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THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY is a regional review, alive to the place of the Southwest in the nations' cultural and economic development. It invites literary, educational, and political articles and creative writing which treat of the living present and the living past. Among its contributors have been Mary Austin, Witter Bynner, Haniel Long, Paul Horgan, Kyle Crichton, Erna Fergusson, John Gould Fletcher, Alice Corbin, Edgar Hewett, and many other leaders in varied fields.

"I think New Mexico was the greatest experience from the outside world that I have ever had. It certainly changed me forever."

D. H. LAWRENCE.

". . . I have seen America emerging; the America which is the expression of the life activities of the environment, aesthetics as a natural mode of expression"

MARY AUSTIN.

"People of the blue-cloud horizon,
Let your thoughts come to us!"

ZIA SONG FOR RAIN.

New Mexican Adobes

Here in this autumnal Spain
Adobes live with little rain
And even crumbling seem to me
Sweeter than a spring can be
In any other land than this
Where an eternal autumn is.

WITTER BYNNER.

(From the dedication page of the QUARTERLY, Volume I, No. 1, February, 1930.)

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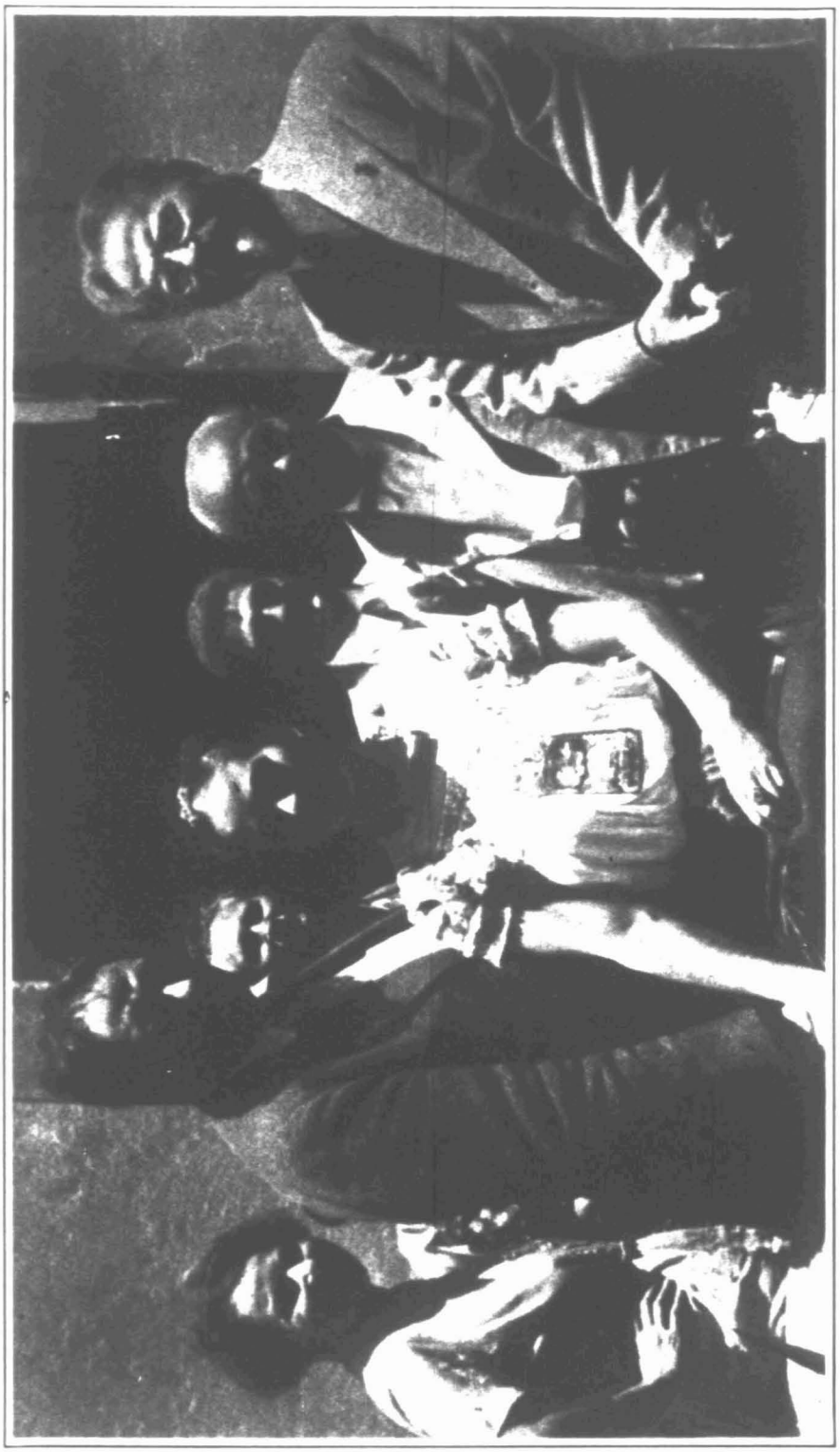

DIEGO RIVERA, FRIEDA RIVERA, AND LEON TROTSKY AT THE MEXICAN SEMINAR

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

A REGIONAL REVIEW

VOLUME VIII FEBRUARY, 1938 NUMBER 1

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DOROTHY WOODWARD is a member of the History Faculty of the University of New Mexico. She earned her Ph.D. at Yale, where she presented a study of the Penitentes as her dissertation. Last summer she was a member of the Mexican Seminar where the meeting with Leon Trotsky she describes occurred.

JOHN DILLON HUSBAND is one of the ablest young poets we know. He is chairman of the English Department in Leyden High School at Franklin Park, Chicago. His poetry has appeared in *Voices, Lyric,* the *New York Times, The Bard, Versecraft,* and other journals, in addition to the QUARTERLY.

JOHN C. NEFF is an architect who lives in Cleveland. He has more than a casual interest in letters, as his visit to New Mexico two summers ago to meet Frieda Lawrence at San Cristobal ranch shows. This interview with Mrs. D. H. Lawrence was described by Mr. Neff in the May, 1937, QUARTERLY.

JESSE STUART is now in Scotland on a Guggenheim Fellowship which he earned by right of his book of Sonnets, *The Man with the Bull Tongue Plow,* and his fine short stories of Kentucky, *Head o' W. Hollow.* A short story by Mr. Stuart, *Zeke Hammertight,* appeared in the August QUARTERLY.

MAUD E. COLE is librarian at the Carnegie Library in Abilene, Texas. She is author of a book of poems, *Clay Bound* (reviewed in February, 1937 QUARTERLY.)

VIRGINIA JANNEY has had stories in two volumes sponsored by New York University: *Short Story Manuscripts* and *All-Story.* She is the wife of Carless Jones and is in Albuquerque with him.

ANNA R. CUNNINGHAM is a former member of the faculty of the New Mexico Agricultural College in Las Cruces.

ROBERT DARK lives in Houston where he is an associate editor of the poetry magazine, *Kaleidograph.* He is both a musician and poet. Recently he published a poem the expression of both arts, entitled "Concerto for the White Keys," in *Poetry Caravan.*

MAX KAUFMAN completed college work in both the University of Cincinnati and Columbia. He still lives in New York and has published poetry in *Lyric, Gypsy, Frontier-Midland,* the QUARTERLY and others.

KENNETH SPAULDING is the son of the Dean of the School of Forestry in the University of Montana at Missoula. At present he is doing graduate study in English at the University of Iowa.

WILLIS JACOBS is instructor in the University of New Mexico where his department is English. He writes the "Personally Speaking" section for this magazine. He published a story in the *Southwester* magazine last year.

EUGENIA POPE POOL is a Texas poet who makes her home in Lubbock. She has interpreted life in both words and paint. Last September, the State Art Museum hung a one-man show of her pictures.

MARINA WISTER DASBURGH'S new book of poetry, *Fantasy and Fugue,* was reviewed in the November, 1937, QUARTERLY. Though comparatively a newcomer to New Mexico, she has entered into its life with more enthusiasm than many old-timers. She speaks with right and conviction for the viewpoint of many who have adopted New Mexico as a home.

Leon Trotsky in Mexico

By DOROTHY WOODWARD

MEXICO CITY wakened again as the goldenly brilliant sunshine lit the distant hills and the fresh, clean breeze of a rain-swept air blew through the windows. In the distance, one could hear the hum of the city, the motor busses along the Paseo de la Reforma and the tread of sandaled feet as Indian carriers trotted along toward the markets. From afar came the sound of a drum and by leaning out the window, one might glimpse a small troop of khaki-clad soldiers marching down the avenue after their night of guard duty. It was all as yesterday and yet so different! For today there was a real adventure on hand. Today had been long expected, by some hesitantly, by others heartily, for this was the day we were to see and speak with the great Russian revolutionary, Mr. Leon Trotsky.

Hastily dressing, we went down eagerly to join the other *Seminaristas* in the hotel dining room and lobby. An air of expectancy pervaded the group. Not everyone was enthusiastic. Some were merely curious and others frankly hostile. But, whatever the personal anticipation, it was to all a stilling incident.

The day before, we had been at Diego Rivera's studio where we learned that Mr. Trotsky had arrived in the city. One of his secretaries came in, saying with fervor, "He telephoned me; he is here." One could not see the devotion and concern of the younger man without wondering and becoming more curious as to the personality of the leader who inspired such devotion.

And now this was the day! No announcement of the conference had been made public; too much danger, said some, too much criticism, said others. But we knew that Mr. Trotsky had come up from the country to give this single day in Mexico City to the Twelfth Seminar of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America.

Every member of the group, who wished it, had received a card of identification for admittance to the conference, and at 10:30, armed with this small passport, we set out for Coyacan and the home of Frieda Rivera. It was not a long drive and we enjoyed the sights of city and country as we sped along. Nearing the *colonia,* we were aware of police, many police. A motor guard preceded us, and at intervals along the road were stationed more blue-uniformed figures. Mexico guards Trotsky well, we thought!

Presently we alighted before the walled entrance of an interesting country house. Very unlike the bizarre, cactus-enclosed, blue and pink, modern homes of the Riveras at San Angel, this place had the air of soft moss-covered walls and well-flowered patios, while San Angel is a little metallic in its brilliance and novelty.

As we were admitted into the entryway, police guards scrutinized us carefully. Then, upon the presentation of our identification cards, we were admitted through a small door, checked again by Vica Iturbe, a Mexican friend of the Riveras, and at last we stepped out into a sun-filled, lushly growing patio. You almost felt a hush as birds sang in the beauty of that semi-tropical garden.

We went, at once, into a long room, bare except for cases filled with books by N. Lenin and other Russian and liberal idealists. A few wooden chairs were lined up in the rear of the room and a couple of small tables had been placed along the north side. Warm sunshine poured in through open windows and doors, as we excitedly found places in chairs and on the floor to await the arrival of Mr. Trotsky.

Presently everyone was settled and the hush of waiting possessed us. Doors opened and closed in other parts of the building, blue-uniformed police guards were seen crossing the patio, and there was the sound of voices across the open space, and an occasional laugh. In a short time, two of Mr. Trotsky's aides came in and took their places at the tables. They were to act as interpreters and, when one looked

closely, one could see they were carefully armed to protect their chief. Several secretaries also arranged themselves to record the interview and, when the stage was finally set, Mr. Trotsky and Mr. Herring, Director of the Seminar, appeared walking across the patio. Amid friendly applause, they entered the room and took their places at the tables.

Mr. Trotsky is a dynamic little person. His flashing, steel-blue eyes took in the entire group at a glance. His smile was kindly and his slight grey-clad figure moved with a nervous tension that indicated the energy and vitality of the man. Although he had not been well, his poise and vigor were apparent from his first step into the room.

When the bustle of getting seated was over, people relaxed to listen to what Mr. Trotsky, the man of the 1917 Russian Revolution, might say. It had been agreed that he should speak in English and answer questions that anyone in the audience desired to address to him through the chairman in writing. Thus, as a starting point, Mr. Herring asked whether Mr. Trotsky agreed with Mr. Max Eastman that the experiment of socialism in Russia is at an end and would he sketch the successive steps by which the Soviet's Union had dropped overboard every vestige of socialism.

Mr. Trotsky rose, listening intently to the question, then his face beamed in a smile and he began, speaking a little hesitantly at times for he used English, "Permit me, ladies and gentlemen, a preliminary remark." His command of the situation was evident at once. He then said that in this room the hearings under Mr. John Dewey had taken place. During that time Mr. Trotsky had to speak often of his "terroristic activities," "life with Hitler," and "his wrecking." When he used these phrases his lawyer had interrupted by saying your *alleged* terroristic activities, your *alleged* alliance with Hitler, your *alleged* crimes. "Thus," said Mr. Trotsky, "I learned this cautious word and now may I speak in my *alleged* English?"

Needless to say, it would be impossible to review the entire discussion, which lasted for several hours. But some

points of interest may be touched upon. Mr. Trotsky's reply to the initial inquiry was to the effect that he disagreed with Max Eastman. Socialism is not at an end although he asserted that the beginning and the end of an historical process were not easy to determine. Again quoting the article by Mr. Eastman, who said that, barring revolutionary events, the degeneration toward capitalism is inevitable, Trotsky countered by saying that the October Revolution had created certain premises of socialism, a new form of property, and a new political power of a new class. For building up socialism, and the development of new economic conditions the decisive factor is the level of productive forces, which is too low. But from the point of view of socialism the form of property as created by the October Revolution persists, the forces are not annihilated. Again the productive forces are higher than formerly but the political power has degenerated. Now the Russian people are in a transition period dependent upon the state. When the new socialistic society, that is the new state of socialism, actually comes into existence as socialism, the state will disappear. Thus the fact that the political state guides the development toward socialism is evidence that the socialistic state has not yet been achieved; and if the state degenerates, if the new ruling class is, because of its interest, against socialism, then the question of building a truly socialistic state becomes problematic. If, however, the toiling masses have the power, their interests, asserted Mr. Trotsky, will push them in the direction of socialism. On the other hand, the new ruling, privileged class concentrating power within its hands endangers the development of pure socialism. And this is the present situation in the Soviet Union. There exists the premise for a new socialism, there is the growth of the productive forces, and at the same time, there has come into being a new ruling class which is by nature hostile to the socialistic system. If, by revolution, the people, "the toiling masses," can overthrow this new controlling stratum of society, then socialism will not be at an end.

When questioned relative to his attitude toward the trials in Russia and the ensuing executions, Mr. Trotsky replied that the events implied symptoms of sharp conflict between the new bureaucracy and the people. Queries led from this to the confession of those taken in the second trial when they realized that the same procedure had not saved their compatriots from execution. To this Mr. Trotsky responded that some hope of escape was held out to these condemned in that four were to be released, just what four they did not know, but willingness to confess was accelerated by that spark of hope and the psychological state resultant from long education by the GPU.

It was most interesting to hear Mr. Trotsky discuss the circumstances that led to his failure to succeed Lenin as the leader of Russia. He stated that it was pure accident that he had not followed the great Lenin. For, after the Revolution, a new chapter was begun and the new bureaucracy, following its instinct as a new ruling class, rejected the revolutionists, which marked a new crystallization of social elements. For, said Mr. Trotsky, the new group was reactionary, unwilling to continue the changes necessary to transform completely Russian society; instead they decreed against the permanent revolution. Hence, he and the leaders in the October Revolution became refugees from the land of their birth and struggle.

Mr. Trotsky feels strongly that the movement toward a truly socialistic state certainly is not completed. The power for further change rests upon the workers of the world, who can, in a great mass movement, free themselves from the bonds of economic control.

For hours the dynamic little man spoke, hunting now and then for an English word, repeating a phrase in French or German for which his interpreters supplied the English equivalent. His hands moved with quick nervous motion, his eyes snapped, his smile came and went, and his enthusiastic vigor was ever manifest. Through it all Diego Rivera stood in the patio, his great body supported by his folded arms as

he leaned against a window, listening and observing.

Freida Rivera moved about in the patio, a beautiful woman, dressed in the colorful Indian clothes of Mexico.

It was all very vital and very real. Finally Mr. Trotsky finished speaking—he had talked for hours, yet seemed singularly fresh and vigorous. He begged to retire, and as he grasped our hands in parting, one dominating impression of the tiny man was paramount. Genial, kindly, and full of sympathy for the world's great suffering, this visionary lived for a cause, the world revolution of the workers, and for this cause there was no sacrifice too great. Steel, as hard as any ever made by man, is soft beside the invincible purpose of an almost fanatical conviction that the cause must and will live! This combination of human kindliness and unswerving fervor is Leon Trotsky!

Beyond the Tumult

By JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

The last hard sigh
And the final word
Are fragments of
A speech unheard.

They are a smoke
Sent up through trees;
A speaking sign
To one who sees.

They are a song
That strikes a cloud
And frees the music
From the shroud.

Henry James the Reporter

By JOHN C. NEFF

EVER SINCE Henry James died, more than a score of years ago, writers have been in doubt as to what position he occupies in modern literature. Is he a Victorian or has he a place with the so-called moderns? Does the fact that his books are seldom, if ever, read suggest that his influence has died? And does the realization that there is little chance of his ever becoming popular again inhibit us to the extent that we keep him and his real value from the popular eye? Surely it will be many years before the complete James is fully understood, but in the meantime we can add, bit by bit, details of his art that when added together will produce a final definition. This article proposes to show what has not yet been touched upon enough. And that, that Henry James was a reporter.

Since the depression, we have been interested in quick, brief fiction with a proletarian background and with heroes whose shoes we certainly would hate to be in. We read these books, swallow the blurbs about them, and put them down with the satisfying feeling of having gained a profound understanding of the trials and problems of strikers and workers everywhere. These modern writers, we say to ourselves, are becoming more like reporters every day. They give us the facts. That's what we want. The facts.

And yet, if Henry James' great novel, *The Princess Casamassima,* were published today with a different title and under a different name, if it were given wide spaces of advertising in our literary weeklies, it would undoubtedly be hailed "a great and profound study of the modern relation between worker and capitalist." Indeed, no book of our time has struck at the core of the matter with the intensity and understanding of James'. But, in spite of that, if you were told that James was a reporter as much as any contemporary novelist is a reporter, you would probably stick

your tongue into your cheek and say, piffle! Henry James, you say, was a novelist who broke into the fields of inner experience and who used them, for the first time, in short fiction. Why, he was the father of our modern stream-of-consciousness. When you claim him as a reporter, you're forgetting yourself. You are forgetting that a reporter draws from actual experience, from real life, from truth! He forgets about the frills and fancy decorations that make for fiction. James was an artist, not a reporter. He was a great creative artist!

True. But wait, perhaps a few sidelights about James and his fiction will help you to understand why he is, besides being a creative genius, a reporter. Indeed, what will be said below may be regarded as a reiteration of what has been said, in other ways, so many times before. As for example—"Henry James never took anything as it came; the thing that happened to him was merely the point of departure for a deliberate, and as time went on a more and more masterly, creative energy, which could never leave a sight or sound of any kind until it had been looked at and listened to with absorbed attention, pondered in thought, linked with associations, and which did not spend itself until the remembrance had been crystallized in expression, so that it could be appropriated as a tangible object."

But the above statement, taken from the introduction to James' *Letters,* is followed by no specific instances as to *what* sights and sounds experienced eventually found their separate ways into his writings. That, this article is attempting to do.

In February, 1935, Professor Edgar Goodspeed had published, in the *Atlantic,* a short essay called "A Footnote to Daisy Miller." On reading the *Diary of Julia Newberry,* Goodspeed was immediately reminded of James' famous story, *Daisy Miller.* He presented what evidence there was available, and showed fairly conclusively that James actually did draw his fictional character from the rich young Julia Newberry who went with her parents to Europe to

expose herself to society there that she might retain, for her family at least, the remains of a fast-dying American aristocracy. "He was insatiable," Professor Goodspeed quotes, "for anything that others could give him from their own personal lives."

Three years ago, too, the *Journal* of Alice James, invalid sister of Henry, was published. If we are to believe the endearments cast her way in his letters, Alice was the apple of Henry's eye and was constantly in his thoughts. The *Journal* is indispensible for the serious student of James, and highly entertaining for the average reader. But beyond that, it is important because it suggests that Alice James was the prototype for Rosy Muniment of *The Princess Casamissima.*

The Princess Casamassima was published in 1886, three years before Alice James went to England to live her life out. The scene of the novel is laid in London. Thus the matter of chronology does not enter here. It is the characteristics of the two women that are important. Rosy and Alice were both invalids, both witty and sharp observers. Though they were not necessarily interested in the same subjects and were not equals in intellect, they, nevertheless, reacted similarly to their private misfortunes in life. A quick glance at each will make this clear.

Alice James was a vibrant woman who, in the course of time, learned to ignore her physical pains and to increase her determination to live, to observe, to be a part of the life that was so near and yet always so far. Hers was essentially a world of intellect and imagination. On June 13, 1889, she made the following entry in her journal: "Nurse says there are some people downstairs who drive everywhere and admire nothing. How grateful I am that I actually see, to my own consciousness, the quarter of an inch that my eyes fall upon; truly the subject is all that counts!" And again, "Not I, surely, from my sofa where I've learned such wondrous things."

Of her brother she said, "Henry, the Patient, I should call him. Five years, in November, I crossed the water and suspended myself like an old woman of the sea, round his neck, where, to all appearances, I shall remain for all time. I have given him an endless care and anxiety, but, notwithstanding this and the fantastic nature of my troubles, I have never seen an impatient look upon his face or heard an unsympathetic or misunderstanding sound cross his lips. He comes to me at my slightest sign, and 'hangs on' to whatever organ may be in eruption, and gives me calm and solace by assuring me that my nerves are his nerves, and my stomach his stomach—this last a pitch of brotherly devotion never before approached by the race. He has never remotely suggested that he expected me to be well at any given time . . ."

Now in the novel itself, Hyacinth Robinson, hero of the tale, is a close friend of Paul Muniment, Rosy's brother. As a result of the two men's frequent meeting in the girl's room, one gets to know exactly what she is like. "Hyacinth thought Miss Muniment very charming; he had begun to make her out better by this time, and he watched her small, wan, pointed face, framed on the pillow by thick black hair. She was a diminutive dark person, pale and wasted with a lifelong infirmity; Hyacinth thought her manner denoted high accomplishment—he judged it impossible to tell her age." And later, Rosy herself says, "Oh yes, I dare say we seem very curious. I think we're generally thought so; especially me, being so miserable and yet so lively." And Paul proudly acclaims his sister, saying, "It's very wonderful—she can describe things she has never seen. And they're just like the reality." "There's nothing I've never seen," Rosy declares. "That's the advantage of my lying here in such a manner. I see everything in the world."

Later, Paul Muniment remarks, "You know a good deal, Rosy, but you don't know everything . . . your mind's too poetical . . . as full of sounding strings and silver cords as some old elegant harp . . . " (Alice James in an entry for

June 18,1889, says, "How little I shall ever know of life!")

Henry James himself, writing to his brother William from Rome, May, 1894, says, on reading her diary, that during Alice's life-time he was "tremendously conscious that the extraordinary intensity of her will and personality would have made the equal, the reciprocal, life of a 'well' person . . . in the usual world, almost impossible to her, so that her disastrous, her tragic health, was in a manner the only solution for her of the practical problem of life . . . I felt . . . that she simplified too much, shut up in her sick room, exercised her wondrous vigor of judgment on too small a scrap of what really surrounded her . . ."

And now, on reaching further back in James' career, we find that, in 1869, the *Atlantic* published his seventh story, *Gabrielle de Bergerac.* It is common knowledge that Rostand made, in 1897, the name De Bergerac famous, and it is also well known that the fame of that name was spread further by the great French actor, Constant Coquelin. But it is not generally known that the hero of James' early story *Gabrielle de Bergerac,* was also named Coquelin. The coincidence thereby established is, perhaps, plausible when we remember one or two simple facts about the early life of James. He was a great reader of French literature, and in his readings—it seems reasonable to believe—he undoubtedly chanced upon the name of Savinien-Cyrano De Bergerac, French dramatist of the Seventeenth Century. Such a name would, it appears, stick in a corner of the mind of young Henry James without effort.

That, for some, is, perhaps, a sufficient accounting for the title of James' story. At least it is enough to assume that the name had got, somehow, into James' head, where it was "looked at and listened to with absorbed attention, linked with associations and finally crystallized in expression." But what about the name of the hero, Coquelin, and what connection could it possible have with the actor Constant Coquelin? Well, the fact of the matter is, young Henry James one year attended a private school in Switzerland and

had as a classmate "a little snub-nosed boy who called himself Coquelin." The same Coquelin that was later to make famous Rostand's play!

But to bring to light the latest "coincidence," we must turn to page 8 and page 19 of the London and New York *Times* respectively, under date of August 12, 1937. For on those pages is printed the obituary of a man whose name was that of one of the most remarkable of Henry James' early short story characters. *The Author of Beltraffio,* first printed in the *English Illustrated Magazine* in 1884, is one of James' finest character stories and has as its main figure a man, a writer, whose name is Mark Ambient. The death notice referred to above was occasioned by the passing of the well-known dramatist, Mark Ambient!

The late Mark Ambient was born in 1860, which made him twenty-four when *The Author of Beltraffio* was created. Could James have heard his name, could he have seen it in the newspapers? Mark Ambient, the obituary notices tell us, early associated himself with the theater. But was not James *always* interested in the theater? Was he not always keen about drama? We can never really know the solution of this coincidence, but we can at least assume that James kept the name of Mark Ambient (like those of Coquelin and Bergerac) well tucked in the back of his head for future "crystallization."

It will be discouraging, as the years go on, revealing such facts as these, for those who have, heretofore, questioned the practicability of James' character-names to realize that persons with just such names actually did live and walk the earth the same years as James. But it will be more discouraging for those who continue to believe that James was no reporter. For this much has become clear: that Henry James *did* remember names and characters, that he *did* turn them over in his mind and study them with a curious eye, and that he *did* bring the most interesting of them to eventual expression and appropriate them as tangible objects. In a word, Henry James reported.

Two Sonnets

By JESSE STUART

I

Blow out you bugles to the empty skies!
Beat loud you drums beneath the windy skies!
A bullet through the brain the soldier dies!
Eternity in earth a soldier lies.
Shriek loud you fifes for one so unafraid.
He met the ballast-steel of raining hell.
He was neat-scycled by a foreign blade.
Beat loud you drums afar from where he fell!
You helpless hungry trees stand silent there
While darkening skies cut out the watchful sun;
You weeping winds shriek out a wordless prayer.
Some day you trees will get this sleeping one.
Mother don't weep: there is no need to care.
Just this one gone—you have more stalwart sons.
Mother don't weep; you're young enough to bear
More cannon fodder for the mighty guns.

