Book Reviews

University of New Mexico Press
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THE MIDDLE ANT HEAP

Zuni Folk Tales—Frank Hamilton Cushing—Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

This is not a new book. Thirty years ago it was first printed. Now it comes from the press of Alfred A. Knopf, the same book in new and very attractive dress and carrying, in addition to the introduction by Major J. W. Powell, a second introduction by Mary Austin.

There are reasons for this second printing. From a very practical standpoint, the book was ahead of its time in 1901. Now the focus of attention has, to a large extent, turned to the field of folklore as found among our Southwestern Indians.

The thirty years, during which much has accumulated in the same field, has not detracted from its value, but has made it more apparent. It has been made more important to the ethnologist, the archaeologist, the writer, and he who reads for pleasure and instruction.

Since the book first appeared as a pioneer, there has been none to take its place or to equal it. Mary Austin says:

"There are still in our institutions of learning men to whom it will come as a surprise that the sole reason for reprinting now, after a complete lapse from public attention, Cushing's Zuni myths and tales, is that he is the only American who notably brought to bear on that field adequate literary understanding."

With the accuracy of the scientist, for such he was, and the license of an author, Cushing has been able to produce a volume that is thoroughly readable and enjoyable, entirely aside from its value as a source of rich information and a door to understanding of our Southwestern Indians.

The volume contains thirty-three folk tales. They are the group which center about the one central religious epic
of the village, last of the Seven Cities of Cibola. In them is religious significance, the rich tradition of the tribe and the artistry of generations of Pueblos who created stories for the enjoyment of their people. The longest tale in the book can be read in half an hour.

In the Indian imagination, all natural things are personified. The birds are enchanted people, the prairie dogs at unexpected moments break into rational human conversation, mountains themselves are but chained-up personalities which have played a part in the great drama of the universe. This world is surrounded in every direction, above and below by other worlds, the spirit worlds where these enchanted beings have their permanent abodes.

There is poetry in the whole conception. Old Zuñi is the Middle Ant Heap of the World. Thunder Mountain is the Olympus, where dwell the Twin Gods of War. In fact, the book, though prose, is characterized by the poetry of its subject matter.

Cushing died in 1900. He had been a frail youth and through that handicap had led a life in the woods. In spirit, he had become an Indian before he began his serious life work. When he came to New Mexico in 1879 with Major J. W. Powell on a scientific expedition, he asked and was granted leave to stay at Zuñi. There he spent five years living as one of the Indians. He won their confidence and their respect. They initiated him into their secrets and honored him with religious office. As has been true of so many of those who have contributed worthwhile information about our Indians, he studied them after he had learned to be one of them. That understanding is essential, and it cannot be gained quickly.

There is no doubt but that Cushing is authoritative. He has also the literary ability to interpret and tell what he has learned.
BURIED TREASURE

Coronado's Children—J. Frank Dobie—Southwest Press. 1930. $3.00.

An important and delightful contribution to the literature of the Southwest, and for that matter to New Mexicans, Coronado's Children is a collection from among the thousands of stories of buried treasures of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

The book is from the pen of a man well qualified to write it. Versed in the traditions of his own state, Texas, and a student of those of New Mexico and Arizona, Dobie also has the ability to see through the tales to the essentially human urge from which they spring.

Dobie is a member of the faculty of the University of Texas. He is a student of Spanish and Mexican archives, as well as of the American history of the Southwest. In this book he makes no pretense to historical accuracy beyond quoting in his notes the archives and sources from which the tales he writes had their starting point. For the most part, what he writes has been told him as it was told his teller—stories handed down from generation to generation in many cases.

Coronado's Children, for whom the book is named, is that host of men who, like Coronado, believed the stories they heard of buried gold and lost mines and succumbed to the lure of treasure seeking. That they exist even today in great numbers, those of us who live in New Mexico may well know. Such places as the Gran Quivira ruin, not far from Albuquerque, are pock-marked by the holes of those who have dug with the hope of unearthing chests filled with precious things. It will be recalled that at the last session of congress one man who claimed to have learned the secret of the fabled treasures of Gran Quivira applied to congress for permission to conduct a large expedition to the place. Hardly a session of congress passes without some such request being urged.
Dobie's book comprises 367 very readable pages. In fact, so enthralling is the romance which runs through them that few readers can put the book down once they have started it. In the book are nineteen chapters. Each of the first eighteen deals with a particular cluster of treasure stories coming from a single source, such as Jose Vaca, of Pecos, N. M.; or a group of tales and experiences clustering about a single original legend.

