

now used with a freedom that gives more cautious anthropologists more than a qualm. This union, which sometimes seems to lead anthropology into the dangerous paths of easy generalization by the use of analogy, is surveyed by Kluckhohn in admirable fashion.

The application of anthropology, however, embraces more than the conditioning of the individual, basic as that is. Kluckhohn cites examples of anthropology applied to the practical problems of warfare, industry, and native affairs. His final chapters are devoted to another form of application. As an anthropologist he looks at the United States and at the world, bringing the concept of culture to both as a means of understanding the mainsprings of our own behavior and those of the other people of the earth with whom we must live. His thumbnail sketch of the cultural patterns of the United States is full of insights and acute observations. But it is here, I think, that one is most likely to question the adequacy of our data for the sweeping generalizations that his limited space perhaps imposes upon him. To this reader various exceptions occurred as he read. For example, in describing the American attitude toward success, he says, "Conversely, failure is a confession of weakness, and status distinctions and even class lines are rationalized on such grounds as 'he got there by hard work,' 'it's his own fault that he didn't get on.'" If current clichés are evidence, then why not "you can't get anywhere without the breaks," which indicates a quite different rationale?

One detects also in the author's phrases in describing the culture of the United States what is perhaps a bit of unconscious national conditioning. The urge to debunk is very well developed in our writing and is perhaps carried farther here than in any other literature. One wonders if it is this national tendency that accounts for the phrase "a cult of bodily cleanliness" when the author lists some of our traits, implying by the use of the word "cult" a kind of abnormality.

But these are minor reservations that should not detract from the major premise of "Mirror for Man." This is eloquently set forth in the final purview of the world of today with its cultural conflicts and threats of war. Despite these obstacles Mr. Kluckhohn envisages the possibility of a cultural tolerance that both permits diversity and encourages cooperation.

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Liquid History

EARTH'S GRANDEST RIVERS. By Ferdinand C. Lane. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 305 pp. \$3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

F. C. LANE, who wrote a fascinating and widely popular book about the oceans and followed it by one about lakes, now offers a third about the river systems of the globe. One wonders if Mr. Lane realized quite what he was getting into. He is a geographer, at home with the whole physical system of our planet and particularly at home in the cold, non-human depths of oceanography. But rivers are a great deal more than

geography. They are, as the brilliant series on American rivers has been demonstrating over again during the past few years, liquid history. And they are more than that. They are characters.

It was not for nothing that the Greeks, who assigned Poseidon as ruler indifferently of all the seas they knew, had a separate god for each of their rivers. Every river, even those freest of human associations, is an individual; rivers differ from one another hardly less than people do. About the things rivers have in common, about what one might call their general physiology, how they are born, how they carve their banks and

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

POETS ALL

Fulton Oursler, the noted author and editor, offers a list of poets and their private lives as he learned about them from anthologies by Louis Untermeyer. Allowing five points for each one you can identify, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 18.

1. What most liberal of poets began by publishing a tract on temperance?
2. Who once composed a sonnet during a change of traffic lights?
3. Who dug up his lady love's coffin, a year after the funeral, to reclaim manuscript poems he had buried with her?
4. Who is not only an exquisite lyric poet but also a breeder and a judge of bull terriers?
5. What New Englander, at seventy-seven, loved to swim naked in a public pond?
6. What first-rate English poet had a grandfather who was born in Newark, New Jersey?
7. Who threw his cook out of the kitchen window, then screamed: "My God, I forgot about the violets!"?
8. What poet, the first English woman to earn her living as an author, was also a military spy?
9. What poet invented the game of cribbage?
10. What merry poet-priest was the model for the character of Friar Tuck in Robin Hood?
11. What lyric poet, imprisoned for having loved Anne Boleyn, was an ambassador to Italy?
12. What two famous poets shared the same rooms and the same mistress?
13. Who lectured for the Anti-Saloon League and perished by his own hand in the house where he was born?
14. Who was that great woman who wrote letters constantly but refused all her life to address an envelope?
15. What famous poet, knight, and officer, dying on the battlefield, gave his almost empty water bottle to a wounded private?
16. Who entered Oxford at twelve and became a member of the Middle Temple at fifteen?
17. Whose lines are quoted on a memorial gate of the famous American academy from which he was expelled?
18. Who wrote his most famous song by minutely scratching with a key upon the wainscot of his room?
19. Whose grandfather, though a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, was tried for murder and narrowly escaped the gallows?
20. Whose brother was an alchemist and expert in magic?

channels, how they breathe and feed and die, Mr. Lane is very good. And he is good, too, about the role of rivers in the general circulatory system of the planet; his panorama of the major watersheds of the continents and their relation to the tracks of the moisture-laden winds which redistribute the ocean waters in the eternal cycle is a clear and brilliant lesson in geography. But, in addition, he tries to characterize as individuals thirty-eight of the greatest rivers of the world and to fix their place not only in physical geography but in human ecology and in the history of the past 6,000 years. That is a good deal like trying in one moderate sized volume to write interesting biographies of thirty-eight of the world's greatest men. Like it, but harder.

Think of the life-span of a river, and of the number of human lives each river touches and affects. The Nile, in this scheme gets nine pages; 900 would not suffice. The Rhine gets four; the Ganges five. The Thames and the Tiber, the Seine, the Elbe, and the Hudson inevitably get left out. And, inevitably, on such a scale, any writer is obliged to rely on encyclopedias and textbooks, trusting his reader's associations to give life and color to his bare outline, and helplessly repeating other people's mistakes. To produce under the handicap of so unmanageable a plan a book on the whole as coherent and briskly informative as this one, with so much of current interest and so few pages altogether stale and flat, is no small triumph of literary skill.

