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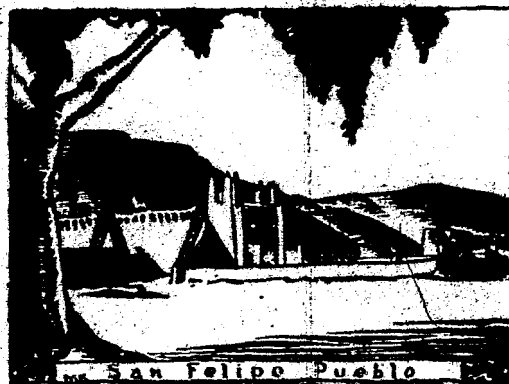
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AUG 30 1932

The New Mexico Quarterly



FRANK APPLGATE
MARY AUSTIN

YOUNG WRITER IN A NEW COUNTRY
JOSÉ GARCIA VILLA

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF THE ARTS
DAVID NEUMANN

LA BRUJA (A STORY)
LOLITA POOLER

NEW MEXICANA
PUEBLO FOLK TALES

POETRY
By WITTER BYNNER, IRENE FISHER, NELDA SEWELL

SOUTHWESTERN WORD BOX

BOOK REVIEWS

VOLUME II
AUGUST, 1932
NUMBER 3

SMOKE TALK

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Observing an Old Custom

WITH this issue of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, an old and venerated tradition among periodicals is to be observed. THE QUARTERLY acquires an editor. When you read this, he will have been christened and named and vowed to future performance by his sponsors (the members of the Editorial Board and the Manager of the New Mexico Press.) Like any beginner in a new faith, his enthusiasm for the cause is matched only by his pipe-dreams of what THE QUARTERLY should be. Of that he wishes to speak.

The time is not appropriate for a survey of THE QUARTERLY'S past. We reserve that until with the February issue we celebrate our second birthday (or having completed our second year do we celebrate our third birthday?) No matter! We are growing old, and there are traditions behind us of QUARTERLIES measuring high in essays, poetry, stories, critical articles of esteem in the fields of art, letters, education, and science. To this comprehensive order of interests we mean to adhere. Our future plans (which we mean to reveal) are concerned with ways to add to the interests of the magazine and means to deepen the enthusiasm of contributors and readers, by making articulate the opinions about the magazine and the conversation which it should provoke.

We therefore introduce to the growing circle of QUARTERLY readers "Smoke Talk," a corner of the magazine reserved for the talk which develops about THE QUARTERLY from a good smoke together. Smoking and conversation with it have the merit of undisputed Americanism to begin with and of universality in our present day besides. Everyone likes to be smoked, at, and frequently after a good smoke, important facts are smoked out of hiding. Even the small talk is pleasant, because it is ordinarily generous, keen, but not controversial, a pleasant flow of words in the fragrant fog spiraling from cigarettes or billowing from cigars. We have had to seek for the "Smoke Talk" this

time, by requesting people to write down what we had listened to them saying about the contents of *THE QUARTERLY*. We know that the invitation which we extend now to our readers to smoke us over will supply us with the "Talk" for the future.

While introductions are of the moment, a few prefatory remarks may serve to present the "Southwestern Word Box." In one of the present writer's unwritten articles he intends to say that there is no more authentic test of regional literature than dialect or distinguishing localisms in speech. The literature of the Southwest, made in the image of the life of the Southwest, rings true in a distinctive language. The background of trapper, trader, prospector, the far and near present of vaquero, cowpuncher, and bushwhacker, sod-buster, and hoe-man, the present and future dude-wrangler and chaser provide vocabularies typical and descriptive of these vocations. Lists of these words will appear in this section and corrections and supplements to the lists will be gladly received.

Material will be welcomed for a third section formally introduced at this time: "New Mexicana." With open acknowledgment to a great contemporary journal, and perhaps with some risk of misinterpretation thereby, we venture to furnish interesting comments about the state taken from past or present New Mexican commentators. Our aim is not satirical or caustic. We seek to present the panorama of province, territory, and state in the terms and colors of those who have seen it before their eyes. We should like, especially, unpublished material available in correspondence, journals, diaries. Through this section, we hope to meet some of the old-time little known personalities of the Southwest who have pictured the life around them in more lasting ways than camera or moving film.

The editor has yet to introduce himself. But having postponed the introduction so long, he is now an old friend. He is ready to say goodbye and to wish you well. "Salud y adios."

Frank Applegate

By MARY AUSTIN

THE publication of Frank Applegate's last book, *Native Tales of New Mexico*, brings him back to us as we knew him, kindly, humorous, keen, observant, and with the subtle feeling for folk-ways which more than any other trait distinguished him. And with it all the penetratingly simple quality of creativeness which was the least appreciated of his personal characteristics. It was all these things which drew me to him when in 1923 I became his neighbor in one of his little houses on the Camino Monte Sol, at Santa Fe; all these and in addition his satisfying neighborliness. There was a sympathy between us which had its root in a common derivation from rural Illinois and a not too unlike past. Through incidents of our common youth and the shared pioneer history we began to know each other, and it was but a step from that to the sharing of our common appreciations of the New Mexican life to which he had so newly come. He drew freely on my greater factual intimacy with that life, and I was helped in my interpretations of it by the communality of our approach.

Mr. Applegate's earliest point of contact with the West was Indian pottery, which he arrived at through his expert knowledge of ceramics, and his recent teaching experience at the pottery works of Trenton, New Jersey. He had also a native feeling for design, and a sculptor's experience which led him very quickly to an interest in the Spanish *bultos*. Our first conference on the subject had to do with a carved figure of Our Lady of Innocence, which I had recently secured from a morada at Abiquiu, which had been repainted with crude colors of house paint, which Frank undertook to show me how to remove, thus uncovering the delicate workmanship underneath. So we began to be interested in the whole question of the technique of the New Mexican images which he began to collect. Through this

we rapidly grew interested in all the old and almost dishabilitated arts of New Mexico, touched with a profound regret for their disappearance. In collecting old pieces, Frank had often recourse to native workmen for repairs, and by this means we came to realize that the capacity for handcraft, of a fine and satisfying quality, though overlaid by modern American neglect, had not completely disintegrated. We began to discuss the possibility of reviving it.

At that time I was extremely ill and not able to undertake an adventure of that dimension. But I was in need of some sort of going interest, if I was to recover, and also I felt that if we succeeded in getting such a movement started, friends of mine, in case of my death, would be interested in carrying it on. So I secured financial backing from my friend, Mrs. Elon Hooker, and at a meeting at the home of Miss Manderfield (one of the Oteros) a society for the revival of Spanish Colonial Arts was launched. We hung up for some time over the name, but I had already been hard pressed for a phrase by which to describe the descendants of the Spanish Colonists, other than the misleading term "Mexicans" and had already begun to write of them as Spanish Colonials. I remember insisting to Dana Johnson that the term was in public use, though I was myself the only person who had used it, and to my relief he took it up and began to popularize it. Spanish Colonial Art became a recognized subject of interested comment in the press.

We began that year holding a prize competition at the time of the Fiesta, although we actually knew of but one person who could be counted on for contributions. This was Celso Gallegos, the wood carver of Agua Frio. Actually we had but fifteen entries that year, but we sold Gallegos' carvings so liberally that we were able to turn over to him the sum of \$60. Frank took it to him in round silver dollars, and the old man was so overcome that he wept and tried to kiss Frank, which, in view of Frank's great length of limb, was not easily managed. We had, however, made a beginning, which we have improved upon from year to year, so

that the exhibition of Native Spanish Colonial Arts is now a recognized feature of the Fiesta. We had help from the rest of the community, but so long as he lived, Frank carried the burden of judgment and directive criticism. Very early we arrived at the necessity for a permanent collection of the best examples of the old work, and, as we had the means, to collect them and place them on exhibition in the rooms of the Historical Society in the Old Palace. Our earliest important piece was the altar and reredos from the old church at Llano, near Taos. Frank was notified that it was for sale, and went up immediately, arriving a little in advance of the curio dealers, and secured it for \$500. Other people began to contribute items. We were especially indebted to Miss Mary Wheelwright.

Our next important purchase was the Sanctuario at Chimayo. This interesting old family chapel of the Chaves family was now reduced to the ownership of three members of that family, and suddenly it was announced that options had been given on the beautiful decorations and furnishings, to curio dealers, who proposed to dismantle it. I was away at the time, lecturing at Yale University, but Frank wrote me promptly, and I was able to find a Catholic benefactor who made possible the purchase of the building and its content, to be held in trust by the Church for worship and as a religious museum, intact, and no alterations to be made in it without our consent. At the ceremony of reconsecration, Frank and I felt very close to each other. By this time, Frank's own collection of bultos, santos and old furniture had grown to considerable importance, so that we began to cast about in our minds for a way of establishing at least some memorial of it. It was when we came back from Sanctuario that we definitely decided on a much discussed project of writing a book descriptively accounting for the Spanish Arts in New Mexico, copiously illustrated.

By this time Frank had begun by my advice to write. His first venture was the transcribing of many amusing incidents which he had happened upon in his study of Indian

arts. He did not use the conventional story form, nor did I insist upon it. What I saw was that he had happened upon an explicitly folk form, which I encouraged him to preserve. The success of his first collection, which was published in a volume as *Indian Tales from the Pueblos*, was so gratifying that it led him to project another volume which should include all three of the native cultures of New Mexico: Indian, Spanish, and Anglo. He worked slowly, and he was at the same time much occupied in pushing the work of the Society for the Revival of Spanish Colonial Arts. We had opened a shop for the sale of work and had been asked to co-operate with the Normal School at El Rito in reintroducing these arts into their manual training department. We began to collect photographs of the best examples, having in mind our book. Frank had also taken an acute interest in native architecture, especially in the details of interior decoration. I suggested that he might make another book of his findings in that field, and finally that he should include in it the whole history of the House, as it had evolved in New Mexico. Every phase of house building had been represented there, from the grass lined pits of the Basket Makers to the many-storied Pueblo, and has never been completely erased. I was so much interested in this business that I wrote an introduction to the projected History of the House, to serve as a marker along that trail. With all this going on, nothing got ahead very rapidly, especially as the work at El Rito took up a great deal of time. But I continued to press forward with the book on Spanish Arts, and had made arrangements for having it suitably published.

Always I have been gifted—or plagued—by a kind of fore-knowing which makes me vaguely aware of the future progress of events, and along in the Fall of 1930 I began to be distressed with the presentiment that something was to intervene in the work of that book. So I insisted on Frank's committing to paper all that he had learned about the technique of the Spanish arts. I did not imagine that anything would happen to Frank, who was apparently so hale and

strong; I thought it much more likely that it would happen to me. I wanted to be sure that he got his knowledge into proper shape before it happened; and I was so certain of disaster that when he drove me to the train for my usual trip East, I bantered him to kiss me good by, thinking it would be a comfort to him to recall it if anything did happen. It happened to Frank, in his sudden death in February.

Thus I was left with the completed notes of his part of the Book on Spanish Arts, and also with the incompleted manuscript of his Native Tales and the outlines of the Story of the House. I meant, of course, to finish the book on the arts as soon as I had finished my autobiography, which I was then at work upon, but unfortunately the financial depression so altered the publisher's plans that it has been impossible to do anything about it to date. But I could and did finish the Native Tales. We had worked together so long and so completely in each other's confidence, with such free interchanges of material that I did not find it at all difficult to do. In a way it was, for the brief interval I was occupied with it, a restoration of my friend to me; it reassured me that when I do take up the work in the Spanish Arts, I will not lack his co-operation at need. I shall also probably write at the least a sketch of what he meant to do with the Story of the House.

Nothing, however, restores his quick, intelligent help in the actual conduct of the work of the society. Nobody supplies his rare, his unprecedented gift for the essentials of folk art and for the handling of folk. Nobody has his inimitable faculty of comradeship. When one thinks of the varied personalities who make up the entity which is Santa Fe, no one, it appears, could be less easily spared than Frank Applegate. His death remains one of those inexplicable incidents that take on the aspect of the most regrettable of accidents, not meant, but inevitable.

Realizing that he would have wished his collection of santos and bultos to remain here in Santa Fe, the society

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selected forty-five of the best pieces and purchased them from the estate, to constitute the Frank Applegate Memorial Collection. They have recently been placed on exhibition in the rooms of the Historical Society. The money is still largely to collect, but it is believed that it will not be refused by the people who knew him and the service he gave to the state in preserving the examples of its early art. It is more than fitting that they should remain here, associated with his name and prolonging the memory of his warm and brilliant personality.

New Mexican Blue-bird

By WITTER BYNNER

O blue-bird, leading on and on
To another fence-post, luring me aside
Past my own fences to oblivion
In yours, where are we going through the wide
Small path we choose to take or chance to follow—
You lightly fluttering to give your mate
As airy errands as an evening swallow,
And I impressing my important fate
On every inch of ground these ankles tread?
Where are we going through the afternoon
Of cottonwoods, whose leaves are almost dead,
As ankles too must be and wings too soon?
One fence-post at a time suffices you . . .
Ankles be light again, as wings are blue!

Young Writer in a New Country

By JOSE GARCIA VILLA

IN THE homeland . . . I was young. I wander to the rocks on the beach and pass my hands through my hair. It is so soothing. Like the touch of a woman whom you love but have never seen. I lift my face to the moon and wish I were naked that I should see how the silver of its rays would melt against my form. It may be that at these times I am mad, but my being is infinitely happy, infinitely tender. If suddenly the moon should hide, I would lie on the sand and wait and wait. I am in love. I would creep and crawl and bruise my flesh to find my love . . .

What I am trying to say is that in the homeland I was young. I love you, said she. I love you. I love you.

She is the young moon, the young swan, the young doe. . .

. . . You are very young, said my father to me. What he meant was: I will come in between.

He was my father and he was strong. Not physically, I mean, for he was thin. But he was strong. Someday when I am a father, too, I will never be like him. I will never say to my son, you are very young, if I meant, I will come in between.

She said she loved me. She said she'd wait. Do not be long in America, she said.

And America . . . In New Mexico the winds blowing, carrying sand. Here my first home in the new land . . . here my first friend the other side of the ocean . . .

Here Aurora and Georgia. Here Joe and Wiley—Jack, Rey and Louise.

