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BOOK REVIEWS

The Common Heart, by Paul Horgan. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1942. \$2.50.

This book is a picture of Albuquerque a quarter of a century ago. It will disappoint readers who like to comb a book for persons and events they know. You do not know these people until you have read the book. Then it is hard to remember that you have known them only in a book and not in actuality, they are so fully realized.

Perhaps *The Common Heart* is not a novel. I don't know the rules for making a novel. It may be too episodic; it doesn't tie up into a compact parcel with every edge tucked in and no loose ends dangling. It moves along rather like the Rio Grande which centers its locale, lazing into backwaters and getting stuck or suddenly breaking loose and tearing along in a flood. But these tricks—if they are tricks—only enhance the impression that this is life and not a piece of artistry at all. For in life any point is as good a beginning as any other and as good, or as inconclusive, an ending. Perhaps that is one reason why Mr. Horgan's characters are so gratifyingly real. He has simply dipped here and there into the moving current of lives he knew from the inside as well as the outside and turned them to show us "the common heart." In one place he refers to Peter the doctor's awareness of "the inner dignities of people." The book is about that too.

This Dr. Peter Rush is the central character of the book; but only because through him we see forward and back, sense the inconclusiveness of life's patterns. Other characters are quite as living. Willa, the waitress—clear-headed, hard-working, bound to take her children "back East" for advantages—is inspiring in her laughing courage. Her son and the doctor's son—pedalling their bikes through the river bosques, making games on the viaduct—are so real that one wonders how a mature man could remember so well the hidden life of boys. The young love affair is idyllic; the older one rich and truly concluded. Noonie, the doctor's wife, is perhaps the least satisfying character. Her

trivial tragedy seems too casually approached. Maybe she was too light to matter; but you long for better understanding of what went on in that smooth and elegant little head, some hint that her frustrations were deep enough, her courage great enough for what she did. Was it an adult realization of her own cowardice, a childish desire to bring Peter to her, or a sudden appreciation of her inner aridity in the face of the girl's glowing young love? We do not know.

Peter, in all his relations as boy and as man, is strongly drawn and revealed in everything he does. He is the book's central figure, yes. But, largely because of his response to it, the dominant character is the country. One of Mr. Horgan's great achievements is his exposition of how sustaining this awareness of the country is to those who can accept and not fight it. Peter's joy in a sandstorm, his sense of personal triumph in the rush of a mad arroyo, his glorying in desert color and dry air all show how much more vital the country was to him than many people he knew. Nobody has ever written better about this immediacy of our country, its deep vibration into the inner lives of those who can share its strength. Nor of how it vexes and dwarfs those who cannot yield to it.

A device delightful to one who loves our backgrounds is that of flashing back into history or archaeology to animate a scene with lives long gone. Mr. Horgan has made up his own history and folklore as he needed it, but so completely in the spirit of the truth that no offense is felt. Because of this sometimes heavy cargo of background and of past, the book often moves too slowly for effective storytelling. It is a book to be read slowly, savoringly. Taken so, it repays well, because Paul Horgan knows his country, sees it as a poet, writes of it as an artist.

ERNA FERGUSSON

Tacey Cromwell, by Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1942. \$2.00.

Conrad Richter's past novels have proved that pioneer American life is vital and strong enough to stand alone, without need of false glamour or sentimentality. *The Sea of Grass* paints an unforgettable canvas against the Southwestern background, and *The Trees* portrays the intrepid and stoic spirit of the westward-bound pioneers as well, perhaps, as any book of our times.

It is with great regret, therefore, that the reviewer must confess disappointment after having read *Tacey Cromwell*, Mr. Richter's latest

novel dealing with his favorite locale, the Southwest. The book is far from dull reading, for it possesses much of the characteristic Richter charm of description and dialogue. It is regrettable, however, that the novelist should have selected a rather hackneyed theme, that of the "madam" (Tacey Cromwell herself) who becomes respectable but finds an honest life beset with difficulties when her past history catches up with her. Tacey is the dominant character, but she appears idealized just enough to make her outlines shadowy and conjectural.

This semi-abstractness with which Tacey is characterized is symptomatic of the chief weakness of the entire novel. There is a sense of groping uncertainty at times, a feeling of bafflement and inconclusiveness that one does not find in the author's preceding novels. The thesis of *Tacey Cromwell* seems to be that a so-called bad woman turned good may be a better substitute mother for the wayward young than a good woman who refuses to recognize the existence of evil. But even this tenuous bit of logic is not developed to a convincing outcome, for the lives of the characters are just about as tangled at the end as in the beginning, with a stalemate between virtue and wickedness. On reading the book, one may feel a sense of resentment against social injustice, but the author offers no tangible solution, and it is difficult to identify oneself enthusiastically with either characters or problems.

Perhaps Mr. Richter has become imbued with a trace of the futility which some persons consider characteristic of our times, or perhaps he is less sure of himself as he approaches nearer his own period. Whatever may have disturbed his poise in *Tacey Cromwell*, it is to be hoped that in subsequent works he may recapture the dynamic power and the confident mastery of technique which have characterized his novels heretofore.

ROBERT AVRETT

Fiesta in November, Stories from Latin America, selected and edited by Angel Flores and Dudley Poore; with an introduction by Katherine Anne Porter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1942. \$3.00.

Fiesta in November is a collection of short and long stories by writers from countries south of the Rio Grande. Eighteen authors have contributed to the book, aided by twelve translators and Katherine Anne Porter, who wrote the introduction. In her comments, Miss Porter says that although some well-known writers are included, the editors

did not attempt "to collect names or reputations," but to represent the countries, the peoples, and their interests. She says the type of storytelling will appear strange to the North American reader "accustomed to plots that click and stories with a beginning, a middle, and an end." These Latin American stories do not have artfully contrived plots or formulas. They are simply told; some are merely short episodes from life with an effective point in theme and moral. "They hold together and move by a spontaneous vitality," Miss Porter declares. "The method belongs to the material, and the looseness of construction, the deliberate informality of style, is practised, it seems to me, as an art in itself."