II

I'd go down fighting to the bitter end.
No hell nor heaven ties the hands of me.
I'll fight my enemies and love my friends.
I'll go down fighting or I shall be free.
No man that treads the earth or breathes the air
Can bondage me by any word commands.
I'd go down fighting—fighting foul or fair.
I'd give them fists enough to break my hands.
I'm not your gentleman afraid to fight,
Precise with stovepipe hat and goldhead cane;
I still can wield my fists and meet my night.
You beat me down—I'll come—I'll come again!
As oaks are battered on the mountain cliff
By time, winds of the world, and sleet and rain;
I'll stand oak-rooted, hand 'em cuff for cuff—
Batter me down I'll up and come again!

Some Day

By MAUDE E. COLE

There'll come a day
When I, on willing feet,
Shall follow down
The trail that you have gone;
And with sorrow left behind
Shall find it sweet,
Though dark until I reach
Your world of dawn.

Gladly through chasmed darkness
I shall go;
Though strange and new the path
I shall not fear,
Nor halt along the way,
For well I know
Each onward, groping step
Will bring you near.

I could not bear your going
But for this:
That some day I,
Of earthly care bereft,
Shall find you and with love
Retrace the kiss
I pressed upon your brow
The day you left.

Racket

By VIRGINIA JANNEY

(A true story of the decline of the Cape Cod fishing fleet)

THE CAPE COD cooling plant was built on the beach with a runway extending from the gutting room to the water. Toni Ferrera paused in his work at one of the wooden troughs, looked through the door to the horizon, and longed to feel the deck of the schooner *Nancy* beneath his feet.

In faded dungarees and rough shoes, the cleaning crew worked with razor-sharp knives held in cut-scarred hands smeared with blood and mucus. Toni was noticeable among these men driven from the sea only because he was a deeper brown, and his hands were shielded by a pair of cheap cotton gloves.

The foreman had come in and was examining some barrels containing brine in which fish were preserved for shipment to New York. Toni dropped a cleaned fish into one barrel and the guts into another. When the mucus-covered entrails dripped from his fingers into the barrel, they landed at the bottom with a wet slap.

"Speed up," the foreman ordered, "these barrels gotta—"

Then, he saw Toni's gloves.

"Say—." He strode across the room. "Haul off them gloves! Your second day in the plant an' you got funny ideas already."

Toni calmly faced the foreman's resentful stare. Didn't you hear the news yesterd'y?" he asked, taking a fish with his gloved hand.

"What news?"

Toni split the fish and gutted it. "Tom O'Connel died of blood-poisonin'," he replied grimly. The entrails slithered under his fingers as he tried to pick them up.

"What's that got to do with you haulin' off them gloves?"

"He worked here, didn't he?"

"Ya-as, sure he worked here," said the foreman.

"That's why I'm wearin' gloves. I ain't worth more dead than alive."

"I said haul 'em off. If I catch you wearin' 'em again you'll be back at work in the swamp where you come from—on relief."

"Ain't makin' much more here," muttered Toni to the man's departing back. "Stink, slime, an' blood-poisonin' at thirty cents an hour."

That enormous stink was a combination of the odors of fresh fish, wood soggy with blood, preserved fish in brine, damp floor, and stale offal, mixed with the slightly sour smell of the nearby salt marshes.

Toni glanced at Joe Bergin, who grinned and strolled over.

"Haul off them gloves. You hadn't oughta slow up your work that way. What's a little blood-poisonin'?" Joe said, moving slowly around the end of Toni's trough. "You can't use 'em in cold weather, anyhow; they'll freeze."

"Aw, shut up," Toni retorted mildly, but he drew off the gloves and, as wet as they were, thrust them into his pocket.

Toni looked at Joe with mock disgust and went back to work. Joe couldn't be serious more than a minute, he thought. But perhaps he found it a whole lot safer not to be.

It was on an evening a week or so after Tom's funeral that they walked together down the sandy beach road between the shanties where the fishermen lived; they stopped in front of Toni's home, a thin board affair badly in need of a new coat of paint.

"We can't live like this no longer," Toni insisted. "We got to go fishin' again."

"Nobody wants to fish more'n I do," Joe replied, "but the racketeerin's still goin' on. The buyers take five thousand pounds at a fair price, then say the rest of the same haul ain't no good, an' you got to take a cent a pound for it

or let it rot in the hold. I was talkin' about it to the skipper the other day."

"Who? Roberts?"

"Yes."

"What'd he say?"

"Nothin' much, but he's thinkin' a lot. He cal'lates somethin' can be done, some way, but I dunno—Say," he laughed, "speak of the devil." He pointed down the road.

Toni followed his glance to see Roberts coming toward them. He was a lanky man with shaggy brows, deep-set blue eyes, and a startling voice that boomed out at you unexpectedly.

"Been lookin' for you," he rumbled. "Got somethin' to talk about. Come on in an' let's sit down."

"Sure," said Toni, "come on in."

He led them into the scantily furnished living-room-bedroom of his two-room shanty. Several calendars decorated the glaringly whitewashed walls of the main room, and the small windows had blinds, but no curtains.

"What you got to tell us, skipper?" Joe said.

Roberts pulled a pipe and a can of tobacco from his pockets, opened the can, and began to shake some tobacco into the bowl of his pipe. "It ain't good news," he said slowly. "I was talkin' to Frank Dunlap today. He has an offer from the fish company to buy the *Nancy*."

Toni looked away from Roberts. His smile faded. His last hope of going seine-fishing again dropped from him like a deep-sea lead in shoal water.

"He'll sell," he said miserably. "But ain't you got nothin' to say?"

"Somethin', sure," Roberts replied. With his finger he pressed the tobacco down in the bowl of his pipe. "I got a quarter int'rest."

"Well, what'd you tell him?" Joe said.

The skipper struck a match and sucked the flame into the tobacco. "I let him know I wasn't favorin' it," he said between puffs, "but he needs the money. The price ain't

right. They're freezing us out. It's insultin' to that fine vessel."

"Is it the price, skipper, that's stoppin' you from sellin'?" Toni persisted.

"No, it ain't," Roberts boomed emphatically. "I need the money, too, but I ain't lost my hope of fishin' comin' back."

"That's good to hear, skipper," Toni said eagerly, the light returning to his eyes.

"What's givin' you hope?" Joe asked skeptically.

Roberts puffed musingly on his pipe and watched the curling smoke screen before him. "Just what I told Frank. I said I'd sell out if he did, but I argued if he'd wait awhile I'd try out a scheme I got for bringin' fishin' back."

"Is he goin' to wait? What're you goin' to do?"

"Well," said Roberts, "we sailed over a long course with more head winds than fair, but fin'ly I got him to say he'd give me a little time. He swore he'd sell out if my cal'latin' didn't do no good."

"Can't blame him none for that," Joe said. "He's been fair with us all along."

"Yes, he has," Toni agreed. "It's them buyers that's cutthroats. But what you got in mind, skipper?"

"You know about these laws they're puttin' out in Washin'ton?"

"Sure, what we read in the papers," Joe said.

"The fishin' industry oughta have a law," Roberts went on. "Maybe the government can stop this price-cuttin'. Maybe the fish companies can be sorta persuaded by the law."

"It'll take law t'do it," Toni asserted. "You got a good idea, skipper."

"Well, I'm goin' to call a meetin' of the seine-masters, an' I reckon they'll agree with me."

He explained his plan to them, outlining the petition he wanted to draw up, and, as he and Joe left the house, the

skipper promised to let them know how the meeting turned out.

A long week passed before they saw him again, and Toni was miserable.

"We'd about give you up," he complained.

"You can't get men from all over the Cape to a meetin' at an hour's notice," growled Roberts. "We ain't mailin' the petition to Washin'ton, either. We're goin' there. Frank's equippin' the *Nancy* for the trip."

But two weeks elapsed before the beached vessel could sail, and three weeks more rolled around before her return from Virginia. Toni and Joe hoped to put to sea immediately upon Roberts' arrival, though Toni was somewhat cautious.

"Somethin' tells me it won't happen like that," he said. "It ain't as simple as that."

Yet, when he saw Roberts, his hope swelled and eagerness overcame his former doubt.

"Did you get it?" he cried. "Did they say they'd stop the racketeerin'?"

"We don't know what we got yet," Roberts boomed. "An' it'll be awhile before we do know. The government'll hold meetin's with the fish companies' lawyers. No tellin' what we'll have. We ain't got money for lawyers."

"Oh," Toni said.

His anxiety deepened into despair as the weeks passed without word from Washington, and the wild geese flew south at night, honking their warning of the coming cold, for when the wild geese flew south in November the mackerel came to the Cape from the lower Atlantic waters, moving north until they were lost in Canada in early spring.

Then, heavy fogs appeared and hung white over the land and sea until the icy gales, howling through the dark nights, drove them away. The shanty quivered on its foundations. Toni stuffed the rattling window sashes with paper, but the wind swept through the walls with such force that the straw matting fluttered on the floor. His wife and

children, muffled in ragged coats and sweaters, huddled around the little stove, stoking it with driftwood.

At the cooling plant, the temperature of the cleaning room was sometimes not much above zero, and, from standing in one position hour after hour on the damp floor, Toni's legs and feet were numb. His bare hands were smeared with half-frozen blood and mucus, and because they were stiff hands they were not quick. His own blood dripped into the barrel with the fish entrails as they slid from his fingers and landed with a wet slop.

But, at last, one day in February, the seine-masters received a lengthy, word-heavy document. Roberts showed it to Toni and Joe.

"Did it just come?"

"What does it say?"

"When did you get it?"

"What're the prices?"

"What'd Dunlop say?"

"Wait a minute!" protested Roberts.

He had invited them into Larry's Liner for a bottle of beer to celebrate the occasion.

He poured out the drinks, smiling at their agonies of suspense. Toni drummed on the table, and Joe hastily lit a cigarette.

"Yes," Roberts said, "it came today, an' in all this writin' nothin' except mackerel's protected."

Toni and Joe looked startled, then worried.

Toni relaxed. "Mackerel's still runnin'," he said brightening. "What's the price? Is it fair? We're goin' seinin', ain't we?"

"What'd Dunlop say?" Joe wanted to know.

Frank's goin' to equip the *Nancy* right away to test the law, he says."

"Skipper, what's the price?" Toni persisted anxiously.

"Three cents a pound, but seiners're limited to twenty thousand pounds."

"Twenty thousand pounds! Hell, that ain't so good."

"But three cents! That's fair," Toni said. "Three cents is all right, ain't it, skipper?"

"We'll make expenses at that price."

"That's all I wanted to know," Toni rejoiced. "It'll be great to feel a heavin' deck! No more stink, an' slime, an' blood-poisonin' at thirty cents an hour."

The word spread. All the mackerel-seiners, who had been waiting their chance to go to sea again, went to work with new hope. Those who had vessels, which had not been beached for lack of serious repair, reclaimed the wharves from the gulls and sandpipers to prepare their nets and gear.

Toni breathed deeply of the heavy fumes of hot tar and copper-paint that were strong in the air. "These 're the right kind of smells," he shouted.

On the first day of the operation of the law, Captain Roberts put to sea and, on a moonless night, the *Nancy* was booming along at nine knots an hour, market-fishing into Boston.

About four o'clock in the morning, she sailed into the seine-grounds, shifted to locate the mackerel run, and laid to to pick up the fish.

The next morning the sea was too rough for fishing, but, except for these intervals of waiting, the seine-crew worked night and day. One morning at five o'clock they had reached their limit as set by the law.

"Swing her off. We'll make market this afternoon," Roberts shouted.

Although they docked early in the race to market, around them other boats of the fishing fleet were beginning to hoist out fish to be pitched into dealers' trucks. A buyer approached the *Nancy* and hailed Roberts who jumped to the wharf.

"Hello, Captain Roberts. I see you're carrying sail again. Good catch?" Miller said as they shook hands.

"Got what the law allows. What you offerin'?"

"Three cents."

"That'll be bottom price, Miller," rumbled Roberts.

He jumped aboard the *Nancy.* "Hoist 'em up," he ordered.

The men crowded around him. "What's the price, skipper?"

Toni's eyes were fixed on Roberts' face.

"Three cents."

Toni swung around to the men. "We're satisfied, ain't we?"

"Sure."

"Up they go."

The seine-crew hoisted the fish until five thousand pounds were on the wharf. Then, Miller strolled over.

"Skipper," he said, "these're nice looking mackerel. Let's see what the rest look like."

Miller jumped aboard and carefully examined the contents of the hold.

"All alike, Miller," insisted Roberts. "All taken in the same haul. You can't say these ain't the same quality as what's on the wharf."

Miller's mouth twisted in a one-sided smile. "Well, this is what we'll do, Roberts. We'll give you the three cents a pound for the balance of the haul, if you'll heave in that five thousand pounds on the wharf free of charge."

"Christ, man, you're crazy! We give you five thousand pounds to take the balance at three cents? Ain't you seen the law?"

He whipped a sheaf of papers from his pocket and hurriedly ruffled through them. "The law says three cents a pound. It don't say nothin' about presents."

Roberts was roaring with anger.

Miller's eyes took on a nervous squint and roved past the skipper to the wharf. "I've read the law. It says three cents a pound, all right, but it don't say how many pounds."

"Twenty thousand pounds," roared Roberts. "Seiners 're limited to twenty thousand pounds."

"Right. You're limited to twenty thousand pounds, but the law don't say the dealers should buy the whole twenty thousand at three cents."

Roberts stood there, the sheaf of papers in his hand, staring at the man's sullen face. Miller returned his look for a second before walking away from him along the deck toward the wharf.

The skipper strode after him. "So that's it!" he snapped. You buy fifteen thousand pounds at three cents, an' get twenty thousand at two and a quarter."

"That's it," Miller returned calmly over his shoulder.

"Cut it out, Miller," Roberts roared. "We don't make expenses at less than three cents."

"Can't help that," Miller said. He jumped to the wharf. "Take it or leave it, and if you leave it you'll do no better."

"Skipper, I'll check up," Toni offered tensely and followed Miller to question the other dealers.

He was back in a few minutes.

"A bunch of robbers, I call 'em," he raged. "Five thousand pounds tribute! New York wants the same." He made a gesture of despair. "What'll we do?"

"What's the price at New Bedford? Anybody know?" Roberts boomed.

"Nobody here's been there,'" said Toni. "Not since the law."

"I'll call 'em up," Roberts said.

He went into one of the offices on the wharf.

"We don't come under the law," he was told. "We split and salt mackerel. We don't can it. The price is two cents."

"It's sell here," he said to the crew, "or dump 'em at sea. Two cents at New Bedford, an' the other small ports 'll follow. Might as well give 'em the five thousand pounds."

There was nothing else to do. The seine-crew hoisted the balance of the haul, and it was driven away in the dealer's truck.

The *Nancy* untied and they set their course for home.

Toni and Joe stood with their forearms propped on the dory-gunnel. Toni wanted to drop his head on his arms. There was a sinking feeling in his stomach that made him want to vomit.

"Damn buyers! They might as well shoot across the bow an' take our cargo. We ain't got a chance."

"They're proper pirates," Joe said. "What we got to have to live on, an' what the law says we oughta have, is the same thing, but that ain't got nothin' to do with it."

"A law that ain't air-tight's no good for them felluhs. But I reckon the fish companies ain't goin' to see air-tight laws let loose."

"Reckon not," said Joe. Remember what the skipper said when he come back from Washin'ton."

"Yeah. We ain't got no money for lawyers."

When they had tied up at their home wharf, the crew cleaned up the *Nancy*, reefed the sails, and stowed away her gear. No one had much to say, but everyone knew. Even Roberts said good-night in a subdued tone and went off to report to Dunlop, who would throw up his hands.

Toni and Joe were the last to leave the schooner.

"What d'you say to a little taste of somethin' coolin?" Joe smiled. "Cheer you up."

"No—thanks, Joe." Toni's voice didn't seem to belong to him. It was so far away.

"So long, then."

Joe left him standing there in the road, staring off into space.

With a sudden movement, Toni jabbed his hands into his pockets and cursed bitterly, just as he did a week later in the cooling plant when the foreman spoke to him.

The offal sluices, the slimy floor, the brine, the bloody mess in the trough reeked in his nostrils. He split a fish and gutted it. The mucus-covered entrails dripped from his fingers into the barrel and slapped at the bottom. The foreman faced him, smiling broadly.

"What's become of them gloves, Ferrera?" he jeered.

Marriages Are Made in Heaven

By ANNA BLANCHE CUNNINGHAM

TO ALL THE neighborhood she was known as "Doña Teresa." She had been born in Madrid and she did not allow her friends to forget that fact, even in her poverty. Gray-haired, petite, she stepped across the earth-swept floor of her little house and picking up a black shawl, draped it carefully about her shapely head. A moment later she was making her way down the street toward the neighborhood grocery store.

The sun shone brightly on the rows of adobe houses that squatted close to the water's edge and lined the smelter district of the city where Doña Teresa lived. They faced a long, black wall of refuse that hugged the hillside and followed the river for several miles. Just across the river the brown peaks of Old Mexico rose starkly against the morning light.

Doña Teresa quickened her steps. The sun was getting high and the air uncomfortably warm. Already, cluttered back yards were gay with fresh-washed clothes, and children were playing noisily on the streets. A few women, fat and formless, sauntered along the walk, nodding to her in friendly fashion as they passed. Doña Teresa's superior lineage proved no barrier to their friendship.

"*Buenos dias,*" said the storekeeper politely, as she entered a musty, flat-roofed building. What will you have this morning?"

"A little chili, Señor Garcia," she answered, "and a bag of *frijoles. Frijoles* are the only thing cheap these days." Her laugh was cheerful.

Señor Garcia motioned her to a box beside the counter.

"No need to stand," he said kindly. "You do not look so strong, Doña Teresa."

"No," she answered with an audible sigh. "In the old days when I was in Madrid—"

But he was out of hearing and she climbed onto the box, her sentence unfinished.

"How is the *señor?*" the storekeeper inquired, coming nearer to weigh out the beans.

"Ah, Papa, he is not good, not good, Señor Garcia. More and more he forgets. Señor Garcia, he forgets even when we were married. Forty years ago it was, Señor Garcia."

"Is it so?" he asked respectfully. "And did you know, Doña Teresa, that Ramón and Maria are married already?"

"*Jesus! Es verdad?*" she exclaimed. "And by the priest, Señor?"

"No," he replied. "A civil marriage. A wedding costs money, Señora. It can be done without."

"No, no, *Señor.* That is very bad. Parents should save for the weddings of their children."

Señor Garcia handed her the two small packages of beans and chili.

"*Gracias,*" she murmured, and reaching her hand into her worn purse she took out two small coins and handed them to him.

"*Adios,*" he called, as she left the store, "*Adios, señor,*" she answered him.

At home she took off her black shawl, folded it carefully, and laid it away. It had been many years since she had bought a new one. Putting on a clean, checked apron, she took up her sewing and went into the back yard where a rocking chair stood in the wide block of shade made by the house.

Consuela and Josefina Hernandez, neighbor children, were playing under the fig tree and Doña Teresa smiled kindly at them as her needle flew back and forth. Presently a little, white-haired man stepped out of the house. He stood regarding her with a vacant expression on his wizened face.

"Ah, Papa," she said, "you have got up. And did you have a good sleep?"

Receiving no answer, she left her sewing and went into the kitchen, where she hastily warmed a dish of chili-seasoned beans and set it on the table. The little man had tottered into the house behind her. He drew up his chair to the table, tasted the food, and shoved it aside.

Doña Teresa went back to her work with an anxious expression on her face. Papa might die before—. But her thoughts were interrupted by the two children who were running toward the house.

"Look! Look what we found in the sand, all covered up. And inside it makes a noise."

One of them handed her a small tin box, its lid tied down securely with a strong cord. The contents made a clattering noise.

Doña Teresa's face flushed with anger as she snatched the box from the child's grimy hand.

"Naughty children," she cried. "You have been meddling. Go to your own *casas* at once. Go!"

Her usually soft voice was raised to a shrill pitch and the children, frightened, crept out of the yard.

A few minutes later Doña Teresa left her sewing and went to the fig tree, taking the box with her. The ground was sandy and there was a scooped-out place where the children had come upon their treasure. She stooped over and made a deep hole where she placed the box, carefully covering it with earth. When she had finished, a little mound remained, scarcely noticeable.

On the other side of the yard, near the shed, was a growth of cactus, interspersed here and there with Spanish dagger and long, drooping branches of ocotilla. She dug up a few of the smaller plants and put them in the ground near the mound where the box was buried. When she had finished her hands were smarting from pricks.

"Cactus needles are sometimes useful," she reflected. "The children will not meddle now with the box."

She was more weary than usual that evening as she lighted the oil lamp and set the table for the evening meal. Her preparations were barely completed when the door opened and a pretty, dark-eyed girl entered the room.

"You are late tonight, my child," Doña Teresa said, a trifle severely. "It is not well for girls to be late coming home from their work."

"But, *Abuela,* dear," answered the girl, "it is very far up town and the street cars as so slow. And see, Grandmother, is it not pretty?" She held a dainty lace collar against her slim, brown throat. "There was a sale today. It is a bargain, *Abuela.* Only thirty-five cents."

"Ah, Margarita, will you never stop spending the money. What good is it that you stay working at the store all day when you spend all you make? And your poor grandmother, do you not think of her, sewing all the time for her richer friends?"

"*Abuela, Abuela,* I do think of you," cried Margarita, flinging her arms around her grandmother's neck. "But the collar—it was so pretty, and a bargain."

There was a sob in Margarita's voice and Doña Teresa's chidings turned to words of comfort.

Later, the evening meal completed, Margarita donned the pretty new collar and besought her grandmother's permission to go to the movie theater only a few blocks down the street.

Doña Teresa gave a reluctant consent. She always fretted when Margarita left the house. "Young people are not as they once were," she complained to Papa. "In Spain, when I was young—"

Papa, dozing in his chair, opened his eyes and solemnly nodded, almost as if he understood.

Two months passed. The warm, enervating air of summer had given place to the sharp, bracing breezes of autumn. Margarita had gone out again for the evening. Juan Hernandez came almost every night now and the two went out together, sometimes to the movies, sometimes to

the neighboring dance hall; but more often, because pennies were scarce, they went for a leisurely stroll down the crooked little streets of the outlying district. Tonight Doña Teresa had grumbled more than usual when her permission was asked, but she had at last given a grudging consent. "One is young only once," she had remarked to Papa, apologetically.

Papa dozed in his chair for a time and then toddled off to bed. Doña Teresa had taken out her needlework. She was making a scarf for Señora Garcia. Now and then she stopped to hold it out at arm's length while she admired its silken sheen.

If only she could have one for Margarita, she lamented to herself. But the money. Ah, that was the difficulty.

Sighing she folded the scarf and put it away. Throwing a shawl over her head, she stepped to the door, opened it, and went outside.

The night was clear with myriads of stars. Doña Teresa walked cautiously to the shed, picked up a garden trowel, and hurried over to the fig tree where she had buried the box two months before.

She could not avoid a nervous glance about the yard. Shadows dappled the white, moonlit ground. Beneath the fig tree there was discernible only a black patch of mystery. Even the tall yucca, yonder in the corner, seemed a ghostly sentinel, watching her every movement.

With an effort she conquered her momentary fears, and, stooping over, began digging in the sand. A moment later she struck something hard. It was the box. With eager, trembling fingers, she untied the cord and raised the lid.

For a half second she allowed her eyes to rest greedily on the nickles and dimes and quarters which more than half filled the container. Then she set the box down, reached into the inside pocket of her dress and pulled out a handful of small change. There was another handful. Five dollars in all.

She dropped the money into the box and hastily covered it up. Forty dollars that box contained! A large sum. But then, she had spent the greater part of a lifetime accumulating it.

"It is enough," she told herself. "I shall begin my preparations at once." So long, so long a time it had taken to get that money!

Suddenly the back door of the house opened and she heard her granddaughter's voice calling, "*Abuela, Abuela,* where are you?"

Startled, Doña Teresa hurried in.

Juan Hernandez was standing with his arm around Margarita. The two looked excited and happy.

"Grandmother, see the ring! Is it not beautiful? Fifty dollars it cost Juan. And, *Abuela,* we are married already. It happened tonight. Kiss me, *Abuela,* and say you are glad."

Doña Tersea's tiny form seemed to shrivel as she let herself down on the nearest chair.

"And not by the priest?" she asked faintly.

"No, *Abuela,*" Margarita replied, in a trembling voice. "It was by the law. We will save for a wedding. We have begun already. Look, *Abuela.*" She held out a five dollar bill to her grandmother to see. "We will put it away at once."

Doña Teresa gave no heed to her words. Her face was white with anger and her eyes showed fire, even in that dim light. "It is a wicked thing you have done," she cried. "I shall punish you as you deserve."

She glanced significantly at a long whip hanging against the wall.

Margarita screamed with terror. Doña Teresa had never used the whip, but her granddaughter had many friends who had felt the sting of the lash for offences less grave than hers.

"Ramón and Maria were married by the law," Margarita defended.

In the morning she went about her duties in an abstracted fashion. Two or three times she started out to the fig tree. But she did not go. No—the money—her purpose. Had she not promised Father Jaramillo, that day in the little chapel, many years ago? Margarita was young. Perhaps she and Juan could save enough money. But she shook her head at the thought. She knew too well the futility of such a plan.

For days and nights she wrestled with the problem. At last, one evening while Margarita was doing the supper dishes, she walked resolutely out to the fig tree. When she came back she was carrying the little tin box.

"See, Margarita," she said, "you shall have a wedding."

Her hand trembled ever so little as she opened the lid and set the box on her granddaughter's little dressing table.

"Dear, dear *Abuela,*" cried Margarita joyfully. "Shall I really have a wedding, and invite my friends, and have a gown and all?"

"Yes, my child, you shall have a veil, flowers, everything."

The following days were filled with busy preparations. At the end of each week Juan put by what savings he could out of his meagre earnings, but Doña Teresa was obliged to bear most of the financial burden. Early and late she planned and worked, and in the hurry and bustle of preparation her troubles were forgotten. She even sang snatches of old songs as with deft fingers she fashioned the beautiful folds of white satin into a wedding gown for Margarita.