And all the time the sands of New Mexico, windscattered, windloved.

At night, in the new country, I would say to myself: America, America. I lie in bed quietly, trying to think what

it really means. A wind blows through the open window and makes me shiver. America is cold, for the moment that is my thought. In the homeland—never any snow. In the homeland, greenness. O green, O warmth, O bamboos unforgotten . . .

In America it is cold. But Ernest, my roommate, does not find it so. He has lived in America all his life. He plays the trombone. He likes to play the trombone. America has taught him to play the trombone. What a strange train of thoughts. Ernest. America. Trombone.

What I want to say is that I could not make out anything. I lay in bed, wanting sleep to come, but all the time my lips kept saying: America, America—fondling the words, wanting to know what they meant. But nothing got solved in my mind.

But about Father—it was clear, it was very clear. When he said to me, You are very young, I knew what he meant. I knew why he chose those words. They are very good words and if I were my father and I wanted to act like he did, I would have used the same words: You are very young . . .

You see, in the homeland I was young, but my father was a liar when he said, You are very young.

She did not lie but in the end she became a liar. What I mean is that when she said, I love you, she meant it, every word of it, but Time changed her.

She could have written: I want to be free. You are free and I am free . . .

That would have been very easy to understand.

But Time that hurts also knows how to heal. David, first friend in the white land. David who was poor, who wore slovenly clothes, whose eyes were soft. Of nights, walking on the streets, reciting poetry . . .

This is all very clear. I have asked America, the country America: Why don't you make more Davids? I asked

the question because it was the only way to express myself. He was not a liar and he could never end a liar: David. . . . Do you get what I mean?

But I know: Davids die poor. Even in my country Davids are not many. Civilization does not want Davids: You got no speed, David. You must be left behind. . .

Do you see America getting clearer in my mind? Do you see myself getting articulate, getting voice? Little by little calm comes to my mind. Little by little comes my white birth . . . a white cool birth in a new land.

It was then that my stories were born. Of the homeland and the new land. Some of you may have read them . . . they were cool, afire with coolth.

I, father of tales. Fathering tales I became rooted to the new land. I became lover to the desert. Three tales had healed me.

And now I am in New York.

Before that Chicago, Milwaukee, Washington . . . but now New York.

In the daytime movement and in the nighttime movement. And, Lord, I am tired . . .

What I am trying to say is that I left the desert, the desert of my white birth . . . and now I want to return to it. I want it to enfold me completely, I will surrender, I will never leave it.

But in the homeland, *there* I was young . . .

Do you get what I am driving you to see? I am crying for the desert, for the peace of the desert.

Will the native land forgive? Between your peace and the peace of a strange faraway desert—Between your two peaces . . .

O tell softly, softly. Forgive softly.

Two Poems

By IRENE FISHER

THE GARDEN

In your hidden garden
Blue delphiniums grow
And white phlox walk in stateliness
Row on row.

Sudden call of color
Breathless blue and white—
Into my dark sorrow came
Flame-clear light.

In my inner garden
Down through all the years
I shall see your face sometimes
Through my tears.

APRIL

I shall sing
Of many a thing
In this April weather.

Maybe I'll cry
Or perhaps sigh
That we should be together.

Maybe I'll not
Care even a jot
If I should never see you.

If I should say
That's just my way—
Poor man, how it would grieve you!

The Commercialization of the Arts

By DAVID L. NEUMANN

GENIUS is able to produce its best when working for money. Working for money is a privilege implying that the purchaser values the work sufficiently to be willing to give for it praises more solid than the most enthusiastic critic. Some of the greatest artistic works were produced in periods of very highly developed commercialization. At these times the greatest artists were at once business men and the heads of organized functioning places of business. Orders for work they accepted as any man accepts a piece of business. Their genius, instead of being adversely affected by their business circumstances, was triumphantly, demonstrably, stimulated by the exactions of their customers. All the world today acknowledges their creations as those of genius. Then, as now, lesser men prostituted their art to please their patrons. Good artists' works, instead of suffering from limitations imposed by the contracts they fulfilled were strengthened thereby. A man might be at once conscious of executing a work that met a need of his customer and yet expressed the best that he had within him artistically. Today one hears only disparagement of the artist who commercializes his work. It is currently held that the best creative artistic product results only from untrammelled effort out of relation to commercial demand.

It is our view that the professional, always excepting the occasional gifted amateur, has always, and will always, produce the best work in any field. The professional knows the demands of his business as a matter of course and of necessity. He understands it as only one who lives by it can understand it. To him it is no indulgence or avocation, no plaything or intellectual divertisement, but a necessary day by day pursuit, and while his view of his art may suffer from a lack of perspective, it gains by this very lack. The zealot and devotee in any field may throw sophistication and

urbanity aside and openly acknowledge his ingenious rusticity. It is not given to the sophisticate to be possessed of creative genius. In genius there is always naiveté. We cast out then the dilettante and the dabbler, no matter how great his talent may be, and confine ourselves to the professional. Arbitrarily and for the sake of simplicity we also confine ourselves to the business of oil painting, letting the situation of the painter stand for that of any of the workers in the arts, although we grant that it is not strictly analogous in each case, particularly in the case of architecture. Architecture today in America is in many ways in far happier circumstances than painting, because it has been stimulated by a large and active demand for building. Painting is currently trammelled by the relatively modern doctrine of the artist as a free spirit, free from outside dictation and too often free of commissions as well.

Today the architect is a business man. More than likely his office is one in which many clerks and strictly business employees are kept busy. He is as much concerned with the details of contract law and the financing of the buildings he designs as with the design itself. He has in his office experts on many matters, from specification writers who investigate and purchase the various materials that go into the building and make it their work to keep in touch with manufacturers of building materials and to be informed on what the market offers, to engineers, frequently second in importance in the firm to the architect himself, who are concerned with structural problems. In the erection of a modern building, the project requires the co-operation of a large number of special contractors and a wide range of expert knowledge which begins in the office of a bank and progresses through the plants of the manufacturers of building materials, through the various organizations of the numerous special contractors, and is only ended when the completed design has the approval of the architect in all of its aspects, and when payments have been made on his approval to the parties and firms which have come to-

gether to erect it. This complex business and technical organization does not limit the artistic freedom of the architect himself. On the contrary, it relieves him of an enormous, an overwhelming mass of minutiae, and releases him so that he is the better able to consider his artistic problems as such. Yet nothing so clearly marks the problem the architect faces as the fact that in all details his own intentions and artistic conceptions are rigidly limited by the nature of the project. By its purpose, the shape of the lot, the financial limits of the owner, the building code of the locality, and most pointedly by the tastes of the owner in all details, from the ornamentation to the selection of materials, the artist's concept is framed. Of course, today in the building of large buildings the owner, having employed an architect in whom he has confidence, is not apt to dictate the details, as these are too many and not in his immediate experience, nor for that matter in the immediate experience of any one individual. Out of this complex and in many respects rigid system, have come some of the world's masterpieces of architecture, and at least one fundamental and revolutionary building principle—the steel cage construction. One hears no complaint that, artistically, architects are prostituting themselves because they build for money and accept commercial transactions as the basis of their art. These comments would evaporate of their own demonstrable invalidity. The one and simple answer is that good artists, working as architects, are today, in the milieu suggested above, producing first rate artistic creations. How is it that the same atmosphere is said to be so fatal to the painter? Is his genius so fragile that he cannot do business and retain his respect as a creative worker, or is there some fundamental difference between oil painting and the art of building? There are many significant differences, but no fundamental one. Failure to recognize this allows the paradoxical reconciliation of the two attitudes, one tacitly acknowledged, that is, that architects can do their best artistically when engaged in a commercial transaction,

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and the other, vociferously insisted upon, that painters cannot.

Oil painters today are overwhelmed because they must be in themselves at once commissioner, owner, purchaser of the materials, financier, office girl, and all of the countless other functionaries whose skill they abhor and whose functions they assume in an effort to get away from commercialization. They succeed in doing just the reverse and are swamped by all of the little insignificances that the architect, on a strictly commercial basis, has taken care of by others because they do not rightly have anything to do with his art. By being a business man he releases himself from business. The oil painter, in his mistaken abhorrence of business, has swamped himself with all of the insignificant details from which business organization, frank and systematized, would release him. Had he once more, as he had in renaissance Italy, his elaborate business organization, his helpers, his color, grinders, his "owners" with their definitely shaped requirements, he would, as he seems to feel he would not, be released from the conditions which make oil painting today everything that it should not be. His genius as a creative artist would be released, and he would find his happiness where Aristotle long ago pointed out that it lay, in "proper functioning."

It would confuse our search if we began by upholding the brief that, to flourish, art must be functional. Interpreting "functional" in the broadest and most liberal possible sense we must let our search begin with this premise. And at once we discover the key to the great difference in the present situation of the oil painter and the architect. Unfortunately for painting there is no market today for a fraction of the paintings that are being made. Oil painters have come to regard it as a sacred thing that they work with no regard for the future use to which their product shall be put, making their great defect their great battle cry. "Disinterested" painters remind one of the school-boy problem of the toothache dissociated from the tooth. "Dis-

interested" painters indeed! What we have need of is interested painters, painters who have some wish to relate what they do to the artistic needs of the time, and if there is room for only a small part of the painters' work when it is related to our artistic needs, let the rest stop painting and the benefit will be general.

The whole question is inextricably tied up with the perverted but very real concept of "Bohemianism." Where once it was true that artists were tempestuous fellows because their natures were tempestuous, it is now apparently assumed that one has but to lead a tempestuous life, act eccentrically, openly lament the current conventionalities, adopt a bizarre credo no matter what, and one is, ipso facto, an artist! This tendency to the bizarre in conduct seems to have become inculcated further into canvas. If one is a conventional worker one is sometimes less than if one is bizarre. Painters seem to strive for striking effects. They elaborate on aesthetics, they arrogate to themselves the function of criticism and within themselves feel that no one but a practicing painter should venture to criticize their paintings. They become rational and will not acknowledge that their work proceeds from other than systematic principles, which principles they erect into a philosophy of art and these philosophies are as various as the painters themselves. So today painters as a body have come to be thought of as dull fellows, wordy and indignantly vociferous and all but inarticulate in the face of it; and haunting them everywhere stalks the ghost of a Bohemianism that has been left behind by the very shop clerk. All that they have left is the form and the seeming, and bewilderedly they sit at their Dome or La Rotunde with their silly beards and their pathetic determination to be devils. Those who become apostates to this view of life, who make compromises with fact, and who adopt the manners of society and the commercial basis of their art, may often be bad artists, but those who nurse their

Bohemianism do so because they have nothing else to nurse. Among good oil painters today one should look long for the baggy velvet pants and the seedy beards and bérêts at rakish angles that serve to replace talent among the crowd who hate all that is bourgeois and adopt that hatred as a profession and a life work.

But our problem is really historical. When, in France, court painting overreached its day, when Watteau was only a great painter of a day gone by, and the things that he had painted were so far out of keeping with the life of the time that they seemed more archaic, as they do today, so far as subject matter goes, than works from many an earlier century, when the Barbizon school had really made a contribution to painting, when outline and "drawing" were seen to be only conventions tacked onto painting by the psychological habit of associating visual with tactile sensations, when the new ability to see nature was still a discovery, it seemed as if the old ways of painting were at an end. It seemed that drawing with charcoal from plaster casts, the ancient first step in the training of students, was a mistake; it seemed as if the business of painting from a technical standpoint was to be entirely remade. Then the word "academic" came to be held in the disfavour that adheres to it today. Then all youngsters in the intellectual swim were intolerant of schools where drawing was still taught and where the old masters were still held masters and mentors too. Then the technical discoveries seemed the only thing in all of painting. Then painters forgot, and have not yet begun to remember that painting was once related to a larger life outside itself. They forgot that painters sometimes illustrated books or painted portraits both on commission and for pay; they forgot that painters had once accepted commissions for decorative or mural work, subject matter predetermined. They forgot that great paintings had come out of the Dutch school, and though they may admire and defer to some of the fine portrait groups done by the Dutch masters for various guilds, they appear not to

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know that the very arrangement and position of the numerous individual portraits constituting these canvases were fixed by the importance in the guild of the individuals portrayed. They forgot everything in their child-like enthusiasm for new discoveries. More than a century has nursed this mistaken devotion to painting for its own sake, a devotion to the endless painting of canvases that had only their difference from understandableness to recommend them to the spectator. Quick fame to the painter who devised the most striking, the most outlandish, the most absurd concoction. Certain intellectuals, devoted only to the admiration of what they could not understand, have given this painting a false faith in itself by virtue of critical approval. And so we have the many and confused theories of what is good painting today. We have Cubism, and we have Modernism, and we have Vorticism and, most pretentionsly and foolishly named of all, we have Futurism. But now as always we have only two kinds of painting, good and bad.

In this absurd battle of isms there emerges an unfortunately mistaken attitude, foisted upon the painter by the wholesale rejection of nonsense by the patron. This attitude compels the artist, out of defense for his essentially mistaken divorce from his job, to believe that he who takes a "job" lets himself down out of the high and rare atmosphere of "disinterestedness" and descends to the vitiating bourgeoisie earth of practical affairs. If only these fellows would understand that necessity is the grandmother of beauty.

Pueblo Sketches. Three Poems

By NELDA SEWELL

NAVAJO TRIBUTE TO THE BLUEBIRD

The voice of the bluebird flows in gladness
Just at dawn, just at dawn.
The voice of the bluebird comes in beauty
Just at dawn, just at dawn.
The voice of the bluebird in gladness and beauty
Herald of rain, rain that gladdens and beautifies the land
Just at dawn, just at dawn.

DROUTH

(Written about the ruins of Pueblo Bonita)

Every day the rain bearers pass before the sun,
Every day the thunder speaks empty promises.
Every day we look to the cloud people for rain,
But always they pass before the sun and travel away.
The cloud people are displeased; we have forgotten
The ways of our ancients, our songs are not strong.
The great springs that gave water so freely
Are now drying and going into the sand.
The sun beats hot on the dry earth,
Scorching winds blow, rustling the crisp leaves
Of dying corn, and move the withered vines of squash.
Old men go about with worried brow,
Young mothers become anxious,
Happy children grow weary and restless,
But every day the rain bearers pass before the sun
And travel away.