The last chapter is devoted to a discussion of the lore of treasure hunters, the signs and symbols used by those mythical early characters who planted the treasures. The introductory chapter, *In the Beginning*, is a philosophical discussion of the whole body of treasure myths, furnishing the only unity to the volume. A glossary of colloquialisms, mainly Mexican words and phrases, adds much to the book for those who have not acquainted themselves with the *nativos*, and excellent notes give sources of information where such sources are documentary.

Two of the chapters are primarily of interest in this state. One deals with the stories of Jose Vaca, of Pecos, who seemingly has spent a large part of his life in seeking the various mythical treasures in the neighborhood of that village. The other tells of the "lost mine" of the Guadalupe. There is also, in the introduction, the story of the search for the Seven Cities of Cibola, which ended in disillusionment at Zuñi.

The volume is illustrated with drawings by Ben Carlton Mead, of San Antonio, and with maps and charts from various sources. It is well printed and handsomely bound.

The book is not to be taken too seriously. It is very good entertainment and a valuable addition to the folklore of which the Southwest is beginning to become so conscious. The literary quality could be improved, and what passes for the manner of speech of the New Mexico natives is inaccurate and strained.

The importance for American business of the fact-finding activities of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce is unrealized, perhaps, by the average citizen or even by the business man himself. This bureau is perhaps better able to carry on such work than any other body in the country because of its expert personnel and its financial backing. Certainly it is able to carry on the work of business and economic research in a more adequate manner than can be done by most colleges and universities.

The present volume is one of the best of the bureau's publications. It embodies the results of one of a series of regional surveys conducted by the bureau and is intended to facilitate the distribution and marketing of commodities of the Pacific Southwest. The survey covers the states of Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, almost all of New Mexico, and portions of Idaho and Texas. The publication contains 650 pages of valuable information concerning the economic resources of this territory. After an introduction treating of the historical background, the work is divided into eleven chapters with the following titles: Physical Factors, Agriculture and Related Industries, Forest Resources, The Mineral Industries, Fisheries, Manufacturing, Recreational Resources, Population, Transportation, Primary Trade Areas, and Market Data.

There is much in the volume of special interest to the people of New Mexico. The value of agricultural products of New Mexico ranks fourth among the six states surveyed, with a value for the 1923-27 average of $51,653,000, surpassing Nevada and Arizona. Sheep and wool ranked first in value in the state; cattle, second; cotton, third; tame hay, fourth; corn, fifth; and the sorghums, sixth (pp. 85-86). There was in 1919, one-half million acres of land under ir-
irrigation, with a potential area available for irrigation of over a million more. (p. 99) California alone surpasses New Mexico in lumber cut, New Mexico having 140 million board feet annually. (p. 308) The value of the principal mineral resources of the state in 1927 was over $28,000,000, giving a ranking of fourth place. (p. 324) The value of manufactured products is very small in comparison with the other states, being somewhat under $14,000,000 in 1927. (p. 432).

Of special interest is the chapter on recreational resources. While, it is pointed out, tourist trade has its economic advantages to the Pacific Southwest, nevertheless, in many cases the individual tourist is an economic liability. Many families starting out from the East or Middle West to cast their fortunes in the "golden West" in a decrepit car and possessing little available cash often become stranded along the way and become burdens on local communities. "Caring for these stranded, destitute families is really a serious problem in many sections of the Pacific Southwest, and although much has been done to discourage those without surplus funds and no definite prospect of a job from coming west, the never-ending caravan continues." (p. 445) Interesting figures gathered from various traffic surveys show the magnitude of the tourist traffic.

Covering, as it does, a territory of great distances, many will find special interest in the chapter on transportation. In another chapter an attempt is made to distinguish primary trade areas within the region, an attempt in line with certain trends in modern business research.

Business men, bankers, teachers, and others will find this volume a valuable addition to their private libraries. It has a full table of contents, but, unfortunately, it lacks an index.

Vernon G. Sorrell.
SCIENCE AND REALITY

Science and the Unseen World, by Sir A. S. Eddington, F.R.S. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 2 shillings, 6 pence.

Sir Arthur Eddington is Plumian professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge. His little book, Science and the Unseen World, is the Swarthmore lecture, 1929. The preface says that the Swarthmore lectureship has a two-fold purpose: “First, to interpret further to the members of the Society of Friends their message and mission; and secondly, to bring before the public the spirit, the aims and the fundamental principles of the Friends.”