The appointed day came at last. There was Margarita's filmy white veil, the bouquet of roses, the service at the church, the feast, to which the neighbors were all invited. Doña Teresa's house being too small, the neighborhood dance hall was secured for the occasion. The long tables were weighted with delicacies. Dancing followed the feast and continued until late in the night. Not a single detail was lacking that rightly belonged to the occasion. Whatever of sorrow and hardship Margarita might be facing, she

"And an evil thing it was to do," Doña Teresa retorted.

But her quick anger had already receded and grief was taking its place. She pressed her little blue-veined hands to her temples and moaned aloud.

"My granddaughter, my own granddaughter, not married by the priest!"

Margarita drew a little closer to Juan. For a time there was silence in the room, broken only by the heart-broken sobs of Doña Teresa. At last, summoning all her dignity, she looked up to say, "It is not fitting that Doña Teresa's granddaughter should be married with no priest to say a blessing. Dear child, marriages are made in Heaven."

There were happy tears in Margarita's eyes when at last her grandmother gave her a kiss of forgiveness and kindly patted the arm of her new grandson.

"We must manage somehow," Doña Teresa murmured, as the young couple left the room.

Through the long, weary hours of the night she lay thinking, thinking, thinking. Margarita's marriage must be solemnized by a priest. There must be the service at the church, a wedding—everything must be seemly. But the money. Where could she get it? Juan could help very little, she knew. There was the little tin box; but the good Lord knew how many years she had struggled and saved to get that forty dollars. And for a purpose, a very special purpose.

There in the darkness she went over again those years of her girlhood in Spain, and later in Mexico. There had been money enough for comfort in those days, before the wars had eaten it up.

It was in the States she had met Papa. Poor Papa! He had been kind to her, but always there had been the bitter struggle with poverty. Births, deaths, funerals, they had taken all the money. Then had come Papa's illness and its subsequent disaster. That forty dollars—she must hold on to it. But Margarita—

would always remember this day with pride and satisfaction.

But when it was all over and life had settled down to its monotonous round of duties, Doña Teresa's face was clouded once more. Her usually light step lagged and even her sewing made her nervous and weary. One evening Margarita found her sitting alone in her little dark bedroom. She knelt down at her feet and laid her head in her grandmother's lap.

"*Abuela,* why are you not happy? Was not the wedding very beautiful?"

"Yes, child, very beautiful."

"Then why—?"

Doña Teresa laid her hand fondly on the girl's head.

"There is something I must say, Margarita. I have many years and death may come soon. One should not live a lie."

"*Abuela,* I do not understand."

Doña Teresa gave no heed to the interruption.

"Margarita, your grandmother is not married. By the law—yes. But that is no marriage. Marriages are made in Heaven."

Margarita's eyes showed only wide-eyed wonder as her grandmother told her story.

"Papa and I were very poor, and so we were married by the law. But we were going to go as soon as possible to the church. Many times we had the money. But children came and died, and then there were the funerals. Always we began over again. At last Papa got the sickness and after that he could no longer remember. Then your mother must marry, and now you. I have not many years, Margarita; there will not be time to start again."

Margarita gave a short cry. "*Abuela,* I did not know!"

"It is best so, Margarita. I shall pray to the blessed Madre Maria. She will understand."

It was a week later. Doña Teresa had been sewing. She had just finished the beautiful scarf for Señora

Garcia, and had laid it away in a box, when Margarita burst into the room.

"See, see!" she cried, running up to her grandmother and dropping a roll of bills into her hands. "Forty dollars —for your wedding."

Doña Teresa's voice trembled.

"Margarita, child, where—?"

"My engagement ring. We sold it. I have no need of it now. The money is for you. It is to pay back."

"Ah, *mi propia nieta,* you should not have done it." Tears filled her eyes but her face was shining. "May the saints in Heaven bless you."

Within a month another marriage was solemnized in the little church near the smelter. The tall candles burned brightly on the altar and the pews were filled with friends and neighbors. The bride wore a veil and carried flowers in her small, blue-veined hands. Doña Teresa and Papa were celebrating their nuptials at last. But Papa did not understand.

Paradox

By ROBERT DARK

Around the corner we met a tardy spring
Ruthlessly flinging emeralds into a sky
As tired of such wanton display as those who find
It droll to hear remorse become a sigh.

This sudden resurrection does not possess
The lure which made the Grecian ode or Keats
Revered. For us it is sheer paradox—
Brief victories whose ultimate ends are defeats.

Darkness Torn Apart

By WILLIS JACOBS

NO SOUND. Something, he did not know what, awakened him. Silence in the early morning.

A vague uneasiness filled him. His mouth was dry, his hands sticky. Perhaps someone was in the house. He listened intently, stilling his breath so as not to awaken Martha in her bed near by.

His unrest grew. All was not well. Something was near. His palms were damp, his brow wet with inchoate emotion. His eyes ached. And he heard vague murmurings.

Above, on the wall as he stared, the lines on the paper moved, rearranged, marshalled themselves into a semblance. His tired mind struggled with the problem. What was that semblance. Suddenly he knew, and as he saw he uttered a cry.

He put his hand to his mouth weakly. Martha lay immobile. Her lips, which were always open all day, were open now, but soundless. Her gums were chalky. Strange, he thought, she sleeps with her eyes open, blank. He had never noticed that before. And her face was stained. He almost laughed nervously as he visioned her expression when she would look into the glass and see her soiled face. And the way she always fought with him when he was dirty!

Queer, though, how she lay there, eyes vacuous.

Then he knew, and his nerves burst. He laughed, he roared, he fell from his bed laughing.

He gasped for breath, aching eyes watering. Should he not— he paused, forgetting his thought in his wonder and delight. Should he not—this was it—call the police, or somebody. What was done when one woke to find his wife's skull beaten in?

But was she dead? Maybe she was shamming. That would be like Martha, arousing hopes in him only to laugh

at him. How did it go: To dash the cup from his lips. A good phrase.

He moved over to the bed and gazed down at her. She was dead all right. And it was blood all right. Her head crushed in. A good blow, a neat job, just as he would have done it, he told himself, if he had had nerve enough.

Whoever did it must have used a club or something, like that golf-stick of his Martha had thrown away yesterday. Why did she do that? She knew he liked the stick. He hadn't shown his anger—she always laughed at him when he was angry; he hadn't shown how much he hated her for doing things like that. Why did she always cross him so?

Yes, he must call the police. He walked slowly to the phone. The police: all over the house. Why should they come and track over the floors. And he'd get the blame from Martha for all the dirt. He always got the blame. Sometimes it shook him so . . . He was tired yet, in the early morning, and had forgotten for a moment.

He called up.

He was sitting down, thinking, thinking about many things, when the knock came.

He opened the door. "Who is it?" he asked.

"Police," said a tall man. "Police. Death, you said . . . murder . . ."

He remembered. "Yes," he said. "Yes. Upstairs; my wife, Martha, my wife, you know. Martha, my wife, Martha."

The policeman was looking at him strangely, his eyes all over him, his damp hands, his hot head. People all looked so strangely at him.

"Yes, Martha," he said eagerly. "Upstairs." They went up. The policeman spoke to a man who came to stand near by.

He looked wearily out of the open window, tired. His brow was warm, his thoughts tremulous. Tired.

A hand jostled him. It was the tall man. "I've asked you twice," he said sharply. "Did you touch her?"

"What?" he asked. The policeman's words were dim. He felt light, free enough to spring up softly, to fly, even like those busy birds out there.

The policeman spoke again slowly. "Did you touch her since you found her dead?"

"No," he said.

"Are you sure?"

He turned from the window. Why not fly to the sun?

"Did you say something?"

"Are you sure," the policeman said patiently, "that you never touched her?"

"Sure," she said. After reaching the sun he would turn to Paris. To Rangoon then, to Bokkara. Romantic names!

Somebody spoke into his ear. "I asked," the policeman said, "if you have any idea what weapon killed her. A club, it seems. Do you know?"

He thought deeply. Maybe he could see Rome and Lima and Cairo, too. He felt someone touch his arm.

"Do you know what weapon around here might have killed her?"

"Why yes, yes," he said. "Maybe they used my golf club. I found it last week on the road. Martha threw it out yesterday. But I went and got it when she wasn't looking and put it back into the closet there."

The policeman whispered something to the man near, who moved closer. The policeman opened the closet door.

"I put it on the top shelf," he said kindly. The policeman reached up.

How cool for his head it would be, what ease gliding through the air, floating there like the birds. And how cool, how cool.

The policeman grasped his arm. In his hand he held the club. There was blood and more on it.

". . . Your hands," the policeman said.

"What?"

"Look at your hands."

They were splotched red.

"Looks like blood," he laughed.

"It is," the policeman said.

He would not stay in the air all the time. It would be wearisome. Like now. Wearisome, a toothful word. His head was weary. It was hot. What was the tall man saying?

"Therefore, I arrest you: murder . . . wife; finger-prints . . . club. Don't know if . . . in your sleep: case for psychiatrists . . ."

The policeman turned to the man nearby and spoke, shaking his head. To fly all one has to do is leap: spread arms and be blown lightly to the sky. Like those busy little birds. Cool! No more pain, no more trouble with Martha when she woke, no more murmurs in the head; and far away from those lines on the ceiling above his bed, the blood-red Hangman's Noose.

Yes, he would visit the sun first. Then Paris, Rangoon, Bokkara.

He clambered on the sill.

Whispers

By EUGENIA POPE POOL

If I could read the whispers
Of this wind, that blows
So softly on my face,
Then I should know the thought
Of all the worlds
That circle through
Unmeasured space.

Los Paisanos

Saludo a todos los paisanos:

Generally, at this time of the year we begin to hear conversationally that "the sounds of spring are on winter's traces." But this year there has been such Swinburne talk all along. *Everybody* has talked weather, and the fact that we have had no winter; and everyone agrees that we have had no winter weather. Old-timers say "it is always like this," but the newcomers say that twenty years ago we had a winter similar in beauty. At any rate, in the Valley there have been long days of gold; in the Sandias a ski-world, and on the king's highway, much travel . . .

Frieda Lawrence claims that it was our weather which brought her down from her ranch home on San Cristobal Mountain. "The snow was heavy and the work hard." Mrs. Lawrence, vital and charming, told of the manuscript she is finishing. More time is being given to it than was to *Not I But the Wind;* therefore she believes it will be a better book. "Not the search for the perfect word or phrase in the manner of Flaubert?" "No, perfection in the manner of your American genius, Mark Twain. Ah! That man! . . . He was the one who could write . . ." The genuineness, the individuality of the woman whom D. H. Lawrence loved was revealed . . . Mabel Dodge Lujan and "Tony" have also been with us . . . Mrs. Lujan's approach to even general dinner conversation is decidedly on the negative side . . . Nothing was said to the very important person present, indicative of phenomenon . . . Not all the important people have come for weather purposes; some came for money; Madame Nijinsky to lecture about the modern dance as she twirled a large yellow handkerchief . . . One expected a glamorous person, but there she was, just a mildly attractive woman given to giggling, and some hard work we

imagine from the amount of time quoted as spent on research in the British Museum . . . Sinclair Lewis divided the town into the "dids" and didn'ts" . . . His attack on "The American Way of Life," which is going, according to Mr. Lewis via Dale Carnegie, was neither new, nor original . . . War on the "Inspirational Literature" has been raging all winter . . . Harry Hansen has been given the award for coining the best epithet of classification . . . He calls such writing "Bootstrap literature" . . . We don't have to worry here at home because "Jim Threlkeld of the New Mexico Book Store tells us that only people over thirty buy such type books . . . We are very, very proud of Dorothy and Nils Hogner . . . Their latest book, *Westward High, Low, and Dry,* text by Dorothy and illustrations by Nils is receiving an unusual amount of flattering publicity. The husband-wife-writer-artist combination is the most successful one we know of . . . The book deserves all the fine things that are being said about it . . . Charm, brains, and talent is a hard combination to beat . . . We are also very proud of Mary Wills, graduate of the University of New Mexico, now of the Yale Drama Department, because she designed the stage set for the department's production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest,* recently presented . . . Miss Wills has been commissioned to sketch the costumes for the annual ice carnival at New Haven . . . *Research,* the very fine graduate student publication of the University of New Mexico has entered its second year with Roland Dickey as editor . . . The volume, released recently by the University Press, contains three research articles: "Railroads in New Mexico," by Jonathan Van Arsdale: "Some Thoughts on Woodrow Wilson," by Jay Gentry: and "The Graciso in the Principal Dramas of Tirso de Molina," by Thomas B. Walsh . . . Governor Tingley had a recent article in *Hollands,* "The Magazine of the South," describing New Mexico "as a vast empire of tremendous resources and opportunities" . . . S. Omar Barker has a poem, "Tree Destiny," in the *Sidney Lanier Memorial Anthology* . . . Georgia O'Keefe's fourteenth annual exhibi-

tion of paintings recently opened in New York. Alfred Stieglitz, her husband, has published, as part of the catalog, eight letters written from Ghost Ranch, N. M., where Miss O'Keefe spends part of every summer, painting. According to critics the picture attracting the most attention is "Steer's Head," more extensively stylized than usual . . . Monica MacArthur Russell, who has just returned from a six months holiday in Europe had tea one day with the D. J. Hall's of Newbury, England . . . Mr. Hall is the author of *Perilous Sanctuary,* published last year. The setting of the story is in the Jemez country where the Halls spent some years; the plot centers around Penitente activities observed and learned while they were working with the Harvey Detours . . . The Newbury home is completely Indian in atmosphere, according to Monica, and she thought she was dreaming when she walked into such a place, "just a stone's throw out of London" . . . One of the most notable Caxton publications announced for spring is a book of poems, *Streams From the Source,* by Helen Mullins . . . More than a year ago, Miss Mullins was terribly injured in an automobile accident; she battled for life for months, and was sent west to recuperate through the efforts of such literary friends as: Louis Untermeyer, William Rose Benet, Michael Williams, Thorton Wilder, Harry Hansen, and Padraic Column . . . These admirers are sponsoring Miss Mullins new book which they maintain bears the mark of genius . . . Dr. Howard Raper has returned from a two-months visit in the East, during which time he conferred with his publishers in regard to his forthcoming book on the discovery of anesthesia . . . Interesting people met during the trip were: Hendrik Van Loon, Louis Adamic, George Seldes and, of course, his old friend, Kyle Crichton . . . Important publications for Spring are: *Boom Town,* by Jack O'Connor, which Knopf's are bringing out. The novel is a realistic one of the old West, the story of a "ghost town" . . . Dutton's have announced *Arizona Cowboys,* by Dane Coolidge; the book deals with the experiences of Mr. Cool-

idge in the same manner that his other book, *Texas Cowboys,* did; he rode the range as one of them . . . *Revolt on the Border,* Stanley Vestal's new book, will be published by Houghton Mifflin; it is the story of the Santa Fe Trail and of the dangers that lay at the end of it in the year of 1846, as well as the romance, drama, and fact which revolved around such lives as Bent, Kearney, and La Tules, queen of the gambling dens . . . The University of New Mexico Press will publish a notable volume honoring the seventieth anniversary of Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, pioneer archaeologist and educator. The book is a product of some thirty of his coworkers and friends from many lands and fields. A partial list of contributors are: Carl Sumner Knopf, A. V. Kidder, F. H. H. Roberts, H. B. Alexander, F. W. Hodge, Arthur Riggs, D. D. Brand, and many others; all of whom are outstanding scholars in the fields of art, religion, history, philosophy, and sociology.

Hasta la proxima vez,

JULIA KELEHER.

A Better Place

By MAX KAUFMAN

If every one could feel the harm
Of an evil mind and arm,
And make his faculties unfold
To meet the needs of young and old,
If the forces that men cede
Were not gobbled up by greed
But spread out until every one
Could share the good that has been done,
If deeds were truthfully recorded,
If guilt were punished and good rewarded,
If every eye would be alert
To avoid inflicting hurt,
If for every pain that's suffered
Reservoirs of balm were offered
By the whole united race,
The world would be a better place.

Smoke Talk

Regionalism in Dialectics

NEVER HAVING considered myself a regionalist writer, much less a "regionalist intellectual," I perceive that I also am a target for the scatter-charge which was fired by Messrs. Garaffolo and Kritch in the November QUARTERLY. As one of the attacked, it is my privilege to reply. I am one of these because: (1) I am not a native of New Mexico; (2) My means of subsistence originates elsewhere; (3 I live in an adobe house in Taos; (4) I am married to a painter; (5) I occasionally write a book; (6) I go to Indian dances and Spanish Fiestas whenever I can and share with all others of this group an appreciation of the landscape, of the special flavor of the people, of the charm of the villages, of the fascination of the Indians—and (7) the fact that not any of us intellectuals came here because we felt guilty about the capitalist system. We came because we can get more of the things we like for less money than in other places, and most of us are cheerful, if not actively mendacious, about its peculiar disadvantages. Perhaps some of us even like them, and hence we "chirp."

We are seldom rich, most of us are unheard of outside New Mexico, we have no power or influence, political, sociological, or regional, except as a little window-dressing (as the gentlemen suggest) and this occupation is not lucrative. A few of us possess an obscure glamor for tourists, who rarely set eyes on us, and to this extent we are an asset to our adopted state and contribute to its greatest industry.

However, we are charged specifically with certain things offensive to the authors besides those mentioned above.

We have no "program." Some of us feel that life may be innocent of all programs and still quite tolerable, leaving programs to those who enjoy them. Some of us have found programs designed for us by others so irritating that we

have none to inflict. And some of us have a program I infer to be near the hearts of the authors, although they have not said so. Possibly they do not understand these things when put in English and hence are not cautious about attacking friends.

We are charged with forming a "cultural front" for the exploitation of the native population, which we wish to keep in "communal poverty, superstition, ignorance, and filth." This accusation is false on its face and will not bear any examination whatever. But we have found that the native "way of life" antedates us by some three hundred years and is not subject to change, in the space of an article, through a definition of regionalism, however mistily rendered by Mr. Lewis Mumford and however juggled thereafter by the authors. If we are indeed the screen of dark predatory designs, perhaps the authors know how we can realize on this function, which has a profitable sound.

We are charged with being "not only keen students of classical political economy but well acquainted with Marx as well." In spite of this we refrain from doing something that the authors demand that we should. I quote: "There are social attitudes which accompany that type of regionalism which expresses a deep political fright. Primarily, this fear has been incorporated into hatred of the modern machine culture. A careful analysis of the politico-social implications of industrial development could be made by any number of these regionalist writers . . . But this seems to be intellectually taboo." As to Marx, most of us think highly of Groucho, Chico, and Harpo. As to the rest, it is "a constipation of ideas and a diarrhea of words."

As I lift off the scum of jargon to see what thoughts lie below, I find the argument suddenly gone off at an angle. The first part, I see, is based wholly on a piece labelled "Mabel Luhan's Slums," by Mr. Michael Gold, although the authors take it on faith that she has some. They present no idea not contained in Mr. Gold's little bit of fake fact-weaving, and drag up D. H. Lawrence in support, although he

has merely described the average feelings of any sensitive white man at an Indian dance. We are not told the feelings of Mr. Gold or those of the authors, if by chance they have "snobbishly" attended any. But then they quote Mr. Mumford on Regionalism, as referred to above, and this seems to shift the argument. We thought the authors were writing about us regionalist intellectuals here in New Mexico, but it seems they are writing about a group in the South whose ambition it is to halt the tide of "machine culture."

Hence, we are charged as follows: "For their ideological program they have leaned heavily on the writings of the Southern Agrarian-distributist movement, particularly as expressed in the Anthology *I'll Take My Stand*". I cannot reply to this in behalf of the rest of us, not having heard either the movement or the book mentioned either in Santa Fe or Taos. However, since we are finally charged with being Fascists, that must be the reason. Why are we Fascists? Because the group with the long name is so charged, and we are said to "lean heavily" on it.

All I know about the authors is what they reveal in this article, and the fact that they are students of sociology at the University of New Mexico. But, without naming any one, they have attributed aims, attitudes, motives, and ridiculous remarks to a vague group (which includes me). Now it's my turn.

They have not learned sociology, but something the name of which they are careful to avoid. It raises its head shyly between whole paragraphs of uncouth terminology. We are in doubt whether we are meant to notice, or if the authors hope they have by the tangled second-growth of their ideas and the brambled density of their language, led us off the scent. Perhaps we are meant to feel a "deep fright" at the stern, clean intention of the authors to unmask us. It's their turn to be unmasked.

It appears to shock them that a good acquaintance with Marx has not persuaded us regionalist intellectuals to contemplate our region through his lenses rather than through

our own eyes. It also appears that these aids to optical illusion sit upon the noses of Messrs. Garaffolo and Kritch, and have thus far prevented their seeing very much in New Mexico that is there, while fastened, hypnotized, on many things that are not. To assume that they know, cherish, and appraise justly the state that harbors them is to leave them, unshielded and exposed by their thick bifocals, as a pair of young, unsophisticated, but arrogant and disingenuous parrots.

MARINA WISTER,

New York, Feb. 2, 1938.

Wind Over Nevada

By KENNETH SPAULDING

The long wind broom wind
strong wind of Nevada

from jagged wall to
blue wall of distance
from ragged wall of east
to splintered wall of west
the clean wind broom wind
strong wind of Nevada
sweeps the azure atmosphere

on the brown snake track
purring black autos
are rocked in the fresh wind
sweeping over desert
and black clouds spat
from tails of the beetle
are washed by dried by
shimmering ozone

the long wind clean wind
broom wind of Nevada.

Book Reviews

Neighbor to the Sky—Gladys Hasty Carroll— Macmillan.—$2.50.

A chance for the college professor to see himself as others see him. Few professors will miss reading "Neighbor to the Sky." The book is the story of a sturdy, most capable, son of Maine, (a carpenter), who marries a graduate of a normal school. She "works his way through college" (well, at any rate he would not have done it except for her), and he gets told that he has capability as a teacher. He does graduate work almost to the Ph.D. (which he gets later), and is successful in getting a position in a university (college of education), and they have a child.

The following quotations give a glimpse of the author's picture of the spirit of the university: "The way for a professor was to work. In his office, busy at his desk, he was always right, and so most men labored continually. One might prove to be stupid, pedestrian, careless, and win forgiveness; the grave sin was to be idle." "A professor might play golf if he could prove by the quality of his production that the open air increased his vitality and so his output." Production was a fetish. Teaching is regarded as a necessary evil (and yet not so necessary, for professors cut classes and failed to keep conferences with students). A staff of fifty does research on, "The correlation between musical ability and emotional instability, the constancy of the I. Q. in feeble minded children, the value of ability grouping, the reading interests of high school students, the influence of socio-economic status upon appreciation of art, the effect of sex upon achievement in history." The dean lives night and day with his white rats. The dean's executive officer takes all credit for each one's research. Faculty women are supposed to do nothing but help their husbands turn out more publications. A lot of social pressure among faculty wives and no small amount of "keeping up with the Jones!" More than a little cattiness. The hero's wife falls

into the mold of it all. She thinks it is all the right thing. She is getting run down physically and emotionally.

A little double crossing by a superior officer. A suicide. The hero of the book had previously shown that what the superior intended to do was unfair, before he did it. The superior says, "Loyalty is a great thing when it does one no harm, as in this case, but as time goes on you may find it wise to do your own thinking." He meant, "you may think it wise to think as your executive thinks and act accordingly, raising no questions." Late that night the hero tells his wife that they are going back to Maine where he will be a carpenter or an architect, and as he returns from the mail box into which he has just dropped a letter resigning his position, and sees lights in the studies of colleagues all around, he says, "Still at it, and some of you like it. Some of you know how to make something of it, and that is fine. But for the rest of you, . . . and that goes for the most of you, too bad you never learned a trade."

JOHN D. CLARK.

University of New Mexico
Albuquerque

Indians of the Rio Grande Valley—Adolph Bandelier and Edgar L. Hewett—The University of New Mexico Press, 1937—$3.50.

The second of Dr. Hewett's Handbooks of Archaeological History, recently published by the University of New Mexico Press, gives to the layman and non-technical students of the American Indian another inviting gateway to the pursuit of accurate knowledge in this entrancing field.

Those who have studied under Dr. Hewett, or who have followed his writings, are well acquainted with the emphasis he places upon the study of the living Indian as the best approach to the understanding of their pre-historic ancestors. This study of the living Indians of the Southwest has been going on ever since white men first pene-

trated the region, to find terraced communal houses dotting the valley of the Rio Grande.

Spanish explorers and colonizers began to record their impressions of the Pueblo peoples in the sixteenth century, and half of *Indians of the Rio Grande Valley* is given over to this exceedingly interesting documentary history. This portion represents principally the work of Bandelier. The remainder of the book gives a general background for the understanding of the present-day Pueblo, and the traditions which he preserves in his way of life. This portion, written by Dr. Hewett, includes a brilliant discussion of the place of the Indian in American culture history, a description of the various phases of the Pueblo culture, and a summary of the present distribution of the several Pueblo linguistic stocks.

The volume is the fruition of a great many years spent by two thorough scholars among the people whom they interpret. Bandelier arrived in New Mexico in 1880 and began his studies, first at the ruin of Pecos, and later at Cochiti pueblo. Until his death, in 1914, he followed this study, both among the Indians and among the records and archives in Mexico and Spain. As a result his publications have become essential source material for students today.

Dr. Hewett has spent forty years in New Mexico, studying the Indians as did Bandelier; by slowly absorbing their viewpoint, getting from the people themselves, bit by bit, the attitudes and beliefs which make up their life philosophy. In combining his own contributions with those of Bandelier, Dr. Hewett has followed his unerring sense of the fitness of things. The result is good reading for the amateur archaeologist, and indispensible material for the serious student in the field.

Artistically printed and well bound, the book is a credit to the University Press. It is illustrated by good photographs and color drawings, the latter by the late Mrs. Eva S. Fenyes.

PAUL WALTER, JR.

University of New Mexico, Albuquerque.

Westward, High, Low, and Dry—Dorothy Childs Hogner—Illustrations by Nils Hogner—E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc.—$3.50.

Like a series of intimate personal letters, *Westward, High, Low, and Dry,* the new book by Dorothy Childs Hogner, recounts with charming frankness the experiences of herself and her artist husband, Nils Hogner, illustrator of the book, on an overland trip from the snowbanks of New England to the Yuma Desert. These two practical travelers load their roadster with the equipment of writer and artist, as well as with necessities for making camp, and turn away from the realities of a New England winter to the realities of the Great American Desert, or deserts, for she includes the Dust Bowl as well as the ancient deserts of the Southwest, and remembers too the places she calls semi-deserts in Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, and California.

