North Dakota to study the Sioux. Garland's enthusiasm for his new material was still strong. He reported having spent every waking hour in observing these fascinating people. He questioned the head men through interpreters and watched the picturesque and graceful sign language for long afternoons at a time. By securing access to the agency records, Garland was able to piece together from them some of the story of Sitting Bull. Suddenly the brothers heard of an "outbreak" among the Northern Cheyenne, and they rushed across the country to Fort Custer and then by horse to the agency at Lame Deer where troops were reported to be still encamped to protect the Indians from the depredations of some aroused cattlemen. There was time at Custer, however, to meet Two Moon, a witness of Custer's last stand. On the way to Lame Deer, an overnight halt at a cattle ranch gave Garland a view of "the other side of the picture." The cattlemen, greedy to absorb the grazing lands, were fomenting trouble in order to kill off the Indians or at least to secure their lands through some kind of civilized double-dealing. They made their intentions perfectly clear to Garland, referring to the Indians with an epithet which Garland reported euphemistically as "sons-of-dogs."<sup>7</sup>

At Lame Deer there was a Major Stouch, who was to be of much help in Garland's Indian studies. Through Stouch, who was apparently liked and trusted by the Indians, Garland was enabled, as he put it, to win the confidence of numerous Indian chiefs and particularly of an interpreter named Wolf Voice, who spoke good English.

How much Wolf Voice came to trust Garland and how friendly he felt is attested by the fact that he presented Garland with a white eagle feather which had belonged to his recently deceased young son. He said it was because Garland was the Indians' friend. Later he took Garland off the regular trail to see various Indian shrines and discussed their meanings and some of the Indians' religious philosophy. As a final touch of background, the Garland brothers made a special side trip into the wilds of Montana to see one of the few remaining buffalo herds. Garland was already well aware that the buffalo had spelled life and death for the Plains Indian.<sup>8</sup>

It was on his final trek through the Indian country in 1900, after his marriage, that Garland determined to be an interpreter of the red man.<sup>9</sup> Major Stouch had been transferred to the agency for the Southern Cheyenne and Arapahoes at Darlington, Oklahoma, and thought that Garland and his new wife might enjoy making a first inspection of the reservation with him. Garland was overjoyed. Again Stouch saw that Garland got to meet the head men of the tribes. One civilized Indian warned Garland to be sure to preserve in his writings the charm which had clung to the red man's life in ancient days. Most white writers up to then had neglected to emphasize that aspect of Indian life. He also planted in Garland's mind the gem for a positive bit of Indian reform—the renaming of the Indians with continuing family surnames to eliminate legal snarls in familial relationships and inheritance of property.<sup>10</sup>

The inspecting party visited John Seger's Colony, an experimental group which had started with some recalcitrant Indians but which by now was a model settlement with the Indians well along in their process of learning to walk the white man's road. From Seger, who was an authority on Indians, Garland learned much. He heard how Seger had "gone Indian" for several months to learn the red man's ways in order the better to teach him those of the white.<sup>11</sup> The results had been singularly successful. In story after story the friendly Seger poured out his experiences, and Garland faithfully jotted them down. He discovered, for example, why the Indian had so much trouble in learning the white man's ways: "the Indian was alternately continent and lax. When work was done, he was careful to take care of himself—the hunt took up all his time—taxed his energies to the utmost—but when the hunt was over and his lodge was filled with food—he relaxed and enjoyed himself. This twofold life made him spartan and dissolute—active and indolent—persistent and irresolute.

These were his habit of mind—and they handicapped him when he came to take the whiteman's road."<sup>12</sup> He had Seger teach him some sign language.<sup>13</sup> Garland told Seger how impressed he was with the historical value of his stories and urged Seger to set them down. Seger apparently liked Garland and did everything in his power to help the writer in his work. He introduced Garland as a "paper-talking-chief" and convinced the red men that the writer was their friend. As the white party circulated among the Indians, Seger continually cast curt "translations" in the form of asides so that Garland would miss nothing of the content of the conversations.<sup>14</sup>

From the Colony the inspecting party moved on to other Indian groups. Some, particularly the Cheyenne, Garland found to be strong, clean, and attractive, and their villages were happy places. There were some poignantly beautiful scenes, such as the night when "the primroses, white in the moonlight, yearned from the grass. The stars blazed. The tepees, lighted from within, glowed like lilies—white, with golden hearts." There were also some pathetic experiences, as when an old chief declaimed before his new agent the woes of his tribe, the difficulties they were finding in converting to strange ways. Sometimes Garland acquired insight into the psychology of the red man from conversing with those who had been educated in the white man's schools. These men were a kind of hybrid—familiar enough with the white man's civilization to speak freely with Garland, yet still red men with the red man's mental habits.<sup>15</sup> The trip had been such a success that Garland decided he must have another visit with the Sioux.

The opening days of July, 1900, found the Garlands at the Standing Rock Agency in North Dakota, studying records and absorbing background material. Garland, with the help of a half-breed interpreter, Louis Primeau, who had known Sitting Bull intimately during his last days, concentrated on the older men, the storytellers. Like Seger, Primeau apparently came to believe in the sincerity of Garland's desire to write truthfully of the red man. Through Primeau, Garland also secured the friendship of a trader named John Carignan, another who had witnessed the closing days in the life of Sitting Bull.<sup>16</sup> Through a chance gift of a trifle of money, to what he thought was a destitute old Indian, Garland made a close friend of a chieftain named Looking Stag.<sup>17</sup> The old warrior had been acquainted with Sitting Bull, and his willing testimony of the past was an invaluable source of firsthand information. Slohan, the historian of Sitting Bull's

band of Sioux and a member of the chief's old bodyguard, spent a whole afternoon going over the history of his race for Garland.<sup>18</sup>

After the summer of 1900, Garland made no more extensive visits to the Indians. He stopped briefly at agencies from time to time on his trips through the West, and he visited Okmulgee, Oklahoma, in 1905, to witness the last meeting of the governing body of the Creek Nation,<sup>19</sup> but in general his research had been sufficient. He felt that he knew the Indians well enough after ten years of study, and as always there were other interests to occupy his mind. This time it was his new role as a father. With the exception of a few short stories and the final draft of the story of Sitting Bull, Garland's "Indian period" of writing was between 1895 and 1905.

II. As in most of his work, Garland wanted in his Indian stories to instruct as well as to please. The Indians studied were not the untamed savages of the Wild West stories (as many people still believed them to be at the turn of the century), but a simple people, a conquered primitive race which was trying sincerely and desperately to learn a new life under nearly unbearable conditions. Whatever remained of the charm or beauty of their former life Garland was careful to depict, and he made it evident that any plan for aiding or developing the Indian in the future must take into consideration the customs, traditions, arts, and crafts of the ancient times.

In the two dozen or so separately published short stories based on the red man, Garland employed the same general treatment. The "stories were incidents, for the most part, which revealed the Indian's struggle to adapt himself suddenly to radically new cultural patterns." Often they were dramatic indictments of the white man for his selfish and cruel treatment of the "inferior" race. In some of the stories Garland the reformer could not refrain from breaking his narrative with propagandistic squibs such as this in a story called "Hippy—the Dare-Devil":

"Anything is good enough for an Injun," was a common phrase among the cattlemen when filling their contracts with the Agency. With a leer of contempt, the cowboys cut out all the old cows and sick steers without meat on their bones and drove them to the Agency corral with calm confidence, knowing well that the weak-minded Agent would accept them. So it came about that even this clause of of Government's treaty was habitually violated; and yet so patient

were these people, and so sacred did they hold their promises, no chief went further than to grumble, till Hippy became their instrument of vengeance.<sup>20</sup>

Others of the tales were mere bits of journalistic reporting. "Among the Moki Indians,"<sup>21</sup> recounts Garland's visit to the snake dancers of the Southwest with descriptions and episodes so vivid and exciting as to take on some of the qualities of a fictitious adventure story. In "General Custer's Last Fight as Seen by Two Moon," at the beginning and end of the interview Garland found opportunity to insert some remarks about how the Indians were abused on the reservations.<sup>22a</sup>

No one of Garland's shorter Indian stories is a world masterpiece, but read through as a group they constitute a commendable treatment of a largely unexplored area of American life. Other writers, possibly better ones, were soon to follow Garland into this field, but the would-be pioneer really was a pioneer this time. Whatever their artistic merit, his stories are still worth reading for their historical and sociological values.<sup>22b</sup>

It was not until 1923 that Garland found a publisher for the collection of Indian tales he had so long planned.<sup>23</sup> The book was not everything he wanted it to be, for Garland did not approve of Remington's interpretations of the Indian in his drawings: "I don't like him or his illustrations. His red men and trappers are all drawn from one model . . . his red men are savages without being graceful. He does not see the Western men and Indians as I see them."<sup>24</sup> The publishers, however, saw an opportunity for a "pretty" volume and Remington's work was still popular, even though the drawings were twenty or thirty years old. At least it brought his beloved "Silent Eaters" into print at last.

*The Book of the American Indian* contained eleven previously published stories, three new ones, and the short biography of Sitting Bull, "The Silent Eaters."<sup>25</sup> Of all his work on the American Indian, Garland felt that "The Silent Eaters" was the best.<sup>26</sup> In the sense that it was a biography, based upon fact rather than a fiction, it probably was. Biographical writing was one of the types that Garland came to do best. "The Silent Eaters" was the epic story of the red man from the time when he was still an independent savage, admirably suited to his environment, until, through a series of battles with a superior foe, he surrendered and consented to try to adapt him-



self to the ways of his conqueror. That attempt turned out to be a trial in more ways than one to both races. Sitting Bull, Garland thought, was a perfect epic hero, for in his single lifetime he spanned the many changes in the fortunes of the red man, and with his colorful character and intelligence he represented some of the highest qualities of his race.

The account starts with Sitting Bull as a young man just coming into power. It is told as if by an educated Indian, Iapi, the son of one of the Silent Eaters. The Silent Eaters were a special group of warriors designated to guard and advise Sitting Bull. The name came from the fact that they did not laugh or talk much but conducted themselves seriously because of the dignity of their position. As a young man, Sitting Bull was appointed Chief Soldier of Treaties, the one who would counsel the various tribes how to answer the demands made by the whites. In general, Sitting Bull's policy for the early years was to avoid intercourse with the white men whenever possible. Eventually, however, the westward-pushing whites made contact with Sitting Bull's tribe and friction started. Sitting Bull's reputation was already great with the whites before the Battle of the Little Big Horn. After Custer's defeat it rose even higher. The whites were determined to get him on a reservation, and a force under General Miles harried Sitting Bull's tribe (after the chief had refused to surrender) all the way into Canada. Most of the Sioux and allied tribes had surrendered and gone into reservations by this time. The Bull, however, knowing the deceit of the white man, held out in Canada until the suffering of his people from the cold<sup>27</sup> and news that his daughter was being held in irons in the States caused him to capitulate to the inevitable. After all, they had been promised some good food and living quarters and a joyous reunion with their own people. Only Sitting Bull's immediate family and a few of the Silent Eaters had remained loyal.

After reaching the Standing Rock Agency, the Indians found that the whites had lied again. Sitting Bull was to be sent to Fort Randall as a military prisoner. Fortunately the soldiers admired him as a leader and treated him well. Sitting Bull was finally returned to Standing Rock, and he settled down to try to walk the white man's road. The agent, however, was unfriendly and gradually forgot promises he had made to the Sioux. He was jealous of Sitting Bull's power among the red men. As the years went by, tension grew higher and higher between them. Sitting Bull made himself particularly unpopular by

resisting every attempt made by the whites to get the Indians to sign away their rights to remaining lands.

During an unusually hard winter there came news of a wonderful new religion. A Messiah had appeared who promised, if the Indians would follow him, to restore them to their golden days. The Messiah brought a message from the Great Spirit:

If you will live according to the ways of the Saviour whom I have sent among you I will again smile upon you. I will cause the white men to disappear from the earth, together with all the marks he has made with the plow and the ax. I will cause the old world to come back. It will slide above the present earth as one hand slides above the other; the white man and all his works will be buried and the red man will be caught up in the air and put down on this old earth as it returns, and he will find the buffalo and the elk, the deer and the antelope, feeding as of ancient days on the rich grass. The rifle will be no longer necessary nor the white man's food or clothing. All will be as it was in the days of our fathers. No one will grow old, no one will be sick, no one will die. All will be glad and happy once more.<sup>28</sup>

The people of Sitting Bull's tribe were overjoyed. Their chief wanted to believe, but his higher intelligence made him refuse to accept anything before he had proof. While his people danced the ghost dance and came out of trances to report wonderful visions of their dear departed in the spirit world, Sitting Bull watched and pondered.

The agent, fearing lest the new craze should disturb his control of his charges, gave orders that the dancing must cease. At first Sitting Bull refused, but at last he made the concession that the strange Indian who first brought the news of the dance to the agency would be made to leave. Even so, he broke his peace pipe with a dramatic gesture before his people and swore that he would investigate the new religion completely until he could either adopt or reject it. The dancing continued, although the chief only watched. The agent came to try to dissuade Sitting Bull from further dancing but was unsuccessful. Sitting Bull made the very reasonable proposition that he would go west with the agent to investigate the source of the religion and then govern his actions by what they found, but the agent laughed at him. After Sitting Bull's refusal to come to the agency for further discussion, it was but a matter of time before the agent

arranged to arrest the old chief. It was necessary to recruit a special band of native police to do the job, for Sitting Bull's faithful followers were determined not to yield their leader to what was almost certain to be his death. Early one morning the native policemen awakened the old man. Before they could get him away a hostile group gathered around the door outside, and when the arresting party emerged there was an explosive fray in which Sitting Bull, numerous of his gallant defenders, and several of the native police were slain.<sup>29</sup>

So runs the story of Sitting Bull as interpreted by Garland. In condensation it necessarily loses the flavor of the original, and it is in the flavor that the worth of the whole performance lies. Garland recognized that he had here the material for a prose epic, and into it he poured all the smoothness of style, all the beauty of imagery, all the genuine sympathy for the Indian, and all the romance of the red man's culture at his command. There is the portrayal of the way the red man converted the language of the white man to ideas he could understand, as in the speech of the brave who counselled Sitting Bull to go to Canada to escape the troops:

My friends, I have listened to your stories of hard fighting and running, and it seems to me you are like a lot of foxes whose dens have been shut tight with stones. The hunters are abroad and you have no place of refuge. Now to the north, in my country, there is a mysterious line on the ground. It is so fine you cannot see it; it is finer than a spider's web at dusk; but it is magical. One one side of it the soldiers wear red coats and have a woman chief. On the other they wear blue coats and obey Washington.<sup>30</sup>

There is the sheer commonsense reasoning of Sitting Bull which, as displayed in his speeches, again and again exposed the double-dealing irrationality of the white men, as in his simple remarks to the agent when told that the ghost dance must stop: "Are there miracles only in the white man's religion? I hear you believe there was once a great flood and all the people drowned but a man and a woman, who took all the animals, male and female, into a big steamboat. When did this happen? How do you know it? Is the ghost dance more foolish? Are my people to be without a religion because it does not please the white man?"<sup>31</sup> In "The Silent Eaters" Garland was careful to avoid all extraneous material, such as digressions upon the corruption of the U.S. Indian Bureau or direct appeals by the

author to consider the unjust treatment of the Indians. With the restraint of a mature artist he made the story itself the strongest possible appeal.

III. Any criticism of Garland's Indian stories must concern itself chiefly with the question of how well he knew his subject, for from the standpoint of form there are few flaws. Most were written when he was forty or older and had his style perfected. It is a simple, straightforward prose, packed with concrete, realistic details, and it flows along unobtrusively as the style of a good story-teller should. As Keiser, who probably read more of Garland's Indian tales than most critics, when referring to "The Silent Eaters" phrased it, "The whole is well told in a simple and unadorned yet impressive manner, by means of the short, direct, and pregnant sentences one might expect from an Indian schooled for years in the polished East."<sup>82</sup> There are some blemishes—a tendency to preach at times, touches of sentimentality—but on the whole the author succeeds in getting his reader concerned about the outcome of his tales and in making him grasp for a moment the real nature of the Indian (with corresponding indignation at his treatment). This was simply what Garland was trying to do, and there can be no higher praise.

The importance of Garland's contribution to literature in these stories must be largely determined by whether or not he was an authority on his subject. Many men had written about Indians for two centuries before Garland, but not many have been remembered for having written with exact knowledge and true understanding. If it can be demonstrated that Garland showed that knowledge and understanding in his stories, then he was among the first and one of the few who have dealt realistically and feelingly with the reservation Indian, or the Indian "in transition."

Because it deals with historical figures and incidents for the most part, "The Silent Eaters" affords an excellent opportunity for testing Garland's methods of research and the results he secured therefrom. To begin with, he went to actual agency records to find the white man's version of Sitting Bull's behavior. He next consulted white men who knew the Indian as thoroughly as any white man ever has, men like Stouch and Seger and Carignan, who had lived and worked with the Indians for from twenty to fifty years. He worked his way into the confidence of the older, full-blooded Indian chiefs by first making friends with half-breeds like Louis Primeau and semicivilized

full-bloods like Wolf Voice and Robert Burns.<sup>33</sup> Once he had the trust of the old chiefs he talked with them by the hour, jotting down words, ideas, and impressions rapidly as they talked. Then he checked the story of one red man against that of another. In between these researches for historical details he absorbed realistic details of dress, gesture, mannerisms, and environment and tried to pierce the mask of stolidity by which the red man so frequently concealed his thoughts from the distrusted white. So much for method.

But how authentic was Garland's version of the personality of Sitting Bull? How accurately did he compile and analyze the endless bits and pieces gathered from so many sources and viewpoints as to what the old chief did and why he did it? In the many accounts of Sitting Bull from the time of his death until the present, the hottest discussions have centered upon the following points: 1. Was he a wise leader and a peacemaker? 2. Was he personally courageous, especially at the Battle of the Little Big Horn? 3. Was he a trouble-maker on the reservation or a leader of his race fighting for the rights of his people? 4. Did he believe in the Ghost Dance or was he utilizing it shrewdly as a means to gain power on the reservation? 5. Was his arrest and killing within the due process of existing regulations and necessary for the good of the country, or was it just another unjust exhibition of the power of the white man?

Garland answered yes to the first two questions and to the second part of the third, answered the fourth by saying that Sitting Bull was only testing the possibilities of the religion as a means for improving the status of his people, and registered a most emphatic yes to the second part of the fifth.