Everything from the pen of Eddington is lucid, illuminating, and original. The style is pleasant, racy, and humorous. As an exponent of Relativity Eddington has no equal; as a mathematical physicist, he is in the highest rank. In Science and the Unseen World, he speaks as a religious philosopher. Having outlined in a few pages the “scientific epic of the Creation,” he shows how the recent progress of science has killed the mechanistic theory. “We have traveled far from the standpoint which identifies the real with the concrete.” Not only time, but equally matter and all else that is in the physical world have been reduced to a shadowy symbolism.” The spiritual is more real than the physical and concrete. Physical science seeks to find reality but finds itself unable to reach beyond “symbolic description.” Its methods fail to “penetrate behind the symbolism.” On the other hand, “that mental and spiritual nature of ourselves, known in our minds by an intimate contact transcending the methods of physics, supplies just that interpretation of the symbols, which science is admittedly unable to give. It is just because we have a real and not merely a symbolic knowledge of our own nature that our nature seems so mysterious; we reject as inadequate that merely symbolic description which is good enough for dealing with chairs and
tables and physical agencies that affect us only by remote communication."

This little book of 55 small pages should be read three times. It should be read on the open mesa, where there is peace. "There is an hour of the Indian night, a little before the first glimmer of dawn, when the stars are unbelievably clear and close above, shining with radiance beyond our belief in this foggy land. The trees stand silent about one with a friendly presence. As yet there is no sound from awakening birds; but the whole world seems to be intent, alive, listening, eager. At such a moment the veil between the things that are seen and the things that are unseen becomes so thin as to interpose scarcely any barrier at all between the eternal beauty and truth and the soul which should comprehend them."

This lecture to Quakers is written by one of the most learned of scientists. The world has no thinker more "free" or more "modern." Is he a Quaker? The reader can hardly feel in doubt when Eddington says,"In its early days our Society owed much to a people who called themselves Seekers; they joined us in great numbers and were prominent in the spread of Quakerism. It is a name which must appeal strongly to the scientific temperament."

Another name for the spirit of seeking is "agnosticism." It was applied first to J. H. Huxley, who, like Eddington, was a great Christian and a great scientific seeker. Christ blessed the spirit of the agnostic seeker in the words: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you"; and for encouragement, when the seeking became too hard, Christ said that the Holy Spirit should "lead you unto all Truth."

But the word "agnostic" is in bad repute. One would rather be called "silly" than "agnostic." By the early Fathers, Christ was called "silly." To be "silly" is to be "selig" or "blessed."
In using words, one has to think of their association as well as their meaning. Incantations are dead but the fear of words remains. Words are clothed in incantations. To unfrock them would bring the "two-and-twenty jarring sects" to harmony.

At best, language is but a poor tool. Why do we handicap it with the useless frock of incantation? Fashion in the frocks of men is amusing; fashion in the frocks of words is tragic. Now and then—but it is very seldom—a word is pronounced differently according to its frock. In the East Riding of Yorkshire there are two ways of saying "God." The gods of the heathens are simply gods, but Jehovah and the God of the Christian world is "Gawd."

Often the language of the young man to his father, whom he respects and admires, has to be restricted and stilted for fear of using words whose frocks are ambiguous. Just a little of this handicap is detected in Science and the Unseen World.

F. M. DENTON.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD SPAIN.

The Star of Madrid, by George St. Clair. University of New Mexico Press. $1.00.

Recently it was my pleasure to read Dr. St. Clair's romantic drama, The Star of Madrid, and I think it is fortunate in theme and in setting for a college cast here in this historic Southwest. Someone has said, and I think not inappropriately, that New Mexico is a land of high places and high colors. In this drama the author has caught the color, romance, and poetry of the life in Spain during the time that the alluring Lope de Vega was living, loving, and writing his plays.

It is difficult to criticise or appraise a drama with any degree of fairness unless one has seen the production actu-
ally staged; difficult to visualize the costume designs as to line and color; difficult to speak intelligently of the settings without having actually seen them to determine whether they properly interpret the atmosphere of the play. However, even from the mere reading of Dr. St. Clair's play, The Star of Madrid, I can picture the opening scene very vividly and can capture the flavor of old Spain. 'Tis autumn, 'tis dusk, there's a hush when the blythe, romantic young Spanish cavalier, with sword and dagger, fervently greets a beautiful young woman, whose head and face are covered by a lace mantilla.

To his plays, Lope de Vega gave the general name of comedias, which should not be confused with our word comedies, for the two are not synonymous. His comedias were of several types; and his Star of Madrid is of the group called comedias de capa y espada, which he created. In these plays, the principal personages are nobles and the theme is usually a question of love and honor. In Dr. St. Clair's play, the author has caught the gravity, valor and courtesy of the true Castilian and in this new cape and sword play, love and honor are the chief dramatic motives.

The dialogue is for the most part, good, and in places it supplies a powerful emotional appeal. Lope de Vega, the old master, insisted upon appropriate diction, and Dr. St. Clair has rather faithfully carried out this virtue. His clown consistently talks like a clown, and his hero like a poet and a man of distinction. The dialogue in some few speeches of the hero is vivid, interesting, and colored with real emotion. There is too little humor in the lines, and had there been more, the dialogue generally would have had more charm and life. Yet, there is versimilitude and the choice rhetoric is not wasted upon simple, negligible scenes.