POWER OF SYMBOLS

With symbols of fearless power painted on our faces
When we dance and sing with our ancients,
Powerful and strong in war are we,
Powerful and strong.

With *wiffs* of eagle-down on head and breast
Eagle-down so light upon our head and breast,
Swift and light in the race are we
Swift and light.

When a new song we make to the huntress
And sing her praises long and loud,
Great game we will find this day
Great game.

When we invite the clouds and rain with dancing and noise
Dancing hard and long, making the noise of thunder
Much rain will fall this day
Much rain will fall.

La Bruja

By LOLITA H. POOLER

THE little villa of Bienvenida, in spite of its cheerful name, crouched on the knees of the dark Manzanos range. Through the narrow pass in the mountains which led into the plaza of the town, little of the outer world ever squeezed. Bienvenida, named by some truly grateful priests, who long ago had found haven there after the tortuous mountain trail, invited few of the denizens of the later world to bring their marks of contrast to its antique, but satisfactory ways.

On a morning in early June one family of the town was awake early in an early rising community. "Inez, it is five o'clock and Nicolas is waiting outside for you," called a woman's voice, edged with sharpness and middle age. "Si madre, I know; I saw him through the window," and the slender, dark-eyed girl again looked at herself in the old mirror that sent a zig-zag reflection of eighteen years of youth and comeliness. Today would end maidenhood for her. "Su novio" was ready to take her to Alcalde. She held up her veil gingerly, kissed her mother, and walked gravely out to the wagon. Her madrina was in the back seat—a stout woman with an olive complexion, whose figure, enveloped in a pink dress, reminded one of a large upholstered chair. Inez got in beside her, while in the front seat sat Nicolas with his best man.

The journey to Alcalde, where the parish priest lived, was never regarded by bridal pairs as an inconvenience, but rather as one of the cherished traditional customs of the village, a part of life that was unalterable.

While the mountains were wrapped in their gauzelike cover of gray mist, the solitary farm wagon creaked and rumbled noisily over the rutted road. It was cold that early June morning, but the four in the wagon did not seem to mind; the chill of the canon was familiar to them before

even the most blistering summer afternoon. As the sun broke through the flame-colored glow that hung over the mountains, the mist gradually receded into the deep blue ravines. Now the air changed, and gave a comfortable feeling of warmth. The scolding and twittering of the birds in the cottonwood trees stopped as all things burst into harmonious life. Meadowlarks that sat on the barbed wire fences drew attention to their brilliant yellow breasts by singing their clear, throaty greeting. Jack rabbits nibbled at their breakfasts in the fields, while now and then one would hop leisurely across the road where the first mellow rays of sunlight stretched across the wagon tracks. The men were silent, except for the sharp "giddiyaps" spoken to the ever weary horses. Groaning and lurching, the wagon managed to ride the chuck holes. Manuela clutched the side of the seat with one hand, as she continually righted her large straw hat with the other.

"Do you know, Inez, that Placida was taken ill yesterday?"

"Yes, but she will be able to finish preparing the wedding feast," was the absent minded reply.

"No, your mother told me that Tomasa was going to help her today." At this the girl turned pale. "Oh, it can't be true; Tomasa is a witch!"

"So they say; perhaps her heart will soften today; she may not do any harm." Inez shuddered, "I am afraid when I think of her. She is so small and so dried up. Her white, pock-marked face has a ghostly look when she speaks, her hoarse voice makes me think of the crows cawing in the desert, while they are waiting for death to come to some unfortunate living creature."

They neared the church, whose sun-baked walls seemed to offer Inez the peace that had been dispelled by uneasy thoughts of the future.

Adjoining the old mission church was the parish house, hidden by a high, adobe wall. The wooden door, weather-beaten and creaky, opened into a patio that seemed to carry

one into a different world. A large bed of purple and pink verbenas made a lovely splash of color in the center of the yard, while a Tree of Heaven in one corner and a cluster of lilac bushes at the farther end offered shade to the brilliantly colored birds that darted out unexpectedly. There were gaily plumaged pheasants, a chattering magpie that seemed to resent their approach, the green and red parrot who looked silently at them from his perch suspended from the vine-covered porch, and the lovely peacock who spread his gorgeous tail, confident that his looks and his struttings made him superior to all creatures.

As the four stepped into the patio, a screen door closed, and rapid steps advanced toward them down the long porch. The stocky, grey-bearded priest, who had spent so many years here, greeted the bridal party in his usual friendly manner, with a Frenchman's vivacity and courtliness, which, mellowed and modified by his humble Mexican surroundings, seemed to make him one with the old walls, bright flowers and gentle things that claimed him. The priest bade them go into the church and wait, and they reverently stepped through the wide doors into the cool nave. Each one stopped at the holy water font to make the sign of the cross. They walked slowly toward the altar as the priest came out from the sacristy and knelt for a moment at the foot of the crucifix. Standing at the communion rail, the words of the "padre" echoed and re-echoed in the vault of the adobe church, until it seemed that all the corners and crevices were filled with ghostly, unseen worshippers, mocking the solemnity of the marriage vows. The young bride shivered, for the clay walls still held the frostiness of the night. From the freshly sprinkled floor of hard packed earth, a musty smell crept through the sanctuary.

After the ceremony, the bridal party bowed their heads in silent prayer before the blue and white statue of the Blessed Mother, who looked down on them with eyes strangely compassionate for paint and plaster, as if she wished to spare the dark-eyed bride any anxiety for the

future. Silently they all walked out of the church, and Nicolas, after untying the horses, got into the back seat with his bride. Framed in her white tulle veil, she was more serious than the customary bride returning to Bienvenida. Along the twisting road through clusters of heavy boulders, occasionally crossing the choppy little río, the couple rode with occasional comments on the countryside, the priest's good wishes to them, the wedding celebration to follow their arrival home. Inez's thoughts turned often to Tomasa. She was perceptibly disturbed.

"Nicolas, are you afraid of Tomasa?" she finally asked.

"Isn't she a witch?" the young man returned.

"Yes, she is, and I am afraid, for she is to prepare the wedding feast. Had the "padre" been able to come to our banquet, it would be different, because I know that witches cannot do any evil if a priest is present."

"No tengas miedo," smiled Nicolas, "I will protect you. Tomasa cannot hurt you in Valencia, where we shall live." Nicolas had already built a new house in Valencia, of adobes not six months cut, for his esposa. His heart had been filled with happiness while his brothers and a neighbor put up the walls and laid the timbers in the days before the wedding. Valencia was twelve miles beyond Alcalde, farther down the valley toward the bosque of the Rio Grande. The thought of being far away from Tomasa was reassuring to Inez. She relaxed against her husband's arm.

Upon their arrival home, the musicians, who had been standing at the gate tuning their violin and guitar, began playing the Schottische that for many years had served as the wedding march in all the surrounding villages.

The bridal party led the procession into a large, cool room that had been prepared for the reception of the guests, while the blind fiddler and his companion brought up the rear. Nicolas and Inez sat on the chairs which had large bows of white ribbon tied on them. The wedding guests now began to arrive; old and young walked gravely up to the couple and shook hands. All chairs along the walls were

soon occupied, and now and then a young child was lifted from a chair to make room for an older person. Women hushed their babies, and the young girls stood about in admiring groups, their occasional words of praise bringing a smile of gratitude to Inez's otherwise serious face.

Savory odors from spicy concoctions stole in from the kitchen—stewing meat, chili sauce, blue cornmeal, and frying onions. Then came the signal that the feast was being served. The bride and groom were the first to be seated at a long table in the adjoining room, where elderly women bustled about placing the steaming food on the table. There was a bowl with "sopa de pan," a broth into which pieces of bread had been broken; from another bowl came the delicious odor of chicken that had been cooked for hours with rice and flavored with onion and garlic. In the center of the table there was a large platter piled high with egg-shaped croquettes made of ground meat, chile and raisins. No wedding dinner is complete without them. Several heavy glass bowls filled with canned fruit, and gay colored plates, were conspicuous for the pink-and-yellow-iced store cookies that were heaped on them. Coffee was served to everyone, regardless of his age or size. Men, women and children solemnly came into the banquet room and sat down to the feast. A small boy led the blind musicians into this room to play during the meal. The thorough enjoyment of the dinner was manifested by the number of times that the bowls were taken to the kitchen and refilled.

Inez, whose long fast was to be broken with this delicious feast, was enjoying the "sopa," when suddenly she thought she heard her mother's voice in the kitchen. However, upon looking up, instead of her mother she saw Tomasa standing in the doorway, staring at her with an ugly, uncanny expression that was not friendly. Inez turned pale. She placed the uplifted spoon back on her plate; she was no longer hungry. After a few moments Nicolas whispered, "What is the matter, Inez, why don't you eat?"

"I'm not hungry any more." She sat there patiently, waiting for him to finish, and then the two walked into the main room, again taking their accustomed chairs. All afternoon the music whined and sobbed in Inez's ears. She felt she could bear it no longer; an endless stream of people coming and going; the heat, the stifling room, everything palled on her. It was strange, she thought, that it should be so on her wedding day. She loved Nicolas, and had been looking forward to this occasion, the greatest event in a girl's life. What could be the matter? Why did "La Golondrina" and "La Paloma" fill her with sad thoughts and gloomy foreboding? She had always associated the sweetest pleasures of her rather uneventful life with these melodies.

That evening a long hall, lighted with two large kerosene lamps, showed wooden benches lined along the wall; the rude board floor was being generously sprinkled with floor wax. Strumming sounds came from the farther end of the hall, where the "musicos" of the evening sat with their accordion and guitar. The summer twilight was slowly changing into the starlit night; this dance was the closing event of another village celebration. Soon the guests came trailing in. Little children came with their mothers. Those too young to walk were being carried, and others clutched at their mother's dresses, or followed in the rear with an expression of awe and wonder in their questioning brown eyes. The grandmothers in their long, full black skirts and loose blouses almost entirely covered by their long, fringed black shawls, came to watch the "baile" and care for the little ones. Young girls sat in groups or with their parents. Most of the men stood in the doorway, quietly discussing the affairs of community interest.

As the musicians began, with the waltz "Sobre las olas," Nicolas got up from his chair and offered Inez his arm. They walked sedately around the room before starting to dance; the others followed in the same manner. The noise of scuffling feet on the rude board floor made a sound

of greatest commotion. As the evening progressed, small children were stretched out on the benches fast asleep, while tired grandmothers ceased to look interested. Inez looked perturbed and weary. By twelve o'clock the guests had begun to thin out, and an hour later the kerosene lamps were cold; the village was in darkness. . . .

It was February in the villa of Valencia. Crisp, clear sunshine played around the doorsteps of the village, and in the corners of the steps and patios patches of snow covered the ice lingering from bitter nights and cold mornings. Seven years have moved by for the thin woman, sitting for a few moments outside her home to catch the warmth of nature's lamp. Her parched skin made her face look leathery, almost the color of her brown eyes. Sighing, she got up slowly and went into the clean, poorly furnished room, with its little fireplace tucked in the corner, the inside of which had been freshly plastered; the cheap, white iron bed, the washstand with a mirror hanging over it, and two straight chairs, made the mud floor look barren and cold. The newly whitewashed walls were bare except for an old, crudely fashioned crucifix, that hung above the fireplace. Geraniums of bright pink and deep red, growing in coffee cans, stood in the deep-silled window. All was very still. The winter sunshine softly found its way through a crack in the green window shade and fell on the holy crucifix.

Inez walked into the kitchen to look at the beans she had put on several hours before. She stirred them, and then put another stick of cedar wood in the stove. Slowly she opened the door to the bedroom and walked toward the bed. She lay down, covering herself with the shawl that had been neatly folded on a chair.

A knock at the door announced a visitor; one of the neighbors entered, a woman of forty, dressed in a black skirt and a gray calico waist, partly covered by the black shawl that hung from her shoulders.

"Take this chair next to my bed, Amalia," and Inez motioned to her caller. Amalia sighed with pity as she sat

down. "It is strange," she began, "that you do not get well."

"Yes, we have tried all the remedies, and Nicolas even bought some medicine at the store."

Amalia drew a little closer to the bed, looked around furtively and whispered, "La Bruja, it may be that you are bewitched; God forbid that anyone should hear me say that," and the older woman hastily made the sign of the cross. "Mi abuelo used to tell of a woman he knew who suffered so." The two talked on, half whispering, half in fear.

The light of the sun was beginning to fade as Nicolas came into the room. Amalia rose from the chair, bidding the younger woman goodbye, and left the house. Taking a match from his pocket, Nicolas scratched it on the door-sill and lit the piece of candle in an old brass candle-stick that stood in its niche in the wall. He sat down on the chair just vacated, and from his pocket took out a small bag of tobacco with the necessary brown paper. Slowly, but deftly, he rolled a cigarette and lit it at the candle. He had an expression of anxiety as he looked at his wife, whose face seemed distorted through the haze of smoke.

"You see, Nicolas, I'm not going to get well." Inez spoke with a finality gathered from the afternoon's conversation. "Will you take me to Bienvenida soon, so that I can be with my parents?" Inez looked at him appealingly.

The carefree youth of seven years ago had changed into a stronger, heavier, but somewhat stooped man, who looked far older than his years. "Ay Dios, Inez, I'm so sad, but," he continued hopefully, "it may be that someone in Bienvenida can cure you." The woman turned her face toward the wall, and the candle sputtered as a moth came too close.

When the day arrived for Inez to leave, a gray mantle covered the sky, while the land seemed hushed before the stillness of the trees. It was with difficulty that Inez slowly climbed into the wagon beside her husband. As they drove along, the countryside seemed very dreary with heavy

clouds casting additional gloom over these two patient beings. Shivering with cold, the sick woman wrapped the blanket closer about her.

"How glad I will be when we are there."

Nicolas looked at the sky. "It is cold; I think it will snow."

After an hour's drive, they drew up before the house Inez had left as a bride. Dona Perfecta came out to the gate to meet them, and with her arm about her daughter, tenderly helped her indoors, while the curious neighbors flocked to doors and windows in order to see what was going on. How well Inez remembered the morning she stood before the same disconcerting mirror arranging her veil. The lovely old spool bedstead and the cheap dresser offered a strange contrast of the old and the new. In the corner of the room was a small adobe fireplace that sent out a cheery glow into the scantily furnished room.

