

1961

## Full Issue

University of New Mexico Press

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

---

### Recommended Citation

University of New Mexico Press. "Full Issue." *New Mexico Quarterly* 31, 1 (1961). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol31/iss1/1>

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

# NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

*WILLA CATHER: THE MIDDLE WEST REVISITED*

JOHN RANDALL III

*I WONDER AS I WANDER*

A STORY BY JACK B. MOORE

*GIBRALTAR FROM THE UNDERGROUND*

A STORY BY JOSEPH FERGUSON

*ROUNDUP*

BARBARA ROGERS STINSON

*TRANSLATIONS FROM JAPANESE VERSE*

MAKOTO UEDA

*SEVENTEEN POEMS*

BY FIFTEEN POETS

*REVIEWS OF TWENTY BOOKS*

75 CENTS

VOL. XXXI NO. 1

SPRING 1961

PUBLISHED BY  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF NEW MEXICO

# NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

## ARTICLES

WILLA CATHER. <i>The Middle West</i> <i>Revisited.</i> John H. Randall III. 25	DEAR SUN. Marie Luise Kaschnitz. <i>Trans. by</i> Gertrude C. Schwebell. 41
ROUNDUP. Barbara Rogers Stinson. 50	THE PLANETARIUM STAR SHOW. Robert Beum. 42

## STORIES

I WONDER AS I WANDER. Jack B. Moore. 3	LETTER TO WITTER BYNNER. Richard Esler. 42
GIBRALTAR FROM THE UNDERGROUND. Joseph Ferguson. 55	DECLINATION. Veris Wessel. 44
	DIRECTIONS. Patricia Kasper. 44

## VERSE

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE JAPANESE. Makoto Ueda. 21	REFLECTIONS ON A GIFT OF WATERMELON PICKLE. John Tobias. 45
THE SOUND OF ROCK. Carl Cary. 37	THE BEAR. N. Scott Momaday. 46
THREE LANDSCAPES. Gene Shuford. 38	BUTEO REGALIS. N. Scott Momaday. 47
APHRODITE. Ethel Barnett De Vito. 39	PIT VIPER. N. Scott Momaday. 47
THE ELEMENTAL DICTION. T. Roszak. 40	TWO RELEASES. Charles Philbrick. 48
A LECTURE ON DICTION. Curtis Whittington, Jr. 40	ALFAMA. James Powell. 49
NO ROT SHALL OVERTAKE US. Lora Dunetz. 41	

## DEPARTMENTS

HEADNOTES. Contributors. 61
BOOKS. Eighteen reviews. 65

© THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, 1961. PUBLISHED QUARTERLY. MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRINTING PLANT IN ALBUQUERQUE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, FEBRUARY 6, 1931, AT THE POST OFFICE AT ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. OPINIONS EXPRESSED OR IMPLIED BY CONTRIBUTORS DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT VIEWS OF THE EDITORS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS NOT ACCOMPANIED BY SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE AND SUFFICIENT POSTAGE CANNOT BE RETURNED. SUBSCRIPTIONS: ONE YEAR, \$3.00; TWO YEARS, \$5.50; THREE YEARS, \$7.50. SINGLE COPY, 75 CENTS; BACK ISSUES, \$1.00 EACH. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, ONE YEAR, \$3.00, POSTPAID. ADDRESS: NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, MARRON 108, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, U. S. A.

The Monongahela River spins and snaps like slow lightning among the mountains of West Virginia until it slides by Morgantown, where if you look down at it from the top of one of the dulled peaks it looks like a section of thrown rope not completely uncoiled. Just before Morgantown a road slips dizzily about the mountains and bursts finally into the lowlands paralleling the river. The State road department has placed signs along the way saying "Death Highway Drive Slow" to warn drivers from making up the time lost curving about the crazy mountain roads by racing over the achingly deceptive sweep of river stretch.

The route was not usually busy, since the mountain people and coal miners, even when the shafts were operating, came to town at most once a week, on Saturdays. They would drive to Morgantown in their rust-pied '38 Fords and big black '38 Buicks early in the morning, sending their children to the special 9 A.M. movie "Ten Cartoons and a Bob Steele Western." The men would rest against buildings on sunny street corners, the miners with their oddly black faces that could not be cleaned, red eyed and very red lipped with white teeth like a Negro's underneath, and the farmers with cheeks red and scrubbed of soil and scrubbed blunt fingernails tapping against some building's corner. Then, after a while they would go in their baggy brown pants or fresh denim dungaree blue suits to the Morgantown A & P and pick up the groceries their tired wives had bought, the frankfurters and hamburger meat, the canned beans and dry day-old cakes or some exotic jelly roll, crushed and cellophane ripped and on sale. So that in good times, on Saturdays, there would be some traffic on the road. But now, in the week's middle, it was unusual that two people, a slouch-shouldered man and a small, long-legged boy, were walking townward late in the afternoon.

Actually, only one, the man, was walking. For a mile or so now, since the road rolled out of the mountains, the man had carried the boy piggy-back, plodding purposefully toward the town, with the boy like some sleepy punjab riding skillfully on the man's shoulders, looking about slowly. The man said

I Wonder  
as I Wander

*a story*

JACK B. MOORE

"Well, now, it shouldn't take more than a couple of hours, and maybe we'll find what we're looking for, eh? I kinda feel it in my bones. What you feel in your bones?"

"I don't feel anything in my bones right now, not anything. But it would be nice if he was there."

The man smiled and tried to get the boy to look at him, but saw only the painless unfocused eyes vaguely watching the river. He walked faster and tried to shift the boy's limp weight from the ache at the base of his neck. He smiled again and said, "Yes, I do believe the good Lord of us all permitting, that this may be the right town. As sure as most holy God on high created this wonderful world, this fine river," he said, letting loose the boy's knee and sweeping his hand grandly to the river, "and these glorious mountains," sweeping the same hand at the mountains, and then blocking with it one nostril with the knuckle of his index finger and snorting before returning the hand gracefully to the boy's knee, "I know many of God's creatures in Morgantown, and if he is here, we will find him." The boy nodded. "And then, you can tell him your troubles, and praise the Lord of all and little fishes, all will be well, and the lion shall lay down with the lamb, and the sick shall be everlastingly—everlastingly, mind you—healed, and the lame shall walk through green pastures in eternal love."

"Yes, Reverend Agrippa, I'm sure glad I heard you and came with you. If I can find him, he'll help. You know that. Like I told you he did the last time. Do you think he'll be here?"

"Seek and ye shall find. Wander the valleys and mountains of our Lord, by the cool rivers, I told you I'd find him. You say he will help you and I believe this. And you were the only there to believe me then. So believe me now. Can you walk awhile now?" The boy nodded and Reverend Agrippa lifted him from under the shoulders and swung him clumsily down. The boy lost his balance and fell, then stood up quickly. The Reverend shrugged his shoulders to readjust his bulky tan overcoat, and shoved his hand into a deep pocket, pulling out a chunk of hard yellow cheese. He bit off a piece with difficulty, slobbering over the chunk. Then he gave the remainder to the boy, who let it soften in his mouth before he would chew it. All the while, neither missed a pace. The boy was slightly in front.

"You gettin' a cold, Son? Your voice seems like it has given out." He grinned and sucked with his tongue a hard pellet of cheese from a crack

JACK B. MOORE

between his teeth. "Your voice is as hoarse as a mule's. Ha." The boy continued walking, not looking back. "But don't worry, the Lord's given me lungs enough for two." The boy plodded along in his oversize winter coat, a peeling papery brown imitation leather jacket with dirty yellow curly lining. He did not sweat, but he was very warm in the freak heat, looking at the sweep of road disappearing almost in the river as it dipped and rose and dipped far ahead. He scuffed the toes of his Army surplus boots along the rutted shoulder of the road, looking at the highway vanishing toward the next town. He saw the distant mountains that must have been far beyond the town, large and gently sloping like the soft sand hills he had shoved up one nice hot summer's day at a beach he had been taken to in a truck with some of his old friends. The mountain's trees must have been tall and straight and full, but to him at this distance they were like green ferns growing thickly on a high mound.

A car stopped by them, and the driver rolled down the opposite window and said, "Want a ride? You two look sort of lonely walking along here."

The Reverend Agrippa opened the door and pushed the boy in next to the driver and said, "The Lord is with us along our way. Blessed be the good God Jehovah," and sat down next to the boy and slammed the door. The driver stared at him and the Reverend Agrippa, looking exactly ahead, said "Well, let's start."

"Right you are," the driver said. "We'll see how far the good God Chevrolet can take you."

The car started suddenly forward. The boy turned to the driver and said, "Have you ever been arrested in this state?"

"My god no! What kind of a question is that to ask? Why do you ask me that?"

"There is a purpose in everything, even in the falling of a sparrow," the Reverend Agrippa said. "Do you know any policemen in this state? One named Jones, with a red mark on his chin like a deer's foot?"

"Look, I don't know any policemen," the driver said loudly. "Why should I, for chrissake? I don't even live in this state. I'm just goin' to Pittsburgh and passing through and thought I'd give you two a ride. I know—I mean I don't know, dammit—any policeman named Jones in this state." The young driver's face was red, and his hands shook on the wheel. He said nothing more but drove faster, his two pickups looking directly ahead silently.

He swung around a curve and almost hit the guard rail separating the road from two feet of rock-shoulder and the river. He felt foolish and slowed down. "Look," he said, "I was surprised by the question. Why do you want to find this guy?"

"To help the boy."

"I used to work for him, before I felt funny," the boy said.

"And so I am going to find him for the boy. Usually I'm a preacher," Agrippa said, turning to the driver and smiling, "but now I'm a seeker. Lay hand on me, Boy, press your flesh to mine." The boy pushed his coat sleeve several inches past his bony red wrist, and pressed his skinny arm along the preacher's fat praying hands. "Yes, Lord, the touch of Christ can be the touch of man. I am a seeker, and a healer to be." The boy with his one sleeve up picked at thickened tufts of skin freckling his wrist, flaking them on to the car's floor. Leaning forward, he looked ahead for signs of Morgantown.

The driver said, "By the way, I wanted to ask, is this the way to Pittsburgh? I wasn't sure this was the right road. I made a turn back there maybe I shouldn't of."

The boy said, "Where's Pittsburgh?"

Reverend Agrippa said, "Pittsburgh is sixty miles from Morgantown, but I have never been there. What would I do in Pittsburgh? I've never been out of the state, and never had to go out. And," he said turning to the boy, "we won't have to go out now."

"Thanks anyway, friends," the driver said, trying not to speed along the road looping the mountain's perimeter. He had really selected two good ones. The preacher looked like a pig, but one with an eternal blissfully stupid grin. His stubby snout, with large black nostrils almost parallel to his face, lengthening now as he sucked up something glutinous from his throat and then spit heavily out the window, his snout was unbelievably like a pig's. You barely noticed above his nose the slight sliver of eyes puffed almost shut under his fat pink skin. Yes, he was a good one. He wore the eternally second-hand ugly clothes that all wandering old men wear, always out of season. The front brim of his dirty felt was pushed back like a small boy's pirate hat, and his shoes were plain and cracked and dust-colored and so pointed it would have been impossible, really, for anyone to walk in them, yet somehow they looked proper. Even though the day was hot, mucking up a false thaw above the frozen shell of earth, he wore a large heavy overcoat that maybe fit some-

one once, that now bunched like the worn hairy skin of a starving animal.

"The preacher says faith heals," the boy said suddenly. "He says the bone of man is hollow and brittle unless filled with faith."

"Blessed be the God that heals, and sends His messengers to heal," Reverend Agrippa said.

"Well, if it were me, I'd just as soon go to Pittsburgh and a doctor," the driver said, turning his head momentarily to Agrippa. "So you are going to heal him? You look," he said to the boy, "you know, you look like you could use healing. I imagine you have a cold by the sound of your voice."

"You ain't a flesh healer," Reverend Agrippa said. "He has no cold. If he did what doctors could cure it? How do you like that. The tens and thousands of doctors and the tens and millions of money can do nothing. But he has no cold. If he did, it'd be simple enough. He believes in me enough for that. I could cure him, and wouldn't need no policeman Jones neither," he said, looking at the boy. "For a cold, you pray, and touch of hands and skins, and take a dried toad, sew it up in a silk bag, and hang it at the belly's pit. Then you have no cold. But this ain't no cold. Doctors are no good here anyway."

"I believe that!" the boy said, looking at the driver, "and so I'm coming with Reverend, traveling around, and we are going to find my healer. He says we are. Doctors ain't no good. I helped that policeman Jones once, and he hid me some marbles, only I never found them. I'll have to ask him about that, won't I, Reverend Agrippa?" the boy said, turning to the preacher. "He'll tell me better where he hid them marbles after I helped him. He wanted me to help him and I didn't let him down—that's what he said. He was smart," the boy said to the driver, "slick as an onion—and he'll know what to do, don't you worry about that. And he'll tell me where those marbles are. He hid them, he said, and I was to go dig 'em up, but I couldn't find them. But I will."

"Oh yes, Boy," the Reverend Agrippa said, "we'll find him."

"I'm sure of that," said the driver, slowing to take a curve. The road was darker now with the sun behind the mountains, and it was hard to tell where the end of the pavement lay in the shadows. The trees in the forest through which the highway strung had no leaves, and with no wind at all, now, the forest looked like a gray petrified wood. Peeling silver birches, bleak-white as bone, were scabbed with flecks of brown bark like dried blood. Off the



right hand side of the road the river twisted and sent ripples slapping lightly into an embankment. The water was gray too with gray froth roiling off both sides and hardening into foamy glacial scum where the waves slid back from the bank. A string of coal barges slipped slowly and smoothly in the middle of the river against the current. The barge-train was too far away in the grease-gray dusk to see anyone on, and the mountains of coal shoved ahead one after the other like black impossible elephants walking on water, never dipping or rising. The driver had seen plenty of those barges on the river this trip, but he never saw where they went. He rolled up his window now that he felt the night's cold air coming. Then he flipped on the car radio, saying, "Mind?" He jabbed the station buttons once in turn. Nothing happened. He said, "Has to warm up, I guess," and punched at the buttons again. He jabbed quickly one button after another, hearing only a few words of three news broadcasts, and, longest, the nasal squeal of some hillbilly singer moaning, "Oh those dogs tonight will be howlin', O'er the grave of that best friend of mine who stole muh gal from me." He shoved the "Off" button with his thumb, his index finger sore already. He looked again at his riders, who still stared straight ahead. He said, "Hope I didn't disturb you." Then after a few seconds he said, "You been a preacher long?" The phlegm in his throat thickened and "long" was only a croak. He cleared his throat and said, "I say long?"

Reverend Agrippa said, "All my life, really, though I done other stuff too. My first job was a mule switcher, but I was too big soon anyway."

The boy said suddenly, "I was gonna try to be a mule switcher in the mines too, but I was already too big. I don't think they usem no more." His voice was quite hoarse now.

"What's a mule switcher?" the driver said.

"Oh it's a job in the mines. I was about seven. I liked the work. It's a lot like preachin'," he said grinning. "When they used to fill up a cart of coal, it'd be on the track that would run uphill outen the mine. They'd have these little mules hitched to the cart to haul the coal out. The track was uphill and some of those mules was lazy, an' they all needed proddin'. So they'd hire us little boys who wouldn't have to stoop—those tunnels was pretty low—who wouldn't have to stoop so much to walk right behind those mules and tick 'em on the ass whenever they laggarded it some bit. That's a mule switcher, and that's what a preacher is too," he said looking at the boy, and then to the

man. "You know, that's pretty good. Maybe I'll preach a sermon on that sometime."

The driver cleared his throat and said, "Now that's interesting, and true to life, and would make an original as hell sermon too, I'm sure." Then he saw two gas pumps, the old kind that had bulbs of glass on top like oblong lollypops. He swung off the road and stopped beside the pumps. "I think I'd better get some gas. I thought I could wait until town but maybe I'd better not." The preacher was still looking at him, grinning. "Yes, that's interesting about the mule switching." He blew the horn. "I never stopped at one of these old places before, hope they don't water the gas." He looked at the store about thirty feet behind the pumps. "I hope this place is open," he said. A man in the store looked out through a large plate display window from behind an old Miss Rheingold contest poster showing six young girls surf-board riding, three with penciled mustaches and one with a goatee. On the bottom of the sign was written HUMPHME. The man held up a finger. "I guess he'll be right out," the driver said.

"I think we'd better move along," the young boy said.

"Yes, maybe we should. We have to move along," the preacher said to the driver. "Thank you kindly for taking us this far. May the Lord shine upon thy flesh with the radiance of His beauty, an hundred fold more glorious than the sun of hottest equatorial Africa, or Florida or California both." The Reverend Agrippa opened the door and got out, and the boy followed.

"I'll just be a minute here," said the driver.

"Yes, and if you will be so kind as to pick us up again if no one else does. But the Lord moves swiftly sometimes and we must move always too."

"All right," the driver said, "as you say. I'm going to fill up, and then I'm going to buy a couple of packages of cheese and peanut butter crackers. I hope they're not too dry here. Do they ever sell any of that stuff?" he said, shaking his head. "And I'll get some for you too, how'll that be?"

"Fine," Reverend Agrippa said as he and the boy walked on past the store owner, who after buttoning his jacket on the stoop of his store realized his fly was open to the night air, and zipped it shut smiling.

Agrippa nodded to the man and walked after the boy, who had stridden past the pump and store and was heading for Morgantown as fast as he could. Agrippa yelled, "Wait, Boy!" but walked no faster. The boy hurried along the narrow band of dirt between the road and a pole and cable retaining fence.

The road swung along high above the river now, heading back up to the mountains, and down below was only a string of beach and then the Monongahela. The boy slowed suddenly, but just before Agrippa caught him speeded up again. Agrippa saw what the boy had—two large fat dogs, a big, dirty white-and-black mongrel with huge paws and a bigger long-haired, curly, black, clean-looking dog, both dead in the middle of the road, about five yards apart. There was no blood anywhere on them. The pure black's glazed eyes were blank and then shone, reflecting a car's headlights. The car came closer and then swerved to the left of the road. The driver of the car shouted, "You're both nuts!" as the car came back to the proper lane and sped along. Agrippa wondered what the two dogs had been doing before they were killed. Playing, maybe, frisking like dogs, sniffing, or maybe fighting. He passed the pure black dog. He felt sad, because they were such big dogs. You rarely saw big dogs like that dead in the road, only little ones.

The boy ahead was slowing again as they continued up the road, up the mountain. He was weak. He couldn't walk fast long, that boy. He might know not to rush ahead. If the man was there he'll be there still when we get into town. No use killing yourself early. The wheels of God grind slow.

The boy scuffed along, stumbling once in a mud rut. The river was gone now and the forest was almost all dark. He walked past an open field stubbled with tree stumps. The road swung up and into a forest of pines, then out and still up where there were only winter dead trees posted with **NO HUNTING** signs. He was very tired and when Agrippa caught up he lifted the boy to his shoulders. Agrippa leaned forward slightly and walked up the mountain road pushing his hands against his thighs at each step trying to push ahead faster and press out the hot ache spreading in his legs along the bone. The trees and scrub grew closer to the road now, and he weaved onto the road sometimes to avoid a branch. He looked ahead and now the curve of road swept straight and high like a high spanning bridge, and then disappeared. When he was a kid they used to call a road like that the end of the world, because it looked like there was nothing on the other side, like if you ran fast and at the top jumped you would swoop out like a hawk and glide and glide and never stop, because that was the end of the world, and you wouldn't even have to flap your wings, because there never would be anything under you. You would just float endlessly.

"Geez, I'm hungry," the boy croaked.

"Yes, Sir. I bet you are. And so am I, and I'm sure in Morgantown the Lord will give us food. We'll go to the Alhambra. They know me there. You'll see, they'll know me, and maybe your friend—your healer." He breathed deeply several times and was silent. Then after a while he reached the worn top of the road, where it stopped curving up, and lifted the boy from his shoulders; then after looking briefly at Morgantown below he followed the boy's descent into the city in the valley.

The boy felt not so tired now that he was walking downhill. The air on top of the mountain was nice to breathe, too. So many towns had smelled like this, at least until you got close to them, a dry smell of tobacco twisted up in brown mud-chinked shacks, and of pecans on trees and rotting moistly underneath, and soft coal smoke, and something that came with the shriek of a night train. And so many towns looked strange and familiar like this one, but he was sure maybe he would find Jones here. It could be a town like this. He walked down the road slowly so as not to burn his feet. Not much left of his socks. His feet should have been calloused by now but nothing in him happened the way it should. But maybe Jones would be here. Faith, that's it. Like Reverend Agrippa said. Faith, that's the ticket.

The road continued dropping sharply and twisting, so that sometimes he could see the city and sometimes not. It was just like walking down the sides of a cup, deeper down all the time where it was darker and smokier and dirtier like coffee grounds at the bottom. The road gutters were filled with coal dust and cinders probably shoveled on the road when it was icy. The grit crunched. Now he could see the town lights again. He always liked that. Somehow he felt thrilled, and felt like he was coming to his own home town again when he saw those lights. It had been nice around Christmas coming down a hill, turning a corner and seeing over the street, one in back of the other, strung from pole to pole, red and green and blue lights curving and circling. From a distance they looked real thick, but when you walked the streets underneath it didn't seem so much. Then the road curved again and by the roadside was a sign saying "Welcome to Morgantown Radar Controlled Drive Carefully," and then another sign saying "The Friendliest Church in Town Welcomes You Friends of the Nazarene." The boy wondered if Reverend Agrippa was a friend of the Nazarene. They walked deeper into the cup and now could see the river again like a crack across the

base. The boy turned around and said, "What's on the other side of Morgantown?"

"Westover is right next to it there, on the other side of the river across that bridge." He knelt down and tied his shoelaces carefully, not too tightly, so that the knotted strings would not break again. "But if he's here, he's in Morgantown, not Westover. They have nothing in Westover. Used to be a coal town." Now they could see railroad tracks running alongside the river. A few cars passed, and then the city swung into sight again. Agrippa looked at eight gigantic smokestacks in the distance. He could barely make out the smoke coming from four of them. The other four singly stood, huge and yellow brick, idle. He could not remember when they had run all eight. They passed some houses now and an empty factory with most of its windows broken; and because there still was no sidewalk they continued along the road past a glass manufacture building and some more houses. Then the road, like a chute, swooped down sharply, then leveled off, and they could walk on the sidewalk past furniture stores closed for the evening, and past an open all night taxi office.

The boy turned and said, "Is this all there is? It seemed like more lights from up above." There was a slight whine in his voice.

"There's more, Boy, but that don't concern us. This is a back street. The main street is two blocks up. This is the last street in town. Next to us is the railroad tracks that run behind those buildings on the other side of the street, and next to that's the river. Then there isn't nothing until Westover, and Westover's nothing. So here is what's important."

THEY WALKED ALONG the sidewalk, side by side now, through the gritty air. The boy kept rubbing his eyes that stung already. Agrippa's squinty eyes narrowed further to keep out the smoke and coal dust. He wondered if they ever had any clean air in the valley, or if the air just stayed and festered and thickened into coal dust. The damn coal just floated into your eyes, and the streets and sidewalks and gutters were all smutted by it.

By JULE'S ALHAMBRA he stopped the boy and said, "Here we are." The boy looked at him briefly, and they both entered the café.

Reverend Agrippa felt warm in the fried-onion smelling room. The valley was always warmer than those mountains at night, and the café was very warm. He took off his coat and hat and hung them on a rack pole and

helped the boy out of his coat and told him to sit at a booth. Agrippa walked over to the counter and sat down on one of the circular ripped red seats. A skinny, rumpless man wearing blue cowboy boots stood behind the counter scraping bits of onions and potato off the sizzling greasy griddle. He arranged the mass neatly on the side of the griddle and turned around.

"Well by god" he said, "if it ain't old Piggy Grip. If it ain't old Piggy Grip. Whater you doin' here again?"

"Hey, hey there," the Reverend Agrippa said proudly. "Don't call me that. I'm a preacher now, travelin' with the word of God on my tongue, and the feelin' of God in my bones."

"What? You're kidding. You really a preacher?" he said, removing the dirty apron from in front of his creaseless tubular gray pants and walking away toward the cash register at the end of the counter. A small man was pushing his shaking hand into his pocket, fumbling for change. He steadied it with a second shaking hand with bright skinny-knobbed fingers and brought the hand out of his pocket. He could not hold the money quite long enough but managed to throw it on the glass counter desperately. Agrippa looked to the other end of the counter where two waitresses leaned with elbows on the counter. One was old and big with very blond hair and purple lipstick and two bright red cheekbones like a doll. The man came back. "Common now, you're not a preacher."