A sense of humor enlivens the accounts of car troubles, black blizzards, news from "back home," sleep under the stars "on the ground in snake country," "supper without salt," human fears of snakes and desert skunks, camp practices,—practical and otherwise, and strange objetcs on the horizon at night. Historical allusions, though incidental and brief, are accurate and useful in aiding the reader to understand Americas' heritage from plains, deserts, and mountains of the great Southwest.

By apt phrases, but without tedious descriptions, scenes unfold before the mind's eye: great plains and high mountains, small towns, signs that fool no one about cafes and camps, and signs that do, vegetation and lack of it, fenced and open lands. Interesting characters come to life: fellow tourists, operators of tourists camps, service stations, and drug stores, padres, Mexican laborers, Indians, ranchers, prospectors, members of the Geological Survey, Park Service guides, traders, pioneers, soldiers, and farmers. Scenes unfold and characters develop with an abundance of information—botanical, geologic, archaeological historical, geographical, practical, and human. Though it is a travel story, fifteen thousand miles of it, the travelers remained faith-

ful to their original objective, to see little-traveled parts of the Southwest and to get an appreciation of early times. Well-traveled places came only incidentally into the route and are recorded in the book in the same manner. Only by getting far enough off the beaten paths of modern civilization into the silences of a vast desert to experience some of the hardships of the men and the women who come to life in this book could the authors secure a true appreciation of the fact that nothing great ever has been accomplished in the desert without labor and sacrifice.

"Sand hills," writes Mrs. Hogner, "are to the American Desert what islands are to the sea." Absolute silences exist only where there are not even insects to break the stillness. What is a desert? Why are deserts valuable to the nation? What methods of reclamation are possible? What happens when a cactus spine gets into the skin? What are the distinguishing characteristics of different cacti to the traveler? What forests exist in the desert? Friendliness has long been spoken of as the mark of the spirit of the Great West. Why? What industries and what commercial problems exist in the desert? Have all the yarns been told? Answers begin to formulate in the mind of the reader of this book which is so conveniently told in short chapters like friendly letters of normal length. The twenty-two illustrations by Nils Hogner are effective as works of art and integral parts of the book. Topics of the short chapters are inviting and apt, and the book is carefully indexed for reference.

BARBARA E. PHILLIPS.

Albuquerque.

I Hear America Singing—Ruth A. Barnes—Winston—$2.

Here in *I Hear America Singing* is a volume of folk poetry, folk songs meant to be sung, which will capture the imagination of boys and girls.

Collected by Ruth A. Barnes, and selected by her from many publications from the works of many of America's rhymers, these songs deal with America and the life of our now nearly dead heroic past, of frontier times, of the westward march of empire, of gold-seeking, homesteading, and sailing the American seas, or on the man-made American canals. Southern songs, too, are included, and songs of mountaineers and of men and women all over the country.

The volume is interesting by virtue of the folk songs it includes, and those it excludes.

There are none, for instance, of that group of folk ballads which grew out of the Civil War, of which

> "Say, darkies, have you seen the massa
> Wid the moustache on his face?
> Went down the road sometime dis mornin'
> Like he's gwine to leave the place."

is typical. Ballads reciting the story of freedom as it came to the slaves on the plantations.

Nor, indeed, is included that well-known midwest frontier song, "Ol' Dan Tucker."

In addition, one feels the volume would have profited by the exclusion of original poems by well-known authors, and by the inclusion of the music for the other songs.

The older, simpler way of song, which is the way of all folk poetry, would lend much to this collection.

However, the stories here told in verse are similar in character to the old English ballads and will appeal to young America, and cause his interest in and love for his own country to bourgeon.

Carl Van Doren, in his foreword, expresses the purpose of the volume, one which it is well prepared to achieve:

"Boys find in these poems something that enlarges the narrow world in which most of them have to live. That is what folk poetry is for: to keep alive the memory of heroic men and their deeds and to offer them as examples to later men, particularly when they are boys. Then or never they learn to want to be generous and brave."

Robert Lawson has drawn thirty-six illustrations, twenty-six of which are in two colors. Mr. Lawson, an etcher and sketcher of note and seriousness, is the illustrator of Munro Leaf's delightful "Ferdinand," which last year suddenly jumped into amazing but well-deserved popularity.

Albuquerque. IRENE FISHER.

Shakespeare's Plays—M. R. Ridley—Dutton and Co.—$2.50.

The author of this new book, *Shakespeare's Plays,* is a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and editor of *The New Temple Shakespeare.* He modestly calls his book, A Commentary. And so it is. Often, an inspired commentary. If, as Mr. Ridley writes, "the only thing that gives criticism any right to exist" is a "keener appreciation of the author criticized," then his criticism is entitled to a double life. Take my own case, for example. For years, I have been giving a course in Shakespeare; and, in that time, I believe I have read the greater part of what has appeared on Shakespeare; yet, I find new ideas set forth by Mr. Ridley, or else old ideas expressed with such force and felicity that they assume the guise of novelty, with the result that they are as stimulating as if they were being said for the first time. It is only a few days since I read this book; in that short time I have re-read three of the plays.

After four introductory chapters dedicated to Shakesperean criticism, on how to read Shakespeare, on his verse, and his theatre, illuminating chapters, all of them, the author takes up each play in turn, in what, following Chambers, he assumes to be the order in which the plays were written. Though I do not agree with his chronology, I am delighted with the rich variety he serves me. A brief illustration must suffice.

Speaking of "The Last Romances," he writes:

> Beaumont and Fletcher specialized in this type of play, but they were crude, if efficient workmen, and the wrench is often inartistically and

> painfully violent. In *A King And No King*, for example, we find that all the pother has been about nothing at all. Shakespeare was a much more skilful osteopath than Beaumont and Fletcher, and in his plays the wrench is a gentle one and conducted under the anaesthesia of lovely poetry.

Yes, like so many of the great English critics, this man Ridley can write. He is a dangerous man to read, however. If you don't know Shakespeare well, the book will almost force you to make his acquaintance; if you already love him, you will be induced to spend many more hours in getting to know him better. A stimulating book, this *Shakespeare's Plays.*

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.
University of New Mexico, Albuquerque.

Dry Guillotine—René Belbenoit—E. P. Dutton & Co., New York—$3.00.

On one side the jungle, fetid, rain-soaked, fever-ridden; on the other the sea, sullen, storm-wracked, and shark infested; and in between them a muddy stretch of hell, the French Guiana penal colony that René Belbenoit, No. 46,635, grimly labeled the "Dry Guillotine."

Since 1852, when the colony was first established, more than 56,000 men have been consigned to a living death in Guiana. Subject to terrific hardships, forced to work naked in the tropical jungle, eating only dry bread two days out of three, receiving months of solitary confinement for trivial infractions of the rules, these men were faced with only two alternatives, *escape or die.* Most of them died.

René Benbenoit is one of the few who escaped. Weighing only ninety pounds, toothless, weakened by scurvy, Belbenoit, with five companions, sailed a canoe from Saint Laurent to the island of Trinidad, spending fourteen days on the open sea with little food and almost no water. From Trinidad they went to Colombia where they were arrested and four of them sent back to the prison colony. Belbenoit, however escaped from the jail at Barranquilla and, penniless and without a passport, made his way up through Central

America and Mexico to the United States, carrying a manuscript containing an account of his twelve years in hell.

The story that Belbenoit tells is incredible. That human ingenuity could have created and consigned men to the perversion and filth of the penal colony animal existence is fantastic. Yet the colony does exist and Belbenoit did survive and escape.

Told with restrained passion, Belbenoit's story is a damning indictment of the penal system of France. Descriptions of murder in the Crimson Barrack on Isle Royale, of vicious homosexual perversion throughout the entire colony, of self mutilation resorted to in order to get into the comparative ease of the hospital, of the maddening monotony of the solitary confinement cells on Isle Saint Joseph, of cannibalism and greed and graft, make the reading of *Dry Guillotine* a sickening ordeal.

If you have a weak stomach or prefer your literature sugar coated, stay away from this book. But if you are not afraid of reality and your nose can stand the stink of French Guiana's rottenness, you may be a better person for having read it.

LYLE SAUNDERS.

Albuquerque.

The Tale of Bali—Vicki Baum—Country Life Press—December, 1937.

Vicki Baum, author of *Grand Hotel,* has written a book which will be compared to the *Good Earth.* This book, on account of its earthy flavor, its characters who lead a simple life, and the wide-spread interest in Bali, is destined to attain a wide circle of readers.

The author, while touring Bali, made the acquaintance of a Dutch physician who had thoroughly studied the natives. He willed to the author his numerous notes and diaries and from these Miss Baum wrote her book.

Early in the present century, the Dutch had not yet absorbed the southern portion of Bali, but had left the Rajahs in enjoyment of their ancient rights and customs except for certain restrictions imposed in treaties. The vio-

lation of these treaties brought upon the Rajahs the vengeance of the Dutch who put an end to the old feudal system.

The world thinks of the Balinese as proficient artists and dancers. The book presents Meru, the skilled carver who was blinded because he looked upon one of the Rajah's harem; Pak, the hard-working serf who paid the Rajah one-half of his crops, and rendered feudal services on demand—a man whose mind became befogged when confronted by a problem; Puglug, his homely, but patient, thrifty, and industrious wife, who bore two sons after the example of bearing male offspring was set by Sarna, wife number two; Raka, the marvelous dancer; his wife, Teragia, steeped in religious lore and primitive medicine; her father, the high caste Brahman priest, and Ilit the Rajah, a mystic and a smoker of opium.

The principal traits of the Balinese are a fair degree of industry in a land where living is easy of attainment, bondage to superstition, good manners, a slight tendency towards crimes of violence but much sexual irregularity, a serenity which prompted them to smile even when feeling pain, artistic genius to a high degree in costumes, decorations, and dancing.

The chief recreations for the men are gambling and cock fighting; for the women, gossip; and for both sexes, religious festivals, dances, cremations of ancestors, and betel chewing.

There are many startling passages in the book—the one which traces the onset of leprosy; the long dance given in honor of Dutch officials, described in detail, and continued until participants fell into a trance and stabbed themselves without feeling pain; the elaborate cremation of a Rajah in which three of his wives joined him in death; and the final stand against the Dutch army, in which the poorly armed Balinese went out to be slaughtered, and those who were not killed by the Dutch committed suicide.

The Balinese women, in general, are far superior to the men.

People living under a complicated, strenuous, nerve racking civilization will enjoy this book. This sort of writing serves the purpose in modern times of pastoral poetry to the Courts of Ptolemies and the Louis of France.

LYNN B. MITCHELL.

University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.

The Honeysuckle and the Bee—Sir John Squire—Dutton.

Sir John Squire was, for long years, one of the most influential editors in London, and a well-known belletrist. Now, looking back over a crowded life, he writes the first volume of what he calls a "prelude to a more chronological set of recollections."

It will be, I believe, more interesting to an Englishman than to an American, this leisurely record of a walking tour through parts of rural England. During this tour, he is reminded of events that had occurred in the past, or of people he had met. Some of this is quite entertaining; but, taken all in all, there is a little too much of Mr. Squire and not enough of his literary reminiscences. It is probably better to wait for the succeeding volumes and read them together, in order to get a true perspective on them.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.

Letters of a Young Diplomat—Herbert J. Hagerman—The Rydal Press, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Why is it that anything one reads of Russia in the last decades of the nineteenth century confirms an already previously formed impression that Russian life among the aristocracy was at once the most elegant and the most creative society in Europe? Communist Russia today may deny that it was truly creative, but despite the growth of proletarian literature, decades will pass in the communist

state before it will match an opera, a ballet, a drama, a novel, that mirrors the brilliant society reflected in such typical years at the court of the Czars as are shown in the letters of Herbert Hagerman, Second Secretary of the Embassy of the United States at St. Petersburg, and later governor of the state of New Mexico.

Here are richly detailed pictures of state ceremonial; the crimson coated attendants of the palace, the Magyar uniforms of fur, cloth of gold, jewels; the splendor of the Empress and the court ladies; the palace rooms and corridors covered with silks in blue and gold, one salon entirely in amber after a whim of Catherine II, and another notable room in lapis lazuli; the smoking room arrayed with arms, swords, daggers, spears, and the walking stick of Ivan the Terrible with its steel point that pinned to the floor a messenger's foot which brought bad news. These are the years of America's Spanish American War, and a valuable record these pages leave of the reaction in Europe, especially in Germany, to America's defeat of a major European power. It ruffled all more than it did the Spanish Ambassador, one Villagonzola, who spent the dire moments for his country at cafes where he purchased liberally of song and solace from the singers and entertainers.

How modern this journal sounds with its comment on wars and rumors of wars between Japan and Russia, with hostility to the army and its leaders in Germany, with distress through barriers to trade, and all of it a conflict of ideas in democracy, monarchy, dictatorship, and the restless surge of people fed show and superstition of one sort or another! "England is rather pleased just now because Russia is displeased . . . The Holy See seems to favor French Catholics over German ones . . . There never was a time when the eternal Jew question was of such far-reaching importance . . . You have no doubt followed the High-Low Church controversy in England . . . everywhere religion mixed with politics . . . I have been impressed with the continually increasing debt of the European nations . . . "It is

a picture of yesterday, but doesn't it sound strange—forty years ago! "The mere talk of an entente between England and the United States has had a tremendous effect in Europe . . ." The temptation is to go on quoting. There are even comments about the "territorial integrity" of China and our relation to it which sound like pertinent news of the day.

The Rydal Press was fortunate in acquiring such a fascinating manuscript to publish. It is not a personal document so far as the author is concerned, but Hagerman has done an unusually competent recording of his time in Russia and the Europe at the American Embassy's door. I predict the Santa Fe publishers will find this book one of their publications which runs out its edition and calls for reprinting. The book is beautifully printed. I've said that before about Rydal!

T. M. PEARCE.

University of New Mexico
Albuquerque.

I Hear America—Vernon Loggins—Crowell, New York, 1937—$2.50.

I Hear America is the popular title of a book, the nature of which is more accurately suggested by its second title: *Literature in the United States Since 1900.* For Professor Loggins, a Texan on the English faculty of Columbia, though possessed of an undoubted flair for style, is not the critic intent upon relating the adventures of his soul among masterpieces, but the scholar and the journalist who gives the reader a well-organized, fairly complete, and admirably vivid review of the writers of the last four decades. In treating "forty-four representative authors in their relation to twelve dominating world tendencies," he very happily combines the scholar's genius for the schematic, for symmetry of treatment, with the journalist's relish for the sensational, the irregular, and the unusual.

Believing that "sectionalism no longer counts," that literary form is in itself "unimportant," Mr. Loggins has mixed poets, novelists, and dramatists. Emily Dickinson goes arm in arm with Stephen Crane; Henry James is found with Robinson Jeffers; Jack London, with Carl Sandburg; Conrad Aiken, with Eugene O'Neill. And these classifications are made acceptable and plausible. In general, the book might be said to be unified according to various attitudes, held by the forty-four writers, towards pessimism, "the true temper" of the twenties. Mr. Loggins himself has a penchant for pessimism, which enables him to make clear its strength and its beauty. Secure in his own achievements, he gives much pleasure both to himself and to his reader in seeking out philosophical and poetical expressions of the futility of life and of thought. Authors are hailed for their radicalism, are esteemed for their eminence in despair; and at times some of the more constructive elements in recent American literature are omitted for the sake of unity and totality of effect.

The merit of any book arises just as much from what it leaves out as from what it includes. Accordingly, *I Hear America* gains greatly because Professor Loggins refuses to hear many of the non-entities of literature who have been elevated to absurd heights by our jingoistic critics. Yet it is hard to understand just why Ring Lardner is a more important figure in letters than Stephen Vincent Benét, or just why Fannie Hurst should deserve space in a book on American literature since 1900 rather than George Santayana. It is, perhaps, notable that almost half of Mr. Loggins' chosen representatives are sometimes journalists.

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH.

University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque, N. M.

Enemy Gods—Oliver La Farge—Houghton Mifflin, 1937.

The adjustment of youth to older established customs forms a conflict in every nation and every generation. When that is heightened by placing youth in schools of radically different philosophy, language, race, and temperament the problem of the returning student becomes, sometimes tragic, always dramatic.

In his latest novel, "Enemy Gods," Oliver La Farge presents the adjustment of a Navajo boy who returns to his people after having been trained in government schools since he was a frightened tot of six. His tribal name was Ashin Tso-n Bigé but a stupid enrolling clerk dubbed the child an incongruous "Myron Begay." Soon Myron meets other incongruous forces in the new life—water pumps, hard shoes and clothes, books, schedules, teachers, football. The good missionary, Mr. Butler, persuades Myron to take the Jesus Trail, with the added attraction of cookies. But the Jesus people were not a united family, like the Navajos. They were brothers who loved God but hated each other. Some were liars and hypocrites, sins impossible to a Navajo medicine man.

Navajo school girls entered Myron's adolescent life and dreams. Inspired by Ethel, he visioned the two of them graduating from college as superior educated beings ready to stamp out the superstition, dirt, and ignorance of the poor Navajos. But "Juniper" wove in and out of his life, the elemental woman whose standards of primitive integrity finally became Myron's goal.

In "Enemy Gods" we have Navajo life presented with as much truth and understanding as a man of another race can achieve. Until a Navajo can write his own story Oliver La Farge will remain the interpreter of these copper skinned people whose problems have enlisted his long interest as Columbia professor, ethnologist, and President of the national Indian Affairs Association.

"Enemy Gods" does not have the poetic beauty of "Laughing Boy," but it is a better, franker, deeper book

since it touches reality. In the passages of Indian ritual and mysticism, La Farge again soars into the high blue light of primitive imagery, showing it as the most powerful influence in tribal life.

Written from the inside with a stream-of-consciousness medium one follows closely the school boy's transformation. Only a writer who had lived intimately with these nomadic people could have recreated the minute details of their speech, food, customs, and viewpoint. Yet the book suffers for not offering a little more of the white man's objective observation. Those of us who know the Navajo desert will enjoy the glimpses of country, horses, and ceremonies, but I doubt that the mythical "Man on 42nd street" would have a clear picture of a hogan. Myron's character, however, is fully conceived and stands out against his environment and companions. La Farge appears to be so interested in the sand that he can't see the desert; so interested in his story, so eager to enlist sympathy for this "back to the blanket" problem, that he forgets that Navajos are as foreign as Tibetans to most Americans. However, it is mostly through these stimulating novels of Oliver La Farge that the reading public is becoming conscious of this Indian Nation within our nation.

RUTH A. LAUGHLIN.

Santa Fe.

COLLEGE BOOKS

In this section, the QUARTERLY inaugurates a discussion of the books published by university presses in this country. Faculty members of the University will contribute the reviews and college or university presses are notified of the space available for attention to their publications.

For address this time we select three volumes of criticism and investigation in the literature of the English Renaissance published by the Columbia University Press: *Wit and Rhetoric in the Renaissance,* by William G. Crane; *The Meaning of Spenser's Fairyland,* by Isabel E. Rathbone;

and *Pandora*, by John Soowthern, a facsimile reproduction with a bibliographical note by George B. Parks.

In 1921, Morris Kroll wrote a discriminating article on English prose style in *Studies in Philology*. He traced the development of the essay style as it won a fight for recognition against the more elaborate styles sanctioned by the rhetoricians. With the heightened consciousness of art in sixteenth century England, it was inevitable that a writing manner that was ostentatious should win many followers, and that writing techniques which could be copied should have the greatest vogue. Dr. Crane has made a resourceful analysis of the consciously patterned prose figures, the Latin verbal schemata, which distinguished the prose of such masters as Sidney and Lyly. Even letter writing was of the enforced manner of oratory. That weightiness of style did not cease to be the garnish prized by critics is apparent in the dictum pronounced upon Chaucer by Matthew Arnold —that he lacked an "accent" a "high and excellent seriousness." That Chaucer's characters don't pretend to sleep on the "mount of Pernaso" and love the colors of rhetoric less than "swiche colours as growen in the mede" puts them in the great tradition of art that mirrors life not the style book nor the treatise on rhetoric.

Spenser's Fairyland is a world of art and nature, the finished product of rhetoric mastered and unobtrusive, the servant of the springs of native poetry. In this ideal land the laws of gentility operate to make champions of holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, justice, and courtesy out of the very human clay at the court of Elizabeth and the frailties of the queen herself. In his "dark conceit" Spenser can set at large fairies both good and bad, and how boldly he speaks his mind about the "snowy Florimel," Elizabeth in her fickle and flirtatious moments with Leicester, Raleigh, and Essex. What a magic and stupendous land it is—and how few readers ever enter it! In my Spenser class we made maps of Fairlyland, with the dwellings of Duessa and Acrasia always to the north where lay the hopes and

designs of Mary Stuart; Cleopolis always near Westminster, and the course of the Blatant Beast all over the British Isles. We even charted the career of Mutability through the Ptolemaic spheres. Fairyland becomes as real that way as the fascinating search for it in earlier philosophy and romance.

Pandora is an exceedingly valuable reprint of a very rare set of odes and sonnets by a poet certainly as worthy to be known as Thomas Lord Vaux or Edward de Vere or many other makers now honored by memory in anthologies and histories of the time. In fact, Soowthern's verses frequently have in them the quality we've come most to prize in the handiwork of Elizabethan versifiers—sincerity, for it is altogether too rare an occurrence. Soowthern expresses our own snobbish opinion of poetry when he says amusingly that not "everie novice" can win the poet's laurel but

> . . . onlie the Poet well borne
> Must be he that goes to Parnassus:
> And not these companies of Asses,
> That have brought verse almost to scorne.

The book contains an epitaph by the Countess of Oxford written upon the death of her son. It is fine enough to rank her with that other woman poet and patroness of letters, the Countess of Pembroke, sister of Philip Sidney.

> Amphion's wife was turned to rocke. Oh
> How well I had been, had I had such adventure,
> For then I might again have been the Sepulcure,
> Of him that I bare in me, so long ago.

It is impossible to give at length the detail in the two books of research; even to discuss one chart such as the interesting "Genealogy of the Elfin Emperors" in Dr. Rathbone's book. All three of these books are volumes no university library can afford to be without or which can be lacking in the shelves of any investigator in these fields.

T. M. PEARCE.

University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.

Personally Speaking

IT IS THE monstrous simplicity of life that makes it appear confusing. It is its very blankness, huge, enigmatic, smothering, that makes us throw out our hands and despair. It is enigmatic because we seek what is not. That sky spreads and presses about us, covers all and crushes all in its night's heaviness. We cry to pierce it, and say "Enigma!" when we cannot. We are mocked, for there is nothing to pierce.

Facing his life of sorrow and desolation, shot with but passing gleams of happiness like a lanthorn athwart the night, man could easily go mad. It is wonderful that more of him do not. Madness is simple. How many men have clenched their fists after someone's death, to hold back a cry; how many men have looked with horror into the mirror of their thoughts to see the feeble, inept, feeble self! More than one can suspect, a drop of Heine humor, a pinch of Voltarian cynicism, a moeity of Paine idealism inhabits man. Were it not for those principles he would live otherwise on an earth which is slaughterhouse to both material body and vain hope.

The bravery of man is, nevertheless, sometimes truly colossal. To let go, and be mad, and be happy . . . He does not, save in small numbers; but instead plugs along on his job. Many of him are twisted from that thing we hardly should call living and contorted into merely sentient emotion by a hazy concept named beauty. A quenchless thirst for "knowledge" forever flags others. At some time, unexplained, a sudden rush of curiosity—we all know it—drives one until it is satisfied. But always when quiet comes, and solitude and thought, one sees a picture, and he will recognize it for Shakespeare's stage of life, but with a vengeful difference.

The world's a stage, he will agree, but what is his role upon it? Always it seems to him that the curtain is up and

the actors gesticulating upon it, but he stands distant in a wide, empty plain. It is not that he is above the others; it is that he seems unhinged from them, aside from them, and that he has to jump upwards and sidwards to be with them. And that world—with them—seems to him more truly the make-believe world, with its mummers waving their hands for effect, knowing as they wave that they but mock.

The man who dwells with the dark and the eery, even in the mere literary manner, often recognizes these emotions in himself and seeks to transliterate them. Some years ago Algernon Blackwood became master of the creepy story, and won a vague fame for it. He also wrote a strange little book, *The Promise of Air,* an incoherent symbol of binded life and hovering air. It was a forgotten book, and now it is republished by Dutton twenty-five years later in the hope that readers today are mystics again. Readers today again may wonder at the restlessness of the race, and its infinite patience. That may be true, but not today any more than yesterday, is man inclined to the softly tender, or, in other words, to the mushy. A book like this cannot sell. For though it has the infiniteness of G. K. Chesterton in his novels, it does not have his vigor. And it does have a platitudinousness all its own.

The kind of book that will sell today is a different kind. Freyda Stark's *Baghdad Sketches* is essentially a lesser book, but a more popular one. Factual about far cities, determined about far people, it always wins a number of readers. Factual books do, and that is good. We can see advertised alongside the Stark book one of a quieter tone, the brooding of an old man in revery. It is *The Wooden Spoon* by Wyn Griffith, a Welshman surely. The nationality is important here, for if the book is delightful and soft, full of dark pride and hate and resignation, it is a Welsh delight and softness it contains. It is a book to read, and quickly too, so short is it. Yet will it sell as well as its neighbor?

We are no longer young, the book cries,
. . . no longer young!
Our youth has slipped away; the years are hung
Where dismayed eyes can read, if they dare . . .

Placed beside a work like this, with its quietness carrying certainty, *Grass on the Mountain,* by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant, and *Sporting Print,* by G. March-Phillipps, and *Their Ships Were Broken,* by Constance Wright, inevitably shrunk, though each is a longer book. The first and the last of these too are adventurous, one in an artificial manufacturing town and the other on the high seas. The question of taste in books no doubt finally resolves itself into a question of the type of conflict a reader likes. It is that conflict which is essential to all stories. Perhaps it is man against man; it may be man against nature; or it may be, what some consider the best and truest of all, the conflict of man against himself. Such a book is *The Wooden Spoon,* and theerfore it must be judged the supreme of the group. The vigor of unquenchable youth dies, life reaches its climax, and heads down. It is well to know this, too.

WILLIS JACOBS.