W. F. Johnson, the first biographer of Sitting Bull, in 1891 described him as intelligent in expression and action, and in the speeches he assigned to the Bull are numerous examples of the old chief's desire to be at peace. Johnson evidently interpreted such statements to be lies, for he called the red man a scoundrel, rascal, and treacherous friend.<sup>34</sup> On the reservation, however, Sitting Bull led a quiet life for several years and seemed to be cooperating with the white man. The Ghost Dance craze was "born of the wretchedness and need" of the Indians. Still, the Bull used the technique of the dance to begin the organization of a new rebellion in order to regain his lost standing. He had gathered together some young warriors for a general raid. The military and the agent thought it advisable to arrest the old chief in order to keep the peace. What they really wanted was

his death. When the native police arrested the old man, they hoisted him on a horse and started off, but a shot from Sitting Bull's friends started a general melee. The Bull continued to direct the attack for a while even after he was down. As the Sioux attacked the native police, the U.S. Cavalry galloped up and saved the day with machine guns.<sup>35</sup> If Johnson's account was right, Garland scored only about thirty percent.

The agent at the Standing Rock Agency, Major James McLaughlin, fortunately chose in 1910 to record his thirty-eight years among the Indians. His account of Sitting Bull lends little support to Garland, however, for his memoirs offer the blackest kind of picture:

Crafty, avaricious, mendacious, and ambitious, Sitting Bull possessed all of the faults of an Indian and none of the nobler attributes which have gone far to redeem some his people from their deeds of guilt. He had no single quality which would serve to draw his people to him, yet he was by far the most influential man of his nation for many years. . . . I never knew him to display a single trait that might command admiration or respect, and I knew him well in the later years of his life. But he maintained his prestige by the acuteness of his mind and his knowledge of human nature. Even his people knew him as a physical coward, but the fact did not handicap the man in dealing with his following.<sup>36</sup>

This passage shows clearly the attitude of the agent with whom the Indians had to deal. He condemns Sitting Bull utterly and yet inconsistently goes on at once to admit that the chief was the most influential man of his day. He calls him a coward and then says it was no handicap among his people. Almost every known story or legend of the Indians belies the truth of such a contradiction.

The remainder of McLaughlin's account is much the same. Sitting Bull was wise, but he was certainly no peacemaker. McLaughlin was able to keep him out of mischief for seven years however. The Ghost Dance was a "most pernicious system of religion" which Sitting Bull perverted "to appeal to the cupidity of the Indian and to inflame him against the whites." Sitting Bull was one of the "unreconstructed elements among the old leaders." It was distinctly advisable, therefore, McLaughlin wrote to the Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to have Sitting Bull placed safely in a military prison.<sup>37</sup> If McLaughlin's account was correct (and it should have been, for he was a trusted

government official of good reputation as a handler of Indians), then Garland, despite his careful research, succeeded in getting almost nothing right.

In 1914, W. K. Moorehead, archaeologist and a member of the U.S. Board of Indian Commissioners, made an extensive study of the American Indian and in his work considered Sitting Bull sufficiently important to warrant devoting two chapters to him. Moorehead is one of the first to list the Bull as a peacemaker, and whereas he follows McLaughlin's account in some detail, he does not agree that the old chief was a coward. He does not believe that he was present at the Battle of the Little Big Horn but that his "medicine" was largely responsible for the Indians' success. From various speeches of Sitting Bull's which Moorehead quotes, he shows that he recognizes the chief's desire to fight for his people, but Moorehead, as a white official, is forced to condemn Sitting Bull's troublesome habit of doing so. With admiration, though, Moorehead is forced to admit that, considering things from the red man's viewpoint, Sitting Bull's actions were right and good. As for the killing of the old man, Moorehead merely adopts McLaughlin's version. At the conclusion of his discussion, Moorehead quotes a letter of Dr. Charles A. Eastman, himself a Sioux, in which Eastman agrees that Sitting Bull was a statesman, a brave warrior, and no troublemaker. He was foolish in taking up the Ghost Dance. Much of his bad reputation appears to have arisen from the antagonism of the agent, McLaughlin.<sup>38</sup> Here with Moorehead's account for the first time a picture of Sitting Bull that partially resembles Garland's begins to emerge. Eastman in his letter goes into very little detail, but the implication is that he would have supported Garland's interpretation.

Stanley Vestal, in 1932, appears to have made the most extensive study of Sitting Bull. He examined all the earlier accounts and soon came to the conclusion that few of the white authors had much first-hand knowledge of their subject. The only reliable source for the first forty-five years of Sitting Bull's life, Vestal found, was the "memories of old Indians of high reputation." Vestal consulted the old-timers extensively and found them anxious at last to talk and to be accurate as to detail, refusing to give any information which had not been secured at firsthand. His study was pursued "not merely among the members of Sitting Bull's own family, band, tribe, and nation, but among all other Indian nations with which he had contact, both in this country and in Canada." Nothing that appears in his text, he

insists, even though it is undocumented, has been invented. For many of Sitting Bull's speeches he has the Sioux texts. The personality of the chief, as revealed, is that suggested by the Indians interrogated, and it is not the interpretation of the author. With such methodology,<sup>39</sup> Vestal's account should be as accurate a one as anyone is ever likely to attain.

According to Vestal, Sitting Bull, "the strongest, boldest, most stubborn opponent of European influence . . . was one of the makers of America."<sup>40</sup> In other words, Vestal substantiated Garland's account in almost every detail. Sitting Bull was wise.<sup>41</sup> He was a peacemaker in the sense that he did not make war upon the whites until they forced him into it by trespassing upon Sioux lands. He fought them only to protect his lands, the buffalo, and his family.<sup>42</sup> He was exceedingly brave, a fact witnesses attest to over and over again.<sup>43</sup> At Standing Rock, Sitting Bull caused trouble enough, but it was because he wanted to protect the interests of his people and because, with his extraordinary power, even on the reservation, he was so unusually successful in doing so.<sup>44</sup> Much of his trouble on the reservation was caused by the fact that McLaughlin was jealous of his authority as chief and was determined to break him. After all, "McLaughlin had been sent out to destroy Sioux civilization. Under the old Indian Bureau that was his job." So long as Sitting Bull lived, that goal could never be achieved. Under the circumstances, it could only be a question of time until ways and means could be discovered for the elimination of Sitting Bull as an aid to the progress of "civilization."<sup>45</sup> The Ghost Dance craze was the excuse. Sitting Bull did not believe all the teachings of the Messiah, but he earnestly wanted to.<sup>46</sup> Meanwhile, his people wanted to dance, and as it brought pleasure to them in what to the old chief seemed a harmless way, he was not going to allow the white to deny them that pleasure. As a result, he was killed.

Vestal undoubtedly favored his subject, but, after discounting for that fact, one must conclude, in view of his extensive research among primary sources, that his account of Sitting Bull is the most accurate available. The chief differences between Vestal's interpretation and earlier ones is that Vestal was writing from the point of view of the red man. Thrown into that light, many "facts" about the old chief take on different meanings. As Garland was also trying to present Sitting Bull as the red men themselves knew him,<sup>47</sup> its was to be expected, if he used the same sources as Vestal (and he did, albeit in



lesser number), that his interpretation would be similar. With Vestal's well-authenticated account to back up Garland's portrait of Sitting Bull, yet coming some thirty years later,<sup>48</sup> it seems safe to say that Garland was again the pioneer in this matter of the handling of the reservation Indian, and that by his true and sympathetic portraits he made a contribution of lasting importance to American literature.<sup>49</sup>

IV. There is little doubt that Garland, once interested in the plight of the Indian, worked diligently to better the Indian's status and in so doing considered himself a reformer with respect to the Indian problem. Even Gronewald, who found Garland to be a reformer only in an offhand way, characterized his point of view towards the Indians as "fair, sympathetic, realistic, and constructive" and his social criticism of their plight as his only "positive social thinking."<sup>50</sup> To be sure, one of Garland's strongest reform tools, even though its efficacy cannot be measured, was his ability to present graphically and dramatically the life of the Indian on the reservation in the 1890's and early 1900's.<sup>51</sup> One of his pictures, if enough people read it, would have greater power to move white men to sympathy for their red brethren than half a dozen reform articles which it was certain almost no one would read. Since almost all the stories appeared in periodicals, they must have been read by a great many white people. How much good they did is questionable. The Indian had been completely suppressed for only about a decade, and people had not yet forgotten their fear and hatred of him sufficiently to turn charitable and concern themselves with whether or not he was being deprived of his rights by other white people. As usual, Garland had uncovered one of America's festering patches of corruption and had presented it vividly to the public. The public could institute positive reforms if it chose.

In dealing with the Indians, Garland went even further than simply to describe their troubles in fiction. He set out vigorously to do something in a positive way. Theodore Roosevelt was President after 1901, and he was Garland's friend and interested in the West generally. Garland busied himself meeting men who were important in the Indian reform movement, such as C. F. Lummis and George Bird Grinnell. Apparently, with his usual pioneer enthusiasm over a new project, he made a nuisance of himself by trying to hurry through reforms which older, more experienced men knew took patience and finesse.<sup>52</sup> Lummis and other friends of the Indian were trying to

organize a league to help, presumably by initiating reform in some particular place through the influence of the important people in the league, with the ultimate end of cleaning up the whole Bureau of Indian Affairs. Lummis assured Garland that many of Garland's suggestions would undoubtedly get into the constitution of the league in time, and said that he wanted Garland on the first year's National Advisory Board. He also hoped Garland would organize one of the contemplated local councils, perhaps in Chicago.<sup>53</sup>

In 1902 Garland apparently felt that matters were moving too slowly with respect to the Indians and took time off from his fiction to write an article describing the abuses which had been heaped upon the red man and outlining a positive program of corrective measures.<sup>54</sup> A few simple steps, if taken, would work wonders. First, because he is gregarious, the Indian should be grouped in small family units on workable farm land along watercourses. He cannot be expected to learn a new skill, farming, by hacking away at barren ground. Second, competent instructors should be appointed in small areas to teach the Indian the art of farming. Third, a district matron should be supplied to instruct the Indian women in home arts. Fourth, old arts and crafts of each tribe should be retained and encouraged. Competing stores (with no alcohol on the premises) should be permitted on the reservation to enable the red man to realize the greatest possible profit from his industry. Fifth, combined boarding and industrial schools should be established in each farm area and all sectarian and nonreservation schools abolished. Indian children should not be separated from their families by shipping them East. Sixth, missionaries should be discouraged, because their views are too narrow and "inelastic." The red man should be made to feel that he is a man and different but not to be despised because of that difference. Seventh, the red man should be free to come and go and should be governed by the same laws generally as his white neighbor. Then the agent would be thought of as a friend, adviser, and attorney, not as a commander. With legislation to implement steps like these, the Indian would rapidly be converted from a Stone Age man to a "Christian citizen." As it was, legislation already in effect offered a program something like this:

You, Whiteshield, will at once leave your pleasant camp in the grove beside the Washita and take yourself to your home-quarter. You will at once give up the tepee and all your skin clothing. You will put off

your moccasins and take to brogans. You will build a hut and live therein. You will have your hair cut short, and give up painting your face. You will cease all singing and dancing. Every form and symbol of the past is vile—put them away. You will send your children to school—even the little ones of five must go. Smoking is expensive, and leads to dreaming—stop it. To do bead-work or basket-weaving is heathen; your wife must abandon that. You will instantly begin to raise pigs and chickens, and work hard every day, because it is good to work. In order that you may know how sweet it is to live the life of the white farmer, you may go to church on Sunday and hear a man talk in words that you do not understand, and sings songs which white people sing when they have nothing better to do.<sup>55</sup>

The same year Garland convinced Roosevelt that he possessed a very respectable knowledge of Indian affairs from his ten years of visiting reservations. Roosevelt informed him that he and G. B. Grinnell would be unofficial Presidential aides with respect to Indian matters.<sup>56</sup> It was not a jest in passing on the President's part, for letters such as the following from the White House during the next few years show his sincere desire for information:

Dear Mr. Garland:

. . . I wish to make my messages short this year; and so let any corrections or suggestions you have to put in about the Indians be as brief as possible. But I wished either you or Mr. Grinnell to go over what I said.

. . . . .

P.S. Please return the paragraph about the Indians with your suggestions at once.

My Dear Mr. Garland:

I particularly want you to talk with Miss Curtis over what she has to say about the Southwestern Indians and the advisability of developing along its own lines their marked artistic talent. . . .<sup>57</sup>

In the fall of 1903 came an invitation from Roosevelt to come to the White House to confer on Indian affairs, at least on a "phase of the Indian service" with which Garland was familiar.<sup>58</sup>

Along with Roosevelt, Grinnell approved, for the most part, of Garland's efforts. He thought the Indian stories were good because of their sympathetic point of view rather than because they were ex-

actly true.<sup>59</sup> Garland's intentions were right, though, and in the main he hit off the red man's character pretty well. Coming from an expert on the American Indian, it was an appreciable compliment.

It was in 1902 also that Garland tried most strenuously to effect at least one improvement in Indian affairs. He had received the idea for this particular reform—the changing of Indian names to facilitate administrative and legal matters—while on the trip through Major Stouch's reservation in 1900. Garland's experiences with official Washington could be worked over into a comic-satirical skit without many changes. He told his plan to Roosevelt. Roosevelt was enthusiastic and gave him a card with a penciled note for the Secretary of the Interior, promising cooperation in securing "substantial" justice for the Indian. The Secretary brightened visibly (after a cool reception) upon seeing the card, listened politely to Garland's proposal, and then took him to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who was duly instructed to "cooperate in every way possible." After telling his plan for the third time to the Commissioner, Garland began to catch on. "The outcome of this conference was not entirely to my liking," he said with noble restraint. The Commissioner, having no one else to send him along to immediately, suggested that he "draw up a circular" to guide the Indian agents in putting the plan into effect. Garland went away and did so. He also had Roosevelt appoint the educated Sioux, Dr. Charles Eastman, as special worker in the field to implement the plan. Eastman, Garland mentions, worked for two years along the lines indicated in the circular. Even so, full cooperation was never given by the officials concerned, and Garland had to write the whole thing off in 1913 as a reform which had "faded out into a routine and foolish gesture."<sup>60</sup> Again, the final judgment for Garland's reform efforts must be that he tried, and this time tried hard.

After his experiences with his name plan, Garland seemed to lose interest as an active, working reformer and to revert to his normal role of one who presents to the public the need for reform. His "The Red Man as Material" (1903) was simply a discussion of how the Indian had been treated in fiction through the years. For the most part the various types of authors—the explorer, the missionary, the fictionist—had each had their special interests to promote and had distorted the red man's character accordingly. Such fallacious interpretations have had a bad effect upon their publics. Holding such erroneous conceptions of their savage foes, the English-speaking peo-

ple have tended to become "ruthless conquerors . . . blotting out all manners, customs, religions, and governments which happen to differ from their own." Literature has helped to bring this about. It behooves writers, therefore, to be conscious of their power and to be careful to see that their delineations of a race are truthful.<sup>61</sup>

An undated manuscript in the Garland Collection, about five pages in length, discusses the human side of the red man, how he is in reality not unlike the white man as a father, friend, or statesman. The true wild Indian has long given way to the specimen known as the ward of the government, and it is the "pathetic attempt" of these individuals to adapt themselves that Garland has tried to depict in his stories. One cannot help being moved at the contrast between the modern reservation Indian and the free wild savage of yesterday: "As I looked back upon him reaching with trembling hands for the cotton-balls, the sunlight flaming on his bowed and weary back, I thought of the time, when he, a splendid young chieftain was wont to lead his band in free marches after the buffalo from the Powder River to the Platte, lord of the splendid plain and owner of a million cattle."<sup>62</sup>

Garland ceased to write of the American Indian after 1907, unless some of the three stories added to the 1923 collection were written after that time, which is doubtful. Garland tended to work in "periods" for the most part, and once his interest in a genre or type of subject waned, he did not seem to return to it. As he was becoming increasingly interested in biographical writing about 1910, it is not likely that he wrote any more Indian stories. Furthermore, by 1913, he was tired of traveling in the West.<sup>63</sup> From then on he was to travel largely in his mind, into the past. He had done enough, however, and his work had been good. If he had not helped the Indians as much as he would have liked, he had at least presented their side of the story to the American public in realistic sketches which should be of value to both historians and men of letters for some time to come. If his work was not appreciated—well, Garland knew that he had penetrated to the heart of the red man and was satisfied that he had understood and had done a good job of reporting what he found there. If other white men could not follow him sympathetically, he had devised a proper fate for them: "I hope Black Hawk's happy hunting ground exists," he said, "and that the white man will never find it."<sup>64</sup>

## NOTES

1. Albert Keiser, *The Indian in American Literature* (New York, 1933), has given the most complete treatment to date, but by the nature of such a survey there could be but a short chapter on Garland. Similarly, Jean Holloway in her recent *Hamlin Garland* (Austin, Texas, 1960) has given a running commentary on Garland's Indian stories (pp. 47, 127, 131, 141-42, 143, 165, 167, 169, 171-73, 177-79, 183, 214, 271-74, but not listed in her index), but she is interested chiefly in listing the stories chronologically and in matters of publication. Garland's only novel-length treatment of the Indian is *The Captain of the Grayhorse Troop* (New York, 1902). Keiser calls it his "most systematic study of the red man," but since Keiser's treatment (pp. 287-92) is thorough, I have omitted any discussion of it in this paper.

2. Keiser, pp. 280, 285.

3. Hamlin Garland, *A Son of the Middle Border* (New York, 1944), p. 447.

4. Hamlin Garland, *Roadside Meetings* (New York, 1930), p. 292ff.

5. Lloyd A. Arvidson, *Hamlin Garland: Centennial Tributes and a Checklist of the Hamlin Garland Papers in the University of Southern California Library*. University of Southern California Library Bulletin No. 9, 1962. In the Garland Collection is a travel journal entitled "Walpi," consisting of thirty pages in penciled longhand. An apparently unpublished article compiled from similar travel journal information is entitled "A Day at Isleta." "Among the Southern Utes," an unidentified clipping, is apparently a third travel article gathered from this trip.

6. *Roadside Meetings*, p. 297.

7. Hamlin Garland, *A Daughter of the Middle Border* (New York, 1921), pp. 40, 43.

8. *Ibid.*, pp. 44-48.

9. *Ibid.*, pp. 182, 179.