"Sure I am, Jules. Look here." Reverend Agrippa groped in his suit coat inner pocket and gave a scrap of paper to the skinny man. On one side of the paper was an advertisement for the prevention of piles.

"Hey, looka here," Jules shouted down at the waitresses. "Here's a new minister — and he's so good he can cure what's wrong with your soul, Bessie." Bessie, the fat blonde with thick block-like hips walked up smiling, took the paper from Jules, and leaned again on the counter.

"So you figure I've got piles of the soul, do you?" she said, looking at Agrippa and nodding toward Jules as she wheezed a laugh and scraped her body against the glass. Jules laughed too, and Agrippa continued smiling proudly.

"No, no, Jules," he said, "that's the wrong side. Looka here," he said, turning over the dirty piece of paper.

Jules read the scrap and said, "So you are a preacher, Piggy, I mean Reverend, so you are. Say, Bessie, take the Reverend's order."

Bessie stood up straight and said, "What will it be, Reverend."

"A chili-hot sausage sandwich—you still make 'em?" Bessie nodded yes. "And put plenty of mayonnaise on it. And a Dr. Pepper for the boy, and—what do you want to eat, Boy?" he said, turning around.

"Oh, a hamburger is O.K. Did you ask them yet?"

"Eat first, then ask. The eating is like a sacrifice, Boy. It's the only thing we got to sacrifice and dedicate. We'll dedicate this food to our wondrous Saviour Jesus."

"And what will you have to drink, Reverend?"

"Bring Reverend Agrippa a bottle of Guinea red, Bessie, that's his favorite."

"Oh no, not any more," Agrippa said, smiling proudly still. "I don't think you understand yet. Not since I been ministering have I had any. I just think I'll have a bottle of beer."

Bessie wrote down the order and gave it to Jules. "You fix it, Bessie," he said, "I want to talk to the Reverend. The sausage is frozen in the ice box. It'll take a while."

"Listen, Jules, I'm no cook. I'm a waitress. If you want to pay me double. . . ."

"Com'on, Bessie, you ain't doin' anything else."

"O.K. I'll serve it and Hope can fix it," Bessie said and walked away.

Jules said to Agrippa, "Whater you doin' down here? And what's that boy with you?" He leaned close to Agrippa, smiling, showing his big yellow front teeth.

"Well, I'm a preacher now, and I'm here with the boy. We've traveled all over the state. We been through Carlover, Healing Springs, Hot Springs, Warm Springs and Mustoe. And before that we was in Sweet Chalybente and Hematite and before that Mendota, Chilowe, and Neebo, and everywhere in between, and now we're in Morgantown, where Colonel Zackquill Morgan battled the heathen Indian for our Lord—and where I'm battling for our Blessed Jesus Christ Himself too."

"I believe you, Pig—, Reverend Agrippa. Say, howdya start this Reverend business? Last time I saw you, you was feeding sorghum 'shine in pie tins to bears trying to getem to lap it up so's they'd be drunk enough to shoot easy."

"That's right, but that's all gone now. I'm doin' the work of our Lord,

just as sure as God made green apples and worms in them. I received the word about a year ago. Maybe over a year. And I knew I was going to preach and touch the sick flesh of our brethren—yours and mine, Jules—and heal them with that heavenly balm of Gilead. You have to go to any trouble with that chili and hot sausage?”

“No, no. No trouble at all. Hey Hope,” Jules shouted, “get with that sausage. And bring the little fellow his dope—I mean his Dr. Pepper.”

“Thank you, Jules, thank you. So I sent word around the mines that I was goin’ to preach and I did. And I’ve never been hungry since—for food or for the word of the Lord who provideth all. And one night I was preaching my favorite sermon to a bunch of miners and farmers. I was tellin’ them how the Church was like unto a cow that they had to nourish if it was to feed them. And that prayer was like pulling the tits of a fat udder, that you had to do it right or get no results. That you couldn’t pull too hard nor too soft, just like you couldn’t ask for too much, or pray weak without any faith. I think the farmers most always liked that and the women too, because they know about cows and suckin’ babies, which is most what I was talking about. And I told them they had to do it all the time, or the udder would swell up and then shrivel and the cow would sicken and die.”

“My god, Grip, sounds like you really toldem.”

“You’re damn right. I always told them, and I always told them the truth. And I told them they had to have faith and that if they did the cow would be like unto Christ, and around its head would be a golden halo, and from its ribs would thrust wings bigger than a chicken hawk’s, and from its hooves tiny little wings like a sparrow’s, and if they had faith, and the touch of faith, of a healer, their sins and sicknesses would be cured like good country fresh milk cured them now. The miners always liked that, ’cause they never had any, but they know it would be good if they did. The big wings will swoop and beat wide and whip, and the little wings will flutter and that cow will cure them and some day take them to Heaven, flying up with that golden halo shining right over its head. That’s what I told them, faith, and the touch of a healer.”

“Well, I don’t know about faith, but we got Hope here, and she’s got your food. Sit there and eat it slow. I’m gunna close up a bit now but I’ll be back. This preacherin’ business sounds interesting, old Grip. Here, you put



some more mayonnaise on. You always liked that," Jules said, handing Reverend Agrippa the mayonnaise bottle and then walking away to shut off the neon sign out front. Hope handed Agrippa his plate. A large soggy bun with red juice flecked with white mayonnaise globs dripping out was on it. Then Hope walked around to where the boy sat. She smiled at Bessie as she passed her, and gave the boy his Dr. Pepper and hamburger. He started gulping down the Dr. Pepper.

"Hey, Boy," Reverend Agrippa said, "that roll will just suck the juices from your mouth and you'll be twice as thirsty as hot cotton if you don't have some 'Pepper' for after. Anyway, we gotta dedicate this first. Bless this food and us that eats it, oh Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer," Agrippa said, looking at his plate, and then to the boy, "may your mouth be satisfied with good things, so that your youth shall be renewed like the lusty eagle's."

The boy put down the drink and started slowly eating the hamburger. He was thirsty but not very hungry. He was thirsty all the time. Maybe that was part of what was wrong. But Jones could fix all that. Jones might be here. But not in this place. Just here in Morgantown. He didn't like this place. Everything in it was ugly. The skinny man talking to Reverend Agrippa was ugly, with his red face—really orange face—with his big pores and skin like cement. And the skinny girl who just brought the food, she was ugly too. She was not much bigger than him and had little colorless eyes like white pebbles and red thick lower lids. She kept blinking her eyes and staring, blinking and staring in neon rhythm like a lizard. Maybe it was the lights. He knew that under the flat white light you could see every red little lump on his face, his ears, his fingers. It would be nice to be a snake, so that instead of the thick parts of the skin flaking off in bits he could just shake and glide and sneak out smoothly, sloughing off the old skin that he couldn't feel anyway. The others probably were looking at him now. The others weren't like Reverend Agrippa. He wished he believed more in Reverend Agrippa so they wouldn't have to go all around looking for Jones. But he knew Jones could help just as he had helped him once. Agrippa would find him. He finished the hamburger but was thirsty again. "Can I have another Dr. Pepper, Reverend?" he said.

"Say, that little boy's voice is changing," Jules said. "I think I hear a changing voice."

“No,” Agrippa said, “his voice’s just been hoarse like that lately. Just a second, Rivers,” he said to the boy. He took a change purse from his suit coat, opened it carefully, and dipped two pinguid fingers quickly in like a bird’s beak pecking seeds, and dropped some change on the table. “All right, Rivers, but drink it slowly. Remember what I said, now.”

“His last name Rivers?” Jules said. “What’s his first name, Mississippi?” Jules and Bessie and Hope laughed.

“No, his first name. Rivers Carrie Beazly is his full name,” Reverend Agrippa said to Jules. “I met him after that sermon I told you about. That was a good sermon and almost always worked. But not that night. I don’t know how many I saved with it, and it’s taken in as much money as any four of my others. But he was the only one who came up to me—he was a bit fatter then. He was the only one who believed beyond the words, like you have to, and saw back to Christ and me. He’s a funny boy. He has no hair on his arms at all, or on his legs. He said that he believed in me, and that he was sick and wanted the touching of the flesh. I asked him did he believe in the Lord and he said yes. I asked him did he believe in me and he said yes but he believed in Jones more. Jones is who we’re looking for. I dedicated myself to that, Jules. I was a good preacher, and I could touch the skin with the touch of the Lord. But if Rivers Carrie Beazly believed in Jones more, then I had to find him. That’s why we’re here. That’s why we’ve been all over West Virginia. Jones is somewhere. The Lord will see to that. This is our pilgrimage. This is the wonder of our wandering, that we shall find him in the valley and he shall touch Rivers. Rivers says once he sees him, he’ll know what to do. He’s that kind of person.”

“What about a doctor if something’s wrong with him?”

“Doctors are no good. You know that. What can they tell a poor boy, a poor innocent sinner like that? His mother and father agree. The healing medicine of our Lord shall succor him. That’s what I said to Rivers’ parents, and that’s what I’m doing here.” Reverend Agrippa finished his chili-hot sausage sandwich. He licked what he could of the red juices running down the sides of his mouth, and smudged away the rest with the back of his hand. Then he slid his index finger back and forth over the plate, pushing up a small wave of sausage particles and chili juice and white mayonnaise. From time to time he ducked the finger into his mouth and sucked it and quickly

popped it out. "This sure is finger-lickin' good, like the sign says, Jules. So do you know him? Do you know Jones? He has a red mark on his chin like a deer's foot."

"No, I don't think so, Grip. Wish I did though. You want some bread there?"

"No, I'm through now. The plate's clean as an old bone. Are you sure? He did a favor for Rivers once, or Rivers did one for him, I forget which. Rivers says he's about my age, with very light hair. I think that's unusual, don't you?"

"He's blond?"

"Yes. I think that shows he has the shine of the Lord on him. Rivers is right. If we can find him—when we find him—Rivers will be told what to do. He will be cured through that celestial touch of the all-healing healer, amen. He might be a policeman. That's what he was then, lookin' for moonshiners. You know all the policemen here, and he's probably doin' the same thing now. A tall one about my age, only blond. Named Jones or something common like that? You know there's not many policemen tall and my age and with blond hair that's real wavy. I forgot to tell you that. Real wavy hair."

"No, I don't know him—but I'd tell you if I did. You can be sure of that, old Grip. Maybe—Hey, Bessie, what color hair does that guy with the camel hair coat have? That guy that comes here all the time with his family."

Hope said, "He's bald, ain't he?"

Jules said, "That's right, I forgot. That's the only one I know even come close, Grip."

"Well, he's in West Virginia somewhere, but he don't have any family. He didn't have any four years ago, did he, Rivers?" Reverend Agrippa said, turning around.

Rivers was looking at a door at one far corner of JULE'S ALHAMBRA. The door had a big glass window, and dirty yellow curtains on the other side of the glass. It had yellow brick steps leading up to it, and a black iron railing on the steps. It looked like a side door outside a house, and it had a black weather awning over the top.

"Rivers, did Jones have any children?"

"No, sir. When he gave me those marbles he said they was mine, that he didn't have anyone to give them to around there but me, and they was a

reward, and I had to find them where they were buried. I must dug in the wrong places. But he didn't have no children."

"Well," Jules said, "you see how it is. That guy I thought maybe was the one is bald and has three children."

"Four," Bessie said. "Four children," Jules said.

"That's all right, Jules, if he ain't here, he's somewhere else in West Virginia. My duty to the boy is to know that, and I know that. Jones's duty is to tell us what to do, to heal Rivers, and he'll do it. We just got to get together, that's all. You know doctors only give you a lot of run around. We been goin' almost a year now, I guess, and we can go more. Get my hat and coat, Rivers, and put yours on too." Rivers got up and handed Reverend Agrippa his hat and coat. Reverend Agrippa put them on. They both walked over to the cash register and Agrippa paid their bill.

Just as they were about to leave, Jules said, "You know, Grip, maybe this boy's trouble is psychology."

Agrippa said, "How do you mean, psychology?"

Jules said, "You know, when you think you're sick but you're not. Only your head thinks you're sick, sort of. Let me tell you something that may help. Bessie and Hope, start finishin' up."

Rivers was hot in his coat now. He wanted to go outside. Maybe he could see where the door went.

"I had this friend of mine, you know, one of my girls. One of my regulars. I used to like a bit of her cookin', you know. She had this cousin, named Zolan, that all he ever did was sit in an office. He had this wooden stool and he would sit on it from eight in the morning until five at night. I bet he had a spot worn in that wood. And he would figure. That's all he ever did, as far as I can see. He would sit there and add and subtract and, well I don't know if he multiplied or divided, but I guess so. But I do know that all day he would sit there and add and subtract this stuff, all these figures, you know. When he got home his cousin, Effie is her name, though don't say I told you, would fix him stew or hamburgers or somethin'. Then he would add and subtract at this desk he had some more, sittin' at another wooden stool. He used to do my books for me. So you see, none of us was surprised when it happened, though we didn't know exactly why it happened." Jules stopped and started walking away.

"Well, what happened?" Reverend Agrippa said.

"To Zolan? Why he lost his voice, naturally. Sittin' there. And the doctor said it was psychology. At least that's what Effie told me. So maybe your boy here has the same problem, Agrippa. Did you ever think of that?"

Agrippa said, "Psychology means nothing. You don't understand. You really don't. The Lord does not use psychology. He has a healer of the flesh by the flesh. None of you understand what would be the good of it? Of it all? It is the way of the Lord that I follow. And He was a journeyer too." Agrippa opened the door and then followed Rivers out. Rivers started to go around the side of the building to see maybe where the door went, but Agrippa pointed straight on up the road they had been on, past the eight smokestacks, four of which had smoke dribbling out, just slipping over the side of the stack and dripping into the valley. "Maybe we can make Fairmount before too late, Rivers. I have friends in Fairmount that will know if Jones lives there. I think I'll preach somewhere tomorrow. We need a little money. It is wonderful how the Lord God of us all provides. You can rest, too." Then the two started walking, Rivers a bit faster than the Reverend Agrippa. Before Agrippa passed JULE'S ALHAMBRA the café's front lights went out.

THE ROAD through Morgantown is straight for about a mile, then it rises into the mountains again. The river alongside the level road is quiet and sluggish, and churns slowly through the government dam. After that the river is shallow, and ropes of water rise over dull sunken boulders and the river is corded like the strings in an old man's neck. Then the river settles down and slowly swerves through the hunched and humped mountains flanking it like slouched long beasts sleeping.

Reverend Agrippa liked Fairmount. Maybe Jones would be there. He surely would be there, or in some place like, very much like, Fairmount. All they had to do was search. The wonder of the Lord Jesus Christ whose splendor liveth and reigneth beyond time and wide river and green mountain and all the earth, the wonder of Christ our Lord would do the rest.

Fairmount was only about twenty miles away, but the road shoots over the river like a strange hard black tributary and twists alone relentlessly over the taut ribs of the mountains.

Translations from the Japanese  
by Makoto Ueda



When the Wind is Strong

When the wind is strong  
The globe is like someone's kite.  
While the day is yet blossoming,  
Man already finds the night there.

As the wind has no tongue,  
It only runs about, agitated.  
I think of the winds of other stars  
And wonder if they can be mutual friends.

On the globe are the night and the day.  
Meanwhile, what are other stars doing?  
How do they bear with the silent, endless space?

In the daytime the blue sky tells a lie.  
While the night murmurs the truth, we are asleep.  
In the morning everyone says he has had a dream.

—*Shuntaro Tanikawa* (b. 1931)

## A Swaying Phantom

You, a flower feebly tottering in the light,  
You, a fish in the endlessly darkening voice,  
Dripping the heart,  
Faintly rustling the words,  
Bluely, lightly, pile up the dreams.  
You, floating and drifting on the water,  
Call the distant calm of the evening.

You, a formless lamp of the sea,  
You, a pistil of life ceaselessly born;  
You appear,  
You disappear,  
You, wavering, bloom fragrantly in my heart.

When the pale blue phantom comes walking,  
I drift around here and there,  
And deeply drown in the dream.

Like thin snow incessantly falling,  
My heart drifts onwards and onwards,  
And faintly plays on the lips of death.

You, a flickering shadow that roadlessly cross;  
The shadow is fragrantly tangled;  
The shadow is gently blown in disorder.

—*Takuji Ōta* (1887-1934)

## The Blue Flute

In this evening field  
Long-eared elephants are walking in parties.  
The yellow evening moon wavers in the wind,  
Hat-like grass leaves flutter here and there.  
Are you lonesome, Miss?  
Here is a small flute, its sound a clear green.  
Gently blow the mouthpiece;  
Make it tremble in the transparent sky,  
And call in your mirage.  
From a distant sea of longing  
An image, it seems, slowly comes near.  
It is like a headless cat, staggers in the grass shade of the cemetery.  
Could I die once for all in a sorrowful scene like this, Miss!

—*Sakutarō Hagiwara* (1886-1942)

## The Village

At the village now  
The deity may not be present,  
Because the children  
Put him into a specimen bag this afternoon.  
At last a yellow bee that keeps cattle from sleep  
Has begun its journey on a road which flows out of the village.  
The poplar leaves are faintly weeping,  
Wondering why the window may not open wider,  
Why the song has been lost.

—*Yoshiaki Sasazawa* (b. 1898)



## The Star and the Dry Grass

The star and the dry grass were talking.  
Late in a calm night  
The wind was blowing only around me.  
Somehow feeling lonesome,  
I tried to join their talk,  
When the star came falling from heaven.  
I sought in the dry grass,  
Yet the star was never found.

In the morning  
As I awoke,  
A heavy stone  
Lay fallen in my heart.  
Every day since then  
I talk to myself:  
When will the stone become the star?  
When will the stone become the star?

—*Shigeji Tsuboi* (b. 1898)

## The Sea in the Daytime

On a bright day like this  
A strange song may be heard on the sea;  
A mermaid appears out of the waves  
And passes by a young sailor  
Who, leaning on a brace, drowns.

Waves are fast.  
Waves have fins and tails.  
Waves are swimming.



The swimming one, that is a mermaid.  
A mermaid comes with the waves.  
Soon she goes far away.

While I closed my eyes for a moment  
The color of the sea  
Changed as if today were over and tomorrow had come.  
Many shades formed on the waves.

—*Kaoru Maruyama* (b. 1899)

**A**FTER her "Catholic" novels Willa Cather seems to have grown tired of searching for exotic locales to use as settings for local color stories. Perhaps she felt that she was acquiring too much of a tourist view of life; it is more likely, however, that the illness and death of both of her parents rudely interrupted her search for beautiful sensations and turned her mind back on childhood experiences, pointing up for her the importance of the family in human affairs. Whatever the cause, the result is that her next two books show two characteristics, one new and one old: a nostalgic return to writing about that part of the country with which she was most familiar, the American Middle West, and the previously seen emphasis on the group rather than the individual together with the standards and traditions adhered to by the group. In these two books Willa Cather revisits the Middle West, but it no longer interests her as raw material for the creative pioneer spirit; instead it seems to her to be the environment in which the values of the multigeneration family unit can best be maintained. She now looks at the Middle West through the spectacles of tradition, maintaining roughly the same attitude that she had shown in her "Catholic" novels.

*Obscure Destinies* (1932) demonstrates this attitude very clearly. The very title forms a contrast with those of her earlier prairie volumes; unlike her earlier self, she is now content to describe "the short and simple annals of the poor." The book invites comparison with Flaubert's *Trois Contes*, upon which she apparently modeled it. Like that book, it starts with the present and moves backward in time (although of course with a much shallower historical reference, since she goes back only to the turn of the century); like that book it is a tacit criticism of the present in its implied praise of the past. Something

This article is extracted from *The Landscape and the Looking Glass, Willa Cather's Search for Value*, copyright 1960 by John H. Randall III, by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

Willa Cather

## The Middle West Revisited

JOHN H. RANDALL III

of Flaubert's quiet, cadenced prose is to be found in the volume too. As in *Shadows on the Rock*, she concentrates on the death part of the life cycle; the first two stories end in the death of a person, the last in the death of a friendship.

The first story, "Neighbour Rosicky," was written during the final months of Charles Cather's illness, and is probably a tribute to her father. In it she comes to grips with the fact of death as she was unable to do (at least at the time) in her own life. Although she deals with the same pioneers whose lives she had described in heroic terms in her prairie novels, she now adopts a completely different tone. This is a tired story; even the landscape is passively enjoyed as it was in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

"Neighbour Rosicky" has for its hero the man who in real life was the husband of "my Antonia." In it Willa Cather describes the last days and death of this pioneer farmer; and in so doing she chronicles the end of an epoch, depicting Nebraska as it was after the passing of the pioneer period. The story of the earthly paradise, the yeoman's fee-simple empire founded in the garden of the Middle West, is thus finally brought to a close.

"Neighbour Rosicky" is about an old man who at the end of his life feels he has much to cherish and little to regret. He goes to a doctor in the fall and learns that he has a bad heart, an ailment that kills him the following spring. But, much to his doctor's surprise, he is not at all worried about his condition; death can claim him any time it wants to; he has had a good life and is satisfied. The reason for Rosicky's content is that he has had a happy married and family life. This is the result of the ministrations of his wife, the Antonia of the prairie novel, here called Mary. The only real worry he has concerns Polly, his "American" daughter-in-law; he is uncertain as to how happy she will be at having married into a "foreign" family.

Into the story Willa Cather pours many of her feelings about the source of human happiness in general and the Rosickys in particular. We are told that unlike their neighbors they are not money-minded; they are comfortably out of debt, although they never seem to get ahead very far. The doctor muses, "Maybe you couldn't enjoy your life and put it into the bank too." But according to Willa Cather the secret of their success is that they have learned that the life of the country is preferable to the life of the town. Rosicky's opinion on the subject is based on his own experience, since he has lived in five different places in three countries; aside from a village and farm in his native

Czechoslovakia he has been down-and-out in London and well-to-do in New York. But he finally decided to spend the rest of his life on a farm. He has a vivid memory of the day he made that decision:

Rosicky, the old Rosicky, could remember as if it were yesterday the day when the young Rosicky found out what was the matter with him. It was on a Fourth of July afternoon, and he was sitting in Park Place in the sun. The lower part of New York was empty. Wall Street, Liberty Street, Broadway, all empty. So much stone and asphalt with nothing going on, so many empty windows. The emptiness was intense, like the stillness in a great factory when the machinery stops and the belts and bands cease running. It was *too* great a change, it took all the strength out of one. Those blank buildings, without the stream of life pouring through them, were like empty jails. It struck young Rosicky that this was the trouble with big cities; they built you in from the earth itself, cemented you away from any contact with the ground. You lived in an unnatural world, like the fish in an aquarium, who were probably much more comfortable than they ever were in the sea. (pp. 30-31)\*

Several interesting attitudes are expressed here. First, the idea of cities being empty is a curious concept, especially for one who has seen Nebraska. It is definitely not the reaction of a city man. Second, the feeling that a life led close to nature is also close to the ultimate realities is acceptable only to somebody who rejects the theory of the stages of civilization as outlined by Condorcet and accepts some form of primitivism. This of course is nothing new in Willa Cather. Third, Neighbor Rosicky (and with him the author) has failed to realize that civilization is not identical with physical comfort; those who think it is are missing the point. After affirming the town in *Shadows on the Rock*, Willa Cather definitely and finally resolves the city-country conflict in favor of the country, a solution which will hold good for the rest of her career, except for "The Old Beauty." This represents a return to the values of her childhood, especially of the years between eight and fifteen.

Willa Cather continues:

After that Fourth of July day in Park Place, the desire to return to the country never left him. To work on another man's farm would be all he asked; to see the sun rise and set and to plant things and watch them grow. He was a very simple man. He was like a tree that has not many roots, but one tap-root that goes down deep. (p. 32)

\* This and subsequent quotations are from *Obscure Destinies*, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1932.

It need hardly be pointed out that this is not the heroic spirit which tamed the soil. Rosicky is no Antonia; he would be quite content to play the passive spectator's rôle; to work on another man's farm, to see the sun rise, and to plant things and watch them grow. It might be argued that this is the attitude of old age were it not for the fact that these thoughts are attributed to the young Rosicky. Actually, it is not Neighbor Rosicky's old age which is speaking but Willa Cather's.