Readers of Southwestern literature have long been familiar with this art of storytelling. Charles Fletcher Lummis practised it in his *Pueblo Indian Folk Stories*; Frank Applegate was a master of the craft in his *Native Tales of New Mexico*, and Mary Austin used the method in *One Smoke Stories*. Not only in method but in theme is kinship found between material in Southwest literature and the stories from Latin America. In both regions the best literature has been documentary of folk culture, vivid with heroism combating hardships of nature, stark with episodes dwarfing men against the panorama of land, sky or sea, piquant with salty ribaldry of rogue and renegade.

The story from which the book takes its title is one by Edward Mallea, an Argentinean. The setting is Buenos Aires, where a wealthy British woman, Eugenia Rague, is a dominating force in an exclusive, sophisticated, and conservative society. She plans through the wealth of her Spanish husband to return to London and dominate there, as she has in Buenos Aires, aided by the magnificent art collection she has acquired. To help her husband in a business transaction, she gives a magnificent dinner dance. While the formal stages of the evening progress, against the ostentatious display of luxury and pride, Mallea tells a series of other stories, events which are happening concurrently with those in the urban palace of Eugenia Rague: her younger daughter lies in a hospital where she has submitted to an abortion; a liberal young journalist in the outskirts of the city is bludgeoned by a band of fascists; a bookseller is mobbed by hoodlums from a dance hall. An artist infuriates Mrs. Rague by telling her that she has purchased an imitation of Titian, not an original. He condemns her way of life as a "kind of luxurious decadence." For years his own view of art had been sterile and decadent. "I had been deaf to humanity. I

had not heard the murmur—so clearly distinguishable—coming from all the dark corners of the earth, the murmur made by those who are persecuted and humiliated and slain.” Mallea does not offer any single principle of action for the salvation of the world. “Each in his own way must be heroic, must walk along that burning road with arms and soul outstretched, a spacious being unhindered by frontiers, content with no partial goal.”

There are only two other stories in the book that rank with the first in length and scope. They are “The Futile Life of Pito Perez,” by the Mexican author José Ruben Romero, and “Brother Ass,” by Eduardo Barrios of Chile. Neither of these tales could have come from North America unless it came from the Spanish Southwest; for the first concerns the wanderings and wit of a *picaro* or vagabond, a modern Lazarillo de Tormes, and the second is a study of Franciscan monks against a background of Catholic tradition and society. There is nothing to be said in defense of Pito Perez. He is a liar, a thief, a loafer, but he is frank about it; and from his secure position of knavery, he tells the truth about the rest of us in our citadels of honesty, morality, and industry.

The story by Eduardo Barrios is a masterpiece in psychoanalysis and controlled suspense and climax. Those who are going to read the book will resent being told more about the plot. Brother Lazaro, the instructor of novices who has not yet become a monk, and Brother Rufino, the saintly, if a little senile, Franciscan, one beginning the monastic way of life and the other ending it, are two characters which the subtle artistry of Barrios has made unforgettable.

There is the pathetic story of Gaviota, a young cabin boy whose manhood is both born of the sea and destroyed by it. There are stories with unusual themes, like “The Good Knight Carmelo,” the story of a fighting cock, or “Sea of the Dead,” with its background of Yemanja, mistress of the seas and of the sails. There have been many books on Latin America by journalists and students from Europe and the United States. *Fiesta in November* is Latin America seen by Latin Americans. It does more than Carmen Miranda and a dozen Hollywood gaucho films to show what our neighbors to the South are really like, both in body and soul.

T. M. PEARCE

Anthology of Contemporary Latin American Poetry, edited by Dudley Fitts. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1942. \$3.50.

Cuentos y Poemas de Amor y de la Revolución, by Julio Acero. Guadaluajara, Jalisco, Mexico: Xavier Moya, 1941. No price indicated.

Latin America has a great literary tradition and a prodigious output which are unknown to us generally, although there have been very good anthologies published in the past few years. In poetry alone she has far surpassed us; for, while New England was furnishing the rest of the country with a literary culture derived from England, a score of republics in South, Central, and North America, including the Antilles, were singing in the great voice and tone of the Iberian peninsula. Their manner and approach, of course, were traceable, like ours, through the Renaissance to the Romans and Greeks; it was modified by the south European temperament; our own bore the stamp of the northern isles. Their Daríos and Nervos, heirs of Calderón and Góngora, are to them what the Lowells and Longfellows, children of Milton and Wordsworth, are to us; yet all of them are descendants, many of them degenerate, of Sappho and Horace; and their singing is of the mute white swan, mirrored in a dark, quiet pool surrounded by marble Ionic pillars amid somber laurels and bloodless lilies.

In modern times the poets became claustro- and cynophobic when they saw the world around them exploring new horizons, flying in new directions. Enrique González Martínez, paradoxically using the sonnet form, sounded a definite call: "Let's wring off the swan's neck!" Latin Walt Whitmans were jumping over the classic garden walls to hear Ibero-America singing and extolling her own pampas or tropic grass.

Dudley Fitts takes this sonnet as his apology; for anthologies, so open to attack, need an introductory explanation to placate the critics' dogs. It is an excellent introduction, clearly stating the editor's purpose, that of presenting the best modern Latin American poetry, not according to dates, but with regard for spirit. The poems selected speak for themselves that they are good; that they are representative is vouched for by an imposing array of Spanish American scholars and American students of Spanish American letters. The original Spanish (also a proportional inclusion of Portuguese and French for Brazil and Haiti) is given on one page, with a free line-by-line translation opposite, the only arrangement which is truly adequate for such a work.

To a person who thinks in either language, however, and who is acquainted with the poetry of both, a certain judgment, in no way

touching the compilers, is inescapable. Modern Latin American poetry, though parallel in its outward aspects with ours, is not quite the same. At best, ours is much too often crude and harsh, the natural echo of the machine and Anglo-Saxon frigidity; theirs is still "poetic" in the main, the old Spanish-Catholic nature asserting itself even in the most radical rebel. Where it does not, the latter's work is no longer Latin American, but rather international sans tag, perhaps with a sovietic tinge, and not much poetry. I would say that the Latin Americans did not really twist off the mute swan's neck: they gave her a voice and taught her to soar like an eagle. Even the surrealists and others, picturing entrails and such things overrun with Dali's ants, present the viscera of the swan nevertheless.