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

February, 1938

VOLUME VIII, NUMBER 1
ONE DOLLAR THE YEAR
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY is a regional review, alive to the place of the Southwest in the nations' cultural and economic development. It invites literary, educational, and political articles and creative writing which treat of the living present and the living past. Among its contributors have been Mary Austin, Witter Bynner, Haniel Long, Paul Horgan, Kyle Crichton, Erna Fergusson, John Gould Fletcher, Alice Corbin, Edgar Hewett, and many other leaders in varied fields.

"I think New Mexico was the greatest experience from the outside world that I have ever had. It certainly changed me forever."

D. H. LAWRENCE.

". . . I have seen America emerging; the America which is the expression of the life activities of the environment, aesthetics as a natural mode of expression"

MARY AUSTIN.

"People of the blue-cloud horizon,
Let your thoughts come to us!"

ZIA SONG FOR RAIN.

New Mexican Adobes

Here in this autumnal Spain
Adobes live with little rain
And even crumbling seem to me
Sweeter than a spring can be
In any other land than this
Where an eternal autumn is.

WITTER BYNNER.

(From the dedication page of the QUARTERLY, Volume I, No. 1, February, 1930.)

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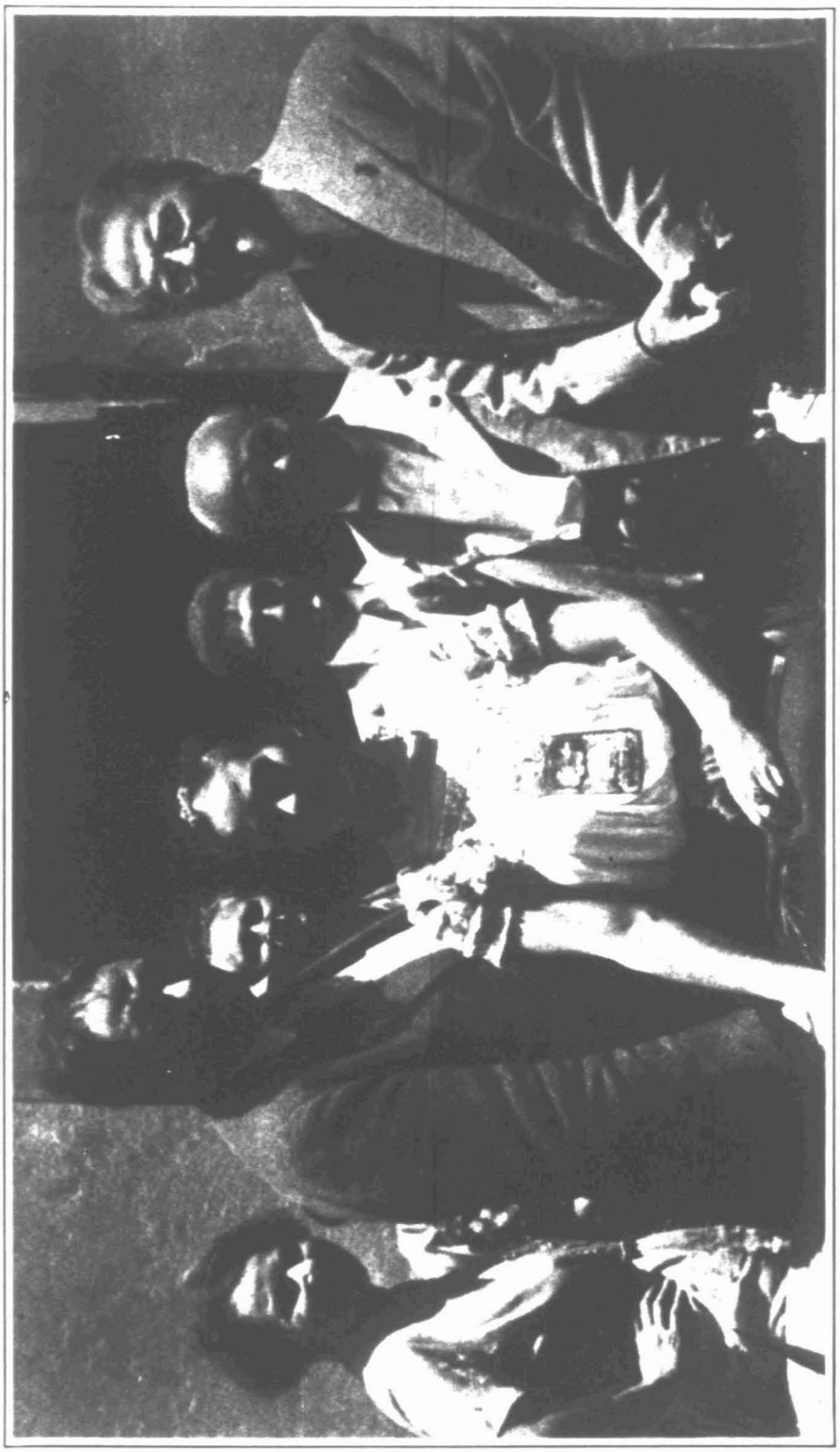

DIEGO RIVERA, FRIEDA RIVERA, AND LEON TROTSKY AT THE MEXICAN SEMINAR

The New Mexico Quarterly

A Regional Review

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VOLUME VIII FEBRUARY, 1938 NUMBER 1

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List of Contributors

DOROTHY WOODWARD is a member of the History Faculty of the University of New Mexico. She earned her Ph.D. at Yale, where she presented a study of the Penitentes as her dissertation. Last summer she was a member of the Mexican Seminar where the meeting with Leon Trotsky she describes occurred.

JOHN DILLON HUSBAND is one of the ablest young poets we know. He is chairman of the English Department in Leyden High School at Franklin Park, Chicago. His poetry has appeared in *Voices, Lyric,* the *New York Times, The Bard, Versecraft,* and other journals, in addition to the QUARTERLY.

JOHN C. NEFF is an architect who lives in Cleveland. He has more than a casual interest in letters, as his visit to New Mexico two summers ago to meet Frieda Lawrence at San Cristobal ranch shows. This interview with Mrs. D. H. Lawrence was described by Mr. Neff in the May, 1937, QUARTERLY.

JESSE STUART is now in Scotland on a Guggenheim Fellowship which he earned by right of his book of Sonnets, *The Man with the Bull Tongue Plow,* and his fine short stories of Kentucky, *Head o' W. Hollow.* A short story by Mr. Stuart, *Zeke Hammertight,* appeared in the August QUARTERLY.

MAUD E. COLE is librarian at the Carnegie Library in Abilene, Texas. She is author of a book of poems, *Clay Bound* (reviewed in February, 1937 QUARTERLY.)

VIRGINIA JANNEY has had stories in two volumes sponsored by New York University: *Short Story Manuscripts* and *All-Story.* She is the wife of Carless Jones and is in Albuquerque with him.

ANNA R. CUNNINGHAM is a former member of the faculty of the New Mexico Agricultural College in Las Cruces.

ROBERT DARK lives in Houston where he is an associate editor of the poetry magazine, *Kaleidograph.* He is both a musician and poet. Recently he published a poem the expression of both arts, entitled "Concerto for the White Keys," in *Poetry Caravan.*

MAX KAUFMAN completed college work in both the University of Cincinnati and Columbia. He still lives in New York and has published poetry in *Lyric, Gypsy, Frontier-Midland,* the QUARTERLY and others.

KENNETH SPAULDING is the son of the Dean of the School of Forestry in the University of Montana at Missoula. At present he is doing graduate study in English at the University of Iowa.

WILLIS JACOBS is instructor in the University of New Mexico where his department is English. He writes the "Personally Speaking" section for this magazine. He published a story in the *Southwester* magazine last year.

EUGENIA POPE POOL is a Texas poet who makes her home in Lubbock. She has interpreted life in both words and paint. Last September, the State Art Museum hung a one-man show of her pictures.

MARINA WISTER DASBURGH'S new book of poetry, *Fantasy and Fugue,* was reviewed in the November, 1937, QUARTERLY. Though comparatively a newcomer to New Mexico, she has entered into its life with more enthusiasm than many old-timers. She speaks with right and conviction for the viewpoint of many who have adopted New Mexico as a home.

Leon Trotsky in Mexico

By DOROTHY WOODWARD

MEXICO CITY wakened again as the goldenly brilliant sunshine lit the distant hills and the fresh, clean breeze of a rain-swept air blew through the windows. In the distance, one could hear the hum of the city, the motor busses along the Paseo de la Reforma and the tread of sandaled feet as Indian carriers trotted along toward the markets. From afar came the sound of a drum and by leaning out the window, one might glimpse a small troop of khaki-clad soldiers marching down the avenue after their night of guard duty. It was all as yesterday and yet so different! For today there was a real adventure on hand. Today had been long expected, by some hesitantly, by others heartily, for this was the day we were to see and speak with the great Russian revolutionary, Mr. Leon Trotsky.

Hastily dressing, we went down eagerly to join the other *Seminaristas* in the hotel dining room and lobby. An air of expectancy pervaded the group. Not everyone was enthusiastic. Some were merely curious and others frankly hostile. But, whatever the personal anticipation, it was to all a stilling incident.

The day before, we had been at Diego Rivera's studio where we learned that Mr. Trotsky had arrived in the city. One of his secretaries came in, saying with fervor, "He telephoned me; he is here." One could not see the devotion and concern of the younger man without wondering and becoming more curious as to the personality of the leader who inspired such devotion.

And now this was the day! No announcement of the conference had been made public; too much danger, said some, too much criticism, said others. But we knew that Mr. Trotsky had come up from the country to give this single day in Mexico City to the Twelfth Seminar of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America.

Every member of the group, who wished it, had received a card of identification for admittance to the conference, and at 10:30, armed with this small passport, we set out for Coyacan and the home of Frieda Rivera. It was not a long drive and we enjoyed the sights of city and country as we sped along. Nearing the *colonia,* we were aware of police, many police. A motor guard preceded us, and at intervals along the road were stationed more blue-uniformed figures. Mexico guards Trotsky well, we thought!

Presently we alighted before the walled entrance of an interesting country house. Very unlike the bizarre, cactus-enclosed, blue and pink, modern homes of the Riveras at San Angel, this place had the air of soft moss-covered walls and well-flowered patios, while San Angel is a little metallic in its brilliance and novelty.

As we were admitted into the entryway, police guards scrutinized us carefully. Then, upon the presentation of our identification cards, we were admitted through a small door, checked again by Vica Iturbe, a Mexican friend of the Riveras, and at last we stepped out into a sun-filled, lushly growing patio. You almost felt a hush as birds sang in the beauty of that semi-tropical garden.

We went, at once, into a long room, bare except for cases filled with books by N. Lenin and other Russian and liberal idealists. A few wooden chairs were lined up in the rear of the room and a couple of small tables had been placed along the north side. Warm sunshine poured in through open windows and doors, as we excitedly found places in chairs and on the floor to await the arrival of Mr. Trotsky.

Presently everyone was settled and the hush of waiting possessed us. Doors opened and closed in other parts of the building, blue-uniformed police guards were seen crossing the patio, and there was the sound of voices across the open space, and an occasional laugh. In a short time, two of Mr. Trotsky's aides came in and took their places at the tables. They were to act as interpreters and, when one looked

closely, one could see they were carefully armed to protect their chief. Several secretaries also arranged themselves to record the interview and, when the stage was finally set, Mr. Trotsky and Mr. Herring, Director of the Seminar, appeared walking across the patio. Amid friendly applause, they entered the room and took their places at the tables.

Mr. Trotsky is a dynamic little person. His flashing, steel-blue eyes took in the entire group at a glance. His smile was kindly and his slight grey-clad figure moved with a nervous tension that indicated the energy and vitality of the man. Although he had not been well, his poise and vigor were apparent from his first step into the room.

When the bustle of getting seated was over, people relaxed to listen to what Mr. Trotsky, the man of the 1917 Russian Revolution, might say. It had been agreed that he should speak in English and answer questions that anyone in the audience desired to address to him through the chairman in writing. Thus, as a starting point, Mr. Herring asked whether Mr. Trotsky agreed with Mr. Max Eastman that the experiment of socialism in Russia is at an end and would he sketch the successive steps by which the Soviet's Union had dropped overboard every vestige of socialism.

Mr. Trotsky rose, listening intently to the question, then his face beamed in a smile and he began, speaking a little hesitantly at times for he used English, "Permit me, ladies and gentlemen, a preliminary remark." His command of the situation was evident at once. He then said that in this room the hearings under Mr. John Dewey had taken place. During that time Mr. Trotsky had to speak often of his "terroristic activities," "life with Hitler," and "his wrecking." When he used these phrases his lawyer had interrupted by saying your *alleged* terroristic activities, your *alleged* alliance with Hitler, your *alleged* crimes. "Thus," said Mr. Trotsky, "I learned this cautious word and now may I speak in my *alleged* English?"

Needless to say, it would be impossible to review the entire discussion, which lasted for several hours. But some

points of interest may be touched upon. Mr. Trotsky's reply to the initial inquiry was to the effect that he disagreed with Max Eastman. Socialism is not at an end although he asserted that the beginning and the end of an historical process were not easy to determine. Again quoting the article by Mr. Eastman, who said that, barring revolutionary events, the degeneration toward capitalism is inevitable, Trotsky countered by saying that the October Revolution had created certain premises of socialism, a new form of property, and a new political power of a new class. For building up socialism, and the development of new economic conditions the decisive factor is the level of productive forces, which is too low. But from the point of view of socialism the form of property as created by the October Revolution persists, the forces are not annihilated. Again the productive forces are higher than formerly but the political power has degenerated. Now the Russian people are in a transition period dependent upon the state. When the new socialistic society, that is the new state of socialism, actually comes into existence as socialism, the state will disappear. Thus the fact that the political state guides the development toward socialism is evidence that the socialistic state has not yet been achieved; and if the state degenerates, if the new ruling class is, because of its interest, against socialism, then the question of building a truly socialistic state becomes problematic. If, however, the toiling masses have the power, their interests, asserted Mr. Trotsky, will push them in the direction of socialism. On the other hand, the new ruling, privileged class concentrating power within its hands endangers the development of pure socialism. And this is the present situation in the Soviet Union. There exists the premise for a new socialism, there is the growth of the productive forces, and at the same time, there has come into being a new ruling class which is by nature hostile to the socialistic system. If, by revolution, the people, "the toiling masses," can overthrow this new controlling stratum of society, then socialism will not be at an end.

When questioned relative to his attitude toward the trials in Russia and the ensuing executions, Mr. Trotsky replied that the events implied symptoms of sharp conflict between the new bureaucracy and the people. Queries led from this to the confession of those taken in the second trial when they realized that the same procedure had not saved their compatriots from execution. To this Mr. Trotsky responded that some hope of escape was held out to these condemned in that four were to be released, just what four they did not know, but willingness to confess was accelerated by that spark of hope and the psychological state resultant from long education by the GPU.

It was most interesting to hear Mr. Trotsky discuss the circumstances that led to his failure to succeed Lenin as the leader of Russia. He stated that it was pure accident that he had not followed the great Lenin. For, after the Revolution, a new chapter was begun and the new bureaucracy, following its instinct as a new ruling class, rejected the revolutionists, which marked a new crystallization of social elements. For, said Mr. Trotsky, the new group was reactionary, unwilling to continue the changes necessary to transform completely Russian society; instead they decreed against the permanent revolution. Hence, he and the leaders in the October Revolution became refugees from the land of their birth and struggle.

Mr. Trotsky feels strongly that the movement toward a truly socialistic state certainly is not completed. The power for further change rests upon the workers of the world, who can, in a great mass movement, free themselves from the bonds of economic control.

For hours the dynamic little man spoke, hunting now and then for an English word, repeating a phrase in French or German for which his interpreters supplied the English equivalent. His hands moved with quick nervous motion, his eyes snapped, his smile came and went, and his enthusiastic vigor was ever manifest. Through it all Diego Rivera stood in the patio, his great body supported by his folded arms as

he leaned against a window, listening and observing.

Freida Rivera moved about in the patio, a beautiful woman, dressed in the colorful Indian clothes of Mexico.

It was all very vital and very real. Finally Mr. Trotsky finished speaking—he had talked for hours, yet seemed singularly fresh and vigorous. He begged to retire, and as he grasped our hands in parting, one dominating impression of the tiny man was paramount. Genial, kindly, and full of sympathy for the world's great suffering, this visionary lived for a cause, the world revolution of the workers, and for this cause there was no sacrifice too great. Steel, as hard as any ever made by man, is soft beside the invincible purpose of an almost fanatical conviction that the cause must and will live! This combination of human kindliness and unswerving fervor is Leon Trotsky!

Beyond the Tumult

By JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

The last hard sigh
And the final word
Are fragments of
A speech unheard.

They are a smoke
Sent up through trees;
A speaking sign
To one who sees.

They are a song
That strikes a cloud
And frees the music
From the shroud.

Henry James the Reporter

By JOHN C. NEFF

EVER SINCE Henry James died, more than a score of years ago, writers have been in doubt as to what position he occupies in modern literature. Is he a Victorian or has he a place with the so-called moderns? Does the fact that his books are seldom, if ever, read suggest that his influence has died? And does the realization that there is little chance of his ever becoming popular again inhibit us to the extent that we keep him and his real value from the popular eye? Surely it will be many years before the complete James is fully understood, but in the meantime we can add, bit by bit, details of his art that when added together will produce a final definition. This article proposes to show what has not yet been touched upon enough. And that, that Henry James was a reporter.

Since the depression, we have been interested in quick, brief fiction with a proletarian background and with heroes whose shoes we certainly would hate to be in. We read these books, swallow the blurbs about them, and put them down with the satisfying feeling of having gained a profound understanding of the trials and problems of strikers and workers everywhere. These modern writers, we say to ourselves, are becoming more like reporters every day. They give us the facts. That's what we want. The facts.

And yet, if Henry James' great novel, *The Princess Casamassima,* were published today with a different title and under a different name, if it were given wide spaces of advertising in our literary weeklies, it would undoubtedly be hailed "a great and profound study of the modern relation between worker and capitalist." Indeed, no book of our time has struck at the core of the matter with the intensity and understanding of James'. But, in spite of that, if you were told that James was a reporter as much as any contemporary novelist is a reporter, you would probably stick

your tongue into your cheek and say, piffle! Henry James, you say, was a novelist who broke into the fields of inner experience and who used them, for the first time, in short fiction. Why, he was the father of our modern stream-of-consciousness. When you claim him as a reporter, you're forgetting yourself. You are forgetting that a reporter draws from actual experience, from real life, from truth! He forgets about the frills and fancy decorations that make for fiction. James was an artist, not a reporter. He was a great creative artist!

True. But wait, perhaps a few sidelights about James and his fiction will help you to understand why he is, besides being a creative genius, a reporter. Indeed, what will be said below may be regarded as a reiteration of what has been said, in other ways, so many times before. As for example—"Henry James never took anything as it came; the thing that happened to him was merely the point of departure for a deliberate, and as time went on a more and more masterly, creative energy, which could never leave a sight or sound of any kind until it had been looked at and listened to with absorbed attention, pondered in thought, linked with associations, and which did not spend itself until the remembrance had been crystallized in expression, so that it could be appropriated as a tangible object."

But the above statement, taken from the introduction to James' *Letters,* is followed by no specific instances as to *what* sights and sounds experienced eventually found their separate ways into his writings. That, this article is attempting to do.

In February, 1935, Professor Edgar Goodspeed had published, in the *Atlantic,* a short essay called "A Footnote to Daisy Miller." On reading the *Diary of Julia Newberry,* Goodspeed was immediately reminded of James' famous story, *Daisy Miller.* He presented what evidence there was available, and showed fairly conclusively that James actually did draw his fictional character from the rich young Julia Newberry who went with her parents to Europe to

expose herself to society there that she might retain, for her family at least, the remains of a fast-dying American aristocracy. "He was insatiable," Professor Goodspeed quotes, "for anything that others could give him from their own personal lives."

Three years ago, too, the *Journal* of Alice James, invalid sister of Henry, was published. If we are to believe the endearments cast her way in his letters, Alice was the apple of Henry's eye and was constantly in his thoughts. The *Journal* is indispensible for the serious student of James, and highly entertaining for the average reader. But beyond that, it is important because it suggests that Alice James was the prototype for Rosy Muniment of *The Princess Casamissima.*

The Princess Casamassima was published in 1886, three years before Alice James went to England to live her life out. The scene of the novel is laid in London. Thus the matter of chronology does not enter here. It is the characteristics of the two women that are important. Rosy and Alice were both invalids, both witty and sharp observers. Though they were not necessarily interested in the same subjects and were not equals in intellect, they, nevertheless, reacted similarly to their private misfortunes in life. A quick glance at each will make this clear.

Alice James was a vibrant woman who, in the course of time, learned to ignore her physical pains and to increase her determination to live, to observe, to be a part of the life that was so near and yet always so far. Hers was essentially a world of intellect and imagination. On June 13, 1889, she made the following entry in her journal: "Nurse says there are some people downstairs who drive everywhere and admire nothing. How grateful I am that I actually see, to my own consciousness, the quarter of an inch that my eyes fall upon; truly the subject is all that counts!" And again, "Not I, surely, from my sofa where I've learned such wondrous things."

Of her brother she said, "Henry, the Patient, I should call him. Five years, in November, I crossed the water and suspended myself like an old woman of the sea, round his neck, where, to all appearances, I shall remain for all time. I have given him an endless care and anxiety, but, notwithstanding this and the fantastic nature of my troubles, I have never seen an impatient look upon his face or heard an unsympathetic or misunderstanding sound cross his lips. He comes to me at my slightest sign, and 'hangs on' to whatever organ may be in eruption, and gives me calm and solace by assuring me that my nerves are his nerves, and my stomach his stomach—this last a pitch of brotherly devotion never before approached by the race. He has never remotely suggested that he expected me to be well at any given time . . ."

Now in the novel itself, Hyacinth Robinson, hero of the tale, is a close friend of Paul Muniment, Rosy's brother. As a result of the two men's frequent meeting in the girl's room, one gets to know exactly what she is like. "Hyacinth thought Miss Muniment very charming; he had begun to make her out better by this time, and he watched her small, wan, pointed face, framed on the pillow by thick black hair. She was a diminutive dark person, pale and wasted with a lifelong infirmity; Hyacinth thought her manner denoted high accomplishment—he judged it impossible to tell her age." And later, Rosy herself says, "Oh yes, I dare say we seem very curious. I think we're generally thought so; especially me, being so miserable and yet so lively." And Paul proudly acclaims his sister, saying, "It's very wonderful—she can describe things she has never seen. And they're just like the reality." "There's nothing I've never seen," Rosy declares. "That's the advantage of my lying here in such a manner. I see everything in the world."

Later, Paul Muniment remarks, "You know a good deal, Rosy, but you don't know everything . . . your mind's too poetical . . . as full of sounding strings and silver cords as some old elegant harp . . . " (Alice James in an entry for

June 18,1889, says, "How little I shall ever know of life!")

Henry James himself, writing to his brother William from Rome, May, 1894, says, on reading her diary, that during Alice's life-time he was "tremendously conscious that the extraordinary intensity of her will and personality would have made the equal, the reciprocal, life of a 'well' person . . . in the usual world, almost impossible to her, so that her disastrous, her tragic health, was in a manner the only solution for her of the practical problem of life . . . I felt . . . that she simplified too much, shut up in her sick room, exercised her wondrous vigor of judgment on too small a scrap of what really surrounded her . . ."

And now, on reaching further back in James' career, we find that, in 1869, the *Atlantic* published his seventh story, *Gabrielle de Bergerac.* It is common knowledge that Rostand made, in 1897, the name De Bergerac famous, and it is also well known that the fame of that name was spread further by the great French actor, Constant Coquelin. But it is not generally known that the hero of James' early story *Gabrielle de Bergerac,* was also named Coquelin. The coincidence thereby established is, perhaps, plausible when we remember one or two simple facts about the early life of James. He was a great reader of French literature, and in his readings—it seems reasonable to believe—he undoubtedly chanced upon the name of Savinien-Cyrano De Bergerac, French dramatist of the Seventeenth Century. Such a name would, it appears, stick in a corner of the mind of young Henry James without effort.

That, for some, is, perhaps, a sufficient accounting for the title of James' story. At least it is enough to assume that the name had got, somehow, into James' head, where it was "looked at and listened to with absorbed attention, linked with associations and finally crystallized in expression." But what about the name of the hero, Coquelin, and what connection could it possible have with the actor Constant Coquelin? Well, the fact of the matter is, young Henry James one year attended a private school in Switzerland and

had as a classmate "a little snub-nosed boy who called himself Coquelin." The same Coquelin that was later to make famous Rostand's play!

But to bring to light the latest "coincidence," we must turn to page 8 and page 19 of the London and New York *Times* respectively, under date of August 12, 1937. For on those pages is printed the obituary of a man whose name was that of one of the most remarkable of Henry James' early short story characters. *The Author of Beltraffio,* first printed in the *English Illustrated Magazine* in 1884, is one of James' finest character stories and has as its main figure a man, a writer, whose name is Mark Ambient. The death notice referred to above was occasioned by the passing of the well-known dramatist, Mark Ambient!

The late Mark Ambient was born in 1860, which made him twenty-four when *The Author of Beltraffio* was created. Could James have heard his name, could he have seen it in the newspapers? Mark Ambient, the obituary notices tell us, early associated himself with the theater. But was not James *always* interested in the theater? Was he not always keen about drama? We can never really know the solution of this coincidence, but we can at least assume that James kept the name of Mark Ambient (like those of Coquelin and Bergerac) well tucked in the back of his head for future "crystallization."

It will be discouraging, as the years go on, revealing such facts as these, for those who have, heretofore, questioned the practicability of James' character-names to realize that persons with just such names actually did live and walk the earth the same years as James. But it will be more discouraging for those who continue to believe that James was no reporter. For this much has become clear: that Henry James *did* remember names and characters, that he *did* turn them over in his mind and study them with a curious eye, and that he *did* bring the most interesting of them to eventual expression and appropriate them as tangible objects. In a word, Henry James reported.

Two Sonnets

By JESSE STUART

I

Blow out you bugles to the empty skies!
Beat loud you drums beneath the windy skies!
A bullet through the brain the soldier dies!
Eternity in earth a soldier lies.
Shriek loud you fifes for one so unafraid.
He met the ballast-steel of raining hell.
He was neat-scycled by a foreign blade.
Beat loud you drums afar from where he fell!
You helpless hungry trees stand silent there
While darkening skies cut out the watchful sun;
You weeping winds shriek out a wordless prayer.
Some day you trees will get this sleeping one.
Mother don't weep: there is no need to care.
Just this one gone—you have more stalwart sons.
Mother don't weep; you're young enough to bear
More cannon fodder for the mighty guns.