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Indian Painter and Prevaricator

PURSUIT OF THE HORIZON. By Loyd Haberly. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 239 pp. \$5.

Reviewed by JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

IF WE credit romantic legend, the pioneers who plunged through the wilderness and associated with Indians were clear-eyed, calm, and brave adventurers seeking physical danger out of an excess of internal strength. Actually, many were neurotic misfits, whose maladjustments made them flee civilization to the emptiness of forests and to a primitive society where—perhaps because its imperatives were not their imperatives—they felt more at ease. George Catlin, the subject of "Pursuit of the Horizon," is drawn by Mr. Haberly according to the conventional heroic pattern, but from behind the author's lyrical descriptions there peer disturbingly the tortured features of another kind of man.

A largely self-taught painter of portraits and landscapes, Catlin devoted his life to "rescuing from oblivion the looks and customs of the vanishing races of native men in America." During the 1830's, he traveled extensively over and beyond the frontier, sketching Indians in their habitats, collecting objects illustrative of their customs, and recording their legends. His "Indian Gallery," made up of over 500 paintings as well as numerous artifacts, was shown for an admission fee in major American cities and then in London. As the appeal of his factual documents be-

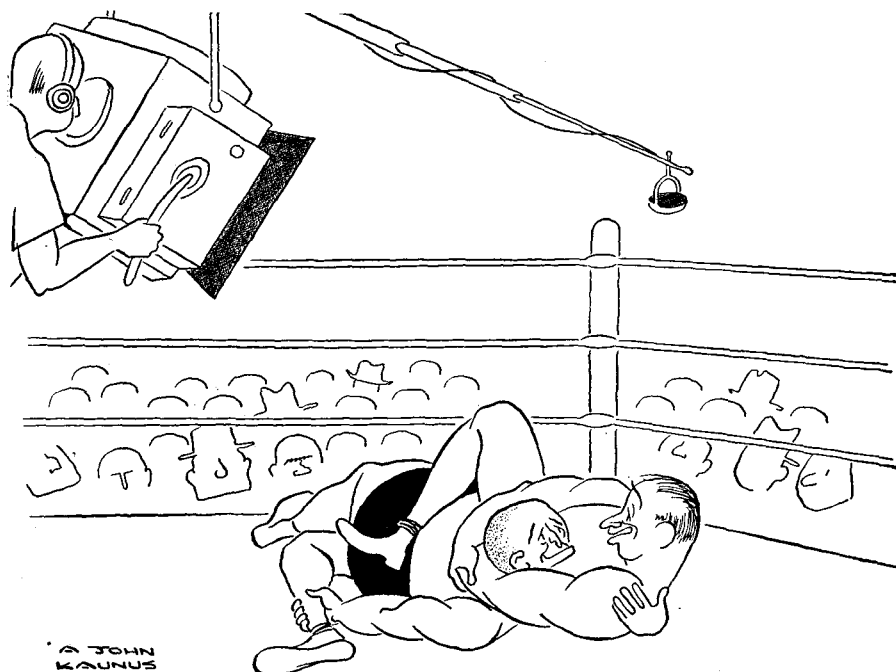
gan to pall on English sightseers, Catlin abandoned himself to the most blatant showmanship, gradually vitiating his scientific reputation. The numerous books he published plead dramatically the cause of the persecuted tribes, but mix increasingly sensational fancy with anthropological fact. Finally, Catlin went bankrupt and lost his collection. As an elderly man, he explored the jungles of South America in a vain attempt to restore his fortunes and reputation.

Catlin's Indian portraits exemplify the sober realism of the American primitive tradition, but Mr. Haberly's prose portrait of him falls into an opposite mode. The face of the protagonist is smoothed out into a conventional flattering image, while the emphasis is placed on background delineated with great virtuosity. The author writes well, and on occasion makes us see vividly the Western plains over which gallop a wild chivalry, the half-naked equivalents of King Arthur's knights. The result is an epic of sorts that makes agreeable and sometimes exciting reading, but all the profound meaning of Catlin's career has been obliterated.

Drawing everything in heroic proportions, Mr. Haberly greatly overestimates Catlin both as an artist and an anthropologist. He admits that in recounting his adventures Catlin often changed fact into a tall tale, but he regards this as a mere peccadillo, something that makes a scientist more lovable. To charges made by other students of Indian customs that Catlin was an out-and-out liar, Mr. Haberly replies by impugning the critics' motives. It does not seem to have occurred to him to try to determine from facts who was right.

The author, who makes up conversations and whose statement of sources is less than minimal, clearly visualized his book more as a literary exercise than history or biography. He thought it unnecessary to append an index, that indispensable adjunct to any factual book. The result is a lively and charming essay, containing descriptive passages of considerable eloquence. Yet Mr. Haberly has muffed the opportunity to produce an important book about an important but equivocal figure. Had he dredged beneath the obviously picturesque surface of his material, he could have found a story less conventional and more full of meaning.

James Thomas Flexner is the author of two books about early American artists, "First Flowers of the Wilderness" and "John Singleton Copley."



"Red washes out. A dark brown lipstick registers perfect."