Willa Cather's view of the superiority of country life is buttressed by two anecdotes, one told by Rosicky himself and the other by his wife Mary. They contrast the relative severity of poverty in the city and in the country. Hard times in the city are illustrated by Rosicky's story of how once in London on a Christmas Eve he was forced to beg from strangers for money to buy a Christmas goose to replace the one he had ravenously eaten which belonged to his poverty-stricken landlord. Hard times in the country, on the other hand, are recalled by Mary's anecdote of how the family had celebrated a Fourth of July picnic in defiance of fate, in spite of the fact that a scorching hot wind had just destroyed their entire corn crop along with that of all their neighbors. As Rosicky muses on the fate of his children and their probable happy future, it seems to him that mere subsistence in the country is better than anything the city has to offer:

They would have to work hard on the farm, and probably they would never do much more than make a living. But if he could think of them as staying here on the land, he wouldn't have to fear any great unkindness for them. Hardships, certainly; it was a hardship to have the wheat freeze in the ground when seed was so high; and to have to sell your stock because you had no feed. But there would be other years when everything came along right, and you caught up. And what you had was your own. You didn't have to choose between bosses and strikers, and go wrong either way. You didn't have to do with dishonest and cruel people. They were the only things in his experience he had found terrifying and horrible; the look in the eyes of a dishonest and crafty man, of a scheming and rapacious woman.

In the country, if you had a mean neighbour, you could keep off his land and make him keep off yours. But in the city, all the foulness and misery and brutality of your neighbours was a part of your life. The worst things he had come upon were human,—depraved and poisonous specimens of man. To this day he could recall certain terrible faces in the London streets. There were mean people everywhere, to be sure, even in their own country town here. But they weren't tempered, hardened, like the treacherous people in cities who live by grinding or cheating or poisoning their fellow-men....

It seemed to Rosicky that for good, honest boys like his, the worst they could do on the farm was better than the best they could be likely to do in the city. If he'd had a mean boy, now, one who was crooked and sharp and tried to put anything over on his brothers, then town would be the place for him. But he had no such boy. . . . What Rosicky really hoped for his boys was that they could get through the world without ever knowing much about the cruelty of human beings. "Their mother and me ain't prepared them for that," he sometimes said to himself. (pp. 58-60)

In these passages Willa Cather seems to have succumbed completely to nostalgia. She sentimentalizes the countryside, totally distorting the picture she had painted of the Middle West in her prairie novels. When she says that on the farm one did not have to deal with dishonest or cruel people, one wonders whether she ever remembered Krajiek or Wick Cutter or Ivy Peters; they could be kept off one's land, too, but they were still a threat. Rosicky's notion of shipping mean boys off to the city because they would not be out of place there is the old rural-evangelical Populist view of the big town put in milder form. And when Rosicky hopes his children will never realize the full cruelty of human beings because he and Mary had never prepared them for it, the escapist impulse in Willa Cather seems to come close to the surface. His desire for cloistered virtue makes one wish that either he or his creator had studied "Areopagitica."

I have said that "Neighbour Rosicky" was written during the period of Willa Cather's father's final illness. Perhaps this is why in it she resolves the old old conflict between the claims of a calling and human claims in a human direction once more. Neighbor Rosicky is an artist in living; he leads his own particular version of the comely life, which is based ultimately on his capacity to love. Even his "American" daughter-in-law, who feels peculiar at having married a "foreigner," realizes this. Willa Cather writes:

She had a sudden feeling that nobody in the world, not her mother, not Rudolph, or anyone, really loved her as much as old Rosicky did. . . . It was as if Rosicky had a special gift for loving people, something that was like an ear for music or an eye for colour. It was quiet, unobtrusive; it was merely there. You saw it in his eyes,—perhaps that was why they were merry. (p. 66)

No doubt is left in the reader's mind that it is his talent for loving that makes Rosicky's family such a happy one. In this and the other stories written during

the period of her parents' final illnesses, Willa Cather affirms human relations once more.

Rosicky finally dies as a result of overexerting himself on behalf of the land. He takes a buggy-rake and starts weeding out the Russian thistles that have sprung up in his son Rudolph's alfalfa field. He has a heart attack, and is saved from immediate death only by the help of Polly, Rudolph's "American" wife, who gets him to the house and makes him lie down. Before the end of the story all conflict arising from differences in background are resolved as he and Polly come to completely understand and love each other; they are reconciled when faced with the ultimate realities. Rosicky's death when it comes is beneficent and peaceful; he accepts it much as the cowboy Otto Fuchs had accepted the idea of death in *My Antonia*. Willa Cather indicates his attitude toward his end by the quiet tone she uses in describing it:

After he had taken a few stitches, the cramp began in his chest, like yesterday. He put his pipe cautiously down on the window-sill and bent over to ease the pull. No use,—he had better try to get to his bed if he could. He rose and groped his way across the familiar floor, which was rising and falling like the deck of a ship. At the door he fell. When Mary came in, she found him lying there, and the moment she touched him she knew that he was gone. (p. 69)

In the end we are left with the feeling that Rosicky understands death because he understands life. He displays a complete acceptance of death as timely and welcome when it comes after a full life, in its proper place in the sequence of the vegetation cycle.

The second story to be found in *Obscure Destinies* is entitled "Old Mrs. Harris." This piece constitutes a retelling of Thea Kronborg's story but with a difference; it has for its heroine, not a high-spirited young girl, but her group-centered grandmother. The story has a young girl in it, to be sure, in the person of Vickie Templeton, but it is the self-effacing old Mrs. Harris who is the center of emphasis and receives all our sympathy. "Old Mrs. Harris" embodies among other things the theme of the ungrateful child and in this respect is a kind of truncated *Père Goriot* or *King Lear*. For Vickie's mother, Mrs. Victoria Templeton, is inconsiderate of her aged parent, being a vain, frivolous, and self-centered Southern belle. She had been the toast of the Tennessee town from which she came, and continued her self-centered

and demanding ways once she reached the Nebraska frontier. Old Mrs. Harris, on the other hand, is just the opposite. She lives for others only. She is seen through the eyes of Mrs. Rosen, the cultivated Jewish neighbor who comes from a different and more sophisticated culture than the Templetons and is the only adult who really appreciates Mrs. Harris. "You know I care more about the old folks than the young," she tells her. Miss Cather notes:

But she had observed that whenever Mrs. Harris's grandchildren were about, tumbling all over her, asking for cookies, teasing her to read to them, the old lady looked happy. (pp. 81-82)

To keep Victoria different from these "ordinary" women meant everything to Mrs. Harris. She realized that Mrs. Rosen managed to be mistress of any situation, either in kitchen or parlour, but that was because she was "foreign." Grandmother perfectly understood that their neighbour had a superior cultivation which made everything she did an exercise of skill. . . .

Grandmother's own lot could improve only with the family fortunes—any comfort for herself, aside from that of the family, was inconceivable to her; and on the other hand she could have no real unhappiness while the children were well, and good, and fond of her and their mother. . . .

Sometimes, in the morning, if her feet ached more than usual, Mrs. Harris felt a little low. . . . But the moment she heard the children running down the uncarpeted back stairs, she forgot to be low. Indeed, she ceased to be an individual, an old woman with aching feet; she became part of a group, became a relationship. She was drunk up into their freshness when they burst in upon her, telling her about their dreams, explaining their troubles with buttons and shoe-laces and underwear shrunk too small. The tired, solitary old woman Grandmother had been at daybreak vanished; suddenly the morning seemed as important to her as it did to the children, and the mornings ahead stretched out sunshiny, important. (pp. 135-37)

The only other adult who pays any attention to Mrs. Harris is the hired girl Mandy who rubs her feet for her when the circulation gets poor. For the rest, all of them are half indifferent to her and take her services for granted. Vickie, the adolescent young girl of the family, resembles her mother more than her grandmother: she too is self-centered, inconsiderate, and vain.

Willa Cather takes the family through a series of incidents designed to reveal its members' characteristics and show them in a good light or bad. Most prominent is the Methodist ice-cream social at which Victoria is publicly criticized for letting her old mother slave for her in the kitchen. It takes some



time for Victoria to recognize the thrust for what it is, but when she does she gets in a huff; for she cannot bear criticism. This calls forth some remarks from Willa Cather on the contrast between Nebraska and Tennessee, between the Western and Southern modes of living, which result in the following summary:

Mrs. Harris was no longer living in a feudal society, where there were plenty of landless people glad to render service to the more fortunate, but in a snappy little Western democracy, where every man was as good as his neighbour and out to prove it. (p. 133)

Another author might have written a comedy of manners on the subject, but Willa Cather does not choose to make comedy of it. She is pretty impartial in her handling of the conflict between Western and Southern manners. The issue involved seems to be whether or not a "lady" can do housework and still be a lady:

[The Westerners] who belonged to clubs and Relief Corps lived differently, Mrs. Harris knew, but she herself didn't like the way they lived. She believed that somebody ought to be in the parlour, and somebody in the kitchen. She wouldn't for the world have had Victoria go about every morning in a short gingham dress, with bare arms, and a dust-cap on her head to hide the curling-kids, as these brisk housekeepers did. To Mrs. Harris that would have meant real poverty, coming down in the world so far that one could no longer keep up appearances. (p. 134)

The phrase "snappy little Western democracy" and the fact that the one Westerner presented, Mrs. Jackson, is rude enough to publicly insult Victoria Templeton seem to indicate an antipathy for the democratic ideal as opposed to the feudal one. But on the other hand Mrs. Rosen, who represents European civilization and is the most sophisticated character in the whole tale, is closer to the Western point of view than to the Southern one.

The portrait of the Templetons is interesting as the first sign of Willa Cather's renewed interest in the South of her extreme childhood (before the age of eight) which she was later to use in the last novel she wrote, *Sapphira and the Slave Girl*. The picture she paints of Southern middle-class manners (with aristocratic pretensions) is not very savory. It involves a sense of clan-nishness (the Templetons do not like it when somebody else sits down at their picnic table) and an excessive admiration of superficial qualities (re-

spectability and the keeping up of appearances are far more important to them than they should be, and the Templeton children have an extravagant admiration for their mother's good looks). But more serious is Victoria's reaction to the insult hurled at her by Mrs. Jackson:

Mrs. Templeton didn't at once take it in. Her training was all to the end that you must give a guest everything you have, even if he happens to be your worst enemy, and that to cause anyone embarrassment is a frightful and humiliating blunder. She felt hurt without knowing just why, but all evening it kept growing clearer to her that this was another of those thrusts from the outside which she couldn't understand. The neighbours were sure to take sides against her, apparently, if they came often to see her mother. . . .

Nothing ever made Victoria cross but criticism. She was jealous of small attentions paid to Mrs. Harris, because she felt they were paid "behind her back" or "over her head," in a way that implied reproach to her. Victoria had been a belle in their own town in Tennessee, but here she was not very popular, no matter how many pretty dresses she wore, and she couldn't bear it. She felt as if her mother and Mr. Templeton must be somehow to blame; at least they ought to protect her from whatever was disagreeable—they always had! (pp. 127-28, 129)

These passages not only show Victoria to be lacking in insight and unable to take criticism; they also show her as given to indiscriminate politeness which makes her helpless before those who are impolite. The fact of her wanting to blame someone else for her troubles reveals a rather frightening conception of a woman as a spoiled child who must always be pampered and petted. This particular Southern tradition is a foolish tradition; the Templetons are victims of immature social standards. Willa Cather shows her awareness of this by the mordant portrait she paints of Victoria. The neglected Mrs. Harris is the unsung heroine of the piece, but it is not the standards she adheres to but the unswerving fidelity to her family whatever their standards that Mrs. Rosen and Willa Cather herself find admirable.

Another sign of Mrs. Harris's superiority is her acceptance of pain as an inescapable consequence of life. This comes out in the description of the death of Blue Boy, the tomcat. Blue Boy, who has been likened to Mrs. Harris and whose death foreshadows her own, comes down with distemper, to the consternation of the entire family. The Templeton twins have never seen suffering before, and are aghast as he begins to froth at the mouth and goes into

spasm after spasm. "Oh, Gram'ma, can't you do anything?" they ask. But Mrs. Harris only replies, "Everything that's alive has got to suffer." This attitude is completely different from Victoria's escapist reaction to the same thing: "I'm sorry about your cat, boys," she said. "That's why I don't like to have cats around; they're always getting sick and dying." This amounts to a saying no to life because of the danger it involves.

A little later in the story the granddaughter Vickie wins a long-coveted scholarship to go to college at Ann Arbor, but does not have the money to go. Her father lets her down by failing to find any way of raising the necessary cash, and for a while Vickie thinks the whole world is against her and feels herself to be a solitary rebel, like Willa Cather's early heroines. Here she becomes another Thea Kronborg—but without eliciting the sympathy that Thea got when Miss Cather too was young and ardent for success. Finally the necessary three hundred dollars is lent to her by Mrs. Rosen's husband through the intercession of old Mrs. Harris, who keeps her rôle in the affair a strict secret. Vickie never even knows who her benefactor is.

Meanwhile other members of the family are having troubles of their own. Mrs. Templeton discovers that she is pregnant once more, and cannot bear the thought of going through another confinement. Using the excuse of a business trip, Mr. Templeton leaves her, just as he always does in times of trouble. In the midst of these domestic crises Mrs. Harris realizes her time has come to die, and, self-effacing to the last, resolves to do so as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. She recalls a passage from *Pilgrim's Progress*, where Christiana and her band come to the arbor on the Hill of Difficulty: "Then said Mercy, how sweet is rest to them that labour," a quotation which sums up her entire life. The bound girl Mandy tries to rub the cold out of her legs, but Mrs. Harris is under no illusions about the meaning of that cold. Her final lapse into unconsciousness is quite peaceful:

Grandma fell to remembering the old place at home: what a dashing, high-spirited girl Victoria was, and how proud she had always been of her; how she used to hear her laughing and teasing out in the lilac arbour when Hillary Templeton was courting her. Toward morning all these pleasant reflections faded out. Mrs. Harris felt that she and her bed were softly sinking, through the darkness to a deeper darkness.

Old Mrs. Harris did not really die that night, but she believed she did. Mandy found her unconscious in the morning. Then there was a great stir and bustle;

Victoria, and even Vickie, were startled out of their intense self-absorption. Mrs. Harris was hastily carried out of the play-room and laid in Victoria's bed, put into one of Victoria's best nightgowns. Mr. Templeton was sent for, and the doctor was sent for. . . . But Grandmother was out of it all, never knew that she was the object of so much attention and excitement. She died a little while after Mr. Templeton got home. (pp. 188-89)

"Old Mrs. Harris" compresses a great deal of the history of Willa Cather's own family into a short space: Victoria Templeton being Willa Cather's mother; Vickie, Willa herself. It shows quite clearly some of the less pleasant aspects of the multigeneration family: the oppressive claustrophobic atmosphere of a crowded house and the inability of the generations to understand each other until it is too late. The story is a tribute to Willa Cather's grandmother, and the main impulse behind it seems to be a regret that she had not earlier appreciated her forebear, while there still was time to express her gratitude to her. This idea is borne out by the story's concluding paragraph:

Thus Mrs. Harris slipped out of the Templeton's story; but Victoria and Vickie had still to go on, to follow the long road that leads through things unguessed at and unforeseeable. When they are old, they will come closer to Grandma Harris. They will think a great deal about her, and remember things they never noticed; and their lot will be more or less like hers. They will regret that they heeded her so little; but they, too, will look into the eager, unseeing eyes of young people and feel themselves alone. They will say to themselves: "I was heartless, because I was young and strong and wanted things so much. But now I know." (p. 190)

"Old Mrs. Harris" is the second story in the book to chronicle a timely and kindly death coming at the end of a long honorable life. However, its heroine is much more self-effacing than "Neighbour Rosicky" ever was; she bears a much closer resemblance to Euclide Auclair. This story's treatment of life in Nebraska is at the opposite pole from that found in the prairie novels; here unbridled individualism is severely criticized, and subordination to the family is praised. In her loyalty, strength, and simple enduring qualities Grandma Harris resembles Félicité in Flaubert's *"Un Coeur Simple,"* and, like Félicité, she is a kind of saint. Willa Cather's sympathies are completely with the unassertive grandmother who gives her loyalty to the South and the feudal order rather than to the West and democracy. The story thus restates the theme of *Shadows on the Rock* but in a Middle Western setting; as in *Shadows on*

*the Rock* the group is all-important. Finally, the story is a convincing one, and not particularly sentimentalized, as are the next stories with which we will have to deal.

Not much need be said about the short story entitled "Two Friends"; of all the stories in *Obscure Destinies* it is the weakest. It describes through the eyes of a child the friendship of Mr. Trueman the cattle rancher and Mr. Dillon the banker and business man, and the breakup of that friendship due to a political argument over the nomination of William Jennings Bryan. It is tempting to see the story as an allegory of the split between commerce and agriculture, business and creativity, fact and value, but more likely it represents the breakup of Willa Cather's childhood world, her first realization that the adult world contains conflict and pain. It is interesting because it shows vividly her own peculiar interpretation of conflict. According to her view, people either agree completely or else completely break off with each other—there is no conception of compromise or of people agreeing to disagree. Needless to say, this is not a very mature view. Not only does she insufficiently motivate Trueman to break off a lifelong friendship on the basis of a political argument; she insists that "After the rupture nothing went well with either of my two great men." Dillon dies within three years of that time; Trueman moves out of town and presumably leads a frustrated life until his demise within a decade of the quarrel. The concluding passage voices a regret for lost human relationships that makes one sympathize with Willa Cather's old age and reminds one of the remorse of Tom Outland:

When that old scar is occasionally touched by chance, it rouses the old uneasiness; the feeling of something broken that could so easily have been mended; of something delightful that was senselessly wasted, of a truth that was accidentally distorted—one of the truths we want to keep. (p. 230).

## The Sound of Rock

West of sorrow  
where I hear  
laughter breaking rock

I sing my dog  
one more time  
to rabbits in the snow.

I hutch the stones  
that no one knows  
and seagulls rake the shore

where clouds run north  
and storms drive south.  
The center is not there.

I move the field  
of marguerite  
and mushrooms by the road

and carry them  
a crown to frogs.  
They dry within my arms.

I hold my hand  
to catch the sound.  
Sorrow has no night.

—*Carl Cary*

## Three Landscapes

### I

All day we drove across the gaunted land,  
tasting the dirt, watching the hungry wind  
grind the earth, the stones to powdered sand,  
whip the backs of hills as though they sinned,  
as though, like Penitentes, they must fall  
and bleed, and get upon their knees, and rise,  
and stagger underneath a cross, with all  
their blood upon their backs and in their eyes.  
This is earth's death, the endless moan  
of wind that lashed the planet long before  
the world was born, when living earth was stone  
that had been fire, and stone was time's poor whore.  
Seeing from whence we came, you turned away  
and shook. And held my hand. And would not stay.

### 2

We have come down the road to early sleep  
beneath the long-leafed pines in blackening storm  
that mists the dripping ghosts of trees, when deep  
within the dark a panther cries alarm,  
shrieks as woman shrieks, weeping lone  
and lost upon the summit of the world  
where earth is stripped to barest flesh and bone  
and death and birth and clouds are pennants furled.  
About the straining spars of trees, bent  
and dwarfed, all the wind and falling dark  
are funneled to the earth below and rent  
with spurts of stars, spark by lonely spark.  
So reach we now for love beneath the pines,  
shutting the panther out with clearest wines.

Where runs the stream? I tell you upward, straight  
 into the sun. You laugh and say I jest,  
 while all the light upon the world, the great  
 and gleaming light, streams golden on your breast,  
 and through the trees the squirrels are dropping mast  
 upon the antlered buck, leading his does  
 to feed, and velvet fawns are bounding past:  
 why ask me where the silver water flows?  
 This is the morning, endless morning time,  
 when streams flow up and out into the sky,  
 and gold is stone, and stones are gold—a dime  
 a dozen, you repeat, and want to die,  
 but turn and press your lips against my brow,  
 forgetting death, and when, and why, and how.

—*Gene Shuford*

## Aphrodite

What will it matter in the winter snow  
 What wind denied its perfume to a stranger,  
 What autumn leaf, beyond the threat of danger  
 Trembled and tossed, but never left its bough?

Who will remember when the buds are gone  
 What rose withheld its honey from a bee,  
 What summer day, beside a churlish sea  
 Went down to dusk with all its warmth withdrawn?

Oh, even though the world retreat and shun  
 My doorway, all unwilling to allow  
 That here is a woman loving as the sun,  
 Still I must share my nurture here and now  
 For in tomorrow's mists that shroud my plot,  
 Who I was will be carved, but what, forgot.

—*Ethel Barnett De Vito*



## The Elemental Diction

It is no lover's language this,  
nor any enemy's, this  
that is now the bright wind's kiss,  
tickling the ocotillo's bones to laughter  
(listen! it is a hangman's laughter,  
laughing after)  
that is now the choked halloo  
of the hills, the broken bone-showing  
hills, that is now the horizon's hopeless uplifted echo  
or the sky's, where the big sun, beating  
in the bowl of a golden bell,  
booms overhead  
in a slow funereal knell,  
this that is the language of the vast dead  
land, idiom of death and dark beginnings,  
inelegant, elemental, stone-severe . . .  
listen!

the tough tongue of the desert talking:  
stone in a stone mouth striving, a slow  
stone speech you do not, no,  
but the deaf death in you hears.

—Theodore Roszak

## A Lecture on Diction

When with wings summer clears the morning  
and with sleep your eyes are shuttered still,  
I see your hair coil soft in warning  
across the pillow beside me, like a codicil  
of night. Brief then, that image, the tableau  
that hair, memory and morning wove,  
but in that coil of moment on pillow  
was birth: a definition of love.

—Curtis Whittington, Jr.

## No Rot Shall Overtake Us

And in the hereafter, the tremendous past  
Of grass and pebble and stone,  
I will have lived, who live to last  
Eternities of polished bone

And silence, who will have sung torrents  
Of sound, who beat my brain  
Against my leaden wing into winded instruments  
Of rhythm, sigh, and tone,

Heartward and worldward, into and under  
And over the weeds, that cannot  
Ever hush this music, that bursts like thunder  
Out of my loneliness. No rot

Shall overtake us after death, who defy  
Vermin and grass to erase us  
Out of divine love; for after that love we die  
Into no emptiness.

—*Lora Dunetz*  
(after Baudelaire)

## Dear Sun

We believe in this  
Our great  
Freedom to die  
Houses our houses  
Let fall in ruin  
Vineyards our vineyards  
Let lie fallow—

We believe that nobody  
Could force us later  
To rise into the light  
To the tremendous  
Effort of eternal life.

We believe it is in our power  
Not to love anymore  
And to let drift at last—  
Cold amid cold swarms—  
This our star.

But the unabated  
Daily evidence  
Of kissing lips  
Of dear sun  
Fair earth  
Forever and ever  
Knows better.

—*Marie Luise Kaschnitz*  
*Neue Gedichte*, Claasen Verlag GmbH.  
Hamburg, 1957  
translated by Gertrude C. Schwebell

## The Planetarium Star Show

Theory of fire, and fire on a turning dome:  
this momentary private holocaust  
of heaven: plotted by the nerve that spun  
from ganglions of fire that feel no fire:

connoisseurs of star-time wait for a switch  
to show them how the suns coiled into time  
wrapped in their secret of rose and whale,  
foam, feather, mane, down in the sea still fire;

no one came to think of horses printed in the flame  
of the foaling suns, but suddenly  
the swirls are unmistakable manes flaring, and horses,  
horses, overrun the galaxies.

—Robert Beum

## Letter to Witter Bynner Written during a Spring Storm

I hope this finds you in Jalisco still;  
the season's early yet for faring north.  
The country which you call "autumnal Spain"  
is subject still to flaws in the weather;  
the sun is thin in Albuquerque, and the winds  
swirling through the passes into Santa Fe  
are harsh with cold dust and in Taos  
stiffen and blur the leading edge of spring.  
Like Don Arguello in that verse of mine  
you'll "miss the hot plains and the easy dust."

The Way of Life according to Laotzu  
must have been followed there in Chapala.  
One, at least, of those "forever books"  
came out of it, and while there's always  
(as when Li Po was exiled to the south)  
a mountain of jade to climb, you long since  
have ascended the difficult gorge in  
the Land of Pa. So stay yet awhile  
under the strong brown sun, the wine-bright moon.  
More new poems have yet to be written,  
and though I know your genius does not  
change with the weather, chitter with the wind,  
I rather like the thought that you must be  
in an eternal summer. That's the right of it.

Great thanks for your comments on my book,  
most kindly when they come from such a height.  
I'm trying, not to explicate the world,  
but rather to suggest its spirit, scope,  
and simple, almost secret, serenity.  
I hope that my wonder has a common sense,  
a "passionate patience which is the core of life."  
As it is thus with you, so do I wish  
it be with me.