II

I'd go down fighting to the bitter end.
No hell nor heaven ties the hands of me.
I'll fight my enemies and love my friends.
I'll go down fighting or I shall be free.
No man that treads the earth or breathes the air
Can bondage me by any word commands.
I'd go down fighting—fighting foul or fair.
I'd give them fists enough to break my hands.
I'm not your gentleman afraid to fight,
Precise with stovepipe hat and goldhead cane;
I still can wield my fists and meet my night.
You beat me down—I'll come—I'll come again!
As oaks are battered on the mountain cliff
By time, winds of the world, and sleet and rain;
I'll stand oak-rooted, hand 'em cuff for cuff—
Batter me down I'll up and come again!

Some Day

By MAUDE E. COLE

There'll come a day
When I, on willing feet,
Shall follow down
The trail that you have gone;
And with sorrow left behind
Shall find it sweet,
Though dark until I reach
Your world of dawn.

Gladly through chasmed darkness
I shall go;
Though strange and new the path
I shall not fear,
Nor halt along the way,
For well I know
Each onward, groping step
Will bring you near.

I could not bear your going
But for this:
That some day I,
Of earthly care bereft,
Shall find you and with love
Retrace the kiss
I pressed upon your brow
The day you left.

Racket

By VIRGINIA JANNEY

(A true story of the decline of the Cape Cod fishing fleet)

THE CAPE COD cooling plant was built on the beach with a runway extending from the gutting room to the water. Toni Ferrera paused in his work at one of the wooden troughs, looked through the door to the horizon, and longed to feel the deck of the schooner *Nancy* beneath his feet.

In faded dungarees and rough shoes, the cleaning crew worked with razor-sharp knives held in cut-scarred hands smeared with blood and mucus. Toni was noticeable among these men driven from the sea only because he was a deeper brown, and his hands were shielded by a pair of cheap cotton gloves.

The foreman had come in and was examining some barrels containing brine in which fish were preserved for shipment to New York. Toni dropped a cleaned fish into one barrel and the guts into another. When the mucus-covered entrails dripped from his fingers into the barrel, they landed at the bottom with a wet slap.

"Speed up," the foreman ordered, "these barrels gotta—"

Then, he saw Toni's gloves.

"Say—." He strode across the room. "Haul off them gloves! Your second day in the plant an' you got funny ideas already."

Toni calmly faced the foreman's resentful stare. Didn't you hear the news yesterd'y?" he asked, taking a fish with his gloved hand.

"What news?"

Toni split the fish and gutted it. "Tom O'Connel died of blood-poisonin'," he replied grimly. The entrails slithered under his fingers as he tried to pick them up.

"What's that got to do with you haulin' off them gloves?"

"He worked here, didn't he?"

"Ya-as, sure he worked here," said the foreman.

"That's why I'm wearin' gloves. I ain't worth more dead than alive."

"I said haul 'em off. If I catch you wearin' 'em again you'll be back at work in the swamp where you come from—on relief."

"Ain't makin' much more here," muttered Toni to the man's departing back. "Stink, slime, an' blood-poisonin' at thirty cents an hour."

That enormous stink was a combination of the odors of fresh fish, wood soggy with blood, preserved fish in brine, damp floor, and stale offal, mixed with the slightly sour smell of the nearby salt marshes.

Toni glanced at Joe Bergin, who grinned and strolled over.

"Haul off them gloves. You hadn't oughta slow up your work that way. What's a little blood-poisonin'?" Joe said, moving slowly around the end of Toni's trough. "You can't use 'em in cold weather, anyhow; they'll freeze."

"Aw, shut up," Toni retorted mildly, but he drew off the gloves and, as wet as they were, thrust them into his pocket.

Toni looked at Joe with mock disgust and went back to work. Joe couldn't be serious more than a minute, he thought. But perhaps he found it a whole lot safer not to be.

It was on an evening a week or so after Tom's funeral that they walked together down the sandy beach road between the shanties where the fishermen lived; they stopped in front of Toni's home, a thin board affair badly in need of a new coat of paint.

"We can't live like this no longer," Toni insisted. "We got to go fishin' again."

"Nobody wants to fish more'n I do," Joe replied, "but the racketeerin's still goin' on. The buyers take five thousand pounds at a fair price, then say the rest of the same haul ain't no good, an' you got to take a cent a pound for it

or let it rot in the hold. I was talkin' about it to the skipper the other day."

"Who? Roberts?"

"Yes."

"What'd he say?"

"Nothin' much, but he's thinkin' a lot. He cal'lates somethin' can be done, some way, but I dunno—Say," he laughed, "speak of the devil." He pointed down the road.

Toni followed his glance to see Roberts coming toward them. He was a lanky man with shaggy brows, deep-set blue eyes, and a startling voice that boomed out at you unexpectedly.

"Been lookin' for you," he rumbled. "Got somethin' to talk about. Come on in an' let's sit down."

"Sure," said Toni, "come on in."

He led them into the scantily furnished living-room-bedroom of his two-room shanty. Several calendars decorated the glaringly whitewashed walls of the main room, and the small windows had blinds, but no curtains.

"What you got to tell us, skipper?" Joe said.

Roberts pulled a pipe and a can of tobacco from his pockets, opened the can, and began to shake some tobacco into the bowl of his pipe. "It ain't good news," he said slowly. "I was talkin' to Frank Dunlap today. He has an offer from the fish company to buy the *Nancy*."

Toni looked away from Roberts. His smile faded. His last hope of going seine-fishing again dropped from him like a deep-sea lead in shoal water.

"He'll sell," he said miserably. "But ain't you got nothin' to say?"

"Somethin', sure," Roberts replied. With his finger he pressed the tobacco down in the bowl of his pipe. "I got a quarter int'rest."

"Well, what'd you tell him?" Joe said.

The skipper struck a match and sucked the flame into the tobacco. "I let him know I wasn't favorin' it," he said between puffs, "but he needs the money. The price ain't

right. They're freezing us out. It's insultin' to that fine vessel."

"Is it the price, skipper, that's stoppin' you from sellin'?" Toni persisted.

"No, it ain't," Roberts boomed emphatically. "I need the money, too, but I ain't lost my hope of fishin' comin' back."

"That's good to hear, skipper," Toni said eagerly, the light returning to his eyes.

"What's givin' you hope?" Joe asked skeptically.

Roberts puffed musingly on his pipe and watched the curling smoke screen before him. "Just what I told Frank. I said I'd sell out if he did, but I argued if he'd wait awhile I'd try out a scheme I got for bringin' fishin' back."

"Is he goin' to wait? What're you goin' to do?"

"Well," said Roberts, "we sailed over a long course with more head winds than fair, but fin'ly I got him to say he'd give me a little time. He swore he'd sell out if my cal'latin' didn't do no good."

"Can't blame him none for that," Joe said. "He's been fair with us all along."

"Yes, he has," Toni agreed. "It's them buyers that's cutthroats. But what you got in mind, skipper?"

"You know about these laws they're puttin' out in Washin'ton?"

"Sure, what we read in the papers," Joe said.

"The fishin' industry oughta have a law," Roberts went on. "Maybe the government can stop this price-cuttin'. Maybe the fish companies can be sorta persuaded by the law."

"It'll take law t'do it," Toni asserted. "You got a good idea, skipper."

"Well, I'm goin' to call a meetin' of the seine-masters, an' I reckon they'll agree with me."

He explained his plan to them, outlining the petition he wanted to draw up, and, as he and Joe left the house, the

skipper promised to let them know how the meeting turned out.

A long week passed before they saw him again, and Toni was miserable.

"We'd about give you up," he complained.

"You can't get men from all over the Cape to a meetin' at an hour's notice," growled Roberts. "We ain't mailin' the petition to Washin'ton, either. We're goin' there. Frank's equippin' the *Nancy* for the trip."

But two weeks elapsed before the beached vessel could sail, and three weeks more rolled around before her return from Virginia. Toni and Joe hoped to put to sea immediately upon Roberts' arrival, though Toni was somewhat cautious.

"Somethin' tells me it won't happen like that," he said. "It ain't as simple as that."

Yet, when he saw Roberts, his hope swelled and eagerness overcame his former doubt.

"Did you get it?" he cried. "Did they say they'd stop the racketeerin'?"

"We don't know what we got yet," Roberts boomed. "An' it'll be awhile before we do know. The government'll hold meetin's with the fish companies' lawyers. No tellin' what we'll have. We ain't got money for lawyers."

"Oh," Toni said.

His anxiety deepened into despair as the weeks passed without word from Washington, and the wild geese flew south at night, honking their warning of the coming cold, for when the wild geese flew south in November the mackerel came to the Cape from the lower Atlantic waters, moving north until they were lost in Canada in early spring.

Then, heavy fogs appeared and hung white over the land and sea until the icy gales, howling through the dark nights, drove them away. The shanty quivered on its foundations. Toni stuffed the rattling window sashes with paper, but the wind swept through the walls with such force that the straw matting fluttered on the floor. His wife and

children, muffled in ragged coats and sweaters, huddled around the little stove, stoking it with driftwood.

At the cooling plant, the temperature of the cleaning room was sometimes not much above zero, and, from standing in one position hour after hour on the damp floor, Toni's legs and feet were numb. His bare hands were smeared with half-frozen blood and mucus, and because they were stiff hands they were not quick. His own blood dripped into the barrel with the fish entrails as they slid from his fingers and landed with a wet slop.

But, at last, one day in February, the seine-masters received a lengthy, word-heavy document. Roberts showed it to Toni and Joe.

"Did it just come?"

"What does it say?"

"When did you get it?"

"What're the prices?"

"What'd Dunlop say?"

"Wait a minute!" protested Roberts.

He had invited them into Larry's Liner for a bottle of beer to celebrate the occasion.

He poured out the drinks, smiling at their agonies of suspense. Toni drummed on the table, and Joe hastily lit a cigarette.

"Yes," Roberts said, "it came today, an' in all this writin' nothin' except mackerel's protected."

Toni and Joe looked startled, then worried.

Toni relaxed. "Mackerel's still runnin'," he said brightening. "What's the price? Is it fair? We're goin' seinin', ain't we?"

"What'd Dunlop say?" Joe wanted to know.

Frank's goin' to equip the *Nancy* right away to test the law, he says."

"Skipper, what's the price?" Toni persisted anxiously.

"Three cents a pound, but seiners're limited to twenty thousand pounds."

"Twenty thousand pounds! Hell, that ain't so good."

"But three cents! That's fair," Toni said. "Three cents is all right, ain't it, skipper?"

"We'll make expenses at that price."

"That's all I wanted to know," Toni rejoiced. "It'll be great to feel a heavin' deck! No more stink, an' slime, an' blood-poisonin' at thirty cents an hour."

The word spread. All the mackerel-seiners, who had been waiting their chance to go to sea again, went to work with new hope. Those who had vessels, which had not been beached for lack of serious repair, reclaimed the wharves from the gulls and sandpipers to prepare their nets and gear.

Toni breathed deeply of the heavy fumes of hot tar and copper-paint that were strong in the air. "These 're the right kind of smells," he shouted.

On the first day of the operation of the law, Captain Roberts put to sea and, on a moonless night, the *Nancy* was booming along at nine knots an hour, market-fishing into Boston.

About four o'clock in the morning, she sailed into the seine-grounds, shifted to locate the mackerel run, and laid to to pick up the fish.

The next morning the sea was too rough for fishing, but, except for these intervals of waiting, the seine-crew worked night and day. One morning at five o'clock they had reached their limit as set by the law.

"Swing her off. We'll make market this afternoon," Roberts shouted.

Although they docked early in the race to market, around them other boats of the fishing fleet were beginning to hoist out fish to be pitched into dealers' trucks. A buyer approached the *Nancy* and hailed Roberts who jumped to the wharf.

"Hello, Captain Roberts. I see you're carrying sail again. Good catch?" Miller said as they shook hands.

"Got what the law allows. What you offerin'?"

"Three cents."

"That'll be bottom price, Miller," rumbled Roberts.

He jumped aboard the *Nancy.* "Hoist 'em up," he ordered.

The men crowded around him. "What's the price, skipper?"

Toni's eyes were fixed on Roberts' face.

"Three cents."

Toni swung around to the men. "We're satisfied, ain't we?"

"Sure."

"Up they go."

The seine-crew hoisted the fish until five thousand pounds were on the wharf. Then, Miller strolled over.

"Skipper," he said, "these're nice looking mackerel. Let's see what the rest look like."

Miller jumped aboard and carefully examined the contents of the hold.

"All alike, Miller," insisted Roberts. "All taken in the same haul. You can't say these ain't the same quality as what's on the wharf."

Miller's mouth twisted in a one-sided smile. "Well, this is what we'll do, Roberts. We'll give you the three cents a pound for the balance of the haul, if you'll heave in that five thousand pounds on the wharf free of charge."

"Christ, man, you're crazy! We give you five thousand pounds to take the balance at three cents? Ain't you seen the law?"

He whipped a sheaf of papers from his pocket and hurriedly ruffled through them. "The law says three cents a pound. It don't say nothin' about presents."

Roberts was roaring with anger.

Miller's eyes took on a nervous squint and roved past the skipper to the wharf. "I've read the law. It says three cents a pound, all right, but it don't say how many pounds."

"Twenty thousand pounds," roared Roberts. "Seiners 're limited to twenty thousand pounds."

"Right. You're limited to twenty thousand pounds, but the law don't say the dealers should buy the whole twenty thousand at three cents."

Roberts stood there, the sheaf of papers in his hand, staring at the man's sullen face. Miller returned his look for a second before walking away from him along the deck toward the wharf.

The skipper strode after him. "So that's it!" he snapped. You buy fifteen thousand pounds at three cents, an' get twenty thousand at two and a quarter."

"That's it," Miller returned calmly over his shoulder.

"Cut it out, Miller," Roberts roared. "We don't make expenses at less than three cents."

"Can't help that," Miller said. He jumped to the wharf. "Take it or leave it, and if you leave it you'll do no better."

"Skipper, I'll check up," Toni offered tensely and followed Miller to question the other dealers.

He was back in a few minutes.

"A bunch of robbers, I call 'em," he raged. "Five thousand pounds tribute! New York wants the same." He made a gesture of despair. "What'll we do?"

"What's the price at New Bedford? Anybody know?" Roberts boomed.

"Nobody here's been there,'" said Toni. "Not since the law."

"I'll call 'em up," Roberts said.

He went into one of the offices on the wharf.

"We don't come under the law," he was told. "We split and salt mackerel. We don't can it. The price is two cents."

"It's sell here," he said to the crew, "or dump 'em at sea. Two cents at New Bedford, an' the other small ports 'll follow. Might as well give 'em the five thousand pounds."

There was nothing else to do. The seine-crew hoisted the balance of the haul, and it was driven away in the dealer's truck.

The *Nancy* untied and they set their course for home.

Toni and Joe stood with their forearms propped on the dory-gunnel. Toni wanted to drop his head on his arms. There was a sinking feeling in his stomach that made him want to vomit.

"Damn buyers! They might as well shoot across the bow an' take our cargo. We ain't got a chance."

"They're proper pirates," Joe said. "What we got to have to live on, an' what the law says we oughta have, is the same thing, but that ain't got nothin' to do with it."

"A law that ain't air-tight's no good for them felluhs. But I reckon the fish companies ain't goin' to see air-tight laws let loose."

"Reckon not," said Joe. Remember what the skipper said when he come back from Washin'ton."

"Yeah. We ain't got no money for lawyers."

When they had tied up at their home wharf, the crew cleaned up the *Nancy*, reefed the sails, and stowed away her gear. No one had much to say, but everyone knew. Even Roberts said good-night in a subdued tone and went off to report to Dunlop, who would throw up his hands.

Toni and Joe were the last to leave the schooner.

"What d'you say to a little taste of somethin' coolin?" Joe smiled. "Cheer you up."

"No—thanks, Joe." Toni's voice didn't seem to belong to him. It was so far away.

"So long, then."

Joe left him standing there in the road, staring off into space.

With a sudden movement, Toni jabbed his hands into his pockets and cursed bitterly, just as he did a week later in the cooling plant when the foreman spoke to him.

The offal sluices, the slimy floor, the brine, the bloody mess in the trough reeked in his nostrils. He split a fish and gutted it. The mucus-covered entrails dripped from his fingers into the barrel and slapped at the bottom. The foreman faced him, smiling broadly.

"What's become of them gloves, Ferrera?" he jeered.

Marriages Are Made in Heaven

By ANNA BLANCHE CUNNINGHAM

TO ALL THE neighborhood she was known as "Doña Teresa." She had been born in Madrid and she did not allow her friends to forget that fact, even in her poverty. Gray-haired, petite, she stepped across the earth-swept floor of her little house and picking up a black shawl, draped it carefully about her shapely head. A moment later she was making her way down the street toward the neighborhood grocery store.

The sun shone brightly on the rows of adobe houses that squatted close to the water's edge and lined the smelter district of the city where Doña Teresa lived. They faced a long, black wall of refuse that hugged the hillside and followed the river for several miles. Just across the river the brown peaks of Old Mexico rose starkly against the morning light.

Doña Teresa quickened her steps. The sun was getting high and the air uncomfortably warm. Already, cluttered back yards were gay with fresh-washed clothes, and children were playing noisily on the streets. A few women, fat and formless, sauntered along the walk, nodding to her in friendly fashion as they passed. Doña Teresa's superior lineage proved no barrier to their friendship.

"*Buenos dias,*" said the storekeeper politely, as she entered a musty, flat-roofed building. What will you have this morning?"

"A little chili, Señor Garcia," she answered, "and a bag of *frijoles. Frijoles* are the only thing cheap these days." Her laugh was cheerful.

Señor Garcia motioned her to a box beside the counter.

"No need to stand," he said kindly. "You do not look so strong, Doña Teresa."

"No," she answered with an audible sigh. "In the old days when I was in Madrid—"

But he was out of hearing and she climbed onto the box, her sentence unfinished.

"How is the *señor?*" the storekeeper inquired, coming nearer to weigh out the beans.

"Ah, Papa, he is not good, not good, Señor Garcia. More and more he forgets. Señor Garcia, he forgets even when we were married. Forty years ago it was, Señor Garcia."

"Is it so?" he asked respectfully. "And did you know, Doña Teresa, that Ramón and Maria are married already?"

"*Jesus! Es verdad?*" she exclaimed. "And by the priest, Señor?"

"No," he replied. "A civil marriage. A wedding costs money, Señora. It can be done without."

"No, no, *Señor.* That is very bad. Parents should save for the weddings of their children."

Señor Garcia handed her the two small packages of beans and chili.

"*Gracias,*" she murmured, and reaching her hand into her worn purse she took out two small coins and handed them to him.

"*Adios,*" he called, as she left the store, "*Adios, señor,*" she answered him.

At home she took off her black shawl, folded it carefully, and laid it away. It had been many years since she had bought a new one. Putting on a clean, checked apron, she took up her sewing and went into the back yard where a rocking chair stood in the wide block of shade made by the house.

Consuela and Josefina Hernandez, neighbor children, were playing under the fig tree and Doña Teresa smiled kindly at them as her needle flew back and forth. Presently a little, white-haired man stepped out of the house. He stood regarding her with a vacant expression on his wizened face.

"Ah, Papa," she said, "you have got up. And did you have a good sleep?"

Receiving no answer, she left her sewing and went into the kitchen, where she hastily warmed a dish of chili-seasoned beans and set it on the table. The little man had tottered into the house behind her. He drew up his chair to the table, tasted the food, and shoved it aside.

Doña Teresa went back to her work with an anxious expression on her face. Papa might die before—. But her thoughts were interrupted by the two children who were running toward the house.

"Look! Look what we found in the sand, all covered up. And inside it makes a noise."

One of them handed her a small tin box, its lid tied down securely with a strong cord. The contents made a clattering noise.

Doña Teresa's face flushed with anger as she snatched the box from the child's grimy hand.

"Naughty children," she cried. "You have been meddling. Go to your own *casas* at once. Go!"

Her usually soft voice was raised to a shrill pitch and the children, frightened, crept out of the yard.

A few minutes later Doña Teresa left her sewing and went to the fig tree, taking the box with her. The ground was sandy and there was a scooped-out place where the children had come upon their treasure. She stooped over and made a deep hole where she placed the box, carefully covering it with earth. When she had finished, a little mound remained, scarcely noticeable.

On the other side of the yard, near the shed, was a growth of cactus, interspersed here and there with Spanish dagger and long, drooping branches of ocotilla. She dug up a few of the smaller plants and put them in the ground near the mound where the box was buried. When she had finished her hands were smarting from pricks.

"Cactus needles are sometimes useful," she reflected. "The children will not meddle now with the box."

She was more weary than usual that evening as she lighted the oil lamp and set the table for the evening meal. Her preparations were barely completed when the door opened and a pretty, dark-eyed girl entered the room.

"You are late tonight, my child," Doña Teresa said, a trifle severely. "It is not well for girls to be late coming home from their work."

"But, *Abuela,* dear," answered the girl, "it is very far up town and the street cars as so slow. And see, Grandmother, is it not pretty?" She held a dainty lace collar against her slim, brown throat. "There was a sale today. It is a bargain, *Abuela.* Only thirty-five cents."

"Ah, Margarita, will you never stop spending the money. What good is it that you stay working at the store all day when you spend all you make? And your poor grandmother, do you not think of her, sewing all the time for her richer friends?"

"*Abuela, Abuela,* I do think of you," cried Margarita, flinging her arms around her grandmother's neck. "But the collar—it was so pretty, and a bargain."

There was a sob in Margarita's voice and Doña Teresa's chidings turned to words of comfort.

Later, the evening meal completed, Margarita donned the pretty new collar and besought her grandmother's permission to go to the movie theater only a few blocks down the street.

Doña Teresa gave a reluctant consent. She always fretted when Margarita left the house. "Young people are not as they once were," she complained to Papa. "In Spain, when I was young—"

Papa, dozing in his chair, opened his eyes and solemnly nodded, almost as if he understood.

Two months passed. The warm, enervating air of summer had given place to the sharp, bracing breezes of autumn. Margarita had gone out again for the evening. Juan Hernandez came almost every night now and the two went out together, sometimes to the movies, sometimes to

the neighboring dance hall; but more often, because pennies were scarce, they went for a leisurely stroll down the crooked little streets of the outlying district. Tonight Doña Teresa had grumbled more than usual when her permission was asked, but she had at last given a grudging consent. "One is young only once," she had remarked to Papa, apologetically.

Papa dozed in his chair for a time and then toddled off to bed. Doña Teresa had taken out her needlework. She was making a scarf for Señora Garcia. Now and then she stopped to hold it out at arm's length while she admired its silken sheen.

If only she could have one for Margarita, she lamented to herself. But the money. Ah, that was the difficulty.

Sighing she folded the scarf and put it away. Throwing a shawl over her head, she stepped to the door, opened it, and went outside.

The night was clear with myriads of stars. Doña Teresa walked cautiously to the shed, picked up a garden trowel, and hurried over to the fig tree where she had buried the box two months before.

She could not avoid a nervous glance about the yard. Shadows dappled the white, moonlit ground. Beneath the fig tree there was discernible only a black patch of mystery. Even the tall yucca, yonder in the corner, seemed a ghostly sentinel, watching her every movement.

With an effort she conquered her momentary fears, and, stooping over, began digging in the sand. A moment later she struck something hard. It was the box. With eager, trembling fingers, she untied the cord and raised the lid.

For a half second she allowed her eyes to rest greedily on the nickles and dimes and quarters which more than half filled the container. Then she set the box down, reached into the inside pocket of her dress and pulled out a handful of small change. There was another handful. Five dollars in all.

She dropped the money into the box and hastily covered it up. Forty dollars that box contained! A large sum. But then, she had spent the greater part of a lifetime accumulating it.

"It is enough," she told herself. "I shall begin my preparations at once." So long, so long a time it had taken to get that money!

Suddenly the back door of the house opened and she heard her granddaughter's voice calling, "*Abuela, Abuela,* where are you?"

Startled, Doña Teresa hurried in.

Juan Hernandez was standing with his arm around Margarita. The two looked excited and happy.

"Grandmother, see the ring! Is it not beautiful? Fifty dollars it cost Juan. And, *Abuela,* we are married already. It happened tonight. Kiss me, *Abuela,* and say you are glad."

Doña Tersea's tiny form seemed to shrivel as she let herself down on the nearest chair.

"And not by the priest?" she asked faintly.

"No, *Abuela,*" Margarita replied, in a trembling voice. "It was by the law. We will save for a wedding. We have begun already. Look, *Abuela.*" She held out a five dollar bill to her grandmother to see. "We will put it away at once."

Doña Teresa gave no heed to her words. Her face was white with anger and her eyes showed fire, even in that dim light. "It is a wicked thing you have done," she cried. "I shall punish you as you deserve."

She glanced significantly at a long whip hanging against the wall.

Margarita screamed with terror. Doña Teresa had never used the whip, but her granddaughter had many friends who had felt the sting of the lash for offences less grave than hers.

"Ramón and Maria were married by the law," Margarita defended.

In the morning she went about her duties in an abstracted fashion. Two or three times she started out to the fig tree. But she did not go. No—the money—her purpose. Had she not promised Father Jaramillo, that day in the little chapel, many years ago? Margarita was young. Perhaps she and Juan could save enough money. But she shook her head at the thought. She knew too well the futility of such a plan.

For days and nights she wrestled with the problem. At last, one evening while Margarita was doing the supper dishes, she walked resolutely out to the fig tree. When she came back she was carrying the little tin box.

"See, Margarita," she said, "you shall have a wedding."

Her hand trembled ever so little as she opened the lid and set the box on her granddaughter's little dressing table.

"Dear, dear *Abuela,*" cried Margarita joyfully. "Shall I really have a wedding, and invite my friends, and have a gown and all?"

"Yes, my child, you shall have a veil, flowers, everything."

The following days were filled with busy preparations. At the end of each week Juan put by what savings he could out of his meagre earnings, but Doña Teresa was obliged to bear most of the financial burden. Early and late she planned and worked, and in the hurry and bustle of preparation her troubles were forgotten. She even sang snatches of old songs as with deft fingers she fashioned the beautiful folds of white satin into a wedding gown for Margarita.