Late that afternoon, Inez was sitting in front of the open fire sipping a cup of strong black coffee, when a knock at the door announced the entrance of a visitor. It was Luz, a cousin.

"Buenas tardes, Inez, how are you feeling? Your mother told me you were sick." She brought a chair from the other side of the room and placed it beside her young relative.

"Yes, I think I'm not going to get well," Inez answered feebly.

Luz let her shawl fall to her shoulders. She smoothed back her hair with both hands. After several moments of silence, spasmodically broken by sighs from the invalid, Luz ventured to say, "Inez, you have been bewitched."

"I know that is so; Amalia told me so at Valencia. I am afraid to tell anyone, because I thought something might happen to the rest of my family." The thin cheeks of the sick woman grew more drawn, the eyes more faded, at the thought of sickness to her dear ones.

"It was Tomasa who bewitched you," Luz continued, "and I know how to cure you, for an old Indian in Isleta told me how to break the evil spell that La Bruja casts over people."

"Why should Tomasa wish to harm me?" asked Inez, repeating a question often in her mind, but not before expressed.

Luz drew her chair closer. "Don't you know that she has always wanted her daughter to marry Nicolas? If you had waited much longer," whispered Luz, "Quien sabe?" With that remark she put her shawl over her head, as she walked toward the door. "I will come back tonight."

After the family had finished their supper of beans, coffee and tortillas, some slight joy in all their breasts at having Inez with them, even though sick, they sat around the bright fire in Inez's room quietly discussing the neighbors and their affairs. At nine o'clock Luz came in. One by one the family got up and went into the next room. After they had trailed out, Luz closed the door, and blew out the candles that were on the table. From under her shawl she brought forth a medium sized paper bag, which she placed on the floor by the chair she was going to occupy. Then she carefully folded her shawl and put it at the foot of the bed. Seating herself before the fire, she said, "Come closer, Inez, I want you to watch me very closely." Thrusting her hand into the bag, she took out three red "chiles" and with great care broke off the stems. Next she proceeded to remove the seeds very gingerly, in order not to break the pods, and after this she handed these to the other woman, to whom she motioned to fill them with some salt that she had brought. Inez, trembling with excitement, filled the peppers. Luz, noticing that Inez worked with shaking hands, went over to the bed and took one of the blankets to wrap around her.

"Now throw these pods into the fire, one by one; the second one must not leave your hands until you can no longer see the ashes of the first, and the third must not be

thrown in until the ashes of the second have mingled with the wood ashes." Inez threw the "chile" into the heart of the fire; it sputtered, hissed, then burned, and finally lost its identity. The second one, however, seemed to burn more slowly, but finally its glowing shell succumbed to the heat of the fire and followed the fate of the first. It was some time before the third caught fire. Luz bent over in the chair nearer the flames, with her eyes fixed on the object just thrown in. Inez sat there, her teeth chattering in spite of the heavy cover around her, while Luz murmured inaudible phrases with her eyes fixed on the fire. Now there was a crackling and spitting in the flames; the firelight grew dim while the "chile" gleamed faintly. Luz clasped her hands, her face had a strange look. Suddenly, out from the dying embers leaped a monstrous black cat. It gave one jump, and disappeared through the closed window into the darkness.

Inez broke into a dripping perspiration; she went to her bed exhausted, and fell into a sound sleep almost immediately, the first night's rest in many years that had not been disturbed by a series of horrible dreams.

The next evening, at nine, the same plan was followed as on the evening before. The same monstrous black cat made its momentary appearance without leaving any trace. On the third night when Luz came, she seemed somewhat disturbed.

"Inez, if the cat jumps out of the fire again tonight, I will not be able to help you." Silently, the two women watched the flames as they slowly consumed the pods. A flare of light threw fantastic shadows on the whitewashed walls. The glow from the fire disclosed the strained look on the faces of the two sitting in the semi-darkness. When the third "chile" was thrown into the fireplace, the silence became tense; Luz was rapidly murmuring the magic words, while Inez held the blanket tightly around her, her sunken brown eyes gleaming with an unusual brightness. However, the flames did not grow dim as on the preceding nights; as

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for the sacrifice, it slowly crumbled and could be seen no more. Both women leaned back in their chairs, completely worn out by their ordeal, but a sigh of relief expressed their feelings more genuinely than any words could possibly have done.

"Tomorrow we must go to the church and thank our Blessed Mother that it was not too late to cure you." So, with a whispered goodnight, Luz left the house.

In the course of the following morning, Inez was relating the experience of the past three nights to the family, and how Luz told her that Tomasa could only harm her if she accepted "sopa" from her; once she refused, the evil person would never come to her again.

At the end of the two weeks, Nicolas and Inez were on their way home, a happy and grateful couple. They had been in the house but a few minutes, when Tomasa walked in with a covered bowl.

"Inez," she croaked, "take some of the 'sopa' that I have brought you; it will give you strength."

"Gracias, I will put it where it won't harm anyone." Inez gingerly took the bowl and threw it out into the field. The ugly, pock-marked face became hideous with anger. The woman's shoulders drooped and she seemed to become smaller, as she walked away, trembling with emotion. Inez was not afraid any more, because she knew the creature would never enter the house again.

Several times during the night Inez was awakened by the sound of someone sobbing and moaning in the meadow. She knew it was La Bruja lamenting the loss of her power.

New Mexicana

THE sincerest literature does not always find its way into the regular channels of publication. Personal journals, letters, diaries, frequently hold comments of individual revelation or of searching social insight worthy of those great figures who have been successfully articulate in printed volume after printed volume. *New Mexicana* brings forward any worthy material from published or unpublished works of authors, great or small, who have lived in New Mexico. Ordinarily, the subject matter will concern New Mexico and the life of its people.

Selections from the *Memorandum Book* of Manuel Alvarez (born in Abelgas, Kingdom of Leon, Spain; immigrant to Mexico in 1819; in New York City in 1823, having arrived there from Havana; issued United States passport in 1824 by Governor McNair, of Missouri, to engage in Mexican trade; interested in Santa Fe trade 1834-1844; United States consul 1839-1846, serving as diplomatic agent for American residents during Texan-Santa Fe disturbance of 1841; granted United States citizenship at St. Louis, May 4, 1842; appointed U. S. Commercial agent at Santa Fe on March 18, 1846; active in organization of "state" assembly of 1850, and elected lieutenant governor of New Mexico in this year; served as governor in the absence of Governor Henry Connelly in 1850; engaged in dispute with Colonel Monroe over provincial "state" and military establishments before territorial government established in 1851; a scholar of considerable note, observer of national affairs; author of a series of articles published in a magazine in Madrid; greatly beloved by the people of Santa Fe, and wherever else known).

The *Memorandum Book* of Manuel Alvarez, preserved in the archives of the Historical Society of New Mexico; is a Commonplace Book containing (as he writes in Spanish on the cover just above the date, December 28, 1834) "some

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discourses, phrases, maxims, remedies, and notes copied from various works which it is useful to have at hand." The greater part of the book is in Spanish but there are passages excerpted in French and Latin and a great many comments and quotations in English. The names of Cervantes, Burke, Fontenelle, Rochefoucauld, Plato, Robert Walpole, Alexander Hamilton, Fenelon, Junius, Cowper, Carlyle, Tacitus, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Alexander Pope appear among his sources, and many quotations unacknowledged would perhaps find their way into the works of some of these, his acknowledged intellectual creditors. Nevertheless, much in the notebook is without any doubt original, from perfunctory jottings about the weather to definitions of virtue and recipes for happiness. One could piece out a social philosophy for the man, which perhaps would account for the love and friendship of his acquaintances and townspeople, by merely placing together his choices from the poets, philosophers, and novelists. The choice of a long paragraph from Bulwer Lytton's *Maltrevers*, descriptive of the plight of lovely Alice Darvil, oppressed by father, betrayed by Maltrevers, scorned by society, is perhaps representative of a human sympathy in Alvarez which went beyond the conventional patterns of social thought in his day. It is interesting, too, as a mark of the beginnings of a social viewpoint in England, and apparently echoed in far New Mexico, which has culminated in Havelock Ellis and Judge Ben Lindsay.

"Now Alice might have been moulded into sinful purposes before she knew Maltrevers; but from that hour her very error made her virtuous; she had comprehended, the moment she loved, what was meant by female honor; and by a [sudden] revelation, she had purchased modesty, delicacy of thought and soul, by the sacrifice of herself. Much of our morality (prudent and right upon system) with respect to the first false step of woman, leads us, as we all know, into barbarous errors, as to individual exceptions. Where from pure and confiding love, that first false step has been

taken, many a woman has been saved, in after life, from a thousand temptations. The poor unfortunates who crowd our streets and theaters, have rarely in the first instance, been corrupted by love; but by poverty, and the contagion of circumstance and example. It is a miserable cant phrase to call them the victims of seduction; they have been the victims of hunger, of vanity, of curiosity, of evil female counsels; but the seduction of love hardly ever conducts to a life of vice. If a woman has once really loved, the beloved object makes impenetrable barriers between her and other men; their advances terrify and revolt. She would rather die than be unfaithful even to a memory. Though man loves the sex, woman loves only the individual; and the more she loves him, the more cold she is to the species. For the passion of woman is in the sentiment, the fancy, the heart. It rarely has much to do with the coarse images with which boys and old men—the inexperienced and the worn-out—connect it.”

That New Mexico should boast a citizen in 1834 whose literary tastes paralleled those of the best read continental gentlemen, Spanish or English, is fortifying against the idea that the widespread domain of the province was frontier. A century ago, New Mexico was, as it is today, a complex medley of sophistication and simplicity, of learning and illiteracy, of “ricos” and the abjectly poor, of old world finesse and duplicity beside pioneer crudity and frankness. The notebook of Alvarez reflects this state of the country in which he lived. Beside an observation of Plato on the significance of geometry will fall a remedy for a cough or the treatment of hydrophobia. Liberal in his religious thought, unprejudiced in viewing the faults of Spanish and English alike, delighted by homely wisdom and the humor of situations (especially the marriage situation, which he himself did not share), idealistic about women and thinking as well as possible of man, Manuel Alvarez is entitled to a distinctive place among the nineteenth century citizens of New Mexico.

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A man may be judged by the thoughts of his heart.
These are the thoughts of which Alvarez kept a record:

Selections from the "Memorandum Book"

An empty purse is fit only for melancholy to dance in.

Tenets in religion is like the cammomile; the more you
tramp upon and oppress it, the more it thrives and extends.

A kiss is but a touch and a touch does no harm.

A bright consummate flower, seems commonly to be
near its end.

Virtue strengthens in adversity—moderates in pros-
perity—guides in society—and entertains in solitude.

It would be improper in speaking of the Mexican mili-
tary not to notice especially their excellent bands of music.
The Spaniards transplanted their love and taste for this
beautiful science to Mexico.

I have thus spoken of the causes of Mexican adversity;
let me go further. It has been a difficult thing to make the
Mexican believe that they possess any other kind of wealth
than money or mines. It was difficult to make them under-
stand that they were poor in the midst of gold and silver,
and that the wealthiest nations were England and Holland,
the one without a precious mine in her soil, the other re-
deemed from the washes of the sea.

Trifles make the sum of human likings.

There are so many indefensible and nameless and not
to be named causes of dislike and aversion and disgust in the
matrimonial state that it is always impossible for the public
or the friends of the parties to judge between man and wife.

Innocence is better than repentance.

To say little, and perform much is the characteristic of
a great mind.

There is no surer sign of a weak head than a settled depravity of heart.

The pain of keeping a secret is greater than the pleasure of hearing it.

A woman's heart is said to be like a fiddle; it requires a beau to play upon it.

On points of faith let senseless bigots fight. He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

Non-committal. An old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors by the name of Jones, and with a very knowing look replied, "Why I don't like to say anything about my neighbors, but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think and then again I don't know; but after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal the sort of man I took him to be."

The imagination may be a volcano
While the heart is an Alp of ice.

"Never strike the wife of your bosom even with a blossom," says a Hindu maxim.

A man asked his friend why he, being a large man himself, had married so small a wife. "Why, friend," said he, "I thought that you had known that of all evils we should chose the least."

He that plants trees, loves others besides himself.

Education—It is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave, at home a friend, above an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It chastens vice; it guides virtue; it gives at once a grace and government to genius.

Favorites are like sun-dials; no one looks at them if they are in the shade.

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A man without some care in his mind is like a vessel without ballast. It cannot remain upright.

Oh what a world of vile, ill favoured faults,
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

Those who know it don't write, and those who write know nothing of the matter.

Happiness is in the taste; not in the thing; and we are made happy by possessing what ourselves love; not what others think lovely.

Pueblo Folk Tales

WHY THE RABBIT'S TAIL IS SHORT

By JOE A. PEDRO (Laguna)

ONCE there was a rabbit who, while roaming through the green woods suddenly came to a river. There he met an alligator and being a wise rabbit, said to the alligator, "I bet that there are more rabbits than alligators along this bank."

But the alligator refused to say yes.

So the alligator said, "There are more alligators than rabbits along this bank."

So the rabbit told the alligator to call all the alligators and line them up across the river so that he might count them, jumping upon the backs of each as he went across the river.

The alligator called all the other alligators and lined them up across the river. The rabbit began counting, jumping on the back of each alligator as he went across, but before he got to the other end, he laughed while on the back of the last alligator. As he made a jump for the bank on the other side, the last alligator snapped at him and bit part of his tail off, and that is why the rabbit's tail is short.

WHY DEER ARE AFRAID OF WOLVES

By TEOFILA LUCERO (Taos)

ONCE upon a time there was a deer family who lived at the foot of a mountain near the Red river.

A few miles above them, in a cave in the mountain, there lived a family of wolves. They were very happy for they had meat to eat every day.

One morning the mother deer went to see the corn fields to see if the corn was ready to be harvested.

In the meantime the dangerous family from above had decided to go to the foot of the mountain to see who lived there.

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The mother deer returned to her young ones and told them that the corn was ready to be harvested. They all sat down to dinner and as they were eating the youngest of the family smelled something which frightened him. They all jumped out doors to see who was coming. They saw something coming down the hill. As they got closer they saw that it was the wolf family come down to make friends with them. Finally they made friends with the wolf family.

For many days they were good friends and their children used to play hiking when the family above used to come to visit the deer.

The mother deer told her children, "If I am ever killed and the wolf brings you meat to eat, first put it on to bake at the fire, and if the meat gives a sound like a whisper three times, that means I am killed, and don't try to eat the meat."

One day the mother wolf and her children came down to visit the deer family. The wolf asked the mother deer to go down to the river for a walk, and so they walked down to the river. As the mother deer stooped down to drink, the wolf jumped and caught her by the throat, and so ended the deer.

That evening the mother wolf brought the meat to the young deer. When they put it on the fire to cook it gave a sound like a whisper three times and they knew that their mother was dead.

When the mother wolf took the meat to their cave, the little wolves were left at the house of the deer family.

One of the wolves asked the older why their hair was so pretty. The deer told him the reason their hair was so pretty was that their mother always locked them in where there was a lot of smoke; that smoke would turn the wolves' hair as white as snow.

The deer got corn cobs and started a fire and locked the little wolves in and shut every hole so the smoke wouldn't escape. The deer stayed outside ready to run away. They told the wolves that they would have to stay shut in a certain length of time. The deer ran away, but first they made

tracks in every direction so that the mother wolf would not know which way they had gone.

The little wolves died from the smoke in a few hours.

When the mother wolf returned to the home of the deer and opened the door the smoke came out so thick that she couldn't see, but finally she went inside and found her little ones lying dead.

She tried to track the deer but they had gone to their uncle at White Lake, where he lived in the middle of the lake. Here they were safe from the wolf.

THE HUNTER GIRL AND THE GIANTESS

By JUAN ARAGON (Pueblo, Laguna)

THE people of Laguna once lived on the west bank of the San Jose river, southwest of where the town now stands. There lived at that place a man and his wife who had an only daughter.

It was the custom for all the boys of the different families to go out on certain days in winter to kill rabbits. One day the girl told her parents that she was going rabbit hunting. She said, "I am only a girl, but I believe I can kill as many rabbits as any of the boys."

She started on the rabbit hunt and succeeded in killing a number of rabbits. Getting tired, she stopped in a cave on the north side of the small mountain about three miles southwest of Laguna, to rest and to cook a rabbit for her dinner. About that time an old giantess appeared on the scene, attracted by the scent of the roasting rabbit, and spoke to the girl. She was very much frightened at the huge being. The giantess was as big as a mountain. Her mouth was several yards wide. She told the girl that she was also hunting but had not succeeded in catching any game. She asked the girl for a rabbit. The girl threw her a rabbit which she swallowed at one gulp, then called for another, and another, and another, until they were all gone. The giantess then told the girl that she wanted more. The girl

took her clothes, one garment at a time, and threw them to the giantess. The giantess then said that she was going to eat the girl.

The cave that the girl was in was so small that the giantess could get neither her hand nor her head into it.

The girl began to scream and cry. The two brave brothers who were in the mountains east of the Rio Grande, heard her crying and said to each other, "Listen! I hear some one of our people crying; let us go and see what the trouble is."

They started and soon arrived at the place and found the old giant woman pounding on the opening of the cave with a large stone, making marks which are still to be seen on the stone.

She spoke to them, saying, "My grandsons, what are you doing?"

"Oh, we are hunting rabbits," they replied.

"What nice spears you have, and what sharp points."

"Yes," said the brothers, "you can see them better if you stand up and turn your head a little to one side."

As she was about to stand up they threw their spears and each struck her in the neck and killed her. They then cut her open and took out the girl's clothes and returned them to her. They then cut off the giantess' head and threw it over to the southwest, where it now lies, turned to stone. This stone is now known as the giant's face.

The brothers threw the heart to the north, and it stands in the shape of a hill northeast of Laguna, on the road to Paquate. That hill is known as "Giant's Heart."

After throwing the parts of the body, the brothers went out and killed a great number of rabbits for the girl, then took her home.

Smoke Talk

By Readers of THE QUARTERLY

"EDUCATIONAL ENDS"

Dear Editor of The QUARTERLY:

DEAN Knode's article on "Educational Ends" is as notable for what he hints at as for what he openly states.

There is a place for science in education, but the place it is to serve is that of a means to an end, and should not be the end itself. We are living in a scientific age, and the great urge is to copy the scientist. We feel that we have done something commendable, if we can only analyze something, examine it through a microscope, dissect it, or gather some statistics on it. The scientists are the group who have really done something; so the rest of us hasten to adopt their procedures. The educand, however, cannot be dissected, microscoped, or analyzed in test tubes with solutions, so the educationists are employing the remaining scientific procedure—gathering huge lists of statistics. Let us wish them luck! But, after all, statistics and all the tests, so far devised, are the application of the scientific method to school accounting, building costs, publicity methods, survey methods, measurements, and the like, touch hardly more than the edge of the problem, namely the organization and the administration of education. With these means of education we are too largely concerned today. We are mechanizing education to such an extent that the classroom teacher must devote so much of her time and energy to giving and marking various kinds of tests, to making out reports, daily and monthly, that she has very little time left in which to think on what and how she is going to teach. Nor does she have much time left out of the school day for the function of teaching after she has examined teeth, tonsils, and hair; has seen her plans knocked awry by visits of supervisors, and has made her semi-daily report to the truant officer.

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These features of routine—the contribution of science to education—have their values, to be sure, but, after all, they are not themselves the ends of education. The school day needs to be lengthened, if the teacher is to be able to do all these chores and, in addition, do a little teaching.

The age of the Sophists (the teachers of that age) was also a great era of publication. Bulletins were prepared, like our government bulletins, on every subject under the sun, from how to spank a baby to how to hunt wild animals with dogs. The educational procedure was reduced by these educationists to a series of formulas. They were “modern education,” “enriching the curriculum,” “putting education on a scientific basis,” “re-evaluating the immense mass of faiths, beliefs, traditions, superstitions, customs, and habits which now serve as the framework of educational practice.” In their enthusiasm for contemporaneity, they also scorned what the past had to offer, and tried to substitute “practical subjects” like Cynegetics (hunting with dogs) for culture of the past. The principal result of the movement was a materialistic philosophy of life and a woeful lowering of morals.

Dean Knode does not proclaim it from the housetop, but apparently believes that a teacher should possess a broad foundation of knowledge and of culture. He refers to the opinion of many students in teachers’ colleges that faculties of such institutions are poor teachers. One would naturally think that the teachers of future teachers ought to be good teachers. There must be something wrong with the system of education, if those who have concentrated their efforts on education, and have taken several degrees in education, are still poor teachers.

The writer of this review has had no acquaintance with teachers’ colleges, but he has taken several courses in education in a large university and has discovered that, in that particular university, the best teachers of education had specialized in other fields before taking up education. Certainly the worst teacher he has ever encountered in five

universities was a man who had concentrated, so far as possible, on education. He told his class nothing all summer, and he told it in abominable English.

Dean Knode's article is a plea for equilibrium (Aristotelian moderation) between education as a science and education as an art, between humanitarian and humanistic considerations, between learning to do something (the vocational objective) and learning to become something (the cultural objective), between the application of science and of philosophy to education. When that proper balance will have been attained, study will be given to the educand as well as to the machinery of the educational process.

A president of a western teachers' college is quoted in the article:

"No liberal arts colleges seem to be interested in the future of public education for the masses. I fail to find any way in which they look beyond the individual"

I cannot believe that the college of liberal arts is wholly guilty of this charge, but I must admit that it is not wholly attaining that objective. The present state of the world indicates that the civic-social aim of education is far from having been attained, and no other aim is of greater importance today.

The ancient Greek system of education concentrated on the development of the individual. The Greeks depended upon attaining the civic-social aim by having the youth associate with his elders, and thus acquire, through actual experience, acquaintance with public life. We moderns have discarded that educational procedure, and have thus laid upon the schools the additional burden of training our youth to do their part as worthy members of society. If we had not been excessively occupied with the application of science to education (tinkering with the machinery), and if we had given a due proportion of attention to the application of philosophy to education, it is possible that, ere this, we had discovered the necessity and the means of correcting this defect.

Some of the preceding observations are restatements of Dean Knode's opinions, as they appeared to the present writer, and others are elicited by his article. If any of the foregoing statements do not meet with acceptance, let the reader credit them to the undersigned.

LYNN B. MITCHELL, Albuquerque, N. M.

"A SCIENTIFIC BASIS FOR HUMANISM"

Dear Editor of the QUARTERLY:

One reads Dr. Hewett's essay—"A Scientific Basis for Humanism"—with respect, but with something of mixed judgment. I cannot agree that he has succeeded in proposing a satisfactory definition for *humanism*; for the proposed definition begins, "Humanism is a field of knowledge . . ." and humanism certainly is not that. It is, in my opinion, an attitude, a point of view, a philosophy of life; and any satisfactory definition must apply the *differentiae* to one of these *genera*. To render the definition still more confusing, Dr. Hewett has, towards the end of his article, pled for the restoration to the curriculum of the *humanities*—a term cognate with humanism; and here the term apparently has its traditional meaning, else one could not speak of *restoration*.

If the definition is defective, one cannot be sure that humanism has been supplied with a scientific basis merely by being considered synonymous with social anthropology. Still less can one feel assured that anything has been done towards the disarmament of the parties who wage battle around the flag of humanism. The fight lies in the realm of relative values; the contestants are divergent attitudes; and the divergencies will always exist.

In spite of these shortcomings, I believe that the essay has great value from the point of view of practical educational philosophy—if *practical philosophy* is not itself too much a paradox! Not only have we a timely assertion of

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the spiritual values in education, and a striking claim for the place of the non-utilitarian elements of the curriculum, but still more important even than these things is the protest against the present chaotic and unrelated condition of our college curriculum, even within the related fields of man's conscious activities; and the demand for practical co-ordination within these fields. Within the field of pure thought, to be sure, philosophy already undertakes co-ordination; but in the practical task of curricular reorganization almost nothing has been done. Whether the co-ordinating agency be called anthropology or something else, the demand for co-ordination is imperative. Our wandering wits may well be called home, and forced to stand still and survey the world from the point of view of man's efforts at self-expression. Dr. Hewett has sounded the call with vigor and clarity.

G. P. SHANNON,
Albuquerque, N. M.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON "TRADITION"

Dear Editor of the QUARTERLY:

Traditions are, I suppose, desirable in college, although that remains to be established as a belief. Whether or not they are desirable, the fact is obvious that they are sought after, that they are obeyed, that they seem desirable to college students.

The discussion carried on in several issues of the QUARTERLY has been interesting in the points of view elucidated.

Tradition, custom, use—the texture of these words is like that of damask after many years of use, soft and worn and smooth. Gentle words they are.

The editor of the *Manchester Guardian* recently remarked in a leader, that Americans have no tradition.

Does he know, I wonder, of the serious, sober, tragicomic effort of the youth of the colleges of the country to create traditions?

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At a certain Western university the student council has organized a committee for the creation of college traditions. A bit pathetic, that reaching after the atmosphere of age in an institution, yet stimulating. In effect, the student body said, "If we haven't any traditions, let's make some."

Perhaps part of the desirability of traditions in college lies in the fact that the students, many of them living away from home for the first time, need something to take the place of the authority and security of home.

College traditions help to give that sense of security. If the student does as other students do, if he clings to the body of traditions, he gradually gets himself some sort of a rock to cling to in the vast, swirling overwhelming sea of life into which he has been flung.

As he develops what thinking power he may develop during his college career, his attitude toward his college traditions is likely to undergo a change.

Where he first embraced, he may come only to tolerate.

As he becomes stronger in his mental functioning, less and less will his reliance be placed in a mass of tradition, in any group-thinking.

That stage, however, is reached by few. To the others college traditions will perhaps always hold their importance.

IRENE FISHER,

Albuquerque, N. M.

"A PSYCHOLOGIST'S EXAMINATION OF SCIENTIFIC METHOD"

Dear Editor of the QUARTERLY:

Is psychology science? The question is ambiguous and therefore unscientific.

Is psychology a branch of physical science? That question is definite. Physical science is that field of knowledge which deals with those events and those only whose description is possible in terms of measurements made with measuring rods and clocks.

The impression left by Mr. Page's essay in the May issue of *THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY* is that its author does regard psychology as a physical science but does not accept the definition I have just given.

What is Mr. Page's definition of the "science" he is discussing? The "Scientists" who fared so ill in *The Fable of the Farmer and the Scientists* can hardly have been physical scientists. The term "Universal Solvent" is meaningless. Possibly that is what *The Fable* means. But why drag in the Farmer? He did not think the idea of a "Universal Solvent" was meaningless. *The Fable* sees irrelevant to the question raised in the essay.

In giving quotations from Karl Pearson, Wolfe, and others, Mr. Page seems sometimes to have confused the issue, sometimes to have missed the point. When Karl Pearson says that science "describes" but does not "explain," that it gives the "how" and not the "why" of physical events, his point is that in physical science the question "how?" has meaning, while "why?" has no meaning. In speaking of scientific events conversationally, we all ask "why?" and we are satisfied when the "causes" of events are named, but not since the time of Hume has the idea of "cause" had a satisfactory status in "physical science."

It is otherwise in Philosophy—possibly also in Psychology. In that case psychology must be more than mere physical science. In the *Philosophical Review* for September, 1931, there is a paper by D. W. Gotshalk, entitled "Of the Nature and Definition of a Cause." Its author says "the definition of a cause which I propose is this: that a cause is that change (or state) which is existentially—i. e., at least spatio-temporally—continuous with another change (or state), and which brings about, under the circumstances, the existence or the occurrence of the other change (or state)—this latter being called the effect."

To my criticism that this was mere tautology, the author has replied at some length, and in his reply, says that one of the features which constitute an entity a cause is

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this, that it is an occurrence which "necessitates a subsequent occurrence." What is that but more tautology?

In refusing the name of "science" to "fields of completely organized knowledge," Singer does not refuse the name of science to "description of events." To think that he does is to misunderstand the meaning of scientific description. The object of organization in scientific description is prediction. By inspecting the description of events, the scientist hopes to discern their trend. Events are in time and time goes on forever.

Mr. Page's essay makes good reading, but it leaves one at a loss to know what it is at which he tilts. His "description of contemporary scientific method arrived at by observation of the antics of scientists" (p. 110) has nothing at all to do with science. An analogy will make the irrelevance clear: What interest would aviators find in a "description of contemporary methods of aviation arrived at by reading the poems of aviators?" Airmen in the capacity of airmen do not write poems. Scientists in the capacity of scientists do not perform antics.

The essay confirms me in the opinion that many psychologists are at sea as to the meaning of physical science.

F. M. DENTON,
Albuquerque, N. M.

The Southwestern Word Box

A **AMERICAN** speech, like American life, has experienced rapid and strenuous changes in covering a continent. The English of the Pilgrims has ventured into new ways of life and into new territories unlike the Stratford of Shakespeare or the London of King James. Old peoples have been encountered on this new continent, and Europeans of both Teutonic and Romance stock have mingled to join both hands and speech. In this treasury or thesaurus of words, we wish to amass a store of information about the language of the Southwestern United States. American English it, in general, is, but English retaining vestiges from the past of trapper, trader, voyageur in the Southwest, actively aware of the lingo of vaquero and cow-puncher, constantly exposed to naturalized and alien loan-words from Spanish and Indian speech. We solicit lists of Southwesternisms with explanations of their forms and usage. We are interested, as well, in place names and stories of their sources and meanings. The lore of name and colloquial speech has a genuine romance. No region provides a richer stock of it than our own.

Amerind:

I have been wondering, for instance, who first used the term *Amerind* for the American Indian, and whether we shall have to wait for the *Historical Dictionary of American English* to be published from the University of Chicago, to find out. The word has been called to my attention in the book of Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, *Breaking the Wilderness*. He employs the form generally through the book for the North American Indian: "those indomitable, iron-nerved people, the Amerinds; the North-American of yesterday." (Preface, p. vi). In a comment occurring late in the book, Dellenbaugh writes that the word *Amerind* is "a substitute word, compounded of the first two syllables of American and the first syllable of Indian, adopted by some leading ethnologists." Although events recorded in

Breaking the Wilderness occur so early as 1871-2, the publication date is 1904. How much earlier the ethnologists employed the form and whether it appears in unprofessional use earlier than this date is of interest to me.

Anglo-American:

The compound noun *Anglo-American* is considerably older than the derivative *Amerind*. It is not of Southwestern origin, though since the middle of the nineteenth century it has been chiefly current in this region or in respect to this region. The word appears in the *Writings* (1781-2) of Thomas Jefferson applied to the Canadians. However, another eighteenth century author, Jedediah Morse, whose book, *The American Universal Geography* (1789), appeared in the same decade, clearly explains his use of the term *Anglo-American* as applying to Americans of English descent.¹ The first use of the term in the Southwest recorded by the *New English Dictionary* appears in regard to the Anglo-American colonists in Texas and bears the date 1842. Eight years earlier, however, a traveler into New Mexico, one Albert Pike, adventurer, Masonic organizer, poet and man of letters, had written that there was a prairie south of the river Arkansas "parts of it never trodden by the foot or beheld by the eye of an Anglo-American," a statement no doubt still supportable. The adjective, *Anglo-American*, used to describe relations between England and the United States is of comparatively recent date.

Gringo:

The word *gringo* is first recorded in the *New English Dictionary* for the year 1884, as it appeared in *Harper's Magazine* described as a "term of ridicule and obloquy applied to Americans throughout all Mexico." Folk lore and popular literature have ascribed to it a number of curious origins. Senor Isidoro Armijo, of Albuquerque, has recorded one of the current beliefs concerning *gringo* and the

1. I am indebted to Mrs. Bella Brodsky, of the University of Chicago, assistant to Sir William Craigie, editor of the *Historical Dictionary of American English*, for confirmation of the note on Morse and for supplying the note on Jefferson.

singing of American soldiers in the Mexican war. In translation, the story runs:

In the year of 1846-7, the marching song of the American soldiers in Mexico was: "Green Grow the Rushes, O." The soldiers sang this song from the port of Vera Cruz to the castle of Chapultepec—from Tampico to Monterrey. The words "Green Grow" impressed themselves in such a way on the memory of the Mexicans in association with the Americans that, shortly afterward, was coined the phrase *Gringo*, and thus the familiar word stayed in the Mexican vocabulary and in the Mexican language.

Senor Armijo correctly states the impossibility of the truth of such an origin for *gringo* by quoting the following words from a Spanish dictionary in four volumes, published in 1781 by Father Esteban Terrero y Pando. Again, I save you the trouble of translating:

Strangers in Malaga are called gringos if they have a certain kind of accent which keeps them from an easy and natural Castilian speech, and in Madrid the same thing is true and for the same cause with particularity toward the Irish.

Fifty-nine years before the Mexican war, strangers, Irish, or otherwise, were called gringos by the Spanish of Malaga and of Madrid, a damaging fact to the "Green Grow the Rushes, O" story, or to the following New Mexico folk tale, for which I am indebted to Mr. Arthur Campa.

Once upon a time a couple of Anglos ventured into Southwestern Texas for the first time. The Mexicans were curious to know who these people were, so they sent a little boy to spy on them. When he got within hearing distance, he listened to the conversation that was going on and heard the constant repetition of the words: *Green groves*. Later on these same Anglos returned, and the natives not knowing their nationality called them *Los Gringos*.

Efforts to associate *gringo* with *green* appear, consciously or unconsciously, in various statements about the word. Lieutenant Wise, of the United States navy, in 1849 published a book "Los Gringos," the title of which he explains as,

the epithet—and rather a reproachful one—used in California and Mexico to designate the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race; the definition of the word is somewhat similar to that of Greenhorns, in modern parlance, or Mohawks in the days of the Spectator.

George D. Brewerton, in a book called *Overland with Kit Carson*, printed serially by *Harper's Magazine* in 1853, wrote:

The nickname "Greaser" is no complimentary phrase, being intended as a set-off to the "Gringo"—plain English greenhorn—by which they are accustomed to designate us.

La Enciclopedia Universal Illustrada finds the etymological origin for *gringo* in *griego*, meaning "Greek," used colloquially "hablar en gringo," to speak an unintelligible language. We have the same idiom in English when we say a thing is "Greek" to us, meaning as unintelligible as the Greek language to most of us. *La Enciclopedia* finds the phrase common in South America where the singing of American soldiers can have had nothing to do with it.

How to account for the phonetic change from "griego" to "gringo" I do not pretend to suggest. Blasco Ibanez, in *Vistas Sud Americanas* (1920), volunteers the rather fanciful notion that *gringo* (in spite of applying to the Irish or Dutch or other non-Castilian speaking people in Europe) should apply with especial force to the English in Spanish America, because it contains in its accented syllable the sound of the accented syllable of *English*.

A popular legend in this state regarding "gringos salados" seems to find various interpretations, one of them retold by Ruth Laughlin Barker in *Caballeros*. She writes

that *gringos salados* was applied to the English because "strange freckles appeared to have been 'salted' freely upon their blond noses." Although this has picturesque values, I should like to see it supported by further testimony. Mr. Arthur Campa is authority for the following statement concerning *salado*.

The word *salado* (not to be confused with the idiom "tener sal") implies staleness or lack of proficiency. This word may be appended to such words as *viejo*, *huero*, *Mexicano*, etc., etc., with the same result.

This has a more authentic ring, for the use is adjectival, and the quality of saltiness or brinyness which is a flattering tribute to some states of being is a questionable compliment to others. No doubt in the eyes of the foe, the *gringos* were sufficiently unsavoury to be *salado*. The "freckle" account is vulnerable on the ground of the far from universal presence of freckles on *gringos* and especially on the tanned leathery countenances of the pioneers on whom the term was foisted.

Salado appears in a number of other uses. It is mentioned by Dobie¹ as applied to horses which have become wind-broken. The word is also referred to in the vocabulary of the cowboy by Hough.² It may or may not be worthwhile to point out Spanish *solada*, meaning dregs, lees, sediment. An adjectival use or noun compound could easily be related to *gringo*.

Greaser:

One other word I add, risking the loss of your patience; that is *greaser*. A most entertaining story is common among New Mexicans that in the days when ox-carts squeaked and screeched their way over Raton Pass, teamsters found it convenient to grease their outfits at the top of the steep grade before continuing their journey. A Mexican man made it a business to grease carts and wagons in the

1. Dobie, J. Frank; *A Vaquero of the Brush Country*, p. 207.

2. Hough, Emerson; *The Story of the Cowboy*.

early days. After a time, he became known to the wagon trains as the Mexican greaser. Señor Campa does not stake his reputation on the scientific value of this. What a paradox for the unknown Mexican to have given a slurring word to his folk by deeds of kindness such as helping the heavy Conestoga wagons make the grade.

I am grateful to Mrs. Austin for the comment in her article of this issue concerning the word Spanish Colonial, a descriptive and convenient term.

T. M. P.

Book Reviews

Native Tales of New Mexico—Frank G. Applegate—Illustrated by the author—Introduction by Mary Austin—Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, '32—Price \$3.50.

Not since *Plain Tales from the Hills*, read by the reviewer as a child, at a particularly impressionable age, has a volume of folk tales given the pleasure that *Native Tales of New Mexico* has done.

This book, the last work of the late Frank G. Applegate, published posthumously, represents the author's maturer thought, as, also, it represents at its best his always keen insight, and his catholic sympathy with the many sorts and conditions of men who make up the multi-lingual, and multi-racial population of New Mexico. For despite the "top-dressing" of tourists, of health-seekers, and of *literati* and artists—real and pseudo—New Mexico remains a land little known to those outside its domain, and one exotic as far as Anglo-Saxon civilization is concerned.

Because of Mr. Applegate's genuine understanding of the people about whom he wrote, and his equally genuine affection for them (affection and understanding being not always synonymous—popular opinion and French proverb to the contrary), this book is especially valuable. Most "Anglos"—in the Southwest this word has a significance a little different from that attached to it elsewhere—living in New Mexico "keep themselves to themselves." That is, they follow the Anglo-Saxon custom—so noticeable in the Orient and other parts of the world, where a few English or Americans live in the midst of a people of different speech and habits—of allowing their (Anglo-Saxon) lives to touch barely the periphery of the life of the people, or peoples, among whom they are living; of presenting a sort of *chevaux-de-frise* of Anglo-Saxondom, which prevents the penetration, from within or without, of sympathy or understanding.

Not so Frank Applegate. The reviewer learned, during her residence in Santa Fe, that where definite knowledge of customs, either Spanish-American or Indian was desired, Frank Applegate was the man to seek. And Mr. Applegate was as generous in his sharing of knowledge as he was painstaking and accurate in its acquisition. He was never foolishly sentimental, any more than he was ever unkindly critical or coldly unsympathetic, in his attitude toward the Spanish-Americans, among whom he had spent so much time since coming to New Mexico, in 1921. The time spent by Mr. Applegate among the Spanish-Americans of this section was largely in connection with the acquiring of his probably unequalled collection of Spanish-Colonial "santos" and "bultos," recently purchased by the Spanish-Colonial Arts Society, and now on exhibition in the Old Palace Museum in Santa Fe.

The same balanced attitude of seeing things "steadily, and seeing them whole" was noteworthy in Frank Applegate's discussion of the Indians of the Southwest—Pueblo Indians and Navajos—their customs, beliefs and ceremonies; also their history, both during the period of Spanish domination, and that of American.

Now, through this posthumous book, Applegate addresses a wider audience, with the same charming informality, clear thinking and sane reasoning. Because he really knew New Mexico, and loved it, as Kipling knew and loved India, these *Native Tales* display the same beneath-the-surface understanding, the same penetration and discrimination, which characterize *Plain Tales from the Hills*. With the New Mexican tales of Applegate, as with the Indian (of India) tales of Kipling, there is no uncertainty of note; no confusion of atmosphere.

Through all the tales there is, as something almost tangible, the "feel" of vast space; of desert loneliness and isolation. Behind all is sensed the background of barren mountains, grotesquely nature-carved. But otherwise these tales are sharply differentiated. There is no confusion of

the psychology of the "Anglo" pioneer, or the outlaw—as in the tale entitled *Interim*, of which Billy the Kid is the central figure playing the part of the good angel who comes to the rescue of the little Spanish girl, Rose (no, he was not her lover), with that of the Spanish-American, dealt with in several of the tales.

Among these tales of Spanish-American life are: *The Mystery of Manzano*; *Tricks in All Trades*; *No Calamity Equals a Bad Neighbor*; *Old Juan Mora's Burro*, and *Dead Men Tell No Tales*; all delightful, because of their sympathetic, yet often ironic, and always subtle humor; also that exquisitely pathetic tale, *San Cristobal's Sheep*, romantic in the sense that many of the folk-tales of the Spanish-American people of the Southwest are romantic; tinged with fatalistic piety.

Nor is there any confusion of the mental outlook of the Spanish-American with that of the Indian—a mistake often made by those whose Southwestern contacts have been more superficial than Mr. Applegate's were; or whose penetration less keen.

Where all are good, it is difficult to speak of "better"; but to this reviewer the Indian (Pueblo) tales, with their deep underlying note of tragedy—yet tragedy which is not without its touches of humor—especially appeal. Noteworthy among these Indian tales are *Hopi Susanna Corn Blossom*, in which Miss *Hopi Susanna*, educated, against her will and that of her people, in a white girls' school, becomes neither good Hopi nor good white, and outrages the sense of propriety of both races; as she outwits both Hopi priests and American Indian Agent, and flaunts her sexual irregularities—even more unorthodox from the point of view of the Hopi than from that of the "Anglo"—in the faces of both.

In connection with this tale it is perhaps somewhat carping to call attention to the fact that the author uses the expression "Immaculate Conception" where "Virgin Birth" is evidently intended. But, after all, the Indian Agent

would probably so have used it; so its use may be the better psychology.

The Lost Child of Zia is stark tragedy; in this there is no humor. It relates how a child from the pueblo of Zia went to the river with her water jar to fetch water for her blind grandmother, when "workers for the Indian Bureau jumped out from behind the rocks, gagged, and held her until they could get her across the river and into a Ford car, from which they delivered her to school authorities." Later she was found at the Indian School in Santa Fe, "crying her eyes out with homesickness and anxiety about her blind grandmother."

Do such things really happen? If not now, did they ever happen? Surely Mr. Applegate knew the conditions of which he wrote, as well as he knew the people—I have spoken of the accuracy of his knowledge of the latter.

In this tale, in which, more than any other, the note of bitterness is sounded, the author goes on to say: "I knew, as well as they [the Indians] did, how completely in finding the child in school they had lost her. She would be kept there either until they sent her home infected with tuberculosis to die, or after seven or eight years, by which time her old grandmother would also have died, they let her return to her Indian home with a smattering of American education and so utterly spoiled for pueblo life, that the best she could hope for was to be a servant in some white family, or take to prostitution as an alternative to the aimless ineffectual life with a husband of her own tribe, himself made incompetent as an Indian by an education which could not make him white."

In conclusion—it is just to add—Mr. Applegate says: "If you go to Zia now you will see there a day school in the village, where the children can get what is important to them to know of white learning, without being separated from their parents, who are at least free of the anxiety of kidnaping, and can teach them something of what is neces-

sary to them to know of how to be happy and successful Indians."

Upon the point that an Indian should be educated as an Indian, not in a manner that would make of him an inferior imitation white man, Mr. Applegate felt strongly—as does the reviewer.

There are times when the white man is outwitted by the Indian—probably more times than the white realizes. One such instance is given in that delightfully humorous, picturesque tale, *Navajo Nieces*. The Navajos, unlike the Pueblo Indians, have been, from time immemorial, polygamous. The white man has attempted to enforce upon them his — the white man's — mores in the way of monogamy. The Carlisle School educated Navajo, *Nah Gee*, tells the story.

"What for fight about them kind things?" he asks. "Navajos get lots education, get civilized same like white man. We send runner to white captain and tell them we will now be good like white man and marry only one woman. So when our wife get old and need 'nother woman to help, we get nieces—that's what we call them, or cousins maybe—so if white mans want to know why we get so many woman round our place, we tell him that's our wife's niece—or maybe cousin—that we get to herd sheep or take care cows. So all white man and agent they smiling on us cause we been good like Indian Agent want us to be—so we got one woman we call wife, like white man, but we don't call others like white man do." *Nah Gee's* face darkened and tightened a little. "That's not a nice name for calling womans. We call them nieces and that is right for government agent and everybody."

The introduction to *Native Tales of New Mexico* is written by Mrs. Mary Austin, the well-known writer, a friend of long standing of Frank Applegate.

The illustrations, in color, were done by the author, an artist with brush, as well as with words—a one-time student at the Julian Academy in Paris.

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Just why a man of the brilliance of Frank Applegate should have been snatched away in the cruelly tragic manner that was the case,¹ from a career of creative usefulness, when this career was apparently little more than beginning, is one of the questions to which no answer can be vouchsafed better than the one characteristic of the land which he loved, and of which he wrote: "Quien Sabe?"

J. B. MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN.

1. Mr. Applegate, while apparently in perfect health and the best of spirits—having just outlined to a group of friends plots for future books—died very suddenly of heart disease, February 13, 1931.

Forty-Niners—The Chronicle of the California Trail—Archer B. Hulbert—Little, Brown and Company, 1931—\$3.50.

Professor Hulbert is unusually well equipped to describe the gold rush of 1849. Having made a careful study of the trails to California, using the surveyors' records in the General Land Office in Washington, he has examined every available diary or journal of the period, 1848-1853, and has traveled most of the trail himself several times. Thus his *Forty-Niners* is a product of sound historical scholarship, although, in presenting his material, the author has used the methods of the novelist. The book is in the form of a composite diary. Most readers find a diary fascinating, so by the use of this clever device Professor Hulbert has made sure of many readers who would not care for the ordinary history. Very likely this composite diary holds more interest in its 321 pages than the average reader would find in any of the 250 contemporary diaries which the author has examined.

The diary follows the movements of a wagon train for 2,200 miles from Independence, Missouri, to Hangtown, California. In these days of depression one may sometimes envy the chance which Americans eighty-three years ago had to make their fortunes in the California "diggins." If so, he will acquire a new respect for the grit of the emigrants who got to the end of the trail in spite of alkali water and broken wagons and frayed nerves; for men and

women who had to grind out an average of seventeen miles a day from the first of May to the last of August, in order to keep from landing in the snow of the Sierras and being forced to eat each other, as members of the Donner party had done in 1846.

The book contains many interesting stories of the trail: the man who deliberately let wife and children drown, while he tried to save his team; the Ohio boys who swam down the Humboldt while their wagon train went twelve miles through the desert; the wager as to how long two naked men could expose themselves to mosquitoes; the wager whether a half-starved Digger Indian, allowed to gorge himself, could walk away "under his own power"; the wolves who gave chase in relays and brought down an antelope; the wolves who fed upon a buffalo when he was still in full flight; the crude frontier operation from which the patient died; and many others.

The many jokes found in this chronicle suggest that a sense of humor greatly helped to hold an outfit together through the routine of the terrible journey half way across the continent. The handcart pusher who whinnied and asked if there was grass ahead possessed what it took to get through, while others who had to settle their trail quarrels with shotguns, did not. An example of the humor rehearsed in camp is the story of the Dutchman who came to his first hot spring, and at once ordered his teamster to drive on, as "Hell could not be more than a mile away."

A great profusion of contemporary illustrations and cartoons, songs and ballads, and maps and outline logs all help to make the book interesting as well as instructive.

It is difficult for a modern writer to limit himself to words and phrases current eighty years ago, but Professor Hulbert has been quite careful in this respect. However, it is not likely that a man in 1849 would refer to Jenny Lind, since she did not come to America until 1850. "Buddy" and "profiteering" sound too modern to have a place in this supposedly old diary.

The book was awarded a prize of \$5,000 offered by the *Atlantic Monthly* and Little, Brown and Company for the best non-fiction manuscript "dealing with the American scene." It is strongly recommended for vacation reading.

MARION DARGAN.

Eden Tree—Witter Bynner—Alfred A. Knopf, 1931—\$2.50.

Eden tree is the tree of man's own ancestry, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the tree around which circled the snake of the ever-thirsting senses and the reasoning bipeds, man and woman. It is these three figures who play their parts under the tree in Witter Bynner's latest long poem. Eden is still of this world in the lovely phantasmagoria of scenes through which Adam moves: Silver Island on the Yang-tze "in the season of small leaves, with the moon a slim quiver"; temple gardens in old China where "Li Po had sung about wine"; the kitchens of Buddhist monasteries, vegetarian but recalling man the carnivorous; the Holy Mountain where Confucius speaks; the Palisades above the Hudson with the glitter of city lights beyond. But the voyage is not to the far places of Eden but to the quiet loves, the shrines, and the brothel places in Old Adam.

It was inside
That he must travel, not away.

Of Celia and the young truthfulness of the world she wove for him, of friends, substantial and insubstantial, of realities in nature and unrealities in religion, Old Adam speaks while the garments of state and society fall away from individuals to strip them free, like Adam, of all but the native springs of life. There Lilith "unwinding her exquisite foot" glides among men to spell for them living death.

Where are the eyes of Lilith in this room?
Does the butler see them while he serves the broth?
Are they the whiteness of the table cloth?
Do their pupils bloom
In candle tips, or brighten in the lustre of these pearls?

And Adam, living and dying anew each day, grows wise of the fluted music of Lilith's singing, of the straightened look of Eve, of the jangle of crowds and the jar of property, and of the tumult of his ocean. In his mind, the zeros of life have been multiplied.

I die, thought Adam, and in my place
Instantly someone stirs. The race
Goes on again, like a pattern in lace.
Is it enough of life that this is all,
That epigrams consume the questioning mind,
Fusing eternal with ephemeral
In unraised letters for the fumbling blind?

The orison of another well known poet has interpreted his Saki in words like Adam's.

There is no wisdom a coffin cannot finally withhold
Untold,
Nor any words young lips like yours can say
And make tomorrow out of yesterday
Or change the oncoming wave to less or more
Of its old unmeaning motion on the shore.

Adam cries for help, to Mary, mother, Christ, the Magdalene, realizing there is no god but himself, and he is bound, weary of running to and fro in the earth, to necessity, like the tree that leans in April toward the house.

I look away from it and think of going
Elsewhere than where its sap will have a clear
Necessity to stay for summer's growing—
But I can no more choose to stray or stir
Than wood can govern its diameter.

Life is merely sunlight spinning within the shell of man, willing to spin on and yet with no knowledge when the web is complete. The most determined voice in the poem is the voice of the whore.

There are things in life, though, to which I'm true,
No matter what people may be.
You may think that I'm talking just to hear what I say;
But I'm not, not today,

Death, too, promises rest from pain and fear, but reclaimed by Life, Adam feels again its pulse in his veins, familiar though strange, and pauses at the edge of Eden beside a moonlit lake before meeting the creatures in the garden again. He plunges into the healing pool and is reborn of the flood and of the water of tears. Swept clean without and within by this bathing of the body and spirit, Adam grows calm about himself and the whole ageless pattern of living.

T. M. PEARCE.

Contributors to This Issue

MARY AUSTIN, of Santa Fe, has identified herself with New Mexico, its life and its interests, through many books and articles, among them *The Land of Journey's Ending*, *The American Rhythm*, and *Starry Adventure*. She is at present seeing her *Autobiography* through the press.

WITTER BYNNER also lives in Santa Fe, and is one of the best known lyric poets of America. He has written a number of plays and is said to be working on a novel.

JOSÉ GARCIA VILLA has lived in New Mexico for the greater part of two years and has written for the *QUARTERLY* a number of stories of his homeland, the Philippines, and of his adopted home, the Southwest. Albuquerque has been his home in the state.

IRENE FISHER lives in Albuquerque, where she divides her time between journalism and writing poetry.

DAVE NEUMANN is a student and critic of art and letters, who has done graduate work in a number of American universities, and has lived in a number of European art centers. His article comes from his home on the Acequia Madre in Santa Fe.

NELDA SEWELL is a resident of Old Albuquerque, where she is one of a group who are interested in the native backgrounds of the Southwest.

LOLITA POOLER is a student of New Mexico folk-lore. She is a member of the Modern Language Department of the University of New Mexico.

JOE A. PEDRO, TEOFILA LUCERO, JUAN ARAGON are students at the Albuquerque Indian School, where they are encouraged to give literary expression to the folk tales of their pueblo people.

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Elizabeth Willis DeHuff

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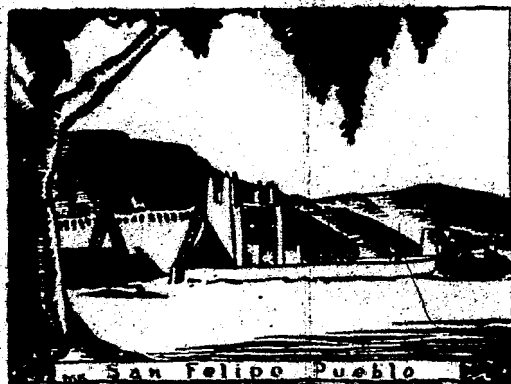
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The New Mexico Quarterly



FRANK APPLGATE
MARY AUSTIN

YOUNG WRITER IN A NEW COUNTRY
JOSÉ GARCIA VILLA

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF THE ARTS
DAVID NEUMANN

LA BRUJA (A STORY)
LOLITA POOLER

NEW MEXICANA
PUEBLO FOLK TALES

POETRY
By WITTER BYNNER, IRENE FISHER, NELDA SEWELL

SOUTHWESTERN WORD BOX

BOOK REVIEWS

VOLUME II
AUGUST, 1932
NUMBER 3

SMOKE TALK

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Observing an Old Custom

WITH this issue of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, an old and venerated tradition among periodicals is to be observed. THE QUARTERLY acquires an editor. When you read this, he will have been christened and named and vowed to future performance by his sponsors (the members of the Editorial Board and the Manager of the New Mexico Press.) Like any beginner in a new faith, his enthusiasm for the cause is matched only by his pipe-dreams of what THE QUARTERLY should be. Of that he wishes to speak.

The time is not appropriate for a survey of THE QUARTERLY'S past. We reserve that until with the February issue we celebrate our second birthday (or having completed our second year do we celebrate our third birthday?) No matter! We are growing old, and there are traditions behind us of QUARTERLIES measuring high in essays, poetry, stories, critical articles of esteem in the fields of art, letters, education, and science. To this comprehensive order of interests we mean to adhere. Our future plans (which we mean to reveal) are concerned with ways to add to the interests of the magazine and means to deepen the enthusiasm of contributors and readers, by making articulate the opinions about the magazine and the conversation which it should provoke.

We therefore introduce to the growing circle of QUARTERLY readers "Smoke Talk," a corner of the magazine reserved for the talk which develops about THE QUARTERLY from a good smoke together. Smoking and conversation with it have the merit of undisputed Americanism to begin with and of universality in our present day besides. Everyone likes to be smoked at, and frequently after a good smoke, important facts are smoked out of hiding. Even the small talk is pleasant, because it is ordinarily generous, keen, but not controversial, a pleasant flow of words in the fragrant fog spiraling from cigarettes or billowing from cigars. We have had to seek for the "Smoke Talk" this

time, by requesting people to write down what we had listened to them saying about the contents of *THE QUARTERLY*. We know that the invitation which we extend now to our readers to smoke us over will supply us with the "Talk" for the future.

While introductions are of the moment, a few prefatory remarks may serve to present the "Southwestern Word Box." In one of the present writer's unwritten articles he intends to say that there is no more authentic test of regional literature than dialect or distinguishing localisms in speech. The literature of the Southwest, made in the image of the life of the Southwest, rings true in a distinctive language. The background of trapper, trader, prospector, the far and near present of vaquero, cowpuncher, and bushwhacker, sod-buster, and hoe-man, the present and future dude-wrangler and chaser provide vocabularies typical and descriptive of these vocations. Lists of these words will appear in this section and corrections and supplements to the lists will be gladly received.