*Salud y pesetas.*

—Richard Esler

Mr. Esler's first poem was published by Harriet Monroe in *Poetry* in 1932, and Witter Bynner wrote to him about it. He has continued to encourage Mr. Esler, and a letter from him was used as a foreword in Esler's recent book, *Exits and Entrances*. In February 1931, page 1, volume 1, number 1 of *NMQ* opened with a poem, "New Mexican Adobes," by Witter Bynner.

## Declination

Tonight the moon swims like a fish  
Devouring stars; the ocean of air  
Is fathomless and occult dreams  
Float lazily in the languid sky;  
This transient hour is mine:  
Extravagant with light I lean  
An arc upon the earth  
To intersect your star.

—*Veris Wessel*

## Directions

In the crystal ball that is my world  
My orb, my globe the evening birds  
Whirring soft on the wind of beginnings  
Have touched me with the brilliance of their shadows:

The given feather of the Eastern Bird  
Has lain a little in my palm;  
No longer will I live surrounded  
By yesterday's green mountain rim  
And in sight of the blue rain of time to come.

The wind of the innerness of wings  
Descends upon me in the form of  
The Southern Bird, the mourning dove,  
The Comforter

The Great Fisher  
The Northern Bird, the lone osprey  
Prepares a place for me in the curves  
Of freedom's world-long wind

Snow begins its downward bloom  
The West-sea wind is white to harvest  
The least sandpiper  
Seeks this moment that which was lost  
And shows me now the first fruits of my sleep.

—*Patricia Kasper*

## Reflections on a Gift of Watermelon Pickle Received from a Friend called Felicity

During that summer  
When unicorns were still possible;  
When the purpose of knees  
Was to be skinned;  
When shiny horse chestnuts  
    (Hollowed out  
    Fitted with straws  
    Crammed with tobacco  
    Stolen from butts  
    In family ashtrays)  
Were puffed in green lizard silence  
While straddling thick branches  
Far above and away  
From the softening effects  
Of civilization;

During that summer—  
Which may never have been at all;  
But which has become more real  
Than the one that was—  
Watermelons ruled.

Thick pink imperial slices  
Melting frigidly on sun-parched tongues  
Dribbling from chins;  
Leaving the best part,  
The black bullet seeds,  
To be spit out in rapid fire  
Against the wall  
Against the wind  
Against each other;

And when the ammunition was spent,  
There was always another bite:  
It was a summer of limitless bites,  
Of hungers quickly felt  
And quickly forgotten  
With the next careless gorging.

The bites are fewer now.  
Each one is savored lingeringly,  
Swallowed reluctantly.

But in a jar put up by Felicity,  
The summer which maybe never was  
Has been captured and preserved.  
And when we unscrew the lid  
And slice off a piece  
And let it linger on our tongue:  
Unicorns become possible again.

—John Tobias

## The Bear

What ruse of vision,  
escarping the wall of leaves,  
rending incision  
into countless surfaces,

would cull and color  
his somnolence, whose old age  
has outworn valor,  
all but the fact of courage?

Seen, he does not come,  
move, but seems forever there,  
dimensionless, dumb,  
in the windless noon's hot glare.

More scarred than others  
these years since the trap maimed him,  
pain slants his withers,  
drawing up the crooked limb.

Then he is gone, whole,  
without urgency, from sight,  
as buzzards control,  
imperceptibly, their flight.

—*N. Scott Momaday*

## Buteo Regalis

His frailty discrete, the rodent turns, looks.  
What sense first warns? The winging is unheard,  
Unseen but as distant motion made whole,  
Singular, slow, unbroken in its glide.  
It veers, and veering, tilts broad-surfaced wings.  
Aligned, the span bends to begin the dive  
And falls, alternately white and russet,  
Angle and curve, gathering momentum.

—*N. Scott Momaday*

## Pit Viper

The cordate head meanders through himself:  
Metamorphosis. Slowly the new thing,  
Kindled to flares along his length, curves out.  
From the evergreen shade where he has lain,  
Through inland seas and catacombs he moves.  
Blurred eyes that ever see have seen him waste,  
Acquire, and undiminished: have seen death—  
Or simile—come nigh and overcome.  
Alone among his kind, old, almost wise,  
Mere hunger cannot urge him from this drowse.

—*N. Scott Momaday*



## Two Releases (1945, 1959)

Richard, younger brother, halfway down our dead father's years,  
Whose memory we churched today, all in dress, by the flowers,  
With well-mouthed words skewing at us and over in scent as we sat  
Up close in the foremost, pitiless pews, with our properly brave,  
Softly indecisive mother beside us under the organ's bleached,  
Mild meanderings that laved the dome with comfort until  
The Right Things and the things not wholly wrong were said:  
Richard, bearing so many of that dead man's cares, do you remember  
Now your own much less private lying in a makeshift hospital's bed?

You were flown back to England, stacked alive to lie separate in pain,  
With other young men up-arched in hurt dying around you, while older,  
Also-sweating men in white dug most of the jagged seeds of your death  
From your marrow-sapped, desperately young, spent body. All but the heel  
They cleaned in that barracks and shambles, of you who, underage,  
Made it across the Remagen Bridge, and were birthdayed there on the far  
Side by sudden mortarfire from a firred ridge on the German Rhine;  
Thereafter struggling up to command, and then not to fall:  
Last leader of a first platoon into that war's last hell.

Your bed, that spring, was kindled by shrapnel sparking your body.  
Now, just this autumn, we've watched a cool bed, all lukewarm-tubed  
To a cooling body, cleaned outside, but all in dark battle within,  
While the lapping mind glazed its shores against unknown winters  
Of eternity, certain at least that his enemies there were encircled  
In their merited levels of shrill unwitting and steep orbits of denial.

Just because, Dick, this good man has gone difficult, gray from us,  
We must go all our days left in spending remembered good, go gray  
Ourselves as slowly and only outside of us we can, and be gay  
As seems easy among the weedy brains that sketch our paths, and milk  
Themselves of their stale poison as we pass.

That man whose mind  
Presides on all our memories: his courage flecked on your reluctant  
Bones, his myths and laughter plucking every word I try to live upon:  
He lived, our father, hard in his way, and strong with the strength  
Of all his fathers, and stronger against their legacied strength.  
Weeks past the date he left the lighted place, and became both himself  
And his ashes—not ours any more, or theirs of ancestral morality,  
Or even worried Mother's in all her devotion, but just his best  
Sinew of singular spirit, rare in the black Alone.

At longest last  
He went quietly elsewhere, out of his ruined, our-life-giving body,  
And went not at all to the pastelled rewards of pink, palm and pearl,  
In his kept and diaconal cutaway, but, naked and wrecked, up high,  
Into the cloud of his crowding recognitions, probably laughing.

—Charles Philbrick

## Alfama

By forlorn glimmer, threading secret ways,  
Where Tagus lapped the quays of Black Horse Square;  
In rotting labyrinths from Moorish days,  
Your wraith still waits beside a cobbled stair.

I watched your step upon the gaslit street,  
And drank your tears wrung by the *fado's* song;  
In lanes where echoes, night and shadows meet  
I clutched the hope you lent and proved was wrong

Exultantly I made my madman's boast,  
Nor sensed the mockery of truth. Now sane,  
I plead through tears of vitriol, "Oh ghost,  
Illusion, joy of fools, come back again!"

—James Powell

**WE HAD RIDDEN** for an hour, the New Mexico dawn at our backs, and we were cold and stiff. The horses snorted and blew and shook their heads as they warmed to their work. There was a steady clatter of hooves and spurs and bridles. My horse was a Tennessee walking horse named, with little regard for geography, Arkansas Traveler. We were on our way to a neighbor's ranch for an early fall roundup and branding.

The air grew steadily warmer and our breath no longer left smoky trails behind us. We rode past log gates and up to the ranch house. A dozen riders were waiting, with a leg thrown over the saddle horn, a cigarette cupped in cold hands, or hats pulled down and collars up, against the morning air.

## Roundup

### *a description*

BARBARA ROGERS STINSON

Riders would cover different sections of the ranch to bring in all the cattle. One bunch would comb the foothills beneath Sierra Montosa, one would follow the low wide valley to the southwest and one, the scrubby ridges to the east. All would meet at the great waterhole, where the cattle could drink before moving to the big corral near the ranch buildings.

We were to ride along the main ridge to the end of the valley, sweeping any cattle off the hillside. Then we would head back up the valley, driving before us the cattle we had rounded up. We spurred our horses, touching their necks lightly with the ends of the reins. They knew their work and loved it. Their ears pricked and wagged. Their heads turned steadily back and forth. Their nostrils flared. There! Was that a clump of juniper in the distance or a sleeping cow? Arkansas Traveler pricked his ears and snuffed, then lost interest. I took my cue from him—only juniper. Farther on we scared up a bunch of five Herefords grazing below a rocky ledge. They grunted and bawled in protest as we uprooted them with shouts and whistles and sent them trotting down into the valley. We

passed below a clump of piñon trees and saw nothing, but the horses were interested. We rode up to the piñons and six whitefaced cattle materialized out of the shadows. Their rest disturbed, they lumbered to their feet, heads lowered and threatening. Failing in their bluff they headed downhill.

The sun warmed and dried the world. The acrid scent of piñon saturated the air. The horses' hooves beat out a rhythmical song. The sun was almost overhead when we reached the end of the valley and started to circle back to the corral. Picking up the small bunches of whitefaces that we had turned downhill, we drove them ahead of us and they soon became a herd. Great clouds of dust churned up from under their hooves to rise over the cattle and trail behind us. Other bunches joined ours now. "Don't push 'em too hard. You'll run all the beef off 'em."

The cowboys knew many of the cattle by sight just as city dwellers might recognize friends in a crowd. "There's the spotted heifer. Her maw was that old line-back from Springerville." "That's the steer was caught in the fence last fall. Healed up fine." "Yonder's one of Naegli's steers and two of his heifers. Better cut 'em out here." "Háven't seen that slash-eared three year old bull. Keep an eye out for him. And watch for Merry Christmas." The latter was a heifer named for the snowy day of her birth.

A steer broke from the herd and, tail-over-back, headed past me for the hills and freedom. Arkansas saw him cut out before I did, and off we went after the high-tailing steer. The rider was excess baggage as the cowpony cut and turned and dodged, heedless of stones, shrubs and rough ground and sent the steer at a stiff-legged trot back into the herd.

By the time we reached the rise this side of the waterhole, the hot sun had raised a thirst in the cattle, and their tongues were lolling out of their mouths. When they smelled water, their pace quickened and their bawling grew louder. The whole herd poured up and over the hill like a barrel of red Mexican beans pouring out of a sack. They spilled over each other in their eagerness to reach the water. They bellowed and pushed and shouldered a way in until the waterhole was filled with cattle standing shoulder to shoulder and head to tail—Coney Island in the cow country.

Contentment settled heavily upon me. The sheer pleasure of Being filled me, threatening to expand my soul to the breaking point. Reins looped over the saddle horn, I stretched my arms to the empty sky, making room for the peace that grew within me and surrounded me.

We waited for the cattle to drink their fill. Then the great, bawling beast—the cattle herd, prodded by shouts and yips and cracking of ropes, surged out of the water, and fenced in by horses and riders moved on across the range.

Spurs jangled and saddles squeaky-creaked with monotonous regularity. The cattle bawled. Only a few sought to escape from the herd now. The rest were resigned to being a part of this huge, moving, dusty mass.

And the sound that drifted back: the deep bawling, bellowing and mawing of a herd of cattle on the move, was to stay with me always; and evoke, whenever I should hear even an echo of it, the sounds and sights and smells, the dust and thirst and heat, all the memories of the open range, the West and a cattle drive.

The sun beat down and heat settled around my waist, under my hatband, between saddle and blue jeans and under my shirt collar. Forehead, neck and arms wore a red coat of dust that clung to the dampness there. The stirrup bars pressed through my bootsoles into the balls of my feet. The horizon began to jiggle and dance. Hills became wobbly and juniper clumps jumped from side to side. Waves of heat rose from outcrops of rock. All around was heat and dust. The vegetation, the ground, and the sky were painted with hot, dry colors: dusty gray-greens, toasted browns and yellows, with a dried-out blue canvas for the sky.

To the west, huge white mounds of moisture were piling up. Great thunderheads built up higher and higher until they dominated the landscape, dwarfing the mountains and the expanses of flat land. The clouds moved towards us, dragging their cool shadows beneath them. Nearing the sun, they surrounded it, then blotted it out. The tension in the air grew, the heat and dry air resisting the pressure of the storm. Then the clouds burst into a million fragments of drenching, driving rain. The storm soaked not only the land, but jeans and shirts and saddle blankets and jackets, hastily donned; and rain dripped into boot tops. Arkansas laid back his ears and shook himself. He humped his back in discomfort and snorted his protest, but kept his steady pace beside the herd. The cattle hunched down into the storm and kept moving. The wind continued its scudding drive across the sky, moving steadily to the east, driving its reluctant herd of storm clouds before it.

The sun reappeared and we dried as quickly as the muddy rain pools in the rocks and ruts around us; an itchy process, to be sure, this drying in the sun. The air was filled with rain smell, sweet and moist and green. Dust

no longer rose around the herd. Red mud coated their legs. The rain altered our outlook and changed the look of the land. The sky was a watercolor blue now. The brown and yellow and gray of the sage and the grass had turned to rich, soft shades of green, and the soil was a deep reddish hue.

Nearing the corral, the leaders of the herd paused as they smelled the fires and caught sight of the fences and the trucks and the people. They were forced on by the steady shuffling mass of the herd behind them and by our shouts and cries and the prodding of the horses. With eyes rolling and heads tossing, the cattle funneled into the big corral. There they milled around and around, a cloud of red dust hanging over their backs—cows, calves, heifers, steers, and a few bumbling, huffy bulls. Bereft of the freedom that gave them an imposing aura of majesty on the range and reduced in rank to captives, the old bulls were at a disadvantage and attempted brief shows of authority by clashing occasionally with the younger and smaller bulls.

The branding fires had burned down to piles of steady, glowing coals. Branding irons lay with their feet in the fires, warming to a dusty white heat. The ranchers' wives watched from atop the truck hoods, their thermoses and boxes of sandwiches and cake ready for all comers. Some of the cowboys sat on the fence, waiting to tally the herd.

Now the cutting horses went to work. Lee headed for the herd first, mounted on Butterfly, a stocky pinto. His rope snaked out, a calf bawled, a cow bellowed. He emerged from the herd with a hippity-hopping calf on the end of his long rope and an angry cow not far behind, held back by the other riders. Butterfly backed steadily, keeping the twisty, bawling calf at the end of a taut line. One cowboy left his horse, ran alongside the calf, and grabbed for the far hind leg and a handful of loose flesh on the back. With one quick heave the calf left the earth and landed with a jolting thud on its side in the dust. Before the calf could gather itself, the cowboy was on it, holding down its head and stretching the fore and hind legs far apart. A shout from a rider identified the bawling cow: "Lazy R Diamond." The tally men tallied the cow and the calf on their lists.

A cowboy at the fire snatched up the right iron and ran towards the calf, branding iron aloft and glowing, shouting the warning: "Hot iron!" There was a smack, a sizzle, a puff of smoke, the sweetish odor of burning hair and a bawl of terror from the calf; then a few quick strokes with a sharp knife, a jab with the blackleg needle, a slit of the ear, and two clashes of the

dehorning shears. In thirty seconds, a sadder but well-doctored calf trotted clumsily to his anxious mother. Now she gave him a few broad licks with her warm tongue, a sympathetic bawl and a nudge with her nose. The terror was gone and almost forgotten and the calf was out to lunch. They would be held in a nearby corral to be driven back to the range later, with the herd.

More calves were cut out of the herd and roped and thrown. Cows bellowed and frightened calves bawled in shaky voices. Cowboys ran back and forth to the branding fires with irons held high. Others hurried to the fence for vaccine and equipment. Brands were shouted to the tally men. There were yells and laughter when a feisty calf would slip from a cowboy's grip or an infuriated cow would evade the horses and riders that held back the herd.

Now was the time for the cutting horses to do their day's work. The others, their cinches loosened, dozed in the heat, heads hanging low, oblivious of the smoke and dust and noise. Their job was done until the herd should be branded and ready to be turned back on the range for the winter.



GUSTAVE BAUMANN

**I**T WAS LATE Friday in late autumn, classes were out for Thanksgiving recess, the days were getting shorter, and although late Friday was ordinarily the only time of the week that he felt there was plenty of time for everything, Richard Shelton was uneasy. For one thing, he could not place the cashier he had first encountered a month before at McComb's, and he was sure he had known her somewhere in his life. Yet he was also sure she could not be more than nineteen, and he was thirty-three. Certainly he had not met her since the war, but unless he or she had become some kind of personal anachronism, it was less likely that he had known her before that. And so she remained an unsolved problem, almost a threat, it seemed, to his peace of mind.

Nevertheless, when he left his office on the deserted campus and began to walk to his two room flat he had no intention of stopping at McComb's and certainly no premonition of the events in store for him that night, events which later seemed to him a revelation. He was a man for whom disciplined thinking had become a necessity, and he allowed himself the pleasures

of the imagination only occasionally; sometimes, weary with work and life itself, he would put *Ride of the Valkyrie* on his sixty dollar hi-fi and watch with concupiscent longing that magnificent race of warrior women, long of limb and golden-haired, pass through the darkness of his room.

When he stepped outside of the darkening faculty office building and locked the door behind him, he was surprised to find that the November day had died without his knowing it. Before, while he walked home by the shops on Central Avenue and heard the traffic roaring in his ears, he liked to think that only *he* had time to watch the flaming skies southwest of the earth—the “conflagrations,” as he secretly called them, because they reminded him of burning London after an air raid. But here the fire was unearthly while it lasted, silhouetting the black branches of the elms that loomed on the horizon of the city like a network of roots by which the planet clung to the universe.

Now he had missed this event; perhaps it had occurred while he had

## Gibraltar from the Underground

*a story*

JOSEPH FERGUSON



forced himself to concentrate on the omnipresent themes from his freshman composition class, perhaps because he had spent more time than he had intended earlier that day in the library stacks checking his Pirandello bibliography. Now the sky was gray, full of a dull haze, and while he watched the stars dimly appearing there, he thought how he had cheated himself; first with the help of libraries and themes, for that day, and then, with the help of libraries and themes and a dismal war in Europe, for the thirty-three years of his life that seemed suddenly without direction.

And perhaps that was the reason he decided at the last moment to stop at McComb's.

He liked McComb's Cafeteria because it was underground. It was a clean, quiet place, and one could buy a cup of coffee and relax there, and a bachelor with an income no greater than his could afford a meal there once a day. Perhaps the atmosphere of the place was a little too sterile to be called cheerful, but nevertheless on these chill autumn nights when death loitered in the air like thin smoke he found he could go there and be comforted. His feeling was like the sense of security he got upon entering a bomb shelter while the raid sirens were still going off. During the war, whenever he himself wasn't miles above the earth huddled in the belly of the "Misty Bitch," whenever he happened to be in London and those wailing sirens took him by surprise, like the rest of the surviving members of that civilization, he had become an habitual subterranean. And his habit had become a preference.

For the last month, however, it was the cashier who drew him to McComb's. He had noted that she worked there three nights a week, including every other Friday night. She reminded him somehow of Elizabeth Taylor, although he did not think Elizabeth Taylor was beautiful—not his type, not long-limbed, not golden-haired. This girl was not his type either, but her dark hair was at least genuine, and there was no doubt in his mind that she was beautiful. *Eternity was in her lips and eyes* he had thought the night he had first seen her, and it had been a long time since anyone had caused him to recall a line so spontaneously. Later, however, in a more cynical mood he had modified the end of the line to "hips and thighs," for he had given up all hope that beautiful young girls had thoughts or feelings about eternity. Still he could not help associating her with the inebriating odors of spring, and if he had known this girl before it must have been

sometime in his lost youth. For the present he was content to be a distant admirer, and the situation enchanted him, for he fancied himself involved like a courtly lover in a hopeless affair. Yet this fanciful relationship had on occasion pushed middle age just a few very important years further into the future.

As Richard Shelton walked on Central Avenue he knew that it was the nearness of this enchantment that made him hesitate in front of the six-story Professional Building. He crossed the patio behind it to the Prudential Building, eight stories, and then stepped down into the little cove under its ground floor, and opened the glass swing-door to McComb's. She was there, more beautiful than ever, he thought, and he felt his heart turn like a heliotrope finding the light. But quickly—a little too quickly, perhaps, for he feared she was staring at him—he picked up a copy of the *Tribune* and pretended to read. Not very convincingly, he knew, because his heart was thumping wildly now, and to satisfy it, he stole a glance at her as soon as he dared. He couldn't believe it . . . she *was* staring at him. Perhaps his interest in her had been brought to her attention. With eyes diverted to his paper he advanced to pay her like a man drowning, green from holding his breath. He handed her a coin, meeting her eyes only once, briefly, painfully. He could not understand why he was too embarrassed to speak, but he feared that this brazen girl was about to destroy something, threatening to make it a reality.

And just then she did. She handed him his change and she said, "Thank you, Mr. Shelley," and he looked at her again as if he had half expected this and saw that she was smiling at him in a manner that was not entirely innocent, in a manner that was more seductive than it was innocent. Under the circumstances, it was even a manner that suggested malice.

Confused, bewildered, Richard Shelton made his way out of the cafeteria and home to his apartment, oblivious to his surroundings.

*If a man could travel faster than the speed of light, he could return to the day of his birth. So Einstein thought.* Richard Shelton tried to concentrate. He scanned his notes on relativity in the plays of Pirandello, but it was no use. He played *Ride of the Valkyrie*, but that was no use either. He watered the green plants in the flower box he had built by his window. Then he took off

his shoes and lay down on his bed in the dark, and surrendered to a suppressed but awakened reverie.

Once, he thought, he had been brave. He had picked up a girl in Soho, the part of London that Karl Marx had lived in with his family on a guinea a week while he gathered material from the British Museum for his book. He could remember the exact day, April 12, 1945. The day Roosevelt died. He couldn't remember the day of the week, only that it was not Saturday because he had to be back at his post the next day.

He had gone to a restaurant he knew on Brewer Street, and he had taken a cab because in Soho the streets are narrow and there are no buses. When he got out of the cab he could see streaks of magenta in the graying sky, and he thought he smelled rain. The air was warm and pleasant, and so he decided to walk up to Piccadilly Circus a few blocks away. Then he began to notice that practically everybody he passed was in tears, and he asked what had happened. Had we lost the war after all? Then someone told him that Roosevelt had died and suddenly he felt the significance of being alive at that moment, and he wondered whether the people at home had taken the news as hard as these people in Soho-London had taken it.

There were no touts on the streets and even the bad clubs were not noisy. People seemed to be hurrying for home, as if they expected rain or an air raid, even though many thought the war was almost over. It was just that time of day when the oncoming night inspires awe and a man wishes most of all that he were not going to be alone.

He turned around at Piccadilly Circus to go back to his restaurant and it was then that he saw her. He could not remember her face, only that she was his type and he knew from the look that she gave him as they passed that she did not really want to be alone either, and so he followed her. He followed her down Shaftesbury Avenue where the theaters were, past The Lyric, The Apollo, The Globe, and past Queen's Theatre, and then down Frith Street until just before they reached Soho Square. He finally approached her because he was afraid she was going to meet someone there, and asked her why everyone was crying. She was kind, and they went into a cafe just off the Square and drank ale while she explained without believing for a moment that he did not already know. He thought about ordering dinner, but she said she was not hungry, and he agreed that it was hard to be hungry at a time like this. Outside, it still looked like it was going to rain, and

so they went directly to a place she knew above a secondhand bookstore on Charing Cross Road near St. Giles Circus, and took a room.

In the room, she asked him his name and he told her, a little sheepishly, "Richard."

"Richard the Lion-Hearted," she said.

For a moment he feared she was making fun of him, but when he looked at her and saw she was not he did not want to tell her his last name was Shelley, and under the circumstances Shelton sounded much better to him. But he confessed that he was not lion-hearted, that he had bombed the Germans from the belly of the "Misty Bitch" where he could breathe pure oxygen until he was giddy and see only the little flashes of light the bombs made on the civilization below, and never hear the cries of the women and children until he was down to earth again, in London when the Germans bombed it. And she confessed she would not want his job, and said she was sorry for him. And he decided he did not like the job he had done either and so he had made the new name permanent after the war.