The appointed day came at last. There was Margarita's filmy white veil, the bouquet of roses, the service at the church, the feast, to which the neighbors were all invited. Doña Teresa's house being too small, the neighborhood dance hall was secured for the occasion. The long tables were weighted with delicacies. Dancing followed the feast and continued until late in the night. Not a single detail was lacking that rightly belonged to the occasion. Whatever of sorrow and hardship Margarita might be facing, she

"And an evil thing it was to do," Doña Teresa retorted.

But her quick anger had already receded and grief was taking its place. She pressed her little blue-veined hands to her temples and moaned aloud.

"My granddaughter, my own granddaughter, not married by the priest!"

Margarita drew a little closer to Juan. For a time there was silence in the room, broken only by the heart-broken sobs of Doña Teresa. At last, summoning all her dignity, she looked up to say, "It is not fitting that Doña Teresa's granddaughter should be married with no priest to say a blessing. Dear child, marriages are made in Heaven."

There were happy tears in Margarita's eyes when at last her grandmother gave her a kiss of forgiveness and kindly patted the arm of her new grandson.

"We must manage somehow," Doña Teresa murmured, as the young couple left the room.

Through the long, weary hours of the night she lay thinking, thinking, thinking. Margarita's marriage must be solemnized by a priest. There must be the service at the church, a wedding—everything must be seemly. But the money. Where could she get it? Juan could help very little, she knew. There was the little tin box; but the good Lord knew how many years she had struggled and saved to get that forty dollars. And for a purpose, a very special purpose.

There in the darkness she went over again those years of her girlhood in Spain, and later in Mexico. There had been money enough for comfort in those days, before the wars had eaten it up.

It was in the States she had met Papa. Poor Papa! He had been kind to her, but always there had been the bitter struggle with poverty. Births, deaths, funerals, they had taken all the money. Then had come Papa's illness and its subsequent disaster. That forty dollars—she must hold on to it. But Margarita—

would always remember this day with pride and satisfaction.

But when it was all over and life had settled down to its monotonous round of duties, Doña Teresa's face was clouded once more. Her usually light step lagged and even her sewing made her nervous and weary. One evening Margarita found her sitting alone in her little dark bedroom. She knelt down at her feet and laid her head in her grandmother's lap.

"*Abuela,* why are you not happy? Was not the wedding very beautiful?"

"Yes, child, very beautiful."

"Then why—?"

Doña Teresa laid her hand fondly on the girl's head.

"There is something I must say, Margarita. I have many years and death may come soon. One should not live a lie."

"*Abuela,* I do not understand."

Doña Teresa gave no heed to the interruption.

"Margarita, your grandmother is not married. By the law—yes. But that is no marriage. Marriages are made in Heaven."

Margarita's eyes showed only wide-eyed wonder as her grandmother told her story.

"Papa and I were very poor, and so we were married by the law. But we were going to go as soon as possible to the church. Many times we had the money. But children came and died, and then there were the funerals. Always we began over again. At last Papa got the sickness and after that he could no longer remember. Then your mother must marry, and now you. I have not many years, Margarita; there will not be time to start again."

Margarita gave a short cry. "*Abuela,* I did not know!"

"It is best so, Margarita. I shall pray to the blessed Madre Maria. She will understand."

It was a week later. Doña Teresa had been sewing. She had just finished the beautiful scarf for Señora

Garcia, and had laid it away in a box, when Margarita burst into the room.

"See, see!" she cried, running up to her grandmother and dropping a roll of bills into her hands. "Forty dollars —for your wedding."

Doña Teresa's voice trembled.

"Margarita, child, where—?"

"My engagement ring. We sold it. I have no need of it now. The money is for you. It is to pay back."

"Ah, *mi propia nieta,* you should not have done it." Tears filled her eyes but her face was shining. "May the saints in Heaven bless you."

Within a month another marriage was solemnized in the little church near the smelter. The tall candles burned brightly on the altar and the pews were filled with friends and neighbors. The bride wore a veil and carried flowers in her small, blue-veined hands. Doña Teresa and Papa were celebrating their nuptials at last. But Papa did not understand.

Paradox

By ROBERT DARK

Around the corner we met a tardy spring
Ruthlessly flinging emeralds into a sky
As tired of such wanton display as those who find
It droll to hear remorse become a sigh.

This sudden resurrection does not possess
The lure which made the Grecian ode or Keats
Revered. For us it is sheer paradox—
Brief victories whose ultimate ends are defeats.

Darkness Torn Apart

By WILLIS JACOBS

NO SOUND. Something, he did not know what, awakened him. Silence in the early morning.

A vague uneasiness filled him. His mouth was dry, his hands sticky. Perhaps someone was in the house. He listened intently, stilling his breath so as not to awaken Martha in her bed near by.

His unrest grew. All was not well. Something was near. His palms were damp, his brow wet with inchoate emotion. His eyes ached. And he heard vague murmurings.

Above, on the wall as he stared, the lines on the paper moved, rearranged, marshalled themselves into a semblance. His tired mind struggled with the problem. What was that semblance. Suddenly he knew, and as he saw he uttered a cry.

He put his hand to his mouth weakly. Martha lay immobile. Her lips, which were always open all day, were open now, but soundless. Her gums were chalky. Strange, he thought, she sleeps with her eyes open, blank. He had never noticed that before. And her face was stained. He almost laughed nervously as he visioned her expression when she would look into the glass and see her soiled face. And the way she always fought with him when he was dirty!

Queer, though, how she lay there, eyes vacuous.

Then he knew, and his nerves burst. He laughed, he roared, he fell from his bed laughing.

He gasped for breath, aching eyes watering. Should he not— he paused, forgetting his thought in his wonder and delight. Should he not—this was it—call the police, or somebody. What was done when one woke to find his wife's skull beaten in?

But was she dead? Maybe she was shamming. That would be like Martha, arousing hopes in him only to laugh

at him. How did it go: To dash the cup from his lips. A good phrase.

He moved over to the bed and gazed down at her. She was dead all right. And it was blood all right. Her head crushed in. A good blow, a neat job, just as he would have done it, he told himself, if he had had nerve enough.

Whoever did it must have used a club or something, like that golf-stick of his Martha had thrown away yesterday. Why did she do that? She knew he liked the stick. He hadn't shown his anger—she always laughed at him when he was angry; he hadn't shown how much he hated her for doing things like that. Why did she always cross him so?

Yes, he must call the police. He walked slowly to the phone. The police: all over the house. Why should they come and track over the floors. And he'd get the blame from Martha for all the dirt. He always got the blame. Sometimes it shook him so . . . He was tired yet, in the early morning, and had forgotten for a moment.

He called up.

He was sitting down, thinking, thinking about many things, when the knock came.

He opened the door. "Who is it?" he asked.

"Police," said a tall man. "Police. Death, you said . . . murder . . ."

He remembered. "Yes," he said. "Yes. Upstairs; my wife, Martha, my wife, you know. Martha, my wife, Martha."

The policeman was looking at him strangely, his eyes all over him, his damp hands, his hot head. People all looked so strangely at him.

"Yes, Martha," he said eagerly. "Upstairs." They went up. The policeman spoke to a man who came to stand near by.

He looked wearily out of the open window, tired. His brow was warm, his thoughts tremulous. Tired.

A hand jostled him. It was the tall man. "I've asked you twice," he said sharply. "Did you touch her?"

"What?" he asked. The policeman's words were dim. He felt light, free enough to spring up softly, to fly, even like those busy birds out there.

The policeman spoke again slowly. "Did you touch her since you found her dead?"

"No," he said.

"Are you sure?"

He turned from the window. Why not fly to the sun?

"Did you say something?"

"Are you sure," the policeman said patiently, "that you never touched her?"

"Sure," she said. After reaching the sun he would turn to Paris. To Rangoon then, to Bokkara. Romantic names!

Somebody spoke into his ear. "I asked," the policeman said, "if you have any idea what weapon killed her. A club, it seems. Do you know?"

He thought deeply. Maybe he could see Rome and Lima and Cairo, too. He felt someone touch his arm.

"Do you know what weapon around here might have killed her?"

"Why yes, yes," he said. "Maybe they used my golf club. I found it last week on the road. Martha threw it out yesterday. But I went and got it when she wasn't looking and put it back into the closet there."

The policeman whispered something to the man near, who moved closer. The policeman opened the closet door.

"I put it on the top shelf," he said kindly. The policeman reached up.

How cool for his head it would be, what ease gliding through the air, floating there like the birds. And how cool, how cool.

The policeman grasped his arm. In his hand he held the club. There was blood and more on it.

". . . Your hands," the policeman said.

"What?"

"Look at your hands."

They were splotched red.

"Looks like blood," he laughed.

"It is," the policeman said.

He would not stay in the air all the time. It would be wearisome. Like now. Wearisome, a toothful word. His head was weary. It was hot. What was the tall man saying?

"Therefore, I arrest you: murder . . . wife; fingerprints . . . club. Don't know if . . . in your sleep: case for psychiatrists . . ."

The policeman turned to the man nearby and spoke, shaking his head. To fly all one has to do is leap: spread arms and be blown lightly to the sky. Like those busy little birds. Cool! No more pain, no more trouble with Martha when she woke, no more murmurs in the head; and far away from those lines on the ceiling above his bed, the blood-red Hangman's Noose.

Yes, he would visit the sun first. Then Paris, Rangoon, Bokkara.

He clambered on the sill.

Whispers

By EUGENIA POPE POOL

If I could read the whispers
Of this wind, that blows
So softly on my face,
Then I should know the thought
Of all the worlds
That circle through
Unmeasured space.

Los Paisanos

Saludo a todos los paisanos:

Generally, at this time of the year we begin to hear conversationally that "the sounds of spring are on winter's traces." But this year there has been such Swinburne talk all along. *Everybody* has talked weather, and the fact that we have had no winter; and everyone agrees that we have had no winter weather. Old-timers say "it is always like this," but the newcomers say that twenty years ago we had a winter similar in beauty. At any rate, in the Valley there have been long days of gold; in the Sandias a ski-world, and on the king's highway, much travel . . .

Frieda Lawrence claims that it was our weather which brought her down from her ranch home on San Cristobal Mountain. "The snow was heavy and the work hard." Mrs. Lawrence, vital and charming, told of the manuscript she is finishing. More time is being given to it than was to *Not I But the Wind;* therefore she believes it will be a better book. "Not the search for the perfect word or phrase in the manner of Flaubert?" "No, perfection in the manner of your American genius, Mark Twain. Ah! That man! . . . He was the one who could write . . ." The genuineness, the individuality of the woman whom D. H. Lawrence loved was revealed . . . Mabel Dodge Lujan and "Tony" have also been with us . . . Mrs. Lujan's approach to even general dinner conversation is decidedly on the negative side . . . Nothing was said to the very important person present, indicative of phenomenon . . . Not all the important people have come for weather purposes; some came for money; Madame Nijinsky to lecture about the modern dance as she twirled a large yellow handkerchief . . . One expected a glamorous person, but there she was, just a mildly attractive woman given to giggling, and some hard work we

imagine from the amount of time quoted as spent on research in the British Museum . . . Sinclair Lewis divided the town into the "dids" and didn'ts" . . . His attack on "The American Way of Life," which is going, according to Mr. Lewis via Dale Carnegie, was neither new, nor original . . . War on the "Inspirational Literature" has been raging all winter . . . Harry Hansen has been given the award for coining the best epithet of classification . . . He calls such writing "Bootstrap literature" . . . We don't have to worry here at home because "Jim Threlkeld of the New Mexico Book Store tells us that only people over thirty buy such type books . . . We are very, very proud of Dorothy and Nils Hogner . . . Their latest book, *Westward High, Low, and Dry,* text by Dorothy and illustrations by Nils is receiving an unusual amount of flattering publicity. The husband-wife-writer-artist combination is the most successful one we know of . . . The book deserves all the fine things that are being said about it . . . Charm, brains, and talent is a hard combination to beat . . . We are also very proud of Mary Wills, graduate of the University of New Mexico, now of the Yale Drama Department, because she designed the stage set for the department's production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest,* recently presented . . . Miss Wills has been commissioned to sketch the costumes for the annual ice carnival at New Haven . . . *Research,* the very fine graduate student publication of the University of New Mexico has entered its second year with Roland Dickey as editor . . . The volume, released recently by the University Press, contains three research articles: "Railroads in New Mexico," by Jonathan Van Arsdale: "Some Thoughts on Woodrow Wilson," by Jay Gentry: and "The Graciso in the Principal Dramas of Tirso de Molina," by Thomas B. Walsh . . . Governor Tingley had a recent article in *Hollands,* "The Magazine of the South," describing New Mexico "as a vast empire of tremendous resources and opportunities" . . . S. Omar Barker has a poem, "Tree Destiny," in the *Sidney Lanier Memorial Anthology* . . . Georgia O'Keefe's fourteenth annual exhibi-

tion of paintings recently opened in New York. Alfred Stieglitz, her husband, has published, as part of the catalog, eight letters written from Ghost Ranch, N. M., where Miss O'Keefe spends part of every summer, painting. According to critics the picture attracting the most attention is "Steer's Head," more extensively stylized than usual . . . Monica MacArthur Russell, who has just returned from a six months holiday in Europe had tea one day with the D. J. Hall's of Newbury, England . . . Mr. Hall is the author of *Perilous Sanctuary,* published last year. The setting of the story is in the Jemez country where the Halls spent some years; the plot centers around Penitente activities observed and learned while they were working with the Harvey Detours . . . The Newbury home is completely Indian in atmosphere, according to Monica, and she thought she was dreaming when she walked into such a place, "just a stone's throw out of London" . . . One of the most notable Caxton publications announced for spring is a book of poems, *Streams From the Source,* by Helen Mullins . . . More than a year ago, Miss Mullins was terribly injured in an automobile accident; she battled for life for months, and was sent west to recuperate through the efforts of such literary friends as: Louis Untermeyer, William Rose Benet, Michael Williams, Thorton Wilder, Harry Hansen, and Padraic Column . . . These admirers are sponsoring Miss Mullins new book which they maintain bears the mark of genius . . . Dr. Howard Raper has returned from a two-months visit in the East, during which time he conferred with his publishers in regard to his forthcoming book on the discovery of anesthesia . . . Interesting people met during the trip were: Hendrik Van Loon, Louis Adamic, George Seldes and, of course, his old friend, Kyle Crichton . . . Important publications for Spring are: *Boom Town,* by Jack O'Connor, which Knopf's are bringing out. The novel is a realistic one of the old West, the story of a "ghost town" . . . Dutton's have announced *Arizona Cowboys,* by Dane Coolidge; the book deals with the experiences of Mr. Cool-

idge in the same manner that his other book, *Texas Cowboys,* did; he rode the range as one of them . . . *Revolt on the Border,* Stanley Vestal's new book, will be published by Houghton Mifflin; it is the story of the Santa Fe Trail and of the dangers that lay at the end of it in the year of 1846, as well as the romance, drama, and fact which revolved around such lives as Bent, Kearney, and La Tules, queen of the gambling dens . . . The University of New Mexico Press will publish a notable volume honoring the seventieth anniversary of Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, pioneer archaeologist and educator. The book is a product of some thirty of his coworkers and friends from many lands and fields. A partial list of contributors are: Carl Sumner Knopf, A. V. Kidder, F. H. H. Roberts, H. B. Alexander, F. W. Hodge, Arthur Riggs, D. D. Brand, and many others; all of whom are outstanding scholars in the fields of art, religion, history, philosophy, and sociology.

Hasta la proxima vez,

JULIA KELEHER.

A Better Place

By MAX KAUFMAN

If every one could feel the harm
Of an evil mind and arm,
And make his faculties unfold
To meet the needs of young and old,
If the forces that men cede
Were not gobbled up by greed
But spread out until every one
Could share the good that has been done,
If deeds were truthfully recorded,
If guilt were punished and good rewarded,
If every eye would be alert
To avoid inflicting hurt,
If for every pain that's suffered
Reservoirs of balm were offered
By the whole united race,
The world would be a better place.

Smoke Talk

Regionalism in Dialectics

NEVER HAVING considered myself a regionalist writer, much less a "regionalist intellectual," I perceive that I also am a target for the scatter-charge which was fired by Messrs. Garaffolo and Kritch in the November QUARTERLY. As one of the attacked, it is my privilege to reply. I am one of these because: (1) I am not a native of New Mexico; (2) My means of subsistence originates elsewhere; (3 I live in an adobe house in Taos; (4) I am married to a painter; (5) I occasionally write a book; (6) I go to Indian dances and Spanish Fiestas whenever I can and share with all others of this group an appreciation of the landscape, of the special flavor of the people, of the charm of the villages, of the fascination of the Indians—and (7) the fact that not any of us intellectuals came here because we felt guilty about the capitalist system. We came because we can get more of the things we like for less money than in other places, and most of us are cheerful, if not actively mendacious, about its peculiar disadvantages. Perhaps some of us even like them, and hence we "chirp."

We are seldom rich, most of us are unheard of outside New Mexico, we have no power or influence, political, sociological, or regional, except as a little window-dressing (as the gentlemen suggest) and this occupation is not lucrative. A few of us possess an obscure glamor for tourists, who rarely set eyes on us, and to this extent we are an asset to our adopted state and contribute to its greatest industry.

However, we are charged specifically with certain things offensive to the authors besides those mentioned above.

We have no "program." Some of us feel that life may be innocent of all programs and still quite tolerable, leaving programs to those who enjoy them. Some of us have found programs designed for us by others so irritating that we

have none to inflict. And some of us have a program I infer to be near the hearts of the authors, although they have not said so. Possibly they do not understand these things when put in English and hence are not cautious about attacking friends.

We are charged with forming a "cultural front" for the exploitation of the native population, which we wish to keep in "communal poverty, superstition, ignorance, and filth." This accusation is false on its face and will not bear any examination whatever. But we have found that the native "way of life" antedates us by some three hundred years and is not subject to change, in the space of an article, through a definition of regionalism, however mistily rendered by Mr. Lewis Mumford and however juggled thereafter by the authors. If we are indeed the screen of dark predatory designs, perhaps the authors know how we can realize on this function, which has a profitable sound.

We are charged with being "not only keen students of classical political economy but well acquainted with Marx as well." In spite of this we refrain from doing something that the authors demand that we should. I quote: "There are social attitudes which accompany that type of regionalism which expresses a deep political fright. Primarily, this fear has been incorporated into hatred of the modern machine culture. A careful analysis of the politico-social implications of industrial development could be made by any number of these regionalist writers . . . But this seems to be intellectually taboo." As to Marx, most of us think highly of Groucho, Chico, and Harpo. As to the rest, it is "a constipation of ideas and a diarrhea of words."

As I lift off the scum of jargon to see what thoughts lie below, I find the argument suddenly gone off at an angle. The first part, I see, is based wholly on a piece labelled "Mabel Luhan's Slums," by Mr. Michael Gold, although the authors take it on faith that she has some. They present no idea not contained in Mr. Gold's little bit of fake fact-weaving, and drag up D. H. Lawrence in support, although he

has merely described the average feelings of any sensitive white man at an Indian dance. We are not told the feelings of Mr. Gold or those of the authors, if by chance they have "snobbishly" attended any. But then they quote Mr. Mumford on Regionalism, as referred to above, and this seems to shift the argument. We thought the authors were writing about us regionalist intellectuals here in New Mexico, but it seems they are writing about a group in the South whose ambition it is to halt the tide of "machine culture."

Hence, we are charged as follows: "For their ideological program they have leaned heavily on the writings of the Southern Agrarian-distributist movement, particularly as expressed in the Anthology *I'll Take My Stand*". I cannot reply to this in behalf of the rest of us, not having heard either the movement or the book mentioned either in Santa Fe or Taos. However, since we are finally charged with being Fascists, that must be the reason. Why are we Fascists? Because the group with the long name is so charged, and we are said to "lean heavily" on it.

All I know about the authors is what they reveal in this article, and the fact that they are students of sociology at the University of New Mexico. But, without naming any one, they have attributed aims, attitudes, motives, and ridiculous remarks to a vague group (which includes me). Now it's my turn.

They have not learned sociology, but something the name of which they are careful to avoid. It raises its head shyly between whole paragraphs of uncouth terminology. We are in doubt whether we are meant to notice, or if the authors hope they have by the tangled second-growth of their ideas and the brambled density of their language, led us off the scent. Perhaps we are meant to feel a "deep fright" at the stern, clean intention of the authors to unmask us. It's their turn to be unmasked.

It appears to shock them that a good acquaintance with Marx has not persuaded us regionalist intellectuals to contemplate our region through his lenses rather than through

our own eyes. It also appears that these aids to optical illusion sit upon the noses of Messrs. Garaffolo and Kritch, and have thus far prevented their seeing very much in New Mexico that is there, while fastened, hypnotized, on many things that are not. To assume that they know, cherish, and appraise justly the state that harbors them is to leave them, unshielded and exposed by their thick bifocals, as a pair of young, unsophisticated, but arrogant and disingenuous parrots.

MARINA WISTER,

New York, Feb. 2, 1938.

Wind Over Nevada

By KENNETH SPAULDING

The long wind broom wind
strong wind of Nevada

from jagged wall to
blue wall of distance
from ragged wall of east
to splintered wall of west
the clean wind broom wind
strong wind of Nevada
sweeps the azure atmosphere

on the brown snake track
purring black autos
are rocked in the fresh wind
sweeping over desert
and black clouds spat
from tails of the beetle
are washed by dried by
shimmering ozone

the long wind clean wind
broom wind of Nevada.

Book Reviews

Neighbor to the Sky—Gladys Hasty Carroll— Macmillan.—$2.50.

A chance for the college professor to see himself as others see him. Few professors will miss reading "Neighbor to the Sky." The book is the story of a sturdy, most capable, son of Maine, (a carpenter), who marries a graduate of a normal school. She "works his way through college" (well, at any rate he would not have done it except for her), and he gets told that he has capability as a teacher. He does graduate work almost to the Ph.D. (which he gets later), and is successful in getting a position in a university (college of education), and they have a child.

The following quotations give a glimpse of the author's picture of the spirit of the university: "The way for a professor was to work. In his office, busy at his desk, he was always right, and so most men labored continually. One might prove to be stupid, pedestrian, careless, and win forgiveness; the grave sin was to be idle." "A professor might play golf if he could prove by the quality of his production that the open air increased his vitality and so his output." Production was a fetish. Teaching is regarded as a necessary evil (and yet not so necessary, for professors cut classes and failed to keep conferences with students). A staff of fifty does research on, "The correlation between musical ability and emotional instability, the constancy of the I. Q. in feeble minded children, the value of ability grouping, the reading interests of high school students, the influence of socio-economic status upon appreciation of art, the effect of sex upon achievement in history." The dean lives night and day with his white rats. The dean's executive officer takes all credit for each one's research. Faculty women are supposed to do nothing but help their husbands turn out more publications. A lot of social pressure among faculty wives and no small amount of "keeping up with the Jones!" More than a little cattiness. The hero's wife falls

into the mold of it all. She thinks it is all the right thing. She is getting run down physically and emotionally.

A little double crossing by a superior officer. A suicide. The hero of the book had previously shown that what the superior intended to do was unfair, before he did it. The superior says, "Loyalty is a great thing when it does one no harm, as in this case, but as time goes on you may find it wise to do your own thinking." He meant, "you may think it wise to think as your executive thinks and act accordingly, raising no questions." Late that night the hero tells his wife that they are going back to Maine where he will be a carpenter or an architect, and as he returns from the mail box into which he has just dropped a letter resigning his position, and sees lights in the studies of colleagues all around, he says, "Still at it, and some of you like it. Some of you know how to make something of it, and that is fine. But for the rest of you, . . . and that goes for the most of you, too bad you never learned a trade."

JOHN D. CLARK.

University of New Mexico
Albuquerque

Indians of the Rio Grande Valley—Adolph Bandelier and Edgar L. Hewett—The University of New Mexico Press, 1937—$3.50.

The second of Dr. Hewett's Handbooks of Archaeological History, recently published by the University of New Mexico Press, gives to the layman and non-technical students of the American Indian another inviting gateway to the pursuit of accurate knowledge in this entrancing field.

Those who have studied under Dr. Hewett, or who have followed his writings, are well acquainted with the emphasis he places upon the study of the living Indian as the best approach to the understanding of their pre-historic ancestors. This study of the living Indians of the Southwest has been going on ever since white men first pene-

trated the region, to find terraced communal houses dotting the valley of the Rio Grande.

Spanish explorers and colonizers began to record their impressions of the Pueblo peoples in the sixteenth century, and half of *Indians of the Rio Grande Valley* is given over to this exceedingly interesting documentary history. This portion represents principally the work of Bandelier. The remainder of the book gives a general background for the understanding of the present-day Pueblo, and the traditions which he preserves in his way of life. This portion, written by Dr. Hewett, includes a brilliant discussion of the place of the Indian in American culture history, a description of the various phases of the Pueblo culture, and a summary of the present distribution of the several Pueblo linguistic stocks.

The volume is the fruition of a great many years spent by two thorough scholars among the people whom they interpret. Bandelier arrived in New Mexico in 1880 and began his studies, first at the ruin of Pecos, and later at Cochiti pueblo. Until his death, in 1914, he followed this study, both among the Indians and among the records and archives in Mexico and Spain. As a result his publications have become essential source material for students today.

Dr. Hewett has spent forty years in New Mexico, studying the Indians as did Bandelier; by slowly absorbing their viewpoint, getting from the people themselves, bit by bit, the attitudes and beliefs which make up their life philosophy. In combining his own contributions with those of Bandelier, Dr. Hewett has followed his unerring sense of the fitness of things. The result is good reading for the amateur archaeologist, and indispensible material for the serious student in the field.

Artistically printed and well bound, the book is a credit to the University Press. It is illustrated by good photographs and color drawings, the latter by the late Mrs. Eva S. Fenyes.

PAUL WALTER, JR.

University of New Mexico, Albuquerque.

Westward, High, Low, and Dry—Dorothy Childs Hogner—Illustrations by Nils Hogner—E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc.—$3.50.

Like a series of intimate personal letters, *Westward, High, Low, and Dry,* the new book by Dorothy Childs Hogner, recounts with charming frankness the experiences of herself and her artist husband, Nils Hogner, illustrator of the book, on an overland trip from the snowbanks of New England to the Yuma Desert. These two practical travelers load their roadster with the equipment of writer and artist, as well as with necessities for making camp, and turn away from the realities of a New England winter to the realities of the Great American Desert, or deserts, for she includes the Dust Bowl as well as the ancient deserts of the Southwest, and remembers too the places she calls semi-deserts in Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, and California.