Some inaccuracies in translation are to be expected in a work of such scope, but, considering the qualifications of the collaborators, they furnish surprises. "Corn hangs from the rafters/by its canary wings" signifieth nothing, but the original does: "*Hanged* from the rafters by their canary wings/the *leafed ears* of corn!" "Stay within my sight" is much too prosaic for "*deçcança em minhas pupillas.*" One piece opens with the statement: "*Pobre Poncho, lo fregaron los gringos,*" which is rendered, "Poor Poncho, the gringos drove him nuts." Now, both the expression and the context tell you that Poncho was killed—they finished him or, if you prefer a literal slang, they rubbed him out! But this is by the by, as such flaws are few, minor, and do not detract from the worth of the book.

These are most interesting poems which, despite many incursions into matters offensive to northern Puritan ears, sustain a dignified level. Not so the thin paper-bound book of Julio Acero, whose introduction promises not to descend to "pornographic materialism" or crude tastes of the populace, then plunges into a pigsty where his literary wings get bogged.

FRAY ANGELICO CHAVEZ

Minerals of New Mexico, by Stuart A. Northrop. The University of New Mexico Bulletin 379, Geological Series, Volume 6, No. 1. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1942. Cloth, \$1.75; paper, \$1.00.

This solid and scholarly bulletin of the University of New Mexico is primarily, of course, directed to the mineralogist. The main body of the book is taken up with a list of New Mexico minerals, a list

arranged practically for quick reference in alphabetical rather than in systematic order. For each mineral the physical properties are given in sufficient detail for field identification. The detailed blowpipe and chemical tests are not included, such information being easily available in standard texts and not properly a part of a state survey. For each mineral is given a list of the districts in which it occurs. A separate list of the mining districts of the state and a map add to the value of the bulletin. It will be indispensable for any field geologist or mining man working in the state.

But the appeal of the book extends to all those interested in the history of the Southwest. It does not take a mineralogist to be enthralled by the account of the glow-stone found in the Pecos ruins, a stone that shows prehistoric knowledge of the luminescence of quartz; by the report of Farfán in 1598 concerning the Zuñi lake with salt "deep as a long lance"; by the DeVargas report to the Viceroy in 1692 recommending the "sending of convict mechanics from Mexican jails to serve as teachers and search for metals." Archaeological material, Spanish explorers' reports, mine registrations and grants in the Spanish archives are all combed for references to New Mexico minerals. The historical survey comes up through territorial days and through statehood to recent booms and depressions. One section of the book treats this history consecutively and chronologically. But even in the technical mineralogical part of the book, historical references add perspective and surprise. Under *Sillimanite*, for instance, the reader will find that this mineral made up a large part of the schist used by the prehistoric Indians in making axes; under *Staurolite*, he will find a reference to the way the Penitentes have prized the mineral; under *Turquoise* he will come upon a bibliography of turquoise and even a brief discussion of the chalchihuitl question. And the extensive bibliography at the end of the book will be as invaluable to the archaeologist and historian as to the geologist.

I wonder whether poets read books on mineralogy. The words sing: blood-red garnets in the loose sands of the Nacimiento desert; leek-green jadeite; windows of selenite in Santa Fe But perhaps a mineralogist would rather not have his work advertised to poets and would be alarmed if a reviewer should say that beauty had crept up upon him unawares.

FRANCES GILLMOR

Pima and Papago Indian Agriculture, by Edward F. Castetter and Willis H. Bell. Inter-Americana Studies I. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1942. \$3.50.

In the 1840's and 1850's California-bound emigrants drew breath and replenished their stores at Maricopa Wells on the Gila. With months of grueling plodding over the plains and the dash through hostile Apache country behind them, they still faced two hundred miles of desert to the Colorado. Abundant fields of Piman hosts were then in no small way responsible for the peopling of California by the southern route.

Piman abundance rested on a shrewd appreciation of land and water resources, developed first on the basis of a wholly native agricultural economy. To these advantages were added quantity-yielding European grains, such as wheat, so that by the advent of the emigrants there was a surplus to be had here, far beyond the limits of white settlement.

Piman peoples occupied the land from the Concepción and Sonora Rivers in northern Mexico into southern Arizona to the Gila. The terrain—river bottom, semi-desert, and desert—presented variable conditions for crop cultivation. Where on the upper reaches of rivers from the San Miguel to the Gila, bottom lands presented optimal conditions of subsurface and wash waters, cultivation of corn, beans, and pumpkins bulked large in the food economy. But in the semi-deserts (principally to the west) resources were scanty, cropping was seasonal, the wild vegetal products important, and the roving habit an essential determinant of other phases of life. Thus there was set off the general cultural distinction of Pima from Papago, year-round farmers from "migratory workers, one people essentially, parted somewhat by the direction of possibilities and character of their agricultural pursuits.

The details of this varying terrain, the selection, maintenance, and harvesting of crops, are succinctly and graphically presented in this account of Piman agriculture. And while there inevitably appears a relation of partial determinism, based on the need of adjustment to geographic circumstances, the authors have never forgotten the *tertium quid* of purely cultural elements: stereotypes of traditional procedures, the dictates of tastes and the familiar, and the (to us) irrational accompaniment of at least a minor amount of ceremonialism. The aboriginal agricultural scene is reconstructed here in a manner at which, I think, no one can cavil—no mean feat when we realize that the funda-

mental food economy has undergone two rather drastic changes in many centuries.

The first change has its own romance. It is reasonably clear that wheat, derived from the Spanish settlements of Mexico, spread northward and came to prevail as a staple in the Pima country far in advance of actual Spanish intrusion. The history of the introduction of the field grains—later to become so potent a factor for the California scene—and the adjustments that followed are impressively documented. So too, are the further changes from those incident to direct colonization by Spanish and Anglo in southern Arizona on to the present-day stimulus from agricultural stations and the Indian Office. It is this picture of changing economy from aboriginal times through Spanish colonization to its modern American setting that makes this detailed study of Pima agriculture pertinent to an Inter-American publication series.

By their approach as field botanists, tempered by a realization of Piman cultural dictates, Drs. Castetter and Bell have presented a detailed yet balanced account—comprehensive, thorough, and far superior to any parallel study from the Southwest.

LESLIE SPIE

The Journal of Lieutenant J. W. Abert from Bent's Fort to St. Louis in 1845, edited with Introduction and Notes by H. Bailey Carroll. *The Panhandle-Plains Historical Review*, Vol. XIV. Canyon, Texas: The Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, 1941. \$3.00.

This 1845 report of Lieutenant J. W. Abert was first published in *Senate Documents 29th Congress, First Session*; its original manuscript is now in the National Archives. Little attention was paid to it, however, the author's *Examination of New Mexico in the Years 1846-47* being better known. Now this ably edited reprint should prove of great value to naturalist, geographer, and historian, telling as it does of the expedition from Bent's Fort south to the headwaters of the Canadian River and thence along that river to Fort Gibson through the country of the Plains Indians and buffalo. The accompanying facsimile of Abert's map is of decided value.

DOROTHY WOODWARD

The Port of New Orleans, by Harold Sinclair. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1942. \$3.50.

Approached from the sea through the flat green lands of the Delta, Mr. Sinclair's New Orleans does not appear as the romanticized city

of the founding French, but as a commercial port lined with docks and warehouses. With tinsel and glamor largely removed from this river outlet of the mid-United States, the historic vicissitudes of New Orleans from its founding to the present are detailed with clear matter-of-factness. One wishes more might have been said of the period since the Civil War and especially of the present port and its importance in hemispheric trade.

DOROTHY WOODWARD

The Best American Short Stories, 1942, and the Yearbook of the American Short Story, edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1942. \$2.75.

One comes from a reading of the new *Best American Short Stories* with four definite impressions: (1) there are some fine stories in the volume; (2) the selection is uneven in quality and displays an inadequate rationale; (3) the editorial work for the book was carelessly done; (4) Martha Foley does not show the conscientious editorial ability of the late Edward J. O'Brien. Discussion of the first three observations will demonstrate the last.

The American short story is now in a state such that a selection of the thirty best stories of the year surely should contain some fine, perhaps even great, stories. Miss Foley's selection includes really fine stories by David Cornel DeJong, Nancy Hale, Peter Taylor, and Dorothy Thomas; at a lesser level, but certainly wisely selected, are stories by Nelson Algren, Robert Gibbons, Mary Medearis, Mary O'Hara, and the humorous story by James Thurber.

The rationale behind the selections seems to swing from the story which approaches the sentimental incident (which is one side of *Story* magazine), to sentimentalism cloaked in a hard surface (which is the other side of *Story* and the common denominator of *The New Yorker*), to the unthematic sophisticated surface story found in many places. These bulk eighteen of the thirty selections. In addition, there is not a really fine story among the selections by the "names" Sally Benson, Kay Boyle, Eric Knight, William Saroyan, John Steinbeck, and Jesse Stuart.

Documentation of carelessness and apparent indifference on the part of the editor would occupy three times the space of this review. O'Brien's valuable yearbook section is here cut to five pages. Of the thirty authors represented by selections, four (Medearis, Schulberg,

Steinbeck, and Stuart) do not appear in the "Index of Distinctive Short Stories" at all; and this index contains six more obvious errors listing. In the preface Miss Foley remarks: "I found, as did O'Brien that the most exciting, if not always the most finished, story writing was to be found in the small, regional magazines." Three of the three stories are taken from such magazines, if one excludes two reprints from *The Southern Review*. THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW named in the book six times, three times as *The New Mexico Quarterly*. Of three very fine long stories published last year, "The Man and the Brooks Brothers Shirt," by Mary McCarthy in *Partisan Review* for July-August, "The Leaning Tower," by Katherine Anne Porter in *The Southern Review* for Autumn, and "The Fancy Woman," by Peter Taylor in *The Southern Review* for Summer, only the last is even mentioned (and it is reprinted).

ALAN SWALLO

George Gascoigne, Elizabethan Courtier, Soldier, and Poet, by C. Prouty. New York: Columbia University Press, 1942. \$3.75.

Doctoral theses all too frequently justify the hoary quip that Ph. D. is one who knows more and more about less and less. In *George Gascoigne*, however, Professor Prouty's pursuit of literary byways has given us a "more and more" in which minute detail about one of the "lesser Elizabethans" becomes important illumination of the neglect of the 1560's and 1570's between Wyatt and Surrey on the one hand and the Spenserians on the other. We are often prone to protest that the literary men of literature have deserved their oblivion, that it is only the humbug of the scholar which chooses to dust fondly among their dry bones. This point of view here receives just rebuke; for the thesis of this book is that the Shakespeares and the Marlowes and the Sidneys achieved because of the craftsmanship of other significant and wide-ranging experimenters like George Gascoigne, who laid a good English foundation for the more impressive ashlar stones of the masters in the magnificent structure of Elizabethan literature. It is not a new thesis, but Professor Prouty's development of it is one which should be noted by all students of so-called "minor men": the full man observed against his tin neither more nor less.

The Gascoigne materials, many of which are new, were assembled from those British archives which are such treasure troves of information—thanks to the litigious temper of those Elizabethans—and from

studies pursued on a research fellowship at the Folger Shakespeare Library. These comprised a challenging maze of data which could have been resolved into one of the average musty biographies of the deservedly forgotten. Those who follow the adroit threading of the maze through the biographical chapters which open the book may, in fact, be overborne by the weight of document and citation and the ingenious deduction which reconstructs this first complete life of Gascoigne. But the result is a sympathetic and human study of this scapegrace elder son of an unscrupulous father. His struggle for court preferment, his studies at the Inns of Court, his adventuring in the Dutch Wars, his later disillusionment and repentance have importance as an all-too-typical Elizabethan pattern for gallants. And the literary activity, with which Gascoigne played his own accompaniment through life and which has often been dismissed as mediocre and only historically interesting, Professor Prouty relates solidly to its sources and proves to contain original contribution.