10. Hamlin Garland, *Companions on the Trail* (New York, 1931), p. 23.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 27.

12. From a book of notes on Indians, c1900, Garland Collection. The entries are often jotted down hastily, as though while Garland was listening to conversation.

13. *Ibid.* One section of the book records some sign language symbols: e.g., HUNGER—sawing edge of hand across stomach; LOVE—arms clasping the bosom; BAD—snapping fingers as if shaking the matter off; MULE—ears flapping; RAIN—fingers half high, tips down. Also in the Collection is a 12-page pencilled ms. entitled "Seeger, the Sign Talker."

14. *Companions on the Trail*, pp. 29, 30. See also Holloway, pp. 272-73, fn. 27, in which Miss Holloway traces the charge by W. S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal) that Garland improperly used material which by rights belonged to Seeger. Her analysis makes it seem reasonable that Garland was innocent, that Seeger would not or could not put into literary form the rich stores of experience which he carried in his head. After all, Garland did urge Seeger to write, and later Seeger did make the attempt in *Early Days among the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians* (ed. by Stanley Vestal), but it is a slim little volume. The material he inspired Garland to write doubtless bulked much larger.

15. *Ibid.*, pp. 33-35.

16. *Ibid.*, 39-40. See also *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, p. 195.

17. *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, pp. 191, 198-99. See also *Companions on the Trail*, pp. 41-43.

18. *Companions on the Trail*, p. 46. See also *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, pp. 197-98.

19. Ibid., pp. 419, 313ff.
20. McClures, XIX (Sept., 1902), 474-80.
21. Harper's Weekly, XL (Aug. 15, 1896), 801-07.
- 22a., 22b. McClure's, XI (Sept., 1898), 443-48.
23. In his literary notebook for 1902, Garland had a list of published or contemplated Indian stories with the title: "A Book of Indian Tales." See also, *Companions on the Trail*, p. 47. This time the title was to be "Red Pioneers." In *A Daughter of the Middle Border* (p. 180), which he wrote between 1919 and 1921, he mentioned wanting to bring out such a book.
24. *Roadside Meetings*, p. 394. See also, Hamlin Garland, *My Friendly Contemporaries* (New York, 1932), pp. 409-10 and Holloway, pp. 271-72.
25. See Holloway, p. 273, for a discussion of the three new stories.
26. *Companions on the Trail*, p. 486.
27. The actual time was several years (1877-81), but Garland, for artistic reasons, reduced it to one terrible winter. See Stanley Vestal, *Sitting Bull* (New York, 1932), pp. 211-35.
28. Hamlin Garland, *The Book of the American Indian* (New York, 1923), p. 299.
29. Ibid., pp. 159-274.
30. Ibid., pp. 188-89.
31. Ibid., pp. 262-63.
32. Keiser, p. 280.
33. *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, pp. 44, 179; *Companions on the Trail*, pp. 35, 40.
34. W. F. Johnson, *Life of Sitting Bull* (Edgewood Publishing Co., 1891), pp. 143-54.
35. Ibid., pp. 169-71, 179-80, 184-86.
36. J. McLaughlin, *My Friend the Indian* (New York, 1910), p. 180.
37. Ibid., pp. 183, 195, 187, 200.
38. W. K. Moorehead, *The American Indian in the United States* (Andover, Mass., 1914), pp. 190-98, 123-25, 199.
39. Vestal, pp. vii-xi.
40. Ibid., p. 324.
41. Ibid., p. 172. "Such skill in forecasting the enemy's movements, such canny sizing-up of a situation were what made Sitting Bull peerless as a leader of the warlike Sioux. Brave men were plenty in their camps: but the man who combined intelligence and skill and courage as Sitting Bull did was hardly to be found."
42. Ibid., pp. 96-97. "The immediate result of his inauguration as chief of a grand alliance of Plains Indians was reflected in the Report of the Secretary of War for 1867, which states that attacks by Indians were 'less frequent than they ordinarily have been.'"
43. Ibid., pp. 94, 180-81. With respect to the Battle of the Little Big Horn: "Of course he was there—bold as a lion; of course he led some charges, led his own group."
44. Ibid., pp. 254-63. He refused to go to England once, with Buffalo Bill's show, because he felt he was needed there at Standing Rock to help the Sioux keep their lands.
45. Ibid., pp. 254, 276-77. "in this questionnaire of the Commissioner, McLaughlin saw a heaven-sent opportunity to get rid of Sitting Bull."
46. Ibid., p. 279. "Sitting Bull danced with the others, hoping to go into a trance and see the beloved daughter he was mourning. But it was no use; faith was no part of his technique. He could not believe until he saw, though he was pitifully eager to, and listened with close attention to the reports of more favored dancers. McLaughlin himself declares that Sitting Bull did not believe, but allowed his people to dance."
47. *Companions on the Trail*, p. 486.
48. Ibid. "The Silent Eaters" seems to have been composed first about 1902.

49. A more recent historian of Indian chiefs than Vestal, Albert Britt, *Great Indian Chiefs* (New York, 1938), essays to make a fair evaluation of all the conflicting evidence about Sitting Bull. Britt does not document his work, and one cannot always be sure of his sources for some of the details about his subject. Sometimes he uses as evidence the words of a Chicago reporter whom he himself labels as "lyrical" and ridiculous on earlier pages (pp. 190, 192). Other times he quotes McLaughlin, Johnson or Vestal with equal respect, yet examination of their works makes it seem, as I have tried to show, that only Vestal made a scholarly and reasonably unprejudiced investigation of his subject. In general, Britt tries so hard to be impartial that he fails to be definite about any of the controversial issues in Sitting Bull's life, and the reader is left with the impression of having read a "delightful" biographical sketch but of having received no positive evaluation of Sitting Bull's life and character. Another source, M. I. McCreight, *Chief Flying Hawk's Tales* (New York, 1936), purports to be the reminiscences of a nephew of Sitting Bull. As the chapter on the Bull is short, there is no full interpretation, but the tone and some of the details are in support of Garland's and Vestal's interpretations. What is most difficult to understand is why Vestal, even in his latest edition of his book (Norman, Okla., 1957), gives no credit to Garland as a creditable earlier biographer of Sitting Bull. He says (p. xi): "But I shall make no apologies for ignoring the guesswork of men who can have had no opportunity to know the man of whom they write so glibly." Yet, as just one sample of the closeness of his and Garland's interpretations, note the following parallel accounts of Sitting Bull's proposal to McLaughlin to check the origins of the Ghost Dance religion before abandoning it (McLaughlin, p. 277): "White Hair, you do not like me personally. You do not understand this dance. But I am willing to be convinced. You and I will go together to the tribes from which this dance came, and when we reach the last one, where it started, if they cannot produce the Messiah, and if we do not find all the nations of the dead coming this way, then I will return and tell the Sioux it is all a lie. That will end the dance. If we find the Messiah, then you are to let the dance go on." (Garland, *Book of the American Indian*, p. 262). "I have a proposition to make to you. This new religion came to me from the Brule Reservation; they got it from the west. The Mato and Kios claim to have seen the Messiah. Let us two, you and I, set forth together with intent to trail down this story of the Messiah. If, when we reach the last tribe in the land where the story originated, they cannot show us the Messiah or give us satisfactory proof, then we will return and I will tell my people that they have been too credulous. This report will end the dance forever." It is to be remembered that Garland's version preceded Vestal's by nine years.

50. B. Gronewold, *The Social Criticism of Hamlin Garland*, unpublished dissertation (New York University, 1943), p. 368. Gronewold also says that Garland "was not emotionally stirred in his consideration of the Indians' problems," that "monetary or professional considerations were apparently very minor factors in his desire to plead the Indians' cause." These ideas are hard to reconcile. If Garland was not emotionally stirred, then how could he write with so much pathos of the Indians' pitiful efforts to adjust to the white man's civilization? If he was moved neither by emotions, money, or professional considerations, then it is difficult to see why he spent ten years or more traveling among the Indians, studying them and pleading their cause, when he himself admitted that he knew the stories he wrote would have little appeal to a reading public.

51. "Portrait," *Bookman*, LXVI (Sept. 1924), 317.

52. Letter from Lummis to Garland, Jan. 2, 1901. Garland Collection. Lummis opens: Dear Garland;—You are a brick and I am glad to have your vigorous manhood harnessed to our car; but please don't run away with the hearsel We shall have to go a little slowly in order to go as far as we must."



53. *Ibid.* Apparently the league never materialized, for Garland makes no comment in his autobiographical volumes on such an organization. With his enthusiasm for discussing his clubs and organizations, such an omission would hardly be due to carelessness.

54. "The Red Man's Present Needs," *North America*, CLXXIV (1902), 476-88.

55. *Ibid.*, 485.

56. *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, p. 245.

57. Letters from Roosevelt to Garland, Oct. 19, 1902; July 22, 1903. Garland Collection. See also A. Shaw, "Records of Northwestern Pioneering," *Review of Reviews*, LXV (1922), 422.

58. *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, p. 264.

59. *Companions on the Trail*, p. 107. Garland does not explain what Grinnell meant by "exact truth." It presumably meant not omitting any details, not even for artistic purposes.


60. *Ibid.*, pp. 137-39.

61. "The Red Man as Material," *Booklovers Magazine*, II (1903), 196-98.

62. Article entitled, "The Other Side of the Red Man." Garland Collection.

63. *Companions on the Trail*, p. 518.

64. "The Red Man as Material," *Booklovers Magazine*, II (1903), 197.

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ANN DARR

## IN RETROSPECT

This is my house, I can pace the floor,  
 Shut out a mouse, unlock a door,  
 Sit on the stair and look up and down.

Why are the flowers turning brown?  
 The stair of my youth was a closed-in stair.  
 I had to sit for punishment there.  
 (To suffocate, parsed on the middle tread.)  
 Why are the flower faces dead?

Hung on the wall was a brown bouquet,  
 The very flowers she picked that day.  
 Once they were fresh as her own cheek's bloom.  
 I cannot breathe in this box-like room.  
 Hydrangea rages around my head,  
 Everything living is suddenly dead  
 With a picture to prove it, a coffin scene,  
 For the three year old (when I reached sixteen),  
 And a gift of flowers, dead and gone,  
 Hung like geese with their feathers down.  
 (In her closed-in tomb, has she withered brown?)

I should have done, I should have done,  
 Follows me everywhere I've gone.  
 I should have taken the flowers down.  
 (What good's a bouquet with the flowers brown?)  
 I should have thrown what they tried to save  
 In the open mouth of my mother's grave.

GEORGE ABBE

IN AN EFFORT TO RETRIEVE

How did I get in that truck?  
Was I too rapid in my manner?  
Was I violently sick?

At any rate, there I was,  
turning over and over in the water,  
inside the truck. And, indeed,  
I became completely covered  
with a water viscous green.

But, as strange as it may seem  
to the police or civil authority,  
I was then searching for myself in the water.  
I was above it, wading, or watching the waves,  
and probing with a glance that could not see  
below the surface. But always in my hand  
I was sifting incredible debris—

broken bottles, ragged tin, and refuse  
from the dump, trying to find my body  
which was either floating dead and loose  
at the bottom, or trapped in the truck;  
either inside the upside-down cab, or out.

FRANK POLITE

POEM

Dye this old coat deep brown.  
It has been too long at odds  
with frost and sun.  
And in these cold war days, I  
can't recall the ancient splendor  
of its lighter shades.

All the gold is truly gone.  
The gentle fawn has run away.

Yet, I've not tired of its cut.  
And still there is comfort within  
this fabric of my fashion.  
But change the face, the race of it.  
Dye it deep brown.

PAUL ALLEN GONZALES

NAVAJO :

You tourist, you wanderer on my land, you

who

ask:

"Are you really an Indian?"

and

smile . . . .

I must tell you of myself and my present

basic

task . . . .

(To get your dollar and watch you

go your

dusty

mile!)

But hear me, White; hear my spirit, for

I am

here . . . .

I was, and will be at home

below

the butte,

While you, on journey, aimlessly

to

nowhere . . . .

Can only wonder why such rude questions

make me

mute!

Know you, in shorts and beard, inquiring, "What

of your future; where is

your

pride?"

Understand me, White; much you have and

much you

own . . . .

But can you take tomorrow's young bride,  
and travel, in dignity, with all you own  
on yonder  
Roan?

No, White, it is you whom I pity and  
over which  
I cry,  
You, who would seek the sacred campfires  
beyond the  
clouds . . . .  
You, who claim that you must go there  
in iron arrows  
in the sky . . . .  
(Long before your time; before the old ones  
call  
and wait  
in crowds!)

Yes, White, silently I pity one who bargains  
for my  
rug . . . .

That Spider Women gave to all;  
to share,  
But still I show an old pottery  
vase or  
jug,  
As I hope the price you pay is twice  
what I ask  
in dare!

And as you go back to your cement cave  
amid colored  
lights,  
And muse on my existence in terms of sorrow;  
Know that I, White, am not a victim of many wrongs,  
and few  
rights . . . .  
For I can tell; the Rain God will answer me tomorrow!

CECIL ROBERT LLOYD

## QUEST AND ENCOUNTER

*a legend from a tapestry*

Wise hermits know that those black knights they meet  
are likely champions in disguise, who choose  
a shattered wood with stinking ponds as home  
for fears they vanquish riding forth in quest.

*a wise hermit knows black armour holds a guest*

Black knights seek no dragons but one they serve  
who slumbers in his swamp and ravishes no more,  
but only stretches in his portal cave  
to blink at spawning silver in his pool.

*a wise hermit shelters a black knight as his quest*

A champion in disguise craves mortal stain  
on pure armour he encounters yet untried,  
but hungry, share a fire with naked skin  
and tatters penance while his armour rests.

*a wise hermit serves the fish he knows to catch*

"This wilderness of rocks and foetid groves  
is for my hardened soles and raptured eyes  
and not for you. What challenger dwells here?  
Ride out and stir the virtue on the plain."

*a wise hermit knows the crimson on what shines*

"Too often, holy man, I search vain rest  
so dreary on return from futile conquest.  
I crave to crash that equal never vanquished  
who seeks me from dark legends of home famished."

*a wise hermit knows his armour will not fit*

Where does he pleasure with his fellow man,  
what woman's banner does he fly and pledge  
great vengeance? Why does he delay our fate  
to tally easy virtue in the dust?"

*a wise hermit buries many fallen cleansed for graves*

"You crave too much unless you venture roads and towns.  
He seeks no blood of yours, but that of him you serve.  
His vengeance is that sleeping horror, your dark pet,  
and he would feed these fish we dine on with that blood."

*a wise hermit coffins himself to ride once more*

"So let him find me then and dare to stir  
what I have tamed. One cry of fear and he is mine!  
Then you choke on what fed fish, fishfood and fish-spine.  
I ride to drain his armour that the pool may blur!"

*a black knight seeks his brother unto death*

Wise champions who have laid old arms aside  
to heal livid scars naked to the sun  
yet will be roused to serve and die again  
another wound that hatches death to life.

*a black knight knows his brother who will slay*

Wise champions undisguised but long unknown  
keep no weird beasts and serve no vengeance heard.  
No unicorn, no dragon sleeps for them who once more bear  
the dented armour they must not disclose.

*a wise hermit buries the disguised in his own pain  
that black knight's armour he exchanged when he lay slain*

### AFTERSONG

Slumberworm lies slain!  
Sing news about the plain!  
The Hermit in the wood  
wakens all our good.  
Good Hermit in the wood!

Slumberform lies dead!  
The Black Knight pierced his head.  
His armour is empty now  
the Hermit kept his vow.  
O Hermit, bless your vow!

Slumberscum runs clear!  
Bright as any tear!  
All its fishes bite,  
feed us our delight  
Your blessing, Eremit!

Slumbermurk is green  
and birds there to be seen!  
Couples each to nest  
now sing their very best.  
O may that knight be blessed!

FRANCES HALL

OFFICE ILLNESS

The day J. W. had his heart attack  
The office was so quiet you'd have known  
We all were wishing we'd said less  
Some times we could remember.  
J. W. was no easy man to work for:  
His mind was filled with catalogs—  
Dates and names and precedents.  
Getting the commas right and the thousandth  
after the decimal point  
All mattered enormously to him.  
He had his standards and his own set ways,  
Some trivial and ridiculous,  
But most were based on a sense of obligation  
To do a little better than one knew,  
To grow in stature as a human being.

After the day he put his head down on his desk  
With his lips blue and his breath rattling,  
We felt a little different about him.  
We saw his sternness as a kind of loving,  
Remembering how his eyes were vulnerable  
When he said the painful words.  
We do not think he will be back again,  
For most of death has come to him  
Now that his memory has failed.  
But still his presence seems to sit  
At the wide desk, making choices,  
Stating values, as if he had a sword  
With "Dieu et mon droit" inscribed around the hilt  
Lying unsheathed across his kness.  
We all walk softly passing there.



ROSAMOND FIELD

*LOCAL BIRD*

He lights down  
from the pine grove  
onto the window feeder,  
capped black wit,  
smug puffed black ascot,  
sharp eye brought brief to a point  
he pecks to break a shell.

The window glass between us  
protecting him he thinks,  
he chat chats, chews, picks,  
spits a seed,  
then boldly bursts his chicka-dee-dee-dee,  
tilting his head  
to study the inflections.

While he eats  
he seems to consider something,  
frowning—  
at some nut bit?  
Some cat current snatched in weeds?  
Or, dee-dee,  
a portent in the bug he bites?

Some intimacy quivers him.  
He nods, jumps terse to the edge,  
looks farewell facing air,  
and on some signal dives  
light light,  
splashing directly into it.

ERNEST KROLL

COG RAILROAD

"A change in elevation of 1,000  
feet equals a north-south differ-  
ence of 300 miles"

Checking their thick gold watches  
Gravely, as in the age of Palace Cars,  
Conductor and brakeman usher us  
Aboard to groan in just nine miles  
By rack and pinion to the Arctic zone.  
Cactus and prickly poppy see us off  
For pine and aspen, spruce and fir,  
And windy tundra over timberline.  
The chill completes the paradox  
That, twisting round a shelf of cliff,  
The engine, at the rate of snails,  
Works us up the rack and rails,  
Up, up the steep incline,  
As far as rocket travelers  
Might get along a level line:  
We tumble out on ice and rocks—  
While marmots bark and conies squeal,  
And overhead cold eagles wheel—  
In just an hour from the plains.  
Only thought's as slowly fast,  
Even faster much more slowly,  
The fastest, really, even standing still.  
We think ahead, while spanning zones, downhill.

HOLLIS SUMMERS

**LILIES**

Consider the varied illnesses of lilies  
But concentrate, please, on the mosaic disease.  
There lies your real trouble, gardener,  
And knowing how lilies are supposed to appear.

I suggest you choose your planting space  
In early spring, determining a place,  
If difficult, both open and protected.  
You'll wait for early fall, naturally, to bed

The bulbs, allowing them time to consider  
Growth, surrounded with sand, attending moisture.  
Then wait, with prayer and decomposed manure  
Suspicious of the spectacle of their tentative flower

Alert to destroy mottled plants where virus  
Lives, carried by an inconsiderate aphid,  
Leaving leaves strange enough to possess  
You with wonder, as dangerous for gardeners as desire.

## Poetry Contributors

☞ Five novels, seven volumes of verse, two studies on poetry, and a play are the production to date of GEORGE ABBE, associate professor of English at Russell Sage College. The list does not include his work in many of the national magazines that publish poetry and in anthologies. Folkways has recorded his verse and an anthology he edited. *Larky*, a chapter of which appeared in *NMQ*, is on Regnery's fall list.

☞ A Phi Beta Kappa at Iowa, now a mother living in Chevy Chase Maryland, ANN DARR, after a stint in radio in New York with NBC and ABC, was a pilot for WASP during the war. Domestic duties and community service have claimed most of her attention since, but she has found time to tape books for the Library of Congress and, since 1960, to contribute verse to *NMQ*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and *Snowy Egret*.

☞ ROSAMOND FIELD, instructor of English at Tufts University, Medford, Massachusetts, received the M.A. at Radcliffe. She has pub-

lished in *Nation*, *Carleton Miscellany*, *Poetry Northwest*, *NMQ*, and *Virginia Quarterly Review*.

☞ Author of two recent works on American Indian themes, *Drum Justice* and *Jacket* published by Daniel Mead, PAUL ALLEN GONZALES has spent most of his life on Southwestern Indian reservations. Entering the service through the UNM Naval ROTC unit, he served in Korea, the Philippines, and Japan during World War II. He has played bit parts in two movies filmed on location in New Mexico, "Distant Trumpet," and "Hallelujah Trail."

☞ FRANCES HALL is a poet who is impatient with the intentionally obscure. Her own objective in writing has been to "communicate as lucidly as possible." This has not proved an obstacle to recent publication in *Etc.*, *Montrealer*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *America*, *Westways*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *New York Times*, *Commonweal*, and the *Southwest*, *Chicago*, and *Georgia Reviews*. She is married, lives in

Glendale, California, and has been, since 1948, consultant in the office of the Los Angeles County superintendent of schools.

☞ A Department of State public information officer in Washington, ERNEST KROLL is also a well known poet with two volumes to his credit and another forthcoming. He believes his greatest experiences have been intellectual, "Specifically, finding a form in words for the most significant experience, what Robert Frost called finding a 'stay against confusion.'"

☞ CECIL ROBERT LLOYD is a freelance photographer and writer and is a member of the Poetry Society of America. He spent nearly five years employed in field instrumentation at White Sands Missile Range for the Flight Determination Laboratory. He has lived in New Mexico since 1951.

☞ FRANK POLITE is an English instructor at Youngstown University in Ohio. His poems have appeared in *American Weave*, *Offbeat*, and *North American Review* among others, and he is looking forward to publication in *Nation* and *Poetry*.

☞ Judging by numbers of books published, HOLLIS SUMMERS is as much novelist as poet. His novels are *City Limit*, *Brighten the Corner*, and *The Weather of February*. His volumes of verse collected later are *The Walks Near Athens*, *Someone Else*, and *Seven Occasions*, the last published this year. He believes that "a writer profits from the companionship of other writers, if he regularly remembers that he writes alone. I have often envied the colonies to which many writers belong; but I have not envied sufficiently to search for those colonies." Born in Eminence, Kentucky, he is a professor of English at Ohio University in Athens.

☞ English poet CHARLES TOMLINSON, reader in literature at the University of Bristol and guest lecturer at the University of New Mexico 1962-63, is readying a new book for publication. It will be based on impressions gained as poet in residence at the D. H. Lawrence Ranch in Taos in 1963. His former volumes of original verse and verse translations have been published by Oxford both in this country and in England.

*Gregory A. Barnes*

## WARM BEDS, TODDIES AND ALL THE REST OF IT

It was the beginning of the rainy season, and there was unemployment, and hunger, in Sebradu. Almost all of its thousand inhabitants were farmers whose rice stores from last year's harvest were depleted and whose next crop could not be expected for another two months. A handful of civil service appointments were due in the chieftdom, but these were not enough to offset the general discomfort.

Even literates, Braima Jaijai for one, had trouble finding jobs. Braima had been a successful trader until his store burned down in 1948, but since that time he had been jobless. "I am temporarily unemployed for the time being," he would tell me, on his frequent visits. His cheerfulness, in the face of what seemed at the time to be great misfortune, was admirable. Of course he did get along. Somehow he found enough to provide his wants, including drink and the girl friends he always brought along to see me. "This is my new darling," he would say of these. "I am in the process of trying to conceive her." He repeated this with every new introduction, for the idea never ceased to amuse him.

Braima was about 45; stocky, but well-preserved; round-faced, with a high hairline; and the possessor of abnormally large eyes, which nearly rolled from their sockets when he laughed. He was not the sort to become depressed, even in this particular July, when he was lucky to get one meal a day. But he did have his problems, the jovial appearance he affected notwithstanding.

"I have come across disappointment in this rainy season," he had said. It was a cool Saturday, and he was wrapped in a heavy bathrobe, with a stocking cap pulled down over his ears.

"You mean you have no food?"

"Well, no sir, I haven't. But I was speaking of my darling." He laughed. "As the Bible says, 'Man shall not live by bread alone.'"

"Which darling?"

"She is actually my wife. The last girl I brought here, I took her as my wife. And now she has left me."

"Why?"

"She says she's not got food. She says, let me feed her or she will go. And now she has gone, and it rained all last night and I had no one to keep me warm." He shook his head. "I was more than disgusted."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"It is very difficult in this rainy season," he said, "to be without no lover. I have no one to clean my house, cook my food and all the rest of it."

I nodded sympathetically.

"And that is why I am kindly asking you to go with me to Milahun and help me bring her back."

I avoided a hasty reply. "What help could I be?" I asked, at length.

"You see," he said, "this girl will not listen to me. But if a white man talks to her—well, may be." He laughed, his eyes bulging; after watching my deliberations a moment, he added, "This woman is my wife, and I have paid for her. She must come back, or her father must return me the bride price, and that's the long and short of it."

"But Chief Lahai would not approve," I said. The Paramount Chief had definite ideas about keeping Europeans in their place.

Braima laughed noisily. "I don't think whether we shall tell the Chief," he said.

In the end I was persuaded, for Braima persevered in matters dear to him. I promised to go to Milahun the following day if the weather was willing; and although it rained all night, an early sun gilded the tree-tops splendidly next morning. Braima arrived in pith helmet and bathrobe, grinning exuberantly.

"Today I shall get my lover back," he said.

"Let us hope so."

"Did you hear the rain last evening? It was too cold. And there I was, with no one to keep me warm. I was disgusting the whole of the night."

I shared my coffee and toast with him, and the two of us set out on trek. My house lay atop a hill about a quarter of a mile north of Sebradu; as we walked down the lane we enjoyed a panorama of thatched roofs in relief of the glistening jungle. The sky was only too clear; the sun, for eight o'clock, was precociously strong.

Milahun was situated some three miles northeast of Sebradu, near the eastern limit of the chiefdom. It was accessible only by bush path, which Braima, fortunately, knew how to catch without entering Sebradu. Before long we had passed a few small farms, including his own, and the high palms and thick underbrush had swallowed us; even the sun lost us, and coolness prevailed under the dripping foliage. As we skated along in the mud, Braima's voice came steadily from under the rim of his pith helmet.

"I am very suspicious of this mean Alimammy Joh," he said. "That is the father of my wife."

"What do you mean?"

"That man has done a wicked deed to me, which was very rascally." He laughed as he thought about it. "You see, he once promised to find me a lover if I would give him some omoli. That is our African gin."

"Yes, I know," I said. "Very powerful, too."

"Oh, very powerful." The thought seemed pleasant to him. "We Africans don't mess lightly with it, for it is more than powerful."

"Didn't he live up to his side of the bargain?"

"He didn't!" he said. "He didn't! I sent him two bottles of gin, and he didn't give me no lover." He finished with a coloratura laugh.

"What did you do?"

"Well sir," he said, still chuckling, "I went next day to collect my merchandise—you know, sir, the goods! But this wicked Alimammy Joh was sick, they told me, and wouldn't see me. But he wasn't sick, he was only tired from drinking our African whiskey."

"So he wouldn't see you?"

"I had to stay the night, to wait for his recovery. And there I was, all alone in a strange town without a woman to keep me warm. I didn't even have no one to give me a toddy."

His reminiscences seemed about to overcome him; he laughed for several minutes. The sun had relocated us by this time, but the growing number of people we met along the way gave hope that we were nearing the village.

"Did you get your lover the next day?" I asked, when he had quieted himself.

"No I didn't. That wicked man left the town before dawn the next day, and could not come back. And so I was forced to walk home without my merchandise."

"He's not a man to be trusted, it seems."



"At all, sir! At all!"

"Then how did you get your wife?"

"Well, I had to pay bride price, before witnesses. And that is what is to be discussed with him. I want my darling back, but if he says let me not have her, he must give me back my money, in the amount of fifteen pounds." He stopped. "And so I beg to leave you, sir."

I frowned. "I don't understand."

"I am kindly asking you to go alone, sir. My wife might become annoyed when she sees me."

"But how can I talk without an interpreter?"

"Oh, Alimammy Joh is lettered. He has been educated, you see."

Braima was a wily one, but I was a little slow in seeing it. All I managed to say was, "Well—if I must—"

"It is a very simple matter which can be done without difficulty," he assured me. "He must give me the girl, or I shall have my bride price back. That is the law, and it should be done by the law. But truthfully, I want this girl because she is a very good lover when she is not annoyed."

"But if he won't agree—?"

"Then you can offer him a bribe. But remember, I am a poor man without money, income or finances."

He sat down on a nearby stump, pulled out a pipe and began to smoke. I could muster no other argument, so I said good-bye and left him, a bit apprehensively, for the town. Within a hundred yards I had crested a knoll from which the cluster of mud huts was open to view, and five minutes more put me in front of a small verandah where a man lolled in his hammock. He was surprised; not many white men visited Milahun, I suppose.

"Who si' dies man Alimammy Joh?" I said.

"Na he ose," the man said, with an inclination of the head. I saw a gaunt, sober-faced individual in a long blue robe leaning against his house watching me.

"Good morning," I said.

"How you?" he answered. He spoke as though the question of my health was distasteful.

"Can't complain."

"Wetin you done come?" His eyes slid furtively; I had the feeling he was speaking patois as a means of defense until he was sure of his ground.

"Ah de come for dat female, she humbug Braima Jaijai."

He jumped. "Eh?"

"The woman is here," I said, "and my friend Mr. Jaijai wants her back. I have come to take her to him."

He was momentarily unsettled, then launched into poker-faced courtesy. "You are welcome, sir, in this village. I wish only that you could take this girl of whom we speak to my good friend, Mr. Braima Jaijai."

"You mean you won't send her back."

"Unfortunately, sir," he said, his listless eyes wandering from side to side as though he were not listening to the conversation, "the decision is not mine alone and cannot be made entirely by me. My daughter has been asked by me to return to this man Braima Jaija and she refuses, on grounds that she is hungry."

"Then, according to native law, you must refund the bride price."

"Hee hee hee," he said, attempting to laugh without smiling. "I regret to say that I am presently unemployed since about six years and have no money available at hand. I am only a poor farmer who tries to make a living by the grace of God. Therefore, I wish the woman to go back to her former ex-husband, who is, namely, the aforementioned Mr. Braima Jaijai."

"Good," I said, "because Mr. Jaijai wants her as soon as possible."

"Yes, he is liking my daughter." For the first time, Alimammy's eyes met mine. "Perhaps this could be arranged, but only with difficulty and complications, yet this is not entirely my responsibility, for a man shall feed his wife—"

"Let me see the girl, please."

"This way, sir, if you wish to see the girl in question."

I followed his lanky figure to the back of his house, where a girl stood crushing rice in a large wooden mortar. I remembered her vaguely. Although no more than sixteen, she was strikingly developed in one poorly covered dimension and elsewhere gave no sign of being underfed. But her behavior led me to believe she did, in fact, need a meal. She listened with increasing surliness as her father explained my mission in the vernacular. He had hardly finished when she burst out in a bellow of abuse, waving her arms and tossing her head. Her father's efforts to calm her were of no avail. A crowd began to gather around us, although she could be heard as clearly in any other corner of the town. When I realized she wasn't going to stop, I shouted to her father, three feet away, "What's she saying?"

"She is informing that she does not wish to return," he called back.

The girl then stepped up to within some few inches of my face, as though she hoped to deafen me. I was embarrassed, and finally walked away. But Alimammy Joh caught up with me and plucked my sleeve.

"I am humbly begging your pardon for my daughter's bad behaviors," he said, in the same manner as he might have said, "Ho-hum, it's time for bed." "You can see she is a disobedient girl who furthermore does not mind her father. But as my friend, the above-named Mr. Braima Jaijai, is wishing to have her in his home, I shall make all efforts to accomplish this task."

I was too unsettled to answer.

"I ask only as a friendly favor," he continued, "let my close comrade and brother Mr. Jaijai give me three bottles of his special omoli each and every week."

"I'll see what I can arrange," I said. I apologized for inciting an incident, shook hands and left. In a few minutes I was with Braima again.

"Well, you have finish," he said, stepping from the bush outside the path.

"Yes," I said, "and your wife refused to come."

"Yes sir, I heard. She is very lively, that girl. But what is her father's po'ition? In other words, sir, what does he require?"

Alimammy's words came back to me. "Three bottles of omoli a week. He didn't say how many weeks."

"A-ha! Well, I must consider." He fell into contemplation, full of "His po'ition is this," and "My po'ition is that."

"He claimed he couldn't return the bride price," I said. "Since you don't trust him anyway, I suppose you ought to take him to court."

The rim of the pith helmet came up and the large orbs turned on me. "In truth, sir, I want my lover back, for she was very lively, vigorous, etcetera. I am thinking only how to make an agreement with this man her father, who was once very wicked to me."

"But if you can't get enough rice for the girl, how will you get omoli for her father?"

"The matter is not difficult. You see, I am a skilled distiller of omoli, which is our native vodka. But I am lacking capital."

"I see. Do you have the equipment?"

"Yes sir. I have a private office with all the necessary distilling facilities. But these last two months I have not being able to procure the necessary sugar which would cost in the amount of two pounds."

He showed me a troubled expression that should have aroused my

suspensions; instead I felt concerned that he might be going hungry for the want of such a small sum.

"I am needing only a kindly investor at this moment to help me begin production. I would then have funds, and it would make me to be somebody, get back my wife, and all the rest of it."

I chewed my lip a moment, then said, "If you had the sugar, you would need nothing else?"

"At all, sir, at all. I can tap the palm wine, mix the brew, and make all the necessary preparations with the present facilities by myself. And so I am kindly asking you to present me with a loan of two pounds, no shillings, no pence, so that I can be able to purchase the sugar."

"Very well."

"Thank you, sir." He was taken aback by my forthright complicity, but not for long. "Now I need to only procure eighteen pounds, sixteen shillings and four pence and I shall be in business," he continued.

I stopped. "Why do you need eighteen pounds, sixteen shillings and four pence?"

"That is the amount of my darling's bill with the Syrian merchant, Mr. Hamdullah Badwallah. You see, sir, when she first came to me before two months ago, she was so lively, vigorous and so forth that I allowed her to buy beautiful dressings and decorations as wearing apparels. And now this merchant Badwallah has told me except I pay inside this week he shall take me to court."

"Can't you run off some gin and make a partial payment?"

"That would be difficult," he said, "for you see, Mr. Badwallah is the only merchant who sells sugar." He looked to me to share the humor of the situation and I smiled politely. Fortunately—for I was pondering whether or not I should advance him the money—his convulsive mirth saved me speech for a time; but inevitably, his next question was a straight forward, "What is your reply in regards of my propo'ition?"

"Perhaps we should discuss it tomorrow," I said.

"But the time has come for action. 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' as they say. You see, sir, I wish to do this tapping of the palm wine tomorrow, so that my business may begin the production of our own African beverage. The people are very interested in it, now that we have this rainy season."

"And you want me to loan you eighteen-odd pounds plus two pounds for sugar?"

"Yes sir, I am turning to you in my need. I know you are a kind and honest man who will not desert me in this, my hour of want."

"Don't worry," I said. "I won't desert you." I was perhaps a little earnest in those days.

"I knew that since the time when we have met," he said. "I knew you would be my friend in any kind of weather."

I couldn't turn him down, I felt; he was counting on me too much. "Just one thing," I said, reaching for my wallet. "How long will it take you to earn twenty pounds?" I was worried that Chief Lahai would hear of this.

"A very short time, oh very short. The people like my product too much, you see. They want a toddy on these cold rainy evenings."

"What's your charge per bottle?"

"Four shillings."

"And how many bottles can you run off a day?"

"I think perhaps fifteen."

"That's three pounds. So if you paid me ten pounds a week your debt would be cleared in two weeks."

"Well, yes sir, approximately that."

Without another word I handed him twenty pounds, six shillings and four pence. But I couldn't resist offering some advice.

"I don't see why you can't find a good job," I said. "You could be getting this new appointment as police chief, or at least a clerkship."

"No sir," he said. "I don't think."

"Why not?"

"I don't believe whether the Paramount Chief would approve. You see, he once had me to be arrested." Braima chuckled.

"For what?"

"Well, it was concerning this omoli business. This chief is very strict in regards of law and order and these legal affairs—very strict!"

"You mean you don't have a distilling license?"

I was annoyed but he didn't notice. On the contrary, he was so amused at his misfortune that he wanted to finish the story. "It is our native custom to make presents to our chiefs," he explained, "and so, one day when I was being tired from testing my product I presented him with a bottle of it. He was more than disgusted. 'Let this man be arrested and taken from my sight,' he said. And so they put me in jail, sir."

"For how long?"