She told him she had never done anything like this before and that if he left her before dawn she would feel like a prostitute. He believed her as much as she had believed him when he asked why everyone was in mourning. Now, he thought, the President was dead and there was nobody to drop the bombs for anymore, and no reason to report in the morning. But he left her anyway as soon as she fell asleep, and it was still early in the night.

Outside there was just a little light left in the sky, which still looked threatening although it had never rained. The sky made a strange contrast with the earth, where artificial lights were on, as if no one expected the Germans or the sun again. Remembering what she had told him, he paused to look back at the rooming house above the bookstore, half-heartedly hoping she would be in one of the windows there. But the room he had left was darker than the sky, and he turned around and quickened his steps on Charing Cross Road. His heart began to pound, and he thought how Roosevelt had died and remained famous, and how Karl Marx had died and become famous and infamous, and how Pirandello had died and how even Einstein was dying, and how Richard Shelley had died and how he himself was dying that very moment. And no one knew.

*Waking or asleep, Thou of death must deem Things more true and deep Than we mortals dream. . . .* Richard Shelton wondered if Einstein and Pi-

randello would agree with that. *We look before and after, And pine for what is not.* . . . Surely they would, he thought. Lazarus-like, he sat up and put on his shoes, and then his coat, and then he went out and began to walk. *When I arose and saw the dawn, I sighed for thee.* . . .

A little wind had cleared the sky, and the stars he had seen so dimly before were brighter now, but cold and distant. In the east a dissipated moon had just joined them. The roar of the traffic on Central Avenue had dwindled to sighs and whispers in his ears, and he was suddenly aware of the smallness of human noise. It filled the human cities with an almost constant din, and yet it seemed swallowed up so quickly above and beyond those cities.

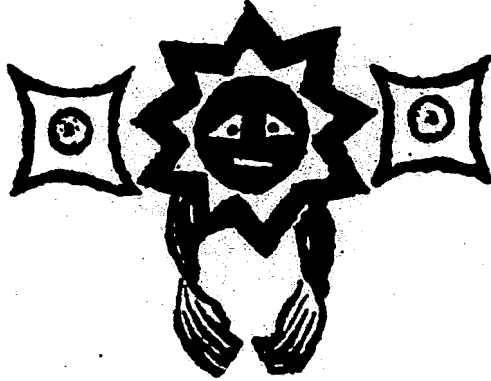
As he neared McComb's he tried to decide what he would do when he saw her. He thought of going directly up to her and asking for her name, since she knew his. He thought of waiting outside for her to leave and following her, as he had done with the girl in London. But as it turned out it was a decision he did not have to make, for what happened was the one event he had not anticipated.

He was too late. He had forgotten to look at his watch and had passed heedlessly by the clocks in the shop windows, and as he peered at the big swing-door he saw only his own faint image in the darkened glass. He pressed his hands and face against the glass, but the place was deserted, as if no one had been there.

He remembered how in the barracks during the war he used to fall asleep early, so when the others would come in late they would wake him and he, thinking it was morning, would jump up and have his boots on before he realized that it was midnight because the stars were always out anyway when the men had to fall out in the mornings. But somehow the analogy didn't seem appropriate to him. He couldn't force Einstein's law of relativity to apply. He was too late this time, and no one was laughing at him.

He heard voices and music then, and he stepped back into the patio and looked up to the fourth floor of the Prudential Building. He could see men and women embracing, silhouetted behind drawn shades. It looked like a Roman orgy. But then, as everyone suddenly changed partners, he remembered the dance studio which operated there at odd hours.

Stepping back still further he could see the eighth and top story of the building, and above that, outlined in neon and in bold relief against the blackness of the night, stood the Rock of Gibraltar.



## HEADNOTES

*A Prosody Handbook*, of which ROBERT BEUM is co-author with Karl Shapiro, is to appear in 1962. Mr. Beum, the author of a number of published articles, poetry, short stories, and reviews, is an instructor in the University of Nebraska's Department of English. This is his first appearance in *NMQ*.

Resident of Norwood, Massachusetts, ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO was educated at grammar and high schools in the Canal Zone, Panama. Inventory of her publications lists: *New Yorker*, *American Mercury*, *New York Times*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *American*, *Catholic World*.

CARL CARY, who teaches in the Bothell, Washington, public school system, was born and reared in San Juan County, Washington, where "there are 172 islands with a beauty that fosters both salt water and cactus." He has climbed most of the major peaks of the Cascade Mountains. His poem, "The Sound of Rock," which appears in this issue of *NMQ*, is his first submitted manuscript and first accepted work.

No stranger to *NMQ*, RICHARD CURRY ESLEER published *Exits and Entrances*, his first book of verse, last May. His poems are read in many journals in the United States as well as in Canada.

At present teaching high school French in Baltimore, Maryland, LORA DUNETZ was for a number of years an occupational therapist at the University of Maryland Hospital and has also worked with mental patients and with crippled children, as well as serving with the Women's Medical Specialist Corps. She has traveled widely in Europe and has studied French at Middlebury and at the Université Laval in Quebec.

A graduate of the University of New Mexico, JOSEPH FERGUSON has published poetry and reviews in *NMQ*, *The Humanist* and elsewhere and has won numerous creative writing awards at the Universities of New Mexico and Missouri. A former Teaching Assistant in New Mexico's Department of English, Mr. Ferguson is employed by Sandia Corporation in Albuquerque.

A Santa Barbara, California, housewife, PATRICIA KASPER has been writing poetry for the past seven years. She spent some time in Canada, and writes that "Part of my education was the more or less classical one that is the general offering in Canadian schools." Mrs. Kasper believes that her study of French literature in college (B.A. in French, University of California at Santa Barbara) greatly aided her interest in poetry. "Most of my adventures and accomplishments," she states, "have been taking place on an interior landscape."

A doctoral candidate in Stanford University's Department of English, where he is also a freshman instructor, N. SCOTT MOMADAY has previously appeared in *NMQ*. His "Earth and I Gave you Turquoise" was selected for re-publication in

the *Hallmark Book of Verse* last year, and he has won several prizes and fellowships for his poetry.

JACK B. MOORE's fiction and criticism are found in several Southern quarterlies. At present working toward a Ph.D. at the University of North Carolina, he is an instructor at Washington and Lee University.

An Associate Professor of English at Brown University, CHARLES PHILBRICK has published poetry in many magazines and is the author of a volume of verse and co-author of a textbook on the analysis of poetry. This is his second appearance in *NMQ*.

A native of Texas, JAMES POWELL received his M.A. from Texas Tech this year. He has covered a great deal of the world in his travels and keeps a ten-foot Amazon Anaconda as a house pet. He is a member of the National Speleological Society and his chief hobby is mountain-climbing. He has climbed 46 of the major peaks in Italy, Switzerland and the U.S. His poetry, fiction, and articles have appeared widely and he has won several creative writing contests.

DR. JOHN H. RANDALL III is Assistant Professor of English at Wellesley College in Massachusetts. His study of Willa Cather, *The Landscape and the Looking-Glass: Willa Cather's Search for Value*, was published by Houghton-Mifflin last spring.

THEODORE ROSZAK is an instructor in History at Stanford University. He has been a Merrill Fellow and a Fels Foundation Fellow at Princeton, from which institution he received his Ph.D. in 1958.

GERTRUDE C. SCHWEBELL was born in Nebraska, the daughter of a minister, and was brought up in Germany. She has published widely in German and English and is the adaptor of a collection of nineteenth-century German fairy tales and editor of New Directions' *Bilingual Anthology of Contemporary German Poetry*. Her translation of Marie Luise Kaschnitz's "Liebe Sonne" which appears in this issue of *NMQ* is taken from Miss Kaschnitz's *Neue Gedichte*, which was published in 1957, and which is one of the latter's fifteen books.

Director of Journalism at North Texas State College, GENE SHUFORD has previously published in *NMQ*, and his poetry has appeared in a number of magazines, including *Saturday Evening Post*, *Southwest Review*, and *New Republic*.

Several summers at various Southwestern ranches and a number of trips to the reservations of New Mexico and Arizona serve as a background for BARBARA ROGERS STINSON's "Roundup." She writes that her four children serve to cut down somewhat on her cowboy activities and writing. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, she is a housewife and choir director in Warrenton, Virginia. She has had two years' experience in radio and TV, playing the guitar and singing folk songs, which she has collected for twenty years.

In answer to our query concerning his occupation, JOHN TOBIAS writes, "I write educational record narrations in the fields

of Art, Nature, and Science and Travel for the Columbia Record Club. They are narrated by personalities such as Vincent Price, Edward R. Murrow, Burgess Meredith, and are accompanied by color slides illustrating the narrations." He has studied at Yale, Columbia, and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Mr. Tobias has acted in Shakesperean and other dramatic productions.

MAKOTO UEDA is a research assistant for the Far Eastern Institute at the University of Washington in Seattle where he will soon receive a Ph.D. degree. He has published an essay in the *Educational Theatre Journal*, and his translations of plays, stories and poems have appeared in *Sewanee Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *San Francisco Review*, *Arizona Quarterly*, and *Poetry Northwest*. Mr. Ueda is a native of Japan.

The author of a forthcoming novel and several published poems, VERIS A. WESSEL teaches Ninth Grade English in Bozeman, Montana. She has traveled in Europe, Canada and Mexico.

Assistant Professor of English at McNeese State College in Lake Charles, Louisiana, CURTIS WHITTINGTON, JR. has done graduate work at Vanderbilt University. His poems have appeared in *University of Kansas City Review*, *Fiddlehead*, *Epos*, *New Orlando Poetry Anthology*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and *American Weave*.





**PETER HURD**

## BOOKS

**NEW SPANISH PAINTING AND SCULPTURE**, by Frank O'Hara. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, distributed by Doubleday, 1961. 63 pp. \$2.75.

Frank O'Hara has prepared for the Museum of Modern Art of New York a noteworthy book entitled *New Spanish Painting and Sculpture*, with fifty-five reproductions of works of the younger Spanish artists who for one reason or another are considered deserving. Most of them have exhibited in important galleries both inside Spain and out.

The names? Here they are with their birthplaces: Rafael Canogar, painter, Toledo; Eduardo Chillido, sculptor, San Sebastián; Modest Guixart, painter, Barcelona; Martín Chirino, sculptor, Las Palmas; Francisco Ferreras, painter, Barcelona; Luis Feito, painter, Madrid; Manolo Millares, painter, Las Palmas; Lucio Muñoz, painter, Madrid; Jorge de Oteiza Embil, sculptor, Guipúzcoa; Manuel Rivera, painter, Granada; Antonio Saura, painter, Huesca; Pablo Serrano, sculptor, Teruel; Antonio Suárez, painter, Gijón; Antoni Tàpies, painter, Barcelona; Juan Joseph Tharrats, painter, Gerona; and Manuel Viola, painter, Zaragoza. In Spain the regional origin of the artist is sometimes important.

They are not so young, since all of them are between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five. But beside these artists Picasso, Miró and, of course, Dali, appear outstandingly old and academic. All of them are revolutionary in their work, while some, most of them perhaps, are also dissident from Spanish political standards. Which will surprise nobody.

If any one of them is a partisan of the present Spanish regime, it is a secret he zealously conceals. On the other hand, several of them have taken part either directly or indirectly in some kind of public protest. In any case, when judging art it is a good thing to forget politics, if only momentarily. Among them, Tàpies, for instance, is internationally famous and has won important prizes in Venice, Lisbon, São Paulo, and several canvases of his have been acquired by important museums, the Museum of Modern Art in New York, among others.

All these painters and sculptors are nonrepresentational to an extreme seeming to border on inanity or madness, and almost making of Picasso and Miró merely decorative artists. Together and separately they represent the most violent challenge known in Spanish art. Challenge of what? The logical limitations.

In general we can say that there are two ways of defying logic in modern art. One, with fantasy, the other with imagination. Fantasy is not very responsible and sometimes covers up and disguises a rather scandalous lack of talent, justifying the distrust of the public of good faith. Fantasy is naturally the easiest resource and the one children use in their painting. In them clumsiness and crudeness may occasionally be accompanied by lyrical touches. (This is what the mature Chagall does, on other levels.)

The use of free and crude fantasy by adult artists is hazardous and often leads to false conclusions. Fantasy is gratuitous, daring, uncivil and dangerous. Finally it has little to do with the affirmatively creative task. Nor does it tie in with the congruent forms of the world of responsibility or with the relative affinities of those forms.

Fantasy shows up in some of these artists now and then, although it does not become dominant in an absolute way, absolutely offensive, that is to say. Those who approach the edge of the abyss are, as I understand it, Canogar in his "Toledo" and "San Cristobal"; Guixart in "Painting 1958"—in other works this artist is rich in imaginative power; Farreras in "Number 24"; Feito in "Number 141" and "Number 147," and Lucio Muñoz in his two Wood Paintings.

As for the sculptors—in iron, wood, cement and other materials—the natural solidity and eloquence of the three dimensions (with their changing shadows) speak to our imagination in a strange, congruent language.

The other system of challenging logic, obtaining from it some generous concession, is through the prestigious and perhaps imperishable imagination born with humanity.

Imagination is the skill through which we make some form of reality verisimilar to our sensibility—in other words—assimilable. The artist has the obligation to make reality verisimilar. It is indeed a noble task. The reader must not believe that reality is always verisimilar. All forms, abstract or concrete, which painters put on their canvases are present somewhere on this planet. But not convincing. If they are symmetrical in mineral crystallizations, if not in the organic world, in the open entrails of an animal or in the heart of the plant, among the roots of a tree or in photographs of the distant galaxies. The most monstrous forms are to be found somewhere. And the artist uses his imagination to make these forms acceptable and plausible in some way.

Among these painters are, I believe, Antonio Suárez, violent and inventive, and Manuel Viola, mystical, lyrical, although the reproductions only give an approximate impression.

They are all vigorous, polarized—the painters—by the Barcelona school; the sculptors, obsessed with untried forms of balance and spatial meaning. I especially like Eduardo Chillido's "Sentinel" and Martín Chirino's "The Wind," in forged iron, a genre which has a rich tradition in Spain.

With their wise imagination or their dangerous fantasy, more or less rough and raw, these artists have succeeded for some time now in attracting attention and they have their devotees.

Through their violent originality some of them are more influenced by tradition (especially the Catalonians with their luminous Middle Ages) than the older painters,

Picasso, Miró and Torres García. Sometimes they show on their canvases merely a wrinkled surface like a badly plastered wall, with two or three splotches, or two incrustated metal disks, or some scribble with prehistoric allusions, but we can find lyricism or a certain metaphysical violence. The sculptors achieve a greater boldness in their structures of wood, metal or cement (occasionally a combination of the three materials) and defy not only the logical limitations but test the last and most difficult resistances of harmony.

They all live outside the boundaries of Spain most of the time: in Italy, France, South America, the United States, where they find respectful acclaim and even indeed, a market. The same thing was true of Picasso, Juan Gris, Miró and even Dali before. If Dali (who has flattered the regime) must leave Spain in search of money and understanding, what won't the young revolutionary artists be obliged to do?

—Ramón Sender

Ramón Sender's poetry is being published in Mexico, his essays in New York by *Las Americas*, the Pan-American review, as well as the New Mexico *novelas* one of which, *Delgadina*, ran in our Autumn issue. A sequel to the autobiographical novels released in English by the University of New Mexico Press under the title of *Before Noon* is being published in Mexico, *El Mancebo y los Héroes*; another awaits publication in Uruguay. A new edition of *Requiem* is announced in Buenos Aires; the first of a series of Sender novels is off the presses in Germany—*A Man's Place* translated as *der Verschollene*; and Colliers is reprinting *Seven Red Sundays* as a paperback in New York. In Switzerland, Marc Chagall, Aldous Huxley, Cocteau and Sender were made Life Fellows of the International Institute of Art and Letters, while Sr. Sender, having returned from Puerto Rico where he was guest writer at the Inter-American University at San Germán, leaves the New Mexico campus again as visiting professor at the University of California in Los Angeles. We expect to review a book by Sender and a study featuring him in a forthcoming issue.

**HORACE WALPOLE**, by Wilmarth S. Lewis. The A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts, 1960. New York: Bollingen Series XXXV.9, Pantheon Books, 1961. 215 pp. 72 illus. \$6.50.

Mr. Lewis is that rarity, an amateur scholar—amateur in the strict sense of one who does something for love, not to earn a living. They are an almost extinct species, even in England, where not so long ago comfortable rectories and pleasant routine offices in the civil service afforded income and leisure enough to nourish a John Stuart Mill and a Charles Lamb, a Rev. Thomas Malthus and a Rev. Whitwell Elwin.

Nowadays a substantial fortune is almost mandatory if one wishes to indulge a love of learning outside academic walls. That it is not absolutely necessary, the life of the late Aleyn Lyell Reade testifies—working all week in a Liverpool real estate office, Reade devoted his week-ends and holidays, from young manhood to old age, to pursuing his hobby of minute genealogical research among the parish and town records of central England, publishing his results at his own expense—eleven volumes of *Johnsonian Gleanings* between 1909 and 1952—and eventually distilling them into a single, small volume that will remain a model of biographical technique. But certainly independent wealth helps; and eighteenth-century literary scholarship in America has been most fortunate in attracting a handful of "amateurs" like Mr. Lewis—others are Donald and Mary Hyde, of Somerville, New Jersey, owners of the great Hyde collection of John-

soniana; their predecessor, R. B. Adam, of Buffalo; the late Colonel Ralph Isham of New York, who devoted his later life and his fortune to tracking down and bringing together the famous Boswell Papers, now at Yale.

Eighteenth-century academic scholars may well be proud and grateful to have such a group of "patrons," who are not content merely with financial support, but, as competent craftsmen, themselves catalogue, annotate, and edit the valuable materials they have rescued for posterity. May their tribe increase!

Like many others, Mr. Lewis became attracted to eighteenth-century studies when, as an undergraduate at Yale, he attended the lectures of Chauncey B. Tinker. A little later he selected one figure from the century—Horace Walpole—and decided to devote himself to collecting every scrap of Walpolean material he could find, assembling it at his estate in Farmington, Connecticut (irreverently known as "the Walpole factory"), and, with the help of a staff of devoted experts (and of the late Mrs. Lewis, to whom this book is dedicated), setting out to make Walpole available to the twentieth century. The results of Mr. Lewis's enthusiasm are now at full flood. Numbers 31 and 32 of the massive blue volumes of the Yale Edition of Walpole's Correspondence have just been issued (the first appeared 24 years ago, and there are perhaps 25 volumes more to come). Professor Allen Hazen's four-volume catalogue of Walpole's library will shortly appear; like his earlier catalogues of Walpole's writings and of the output of the Strawberry Hill press, it will be a notable contribution to the science of technical bibliography. Mr. Lewis himself has published numerous smaller works concerning Walpole. His account of Walpole's library formed the Sandars Lectures in Bibliography at Cambridge University a few years ago; and the present book, beautifully printed and illustrated, gives us his Mellon Lectures, delivered at the National Gallery of Art in Washington in 1960. In it, Mr. Lewis distills the results of his lifetime of intimacy with Walpole into a most readable general account of his life, *milieu*, career, and achievement.

The question that will arise in many readers' minds as they contemplate this massive amount of labor, energy, and devotion (and money) lavished on Horace Walpole is—"Is he worth it?" The average college graduate probably recalls Walpole only as a rather unpleasant, frivolous, and affected dilettante, who, after dabbling unsuccessfully in other *genres*, decided to make a name for himself by writing innumerable self-conscious letters to carefully selected correspondents—a mass of scribbling which today possesses a feeble historical interest but whose unrelenting egoism must always repel the "healthy-minded" reader. As the youngest son of the great Prime Minister, he was lapped in wealth and privilege from his cradle on; provided by his father with lucrative sinecures, he never had a moment's worry about money in his life; and his loudly proclaimed "liberalism"—he framed a copy of Charles I's death warrant and labelled it "Major Charta"—contrasts distastefully with these circumstances, and with his ecstasy when his niece was married to a brother of George III. He built a ridiculous fake-Gothic house called Strawberry Hill and wrote an equally ridiculous fake-Gothic novel, *The Castle of Otranto*, both of which helped to inspire the fake-Gothic revival of Victorian times, a feat which those who have beheld such examples as the Albert Memorial and St. Pancras Station

may feel we could easily have been spared. The disparagement of Walpole (as of so many other figures in English history) stems from Macaulay, whose essay on him begins with this masterpiece of nauseous imagery: "As the *pâté-de-foie-gras* owes its excellence to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good for nothing if it were not made of livers preternaturally swollen, so none but an unhealthy and disorganized mind could have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole."

Macaulay was later answered by Lytton Strachey: "There can be no doubt that the latter half of the eighteenth century attained to a height of civilization unknown in Europe since the days of Hadrian. Horace Walpole was, in England at any rate, the true prophet of the movement." Mr. Lewis's book lucidly documents this thesis, showing Walpole in his setting of the political, social, and artistic life of the time, and never far from the center of it. He records the events of his long life, his relations with his brilliant and influential family, his host of enlightened friends, his building of the amazing Strawberry Hill, and his unjustly neglected writings—as well as those already mentioned, there are such things as his voluminous and detailed memoirs of the political history of his time, a most important primary source for the historian; his edition of Vertue's *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, the first serious art history in the language; his catalogue of his father's great collection of art treasures.

It is fitting that a series of the Mellon Lectures should be devoted to a Walpole: Aline Saarinen records in *The Proud Possessors* how Andrew Mellon purchased from the Soviet government those great old masters around which the National Art Gallery's collection was built—works which Sir Robert Walpole originally assembled in his great mansion at Houghton, and which were purchased from his heirs by Catherine the Great, who used them for the nucleus of the great collection at The Hermitage—a progress which affords the student of modern history considerable food for thought.

"Great masters hung about Horace from his birth," Mr. Lewis comments: and for all that Mr. Lewis concludes his book by saying that "the connecting word that illuminates Walpole's life . . . is 'fame,'" I should myself like to assess him more highly and say that it is rather a serious concern for art—literary art, as well as the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, interior decoration, and typography. Granted the results were sometimes inept; but at least he *cared* profoundly; and this cannot be said of too many people in any given century. And for all his floundering about, he himself did in the end find a medium in which he could express his own artistic yearnings; and the result is that great, that unsurpassable monument, the *Correspondence*.

It is true, nevertheless, that "fame" was terribly important to Horace—his ego had suffered disastrous damage early in life; he was a frightened, lonely individual continually searching for reassurance and for hectic emotional stimulation. The cause of the damage is plain enough: it is to be found in his mother's poisonous hatred of her husband and her turning to young Horace for a substitute. "The supposed necessary care of me," Mr. Lewis quotes Horace as saying, "so engrossed the attention of my mother, that compassion and tenderness soon became extreme fondness"—"fondness" meaning here, as in Swift, not genuine love, but the projection of the ego into another person,

emotional enslavement, Philip Wylie's "momism." It is strange that Mr. Lewis, when discussing the rumor that Horace's father was not Sir Robert Walpole but Carr, Lord Hervey, does not mention J. H. Plumb's recent examination (in his *Sir Robert Walpole*, I, 258) of the movements of the Walpole pair, which seems to establish that at the time of Horace's conception they were not living together and that Lady Walpole was in Suffolk, not far from the home of the Herveys.

Although Horace's neurosis may not be of too much relevance for the critic of his own artistic achievement, it would seem to have had a profound effect on the later course of literary history (if, that is, Leslie Fiedler is right in finding the roots of the modern American novel in "Gothicism"). Certainly, Horace's pioneering ventures into Gothicism, *Otranto* and *The Mysterious Mother* (which Byron so much admired), with its double incest of parent and child, are products and illustrations of neurosis. It is fascinating to reflect that if Lady Walpole's married life had been more satisfactory, we might never have had a William Faulkner or a Jack Kerouac.

—Donald J. Greene

Dr. Greene, Associate Professor of English Literature at the University of New Mexico, is a specialist in literature of the eighteenth century and among the leading authorities on the writing of Dr. Samuel Johnson. He has published extensively in the leading scholarly journals in his field and his book, *The Politics of Samuel Johnson*, was published by the Yale University Press in 1960. His *Johnsonian Bibliography, 1950-1960* will be published by the University of Cairo in Egypt in 1962.

NEW POEMS 1960, by Witter Bynner. New York: Alfred Knopf. 134 pp. \$3.75.

No critic reading Mr. Bynner's representative *Book of Lyrics*, the selection of earlier verse appearing in 1955, would be altogether prepared for the startling change represented by the *New Poems 1960*. The former book is fine, but its way is no longer that of contemporary poetry. Though everything in the *New Poems* has been written since, these, surprisingly, are the work of a younger man.