Without belaboring the idea of "firsts," he shows the real values contained in Gascoigne's catholic experimenting in the literary fields of his day and credits him with a goodly sum of innovation. Gascoigne's treatise on poetry (the first in English) voiced a principle not unfavored by the modern critic, though many times maladroitly practiced by Gascoigne: Ground the poem upon some "deepe invention" and take heed to follow this invention to the end. "The Supposes" is the first English prose comedy translated from the Italian, demonstrably not a slavish version, either, but, like his *Jocasta* (even though second-hand, the first Greek tragedy to reach the English stage), enriched by alterations more dramatically effective. His *Steele Glas*, an excursion into satire and the first original nondramatic blank verse in English, is demonstrated as of the *Piers Plowman* tradition, independently English where other Elizabethan satires were thrall'd by classic tradition. In analyzing "The Adventures of Mr. F. J.," Professor Prouty stresses the new presence of personal and psychological elements in this original work that Gascoigne masked as a translation of an Italian *novelle*. Here, he reasonably and acutely maintains, is an early and heretofore unrecognized attempt at the psychological novel, not to be approached until the eighteenth century. It is to be expected, perhaps, that this contention may be brushed off as overambitious by those who have always accepted Gascoigne's traditional disguise for the work. "Dan Bartholomew" is presented as a precursor of the son-

net sequence habit of telling a love story in a series of poems. *The Spoyle of Antwerp* is a vivid example of early news reporting; the masques, early representatives of their type of dramatic art.

Professor Prouty convinces by weight of evidence, not by over enthusiastic bias in favor of his own thesis, although the brilliance and persuasion of his style are undeniable. For him, and for us, Gascoigne is a Man of the Renaissance, important because he is a human and typical representative of an important period, not because he was a field of special interest for an individual scholar.

KATHERINE SIMONS

Shakespeare and the Nature of Man, by Theodore Spencer. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1942. \$2.75.

Until comparatively recently, it was the fashion to think that William Shakespeare reflected everything and thought nothing himself. Scholars tended to evade the responsibility of finding fundamental ideological patterns in Shakespeare, by calling him Protean- or universal-minded. It is the peculiar virtue of Theodore Spencer's Lowell Lectures for 1942, slightly revised to make a volume entitled *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man*, that an ideological pattern which throws much light upon Shakespeare's plays is established; that a key to dramatic conflict in Shakespeare is found; that the generalization is applied to various plays with insight and without over-simplification; and that instead of seeking to *overthrow* anything, Professor Spencer makes a synthesis of known facts and accepted ideas about Shakespeare.

The book establishes a pattern for Shakespeare's career which, in the last two phases at least, strangely parallels Dowden's well-known divisions: "In the Workshop, In the World, In the Depths, On the Heights"; but Spencer shifts emphasis from Shakespeare the man to Shakespeare as a sensitive composite of the Elizabethan mind, whose powers of abstract speculation, fortunately, were combined with the unusual power of giving characters complete realistic credibility at the same time that they are motivated by the profoundest spiritual hungers and insights. This shift of emphasis from Shakespeare as a facile Elizabethan playwright conditioned by the more external qualities of his age, to a Shakespeare who epitomizes the problems of the Renaissance against the background of medieval tradition considerably dignifies Shakespeare. Such an effort helps us to believe that Shakespeare was heart and soul of a great age and not merely a clever theatrical imitator.

The thesis of *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man* is so simple and so satisfactorily serves as a thread through the book, that a reviewer should leave it for the reader himself to find. It is not an entirely new idea at all. Any careful reader of *Hamlet* will have suspected the immense possibilities of Spencer's thesis. In one speech Hamlet begins, "What a piece of work is a man!" and ends, "... and yet to me what is this quintessence of dust. . .?" It has long been assumed that Hamlet was deeply affected by the new *Weltschmerz* that came in about 1600 and eventuated in Jacobean disenchantment. But Spencer questions this assumption, namely, that Hamlet's optimism ("What a piece of work is a man!") was but the optimism of Renaissance naturalism, and that Hamlet's pessimism was but the same kind of world-sickness that afflicted a later generation, the Romanticists, when extravagant hopes and an intense emotionalism let them down. Spencer holds that optimism in Shakespeare's age was largely due to the certainties about God, Nature, and Man that were Hamlet's and Shakespeare's medieval heritage, and that the pessimism of Hamlet's generation was the immediate consequence of despair in the face of Renaissance naturalism. This feature of Spencer's book is thoroughly in the spirit of our age. To think more highly of the concentration of the medieval period and less highly of the diffusiveness of the Renaissance is part of the ideological effort to find order and security today.

This bias of the author against the Renaissance—"bias," of course, is a simplification, unfair to the author—leaves him a little at a loss in dealing with Shakespeare's later plays. Spencer speaks of the "affirmation" in Shakespeare's last period, but he seems rather undecided whether to attribute it to nothing but Shakespeare's personal or subjective mellowing, or to lay it to the fact that Shakespeare regained a grip on the pre-Renaissance certainties. But there is, in *The Tempest*, for instance, a great deal of *Renaissance* optimism, as Professor Curry has shown, and it might as easily be proved that Shakespeare accepted the beauty and wonder of a world which had no certainties but which the mind of man might control to good ends, as that he fell back upon the established beliefs held before the storms of Baconian thought broke over England.

But Professor Spencer is certainly right in saying that more important than these abstract ideological considerations is the simple, acknowledged fact that William Shakespeare "illustrated in his own work more richly than any other writer, that rhythm, that sequence

['birth (struggle, death, and renewal'], that vision, which all human beings must recognize and accept as fundamental to the nature of man.'

DUDLEY WYNN

Three Tours Through London in the years 1748, 1776; 1797, by W. S. Lewis. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1941. \$2.50.

The Making of Jonathan Wild, by William Robert Irwin. New York: Columbia University Press, 1941. \$2.00.

The Clubs of the Georgian Rakes, by Louis C. Jones. New York: Columbia University Press, 1942. \$2.75.

Three books of recent appearance depict three different aspects of life in Georgian England. One deals with the streets and resorts of London. Another describes highwaymen and crime. The third treats of the debaucheries and organized dissipations of notorious and eminent rakes.