The minor characters are the average stock characters. The poorest of all, in my opinion, is Father Damiano, who seems to be devoid of life or dramatic appeal. Yet, moving and having life and being, among his sweethearts, rivals,
friends, admirers, and foes, is the talented and dashing hero, Lope de Vega, to whom Dr. St. Clair gives a keen sense of reality. Here we have emotion in action. We see in him a complex character—one in which are blended many rather conflicting emotions. He has rare intellectual gifts, a passionate temperament—which is typical of his country and clime—and he has an imperial presence and seductive address. He is a rare person, who seems to be an incarnation of the national spirit which throbs with life, movement, and emotion. It seems a trifle inconsistent that while a man is under the spell of a true and exalted love for a young, beautiful, and innocent girl, that he could so easily be intoxicated by the wiles of a common adventuress, that he could become so easily a relapsing, carnal sinner. Yet, Dr. St. Clair suggests in his interpretation that Lope was more weak than bad.

The plot is interesting in that it so truthfully follows the life of the hero, Lope de Vega, and at the same time develops the theme in a wholly original way. 'Tis the story of a thwarted lover, who having obtained fame, finds that life is empty without the love and companionship of some virtuous, true, and sympathetic woman. True, he has had many infatuations with sensual women, but he is not content with life and himself until, in the very zenith of his popularity, he meets Diana, whom he learns to idolize though he unfortunately is old enough to be her father. Eventually he learns that she loved his young secretary, and he happily discovers that his love for her is more parental than passionate. In consequence, he is fully reconciled when he finds that Diana is his own child.

I thoroughly enjoyed reading the play, and I should like to have been in Albuquerque on the evening of its initial presentation. It is to be hoped that the author will soon give us another romantic drama equally pertinent to the Southwest; for The Star of Madrid has a particular appeal to those of us who live out here among the Spanish-
Americans, who still have lingering about them and around them, much of the romance, courtesy, chivalry and dignity of old Spain.

MARGARET J. KENNEDY.

SECOND BASE


Perhaps in the long run, Edgar Lee Masters, in his bitter attack upon Lincoln, will render a service to the cause of truth. One wonders! Legend has made our great Civil War president a hero who could do no wrong.

Now Masters declares that this so-called statesman was a lazy fellow who disliked labor, who wasted his time, reading neither his law books nor the literary masterpieces of the day. A desultory reader whose acquaintance with Shakespeare was quite limited. A cold man who never honestly loved any woman, and who showed an unforgiving spirit toward his dying father. A third-rate lawyer who was none too scrupulous as to the kind of cases he accepted. A crafty politician who once crawled out of a window of the legislative chamber in order to defeat a bill by lack of a quorum. A log-rolling legislator who became the spoiled darling of a frontier town which he had made the state capital. A trimmer who sidestepped real issues.

A man who was ashamed of the poverty and sordid surroundings of his youth. Whose melancholy was due to the fact that he could not endure defeat and obscurity, and who was always envious of the abler Stephen A. Douglas. Everything that Lincoln did was wrong, and everything connected with him. His mother’s illegitimate birth, his following “the shifty Henry Clay,” his contradictory votes in the Illinois legislature and in Congress, his failure to appreciate the beauty of Niagara Falls, his introduction of the
"cang and hypocrisy of Christianity into American politics"—all these are hurled against the popular idol. Since Lincoln served in the Black Hawk War, one is surprised to find that Masters fails to blame the Illinois leader for that disgraceful affair. He is blamed, however, for the "disastrous wickedness" of conquering the Southern states, for his indecision and weakness during the war, for the horrors of Andersonville—caused by Lincoln's refusal to exchange prisoners, for his disregard of the Constitution, for the burning of Columbia, South Carolina, by Sherman, for stifling liberty and working for monopoly and privilege.

Possibly, there is room for a reinterpretation of Lincoln. Masters' book, however; is too full of facts, fancied facts, and hatred of Lincoln and the Republican Party. The historical point of view is lacking. We are told that "as a war president Lincoln was negligible enough." Both Jackson and Cleveland would have surpassed him—Jackson "at every point." A statement incapable of proof, but quite characteristic of the work, which is not a product of research, or even a fair interpretation based on the research of others. Its involved sentences and reiterated partisanship make it a tiresome book to read through.

There is no doubt, however, that Masters is being widely read. One can only hope that readers will be led to question the Lincoln tradition, and that thus this challenging book may cause many to pull away from tradition and advance beyond the sensationalism of the muckraker, toward a truer conception of the real Lincoln.

MARION DARGAN.