The *Lyrics* of 1955 have formal virtues, but they have little voice of their own. Indeed, they read like a book of superior translations, skillful but without individuality, sometimes classically terse but at others merely polite. And despite their epigrammatic elegance, they frequently lack

the vigor and condensation of the best epigrams or of the most important verse. The *New Poems*, on the other hand, have a character of their own. There is nothing quite like them in English poetry. At the same time they are within an interesting tradition, or, better, combine interesting traditions in a new way, so that the title *New Poems* is doubly descriptive.

To call them imitations from the Chinese would be misleading, but they have some of the elliptical quality of the Chinese lyric. Though many of them are very short, they are not, certainly, hokku. But like hokku and Chinese lyric poetry, they operate through indirection, through seeming inconsequence and without the transitions characteristic of traditional Western poetry. I imagine that many admirers of the *Book*

of *Lyrics*—and there were two printings—may find themselves puzzled by these gnomic verses.

Unlike most of the imagist imitations of oriental verse, these poems often achieve their effects with an absolute minimum of anything that can properly be called image. What they share with imagist poetry is their simultaneity which challenges our syllogistic habits of mind. Even the poems centered around a clearly visible image have a witty, perhaps surreal, quality alien to the imagism of the twenties. Those few which lack this slanted wit remind us of the difference. For instance, the following lines would not seem out of place in an anthology of forty years ago:

Now comes the crocodile  
with sealed eyelids  
Walking asleep  
Armored against nightmares  
But with a dream  
in every limb.

It might be observed that despite the lean excellence of these lines, Stephen Crane had achieved similar effects at the end of the last century.

But for a great many of Bynner's new poems there is no easy analogy. These combine the grotesque perceptions of a Bierce with control over rhythm learned over many years of formal verse. They resemble imitations of oriental lyric but carry the accents of speaking voices which give them a dramatic presence:

She was taking her child  
to be repaired  
And said to me  
Why do they break so easily  
  
But it was the child speaking  
And I hardly answered.

The lines are, at times, colloquial, so that "a great snake" is "scared to death," and "the moon . . . came at us hard." They are often like thought overheard and despite their reticences are generous in their revelations of the author's moods and attitudes toward the world and toward himself as part of it. They are mental processes shared with those willing to allow for frankness of personal feeling joined in the eccentricity of unexplained reference.

Tone changes frequently so that the poems are best read together. At times stoical, at times colored by romantic irony, the poems escape sentimentality by their abrupt economy. Sometimes the verse is pleasantly whimsical, a vein in which Mr. Bynner excels. The best of them stay with one because of their wit which is also intelligence:

When a wave jumped  
There was gooseflesh  
On a sea-urchin  
Not without reason  
Which made the dance perfect  
And the wave much more acute.

Mr. Bynner, who is now eighty, is to be congratulated for continuing to exert his influence on contemporary poetry.

—Franklin M. Dickey

Dr. Dickey is Associate Professor of English Literature and Acting Chairman of the English Department at the University of New Mexico. His verse has been published by *NMQ*. Elsewhere in this issue appears a poem dedicated to Witter Bynner written by Richard Esler.





**THE PAGEANT OF MEDICINE**, ed. by Felix Martí-Ibáñez. New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1960. 376 pp. \$6.00.

Born in Cartagena, Spain, forced to leave that country with the advent of the Franco regime, Dr. Martí-Ibáñez was successively a psychiatrist, medical director of a large pharmaceutical company, professor and director of the History of Medicine, New York Medical College. For years he nurtured a dream of blending the three personalities of the physician—as human being, as professional, as member of society—and giving him a perspective on his needs. *MD* the medical newsmagazine became his answer. Its philosophy was an approach to people, ideas and events that stressed the living concepts and the history of medicine. “To what the Greeks said about the awakening of man’s conscience, the nature of the universe, and the dignity of man, we can only add the results of scientific research, the achievements of art, and the records of history.” All these things, his magazine does.

*The Pageant of Medicine* is a selection of the best articles from *MD*. They cover an engaging range of subjects. How many general readers are aware that the history of the truffle goes back to before 400 B.C. when the Greek poet Philoxenes stated that “Of all foods, there is none better able to facilitate bouts of love than the truffle.” In an article entitled “Compass and Caduceus,” the reader may find out about the physicians who believed in Christopher Columbus long before Queen Isabella threw the weight of her jewels his way. One Dr. Chance served as chief physician for the colony of Hispaniola, studied botany and investigated native foods and customs.

Hans Christian Andersen is discussed as the “Ugly Duckling Genius,” and Somerset Maugham as “Teller of Tales.” One section of the volume is devoted to great doctors, and one to human dwellings. A particularly interesting article in the latter section discusses baths and bathing. Baths, says the researcher, have provided man with “ritual meaning, social jollity, sensuous titillation, medicinal aid, and, more recently, prosaic hygiene.”

The style of *MD* is necessarily crisp, but images and metaphors have been fostered to add to the richness and pattern of the prose. And there is none of the flip-quip, phraseology which characterizes *Time* as a newsmagazine.

Why don’t you see it in your doctor’s waiting room? Because, says the staff sadly, patients were constantly asking doctors to prescribe for them certain medicines advertised therein. Self-diagnosis, as it were.

—*Ramona Weeks*



**MEDICINE AND SOCIETY IN AMERICA, 1660-1860**, by Richard H. Shryock. New York: New York University Press, 1960. 192 pp. \$4.00. This small volume consists of four talks delivered as the Anson G. Phelps Lectures at New York University in 1959 by Richard H. Shryock. The subjects discussed are “Origins of a Medical Profession,” “Medical Thought and Practice: 1660-1820,” “Health and Disease: 1660-1820,” and “Medicine and Society in Transition, 1820-1860.” It is a valuable addition to colonial history, and it could have been enhanced by a judicious selection of illustrations depicting early instruments, etc.

**GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS AND THEIR USE**, by Laurence F. Schmeckbier and Roy B. Eastin. Washington, D.C.: The Brookings Institution, 1961. 488 pp. \$6.00.

The publications of the government of the United States comprise a vast library, encompassing almost every field of knowledge and human endeavor. Unfortunately, it appears to be a maze of wrong entrances and dead ends to many laymen. This manual, just issued in an up-to-date edition, furnishes a description of the guides to which the bewildered researcher may turn.

In quest of laws relating to the Public Health Service? Ask for the volume entitled "Laws and Comptrollers' Decisions Pertaining to the United States Public Health Service," Supplement 41 to the *Public Health Reports*.

Interested in maps? The section on maps contains much useful information. Civil War buffs will be delighted to know that the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park Commission has issued an *Atlas of Battlefields of Chickamauga, Chattanooga and Vicinity* (6 pages, 14 plates). In 1932 the George Washington Bicentennial Commission issued the *George Washington Atlas* which provides a "collection of 85 maps including 28 made by George Washington, 7 used and annotated by him, 8 made at his direction or for his use or otherwise associated with him, and 42 new maps concerning his activities in peace and war and his place in history."

*The Monthly Index of Russian Accessions* contains a list of publications in the Russian language and in other languages spoken in the U.S.S.R., issued in and outside the Soviet Union, that are received by the Library of Congress.

Information about House and Senate documents, periodicals of different governmental branches, brochures of all sorts, is given to help clip the red tape that seems to surround government publications.

Libraries in New Mexico which are depositories of these publications are the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, New Mexico Highlands University in Las Vegas, New Mexico State Law Library and New Mexico State Library Commission in Santa Fe, New Mexico State Teachers College in Silver City, and New Mexico State University at University Park.

**CONFESSIONS OF A CONFORMIST**, by Morris Freedman. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1961. 224 pp. \$3.95.

In our day of an affluent—or apparently affluent—society, when everybody has everything, possessions and ideas about them are in such a pattern that many a man, desiring to be uncommon, simply conforms to a pattern of uncommonness, and then convinces himself that he is superior because he fits this unfittedness. This irritates Dr. Freedman. He admits to gaining a great deal of joy out of common things and people.

The fact that many superior people (including Freedman) are different from others doesn't make him wrong. It is the compulsion to difference that bothers him, and this is the more interesting in view of his own uncommonness (not everyone has three degrees and a culture in literature). That is to say, he himself is an intellectual, but one constantly wary of looking or acting too much like one.

Freedman likes movies. He is suspicious of the petulant "intellectual" who may

boast of never having owned a radio or seen a motion picture. He is pleased to have a refuse-disposal system in the kitchen sink, one gathers, and to wear a suit and a white shirt and to get mad at dandelions. It is the danger of witless nonconformism that repels him, whether it be in the provincialism of New York or the over-beardedness of San Francisco, or in the revulsion of the touristy-man for the big dusty beauty of western America. He is careful to point out reasons for being different in really able men, including beatniks, but very sensibly denies that just being different makes one noble.

He thinks there may well be some good intellects running businesses in the U. S., and is not sure that all American automobiles and films are bad, and all Italian ones good. He finds literacy and imagination in some advertising copy, and almost sacreligiously confesses to an interest in Al Capp, Frank Sinatra and Cole Porter as artists.

He is tired of the biases of different kinds of educators fighting among themselves, tired of men just out of college and yet uneducated. He is glad that there are a lot of different kinds of people in the U.S., all hard to pin down and explain, and he is not at all sure that religion is totally evil. He speaks for a temperate kind of optimism, refreshing in a somewhat disillusioned world.

—Keen Rafferty

RIDER HAGGARD, by Morton N. Cohen. New York: Walker and Company, 1960. 327 pp. \$6.00.

In spite of the cursory tributes paid Rider Haggard by writers so diverse as

Graham Greene, R. L. Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, and C. S. Lewis, there is little doubt that today his reading public is markedly circumscribed. Haggard excelled as a teller of tales, a gifted weaver of such fantastic yarns as *She*, *Allan Quartermaine*, *King Solomon's Mines*, and over fifty other titles. In his time he sold in astronomical numbers. But contemporary obsession with internal monologues and psychological complexities has relegated the old imperialistic story-teller to an inferior place in literature. For adventure and physical action command the Haggard canon; the subtle interplay of personality, the probings of the psyche, are not a part of his artistic endeavor. It is hardly surprising, then, that in literary surveys of the last quarter century he is granted no more than a sentence or two.

Rider Haggard was born in 1856 and grew to manhood in the high Victorian era. Deprived through paternal stupidity of a good education, he went to Africa at the age of nineteen, a willing bearer of the white man's burden: He occupied minor government posts, visited the interior in the entourage of that gifted administrator Theophilus Shepstone and, when twenty-one, became English Clerk to the Colonial Secretary of the Transvaal. During his African years Haggard assimilated the sinister atmosphere of that bedevilled continent and absorbed impressions later manifest in much of his fiction. Shortly after his return to England in 1881 he achieved salient success with the publication of *King Solomon's Mines* which was soon followed by the resounding triumph of *She*. Once launched, Haggard produced novel after novel as well as volumes of social, political, and economic history; he toured widely for

the government studying reform movements and agricultural developments; he also served on sundry Royal Commissions. His life was active and useful. Yet it cannot be termed successful for he was, though seemingly as uncomplicated as one of his own muscular heroes, a lonely, frustrated, dissatisfied man. All this Mr. Cohen reveals with skill and understanding in his competently executed if ruthlessly detailed biography.

But while industry and enthusiasm inform this book there lurks, on every page, the disquieting question: is it really worth writing? Certainly, in the manner Mr. Cohen labours his case—for instance, his Freudian and allegorical approaches to *She* and his linking Ayesha to the femme fatale tradition—one senses that he is forcing Haggard into a loftier literary province, a more esoteric critical sphere, than his simple tales warrant. And the analysis of Haggard's literary art, while commendably objective, yields little beyond the most obvious critical findings: this, doubtless, because Haggard himself did not venture into unexplored realms of form or content. Yet this biography may be read as a useful contribution to the increasing studies of the reading habits and interests of the later nineteenth century. In relating Haggard to the tradition of Reade, Marryat, Blackmore, and others, Mr. Cohen reveals a significant phase of Victorian intellectual history and, as such, rather than as a critical study, this book may be read.

—John L. Bradley

Associated with the English Department of Mt. Holyoke College, Dr. Bradley has a particular interest in Victorian literature. In 1955 the Yale University Press published his edition of *Ruskin's Letters from Venice, 1851-52*.

## BOOKS

A CONFEDERATE GIRL'S DIARY, by Sarah Morgan Dawson, ed. by James I. Robertson, Jr. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1960. 512 pp. \$6.50.

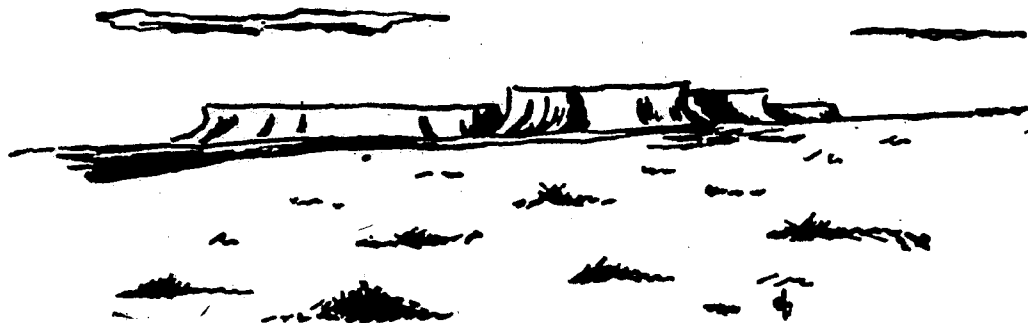
KATE, THE JOURNAL OF A CONFEDERATE NURSE, by Kate Cumming, ed. by Richard Barksdale Harwell. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1960. 342 pp. \$6.00.

With the upswing of interest in the Civil War, there is a spate of publishing and re-publishing what the *jeune fille* of the day had to say about it.

The Indiana University Press, which has for some time been publishing a remarkable series of titles in its Civil War Centennial Series, has released Sarah Morgan Dawson's journal, with new editorial notes and a foreword by James I. Robertson, Jr.

Sarah began her diary just before the seizure of Baton Rouge by Federal troops on May 9, 1862. She was barely twenty and her diary opens light-heartedly, with a mock salute to Madam Idleness. At the moment the Yankees marched into the city, the Southerners burned all the cotton as a mark of defiance. Also, all the liquor was emptied, "and gutters and pavements are floating with liquors of all kinds. So that if the Yankees are fond of strong drink, they will fare ill." With the occupation of Baton Rouge by the Northern soldiers, Sarah Morgan's family sought refuge with friends at the plantation home of Albert G. Carter, "Linwood."

Sarah Morgan's diary mirrors the type of Southern woman usually conjectured to be indigenous to the South. Upon seeing a friend of her early days who became an officer in the Union army, she writes, "Cords of candy and mountains of bou-



DOROTHY L. PETERS

quets bestowed in childish days will not make my country's enemy my friend now that I am a woman." Her last entries in the diary, in 1865, reveal the weight of war upon her spirit, when two of her brothers had died and the Cause had dwindled to a Lost one.

The Louisiana State University Press, which some years ago published one of the most unique of Confederate diaries, *Brokenburn: The Journal of Kate Stone*, has published another record kept by a woman, *Kate, The Journal of a Confederate Nurse*. Competently edited by Richard Barksdale Harwell, it presents a close and intimate picture of life in Confederate hospitals and behind the lines of Civil War action. Obviously sincere, Kate Cumming's diary does not have the appeal that the journals of Sarah Morgan Dawson and Kate Stone possess, but it is a document for which historians will be grateful.

—*Ramona Weeks*

A TEXAN AT BAY, by Paul Crume. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1961. 212 pp. \$4.50.

Here is a man who makes his living in nostalgia, and does it in straight news-

paper style, clearly and a little kiddingly, for page one of the *Dallas Morning News*. If he is proudly Texan enough to call his column "Big D," he is also proud to admit to birth in an Arkansas log cabin, and therefore to have bucolic leanings that are not at all alien to the rustically big-town people of his shining new city down there in the middle of Texas.

Crume writes in a different way on Mondays from what he does on other weekdays, and it is this Monday work—essays in old-fashionedness and longing for the simplicities of another time—that composes his book. He is at his best doing such things as describing an ideal automobile which he and some Dallas friends have worked out in conversation. It has a thermometer sticking up from the radiator, a running board with a luggage-rack on it, and an elevated gasoline tank which feeds into the engine by gravity; and of course its name is Model T, and nothing fancy like "Custom" or "Super-Dynamic."

—*Keen Rafferty*

Professor and Chairman of the Journalism Department of the University of New Mexico, Keen Rafferty is the immediate past president of the Association of Journalism Schools of America. He was for many years on the desk of the *Baltimore Sun*.

THE HOUSES THAT JAMES BUILT, by Robert W. Stallman. Lansing: Michigan State University Press, 1961. 258 pp. \$5.00.

THE NOVELS OF HENRY JAMES, by Oscar Cargill. New York: Macmillan, 1961. 515 pp. \$7.95.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF HENRY JAMES, ed. by F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock. New York: Oxford University Press, A Galaxy Book, 1961. 444 pp. \$2.25.

THE MARRIAGES AND OTHER STORIES, by Henry James. New York: New American Library of World Literature, A Signet Book, 1961. \$ .50.

THE CROOKED CORRIDOR: A STUDY OF HENRY JAMES, by Elizabeth Stevenson. New York: Macmillan Paperbacks Edition, 1961. 173 pp. \$1.35.

On the eve of republication of the famous New York Edition, 1907-17, James is still going strong, as the recently received titles above attest. It was not long before the fiftieth anniversary of the commencement of that publishing event when the James revival began, the publishers sturdily beating the drums but little reckoning to what effect. At the end of James's career and for at least three subsequent decades he had been caviar to the general, however greatly and loyally admired by a scholarly coterie. Now all this has changed. Twirl racks at random in corner drugstores the length and breadth of the land and it is almost even money that a book of James will turn up among the paperbacks. There are already so many titles that a reprint of the New York edition seems almost anticlimactic if not redundant.

The chaste jacket designs of these paperbacks of James are worth noting as they may have started a trend. True, an edition of the dialogues of Plato out for some time has been decorated with a representation of a mask alleged to be of the philosopher, but time was, and not so long ago, when classics less lofty often masqueraded for the sake of the sales curve as far more lurid fare. Not so with James. Bosoms adorning his jackets were and are decently draped *à la* Gibson Girl. There is indeed a *fin de siècle* quaintness about these cover designs—an old valentine tied-with-faded-pink-ribbon quality. It is as though, just this once, the publishers were agreed to appeal to the readers' nobler sentiments. The odd quirk in this approach is that James seldom appeals strongly to the sentiments, noble or otherwise. One seldom has recourse to this author for a good cry or a jolly laugh. The appeal is largely mental though occasionally on a low, puzzle-solving level.

The built-in ambiguity of James is what makes him particularly juicy meat for the new critic. "Ambiguity is the Jamesian aesthetic," writes Robert W. Stallman, "and to resolve ambiguity is the critic's function." Only his principal essay on *Portrait of a Lady* and another on *The Ambassadors* are concerned with James but the others on authors, Hardy, Crane, Conrad, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Faulkner, illustrate techniques and continue themes and symbols established in the James pieces. The concluding critiques are on the New Criticism, its history, techniques and rationale.

New Critics are close readers and sensitive to nuances. Nevertheless, it is rather startling to read of Isabel, the lady portrayed in James's first great novel, *The Portrait of a Lady*, "The bolted door signifies her sexual frigidity (even after her marriage, as we

know by her cold yellow bedroom, she remains essentially virginal)." This fact might escape an older critic with lower blood pressure, and a more prosaic, less sensitive decorator's eye. Stallman sees too as significant of the villains that "Osmond shakes hands with his left hand, and Madame Merle draws her handsome mouth up to the left; *sinister* they are." Whether this is hypersensitivity or just a bad pun is a moot question.

But lest New Critic Stallman be accused of special pleading, it must be stated that he does quote James in one place as describing Isabel as looking like an Infanta of Velásquez. To borrow Stallman's device, Velásquez was not the baroque painter most noted for chiaroscuro. Unfortunately for the critic's thesis, the figure seems to call to mind a brightly lighted portrait with textures rendered, and the color red brilliantly in evidence, in spite of the fact that Stallman goes to some lengths to describe Isabel's love for the somber shadows. Stallman makes a point of her black gowns in big scenes albeit one was brown and another was white, but of the white one he portentously hastens to add, "trimmed with black ribbon."

Perhaps Stallman pursues this color symbolism too far. While both the author and his critic studied art, it might be a difficult point to make that James was the most color conscious of impressionists. And as for a woman's dress, manlike, he is more apt to say, as in *The Marriages*, that she was overdressed, or, again, tastefully attired. This vagueness has not hurt him in his bid for immortality as its opposite explicitness has hurt his early editor, Howells, whose honest realism and camera eye forced him to ephemeral extremes, describing the details of his heroines' ludicrously disillusioning Victorian and Edwardian costumes.

A *reductio ad absurdum* of the New Critic's technique is not intended here although it can not be gainsaid that straining for symbols is a fault almost inherent in the process; nor can it be denied that James did use symbolism quite consciously and with intention. To Stallman's credit goes the solution of the riddle in *The Ambassadors*: the identity of the product manufactured in Mrs. Newsome's factory in "Woolett, Mass." The product was a timepiece and this is not inconsequential as Stallman brilliantly develops it. "Trading with time, that's what the novel is all about." And it is, indeed.

Yet Stallman has Scott Fitzgerald picking up the time theme of *The Ambassadors* less tellingly in *The Great Gatsby*:

While Gatsby woos Daisy, Ewing Klipspringer pounds out on the key-board the popular hit entitled "The Love Nest" and "Ain't We Got Fun?" The whole novel gets its time theme summed up in the words of the latter: "In the meantime/in between time—" What is defined here is a hole in time [solemnly opines the New Critic]. It is this empty in-between-time that Fitzgerald renders in *The Great Gatsby*, that void of the corrupted present canceled out by the corrupted past—America's as well as Gatsby's.

This is great stuff until one happens to think how selective the critic Stallman—not the author Fitzgerald—has been in his choice of lyrics. The answer implied in this one to the rhetorical question of what happens in-between-time, in-the-meantime "Ain't we got fun?" is *yes indeed!*, an answer Stallman would deny Gatsby. Then too, in the other



H.J. as he  
was in 1895.  
I would have  
supposed that a man  
so intensely secretive  
as he would never  
have shaved, as he  
did, to the wonderment  
of all his friends and  
acquaintances, suddenly,  
in 1899 or so.

He had  
looked rather  
like a Russian  
Grand Duke.  
As regards his  
nose like  
a lay Cardinal.

"H.J. as he was in 1895. I would have supposed that a man so intensely secretive as he would *never* have have [sic] shaved, as he did, to the wonderment of all his friends and acquaintances, suddenly, in 1899 or so."—Max Beerbohm.

From *The Notebooks of Henry James*, Oxford University Press, courtesy of Mrs. Eva Reichman and Harvard University Library.

BOOKS

79



number, "The Love Nest," there is none of the "corrupted present" but all nostalgic past and rosy future (especially as poignantly waxed by the late Paul Whiteman and jazz whistler—the flip of "Whispering" if memory serves and our bald spot isn't shining). Yet that need not stop Stallman. He could yet extract a corrupt modern dissonance in the false rhyming, "Just a love nest, cozy and warm/ Best of all nest, down on a farm," as it would take a Philadelphian to rhyme "warm" with "farm."

But to return to James, indeed of importance to the plot and atmosphere of *Portrait of a Lady* were "The Houses that James Built," although houses for background, as an older critic might put it, are important in all James's character development, sometimes, as in "The Jolly Corner" and "The Birthplace," lending almost the whole point.

Older critics can be booby-trapped by their techniques too, as Oscar Cargill proves in his thick, authoritative, and informative new book about the novels. Little more than ten years separate the two critics in age, but Cargill seems by contrast of an older literary generation. His approach is generally literary-historical. Thus we have much rich, entertaining, and well-documented detail—gossip, if you like—about what James was seeing, doing, reading, writing contemporaneously, before, and after writing each of his novels. This is not boring and it is not irrelevant. For example, we learn that *Roderick Hudson*, first volume of the New York Edition, was not James's first novel as we had been led to believe, though the one which critics, even Stallman, and James himself, refers to as the first. The first was *Watch and Ward*, a potboiler which James would have preferred to forget. In it, he shamelessly flatters the prejudices of old Oliver Wendell Holmes, still a power behind the throne at the *Atlantic*, though James's crony Howells was editor.