W. S. Lewis, author of *Three Tours Through London, 1748, 1776, 1797*, has recently distinguished himself by his definitive editions of Horace Walpole's letters. Romain Rolland, after completing *Jean Christophe*, relaxed and wrote *Colas Breugnon*, a charming tale of ancient Burgundy and medieval art. Allardyce Nicoll composed a history of British drama that made the *New York World Almanac* seem deficient in statistics and detail. He then recuperated in Italy by producing *Masks, Mimes, Pantomimes*, a study illuminating the Renaissance theatre in certain areas hitherto obscure. Mr. Lewis, one of the champion letter-readers and letter-collectors of our time, as an escape from the exactions of literary scholarship, delivers three lectures in the form of three imaginary tours through London. These lectures, originally given at Brown University, in the printed version describe London with much of the antique charm and mellow flavor of Strawberry Hill.

London of the eighteenth century is also mirrored in Mr. Irwin's *The Making of Jonathan Wild*. In this study of the sources and methods employed by Henry Fielding in writing his picaresque novel and political satire, the local and historical coloring comes not so much from the ordinary aspects of the streets of London as from the conditions of the highways leading to the metropolis and from the interiors of jails, penitentiaries, and resorts of crime. Mr. Irwin describes the habitats and methods of Jonathan Wild, the famous highwayman, gangster, and extortioner, who was hung at Tyburn in 1725. Wild

was a master criminal who headed a scientifically managed and powerfully organized syndicate of crime. He was the great man whose desire for power was inordinate and insatiable. To maintain his absolutism and extend his rule he exploited, plundered, and destroyed both friend and foe. A biography by Defoe appeared in 1725, the year of the execution, and from that time on, literature and legend joined in adding to his renown. His name became a symbol for calculated evil and rapacious ruthlessness on a colossal scale.

John Gay in *The Beggar's Opera*, carrying out a suggestion of Swift, had used the career of Wild to satirize the political activities of Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister. Walpole is now famous for the part he played in the formation of the English cabinet system. He is also remembered as the author of a famous remark: "Every man has his price." In the 1720's and 1730's Walpole had been so frequently satirized both as "The Great Man" and as "The Jonathan Wild of Politics" that Henry Fielding, under the guise of writing the life and commenting upon the character of Jonathan Wild, could with impunity make a savage attack on the character and methods of Robert Walpole.

Mr. Irwin's study of Fielding's satire is most interesting, not for its discussion of criminal biography or crafty statesmanship, but for its revival of the ethical problem which Fielding elucidates in this book. Fielding's philosophical concern is the relationship of greatness to goodness. "Greatness," says Fielding, "consists of bringing all manner of mischief on mankind, and goodness in removing it from them Benevolence, honour, honesty, and charity make a good man Parts and courage are the efficient qualities of a great man A man may therefore be great without being good or good without being great." The great man, then, attains greatness through his selfish disregard for the rights and happiness of others. First prompted by ambition but soon driven by malice, he is "consummately bold, cunning, and resolute." He has extraordinary ability to make capital of another's weakness; even "failures and reverses" serve to stimulate him to greater efforts. Eventually he becomes a statesman, conqueror, or rogue. But the great rogues "deserve hanging as much as the little rogues who pick private pockets."

Whether in a master criminal or a prime minister, greatness is the result, not of wisdom or patriotism, but of impudence, lying, and ingratitude. Its truest mark is insatiability, and in its restlessness and

rapaciousness it brings destruction not only upon its victims but also upon its possessor. Unlike goodness, greatness eventually perishes of its own excess.

In *The Clubs of the Georgian Rakes*, Louis C. Jones presents what is perhaps the last chapter in the history of club life in eighteenth-century England. His book takes the reader on a third tour of scenes and times gone by, on a trip that covers more territory and leads into places more impenetrable and more occult.

In England the shrines of polite sinners of great rank and fortune, though more scandalous than numerous, once were to be found in London, on the rural reaches of the Thames, and even in the University community of Cambridge. Other temples where the profligacy of the time became a cult and a ritual were located in or near the chief outposts of English society, Edinburgh and Dublin.

The story of the rise of the "Hell-Fire Clubs," which attained their most elaborate form in the middle years of the eighteenth century, goes back to the boisterous and brutal dissipations of the rakes in London. In Elizabethan England there were certain rakehells and roisterers, who disturbed the peace and added greatly to the number of dangers to be encountered on London streets at night. In contemporary literary accounts there is frequent mention of these rowdies, who were then called Roaring Boys.

The blades who carried on the tradition in Restoration London were called The Scowrers, and a record of their activities has been preserved for us in Shadwell's play of that name. The designation by which they were known came from the fact that their chief midnight diversion after reaching the proper state of inebriation was to go forth into the streets and harass and torment and "scour" the watch. The "scouring" might consist of overturning the sentry in his box, of "beating him up," or of creating a reign of terror on the streets where he must preserve order.

In the age of good Queen Anne, these nocturnal savages were known as The Mohocks, and the annals of their forays have come down to us in a play of that name by Gay and in the accounts by Steele and Addison in *The Spectator*. Although the thoroughfares and places of public resort in London continued to suffer outbreaks of lawlessness throughout the eighteenth century, irresponsible revellers bent on defying the conventions and mores of the nation at this time turned from street riots to clubs and societies. These organizations had rites

and rituals travesty the dignitaries and ceremonies of both state and church. Some possessed permanent places of assemblage especially adapted to the furtherance of gambling, drunkenness, immorality, and blasphemy. Conspicuous among these structures were Crazy Castle of the Demoniacs, known to the readers of Laurence Sterne, and the Abbey of the Medmenham Monks, erected at great expense by Sir Francis Dashwood, the future Postmaster General of Great Britain. Mr. Jones has visited the sacred remains of most of these temples of iniquity and has given a clear if lurid account of what went on within their secret portals.

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH

The Letters of John Dryden, with Letters Addressed to Him, collected and edited by Charles E. Ward. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1942. \$3.00.

Some Letters of the Wordsworth Family, Now First Published; with a Few Unpublished Letters of Coleridge and Southey and Others, edited by Leslie Nathan Broughton. Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1942. \$2.00.

The Forgotten Hume: Le Bon David, by Ernest Campbell Mossner. New York: Columbia University Press, 1943. \$3.00.