A sense of humor enlivens the accounts of car troubles, black blizzards, news from "back home," sleep under the stars "on the ground in snake country," "supper without salt," human fears of snakes and desert skunks, camp practices,—practical and otherwise, and strange objetcs on the horizon at night. Historical allusions, though incidental and brief, are accurate and useful in aiding the reader to understand Americas' heritage from plains, deserts, and mountains of the great Southwest.

By apt phrases, but without tedious descriptions, scenes unfold before the mind's eye: great plains and high mountains, small towns, signs that fool no one about cafes and camps, and signs that do, vegetation and lack of it, fenced and open lands. Interesting characters come to life: fellow tourists, operators of tourists camps, service stations, and drug stores, padres, Mexican laborers, Indians, ranchers, prospectors, members of the Geological Survey, Park Service guides, traders, pioneers, soldiers, and farmers. Scenes unfold and characters develop with an abundance of information—botanical, geologic, archaeological historical, geographical, practical, and human. Though it is a travel story, fifteen thousand miles of it, the travelers remained faith-

ful to their original objective, to see little-traveled parts of the Southwest and to get an appreciation of early times. Well-traveled places came only incidentally into the route and are recorded in the book in the same manner. Only by getting far enough off the beaten paths of modern civilization into the silences of a vast desert to experience some of the hardships of the men and the women who come to life in this book could the authors secure a true appreciation of the fact that nothing great ever has been accomplished in the desert without labor and sacrifice.

"Sand hills," writes Mrs. Hogner, "are to the American Desert what islands are to the sea." Absolute silences exist only where there are not even insects to break the stillness. What is a desert? Why are deserts valuable to the nation? What methods of reclamation are possible? What happens when a cactus spine gets into the skin? What are the distinguishing characteristics of different cacti to the traveler? What forests exist in the desert? Friendliness has long been spoken of as the mark of the spirit of the Great West. Why? What industries and what commercial problems exist in the desert? Have all the yarns been told? Answers begin to formulate in the mind of the reader of this book which is so conveniently told in short chapters like friendly letters of normal length. The twenty-two illustrations by Nils Hogner are effective as works of art and integral parts of the book. Topics of the short chapters are inviting and apt, and the book is carefully indexed for reference.

BARBARA E. PHILLIPS.

Albuquerque.

I Hear America Singing—Ruth A. Barnes—Winston—$2.

Here in *I Hear America Singing* is a volume of folk poetry, folk songs meant to be sung, which will capture the imagination of boys and girls.

Collected by Ruth A. Barnes, and selected by her from many publications from the works of many of America's rhymers, these songs deal with America and the life of our now nearly dead heroic past, of frontier times, of the westward march of empire, of gold-seeking, homesteading, and sailing the American seas, or on the man-made American canals. Southern songs, too, are included, and songs of mountaineers and of men and women all over the country.

The volume is interesting by virtue of the folk songs it includes, and those it excludes.

There are none, for instance, of that group of folk ballads which grew out of the Civil War, of which

> "Say, darkies, have you seen the massa
> Wid the moustache on his face?
> Went down the road sometime dis mornin'
> Like he's gwine to leave the place."

is typical. Ballads reciting the story of freedom as it came to the slaves on the plantations.

Nor, indeed, is included that well-known midwest frontier song, "Ol' Dan Tucker."

In addition, one feels the volume would have profited by the exclusion of original poems by well-known authors, and by the inclusion of the music for the other songs.

The older, simpler way of song, which is the way of all folk poetry, would lend much to this collection.

However, the stories here told in verse are similar in character to the old English ballads and will appeal to young America, and cause his interest in and love for his own country to bourgeon.

Carl Van Doren, in his foreword, expresses the purpose of the volume, one which it is well prepared to achieve:

"Boys find in these poems something that enlarges the narrow world in which most of them have to live. That is what folk poetry is for: to keep alive the memory of heroic men and their deeds and to offer them as examples to later men, particularly when they are boys. Then or never they learn to want to be generous and brave."

Robert Lawson has drawn thirty-six illustrations, twenty-six of which are in two colors. Mr. Lawson, an etcher and sketcher of note and seriousness, is the illustrator of Munro Leaf's delightful "Ferdinand," which last year suddenly jumped into amazing but well-deserved popularity.

Albuquerque. IRENE FISHER.

Shakespeare's Plays—M. R. Ridley—Dutton and Co.—$2.50.

The author of this new book, *Shakespeare's Plays,* is a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and editor of *The New Temple Shakespeare.* He modestly calls his book, A Commentary. And so it is. Often, an inspired commentary. If, as Mr. Ridley writes, "the only thing that gives criticism any right to exist" is a "keener appreciation of the author criticized," then his criticism is entitled to a double life. Take my own case, for example. For years, I have been giving a course in Shakespeare; and, in that time, I believe I have read the greater part of what has appeared on Shakespeare; yet, I find new ideas set forth by Mr. Ridley, or else old ideas expressed with such force and felicity that they assume the guise of novelty, with the result that they are as stimulating as if they were being said for the first time. It is only a few days since I read this book; in that short time I have re-read three of the plays.

After four introductory chapters dedicated to Shakesperean criticism, on how to read Shakespeare, on his verse, and his theatre, illuminating chapters, all of them, the author takes up each play in turn, in what, following Chambers, he assumes to be the order in which the plays were written. Though I do not agree with his chronology, I am delighted with the rich variety he serves me. A brief illustration must suffice.

Speaking of "The Last Romances," he writes:

> Beaumont and Fletcher specialized in this type of play, but they were crude, if efficient workmen, and the wrench is often inartistically and

> painfully violent. In *A King And No King*, for example, we find that all the pother has been about nothing at all. Shakespeare was a much more skilful osteopath than Beaumont and Fletcher, and in his plays the wrench is a gentle one and conducted under the anaesthesia of lovely poetry.

Yes, like so many of the great English critics, this man Ridley can write. He is a dangerous man to read, however. If you don't know Shakespeare well, the book will almost force you to make his acquaintance; if you already love him, you will be induced to spend many more hours in getting to know him better. A stimulating book, this *Shakespeare's Plays.*

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.
University of New Mexico, Albuquerque.

Dry Guillotine—René Belbenoit—E. P. Dutton & Co., New York—$3.00.

On one side the jungle, fetid, rain-soaked, fever-ridden; on the other the sea, sullen, storm-wracked, and shark infested; and in between them a muddy stretch of hell, the French Guiana penal colony that René Belbenoit, No. 46,635, grimly labeled the "Dry Guillotine."

Since 1852, when the colony was first established, more than 56,000 men have been consigned to a living death in Guiana. Subject to terrific hardships, forced to work naked in the tropical jungle, eating only dry bread two days out of three, receiving months of solitary confinement for trivial infractions of the rules, these men were faced with only two alternatives, *escape or die.* Most of them died.

René Benbenoit is one of the few who escaped. Weighing only ninety pounds, toothless, weakened by scurvy, Belbenoit, with five companions, sailed a canoe from Saint Laurent to the island of Trinidad, spending fourteen days on the open sea with little food and almost no water. From Trinidad they went to Colombia where they were arrested and four of them sent back to the prison colony. Belbenoit, however escaped from the jail at Barranquilla and, penniless and without a passport, made his way up through Central

America and Mexico to the United States, carrying a manuscript containing an account of his twelve years in hell.

The story that Belbenoit tells is incredible. That human ingenuity could have created and consigned men to the perversion and filth of the penal colony animal existence is fantastic. Yet the colony does exist and Belbenoit did survive and escape.

Told with restrained passion, Belbenoit's story is a damning indictment of the penal system of France. Descriptions of murder in the Crimson Barrack on Isle Royale, of vicious homosexual perversion throughout the entire colony, of self mutilation resorted to in order to get into the comparative ease of the hospital, of the maddening monotony of the solitary confinement cells on Isle Saint Joseph, of cannibalism and greed and graft, make the reading of *Dry Guillotine* a sickening ordeal.

If you have a weak stomach or prefer your literature sugar coated, stay away from this book. But if you are not afraid of reality and your nose can stand the stink of French Guiana's rottenness, you may be a better person for having read it.

LYLE SAUNDERS.

Albuquerque.

The Tale of Bali—Vicki Baum—Country Life Press—December, 1937.

Vicki Baum, author of *Grand Hotel,* has written a book which will be compared to the *Good Earth.* This book, on account of its earthy flavor, its characters who lead a simple life, and the wide-spread interest in Bali, is destined to attain a wide circle of readers.

The author, while touring Bali, made the acquaintance of a Dutch physician who had thoroughly studied the natives. He willed to the author his numerous notes and diaries and from these Miss Baum wrote her book.

Early in the present century, the Dutch had not yet absorbed the southern portion of Bali, but had left the Rajahs in enjoyment of their ancient rights and customs except for certain restrictions imposed in treaties. The vio-

lation of these treaties brought upon the Rajahs the vengeance of the Dutch who put an end to the old feudal system.

The world thinks of the Balinese as proficient artists and dancers. The book presents Meru, the skilled carver who was blinded because he looked upon one of the Rajah's harem; Pak, the hard-working serf who paid the Rajah one-half of his crops, and rendered feudal services on demand—a man whose mind became befogged when confronted by a problem; Puglug, his homely, but patient, thrifty, and industrious wife, who bore two sons after the example of bearing male offspring was set by Sarna, wife number two; Raka, the marvelous dancer; his wife, Teragia, steeped in religious lore and primitive medicine; her father, the high caste Brahman priest, and Ilit the Rajah, a mystic and a smoker of opium.

The principal traits of the Balinese are a fair degree of industry in a land where living is easy of attainment, bondage to superstition, good manners, a slight tendency towards crimes of violence but much sexual irregularity, a serenity which prompted them to smile even when feeling pain, artistic genius to a high degree in costumes, decorations, and dancing.

The chief recreations for the men are gambling and cock fighting; for the women, gossip; and for both sexes, religious festivals, dances, cremations of ancestors, and betel chewing.

There are many startling passages in the book—the one which traces the onset of leprosy; the long dance given in honor of Dutch officials, described in detail, and continued until participants fell into a trance and stabbed themselves without feeling pain; the elaborate cremation of a Rajah in which three of his wives joined him in death; and the final stand against the Dutch army, in which the poorly armed Balinese went out to be slaughtered, and those who were not killed by the Dutch committed suicide.

The Balinese women, in general, are far superior to the men.

People living under a complicated, strenuous, nerve racking civilization will enjoy this book. This sort of writing serves the purpose in modern times of pastoral poetry to the Courts of Ptolemies and the Louis of France.

LYNN B. MITCHELL.

University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.

The Honeysuckle and the Bee—Sir John Squire—Dutton.

Sir John Squire was, for long years, one of the most influential editors in London, and a well-known belletrist. Now, looking back over a crowded life, he writes the first volume of what he calls a "prelude to a more chronological set of recollections."

It will be, I believe, more interesting to an Englishman than to an American, this leisurely record of a walking tour through parts of rural England. During this tour, he is reminded of events that had occurred in the past, or of people he had met. Some of this is quite entertaining; but, taken all in all, there is a little too much of Mr. Squire and not enough of his literary reminiscences. It is probably better to wait for the succeeding volumes and read them together, in order to get a true perspective on them.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.

Letters of a Young Diplomat—Herbert J. Hagerman—The Rydal Press, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Why is it that anything one reads of Russia in the last decades of the nineteenth century confirms an already previously formed impression that Russian life among the aristocracy was at once the most elegant and the most creative society in Europe? Communist Russia today may deny that it was truly creative, but despite the growth of proletarian literature, decades will pass in the communist

state before it will match an opera, a ballet, a drama, a novel, that mirrors the brilliant society reflected in such typical years at the court of the Czars as are shown in the letters of Herbert Hagerman, Second Secretary of the Embassy of the United States at St. Petersburg, and later governor of the state of New Mexico.

Here are richly detailed pictures of state ceremonial; the crimson coated attendants of the palace, the Magyar uniforms of fur, cloth of gold, jewels; the splendor of the Empress and the court ladies; the palace rooms and corridors covered with silks in blue and gold, one salon entirely in amber after a whim of Catherine II, and another notable room in lapis lazuli; the smoking room arrayed with arms, swords, daggers, spears, and the walking stick of Ivan the Terrible with its steel point that pinned to the floor a messenger's foot which brought bad news. These are the years of America's Spanish American War, and a valuable record these pages leave of the reaction in Europe, especially in Germany, to America's defeat of a major European power. It ruffled all more than it did the Spanish Ambassador, one Villagonzola, who spent the dire moments for his country at cafes where he purchased liberally of song and solace from the singers and entertainers.

How modern this journal sounds with its comment on wars and rumors of wars between Japan and Russia, with hostility to the army and its leaders in Germany, with distress through barriers to trade, and all of it a conflict of ideas in democracy, monarchy, dictatorship, and the restless surge of people fed show and superstition of one sort or another! "England is rather pleased just now because Russia is displeased . . . The Holy See seems to favor French Catholics over German ones . . . There never was a time when the eternal Jew question was of such far-reaching importance . . . You have no doubt followed the High-Low Church controversy in England . . . everywhere religion mixed with politics . . . I have been impressed with the continually increasing debt of the European nations . . . "It is

a picture of yesterday, but doesn't it sound strange—forty years ago! "The mere talk of an entente between England and the United States has had a tremendous effect in Europe . . ." The temptation is to go on quoting. There are even comments about the "territorial integrity" of China and our relation to it which sound like pertinent news of the day.

The Rydal Press was fortunate in acquiring such a fascinating manuscript to publish. It is not a personal document so far as the author is concerned, but Hagerman has done an unusually competent recording of his time in Russia and the Europe at the American Embassy's door. I predict the Santa Fe publishers will find this book one of their publications which runs out its edition and calls for reprinting. The book is beautifully printed. I've said that before about Rydal!

T. M. PEARCE.

University of New Mexico
Albuquerque.

I Hear America—Vernon Loggins—Crowell, New York, 1937—$2.50.

I Hear America is the popular title of a book, the nature of which is more accurately suggested by its second title: *Literature in the United States Since 1900.* For Professor Loggins, a Texan on the English faculty of Columbia, though possessed of an undoubted flair for style, is not the critic intent upon relating the adventures of his soul among masterpieces, but the scholar and the journalist who gives the reader a well-organized, fairly complete, and admirably vivid review of the writers of the last four decades. In treating "forty-four representative authors in their relation to twelve dominating world tendencies," he very happily combines the scholar's genius for the schematic, for symmetry of treatment, with the journalist's relish for the sensational, the irregular, and the unusual.

Believing that "sectionalism no longer counts," that literary form is in itself "unimportant," Mr. Loggins has mixed poets, novelists, and dramatists. Emily Dickinson goes arm in arm with Stephen Crane; Henry James is found with Robinson Jeffers; Jack London, with Carl Sandburg; Conrad Aiken, with Eugene O'Neill. And these classifications are made acceptable and plausible. In general, the book might be said to be unified according to various attitudes, held by the forty-four writers, towards pessimism, "the true temper" of the twenties. Mr. Loggins himself has a penchant for pessimism, which enables him to make clear its strength and its beauty. Secure in his own achievements, he gives much pleasure both to himself and to his reader in seeking out philosophical and poetical expressions of the futility of life and of thought. Authors are hailed for their radicalism, are esteemed for their eminence in despair; and at times some of the more constructive elements in recent American literature are omitted for the sake of unity and totality of effect.

The merit of any book arises just as much from what it leaves out as from what it includes. Accordingly, *I Hear America* gains greatly because Professor Loggins refuses to hear many of the non-entities of literature who have been elevated to absurd heights by our jingoistic critics. Yet it is hard to understand just why Ring Lardner is a more important figure in letters than Stephen Vincent Benét, or just why Fannie Hurst should deserve space in a book on American literature since 1900 rather than George Santayana. It is, perhaps, notable that almost half of Mr. Loggins' chosen representatives are sometimes journalists.

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH.

University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque, N. M.

Enemy Gods—Oliver La Farge—Houghton Mifflin, 1937.

The adjustment of youth to older established customs forms a conflict in every nation and every generation. When that is heightened by placing youth in schools of radically different philosophy, language, race, and temperament the problem of the returning student becomes, sometimes tragic, always dramatic.

In his latest novel, "Enemy Gods," Oliver La Farge presents the adjustment of a Navajo boy who returns to his people after having been trained in government schools since he was a frightened tot of six. His tribal name was Ashin Tso-n Bigé but a stupid enrolling clerk dubbed the child an incongruous "Myron Begay." Soon Myron meets other incongruous forces in the new life—water pumps, hard shoes and clothes, books, schedules, teachers, football. The good missionary, Mr. Butler, persuades Myron to take the Jesus Trail, with the added attraction of cookies. But the Jesus people were not a united family, like the Navajos. They were brothers who loved God but hated each other. Some were liars and hypocrites, sins impossible to a Navajo medicine man.

Navajo school girls entered Myron's adolescent life and dreams. Inspired by Ethel, he visioned the two of them graduating from college as superior educated beings ready to stamp out the superstition, dirt, and ignorance of the poor Navajos. But "Juniper" wove in and out of his life, the elemental woman whose standards of primitive integrity finally became Myron's goal.

In "Enemy Gods" we have Navajo life presented with as much truth and understanding as a man of another race can achieve. Until a Navajo can write his own story Oliver La Farge will remain the interpreter of these copper skinned people whose problems have enlisted his long interest as Columbia professor, ethnologist, and President of the national Indian Affairs Association.

"Enemy Gods" does not have the poetic beauty of "Laughing Boy," but it is a better, franker, deeper book

since it touches reality. In the passages of Indian ritual and mysticism, La Farge again soars into the high blue light of primitive imagery, showing it as the most powerful influence in tribal life.

Written from the inside with a stream-of-consciousness medium one follows closely the school boy's transformation. Only a writer who had lived intimately with these nomadic people could have recreated the minute details of their speech, food, customs, and viewpoint. Yet the book suffers for not offering a little more of the white man's objective observation. Those of us who know the Navajo desert will enjoy the glimpses of country, horses, and ceremonies, but I doubt that the mythical "Man on 42nd street" would have a clear picture of a hogan. Myron's character, however, is fully conceived and stands out against his environment and companions. La Farge appears to be so interested in the sand that he can't see the desert; so interested in his story, so eager to enlist sympathy for this "back to the blanket" problem, that he forgets that Navajos are as foreign as Tibetans to most Americans. However, it is mostly through these stimulating novels of Oliver La Farge that the reading public is becoming conscious of this Indian Nation within our nation.

RUTH A. LAUGHLIN.

Santa Fe.

COLLEGE BOOKS

In this section, the QUARTERLY inaugurates a discussion of the books published by university presses in this country. Faculty members of the University will contribute the reviews and college or university presses are notified of the space available for attention to their publications.

For address this time we select three volumes of criticism and investigation in the literature of the English Renaissance published by the Columbia University Press: *Wit and Rhetoric in the Renaissance,* by William G. Crane; *The Meaning of Spenser's Fairyland,* by Isabel E. Rathbone;

and *Pandora*, by John Soowthern, a facsimile reproduction with a bibliographical note by George B. Parks.

In 1921, Morris Kroll wrote a discriminating article on English prose style in *Studies in Philology*. He traced the development of the essay style as it won a fight for recognition against the more elaborate styles sanctioned by the rhetoricians. With the heightened consciousness of art in sixteenth century England, it was inevitable that a writing manner that was ostentatious should win many followers, and that writing techniques which could be copied should have the greatest vogue. Dr. Crane has made a resourceful analysis of the consciously patterned prose figures, the Latin verbal schemata, which distinguished the prose of such masters as Sidney and Lyly. Even letter writing was of the enforced manner of oratory. That weightiness of style did not cease to be the garnish prized by critics is apparent in the dictum pronounced upon Chaucer by Matthew Arnold —that he lacked an "accent" a "high and excellent seriousness." That Chaucer's characters don't pretend to sleep on the "mount of Pernaso" and love the colors of rhetoric less than "swiche colours as growen in the mede" puts them in the great tradition of art that mirrors life not the style book nor the treatise on rhetoric.

Spenser's Fairyland is a world of art and nature, the finished product of rhetoric mastered and unobtrusive, the servant of the springs of native poetry. In this ideal land the laws of gentility operate to make champions of holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, justice, and courtesy out of the very human clay at the court of Elizabeth and the frailties of the queen herself. In his "dark conceit" Spenser can set at large fairies both good and bad, and how boldly he speaks his mind about the "snowy Florimel," Elizabeth in her fickle and flirtatious moments with Leicester, Raleigh, and Essex. What a magic and stupendous land it is—and how few readers ever enter it! In my Spenser class we made maps of Fairlyland, with the dwellings of Duessa and Acrasia always to the north where lay the hopes and

designs of Mary Stuart; Cleopolis always near Westminster, and the course of the Blatant Beast all over the British Isles. We even charted the career of Mutability through the Ptolemaic spheres. Fairyland becomes as real that way as the fascinating search for it in earlier philosophy and romance.

Pandora is an exceedingly valuable reprint of a very rare set of odes and sonnets by a poet certainly as worthy to be known as Thomas Lord Vaux or Edward de Vere or many other makers now honored by memory in anthologies and histories of the time. In fact, Soowthern's verses frequently have in them the quality we've come most to prize in the handiwork of Elizabethan versifiers—sincerity, for it is altogether too rare an occurrence. Soowthern expresses our own snobbish opinion of poetry when he says amusingly that not "everie novice" can win the poet's laurel but

> . . . onlie the Poet well borne
> Must be he that goes to Parnassus:
> And not these companies of Asses,
> That have brought verse almost to scorne.

The book contains an epitaph by the Countess of Oxford written upon the death of her son. It is fine enough to rank her with that other woman poet and patroness of letters, the Countess of Pembroke, sister of Philip Sidney.

> Amphion's wife was turned to rocke. Oh
> How well I had been, had I had such adventure,
> For then I might again have been the Sepulcure,
> Of him that I bare in me, so long ago.

It is impossible to give at length the detail in the two books of research; even to discuss one chart such as the interesting "Genealogy of the Elfin Emperors" in Dr. Rathbone's book. All three of these books are volumes no university library can afford to be without or which can be lacking in the shelves of any investigator in these fields.

T. M. PEARCE.

University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.

Personally Speaking

IT IS THE monstrous simplicity of life that makes it appear confusing. It is its very blankness, huge, enigmatic, smothering, that makes us throw out our hands and despair. It is enigmatic because we seek what is not. That sky spreads and presses about us, covers all and crushes all in its night's heaviness. We cry to pierce it, and say "Enigma!" when we cannot. We are mocked, for there is nothing to pierce.

Facing his life of sorrow and desolation, shot with but passing gleams of happiness like a lanthorn athwart the night, man could easily go mad. It is wonderful that more of him do not. Madness is simple. How many men have clenched their fists after someone's death, to hold back a cry; how many men have looked with horror into the mirror of their thoughts to see the feeble, inept, feeble self! More than one can suspect, a drop of Heine humor, a pinch of Voltarian cynicism, a moeity of Paine idealism inhabits man. Were it not for those principles he would live otherwise on an earth which is slaughterhouse to both material body and vain hope.

The bravery of man is, nevertheless, sometimes truly colossal. To let go, and be mad, and be happy . . . He does not, save in small numbers; but instead plugs along on his job. Many of him are twisted from that thing we hardly should call living and contorted into merely sentient emotion by a hazy concept named beauty. A quenchless thirst for "knowledge" forever flags others. At some time, unexplained, a sudden rush of curiosity—we all know it—drives one until it is satisfied. But always when quiet comes, and solitude and thought, one sees a picture, and he will recognize it for Shakespeare's stage of life, but with a vengeful difference.

The world's a stage, he will agree, but what is his role upon it? Always it seems to him that the curtain is up and

the actors gesticulating upon it, but he stands distant in a wide, empty plain. It is not that he is above the others; it is that he seems unhinged from them, aside from them, and that he has to jump upwards and sidwards to be with them. And that world—with them—seems to him more truly the make-believe world, with its mummers waving their hands for effect, knowing as they wave that they but mock.

The man who dwells with the dark and the eery, even in the mere literary manner, often recognizes these emotions in himself and seeks to transliterate them. Some years ago Algernon Blackwood became master of the creepy story, and won a vague fame for it. He also wrote a strange little book, *The Promise of Air,* an incoherent symbol of binded life and hovering air. It was a forgotten book, and now it is republished by Dutton twenty-five years later in the hope that readers today are mystics again. Readers today again may wonder at the restlessness of the race, and its infinite patience. That may be true, but not today any more than yesterday, is man inclined to the softly tender, or, in other words, to the mushy. A book like this cannot sell. For though it has the infiniteness of G. K. Chesterton in his novels, it does not have his vigor. And it does have a platitudinousness all its own.

The kind of book that will sell today is a different kind. Freyda Stark's *Baghdad Sketches* is essentially a lesser book, but a more popular one. Factual about far cities, determined about far people, it always wins a number of readers. Factual books do, and that is good. We can see advertised alongside the Stark book one of a quieter tone, the brooding of an old man in revery. It is *The Wooden Spoon* by Wyn Griffith, a Welshman surely. The nationality is important here, for if the book is delightful and soft, full of dark pride and hate and resignation, it is a Welsh delight and softness it contains. It is a book to read, and quickly too, so short is it. Yet will it sell as well as its neighbor?

We are no longer young, the book cries,
. . . no longer young!
Our youth has slipped away; the years are hung
Where dismayed eyes can read, if they dare . . .

Placed beside a work like this, with its quietness carrying certainty, *Grass on the Mountain,* by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant, and *Sporting Print,* by G. March-Phillipps, and *Their Ships Were Broken,* by Constance Wright, inevitably shrunk, though each is a longer book. The first and the last of these too are adventurous, one in an artificial manufacturing town and the other on the high seas. The question of taste in books no doubt finally resolves itself into a question of the type of conflict a reader likes. It is that conflict which is essential to all stories. Perhaps it is man against man; it may be man against nature; or it may be, what some consider the best and truest of all, the conflict of man against himself. Such a book is *The Wooden Spoon,* and theerfore it must be judged the supreme of the group. The vigor of unquenchable youth dies, life reaches its climax, and heads down. It is well to know this, too.

WILLIS JACOBS.