Perhaps this is enough to say of *Watch and Ward* yet when Cargill approaches an acknowledged masterpiece, his wealth of historical material and conjecture gets in the way. He seems to conceive of the artistic miracle as a woven fabric of many strands yet the fabric idea tends to de-emphasize the weaving process. We have here a heather mixture of the best stuff, but it would appear a naïve belief that the artistic miracle can be explained in terms of component materials.

To illustrate, in *Portrait of a Lady*, Cargill considers first a cousin of James, Minny Temple, as a model for James's heroine, Isabel. But Minny never went to Europe. This is important because background is important in the book (as any who have been beaten over the head with Stallman's houses can attest). Both critics liken Isabel to the chaste goddess Diana and this brings to Cargill's mind an earlier story, "Longstaff's Marriage," written for *Scribner's*, a magazine for which James had a low regard but which paid well, we are told. The heroine of this story was also a Diana "fiercely virginal," and also a goddess with feet of clay. Next he draws a parallel to Isabel with Bathsheba Evandine of Hardy's *Far From the Madding Crowd*, "who fancied there was a certain degradation in renouncing the simplicity of a maiden existence to become the humbler half of an indifferent matrimonial whole."

Another element in Isabel may have been James's own younger self. This is a cogent point and a transvestite device probably used by authors more often than suspected. It was Flaubert, was it not, who said of Emma Bovary, *C'est moi?* A great and illuminating truth sometimes overlooked is that we are humans first and males and females afterward.

Yet somewhat confusing the picture, *The Portrait of a Lady*, is the fact that Cargill, in common with Stallman and the majority of critics to be sure, sees Ralph Touchett too as a James self-portrait. He also sees a parallel to Isabel in George Sand's *Indiana* where the title character has an invalid cousin-benefactor, like Ralph Touchett, and an unlovely husband like Osmond to whom she willingly returns.

That reminds Cargill of an analogous plot in George Eliot's *The Mill on the Floss* where the devoted hunchback, Philip Wakim, representing the Ralph Touchett—invalid lover, unwittingly brings disaster on the heroine. (Here, New Critic Stallman's perception is probably the keener in asserting that it was only Isabel who brought disaster on herself.) The "Gardencourt legend," dragged in by the ears in the plot of *The Portrait*, may too have been suggested by the ghostly boatman of the Floss.

Madame Merle is said to have been suggested by Alfred de Musset's "*Histoire d'un merle blanc*"—Why not? James knew French and might be suspected of recognizing a white blackbird when he saw one—and Madame Merle's exploitation of Isabel on behalf of her illegitimate child, Cargill suggests, by About's *Germaine*.



"He had looked rather like a Russian Grand Duke. Afterwards he looked rather like a lay Cardinal."  
—Max Beerbohm.

At this point, if not before, the reader is confused by all the bewildering wealth of detail, and it would seem rather presumptuous of any critic to suggest that all these conjectures and analogies, interesting as they are, were uppermost in the artist's mind in the creation of his major characters. Does a novelist create a character as a cook or chemist a concoction with a pinch of this and a dash of that? One might almost prefer Stallman's authoritative dictum: you could tell she was a virgin by the color of her wallpaper.

Whether one wishes to apprentice to the new or older criticism or merely to gain new insights to the tantalizing problems raised by much of James's fiction, subtle Lady-or-the-Tiger stuff that it is, the *Notebooks* are important source material. The new paperback is a reprint of the 1947 edition edited by the late F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock. Too big to fit in most drugstore racks, the book is adorned fore and aft with caricatures of the author by the late "Incomparable Max" Beerbohm.

The other paperback, *The Marriages*, the publishers state, is a generous sampling of James's stories seldom collected or anthologized—True, except for "The Real Thing," which appears in many James collections. Yet such is the quality and fecundity of James that there is no evidence here of scraping the bottom of the barrel. The title story is a masterpiece told in third person, but from the viewpoint of an earnest young girl. The viewpoint of a Jamesian character is sacrosanct. So it comes as a shock to discover finally the mess the girl makes of the lives of her menfolk through her priggishness. The editors of the *Notebooks* interpolate that this story suffers through being pre-Freudian. True, our heroine is cursed with something of an Electra complex, but that effect is no less effective for being implicit. Edmund Wilson's attempt to interpret *The Turn of the Screw* in Freudian terms only failed in the imputation that James followed Freud when James's work there was independent and antecedent. It is so here, and as with that noted *nouvelle*, one is still left wondering if, through the heroine's moral courage, resolution, high mindedness and intelligence, she isn't a true blue Jamesian heroine after all; or is she just a horrid neurotic?—a most intriguing paradox of the brand that was the author's specialty. Other stories in the collection are "The Pension Beaurepas," "The Point of View," "Miss Gunton of Poughkeepsie," "The Two Faces," "The Papers," "Fordham Castle," and "Julia Bride."

Before going to press, we received a recent reprint of *The Crooked Corridor*, Elizabeth Stevenson's psychologically searching and scholarly study of James the man and the artist, based on his work, first published as a hardback near the beginning of the revival, in 1949.

—Richard C. Angell

INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA, by Harold E. Driver. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1961. 688 pp., text drawings, photographs. \$10.95.

A scholarly synthesis of current ethnological knowledge of the Indians of North America has been long overdue. Professor Driver fills this need by skillfully integrating the large mass of available technical information into a coherent general account, emphasizing the wide variety of distinctive cultural adjustments developed by the Indians of the northern hemisphere.

The value of the book, both as an introduction and as a reference work of almost encyclopedic scope, may be indicated by a brief summary of the contents. Introductory chapters outline the problem of Indian origins, and specify the geographical areas of cultural similarity utilized by the author in the detailed discussions which follow. The remaining chapters of the volume are organized with reference to subject matter, beginning with discussions of subsistence, housing, clothing, art, and music. In each chapter, the areal distribution of specific cultural features is examined; generally, the treatment is comprehensive, though the section on art does not include materials on poetry, prose, and the dance. The chapters dealing with house types and clothing are illustrated by drawings, while stylistic variation in the visual arts is documented by an excellent series of photographs, as well as drawings. Of the eight chapters which follow and are devoted to an analysis of economic, political, and social patterns, those which deal with kinship groups and kinship terminologies may prove formidable for the general reader, since the subject matter necessarily is tech-

nical. Topics considered in the remaining chapters include the life cycle, education, religion, personality and culture, language, and "achievements and contributions." Twelve chapters of the volume are based upon a recent, more technical publication of Driver and William C. Massey (*Comparative Studies of North American Indians*, "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society," Philadelphia, 1957).

The wealth of fascinating detail on the pre-Columbian cultures of North America should prove of interest to both layman and scholar. But details, however interesting, require interpretation if something more than piece-meal information is to be conveyed. The author views his task as primarily descriptive, though also placing stress on the concept of diffusion as a key to the understanding of cultural phenomena; this concept, he remarks, "has been unduly neglected for at least a decade" (p. vi). Nevertheless, the reader will discover, in addition to the stated emphasis on cultural borrowing, a distinctly different organization of certain chapters, an arrangement of the data in a series of ranked categories. Although the categories array the materials in an order ranging from simple to complex which suggests an evolutionary framework, there is no discussion of the relation of this formulation to contemporary theories of cultural evolution. Instead, Driver refers to a series of correlations among general classes of phenomena as the basis for his classification. A concrete illustration, which involves the application both of the "developmental" procedure and of the concept of diffusion, will indicate the nature of the author's scheme. The chapter devoted to "Government and Social Controls" is subdivided into four levels of

political complexity, beginning with areas lacking "true political organization," and ending with "the state." The developmental implications of this sequence are examined only indirectly, by reference to the general correlations which establish the various stages of complexity. The most important correlation of this type links three factors: farming, population density, and size of political entities. The largest and most complex political unit, the state, is limited geographically to Meso-America and the Circum-Caribbean, which are also the regions of intensive farming, and greatest population density. Where true political organization is lacking, population density is low and subsistence practices center on hunting and gathering. Areas with intermediate population densities pose a problem, since the neat association between subsistence and population fails to account for the variable forms of political organization. At this point the author seeks an explanation in terms of diffusion, pointing out that the comparatively large size of political units among Indians east of the Rocky Mountains represents exposure to forms of government originally derived from the Meso-American or Circum-Caribbean regions.

This is a contribution in the tradition of the pioneering efforts of the eminent American anthropologists, Wissler and Kroeber, and like these earlier syntheses, concentrates on the presentation of a static picture of American Indian culture. Systematic integration of the historical perspectives offered by the intensive excavations of American archaeologists in recent years is not attempted, as Driver's prime concern is with a description of the characteristics

of Indian culture prior to white contact. In consequence, the time level of description varies with particular historical circumstances; for the people of Meso-America, the reference is to the sixteenth century, whereas for many tribal groups of the United States and Canada the pre-contact period extended to the nineteenth century.

The book is recommended reading for anyone with a serious interest in the Indians of North America. In its somewhat dry compass, it offers a guide to the cultural heritage of the Indian, based upon painstaking research, which is essential to an understanding of the contributions to civilization of the dynamic peoples who were the first conquerors of the New World.

Thirty-five maps which depict the distribution of selected cultural features constitute a valuable adjunct to the descriptive material of the text; these maps originally appeared in the Driver and Massey study noted earlier. Since the small distribution maps are keyed to a large end-pocket map locating major Indian tribes, the interested student will be able to trace the tribal distributions of particular culture elements where desired. Each chapter is followed by a list of references which are cited in full in the extensive bibliography; the index, covering thirty-three pages, with numerous cross-references, will be a boon to the student.

—*Harry W. Basehart*

Associate Professor of Anthropology at the University of New Mexico, Dr. Basehart has done field work in West Africa and among the Jicarilla and Mescalero Apache Indians. He is the author of several social anthropological studies on American Indians and contributed the section "Social Organization" to the last Biennial Review of Anthropology.

**DIGGING UP AMERICA**, by Frank C. Hibben. New York: Hill & Wang, 1960. 245 pp. \$5.00.

Dr. Frank C. Hibben is equally well known as an anthropologist and as a big game hunter. In this book he goes after small game, training his sights on obvious aspects of archaeology, the results of diggings mainly in the United States. He does touch, however, on Indian artifacts of the Northwest and Alaska as well as ancient ruins of the Mayas, Aztecs, and Incas of Central and South America in concluding chapters. Hibben first discusses methods of dating the antiquity of finds: dendrochronology or tree-ring counting in cross sections of beams and the like, the radioactive Carbon 14 "screen wall" method, and the more recent thermoluminescence method which will date rock subjected to fire as long ago as two million years.

He considers theories—some, quaintly apocryphal—on how the first inhabitants of the continent may have arrived here: theories such as the mythical sunken continents of Atlantis and Mu; overwater theories such as "The Chinese Junk" and the recent suggestions of Thor Heyerdahl's *Kon-tiki*, concluding with the more plausible land-bridge theory that has the aboriginal American ancestors migrating from Asia over a Bering Isthmus which, during the Wisconsin period, sunk to become the Bering Straits.

Evidences of prehistoric man in the Americas occupy an important section of the book, evidences including the earliest yet discovered, the Sandia Man, found in a cave in the mountains east of present Albuquerque. Dr. Hibben modestly neglects to state his own important role in that

discovery. An interesting point raised is that no skeletal remains of truly prehistoric man have been exhumed in the Americas. A long chapter is devoted to the enormous mounds of the Mississippi Valley and those of the East and Northeast. These are of two major types: burial and pyramidal, the latter similar to temple ruins of Mexico and probably built by people of a closely related culture, and like some temples in Mexico, probably associated with rites of human sacrifice.

While this book does not pretend to be exhaustive, it serves as a quick, comprehensive introduction of archaeology for the youthful student or layman. It is illustrated with fifty-six plates of clear, graphic, and well-chosen photographs.

**THE DOVE TREE**, by L. D. Clark. New York: Doubleday, 1961. 360 pp. \$3.95.

The dominant characters in this novel, Haley Blair, a Texas cotton farmer, and his son Duncan are caught in a web of psychological conflicts. The immediate cause of the most significant one, the death of Haley's wife, Lissie, and the resulting loneliness of the fourteen-year-old boy set in motion subsequent conflicts charged with emotion. The incompatibility of father and son had roots extending backward in time, apparently, long before the mother died—the mother for "whom the boy had a fierce love," and "who could convince her son by the humility of her mouth and the patient resignation of her eyes that his father was cruel."

Haley's decision to move from the old homestead to a smaller house in the same area is the focal point for the unfolding ac-

tion, a move which the boy "accepted without the violent opposition expected."

The triangular pattern which the author develops becomes weighted with complications. Haley's involvement with a "trashy girl," daughter of a neighboring farmer while respectably courting the schoolteacher assumes proportions of dominance in the novel.

Duncan's awareness and resentment of his father's interest in the teacher intensifies the father-son cleavage. As an escape from unhappiness he retreats almost nightly to the old homestead in which he develops an obsessive and possessive interest, ostensibly to guard a buried legendary pot of gold from snoopers. The tragic revelation that he had inadvertently shot and killed the farmer's daughter one night while protecting the place from marauders, eventually prepares the way for respect and understanding between father and son.

There are manifestations of skill and artistry in *The Dove Tree*, the author's first novel. The specific detail in relation to the changing seasons, and to the varying times of day frames a background of beauty.

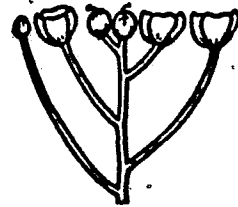
The reader may regret, however, that the mother-father-son relationship prior to the final illness of the mother is by implication. Just what the memories that the boy had of that homestead and his happiness or unhappiness there are not specifically revealed. A long flashback relating an amorous affair of Haley's at the age of sixteen has no particular significance to the central core of the book. And all readers will certainly have difficulty in maintaining an immediacy of contact with Haley Blair because this man, as projected through the author's skillful use of the interior mono-

logue, is not recognizable in dialogue or conversation.

Apparently Mr. Clark is not concerned about the use of a threadbare plot around which he pivots conflicts in relation to the positive and negative aspects of love. What is significant is that those aspects of love are in relation to God, as well as to humanity because it is through the medium of the blind revivalist, Brother Bob, that peace comes to father and son.

—Julia M. Keleher

Associate Professor Emeritus of English at the University of New Mexico where she was an inspiring teacher of creative writing and the literature of the Southwest, Miss Keleher's name is well known to readers of these columns. She lives in Albuquerque.



THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS PRESS has established a new series of "Personal Narratives of the West." The volumes will be under the general editorship of J. Frank Dobie. The first book in the series to appear is *Home on the Double Bayou* by Ralph Semmes Jackson (\$3.50). It is particularly concerned with everyday life on the JHK Ranch of Chambers County, Texas, between 1847 and 1925.

Most of the books planned for the imprint will be original publications, say the editors. Others will be reprints of narratives which have sustained a lasting interest, but which have long been unavailable to the book-buying public.

**BRANCH BANKING AND ECONOMIC GROWTH IN ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO**, by Paul D. Butt. *New Mexico Studies in Business and Economics*, No. 7. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Bureau of Business Research, 1960. 50 pp. \$3.00.

This monograph constitutes a pioneering analysis of the records of limited and unlimited branch banking systems in Arizona and New Mexico, which compares and contrasts the systems, relating them to economic growth in these states.

**INCOME AND EMPLOYMENT IN NEW MEXICO, 1949-1959**, by Ralph L. Edgel and Vicente T. Ximenes. *New Mexico Studies in Business and Economics*, No. 8. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Bureau of Business Research, 1961. 84 pp. \$5.00.

Primarily a study of the way in which New Mexicans make their living and the incomes derived from their occupations, this monograph, the most thorough presentation to date, breaks down employment and incomes by county in text and tables for the decade under consideration.

**A KIND OF LOVING**, by Stan Barstow. Garden City: Doubleday, 1961. 309 pp. \$3.95.

Written by the son of a Yorkshire coal miner who spent ten years of his early adulthood as an engineering draftsman, *A Kind of Loving* is the story of a young man with the same background. Heeding the familiar advice to young authors to "write what you know best," Stan Barstow, 33, in his first novel causes the reader to wonder where autobiography ends and fiction begins. For this reason, however, the book rings true, is authentic in language, in setting, and in its emotions.

The situation chronicled is a universal one; in fact, it is interesting largely because of its very commonplaceness. Victor Brown, almost 21, has a "crush" on pretty Ingrid Rothwell, 18, who does clerical work at the engineering plant where he works as a draftsman. During the period of his first dates with Ingrid, he says: "Knowing I was going to see her was like having a jewel in my pocket and every now and then I'd take it out and turn it over and gloat over it." But the book-loving Victor soon tires of Ingrid and admits to himself that he doesn't love her, nor even *like* her very much—"her gossip and silly scandal and her small talk about television and quiz shows . . ." Before he breaks away from her completely, however, he finds he must marry her. Victor, whose hopeful view of marriage ("living and loving and laughing together, every day. It must be wonderful if you can hit it right.") is gone, decides to do the decent thing and settle for "a kind of loving."

The book isn't *An American Tragedy* transplanted in Yorkshire at all. It is told in the first person by Victor, much of it in unfamiliar Yorkshire slang, with all the naïvete and idealism, the misgivings and the exuberance of the young man. It is genuinely touching and, at times, hilarious. The prevalent theme of modern-man-trapped-by-society isn't stressed; it's simply the story of a young man who decides to make the best of a situation in which he is caught—largely because of his inexperience. The characterization, in itself, is a refreshing one, after a surfeit of fictional heroes who seemingly have seen and done all things shortly after reaching manhood.



The characters are sympathetically treated and likable, including the hapless Ingrid and the members of Victor's warm and appealing family. Victor's personality is explored with feeling and with depth. *A Kind of Loving* is a lively book, painful and poignant, crude and comical by turns, which holds the reader's interest to the end.

—*Shirley Spieckerman*

Mrs. Spieckerman, who lives in Fort Worth, took her degree of M.A. in English at University of Texas and studied writing at Columbia University. Before the advent of a son now nearing his second birthday, she was for over five years travel editor of the *Dallas Times Herald*.



THE FAILURE OF UNION: CENTRAL AMERICA, 1824-1960, by Thomas L. Karnes. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1961. \$6.00.

As Professor Karnes states in his preface to *The Failure of Union: Central America, 1824-1960*, his book is the first in English to attempt to survey all the known efforts to combine the Central American states into a federal union. It is a subject worth a book, since it deals with part of an area of Latin America of considerable importance. How important, Cuba today indicates as Guatemala did a decade ago.

It is useful for the student of the Caribbean to have the information Professor Karnes has compiled in one book and in English. There are few places where data on Francisco Morozán, Justo Rufino Barrios, Frederick Chatfield, and Ephraim G. Squier are readily available. The roles

played by Costa Rica, Guatemala, Mexico, Great Britain, and the United States in the history of unification efforts are indicated by Professor Karnes.

*The Failure of Union* is a title, however, that applies to the book itself as well as to Central America. Professor Karnes, one would guess, wrote a big dissertation which was reduced and truncated to a small book. Cut down to meet its avowed purpose—to survey efforts of union—the book has lost any meaning much beyond that of a calendar of events, a dull affair at best and at worst, even falling short of that objective. Surveys are almost always impossible to make in chronological sequence and to make them thematically requires close to absolute mastery of the data in all its interconnections. Professor Karnes has attempted to do both in this volume. Primarily a chronological survey, the book collapses from time to time under the burden of complex, contemporary events that can hardly be presented sequentially; occasionally thematic, the text is marred by judgments that seem fortuitous or insignificant. Professor Karnes, as well as other Latin Americanists, could benefit greatly from reading the Montgomery Lectures delivered recently by Daniel Cosío Villegas at the University of Nebraska. To the effort to comprehend Latin America, Cosío Villegas has made a major contribution.

Within strictly (and narrowly) defined limits, *Failure of Union* is a useful book for students of Caribbean history.

—*Merrill Rippey*

Dr. Rippey teaches in the Department of History at Ball State Teachers College, Muncie, Indiana. Together with his wife, he edits the college quarterly magazine, *Forum*. He recently returned from an assignment in Puerto Rico.

**NEW MEXICO BIRDS AND WHERE TO FIND THEM**, by J. Stokley Ligon. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press in cooperation with the New Mexico Dept. of Game and Fish, 1961. 416 pp., 34 color plates. \$8.50.

New Mexico has an area of over 121,000 square miles, and a book devoted to its avifauna invites comparison with similar works in other parts of the world. It may not be without interest to compare New Mexico with territories in Africa in terms of its avifauna.

New Mexico has a list of 399 species. Northern Rhodesia, more than twice as large, has about 670 species. Ecologically, New Mexico presents great diversity; although much of it is dry, it also includes well timbered areas and a range of altitude rising to an Arctic Alpine zone on its highest peaks. In fact all the life zones of the United States except the Tropical are represented. This ecological diversity is far greater than that, for example, offered by Northern Rhodesia where no such extremes of environment or of altitude are present. The greater part of Northern Rhodesia is composed of various types of deciduous woodland with considerable areas of flood plain, and much more limited areas of short grass, evergreen forest and swamp.

Other countries in Africa however, such as Kenya and Uganda equal New Mexico in their diversity of biotops ranging from extremely arid conditions to montane forest and alpine zones, and these are still richer than Northern Rhodesia in their number of species. This serves to emphasize the extraordinary richness in species of the tropics, especially where there is a great range of ecological conditions, a fact as conspicuous in the tropics of America as it is

in the tropics of Africa. This is perhaps in part a reflection that migratory phenomena occur in the more temperate regions of the world to a much greater degree than in the tropics. Only 247 of New Mexico's 400 species in fact breed there. The percentage of breeding species in most of tropical Africa is substantially higher, notwithstanding the influx of Palaearctic breeding species as wintering migrants. ✓

Any comparison of species occurring in New Mexico with those in Northern Rhodesia must naturally begin with noting basic differences between New World and Old World faunas. Whole families are present in one and absent in the other, though some of them are complementary and replace each other in similar niches. Thus the American Tyrant Flycatchers (22 species listed for New Mexico) have their counterpart in Africa in Old World Flycatchers (25 species in Northern Rhodesia), and the Hummingbirds of America (9 species in New Mexico) are replaced in Africa by the Sun Birds (21 species in Northern Rhodesia). The ornithologist moving to or from New Mexico and Northern Rhodesia will quickly notice that these groups, although quite distinct at the taxonomic level, have in fact evolved to fill parallel niches in the economy and ecology, and can be at once recognized as doing so. This is a theme which runs through the faunas of the two countries and is of great interest.

Migratory sandpipers, in New Mexico derived from the north of America and in Africa from northern Europe and Asia, provide a further point of comparison, and here some of the resemblances are very close—in Northern Rhodesia the wintering Greenshanks, very widespread, have their New Mexican parallel in the Greater Yel-

lowlegs. Northern Rhodesia like New Mexico has its Avocet and Stilt. Less parallel is the great influx of ducks and geese into New Mexico from northern breeding grounds, for very few Palaearctic breeding ducks migrate as far south in Africa as Northern Rhodesia, and in the latter country most ducks are purely African species although some of these have migratory movements, still very imperfectly known, within Africa.

Books like *New Mexico Birds* are an increasingly important tool to help the ever increasing number of ornithologists and bird watchers in knowing where to look for birds, how to identify them, and how to evaluate the significance of their records within the area of their observations. New Mexico is fortunate in having an up-to-date guide in the form of Mr. Ligon's book, which not only describes the status of each species in New Mexico but includes such useful aids as figures of the head profiles of waterfowl, the underside patterns of birds of prey in flight, and a good selection of species well illustrated in color. For outsiders like myself who hope sometime to have the chance of making the acquaintance of a new avifauna and seeing as much as possible of it in whatever limited time may be available, not the least useful feature is Mr. Ligon's outline of bird watching regions with its list of the characteristic or interesting species to be looked for in each of them.

—C. M. N. White

Charles White (M. A. Oxon.) is African Land Tenure Officer of the government of Northern Rhodesia and acting director of the Rhodes Livingstone Institute in that country. Besides papers on ornithological subjects published by the Institute and an article on the Ibis for *Bulletin of the British Ornithologists Clubs*, Mr. White is co-author of *Check List of the Birds of Northern Rhodesia*, 1957.

CHARLES D. POSTON, SUNLAND SEER, by A. W. Gressinger. Globe, Arizona: Dale Stuart King, 1961. 218 pp. \$3.75 paper, \$5.00 cloth.