Jones Very: Emerson's "Brave Saint," by William Irving Bartlett. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1942. \$3.00.

The Ages of the World, by Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph von Schelling; translated with Introduction and Notes by Frederick deWolfe Bolman, Jr. New York: Columbia University Press, 1942. \$3.00.

Both the Dryden specialist and the more general student of the neo-classical period in England will welcome this new edition of all surviving Dryden letters, of which there are but sixty-two. The volume also includes fifteen letters addressed to Dryden. Of Dryden's own letters eleven are here assembled for the first time, although all but one have been published elsewhere separately. Easily the most valuable portion of this correspondence is that addressed to the publisher Tonson, chiefly about Dryden's translation of the *Aeneid*; but hardly less interesting are the letters exchanged with William Walsh and those of Dryden's kinswoman Elizabeth Steward; some of the latter are delightful enough to win the most casual reader. In a book otherwise soundly prepared there is one source of annoyance: it would have

been easy and desirable to bracket at the beginning or end of each undated letter the best date that evidence or conjecture could establish; this was not done.

Of the forty-three letters from Wordsworth and members of his family to George Huntly Gordon included in this volume edited by Professor Broughton, none has previously been printed in its entirety, and from only eight have extracts appeared. Besides these Gordon letters Professor Broughton here prints eighty-one fugitive letters and notes, some of prime interest, by Wordsworth and members of his family to various correspondents. The already voluminous Wordsworth correspondence is therefore considerably enriched. The volume also includes four items of Wordsworthiana, of which one is an essay by the poet on the art of making hay, nine Coleridge letters, and five by Southey. All of this material is now in the Cornell University Wordsworth Collection.

Ernest Campbell Mossner's *The Forgotten Hume* should be widely read among those interested in the thought and literature of, and stemming from, the eighteenth century, for it presents a picture of Hume (who has been much belied by Carlyle's clever but false description) wholly new, well-rounded, and altogether refreshing. The emphasis is on the man rather than on the philosopher and essayist, and the method is especially suitable. *Le Bon David* is made known through his relations with, successively, the blind Scots poet Blacklock, the dramatist John Home, William Wilkie and James MacPherson, the Rev. Robert Wallace, Rousseau, Boswell, and Johnson. The reader thus meets not only a lively evocation of the most famous of Scotch philosophers, but a number of his contemporaries in detailed portraits. Prefixed to these separate chapters is the brief autobiographical essay Hume wrote in the last year of his life.

Without having furnished American literature much that is readable, or at any rate read, Jones Very was one of America's most interesting though least known figures. More than anyone else he embodied New England transcendentalism, carried it further, and practised it more devotedly. In William Irving Bartlett he has found an able and enthusiastic biographer and critic, who presents him here for the first time in an adequate study. Many manuscript poems and a detailed bibliography add to the usefulness of the volume.

The Ages of the World, here translated and edited with an introduction by Frederick deWolfe Bolman, Jr., is a product of Friedrich

Schelling's later period, in which he strove for a more realistic approach to metaphysics and theology. That this development of Schelling's thought has been much neglected in this country makes this book a valuable contribution. The translation is "literal and not literary" and retains in brackets many of Schelling's original terms and their Greek equivalents. Study of this work may, as Professor Edgar Sheffield Brightman suggests in the foreword, give "a new impulse . . . to contemporary religious thought."

C. V. WICKER

Joan Miro, by James Johnson Sweeney. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1941. \$2.00.

They Taught Themselves: American Primitive Painters of the 20th Century, by Sidney Janis; foreword by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. New York: The Dial Press, 1942. \$3.50.

For those who are interested in the beyond-the-accepted conventionalities of form, this book is an excellent statement of the facts about Joan Miro. To those who would seek an explanation of the growth in an individual of the sincerity of surrealism in its true meaning ("Surrealism, *n.* Pure psychic automatism, by which it is intended to express verbally, in writing or by other means, the real process of thought . . . thought's dictation, all exercise of reason and every esthetic or moral preoccupation being absent.") this book is highly recommended.

To those others, however, who will simply leaf the book for fantastic illustrations, beginning haphazardly head or tail, we definitely suggest that they keep out. In fact, we suggest especially that they stop reading this part of the review instantly and go on to the discussion of American primitives.

This book is more than a survey of Joan Miro's art. It is a survey of the inner methods (if one may call them that) of surrealism in any of the forms of expression. It follows the natural growth of "fertile errors . . . that have often illumined art" as well as the "breaking of conventional forms into an individual idiom." In the special case of Miro, the author traces with great insight and clarity Miro's development from Fauve-Van Gogh through cubism. He points out the uses of every variety of linear pattern, related motifs, every conceivable variation of dominant forms. From this through the less objective realism, the beginning of elisions, suggested "shorthand" which characterizes his idiom, the reader is made to realize the main

interest of Miro: not *how* a scene actually looks but what it reminds him of. The noting down of resemblances and suggestions rather than descriptions in his paintings is more important than the "live animality" of any place. Perhaps the author lays a little too much stress on associating everything with the early Montoig farm in Miro's life, but this association can be used as an example of the complete universality that can be reached through surrealism from one leading experience.

Certainly Miro is "unfettered by reasoned form" and succeeds in expressing the real process of thought. Certainly he expresses the peculiar realm that so often emerges from a line to converge in pictorial poetry of sly humor sustained throughout with perfect rhythm. All this truth the author brings out.

The book is excellently illustrated with some seventy plates, of which four are in color. It gives a brief chronology of important events and accomplishments of Miro's life and also includes a comprehensive bibliography of exhibitions, illustrated books and ballets, and other work of Miro.

Contributing to the vocabulary of art by delimiting the meaning of the word "primitive" from its generalized usage strictly to that of "self-taught," the author of this book points out that the primitives are always with us. The greatest contributing factor of the self-taught artist is the freedom and independence from tradition and school which he unwittingly represents. This individual is thus distinguished psychologically and genetically from all other so-called primitives whether they be cave dwellers, folk, or totem-pole makers. The evidence for all this theory the author produces in the group of thirty twentieth-century American artists which he lists in his book. (Of this number some twelve or more were born in Europe.)

By personally examining each individual artist with the aid of written statements, impressions from a third person, and biographic sketches, the author analyzes the painted product. On the whole, the paintings, according to the author, are overt actions whether because of frustration of talents or other psychological needs. Included in the analysis are the artists' creative impulses, philosophical comments where there are such, and a detailed account of their imagery and symbolism. The self-taught artist, he wishes to prove—and probably does prove—can transmute new pictorial reality in place of the photographic reproduction of reality that he believes himself doing. His work is one of "innocence." "A virtual fruition with the making of the first picture

He brings out the fact that "intuition proves stronger than conscious intention" and that pictorial design predominates in this type of work.

Although the detail into which Mr. Janis goes in explaining each picture is tiresome, it will undoubtedly please many individuals who still want a story behind each picture and can readily set the psychoanalytical explanations to that tune. Somehow we felt a slight patronizing touch in the book mingled with the quaint act of catching little folk and scrutinizing them minutely under a rosy-colored microscope.

The book contains eighty-eight plates, of which two are in color. Both arrangement of the book and the reproductions are excellent. We particularly liked the innovation of continuing the print horizontally into a new page where the illustration naturally demanded it.

MELA SEDILLO

Fire and Ice: The Art and Thought of Robert Frost, by Lawrance Thompson. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1942. \$2.50.

This book is written out of a rather uncritical regard for Frost and his poems. The best section is the one entitled "Attitude toward Life." The other two, "Poetry in Theory" and "Poetry in Practice," are couched largely in the terminology of the "new" criticism without the insight of the best of that criticism; and at times Thompson falls back on inferior terminology. The insights into Frost's work are only occasionally very penetrating. Though a tolerably good book, it is hardly the one Frost's fine poems deserve.

ALAN SWALLOW

Thomas Mann's World, by Joseph Gerard Brennan. New York: Columbia University Press, 1942. \$2.50.

Mr. Brennan has written an excellent study of the spiritual world of Thomas Mann. The first chapter, dealing with the artist's isolation in a bourgeois world, treats of the maladjustment of Mann himself reflected in almost all of his early work, the unresolved tension between the creative mind and its environment. Mann's decision to oppose Nazism and speak clearly for democratic principles resolved that conflict. Mr. Brennan only touches upon Mann's novels since his greatest work, *The Magic Mountain*, and one hopes that he will some time enlarge this study to include the *Joseph* tetralogy. The bibliography includes many valuable references to critical material published in Germany as well as in this country. Mr. Brennan's book

should stimulate reading or re-reading of Thomas Mann's fiction and essays.

EDITH S. BLESSING

Lives Around Us: a Book of Creaturely Biographies, by Alan Devoe; woodcuts by Frank Utpatel. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc., 1942. \$2.00.

Here is a score of nature essays dealing with a wide range of topics, the first few of which are rather slow in tempo. Parts of them too much resemble a "survey" textbook without being so accurate or so interesting. One objects to adding impetus to such legends as that which pictures the weasel living primarily on blood sucked from its victims. The later essays, especially those about the invertebrates, are considerably better.

A woodcut illustrates each essay. Inanimate objects and animals at rest are well done, but the pictures of the fox and other animals shown in motion are suggestive of old-style taxidermy.

WILLIAM J. KOSTER

SOUTHWESTERN BRIEFS

Gentle Annie, by MacKinlay Kantor. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1942. \$2.00.

Craftsmanship is something a writer either has or he hasn't. Kantor has it, and with it he is able to make something a little more than ordinary of this story of a red-hair and the gentle, naïve, train-robbing brothers, Cottonwood and Violet Goss. *Gentle Annie* is definitely not a world-stirring book; but Kantor knows how to tell a story, and that alone makes this one worth reading.

Wave High the Banner, by Dee Brown. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith Company, 1942. \$2.50.

This fictionalized version of the life of Davy Crockett, served up in a thin sauce of history, liberally seasoned with trivia, and garnished with sprigs of anecdote, makes a palatable dish for anyone who relishes historical fiction. And, if *Gone with the Wind* is any criterion, who doesn't?

The Dollar Gold Piece, by Virginia Swain. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., 1942. \$2.75.

A competent first novel is this story of Kansas City in its boom days at the beginning of the twentieth century. The background of

the times is well enough done to give validity to the characters; and the characters themselves, if more or less conventional types, are plausible enough to make one think they might have lived. Take it or leave it; you won't go far wrong either way.

Coarse Gold, by Edwin Corle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., 1942. \$2.50.

What little plot there is in this tale of the revival of a ghost town through the discovery of tungsten is used as a peg upon which to hang Mr. Corle's philosophical reflections on life and truth and the relationship between the universe and the atom. And they're not bad reflections if you don't mind a dash of Emerson with your Einstein and have no objections to both yes and no for an answer.

Santa Fé, New Mexico, by Ernest Knee. New York: Hastings House, 1942. \$2.00.

Poor selection, bad editing, and indifferent printing spoil what, taken individually, would be an excellent collection of photographs of Santa Fé and the surrounding country. Mr. Knee, one feels, is capable of making superior pictures; this book does small justice to his talents.

Texas: A World in Itself, by George Sessions Perry; illustrated by Arthur Fuller. New York: Whittlesey House, 1942. \$2.75.

It is a pleasant surprise to find a book which depicts Texas without a halo. Perry writes well, he has a sense of humor, and he realizes that the peccadillos of rascals are vastly more entertaining and equally as significant as the deeds of the virtuous. That perhaps is why he has produced a rose on the trash heap of books about Texas.

Big Springs: the Casual Biography of a Prairie Town, by Shine Philips. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1942. \$2.50.

Wal, this here Shine was a-settin in his drugstore in the biggest little ole town in the U. S. A. when one of them there city fellers come a-moseyin in, ordered a ice-cream sody, and started askin dang-fool questions about the town. So Shine, bein a talky sort of cuss jest opened up and told him all he knew. "Dad burn it," sez the stranger, "you ought to write a gol-danged book." "Never thought of it," sez Shine, "but now that you mention it I reckon I will." And he did, and this is it and it's like that. Don't say you weren't warned.

LYLE SAUNDERS