"Heh heh, just one night. But they fined me twenty pounds, and by that time I was having no kind investors. It was very difficult." He giggled with laughter; his eyes bulged enormously.

"So if the Chief catches you again, we're both in trouble," I said. We had by this time reached the path to my house.

He smiled the broader, unperturbed. "I don't think whether we shall tell the Chief," he said. "And so I beg to leave you, sir."

As I watched the bathrobe swish back and forth across the bare legs, I realized for the first time that Braima was a very shrewd individual, and that he had moreover a rare sense of timing. He was born for the confidence game.

THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY I found him on my verandah; but to my surprise he was not delivering the ten pounds I expected.

"It is not possible for me to pay, sir, in the amount which you have requested, for my factory has not yet begun production." He was wearing a green jumper and his pith helmet, from under which he ogled me as we sat across from each other. "There was this business of my debts, also I must tap the palm wine, and now the wine is fermenting for the requisite period of time in the barrel where I placed it."

The arguments sounded reasonable, whether or not they were true, and I relented. He had come, he said, for bottles. I dug up every quart container in the house and put them in an empty beer carton, which he carried away on his head (placing the pith helmet on top).

Almost another week sped by. I went to Sebradu on Friday afternoon, to make a few purchases from Badwallah, the Syrian trader, and came abruptly on Alimammy Joh. Dreamy-eyed and wooden-faced as usual, he stood like a gaunt scarecrow, watching me.

"What brings you to Sebradu?" I asked.

"Governun business," he muttered. His breath was ghastly, and I apparently grimaced. "Good afternoon," he said indifferently.

"Has Braima Jaijai seen you?" I said.

Alimammy pulled back a fold of his robe, and as I had expected, there, strapped to his waist, was one of my quart bottles. He was very much inebriated; and Phase I of our operation had been successfully completed.

A booming voice behind me caused Alimammy to blink. "I am going," he said, and he went. I turned; Paramount Chief T. V. M. Lahai was ambling majestically towards me. He was a large man, and looked larger in his copious robes. Around his left wrist rattled a chain of leopard's teeth, and in his right hand he held his chief's staff like a nightstick.

"Hesitate somewhat, Mr. Joh," he called, "for I have matters of the

utmost import to discuss with you." Alimammy, however, was out of sight. "Hmm, the gentleman appears to be dispossessed of his auditory faculties." He turned to me. "Good afternoon," he rumbled. "I wish an interlocution with you."

"Of course sir." The man cut an awesome figure, and I treated him with great deference.

"Rumor has reached me from impeccable sources," he said, "that you have contracted to discharge the debts of one Braima Jaijai, in the amount of eighteen pounds, six shillings and four pence. Said amount has been credited to the account of the party in question at the firm Hamdullah Badwallah in this city." His heavy face hung over mine like a bowling ball. "Is this correct?"

"Yes, I loaned him the money."

"What guarantee, collateral or negotiable deed did you procure as a surety against your principal?"

I cleared my throat. "I'm afraid it was a gentlemen's agreement."

"Aha!" he boomed. "Frequently I have admonished you Caucasians strenuously and vividly not to immerse yourselves in our inter-native affairs. You persist obdurately, and I do not regard this favorably. Furthermore, you have associated yourself with a charlatan, humbug and swindler who hasn't a good reputation."

"I didn't realize that," I said.

He folded his bulky arms across his chest; he looked, as a result, like a five-ton truck with an unusually high bumper. "Be advised," he intoned, "in re: this previously nominated malingerer, that you are to desist business matters with him. You cannot profit thereby."

"Very well, sir."

"I would be redundant if I did not counsel you thus."

"Thank you."

"At the moment I presently have insufficient subordinates to deal with unsavory elements in my chieftdom. But once my new police chief is appointed," he said, gesticulating with his left hand so that the leopard teeth rattled menacingly, "I shall deploy him in the pursuit of just such characters, e.g., that imposter, rogue and ne'er-do-well, Braima Jaijai."

He indicated that the interview was over, and it was none too soon for me. I watched his broad back wheel around a corner and set off hastily to find Braima. I tried his home first; he wasn't there. I then headed in the direction of his farm, as the sun mellowed in my eyes,

and was not long in seeing him coming along the rutted path, with bottles sticking out of so many nooks that he resembled a horned toad. His face was distorted in an unusually wide-eyed grin. At first it seemed he might be happy to see me, but abruptly he stumbled in a rut, staggered off the path into a ditch and finally hit his head against a mango tree, knocking himself to the ground. One bottle of omoli was smashed; the others tumbled into the ditch. As I rushed up, Braima engineered himself into a standing position—his beaming countenance unaltered but for the incipient lump on his forehead—and extended his hand to take mine.

"Well sir," he said, "I have come across a hard knock."

"Are you mad, walking along with all these bottles on display?"

"No sir, I am only a little weary, for I believe this to be my finest, most strongest beverage. This is the real African whiskey, very powerful."

The "pow" caused me to retreat a step.

"You are going to have to become more dedicated to your responsibilities," I said. "I have just seen Chief Lahai."

"I know this man the Paramount Chief, T. V. M. Lahai. At one time he had me to be arrested, for the distillation of—"

"He is unhappy with me for loaning you the money. I want you to pay me all you have—now, if you don't mind."

"Yes sir, I had intended coming to you tonight." He searched through all his pockets and at length handed me three pounds, twelve shillings. He caught my stunned look and seemed to sober. "You see, sir, the bottles I presently have with me now have not been sold."

"But you said you would run off seventy-five bottles a week. This represents only—only eighteen."

"No sir, I have sold forty-three, but I was required to keep four pounds for my own personal needs, and I had to invest one pound in my industrial equipment, that is to say, a new machete, bottles, and other types of materials."

"That leaves seventeen bottles unaccounted for."

"Well, you see, this man Alimammy Joh, the father of my darling, who I am disgusting to be without these cold rainy nights, demands three bottles a week."

I waited.

"And I think my bottles have had a very bad safety record. I can see that one has had the misfortune today to be broken. But altogether



only four have chanced to break and two others have lost themselves."

"What about the other eight bottles?" I said. "Did you drink them all?"

He laughed hugely at this. "This is our rainy season, sir, and I shall spend the whole of the night cold except I have my toddy. And I must steadily inspect the product to decide if it is suitable for the market."

My anger was obvious, and under its influence he became more serious, surveying the damage he had done in his fall. I helped him pick up the bottles, for we were beginning to lose our daylight, but I continued to scold. "I am not satisfied with your management of your business," I said. "Next week I expect no less than ten pounds."

"I don't believe whether that is possible," he said, "for I must now collect a new supply of this palm wine from the palm trees, and let it to ferment for the requisite period of time."

"You can tap that wine tomorrow morning," I said, "and it will ferment over the weekend."

He sighed. "Yes sir."

"And another thing. You must buy yourself a bag to carry the bottles in. Are we agreed?"

He was agreeable to everything by this time. My final stipulation was that he should not enter town before dark. Together we carried the bottles to a concealed point near Sebradu, where I left him, after further admonishment as to his conduct.

FOR SEVERAL DAYS I fretted over the situation in which I found myself. If I were to be paid only three pounds and twelve shillings every second week, my loan would not be finally settled for three months. And if Braima continued to drink in excess every day, he couldn't evade the Chief's detection that long, particularly if the new police chief was to keep him under constant surveillance.

At length I decided my personal supervision was needed at the distillery. I knew where Braima's farm was and I supposed I could find the still. This in fact proved easier than expected. As I neared the farm on the following Thursday noon, I saw the faintest wisp of smoke rising from the jungle behind it. Finding the path was a little more difficult, but soon I was winding down a hill beneath the high bush, hoping that no snakes were lying camouflaged in the foliage underfoot. Presently I entered a small clearing, in the middle of which stood a makeshift hut covered with thatch. There was the barrel, the crude coil, and a bottle mounted to catch the omoli as it trickled through.

There, too, in a not unexpected condition, lay Braima Jaijai, laughing to himself. He stood at sight of me.

"Welcome to my office," he cried. "You are seeing me at my temporary business."

"How are you doing?"

"Nothing to report, sir. Did you bring your camera?"

"No."

"I am very sorry for that, for you see, I would like a picture of this, my factory, too much. Well sir, this is our own African gin."

He gave me an "educational tour of the plant," as he called it, and although I conversed absentmindedly with him, I took in every detail of his assembly line. A method of increasing production was quickly envisaged. He had only one barrel and therefore, he claimed, he could not distill during the days the palm wine was fermenting. But he had three tapping buckets in which the wine could be allowed to sit during its period of gestation. I explained this to him, and requested that he start tapping.

"But I must watch my bottles, and sample the brew, and perform the other requisite operations," he said.

"I'll take care of filling your bottles."

He grinned at me. "But you see I think I am perhaps too weary to climb these palm trees today."

He had me there. I couldn't send him up a tree in his condition. About the only thing I could do was to supervise him, to make sure that he got no drunker. I shrugged my shoulders resignedly.

At that moment I was startled by a loud noise from the direction of the farm. Some one was shouting; and then there was a loud thrashing of the underbrush. Whoever it was was coming down the path towards us.

"Make way for the law," came a voice, and I promptly fled. Braima just stood there drunkenly. I realized I was deserting him, but there was nothing to be gained by my staying and a great deal to be lost. If Chief Lahai had sent his police after Braima, I was a whiskey-breath away from trouble. I had tragic visions of losing my job, of being deported. I concealed myself well, fifty yards in the bush, and there I lay, soundless but for my unsteady breath. I cocked my ear, listening for voices from the still. I heard a laugh—Braima's. He must be in a great deal of trouble, I thought, to laugh like that.

Then, to my surprise, some one began tapping a bottle, and I could hear sounds of dancing, followed by more laughter. I crept forward.

The laughter increased. At length I peered into the clearing. The first person I saw was Braima's wife, looking sullen, and the second, her father, who was as intoxicated as Braima, with whom he was performing a ceremonial dance.

Immediately I was angry. "What are you two trying to do?" I cried, emerging from my hiding place. "Get us all arrested?"


"No sir," said Braima. "I am happy to report that the situation has been rectified." He looked extraordinarily pleased.

"Not yet," I said. "You have your wife, but I don't have my money."

"That can be arranged, sir."

"The matter of your above-noted investment," Alimammy added unctuously, "need no longer be in doubt." He pulled out a badge to show me. My prospects of repayment were indeed very good, I saw; and as it happened, I did in time receive my twenty pounds, for after six years of applying, Alimammy Joh was finally awarded a civil service position by the government, that of police chief for our chiefdom.

Braima began his dance again. Alimammy threw me a salute and stuck out his hand to be congratulated. "Hee hee hee," he laughed, without smiling.

 GREGORY A. BARNES, after attending the Universities of Denver, Illinois, and Vienna, has spent most of the past eleven years abroad as a soldier, traveler, student and employee of the United States Government. Of his experiences in foreign lands, he writes, "Not all I want to say . . . is humorous but even in the midst of hunger, poverty, illiteracy and disease, I found an abundance of laughter." He hopes to complete a novel soon.

*Annette T. Rottenberg*  
HORNSTEIN

Halfway through her strange reverie, in which she saw her daughter as a small child come running across the grass to her, Mrs. Harmon was roused by the chapel bell tolling the quarter hour. Slowly she came back, taking in first the lovers sprawled on the lawn and the library steps, a familiar brown pigeon that had settled on the sill of the open window, then the piles of grade cards on her desk. For a blessed interval she had forgot them, and now she stared at them gloomily, trying to restore the patient attention of a few moments ago. But all she could summon was a dry resentment of the paraphernalia by which her students—now so beautifully defined on the grass and the library steps, with names, faces, histories and futures—had been transformed into dumb ciphers. She picked up the cards again, her fingers moving over the perforations that denoted the choices she must make, as if to discover the secret of their pure finality.

As she opened her grade book, she heard a knock at the door. Almost simultaneously with the knock, the door opened and Mrs. Harmon saw a student standing in the hall. He was dark, very short and still childishly plump; there was something ludicrous in the smooth assurance with which he handled his cigarette. He was looking at her with a curious expression blended of doubt and confidence, but the doubt was uppermost.

His name was Hornstein, and he had already achieved a certain notoriety, even as a freshman (the Dean had called him a "disorganizing influence" in the dormitory). At sight of him Mrs. Harmon felt her throat tighten. She made an effort, though without much hope, to compose herself—smooth face, cool eyes, an image of justice and decorum; nothing showing which he could use. As she motioned him to a chair, wondering whether she had succeeded in concealing her antipathy, she glanced at him and surprised a look of terror on his face. She thought, I hope to God it's real.

"Well, Hornstein, what can I do for you?" Her voice emerged rather as she had hoped—brisk and detached. But it was small comfort. She had often reflected, half-seriously, on the advantages of receiving Hornstein in a confessional in order not to look at him. His face repelled her—huge, shiny black eyes like a lemur, a long space between nose and mouth, loose, wet lips which were always flecked with tobacco crumbs or cigarette paper. As he sat down, he stubbed out his cigarette in a small glass dish on her desk; she noticed with distaste the bitten-off nails, the nicotine-yellowed fingers. Then before the smoke had died away, he was fumbling at the pack again and wordlessly extending a cigarette to Mrs. Harmon.

"No, thanks. What is it now, Hornstein?" The words this time came out more harshly than she had intended, but she was thinking of the two telephone calls at midnight, the half-dozen notes which either hectored or cajoled, and the series of confrontations which had already taken place here and outside the classroom and in the halls and in the quadrangle—anywhere, in fact, that he could accost her.

"I wonder—have you thought about my grade any more?" His voice was unexpectedly deep and controlled, but he spoke rapidly and his speech was slovenly. He was smoking again, making a soft, sucking sound with his lips as he pulled at the cigarette.

Mrs. Harmon stared at him. Was it possible that he was about to repeat the whole business, that he had listened to nothing she had told him before? The tightness in her throat returned; she took up the grade cards and pretended to be studying them.

"I've thought about your grade a good deal, but the answer hasn't changed. Why should it? You can get a *D* out of the course if you do well in the final exam, but your record—"

"I can do the work. You know that," he interrupted, leaning forward. His voice had taken on the coaxing quality she hated. She had heard it often, not only from Hornstein; at such moments she always saw the student as a fat child, greedy, full of sweets, whining till he had got what he wanted from his momma. "I had an *A* record in high school. I can write. You know that. I've read most of the stuff before. Didn't I always answer your questions in class?"

He paused, searching her face, obviously wondering if he had already gone too far or if there were still room for another push. What he read in her expression did not reassure him. He looked down nervously. His hairline was moist with sweat. Mrs. Harmon could see the inside of his lower lip as his head fell forward and he flicked the ashes away,

onto the floor this time. He had luxuriant lashes like a girl, but below the rolled-up sleeves of his white shirt, Mrs. Harmon noticed with surprise the large biceps of a man.

"The thing is," he went on, still speaking very rapidly but with a certain difficulty, "the thing is I need a B in this course to stay in school."

"A B!" Mrs. Harmon's astonishment fell on him like a blow. She saw him flinch but found it impossible to stop herself. "A B! Good God, Hornstein, you stay out of class for six weeks, do nothing while you're out, come back when you please and demand a B! Listen, the truth is you deserve to fail. I've given you a dozen chances to make up the work, and you know what the results have been."

His rapid breathing alarmed her, and she changed her tone, trying not to listen to the limp phrases which she had heard herself utter a hundred times before.

"I don't doubt that you can do the work, but that's irrelevant. I have to grade students on what they do, not on what they can do. I've told you that often enough. Surely you see the point."

But he was looking at her now in a way that indicated he was not really listening, but rather preparing his next argument.

"I know, but—" He hesitated, threw his cigarette on the floor and ground it out, took out the package and automatically extended it to her again. He lowered his voice. "Well, you remember last time I told you I was in trouble?"

Mrs. Harmon did not answer. Before she could collect her forces against this new assault, which seemed to represent a development they had not yet rehearsed, he rose, and glancing out into the hall, closed the door. Mrs. Harmon restrained the impulse either to smile or to speak sharply. Why did he always elect to imitate the fool, to play these pathetically silly roles which, far from conciliating his audience, served only to alienate them? Unmistakably clever as he was, why had he never learned to protect himself?

He sat down again, poised on the edge of the chair as if ready for flight.

"Can I speak to you in confidence?" His voice shook, and he was sweating profusely. He seemed to have forgot his lines. Mrs. Harmon, growing uneasy, tried to imagine what was coming next, but she had already decided to conceal her curiosity and treat the whole thing lightly; with luck she might avoid what she feared most, involving herself in Hornstein's disorderly personal life.

"Don't be so dramatic, Hornstein. What's the mystery?"

"Well, I've been fooling around. I think—" He paused. His eyes, which seemed suffused with moisture, ranged helplessly over the rows of books on the walls—"I think I've got some girl in trouble."

Mrs. Harmon managed to keep her face still, but his little confidence had had an effect. Her first feeling was disbelief. Seventeen years old—and there was scarcely anything about him which betrayed his manhood. The disproportionately large biceps, a blue shadow on his cheeks, nothing else. The lines of his face were still round and soft, the hands small and pudgy. It was not difficult to see him as a baby, a favorite, precocious child, the darling of an indulgent mother. For an instant she wondered if he had invented the story, and she tried to detect in his downcast face any signs of craft or false humility—or satisfaction, for that matter. If she knew him at all, he would take satisfaction in having acquitted himself as a man, in having done something bold, cruel, and irretrievable. But his face told her nothing. Whether he was better than she suspected at guarding himself, or whether his face was really incapable of change, he looked the same as he always had—sullen and aggrieved.

Mrs. Harmon, still staring at him, searched for something to say which would re-establish the right relationship between them, whatever that was. As the hero—or the victim—of a romantic tragedy, he had meant, she supposed, to enlist her sympathy or at least her forbearance. But why could he not have anticipated that he would succeed only in rousing a new sense of injury at the carelessness with which he continually invaded her own life and the lives of the others—the girl, his roommates, his teachers, his parents? Where in God's name would it end?

"Are you sure?" she asked coldly. She took a sour pleasure in the hunted look he turned on her. "Has the girl been to a doctor?"

"She's pretty sure."

"Have you talked to Dean Skinner about it?"

He shrugged without answering. She did not bother to ask him what the shrug meant, nor to conceal her sarcasm.

"So you want a B because you got some girl in trouble?"

"No, that's not it," he said quickly, but he lowered his eyes, and for the first time his face reddened.