This is the well documented biography of Col. Charles Debrille Poston (1825-1902), known as the "Father of Arizona." The colorful life of this Southwestern pioneer involved among many other adventures here recounted: crossing the Isthmus of Nicaragua, shipwreck on an island in the Gulf of California, scouting the Gadsden Purchase, brushes with the Apaches, gold prospecting and mining. He was a law clerk, a customs clerk, congressman, superintendent of Indian affairs, stock promoter, bon vivant, American envoy and world traveller, self appointed priest and erector of a temple to Zoroaster.

Although Col. Poston was forced to fight Apaches for his life, he sympathized with their war, caused by gringo greed.

Much of the story is told in direct quotations from the Colonel's own yarns with generous sections from his diary and his long mock epic, *Apache Land*. In India he became converted to the religion of the Parsees, the cult of Zoroaster, hence in a very literal sense he became one of the Southwest's paleface "sun worshippers." He wrote and preached learnedly on the subject. Next to the bright light of the Arizona sun, he worshipped the bright lights of San Francisco and other metropolitan centers. He presented his friend Abraham Lincoln with a \$500 inkwell cast from silver from his own mines. He finished his comic opera career on a tragic note, a broken-down old man on a twenty-five-dollar-a-month pension. The book is illustrated with twenty drawings, eighteen photographs, plus maps.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

- All for Love*, by John Dryden. Great Neck: Barron's Educational Series, Theatre Classics, 1961. 153 pp. \$.65.
- The Best and Worst of Times*, by Peter Sourian. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1961, 236 pp. \$3.95.
- Black Gods, Green Islands*, by Geoffrey Holden and Tom Harshman. New York: Doubleday and Co., 1959. 236 pp. \$3.95.
- The Civilization of Rome*, by Donald R. Dudley. New York: A Mentor Book, New American Library, 1961. 253 pp. \$.50.
- The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*, by Jacob Burckhardt, condensed by Irene Gordon. New York: A Mentor Classic, New American Library, 1961. 394 pp. \$.75.
- The Civil War in America*, by Allen Barker. Garden City: Anchor Books, Doubleday & Co., 1961. 183 pp. \$.95.
- Corporations: A Study of the Origin and Development of Great Business Combinations and of their Relation to the Authority of the State*, by John P. Davis, introduction by Abram Chayes. New York: A Putnam Capricorn Giant. 316 pp. \$2.45.
- The Cossacks and The Raid*, by Leo Tolstoy. New York: A Signet Classic, New American Library, 1961. 216 pp. \$.50.
- Darkness at Noon*, by Arthur Koestler. New York: A Signet Classic, New American Library, 1961. 214 pp. \$.50.
- The Diary*, by Søren Kierkegaard. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc., 1960. 256 pp. \$4.75.
- Early Midwestern Travel Narratives: An Annotated Bibliography, 1634-1850*, by Robert R. Hubach. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1961. 149 pp. \$6.00.
- Educational Television Guidebook*, by Philip Lewis. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1961. 250 pp. \$4.95.
- Ellen Glasgow and the Ironic Art of Fiction*, by Frederick P. W. McDowell. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1960. 304 pp. \$4.50.
- The Enemy Blood*, by Luis Spota. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1961. 308 pp. \$3.95.
- The English Novel: Form and Function*, by Dorothy Van Ghent. New York: Torchbooks, The Academy Library, Harper & Brothers, 1961. 281 pp. \$1.75.
- Essays in Metaphysics*, by Martin Heidegger. New York: Philosophical Lib., 1960. 90 pp. \$2.75.
- The Establishment of the European Hegemony: 1415-1715*, by J. H. Perry. New York: Torchbooks, The Academy Library, Harper & Brothers, 1961. 200 pp. \$1.35.
- Existential Metaphysics*, by Alvin Thalheimer. New York: Philosophical Lib., 1960. 640 pp. \$7.50.
- Farmer Movements in the South, 1865-1933*, by Theodore Saloutos. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1960. Vol. 64 of University of California Publications in History. 366 pp. \$6.50.
- Four Keys to Guatemala*, by Vera Kelsey and Lilly de Jongh Osborne. New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 1961. 348 pp. \$4.50.
- Fracture Systems and Tectonic Elements of the Colorado Plateau*, by Vincent C. Kelley and N. James Clinton. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1960. 110 pp. \$2.75.
- Franny and Zooey*, by J. D. Salinger. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 200 pp. \$4.00.
- French Music: From the Death of Berlioz to the Death of Fauré*, by Martin Cooper. London: Oxford Paperbacks, Oxford University Press, 1961. 242 pp. \$1.85.

- The Genius of the Irish Theater: The Complete Texts of Seven Great Irish Plays; Essays by Beerbohm, Yeats, Joyce, O'Connor, and O'Casey.* New York: A Mentor Book, New American Library, 1960. 360 pp. \$.75.
- God's Oddling, The Story of Mick Stuart, My Father,* by Jesse Stuart. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., 1960. 276 pp. \$4.95.
- The Greatest Problem and Other Essays,* by F. L. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1961. 348 pp. \$5.00
- The Greek Commonwealth: Politics and Economics in Fifth-Century Athens,* by Alfred Zimmern. London: Oxford Paperbacks, Oxford University Press, 1961. 465 pp. \$2.50.
- Hart Crane's Sanscrit Charge: A Study of the Bridge,* by L. S. Démbo. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1960. 140 pp. \$2.85.
- The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter,* by Carson McCullers. New York: A Bantam Classic, Bantam Books, 1961. 307 pp. \$.75.
- A History of Exploration,* by Percy Sykes, Intro. by John K. Wright. New York: Torchbooks, The Academy Library, Harper & Brothers, 1961. 462 pp. \$2.75.
- The History of Modern Culture,* by Maurice Parmelee. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc., 1960. 1305 pp. \$10.00.
- How to Improve Your Mind,* by Baruch Spinoza. Notes by Dagobert D. Runes. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc., 1960. 90 pp. \$2.75.
- Hrotsvitha, The Theatricality of Her Plays,* by Sister Mary Marguerite Butler. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc., 1960. 252 pp. \$6.00.
- The Image of Man: A study of the Idea of Human Dignity in Classical Antiquity, The Middle Ages, and the Renaissance,* by Herschel Baker. New York: Torchbooks, The Academy Library, Harper & Brothers, 1961. 370 pp. \$1.85.
- The Impact of Darwinian Thought on American Life and Culture: Papers Read at the Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Studies Association of Texas at Houston, Texas.* Austin: The University of Texas, 1959. 98 pp. no price.
- Indians of Today,* ed. by Marion E. Gridley. Sponsored by the Indian Council Fire. Chicago: Towertown Press, 1960. 238 pp. no price.
- In Search of Humanity, The Role of the Enlightenment in Modern History,* by Alfred Cobban. New York: George Braziller, Inc., 1960. 254 pp. \$4.50.
- The Instructed Vision: Scottish Common Sense Philosophy and the Origins of American Fiction,* by Terence Martin. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1961. 200 pp. \$4.50.
- Ippolita,* by Alberto d'enti di Pirajno. Garden City: Doubleday & Co., 1961. 312 pp. \$4.95.
- The Joyce Country,* by William York Tindall. University Park: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 1960. 172 pp. \$5.95.
- The Liberty Line: The Legend of the Underground Railroad,* by Lary Gara. Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1961. 207 pp. \$5.00.
- Mark Twain: An Introduction and Interpretation,* by Frank Baldanza. New York: American Authors and Critics Series, Barnes & Noble, 1961. 156 pp. \$1.25.
- Melmoth the Wanderer,* by Charles Robert Maturin. Lincoln: A Bison Book, University of Nebraska Press, 1961. 440 pp. \$2.40.
- Men of Good Hope: A Story of American Progressives,* by Daniel Aaron. New York: Oxford University Press, 1961. 337 pp. \$1.95.
- New Campus Writing,* No. 3, ed. by Nolan Miller and Judson Jerome. New York: Grove Press, 1959. 285 pp. \$1.75.
- Nine Dayak Nights,* by W. R. Geddes. London: Oxford Paperbacks, Oxford University Press, 1961. 170 pp. \$1.85.
- Northern Lights,* A New Collection of Distinguished Writings by Canadian Authors, selected by George E. Nelson. Intro. by Mazo de la Roche. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1960. 736 pp. \$4.95.
- Old Times in the Faulkner Country,* by John B. Cullen, in collaboration with Floyd C. Watkins. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1961. 148 pp. \$3.00.
- The Origins of the American Party System,* by Joseph Charles. New York: Harper Torchbooks, The Academy Library, Harper & Brothers, 1961. 147 pp. \$1.25.
- Painting and Reality,* by Etienne Gilson. New York: Pantheon Books, Bollingen Series XXXV. 4, 1957. 394 pp. \$6.50.
- Peter the First,* by Alexey Tolstoy. New York: A Signet Book, New American Library, 1961. 753 pp. \$.95.

- Philosophy and the American Heritage*, by Johnson D. Hill and Walter E. Stuermann. New York: Philosophical Library, 1961. 262 pp. \$3.50.
- The Plot*, by Egon Hostovsky. Trans. from the Czech by Alice Backer with Bernard Wolfe. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1960. 376 pp. \$4.50.
- The Popular Novel in England, 1770-1800*, by J. M. S. Tompkins. Lincoln: A Bison Book, University of Nebraska Press, 1961. 385 pp. \$1.50.
- Post-Cranial Skeletal Characters of Bison and Bos*, by Stanley J. Olsen. Cambridge, Mass.: Peabody Museum, 1960. Papers of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard Univ., Vol. XXXV, No. 4. 61 pp. 24 illus. \$1.75.
- Post World War II Political Developments in Latin America*. A Study prepared for the Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate, by University of New Mexico School of Inter-American Affairs. Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1959. 80 pp.
- A Prelude to Medical History*, by Felix Marti-Ibáñez. New York: MD Publications, 1961. 282 pp. \$5.75.
- The Principles of Moral Philosophy*, by Ben Kimpel. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc., 1960. 252 pp. \$3.75.
- Principles of Secondary Education*, by Rudyard K. Bent and Henry H. Kronenberg. New York: McGraw-Hill, McGraw-Hill Series in Education, 1961. 448 pp. \$6.75.
- Puns on Proper Names in Spanish*, by Henry N. Bershas. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1961. 138 pp. \$3.50.
- R.U.R. and the Insect Play*, by the Brothers Čapek. London: Oxford Paperbacks, Oxford University Press, 1961. 180 pp. \$1.85.
- Races of Mankind, Their Origin and Migration*, ed. by Calvin I. Kephart. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc., 1960. 582 pp. \$6.00.
- Reflections on Art: A Source Book of Writing by Artists, Critics, and Philosophers*, by Susanne K. Langer. New York: A Galaxy Book, Oxford University Press, 1961. 377 pp. \$1.95.
- Reluctant General: The Life and Times of Albert Pike*, by Robert Lipscomb Duncan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1961. 280 pp. \$5.00.
- Renaissance Thought: The Classic, Scholastic, and Humanist Strains*, by Paul Oskar Kristeller. New York: Torchbooks, The Academy Library, Harper & Brothers, 1961. 176 pp. \$1.45.
- Resurrection*, by Leo Tolstoy. New York: A Signet Classic, New American Library, 1961. 426 pp. \$.75.
- Rococo to Cubism in Art and Literature*, by Wylie Sypher. New York: Random House, 1960. 384 pp. \$7.00.
- Romance and Tragedy*, by Prosser Hall Frye. Preface by Thomas M. Raysor. Lincoln: A Bison Book, University of Nebraska Press, 1961. 378 pp. \$1.25.
- Santa Barbara's Royal Rancho*, by Walter A. Tompkins. Berkeley: Howell-North Books, 1960. 292 pp. \$6.00.
- The Satires of Persius*, tr. by W. S. Merwin with intro. by William S. Anderson. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1961. 114 pp. \$3.50.
- Smaller Slang Dictionary*, by Eric Partridge. New York: Philosophical Library, 1961. 209 pp.
- Society, Manners, and Politics in the United States*, ed. by Michael Chevalier, intro. by John William Ward. Garden City: Anchor Books, Doubleday & Co., 1961. 432 pp. \$1.45.
- The Sociology of Colonial Virginia*, by Morris Tappan. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc., 1960. 384 pp. \$6.00.
- Sociology of Crime*, ed. by Joseph S. Roucek. New York: Philosophical Library, 1960. 552 pp. \$10.00.
- South Pass 1868, James Chisholm's Journal of the Wyoming Gold Rush*, ed., with an intro. by Lola M. Homsher. Vol. III, Pioneer Historical Series. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1960. 252 pp. \$4.50.
- Stories from the Ukraine*, by Mykola Khvylovy. Trans. and ed. by George Luckyj. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc., 1960. 240 pp. \$3.50.
- Sweet Thursday*, by John Steinbeck. New York: A Bantam Classic, Bantam Books, 1961. 184 pp. \$.50.
- The Term Paper: A Manual and Model*, by Charles W. Cooper and Edmund J. Robins. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1961. 36 pp. \$.50.
- "*Theory of History: Twelve Mexicans*," by Merrill Rippey, reprinted from *The Americas*,

- XVII, Number 3, January, 1961, pp. 223-39.
- Three Greek Plays for the Theater*, by Euripides (*Medea and Cyclops*) and Aristophanes (*The Frogs*), trans. and ed. by Peter D. Arnott. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1961. 215 pp. \$5.00.
- Travel Guide to Europe: British Isles and Western Europe*, by Myra Waldo. New York: Bantam Books, 1961. 363 pp. \$75.
- Travel Guide to Europe: the Mediterranean and Northern Europe*, by Myra Waldo. New York: Bantam Books, 1961. 300 pp. \$75.
- Trollope, A Commentary*, by Michael Sadleir. London: Oxford Paperbacks, Oxford University Press, 1961. 435 pp. \$2.50.
- Twenty Miniature Dramas*, by Harry Brandt. Neogrecian Series. New York: Vantage Press, Inc., 1960. 156 pp. \$3.50.
- Types of Intuition*, by Archie J. Bahm. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1960. 62 pp. \$1.25.
- The Word 'Irony' and Its Context, 1500-1755*, by Norman Knox. Durham: Duke University Press, 1961. 262 pp. \$7.50.
- The World of Rome*, by Michael Grant. New York: A Mentor Book, New American Library, 1961. 330 pp. \$75.
- Foothills*, Poems by Millard C. Dunn, Jr. New York: Exposition Press, 1960. 94 pp. \$2.50.
- The Glass Rooster*, by William F. McIlwain. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1960. 285 pp. \$3.95.
- Halfway*, Poems by Maxine W. Kumin. New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1961. 106 pp. \$3.95.
- Heartbeats of Our Time*, Poems by Bonnie J. Davidson. New York: Exposition Press, 1961. 48 pp. \$2.50.
- Heritage of Faith*, A Collection of Poems, by E. Lois English. New York: Exposition Press, 1961. 320 pp. \$5.00.
- The Hidden Spring*, by Charlton MacVeagh. New York: Bookman Associates, Inc., 1960. 96 pp. \$3.00.
- John Greenleaf Whittier: An Introduction and Interpretation*, by John B. Pickard. New York: American Authors & Critics Series, Barnes & Noble, 1961. 150 pp. \$1.25.
- Jubal's Raid*, by Frank Vandiver. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1960. 212 pp. \$4.95.
- The Ladder of Vision*, A Study of Dante's Comedy, by Irma Brandeis. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1961. 212 pp. \$3.95.
- Lighted Candles*, Poems by Edna Harrison Baker. New York: Exposition Press, 1961. 96 pp. \$2.50.
- The Love Quest*, A Verse Tale with Voices, by J. J. di Salvo III. New York: Exposition Press, 1960. 110 pp. \$2.75.
- Nags Head and Other Poems*, by Lee Anderson. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 1960. 156 pp. \$3.95.
- The Oboe Player*, by James L. Weil. Frankestown, New Hampshire: The Golden Quill Press, 1961. 64 pp. \$2.75.
- Outlanders*, by Theodore Weiss. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1960. 96 pp. \$1.35, paper.
- Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, by A. C. Bradley. Bloomington: Midland Book, Indiana University Press, 1961. 395 pp. \$2.45.
- Palms*, by Desmond Muirhead. Six Shooter Canyon, Globe, Arizona: Dale Stuart King, Publisher, 1961. 144 pp. no price.
- Panama Quadrant*, by Olive Brooks. New York: Bookman Associates, Inc., 1960. 96 pp. \$3.00.
- Poems*, by Allen Tate. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960, 236 pp. \$3.95.

## POETRY

- The Aeneid*, by Vergil, tr. by Patric Dickinson. New York: A Mentor Classic, New American Library, 1961. 314 pp. \$75.
- Atlantis and Other Poems*, by Stanton A. Coblenz. Mills Valley, Calif.: The Wings Press, P. O. Box 332. 120 pp. \$2.50.
- Burns: A Study of the Poems and Songs*, by Thomas Crawford. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1960. 416 pp. \$6.50.
- Collected Poems, 1930-1960*, by Richard Eberhart. New York: Oxford University Press, 1960. 233 pp. \$6.00.
- The Drunk in the Furnace*, by W. M. Merwin. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1960. 64 pp. \$1.25, paper.
- Essays and Introductions*, by W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1961. 542 pp. \$6.50.
- First Poems*, by Albert W. Haley, Jr. Denver Colo.: Big Mountain Press, 1960. 16 pp. no price.

- Poems*, by Patrick Creagh, Norman Porter, Desmond O'Grady. Rome: Poetry-Rome, 1960. 48 pp. no price.
- Poems*, by Robert Mezey: *The Lovemaker*, the 1960 Lamont Poetry Selection. Iowa City: The Cummington Press, 1961. 72 pp.
- Poems and Stories*, by Thomas McAfee. Columbia: New Writers Series, University of Missouri Press, 1960. 107 pp. \$1.95.
- Poems and Verse Plays*, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. New York: Pantheon Books, Bollingen Series, XXXIII. 2, ed. by Michael Hamburger, 1961. 626 pp. \$6.00.
- The Poet and the Machine*, by Paul Ginestier. Trans. by Martin B. Friedman. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1961. 192 pp. \$5.00.
- Psychology of Literature*, by Ralph J. Hallman. New York: Philos. Lib., 1961. 272 pp. \$4.75.
- The Senate Speeches of William Butler Yeats*, ed. by Donald R. Pearce. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1960. 183 pp. \$4.50.
- Shakespeare's Progress*, by Frank O'Connor. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co., 1960. 194 pp. \$3.50.
- Skeleton of Light*, by Thomas Vance. Chapel Hill: Contemporary Poetry Series, The University of North Carolina Press, 1961. 56 pp. \$3.50.
- The Song of Roland*, trans. by Laura Moore Wright. New York: Vantage Press, Inc., 1960. 156 pp. \$3.50.
- Towards Universal Man*, by Rabindranath Tagore. New York: Asia Publishing House, distributed by Taplinger Publishing Co., 1961. 402 pp. \$6.00.
- The Ungrateful Garden*, by Carolin Kizer. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1961. 192 pp. \$5.00.

## N M Q

J. ROBERT FEYNN is the new Assistant Editor for *New Mexico Quarterly*. He serves concurrently as Editor for the University of New Mexico Press. A native of Texas, Mr. Feynn has attended Texas Technological College in Lubbock, where he completed his M.A. in 1951. He has taken graduate studies at the University of New Mexico. His major interests have been in the fields of language and literature, working in Spanish, Portuguese, and French. He received the Wilson Memorial Fellowship at Texas Tech in 1949-50, and the University of New Mexico Graduate Fellowship in Modern Languages (1951-52) and a Teaching Fellowship (1956-57). For several years he worked as an assistant supervisor in the Circulation Department of the UNM Library. Before joining the University of New Mexico Press in October 1959, Mr. Feynn was Archivist for the Historical Society of New Mexico in Santa Fe.

RICHARD C. ANGELL, Book Review Editor of the *Quarterly*, is also Assistant Editor of the UNM Press. Born in Seattle, Mr. Angell grew up in suburban New York City. He attended Pelham Schools, Phillips Academy, Andover, and Colgate University. He worked on newspapers, including *New York News* and *Buffalo Times*, and for Buffalo advertising agencies and radio stations WEBR and WBNY. During World War II, he served in the Merchant Marine at sea in all theaters, finally as second mate aboard a Victory ship. His novel, *The Long Swim* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: Eyre & Spotteswoode) was based on this experience. Following the war, Mr. Angell was for two years with the United Seamen's Service as port director in the West Indies and in Santos and as director of South American east coast operations in Rio de Janeiro. He came to Albuquerque six years ago as a professional staff



writer for Sandia Corporation. He has published in magazines, including *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Angell is married to Jane Lord O'Brian of Buffalo, an editor for the Navy at Kirtland Air Force Base. He completed the requirements for the M.A. degree at the University of New Mexico this year.

MARGARET WEINROD, Circulation Manager for the *Quarterly*, is also in charge of the subscription sales for the *Southwestern Journal of Anthropology* and the University of New Mexico Publications Series of Scholarly monographs. Mrs. Weinrod has been a member of the UNM Press staff since March 1958. A native of Tulsa, she has attended the University of New Mexico, doing her undergraduate work in anthropology and geology, and her graduate studies in anthropology. Her husband, William Weinrod, is manager of an Albuquerque FM radio station, KHFM.

RAMONA MAHER WEEKS, for several years Book Review Editor of *NMQ*, has taken the long-expected step of full-time free-lancing. Our readers will miss the signed and unsigned touches she added to

the magazine, from the difficult task of lining up book reviewers to all sorts of written bits of biography and comment. She has promised to prepare a section of paperback reviews later in the season. Her most recent book for young people, *The Abracadabra Mystery*, a story of a "lost type face" found in Santa Fe, has been published by Dodd Mead, and she is in the "big middle" of three other books. For five years Mrs. Weeks was Editor for the University of New Mexico Press, and her contributions to the *Quarterly* often were above and beyond the call of duty.

We are grateful to VIRGINIA MANIERRE, who served as Assistant Editor of the *Quarterly* throughout Volume 30, and as Editorial Assistant on the two previous volumes. Mrs. Manierre has returned to the multiple duties of her adobe house and almost-grown children in Corrales, New Mexico. She has expressed her willingness to lend us from time to time her fine sense of judgment in the province of manuscripts. "Ginna" helped enormously to hold together the bits and pieces little magazines are made of.

---

# NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

*Editor*, Roland Dickey

*Assistant Editor*, J. Robert Feynn

*Book Review Editor*, Richard C. Angell

*Circulation Manager*, Margaret Weinrod

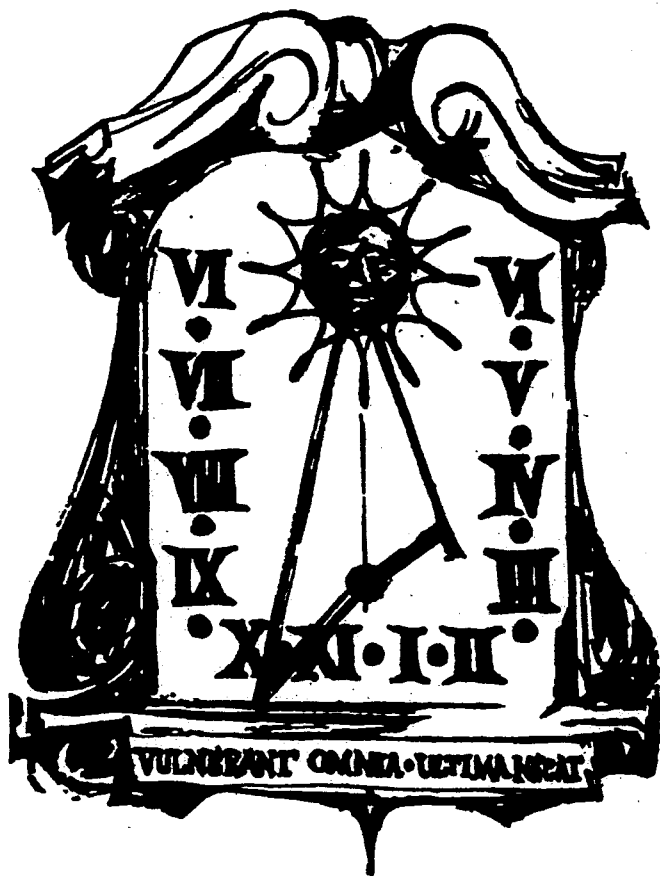
*Advisory Committee*

George Arms, Lez Haas,

Lincoln LaPaz, William J. Parish,

Paul Walter, Jr., Dudley Wynn





DRAWING BY CONNIE FOX BOYD FOR  
"BEFORE NOON," A NOVEL IN THREE PARTS  
BY RAMON J. SENDER. UNM PRESS.

# NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY