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## Book Notes

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panies. The second faith, evangelized convincingly by Ruth Sheldon Knowles in *America's Famine: Its Cause and Cure*, holds that the energy crisis is real and is the product of Arab nationalism and United States government mismanagement at home. Knowles claims that thirty years of short-sighted government policy over domestic oil production, counter-productively led to our increased dependence on expensive OPEC oil.

Knowles exonerates the oil companies of any significant misconduct, arguing forcefully the demagogic myth of "windfall" profits and stingy reinvestments. So the cause of the oil shortage is not corporate greed but insufficient investment capital. Knowles quotes sources to prove that America will need to invest twice what it currently invests on oil production to achieve nominal energy independence by 1990. This money can only be raised through price de-regulation and less confiscatory tax policies, resulting in higher profits for producers. Knowles further explains that oil and gas are still, and will remain, the most plentiful, practical and economical sources for the rest of this century. If we conserve the energy we have and invest wisely, argues Knowles, we can achieve energy independence and without disturbing the environment.

This is Knowles' fourth book relating to the oil industry. She has been energy consultant to four governments and began her career in 1941 under Harold Ickes. Though suspiciously conservative to some, Knowles argues her points convincingly in this book. It is readable, informative, clearly argued and offers a realistic, though perhaps unpopular solution to our "energy famine". Is she correct? You have got to believe.

William Metzger  
Nacogdoches, Texas

### BOOK NOTES

Leon Hale is, and has been for a long time, my favorite observer-writer of Texas' common people. I would like to say that Charles Kuralt is the Leon Hale of CBS-TV, and I would also like to be able to write the way he does. What brings this to mind is the republication of his collection of essays, *Turn South at the Second Bridge* (Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843, \$12.95). I read it when first published nearly a score of years ago, and I am reading some of it again. Things like the Welcome Woods story and the Model T make me laugh out loud, the way we used to laugh during the comedy at the movies when we sat there in the dark, alone in the crowd, and just laughed until our sides hurt. You can still see those comedies on Saturday morning TV, but they aren't funny now. Hale isn't as funny now, either, because the down hill side of things brings

out the pathos. His writing is, as it was, superb, despite the self-effacement in the introduction to the new edition. But the real difference is that his writing is a lot deeper than it used to be. This is a reprint, not a revision, so the words are the same, but they are a lot more meaningful now. He claims he is not as smart as he was then, so some of the words and sentences pain him from the page. Maybe so, but he says more now with the same words. Some things are dated—land prices and current events are now both history; some things are not dated—his people, my people, all these Texas people, are still young in his old writing. They still do the things that he emphatically captured them doing with his pen. He laments that they are gone, but they are not. He has made them immortal so long as we will turn left at the bridge to find them.

Over the past several years, James E. Corbin has dug a hole for himself in East Texas. In fact, he has dug more than one; his six-and-a-half-feet, half above the ground and half below, has become a familiar summertime sight. Corbin heads the Archeology Summer Field School for Stephen F. Austin State University, is an experienced archeologist, a member of the Texas Historical Commission's National Registry Committee, and now is Director of the Stone Fort Museum. But he still turns the earth in the summer, and we have at hand a report of some of his past labors. *Mission Delores de los Ais*, published as Number 2 in the Papers in Anthropology Series at Stephen F. Austin State University and made possible in part by the Texas Antiquities Committee, is available for \$10 (Box 3047, SFASU, Nacogdoches, Texas 75962).

Several years ago Corbin took his Summer Field School to San Augustine to help locate the site of Mission Delores. That city and various organizations gave full cooperation to his labors, several grants went into the stew, and the results are well worth all these corporate and individual efforts. This 400 page report conclusively locates the site of the mission and reports on the various artifacts located in trash deposits and other sources. The book is well illustrated (black and white), and contains all the graphs and charts needed to make it look scientific. Folks interested in archeology, missions, or just in the early Spanish presence in East Texas will find this book of considerable interest.

Arthur Pettit's *Images of the Mexican American in Fiction and Film* (Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843, \$19.95, cloth; \$9.95, paper) is a disturbing book. For one thing, it is a project begun by Pettit, who researched it, wrote it against the dwindling odds of finishing it because of a fatal illness, and then bequeathed it to colleague Dennis E. Showalter. Showalter did an excellent job of compiling; indeed, his inobtrusive efforts doubtless punctuate the whole volume. Yet Pettit could not finish, and Showalter's

observation of the book's incompleteness underscores the loss. But what did merge is powerful and provocative. It is also guilt-laden for the whole of American society.

Pettit's work really runs more to literary than to cinematic criticism, and fully two thirds of the coverage deals with prejudice. Perhaps that is a suitable balance for readers, but most Americans shifted to the visual arts during this century, and film and especially television need more attention. Showalter indicated that even popular (C & W really) music would produce a fuller picture. I do like the Pettit/Showalter directness. They do not avoid the word "greaser" if that is the image they seek to convey. He/they present a clear outline, lets the reader see his conclusion vividly, then fills in the evidence. The survey finds that *all* American fictional treatment—print or film—of the Mexican, is derogatory. From what he calls the Gringo v. Greaser Conquest novel, to the *Women of the Conquest*, Mexican men are beneath their white protagonists. They are cowardly, inept, comedic, or dirty, they are lesser men because of their "brownness," their "yaller-bellyness," or their domination by bad clergy, among other things. Even in what he calls "Great House" works, *former* greatness has already declined and is no match for the arriving Anglo. And the women are as bad. "Dark ladies" offer sensuous relief which is rejected by pure Anglos early on, then later exploited by impure Anglos, but it is never permanent. Or they are represented by the "near white" Castilians, who are still not good enough for the Anglos, at least for marriage.

This summary is incomplete, but that is also a fault with the book. The author states that the Mexican, like the Jew and the Black, is a constant ethnic representative in American fiction and film, but unlike the others, does not yet benefit from what we might call "liberalization," that is, the recognition of universal brotherhood. Maybe so. What may be left out is the realization that Anglo fiction and film also finds a few Anglos who are dirty, mean, dark, comedic, or inept. Any prejudice is not to be applauded.

John Lenihan's book on western movies, entitled *Showdown* (University of Illinois Press, Box 5081, Station A, Champaign, Illinois 61820, p. 214, \$12.95), makes the reader do what he may not want to do: think. Most of us see movies (on TV or in the theatre when we can afford it), and use them as avenues to escape from the pressures and problems of our lives. We trade the real world for the world of the reel, coke and popcorn ourselves, and settle in air conditioning and cushy chairs to be entertained. But, says Lenihan, we are really being reminded of our civilization's cares, our individual frustrations, and our societal problems as seen by contemporary movie makers, especially the directors, who mask their criticism in the guise of a western story that might seem to be about almost anything else.

This is an over-simplification of Lenihan's thesis, of course, but we have to start somewhere. The best way to understand what he means is to consider the several versions of the Jesse James gang, or Billy the Kid, both of which is remade nearly ever decade. In the 'thirties, for example, the Jameses fight because of corporate oppression; in the 'forties or 'fifties it is because they are rebellious youths, and in the modern time because they enjoy crime. Billy varies from pathological pervert to misunderstood youth to regenerate defender of minorities and back to pathological pervert over the several decades. Or more to the point: if Carl Foreman, later blacklisted for suspected or real subversive activities, could not openly denounce Senator Joseph McCarthy, he could (and did) write *High Noon* and let Marshall Kane (Gary Cooper) do it for him over the failure of a society to defend individuals against power forces. This only begins to suggest the kind of contemporary interpretation in western movies which Lenihan discusses, but if you are interested in a provocative way to look at westerns, and aren't afraid they will drive you to think, this is a good book. One criticism: it ends too abruptly. And he has the date of the Duke's last movie wrong.

The development of motion pictures is surveyed in a revised edition released by the University of Oklahoma Press. *Motion Pictures: The Development of an Art* by A. R. Fulton, (The University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019, p. 288, \$14.95 hardbound) reveals how early filmmakers learned and interpreted the special nature of cinematic art.

Fulton explains motion picture development by examining the effectiveness or ineffectiveness of certain landmark motion pictures.

This complete revision of his 1960 book enlarged his discussion of D. W. Griffith, included a chapter on *Citizen Kane*, and, in a chapter on point of view, discusses three other and very different films.

The author, a professor emeritus of English at Purdue University, received his M.A. from Harvard University and his Ph.D. from Cornell University.

*1001 Texas Place Names* (University of Texas Press, Box 7819, Austin, Texas 78712), by Fred Tarpley answers questions. Nearly everyone has driven along Texas' highways and come to a community with an interesting name, say Cut And Shoot in Montgomery County, for example. Drives there a man with curiosity so dead that he never to himself has said, "Now why in the heck did they name it that?" Fred knows "why" and "how" and more to the point, he wrote "why" in this handy book that will fit in your glove compartment so you can whip it out when you ask yourself a question like that. It will be even handier as a desk-reference, it can even be fun reading when you are just killing time. Each of the state's counties is represented by at least

two places, and the rest are included simply on the basis of uniqueness, significance, or because there is a good story connected with the name. Each entry gives the place name, county location, pronunciation guide, a short narrative on the origin of the name, and its postal history, population, elevation, and date of incorporation. This book could even serve as a kind of spelling resource, in case you want to mail a letter to Nacogdoches or Relampago.

*Pine Bark and Spring Water, A History of the Pine Springs Community, Smith County, Texas* (Stewart Press, Box 1134, Big Sand, Texas 75755, \$15.00), was compiled by the history committee of the Pine Spring Community Center Organization. It is of concern to all who call its subject home, and perhaps to others who are interested in the general subject of community history. Its best feature is the prolific use of various illustrations, especially photographs. The history of any community is of course the activities of its people, and at least in this book they are shown. Chapters deal with the community's veterans, churches, cemeteries, schools, and families.

Just when you think the picture books on Texas are at an end, another comes along prettier than the last one. This time it is *Landscapes of Texas, Photographs from Texas Highways Magazine* (Introduction by John Graves, Foreword by Franklin T. Lively, Bob Parvin, and Tommie Pinkard. Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843, \$24.95). Many think of Texas as a land of cactus flats or oil derricks. The book presents 202 full color photographs of "another Texas," a diversified geography of magnificent proportions. East Texans will find plenty of their country here. This is one of my peeves about other Texas photography books; they show plenty of Hill Country (because so many of them are published there or are compiled and photographed by artists headquartered there), but they leave the pineys out altogether or patronize them with a few pictures. In this book we get our share, and they are right up front. The first picture is of a magnificent dogwood in full bloom, even if it is labeled as being in the Big Thicket "near Palestine." Oh well, it isn't their fault they did not know where the Big Thicket was—at least they found the dogwood trees. And this one is followed by photos of the Angelina and David Crockett National Forests, a hardwood stand on Caddo Lake, and even Tyler State Park. Of course all the rest of the Texas landscape gets in before the 202 runs out, and we enjoy looking at the other folk's country anyway. My favorite picture is on pages 112-113: the magnificent Palo Duro Canyon. There are trees, flowers, rocks, livestock, and every now and then a few people pictured here. They had to include the people to give it scale, but in these pictures Texas looks good all by itself.