Mrs. Harmon could think of nothing to say, and they sat in silence while the sounds from the tree-bordered quadrangle drifted through the open window. The girl, who was she? A student of hers, perhaps,

locked in her room, crying, frantically casting about for some way to save herself? And all at once Mrs. Harmon remembered her own daughter Anne, at college a hundred miles away (but in reality how much farther than that!), remembered the pale, tender face emerging like a flower above the black fox collar of her coat. She would never have looked at Hornstein, much less have let him touch her. But suppose it were someone else? At the thought Mrs. Harmon felt the stab of an old sorrow which lived in her bones like a threat of illness kept at bay only by heavy medication. Whatever happened, Anne's mother, as the popular saying might have it, would be the last to know. (Boarding the train, Anne had suggested that her mother write less often because she did not want to feel obliged to answer so frequently.) And Anne's face in all its self-contained perfection suddenly knocked at Mrs. Harmon's heart like a vision of Anne dead. What was there to show of those few years before they had separated, surely forever? A shallow void, a series of bewildering charades in which neither side could guess what the other was enacting. She had longed to give—love, sympathy, even affection, even the faintest intimations of love, anything, but she had never been asked. (It was Blake, who knew everything, who said that if you wait until you are asked, it is too late. And so it had been.) To make the right gesture at the right time, to find some inalterable formula—that was the secret—but how? Was it only a matter of luck, or did it lie concealed in some area of the human mystery where she had never thought to look?

She had heard an impatient cough where Hornstein sat, still leaning forward, his knees almost touching hers, as if ready to throw himself at her feet.

"Have you told your parents?" As she spoke, she saw them as she had always imagined them (partly from Hornstein's descriptions), stock characters in a comedy about middle-class New York Jews, quarreling at the breakfast table about Hornstein's delinquencies, the mother tearful and sympathetic, the father (a garment manufacturer), hard and unforgiving.

He shook his head.

"Do they know about your failure to come to class for six weeks?"

He hesitated, then shook his head again. "I couldn't tell them."

"Why not? Were you afraid they wouldn't understand?"

He recognized the irony in her voice and glanced at her with the beginning of a wry smile.

"That's just the trouble. They would understand. Too well."



Mrs. Harmon looked at him helplessly. Whom had he talked to then? The students with whom he lived resented him and had tried to get him removed to another dormitory. In class those who sat near him kept their heads averted when he talked to them. He was the only student Mrs. Harmon remembered ever having reprimanded for whispering (though no one was listening).

"Well, your parents may understand, but I don't. You told me that you spent those six weeks in bed?"

He nodded gravely. When his smile disappeared, he resembled a mournful dog.

"I couldn't get up. I just couldn't. Every day I'd tell myself I'd get up tomorrow, but then the next day I couldn't do it." He stared at her earnestly. "But I kept up with the work. I read everything. I asked Dave for all the assignments and I know the material. I don't think it's my fault if—"

"Never mind," Mrs. Harmon broke in. She picked up the grade cards and began to shuffle them, distractedly. "I'm not your psychiatrist, Hornstein, and I'm not competent to discuss your problems. My only job is to give you a grade for the work you've done in my class—nothing more. And if you didn't do the work, you can't pass. It's as simple as that."

He was silent for a moment, slumped forward and staring at the floor. "I'll be dropped at the end of the semester," he said. He sounded neither ominous nor self-pitying, only resigned.

"And what then?" she asked. She closed her grade book and took out her handbag to indicate that the interview was over.

"I don't know. Maybe try to get into some other school and make a good record so that I can get back here next year. What else?"

What else indeed? And the girl? But Mrs. Harmon did not call this omission to his attention. Perhaps, after all, it was not true, and she glanced at his face again. He was still staring at the floor in what seemed now a hopeless dejection. She thought fearfully that he might be about to cry.

"I'm sorry, Hornstein, very sorry," she said gently. "Try to do well on the final exam—"

"You don't understand!" he cried out. "A D's no good to me. I've got to get a B in this course to stay in college!"

He was frightened at his own outburst and rose suddenly. The cigarettes in his shirt pocket spilled onto the floor. As he stooped to pick them up, he went on talking rapidly, but in a low, subdued

voice, "I know I've made a mess of things, but I thought maybe if I had another chance—"

He stopped and looked up. His eyes had grown larger and darker, like those of a small night animal in the throes of some terrible danger. Mrs. Harmon felt a painful disturbance in her body—the swelling of her heart with pity and anger. I am not God, she wanted to say. And agitated, she rose, too, as if to banish by some violent movement the phantoms which suddenly surrounded her. On his knees Hornstein was frantically stuffing the cigarettes back into the package, anxious to be gone.

"I'm very sorry, Hornstein," she said again. She sought desperately for the words which would make everything clear. "Don't ask me to give you a grade you don't deserve. I can't change things for you."

Hornstein stood up, slowly pushed the ruined cigarettes into his shirt pocket, then raised his head and looked at her, but this time in a new way, with tentative insolence. He no longer had anything to fear; moreover, it was clear that he had taken her last words to be a lie.

He said, huskily, "Okay, thanks, anyway," opened the door which he had closed so carefully only a few minutes before and stepped out, leaving it open.

It was nearly one o'clock, and Mrs. Harmon was late for a lunch appointment at the faculty club. She thrust the grade cards savagely into a drawer, took up her handbag and went out. She walked quickly across the quadrangle toward the Union.


Some of the lovers had gone, but others still sat or lay about under the great trees, dreaming over their lunches and smiling mysteriously, lost in the private realms of their own pleasure. Mrs. Harmon looked about her with surprise, as if she were seeing these forms and colors for the first time—a genre painting, obedient to some flawless aesthetic. How could she have forgot how incomparably sweet life was at this age? And remembering Hornstein, she thought how short-lived his sorrows, whether real or imagined, would be. He was so young—there was still time to rectify all the terrible mistakes he had made so far. (The parents who understood too well would make things right.) At seventeen, all the great moments of his life lay ahead. But if she had told him this, he would not have believed her, he would not have wanted to believe her, he would not have wanted to surrender his youth so cheaply. Suddenly the yard seemed littered with ghosts, and herself one of them—a tall, shapeless girl, untidy straight hair, heavy shoes—striding across another bright lawn like this on just such a day. And

she even recalled her joy, though joy is notoriously fleeting in the memory. What if, like the passenger of a time machine, she were to re-enter that world which still burned luminously perhaps in some other dimension! To begin again, to erase all the bitter and crippling mistakes that had followed—how little she would ask then! Some measure of happiness with Ralph, or someone else, the love of her only child. It was clear now, nothing had ever been clearer. Her eyes burned with the coming of tears and a nameless rage against those who had not yet given away their lives.

She hurried into the Union and paused at the bottom of the stairs while a group of students passed her. Then in the corner of her eye she saw Hornstein. He was standing near the water fountain, half turned away, but she recognized the shape of his head and the pendulous lower lip which quivered with some deep and racking hurt. He was crying.

Staring greedily at his contorted face, she felt her heart struggling in her breast and put up her hand to quiet it. She saw the darkness like a presence behind him, already waiting. An idea trembled in her mind, but almost too light and formless for an idea, gone before she could grasp it—that she might go to him and ask his forgiveness, oh, not for having denied him what he wanted, but for having failed to say to him, Take care, Hornstein, take care; do not presume too much on youth and long life. But he would scarcely understand. And in the same moment she recognized with horror—but could not suppress—a small, incandescent flash of triumph, then of joy at the thought that perhaps he had not escaped, after all. A voice which she had never heard before, though beyond doubt her own, kept saying, Now, Hornstein, you are one of us, now you know.

Stricken, she stood motionless, trying to exorcise the sight of the dark head and narrow shoulders fallen forward like those of an old man. But it was too late, and turning stiffly, she began to climb the stairs.

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*Elroy Bode*

## EL PASO SKETCHES

### OLD MEN IN THE LIBRARY

Each time it is a shock. At five minutes after nine each morning, when you have just had your third cup of coffee and second cigarette and are still feeling that the world is only a few minutes past daybreak, you walk woodenly into the El Paso public library and down the stairs into the basement periodical room and find them already sitting there—a whole roomful of silent gray-haired men half hidden behind newspapers. The library doesn't open until nine, yet within five minutes they have got the *Denver Post* and the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Chicago Tribune* off the rack and have settled in their straight-backed chairs to read—some with magnifying glasses, some with a senile trembling of the pages, some with a constant labored movement of their lips. Most of the papers are at least a day or two old, but that doesn't seem to matter. To these men—the blue coat, brown pants, yellow tie crowd—it's the sense of morning ritual that counts. They just like to sit in the chairs with their newspapers spread before them: it helps them feel involved with the world, a little more in touch (and with the metal binding rods stuck through the spine of the papers and angled out jauntily almost like guidons or lances, they manage to achieve a kind of quiet, fraternal decorum—as if they are retired British colonels scanning the *Manchester Guardian* in their oak-paneled club).

By nine-thirty most of the men get what they want from the newspapers and branch out to magazines. They begin a hobbling and shuffling transit from their chairs to the racks, first picking up a copy of *Holiday* and thumbing through its colorful pages, then replacing it for something solid-looking like *US News and World Report*. They are great eclectics, willing to spend a few minutes on almost anything

that is printed: *Audubon Magazine*, *American Journal of Public Health*, *Leatherneck*, *UNESCO Courier*. Sometimes they read the text, sometimes they look at pictures, but mostly they just thumb idly through the pages.

Most of the early wave is ready to leave by ten o'clock—their essential rootlessness finally driving them back into the streets. A few will linger a while along the racks, lifting up a magazine, staring at the cover picture inside its plastic jacket, letting it slip down again onto the wire. But soon they, too, become jaded with the heavy silence of the room. They look at their watches and gaze vacantly at the newcomers who have drifted in and are settled comfortably in their reading—then scowling to themselves and bobbing their heads like old slow horses going out to pasture, they move past the desk where they laid their hat and disappear upstairs into the street.

## THE HENRYS

From my room below I could hear their nightly murmurings in the upstairs bedroom and the periodic creak of old carpeted boards as Sammy Joe padded slowly and heavily about in his house shoes. Each night as I studied I listened to their sounds and visualized them up there: little birdlike Mrs. Henry, perched in bed underneath her reading lamp, her hair up in curlers and covered by a faded cotton cap, looking like the small wizened white goddess of some jungle tribe reading to her big faithful eunuch: a little old lady with a little old lady's weak, quavering, ceaseless voice that was actually less of a voice than a vocal leash that led Sammy Joe around. And Sammy Joe, the large, soft, nearly-handsome man turning distinguished-gray: I could hear his loose, flopping loafers crossing and re-crossing the bedroom floor and occasionally his quick, explosive laugh—*huh-huhht!*—that was always faintly echoed by Mrs. Henry's gleaming little *hee-hee-hee*. I heard the raising of windows on warm nights in spring and their heavy shutting on chilly nights in fall—and occasionally the sound of a typewriter—but otherwise the nights were always the same: the heavy padding about of Sammy Joe and the small, filtered voice of Mrs. Henry.

Both mother and son were early risers. Mrs. Henry was usually outside in the back yard by six or six-thirty, pulling feebly at grass in her flower beds or standing under the tall pecan trees and trying to knock

down pecans with a broom. Sammy Joe would be in the front room rocking chair by the east window, stroking the big house cat in his lap and reading the morning paper. His heavy legs would be crossed, with one loafer dangling and moving like a pendulum as he read and mechanically swung his foot. If Mrs. Henry happened to come back inside the house—to get a coffee can for her dab of pecans or maybe some kind of gardening tool from the screened-in back porch—Sammy Joe would call out to her some item he had just read in the paper: “Mama, guess what . . . Agnes Crosswhite was in a car wreck yesterday afternoon and broke both her legs.” Then he would quickly whip the paper shut, draw his head back to a listening pose, and wait for Mrs. Henry to answer with her little “Whoooo-ooo” from the porch—a weak cry which meant anything from “You Don’t Say” to “My Lands!” to “I Told You So.” After hearing Mrs. Henry register her comment, Sammy Joe would unfold the paper again, adjust it for a little better light from the window, and continue his reading. Boots, the cat, slept blissfully on.

A good deal of Sammy Joe’s morning each day was spent on the telephone. It began ringing early and he would pad out of the living room into the dark hallway, lift up the receiver and say *hullo*—with a kind of unemotional directness that made it a one-syllable word. If the caller was a telephone solicitor or had the wrong number Sammy Joe would say a short “Yes” or “No” or “We-don’t-want-any-goodbye”—or “This-is-five-six-nine-two-seven”—and each response would be delivered the same way, with the same lack of interest or courtesy. His words simply entered the receiver in the flat and unconcerned way that his loafers slapped the floor.

However, if the caller was one of Sammy Joe’s middle-aged women friends who rang up daily to gossip, he would say, “Oh, *hullo*, Verna,” and collapse into the nearby wicker chair—one big soft leg draped across the other, his free arm laid across his rising and falling stomach like a piece of spongy driftwood. Usually these conversations—to Verna, the branch librarian, or Grace, the bedridden hypochondriac—lasted for thirty minutes or more, and as Sammy Joe remained settled back in his chair it was as though he was perfectly content to spend eternity there in a kind of Homeric indolence. Occasionally, as the talk became more animated, he would direct one of his *huh-huhht* bursts of laughter toward the ceiling, and Mrs. Henry would peek into the hall from a doorway to see if Sammy Joe was going to share some little anecdote with her.

Except for the small back porch and the front sitting room the house was kept in a perpetual semidarkness, with Sammy Joe and Mrs. Henry—and on rare occasions Boots, the cat—moving about inside like different-sized fish swimming through very deep waters. Actually, it is debatable whether Boots moved at all. When it was not curled up in Sammy Joe's lap in the living room it was lying on the top of the kitchen table—old and fat, a huge amorphous lump. Sometimes at night I would go into the kitchen to get ice water from the refrigerator and there it would be: The Gray Presence, watching. Raising just the barest possible tip of its tail and holding its eyes squarely upon me, it would patiently wait me out as I opened the refrigerator and poured the ice water from the vinegar jar into a glass. Only after I had shut the refrigerator door and turned toward the light switch would it start lowering its tail and closing its eyes—satisfied, finally, that the intruder was leaving its domain.

Supposedly, Sammy Joe was staying at home “to take care of Mama.” But that was just for the record, of course. Everyone in the neighborhood knew it was the other way around—that Mrs. Henry, though well along in her eighties, needed very little in the way of moral or physical support; that it was Sammy Joe who was being sustained within the shadowed old rooms of the Henry house. He had suffered from asthma as a boy—still had it every now and then, Mrs. Henry told me—and that was one of the reasons why he had to remain there in El Paso. They had tried Dallas and San Antonio and Houston while Mr. Henry was still alive, she said, but the humidity was just too much for Sammy Joe; they always had to come back to dry El Paso in order for him to breathe. Mrs. Henry took special pains to tell how Sammy Joe wrote poetry and gave book reviews sometimes, so it was not as though he wasn't working.

Their needs were very simple and except for an occasional Sunday morning outing to church Mrs. Henry never left the house. Sammy Joe went out only to buy the groceries. Each morning at exactly eleven-thirty he would put on his dark glasses and go into the kitchen to ask Mrs. Henry what she needed from the Safeway store down the street. Sometimes I would be in my room, studying, and I would hear the back gate drag against the cement walk—Sammy Joe never left by the front door, always the back—and out my window I could see him move from the shade of the tall pecan trees along the fence into the naked brightness of the sidewalk. As he took his first, apparently-casual look around the street and then stepped off in his waddling,

somewhat femininely determined way, the question never failed to rise in my mind: What, exactly, were the dark glasses for, and what would he do without them? Was he wearing them merely to see better against the bright sun, as anyone might suppose, or did he put them on in order to face the world? I always wondered what would have happened if a person had suddenly yanked off the glasses and said, "I see you, Sammy Joel!" Somehow I had the feeling that he might have begun to melt there on the sidewalk—until finally nothing would be left but the glasses and bundle of empty clothes.

### CONTENTMENT, AND MILKY WAYS

The Mexican man and his wife were in no hurry. They stopped beside the alligator pond in the plaza and looked a while. Most people do that—stare at the alligator as he lies submerged in the water with his snout breaking the surface or sunning on the gravel bank. People just like to contemplate the strangeness of such a creature. They hoist children to their shoulders in order for them to see better; they make many smiling comments to one another. The alligator seems to flavor the routines of their days.

The Mexican man stood with one work-toughened hand resting lightly on the top of the circular wall, not really looking in but instead just satisfied with being where people had gathered. The alligator could easily have been an atomic bomb or Orson Welles or Excalibur—it would have been pretty much the same. Phenomena did not really impress him (an alligator—what can you do with it? You cannot eat it; it does not provide you with cigarettes; there is no paycheck stuck to its tail . . . .) Yet he was willing to go along with these things the world set so much store by. After all, he was only an ignorant man, a laborer.

He wore cement-splotched shoes—big flat brogans—and had on a new straw hat and was clean shaven except for his moustache. He had a big, stolid, Indian's mouth, full and well-defined. He was rather tall for a Mexican—broad-shouldered, but also a little stooped. With his big feet he was a little too shambling and slow-moving to be the imposing figure of a man he might have been. Instead of being a movie-star leader of revolutions he seemed to be precisely what he was, a reliable bricklayer.

His wife, rather small and quite pregnant, stood beside him at the



alligator pond like a loyal little pigeon. Her hair was pulled back tightly across her head and it hung behind her in a single black braid. She was not pretty and she wore no makeup, but her features were regular and clean in their plainness. She had a nice face to look at.

After a bit they walked together to one of the benches across the way and sat down. They continued to look at the strollers and the plaza and the streets and buildings beyond. The woman talked—never directly to her husband, just steadily and quietly to the air in front of them. The Mexican man sat forward a little, his elbows on his thighs and his big hands clasped between his legs. He looked straight ahead, occasionally indicating agreements with his wife by slight nods.

After sitting there a while the man reached into his pocket and pulled out two Milky Way candy bars. He partly unwrapped each bar—slowly, carefully, with a kind of genuine respect for the crinkling, injured sound of the paper—and handed one of them to his wife. She took it, and together they ate—the woman somewhat unnoticeably, continuing to talk; the man with a great flexing of his jaw and temple muscles that raised his straw hat a little with each chew. It took them a long time to finish—as though the candy bar were their dinner and they were making it last for a full lunch hour. Finally, when both were through, the man took the wrapper from his wife and they rose from the bench. They left the plaza as slowly as they had entered—the woman walking in front, the man slightly behind. Just before reaching the sidewalk the man stepped across to a bright green trash barrel and placed his wrappers inside. His wife waited at the sidewalk, and after he joined her again they both moved on.

## WEST JUAREZ

Stretching away from the hidden banks of the Rio Grande toward the dusty mountains in the south, West Juarez seems part of another hemisphere. It is like some lonely desert city of Asia Minor, a primitive hill town of Berbers or Arabs.


From a distance—from across the river in El Paso—nothing seems to move. Of course, now and then a boy can be seen running along a dune; a brief section of laundry will flap on a line; occasionally there is the figure of a man, a sign of smoke, a dog. But they are not really noticeable; they do not constitute the scene. What is there is the

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array of adobe cubes sitting implacably in the sun—the solid rectangles and squares scattered aimlessly across the sand like hundreds of small brown boxes.

A place of squatters, it has no visible trees, no yards, no streets—just trails here and there, eroded ridges and bluffs, arroyos. Silence, rather than a community of people, seems to live there—it, and poverty and space: elements and the elemental.

 ELROY BODE, who in addition to teaching in the El Paso public schools, has published widely in the Southwest. His short stories and sketches have appeared in *Southwest Review*, *Texas Quarterly*, *Texas Observer*, and *NMQ*. One of his stories appeared in Martha Foley's *Best American Short Stories*, 1963.

## REVIEWS

**CAGED IN AN ANIMAL'S MIND**, by Stanley Burnshaw. New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1963. 160 pp. \$4.

Poets should not review other poets' work. Although the country is vast, the community of poets is small. We know each other. We are partisan. We are rarely objective. If a poet does review poetry, the point of departure should be descriptive rather than evaluative.

*Caged in an Animal's Mind* is the work of an inventive and perceptive maker, a significant figure in contemporary letters. Stanley Burnshaw's interest in letters is dedicated; it is in depth and international in range. He conceived and edited *The Poem Itself*, a wholly new departure in presenting the major European languages in line by line translation and explication of poems.

The book under review is a poetry of the intelligence. As Mr. Auden has proved by example, there is no more difficult projection of the poet's psyche than to build a corpus of work with the mind as the orient point, the centripetal energy. And none more rewarding I would add. This volume will give perplexity especially to that generation, though now living in the Sixties, which is a century behind the clock. The hurdles are a challenge rather than an impassable barrier. Mr. Burnshaw purposely roughens the texture of some of his poems to address attention to the struggle of that tiger within the bars of the human-animal mind. Although there may appear to be an occasional lack of grace in language, the cross-bar gate to the pasture is compacted syntax. This poet can fence-in idea-image with more closely nailed boards than Allen Tate.

The book is divided into five parts. In "Thoughts About a Garden" man is a thinking primitive and a reflective contemplative one. The observant poet searches for and establishes distinctions. "Cage" is a Burnshaw icon. Caged in an animal's mind, he refuses to accept the key of myth as a way of escape. For every riddle posited, for each dilemma of the human covenant, he has an affirmative answer in the adventure of living. Stanley Burnshaw has spent a lifetime acquiring the cognitive keys to a landscape in which we should, but do not, live. This is in contrast to those who belong to the city or suburb rather than to the true country of the poet.

The second section is titled "Three Men." The three poems are inward from surface, probing dialogues. The chief voices are Heinrich Heine, Stanley Burnshaw, and Don Isaac Abravanel. A third division is called "Random Pieces of a Man." The imagery for these poems is drawn from the natural world without the drawbacks of the usual "pastoral" attitude. The fourth section contains "Second-Hand Poems." Translations? No. These are re-creations in our living speech. I could wish there had been more of them.

The final group is a selection of thirty-three poems from *Early and Late Testament*. Though these were published in a previous volume, they are an admirable extension of theme and viewpoint presented in more recent poems.

No descriptive view of Stanley Burnshaw's poems would be complete without a note, until recently unfashionable, about the poet as a man. I do not refer to the esteem of the literary community in which he is so much at home. Rather, as is currently proposed, we should sometimes, as the poet must always, take into account the life as well as the work. The rich interior life of the man as poet, his own chief reward, is apparent in lines like these: ". . . nothing lives/ For you until its image stirs the striving/ waves of your inner sea upon whose tides/ You voyage to alert the world." "The poetries of speech/ Are thinking acts of love."

One final note to bargain hunters among the common readers. The so-called "Second-Hand Poems" are worth the price of the book alone.

—Lee Anderson

A poet whose most recent collections were *Nags Head*, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1960, and *The Floating World*, Scribner's, 1956, Lee Anderson recently has been associated with the department of speech at the University of California, Berkeley. He was an editor of the Yale Series of Recorded Poets.

**SELF IS THE STRANGER**, by Lisa Grenelle. Frankestown, N.H.: Golden Quill Press, 1963. 64 pp. \$2.75.

Lisa Grenelle's second book of poetry, *Self Is the Stranger*, is marked by great verbal economy. Terse and astringent in style, her poems are devoid of all decorative wording. Her imagery is nearly always functional and often highly dramatic. Her poetry has an affinity with the paintings of Franz Kline in suggesting complex meaning with the simplest means.

Some of Miss Grenelle's poems are like charcoal sketches that evoke varied emotions. An example of her skill in word painting is the poem "City Scene: Winter," which concludes with the lines: "This emptied

park/ chilled, still dusk/ spun of white dark." With a few precise strokes she has painted a mood.

Miss Grenelle empathizes with nature but is aware of its violence. She sees brutality as well as beauty, as in the powerful poem "Reynard," in which an idyllic scene is marred by sudden horror. "Footprint of a Panther" likewise reveals the poet's unsentimental attitude toward nature. But Miss Grenelle also sees nature as a source of inner strength and renewal. There are moments of sudden light when the simplest things of nature become radiant with meaning. Miss Grenelle captures these moments in poems such as "The Trespasser, Suburbia: Spring," and "Outside Eden." Often she finds the exact words to convey the inner vibration of such experience.

Miss Grenelle's powers of empathy are revealed even more fully in her poems about people than in those about nature. Her main theme is the human comedy and the human tragedy. A realist of keen observation, she is not content with the surface of things but seeks to uncover the larger meanings often hidden by what Wordsworth called "the film of familiarity." A seemingly commonplace event can become a revelation of the human condition. For example, in "Period Plowed Under" the tea hour becomes a person's link with lost traditions. "Man and Wife" depicts the essential loneliness of human beings and their often pathetic attempts to achieve real communication.

"Boy in a Dry Well," one of the most gripping poems in the book, concerns a boy suffering from a mental disorder. It describes the mother's agonized participation in her son's battle for health, his "striving to overcome his grave." The tragedy of both mother and son is powerfully drawn.

Several of Miss Grenelle's most memorable poems are about art as an illumination of experience: "Apassionata," "Classic Ballet," "Folk Dance," and "Primitive Head." I think that the concluding lines of the last-named poem contain the essence of the poet's vision: "On his knees/ of earth-flesh, the mind's grace/ Adam creates his father's face." —Alfred Dorn

The verse of Alfred Dorn has been published in more than forty periodicals and in two collections: *Flamenco Dancer* and *Wine in Stone*. He is a member of the executive board of the Poetry Society in America.

GIDE, by Germaine Brée. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1963. 302 pp. \$6. Miss Brée, in translating and refining her *André Gide l'In-saisissable Protée* (1953) for Gide's English-reading public, imposes no thesis upon him. Rather, she follows the essentially literary drama of his life so that a pattern emerges. By the time she reaches the climax, *The Counterfeiters* (1926), she can refer to "Gide's old friends Zeus and Prometheus." They do, in fact, represent the polar fields of cosmic force and human response from which Gide with his critical approach continually reaches balance. After *The Counterfeiters* his quarter-century *dénouement* ensues (all in Miss Brée's final chapter, "The Last Act"); now Gide comes to resemble his own serene *Theseus* (1946), content to have mastered the labyrinth. There may be times when a reader will disagree with Miss Brée, but he will never dispute the clarity, charm, and humor, which she so appropriately applies here.

—Marilyn Gaddis Rose

Mrs. Rose of the department of comparative literature of Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, has reviewed widely for the scholarly-literary press.



SHAKESPEAREAN ESSAYS, ed. by Alwin Thaler and Norman Sanders. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1964. 187 pp. \$3.50. APPROACHES TO SHAKESPEARE, ed. by Norman Rabkin. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1964. 333 pp. \$5.95. Paper, \$2.95. These two collections of essays honor the four-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. The first is a compilation of fourteen originals by leading scholars. More space is devoted to the comedies though few broad subject fields are unrepresented. Among the cosmopolitan critics are Kenneth Muir, George R. Hibbard, Allan H. Gilbert, Clifford Leech, Eric W. Stockton, and Mario Praz. In *Approaches to Shakespeare* are reprints of twenty classics in criticism selected with an eye to widely varying viewpoints. For example, we have Cleanth Brook's "The Naked Babe and the Cloak of Manliness" from his *The Well-Wrought Urn*, and then Helen Gardner's "A Reply to Cleanth Brooks." Other leading critics and Shakespearean scholars include A. C. Bradley, E. M. W. Tillyard, G. Wilson Knight, Robert Ornstein, F. W. Bateson, and Alfred Harbage.

*SHADOW OF A TIGER*, by Clyde Brion Davis. New York: John Day, 1963. 318 pp. \$4.95. The year 1962 which saw the passing of Nobel Prize winners Faulkner and Hemingway was also notable for the death of another distinguished American author, Clyde Brion Davis. No trail blazer as they were, inevitably less famous, he was, none the less, highly individual, honest, and talented. Perhaps his death marks the end of a great tradition in American letters: American realism. This, his last of more than twenty novels, he regarded sincerely as his greatest. He would not be alone in this opinion.

If it is not, it is at least his mellowest and most autobiographical. It tells exactly how it was growing up in the West in the early part of the century. (Quite coincidentally, this book which earned the lead review in the *New Yorker*, appeared under the heading "The Way It Really Was.") In it, merge subtly the old man and the young boy. The tale is characterized by old-fashioned ingredients of American spirit, homely virtue, and unflinching honesty. It is prosaic, but bittersweet.

In a wry way, it is a success story, though without Horatio Alger fanfare; nor does it satirize the Horatio Alger tradition. Success is only the limited success visited on the luckier of us in an unglamorous way. Davis' closest literary progenitor was that other American realist and bitter humorist, Mark Twain. This is hardly a coincidence as both were born in Missouri, served short abortive hitches in the army, newspapered in the Rocky Mountains, edited in Buffalo, and finally ended writing books rich in Americana, not without something more than a hint of disillusion, a gentle nostalgia for youth. Both were at best writing of boys; love and ladies played second fiddle.

*Shadow of a Tiger* focuses on a boy growing up, including his dream life and love life. It is told in boy terms but there is also the voice of the omniscient old author interpolating from the wings. The boy's awful recurrent nightmare of unreality is termed solipsism, a word this boy who thinks in the highly authentic slang of his generation, who is not old enough to quite disbelieve in Santa Claus despite the nightmare of disbelief, would never have used. While these interpolations may disturb the modern reader, the device worked hard by Thackeray did not impair *Vanity Fair*, nor is it harmful here—the objective story is so true and good, the author's asides properly sotto voce.

The father-son relationship, the boy's awed reverence with a slight Oedipal tug, is faithfully recounted. The author's voice is not heard at the father's death. The boy alone sets the scene in the monotone of a confessional. You sense his guilt and feeling of being cut adrift, but only between the lines. His upper lip is stiff. The mother never emerges except as a

symbol. It isn't because the boy ignores her or takes her for granted. It is simply because in this "normal" atmosphere she is so indescribably focal.

Clyde Davis' long experience as a journalist makes his settings superb in a David Belasco period-piece sense. Minutely realistic, the author's research and total recall are impressive. There are no anachronisms. He may have done better with the smell and feel of things in *Jeremy*, also about a boy, but that was not written in first person. What this boy says is out of his mouth and right. It fits him like his union suit. High points in his story are job hunting, his early jobs, and his athletic exploits: the importance of his work and play. He does not flinch at describing his love life—profane and sacred, requited and unrequited—and yet we hear overtones of the gently humorous spirit of O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness*. Behind the mundane—not impressionistically distorted, but there and palpable—is the shadow of the tiger, the great psychological jungle of fear, and apprehension, and pointlessness which is as much a part of this typical boy's life as his big sister or his fielder's glove. The description of his school and of his jobs: delivery boy, chimney sweep, newspaper cartoonist and reporter, is all in sharp focus and absorbing. By the time he goes to war, though, the story is really over and the old man is already beginning to put the puppets back into the box. At the end, the voice is that of the author. Always lifelike, no Davis story ever ended with a conclusive coda. Here especially one is left with a question—the big missing link of how the boy and youthful veteran became the successful old author. If there is no answer, it still would have been great to hear Clyde Davis' comment on this one.

—Richard C. Angell

*A LIFE FULL OF HOLES*, by Driss ben Hamed Charhadi, recorded and translated by Paul Bowles. New York: Grove Press, 1964. 310 pp. \$5. Here is a book with no parallel. It is in fact that autobiography of one person from the swarming Arab masses of North Africa—his own words tape-recorded in the native dialect Moghrebi and translated by the remarkable Paul Bowles. To the reader, never again can those masses be anonymous. It is a story of the search for bread, the absence of justice, and the will to live. Here life is one day at a time. It is a world without politics and headlines. Instead of the stuff about foreign lands which fills our newspapers—wars and kings and grand maneuvers—it has only humanity with its daily need to wonder and survive. This patient, firm autobiography is fascinating. It half-convinces one that even a life full of holes is better than no life at all.

—Willis D. Jacobs



**TRIUMPH IN THE PHILIPPINES**, by Robert Ross Smith. Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1963. 679 pp., maps, illus. \$8.

**THEY FOUGHT ALONE**, by John Keats. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1963. 421 pp., appendix, maps. \$6.95.

The liberation of the Philippines, 1944-45, was the only American campaign in the Pacific which had space for the mass maneuver of troops. Only the drive across northern France exceeded it in the number of armies involved. Consequently, troops trained for amphibious assault lost some of their flexibility in the mountains of northern Luzon and the street-fighting of Manila. But this circumstance was not alone in causing the high number of casualties. The Japanese forces obeyed orders to fight suicidal delaying actions (115,000 were still in the mountain fastnesses when Hiroshima exploded); tropical diseases and exhaustive terrain took their tolls: but Robert Ross Smith's *Triumph in the Philippines*, tenth in the Army of the Pacific series, makes clear that errors in strategy were as costly as any other cause.

General MacArthur had almost singlehandedly convinced the Joint Chiefs to liberate Luzon, instead of Formosa, after Leyte, in order to provide advance bases for the bombardment of Japan. These he provided with reasonable speed. But perhaps because he was badly counseled (his chief of intelligence, General Willoughby—whose judgments later in Korea proved tragic—refused to accept sound guerrilla estimates and unnecessarily bombarded many a free beachhead or ordered an airdrop on towns already open, or alternatively underestimated the enemy by as much as 50 percent), MacArthur set up unrealistic timetables and kept shifting troops away from their field commanders just when a concentrated drive became critical. American divisions received few replacements and fewer occasions for rest. The 93,400 nonbattle casualties—from psychoneurosis as well as from sickness—were the highest in any campaign in World War II. Problems of logistics were so inadequately solved that one could only look forward to the invasion of Japan, appalled.

What rescued the American effort from its high command was the compensating heroism of GIs (it was not uncommon for privates to have to lead platoons), the expectation of failure among starving Japanese, and the decisive force of trained guerrillas, who not only turned over most of the beachheads untouched but also controlled vast portions of northern Luzon and of Mindanao.

Smith, a former member of MacArthur's GHQ, has reconstructed the post-Leyte campaign in painstaking, almost hour-by-hour detail, in the most neutral of styles. For the patient reader, the assembled facts have a

kind of quiet eloquence. No amount of underwriting could detract from the drama of the dash to save 4000 internees at the University of Santo Tomás, the reduction of Manila by artillery and grenade when air strikes were forbidden, the six-seconds airdrop on Corregidor where 5000 troops, not the expected 850, awaited.

However, although Smith has tried to do justice to the guerrillas (120,000 of whom were still "mopping up" at war's end), he is limited to the times that their efforts were coordinated with those of official army units. For a closer appreciation of what Fil-American guerrillas managed to do, one has to turn to the published records of Volckmann or Blackburn, some ten years ago, for the mountain areas beyond Baguio; or to John Keats's new book on the struggle in Mindanao of Colonel Wendell Fertig.

*They Fought Alone* is cast in the form of fiction: many of the names of Fertig's staff, for example, are fictitious; but more importantly, the dimension of thought and personal feeling is permitted, in this "attempt to recreate, out of reality, not the letter but the truth of that reality." The desperate months between the official surrender of Wainwright in 1942 and the 1944 invasion are represented with an authenticity that owes much to Keats's careful interview technique and his reading of memoirs, but also to his familiarity with Philippine culture. Where Smith's history, necessarily, is that of an army almost self-enclosed, trying to maintain its identity and strength in a foreign environment, the story of the guerrillas is one of taking on protective coloration, adapting to the locale in every sense. One of the haunting worries left Fertig was that he had failed Luis Morgan, the mestizo commander whose army he had gradually transferred to himself. Power-mad, Morgan may have been; still he was a Filipino: and the scruples of the classic benefactor humanized Fertig even as he successfully shipped Morgan off to Australia.

It was Fertig, the mining engineer, whose perseverance and organizational sense and knowledge of Mindanao's people hamstrung 150,000 Japanese in the South. So successfully did he hold together mountaineer and lowlander, Moro and Christian, American and Filipino, that MacArthur was able to bypass this island, nearly the size of Ireland, until late in the liberation. But in Keats's concentrated narrative Fertig emerges as a lonely struggling man, more than as instinctive soldier or rechanneled business man.

Robert Ross Smith expressed his regret that, although random reports in several vernaculars abound, no coherent account of the guerrilla years exists. However, by making Fertig's memorable endurance both available

and readable, Keats has reduced the mystery of Philippine resistance markedly.

—Leonard Casper

An expert on the Philippines, Dr. Casper fought in the islands campaign and returned there following the war as a Fulbright lecturer on English and American literature. He has edited *Six Filipino Poets* (Manila, 1953), *Modern Philippine Short Stories* (UNM Press, 1962), *Literary Review's* special Philippine number (Summer, 1960) and the foreign department of *Panorama*, a Manila monthly. He is the author of articles on Philippine culture in *American Oxford Encyclopedia*, *Saturday Review*, *Journal of Asian Studies*, and *South Atlantic Quarterly*. His stories have appeared in the O. Henry Award and Foley collections. As an associate professor of creative writing and American literature at Boston College, he has written and edited books of criticism and short fiction.

**THE FOURTH FLOOR: AN ACCOUNT OF THE CASTRO COMMUNIST REVOLUTION**, by Earl E. T. Smith. New York: Random House, 1963. 243 pp. \$5.  
**THE BAY OF PIGS: THE LEADER'S STORY OF BRIGADE 2506**, by Haynes Johnson. New York: Norton, 1964. 368 pp. \$5.95.

Earl E. T. Smith, a wealthy stock broker, was President Eisenhower's choice to be Ambassador to Cuba from 1957 to 1959. He once had as his guest the then Senator Kennedy from Massachusetts. After renewing their contacts at the neighboring Smith and Kennedy estates on the Florida coast, the former Ambassador was nominated by President Kennedy in 1961 to be the U.S. Ambassador to Switzerland. The canny Swiss, having accepted the painful chore of representing U.S. interests in Cuba after the United States had broken off relations with the Castro regime, delayed accepting Mr. Smith as *persona grata*. For his previous status as the U.S. representative to the Batista regime would certainly add considerably to the already difficult role that the Swiss had accepted vis-à-vis the Cuban government. The delays by the Swiss and the appearance of leaked press stories eventually resulted in Mr. Smith's nomination as Ambassador being withdrawn. If at the outset there is serious doubt as to the wisdom of President Kennedy's appointing to the Swiss post a man reported to have been a golfing companion, there may be increasing skepticism as to the prudence of the original appointment to Havana.

Smith records that during his mission he never had a discussion of Cuban affairs with Secretary of State Dulles, only near the end of his tour of duty with the Under Secretary of State, and not until the autumn of 1958 with the Deputy Under Secretary of State. These officials occupied offices on the fifth floor of the State Department building in the Foggy Bottom section of Washington. "The Fourth Floor" referred to the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, Roy Rubottom, and his associates. Barbed remarks and numerous criticisms are directed against the denizens of the

Fourth Floor by the broker-turned-Ambassador, who in all candor writes that "Cuba was an assignment I had long wanted."

In a naïve but revealing chapter titled "Duties and Techniques of an Ambassador," the author recalls his practice of directing messages of importance to the personal attention of Assistant Secretary Rubottom. He relates in considerable detail the arrangements made by his household to give a formal dinner party and entertainment in honor of President Batista, whose safety at the event was assured by no less than thirty military intelligence men who also fed on the Ambassador's bounty. It is accurately and correctly reported that the Ambassador's family in social relations with Fulgencio Batista had to weigh even the acceptance of an invitation to their young son from Batista's son in the light of political conditions and diplomatic implications, bearing in mind always the reports on such family-to-family relationships that could be expected to appear in the segments of the U.S. press that might be hostile to Eisenhower, or to Batista, or to both.

The Cuban story in the pre-Castro days had many other aspects: the role of the Papal Nuncio, who wanted to bridge the gap between Batista and Castro; the labor unions acting as subservient tools of Batista; irreconcilable antagonisms between anti-Batista Cuban groups, including those in exile; the past record of Castro's associates in communist movements; and the ambiguous projects of the CIA. The frustrated ambassador closes with the warning that "it is our duty and obligation to prevent the Caribbean becoming a communist lake." How was this to be done?

A way to fulfil this duty and obligation was to upset the Castro regime, once it had declared itself to be Marxist and had publicly entered into commercial, diplomatic, and military arrangements with the Soviet Union. This is the theme of *The Bay of Pigs*, written by a North American journalist with the assistance of hundreds of personal interviews with survivors of the invasion, of Castro's prison cruelties, and the tortures of uncertainty preceding their eventual ransom and liberation.

Young Cuban refugees, mostly recruited from the Miami area, were sent to training camps in Guatemala and Nicaragua. There were political divisions among them; but these were no more pronounced than those that marred the organizations, planning, and propaganda efforts of their elders in New York, Washington, Miami, and Puerto Rico.

One of Allen Dulles' chief deputies in the CIA, Richard Bissell, Jr., is declared by the author to be the mastermind and chief architect of the Bay of Pigs operation. Errors of intelligence gathering; gross overevaluation of the willingness of the Cuban people to rise against Castro once an actual

invasion started; underestimation of the numbers and morale of the Cuban militiamen; failure of communications during the actual disembarkations and landings; lack of air cover; the sinking of ships carrying ammunition, supplies, and tanks; last minute changes in leadership and landing places, all contributed to the debacle.

President Kennedy, from whose consultation room in the White House went the orders for action (by the Cubans) and inaction (by the U.S. military forces standing by) courageously announced his responsibility for the entire affair. "Too long we have fixed our eyes on traditional military needs; on armies prepared to cross borders; on missiles poised for flight. . . . We intend to profit from this lesson. We intend to reexamine and reorient our forces of all kinds." This did not mean merely the replacement (which took place) of layers of high command in the Pentagon and CIA. It was the harbinger of a general overhaul of U.S. strategic planning and tactical orientation, toward methods of counterinsurgency, and antiguerrilla warfare. New weapons are needed for the new kinds of war fought, not merely in the swamps of Cuba, but in Laos, Vietnam, South Asia, and perhaps in other parts of the world.

—Willard F. Barber

PROSPECTS FOR THE WEST, by J. William Fulbright. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1963. 139 pp. \$3.25.

The senior senator from Arkansas (Who is the other one?) having served for nearly twenty years on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was unexpectedly elevated to its chairmanship by reason of the unprecedented resignation from that position of leadership of the aged Senator Greene of Rhode Island. But if unexpected, the assumption of new responsibilities did not find Senator Fulbright unprepared. Earlier years as professor of law, university president, and the broadening experiences of a Rhodes scholar marked his apprenticeship. The Fulbright Act is known around the world for its sponsorship of an infinite number of exchanges of lecturers and intellectuals. His judgment has repeatedly been proven correct, of which a notable illustration was his closely reasoned advice to President Kennedy against the Bay of Pigs invasion.

The present book contains a series of lectures delivered at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, a part of Tufts University. The series of three includes "Russia and the West," "A Concert of Free Nations," and "The American Agenda." They are well drafted, seasoned with experience, and are supported by some seventy-five references in the classical academic tradition. The citations range from Edmund Burke through Woodrow

Wilson down to our contemporary, Admiral Rickover of Polaris fame, who writes (of all things) on elementary education in Switzerland!

The ambivalence of the Soviet system is underscored in "Russia and the West." Neither communist theory nor Soviet practice advocates suicidal risks in foreign policy. It is not so much communism as it is Soviet imperialism, a product of expansive Russian nationalism, which, according to Fulbright, we resist so strenuously and which forces us to live dangerously.

In "A Concert of Free Nations" the Senator vouchsafes his view that only allied unity can preserve our civilization and can fulfill its promise. The two World Wars he styles the "civil war of the West," destructive of the European age of a power balance within the nation-state system. The collapse of the League of Nations and the failures of the United Nations are the consequence of attempting to move in a single leap from world anarchy to a world community. It will take much more time and understanding to reach that goal. The author recommends as feasible, allied unity in the program of aid to backward countries, with each government accepting its fair share of the burdens. And we must expect protracted periods of instability, and perhaps authoritarian or dictatorial government, in the countries that we are trying to help. He is guilty only of candor when he adds that "meaningful aid programs in fact constitute intervention of a most profound character" (p. 67) in the internal affairs of the recipient state.

"The American Agenda" advances the concept that prevalence of our policies depends more on the development and the quality of our domestic society than on the spectacular confrontations with the Sino-Soviet block. Not a man to offer quick or easy solutions, Fulbright believes that if there is to be a victory for democratic values "it will come through acts of foreign policy, and certainly not of military policy, but rather through the magnetism of freedom itself. The prospects for freedom depend ultimately on how it is practiced in free societies." In view of this, one can but lament the Senator's vote in June 1964, against the civil rights bill. Continuing with "The American Agenda," the writer points to America's millions of permanently unemployed, the deterioration of public schools, serious crime, the traffic blight, and venal corruption that is spreading over our cities. He challenges the priority that grants large budgets for moon trips, defense, and communications satellites, leaving so little for public welfare, education, and the things which make America a better place in which to live. "This allocation of priorities is a recipe for disaster."

Since the publication of these lectures, the Senator's speech on the floor

of the Senate in March of 1964, entitled "Foreign Policy—Old Myths and New Realities," received global attention, with commentaries in parliaments, foreign offices, the public prints, and the journals of opinion. It is not derogatory of that courageous but unorthodox statement to observe that, in the sophisticated complex of international events of this generation, there is nothing more difficult to ascertain with certitude and finality than the actual present-day reality. And there are few things more fixed in their immutable course, and so well established in our national folklore, as some of our traditional myths.

—Willard F. Barber

A University of New Mexico graduate and veteran career diplomat, winner of Columbia University's Einstein prize for excellence in American diplomacy, Willard Barber, who has been lecturing on international affairs at the University of Maryland, is Merhson visiting professor at Ohio State University.

**THE TRAIL TO OGALLA**, by Benjamin Capps. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1964. 279 pp. \$4.95.

In *The Great Plains*, Walter Prescott Webb points out that "There is no woman in *The Log of a Cowboy*; there should have been none in *North of 36*," a book that Webb thought might have been a great work had it not been for the excess baggage dragged along on the cattle drive. Hough added Taisie Lockhart to *North of 36* to provide conflict, an element unfortunately lacking in Andy Adams' classic *The Log of a Cowboy*. But Hough's hackneyed romantic plot only served to make his novel ludicrous.

Benjamin Capp in *The Trail to Ogalla* has written an authentic novel of one of the last of the great cattle drives. He has provided conflict through the interrelation of the men on the drive, and these are not stereotyped "Western" characters. Never do they appear to be simply cowboy caricatures, but human beings with complex motivations and different ways of solving problems. He has retained the verisimilitude of Andy Adams while eschewing the extravagances of Hough and the sentimentality of less able "Western" writers. It will be some time before this trail-drive novel will be surpassed.

—D. E. Wylder

D. E. Wylder is a member of the English department faculty at the University of New Mexico where he specializes in American and Southwestern literature. He is also a writer and editor of technical reports for Sandia Corporation in Albuquerque.

## THE SOUTHWEST

**ARTISTS OF SANTA FE (THEIR WORKS AND WORDS).** Santa Fe: C. R. Wenzell Publications, 1965. Paper, 50 pp. Illus. \$1.

**THE CENTURIES OF SANTA FE,** by Paul Horgan. New York: E. P. Dutton, 1965. Paper, 383 pp. \$1.75. Nine characters dramatized against historic backgrounds from 1620 till 1883, plus "1915 and after," and an epilogue. Drawings by Horgan. Bibliography, Index. First published 1956.

**THE CERRO COLORADO SITE AND PITHOUSE ARCHITECTURE IN THE SOUTHWESTERN U.S. PRIOR TO A.D. 900,** by William Rotch Bullard, Jr. Cambridge, Mass.: The Peabody Museum. Paper, 254 pp., 28 Illus., 16 plates. \$6.50. Papers of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology & Ethnology, Harvard, Vol. XLIV, No. 2.

**INDIAN WOMEN,** by Lela and Rufus Waltrip. New York: David McKay, 1964. 172 pp. \$3.75. A juvenile about thirteen Indian women, several from the Southwest, who added pages to history. Among contemporaries are potter Maria Martinez, Navajo leader Annie Wauneka, and artist Pablita Velarde. The authors teach in New Mexico public schools.

**JACKKNIFE JOHN,** by Frank Borden Hanes. San Antonio: The Naylor Co. 273 pp. \$5.95. A fictionized account of cutting horses by an expert on quarter horses.

**A MIRACLE FOR MEXICO,** by Josefina Niggli. Paintings by Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo. Greenwich, Conn.: New York Graphic Society, 1964. 192 pp. Illus. color. \$4.95. A novel of New Spain in 1531, for young people.

**NAVAHO WEAVING, ITS TECHNIC AND ITS HISTORY,** by Charles Avery Amsden. Foreword by Frederick Webb Hodge. Chicago: Rio Grande Press, 1964. 280 pp. \$12. Reprinted from the 1934 Southwest Museum edition.

**NEW MEXICO: A SHORT, ILLUSTRATED HISTORY,** by Frank D. Reeve. Denver: Sage Books. 112 pp. Cloth \$3, paper \$2. A pleasant historic capsule by the former editor of *New Mexico Historical Review*.

**OVER THE SANTA FE TRAIL, 1857.** From the 1905 edition by William B. Napton. Intro. by Donald C. Cutter. Santa Fe: Stagecoach Press, 1964. 75 pp. \$4.95. A collector's edition tastefully designed and printed by Jack D. Rittenhouse.

**THE TRAILS OF PETE KITCHEN,** by Gil Procter. Tucson: Dale Stuart King, 1964. 216 pp. 41 Illus. \$4.95. Fabulous stories of the missions of Pimeria Alta.

**PAGANS, CONQUISTADORES, HEROES AND MARTYRS,** by Merle Armitage, assisted by Peter Ribera Ortega. Fresno: Academy Guild Press, 1964. 200 pp. Illus. \$7.50. A bold Armitage book: text on recto and Indian motifs on verso pages.

**THE THOUSAND-MILE SUMMER,** by Colin Fletcher. Berkeley: Howell-North Books, 1964. 234 pp. Photos \$4.95. The author walked, fished and photographed the rugged inland trail from the Mexican border to Oregon.



## POETRY

- AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN INDONESIAN POETRY, ed. by Burton Raffel.\* Berkeley: University of California Press, 1964. 158 pp. \$4.
- THE COMMON GROUND, by John Galt. Denver: Verb Publications, 1964. 47 pp. Cloth, \$2.50, paper, \$1.25.
- COUNTRY WITHOUT MAPS, by Jean Garrigue. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1964. 82 pp. \$3.95.
- THE DAWNING: A COLLECTION OF INSPIRATIONAL POETRY, by Mary. New York: Pageant Press, Inc., 1964. 35 pp. \$2.50.
- ESAU, by Charlotte Louise Groom.\* Philadelphia: Dorrance & Company, 1964. 96 pp. \$3.50.
- FOR THE UNION DEAD, by Robert Lowell. New York: Farrar, Straus and Company, Inc., 1964. 72 pp. \$3.95.
- FRAGMENTARIO, by Olga Arias. Ciudad Juárez: Universidad Juárez, 1963. Paper, 13 pp. In Spanish.
- THE FUGITIVE POETS: MODERN SOUTHERN POETRY IN RETROSPECT, ed. by William Pratt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1965. Paper, 157 pp. \$1.45.
- LIGHT IN THE WEST, by Judson Jerome.\* Francetown, N.H.: Golden Quill Press, 1962. 66 pp. \$2.75.
- THE LOST WORLD, by Randall Jarrell. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1965. 69 pp. \$3.95.
- THE NECESSARY LIE, by John Williams. Denver: Verb Publications, 1965. 47 pp. Cloth, \$2.50, paper, \$1.25.
- NEW AND SELECTED POEMS, by Thomas McGrath. Denver: Alan Swallow, 1964. 134 pp. Cloth, \$4, paper, \$1.85.
- NEW & SELECTED POEMS, by Samuel Yellen.\* Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1964. 88 pp. \$3.50.
- NOTHING FOR TIGERS: Poems 1959-1964, by Hayden Carruth.\* New York: The Macmillan Company, 1965. 85 pp. \$4.95.
- OLD RAIGER & OTHER VERSE, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1965. 73 pp. \$3.95.
- OUR BEDROOM'S UNDERGROUND, by Morgan and Barbara Gibson.\* Milwaukee: The Kenwood Press, 1963. Paper, 64 pp. \$1.
- PAVANE FOR A FADING MEMORY, by William Pillin. Denver: Alan Swallow, 1963. 82 pp. \$3.
- OF POETRY AND POWER: POEMS OCCASIONED BY THE PRESIDENCY AND BY THE DEATH OF JOHN F. KENNEDY, ed. by Erwin A. Glikes & Paul Schwaber. New York: Basic Books, 1964. 155 pp. \$5.95.
- A REFRAIN OF ROSES, by Martin Robbins. Denver: Alan Swallow, 1965. 39 pp. \$2.
- SONG OF THE ARCHER AND OTHER POEMS, by Mary Shumway. Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1964. 71 pp. \$3.50.
- SUN CITY: SIXTEEN POEMS AND A TRANSLATION, by Bruce Cutler. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 64 pp. Ill. \$3.
- VIA URBANA AND OTHER POEMS, by Scott Greer. Denver: Alan Swallow, 1963. 63 pp. \$3.
- THE WORLD, THE WORLDLESS, by William Bronk. New York: New Directions—San Francisco Review, 1964. 52 pp. Cloth, \$3., paper, \$1.25.

\* New Mexico Quarterly contributor

## WEEK IN YANHUITLÁN

by Ross Parmenter

A MAJESTIC MONASTERY, perhaps the finest sixteenth-century building in the Western Hemisphere, was built by Dominicans between 1550 and 1575 at Yanhuítlán, once an important Mixtec religious center, now a quiet Mexican village of 800 souls. Taking this immense and handsome structure as his central theme, Ross Parmenter has produced a notable document. Within a classically small span of space and time he demonstrates the impact of past and present on a man seeking peace and order in the twentieth century.

Armed with a bribe of seven sacks of candy, the artist-narrator came to explore Yanhuítlán. Each day he spent hours in the monastery, sketching its architectural grandeur and charming details. Inevitably he was drawn into the life of the village. He participated in a dance, a market day, a birthday fiesta, church services, and the antics of lively children. He experienced the kindness of a Mexican couple—caretakers of the monastery—who cooked for him and let him sleep on a counter in a spare room. The monastery revealed its own surprises: intriguing evidences of the Pre-Conquest past, a cloisterlike garden of stone flowers, doorways of amazing richness, an ingenious water-supply system, and a façade with a nobility he had not anticipated.

Parmenter's drawings and text are integrated with an inseparable intimacy. The narrative moves simply, gently, and with humor.

Ross Parmenter, a reporter for the *New York Times* for thirty years, and its music editor since 1955, is author of the best-selling *The Plant in My Window*.

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