Material will be welcomed for a third section formally introduced at this time: "New Mexicana." With open acknowledgment to a great contemporary journal, and perhaps with some risk of misinterpretation thereby, we venture to furnish interesting comments about the state taken from past or present New Mexican commentators. Our aim is not satirical or caustic. We seek to present the panorama of province, territory, and state in the terms and colors of those who have seen it before their eyes. We should like, especially, unpublished material available in correspondence, journals, diaries. Through this section, we hope to meet some of the old-time little known personalities of the Southwest who have pictured the life around them in more lasting ways than camera or moving film.

The editor has yet to introduce himself. But having postponed the introduction so long, he is now an old friend. He is ready to say goodbye and to wish you well. "Salud y adios."

Frank Applegate

By MARY AUSTIN

THE publication of Frank Applegate's last book, *Native Tales of New Mexico*, brings him back to us as we knew him, kindly, humorous, keen, observant, and with the subtle feeling for folk-ways which more than any other trait distinguished him. And with it all the penetratingly simple quality of creativeness which was the least appreciated of his personal characteristics. It was all these things which drew me to him when in 1923 I became his neighbor in one of his little houses on the Camino Monte Sol, at Santa Fe; all these and in addition his satisfying neighborliness. There was a sympathy between us which had its root in a common derivation from rural Illinois and a not too unlike past. Through incidents of our common youth and the shared pioneer history we began to know each other, and it was but a step from that to the sharing of our common appreciations of the New Mexican life to which he had so newly come. He drew freely on my greater factual intimacy with that life, and I was helped in my interpretations of it by the communality of our approach.

Mr. Applegate's earliest point of contact with the West was Indian pottery, which he arrived at through his expert knowledge of ceramics, and his recent teaching experience at the pottery works of Trenton, New Jersey. He had also a native feeling for design, and a sculptor's experience which led him very quickly to an interest in the Spanish *bultos*. Our first conference on the subject had to do with a carved figure of Our Lady of Innocence, which I had recently secured from a morada at Abiquiu, which had been repainted with crude colors of house paint, which Frank undertook to show me how to remove, thus uncovering the delicate workmanship underneath. So we began to be interested in the whole question of the technique of the New Mexican images which he began to collect. Through this

we rapidly grew interested in all the old and almost dishabilitated arts of New Mexico, touched with a profound regret for their disappearance. In collecting old pieces, Frank had often recourse to native workmen for repairs, and by this means we came to realize that the capacity for handcraft, of a fine and satisfying quality, though overlaid by modern American neglect, had not completely disintegrated. We began to discuss the possibility of reviving it.

At that time I was extremely ill and not able to undertake an adventure of that dimension. But I was in need of some sort of going interest, if I was to recover, and also I felt that if we succeeded in getting such a movement started, friends of mine, in case of my death, would be interested in carrying it on. So I secured financial backing from my friend, Mrs. Elon Hooker, and at a meeting at the home of Miss Manderfield (one of the Oteros) a society for the revival of Spanish Colonial Arts was launched. We hung up for some time over the name, but I had already been hard pressed for a phrase by which to describe the descendants of the Spanish Colonists, other than the misleading term "Mexicans" and had already begun to write of them as Spanish Colonials. I remember insisting to Dana Johnson that the term was in public use, though I was myself the only person who had used it, and to my relief he took it up and began to popularize it. Spanish Colonial Art became a recognized subject of interested comment in the press.

We began that year holding a prize competition at the time of the Fiesta, although we actually knew of but one person who could be counted on for contributions. This was Celso Gallegos, the wood carver of Agua Frio. Actually we had but fifteen entries that year, but we sold Gallegos' carvings so liberally that we were able to turn over to him the sum of \$60. Frank took it to him in round silver dollars, and the old man was so overcome that he wept and tried to kiss Frank, which, in view of Frank's great length of limb, was not easily managed. We had, however, made a beginning, which we have improved upon from year to year, so

that the exhibition of Native Spanish Colonial Arts is now a recognized feature of the Fiesta. We had help from the rest of the community, but so long as he lived, Frank carried the burden of judgment and directive criticism. Very early we arrived at the necessity for a permanent collection of the best examples of the old work, and, as we had the means, to collect them and place them on exhibition in the rooms of the Historical Society in the Old Palace. Our earliest important piece was the altar and reredos from the old church at Llano, near Taos. Frank was notified that it was for sale, and went up immediately, arriving a little in advance of the curio dealers, and secured it for \$500. Other people began to contribute items. We were especially indebted to Miss Mary Wheelwright.

Our next important purchase was the Sanctuario at Chimayo. This interesting old family chapel of the Chaves family was now reduced to the ownership of three members of that family, and suddenly it was announced that options had been given on the beautiful decorations and furnishings, to curio dealers, who proposed to dismantle it. I was away at the time, lecturing at Yale University, but Frank wrote me promptly, and I was able to find a Catholic benefactor who made possible the purchase of the building and its content, to be held in trust by the Church for worship and as a religious museum, intact, and no alterations to be made in it without our consent. At the ceremony of reconsecration, Frank and I felt very close to each other. By this time, Frank's own collection of bultos, santos and old furniture had grown to considerable importance, so that we began to cast about in our minds for a way of establishing at least some memorial of it. It was when we came back from Sanctuario that we definitely decided on a much discussed project of writing a book descriptively accounting for the Spanish Arts in New Mexico, copiously illustrated.

By this time Frank had begun by my advice to write. His first venture was the transcribing of many amusing incidents which he had happened upon in his study of Indian

arts. He did not use the conventional story form, nor did I insist upon it. What I saw was that he had happened upon an explicitly folk form, which I encouraged him to preserve. The success of his first collection, which was published in a volume as *Indian Tales from the Pueblos*, was so gratifying that it led him to project another volume which should include all three of the native cultures of New Mexico: Indian, Spanish, and Anglo. He worked slowly, and he was at the same time much occupied in pushing the work of the Society for the Revival of Spanish Colonial Arts. We had opened a shop for the sale of work and had been asked to co-operate with the Normal School at El Rito in reintroducing these arts into their manual training department. We began to collect photographs of the best examples, having in mind our book. Frank had also taken an acute interest in native architecture, especially in the details of interior decoration. I suggested that he might make another book of his findings in that field, and finally that he should include in it the whole history of the House, as it had evolved in New Mexico. Every phase of house building had been represented there, from the grass lined pits of the Basket Makers to the many-storied Pueblo, and has never been completely erased. I was so much interested in this business that I wrote an introduction to the projected History of the House, to serve as a marker along that trail. With all this going on, nothing got ahead very rapidly, especially as the work at El Rito took up a great deal of time. But I continued to press forward with the book on Spanish Arts, and had made arrangements for having it suitably published.

Always I have been gifted—or plagued—by a kind of fore-knowing which makes me vaguely aware of the future progress of events, and along in the Fall of 1930 I began to be distressed with the presentiment that something was to intervene in the work of that book. So I insisted on Frank's committing to paper all that he had learned about the technique of the Spanish arts. I did not imagine that anything would happen to Frank, who was apparently so hale and

strong; I thought it much more likely that it would happen to me. I wanted to be sure that he got his knowledge into proper shape before it happened; and I was so certain of disaster that when he drove me to the train for my usual trip East, I bantered him to kiss me good by, thinking it would be a comfort to him to recall it if anything did happen. It happened to Frank, in his sudden death in February.

Thus I was left with the completed notes of his part of the Book on Spanish Arts, and also with the incompleted manuscript of his Native Tales and the outlines of the Story of the House. I meant, of course, to finish the book on the arts as soon as I had finished my autobiography, which I was then at work upon, but unfortunately the financial depression so altered the publisher's plans that it has been impossible to do anything about it to date. But I could and did finish the Native Tales. We had worked together so long and so completely in each other's confidence, with such free interchanges of material that I did not find it at all difficult to do. In a way it was, for the brief interval I was occupied with it, a restoration of my friend to me; it reassured me that when I do take up the work in the Spanish Arts, I will not lack his co-operation at need. I shall also probably write at the least a sketch of what he meant to do with the Story of the House.

Nothing, however, restores his quick, intelligent help in the actual conduct of the work of the society. Nobody supplies his rare, his unprecedented gift for the essentials of folk art and for the handling of folk. Nobody has his inimitable faculty of comradeship. When one thinks of the varied personalities who make up the entity which is Santa Fe, no one, it appears, could be less easily spared than Frank Applegate. His death remains one of those inexplicable incidents that take on the aspect of the most regrettable of accidents, not meant, but inevitable.

Realizing that he would have wished his collection of santos and bultos to remain here in Santa Fe, the society

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selected forty-five of the best pieces and purchased them from the estate, to constitute the Frank Applegate Memorial Collection. They have recently been placed on exhibition in the rooms of the Historical Society. The money is still largely to collect, but it is believed that it will not be refused by the people who knew him and the service he gave to the state in preserving the examples of its early art. It is more than fitting that they should remain here, associated with his name and prolonging the memory of his warm and brilliant personality.

New Mexican Blue-bird

By WITTER BYNNER

O blue-bird, leading on and on
To another fence-post, luring me aside
Past my own fences to oblivion
In yours, where are we going through the wide
Small path we choose to take or chance to follow—
You lightly fluttering to give your mate
As airy errands as an evening swallow,
And I impressing my important fate
On every inch of ground these ankles tread?
Where are we going through the afternoon
Of cottonwoods, whose leaves are almost dead,
As ankles too must be and wings too soon?
One fence-post at a time suffices you . . .
Ankles be light again, as wings are blue!

Young Writer in a New Country

By JOSE GARCIA VILLA

IN THE homeland . . . I was young. I wander to the rocks on the beach and pass my hands through my hair. It is so soothing. Like the touch of a woman whom you love but have never seen. I lift my face to the moon and wish I were naked that I should see how the silver of its rays would melt against my form. It may be that at these times I am mad, but my being is infinitely happy, infinitely tender. If suddenly the moon should hide, I would lie on the sand and wait and wait. I am in love. I would creep and crawl and bruise my flesh to find my love . . .

What I am trying to say is that in the homeland I was young. I love you, said she. I love you. I love you.

She is the young moon, the young swan, the young doe. . .

. . . You are very young, said my father to me. What he meant was: I will come in between.

He was my father and he was strong. Not physically, I mean, for he was thin. But he was strong. Someday when I am a father, too, I will never be like him. I will never say to my son, you are very young, if I meant, I will come in between.

She said she loved me. She said she'd wait. Do not be long in America, she said.

And America . . . In New Mexico the winds blowing, carrying sand. Here my first home in the new land . . . here my first friend the other side of the ocean . . .

Here Aurora and Georgia. Here Joe and Wiley—Jack, Rey and Louise.

And all the time the sands of New Mexico, windscattered, windloved.

At night, in the new country, I would say to myself: America, America. I lie in bed quietly, trying to think what

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it really means. A wind blows through the open window and makes me shiver. America is cold, for the moment that is my thought. In the homeland—never any snow. In the homeland, greenness. O green, O warmth, O bamboos unforgotten . . .

In America it is cold. But Ernest, my roommate, does not find it so. He has lived in America all his life. He plays the trombone. He likes to play the trombone. America has taught him to play the trombone. What a strange train of thoughts. Ernest. America. Trombone.

What I want to say is that I could not make out anything. I lay in bed, wanting sleep to come, but all the time my lips kept saying: America, America—fondling the words, wanting to know what they meant. But nothing got solved in my mind.

But about Father—it was clear, it was very clear. When he said to me, You are very young, I knew what he meant. I knew why he chose those words. They are very good words and if I were my father and I wanted to act like he did, I would have used the same words: You are very young . . .

You see, in the homeland I was young, but my father was a liar when he said, You are very young.

She did not lie but in the end she became a liar. What I mean is that when she said, I love you, she meant it, every word of it, but Time changed her.

She could have written: I want to be free. You are free and I am free . . .

That would have been very easy to understand.

But Time that hurts also knows how to heal. David, first friend in the white land. David who was poor, who wore slovenly clothes, whose eyes were soft. Of nights, walking on the streets, reciting poetry . . .

This is all very clear. I have asked America, the country America: Why don't you make more Davids? I asked

the question because it was the only way to express myself. He was not a liar and he could never end a liar: David. . . . Do you get what I mean?

But I know: Davids die poor. Even in my country Davids are not many. Civilization does not want Davids: You got no speed, David. You must be left behind. . .

Do you see America getting clearer in my mind? Do you see myself getting articulate, getting voice? Little by little calm comes to my mind. Little by little comes my white birth . . . a white cool birth in a new land.

It was then that my stories were born. Of the homeland and the new land. Some of you may have read them . . . they were cool, afire with coolth.

I, father of tales. Fathering tales I became rooted to the new land. I became lover to the desert. Three tales had healed me.

And now I am in New York.

Before that Chicago, Milwaukee, Washington . . . but now New York.

In the daytime movement and in the nighttime movement. And, Lord, I am tired . . .

What I am trying to say is that I left the desert, the desert of my white birth . . . and now I want to return to it. I want it to enfold me completely, I will surrender, I will never leave it.

But in the homeland, *there* I was young . . .

Do you get what I am driving you to see? I am crying for the desert, for the peace of the desert.

Will the native land forgive? Between your peace and the peace of a strange faraway desert—Between your two peaces . . .

O tell softly, softly. Forgive softly.

Two Poems

By IRENE FISHER

THE GARDEN

In your hidden garden
Blue delphiniums grow
And white phlox walk in stateliness
Row on row.

Sudden call of color
Breathless blue and white—
Into my dark sorrow came
Flame-clear light.

In my inner garden
Down through all the years
I shall see your face sometimes
Through my tears.

APRIL

I shall sing
Of many a thing
In this April weather.

Maybe I'll cry
Or perhaps sigh
That we should be together.

Maybe I'll not
Care even a jot
If I should never see you.

If I should say
That's just my way—
Poor man, how it would grieve you!

The Commercialization of the Arts

By DAVID L. NEUMANN

GENIUS is able to produce its best when working for money. Working for money is a privilege implying that the purchaser values the work sufficiently to be willing to give for it praises more solid than the most enthusiastic critic. Some of the greatest artistic works were produced in periods of very highly developed commercialization. At these times the greatest artists were at once business men and the heads of organized functioning places of business. Orders for work they accepted as any man accepts a piece of business. Their genius, instead of being adversely affected by their business circumstances, was triumphantly, demonstrably, stimulated by the exactions of their customers. All the world today acknowledges their creations as those of genius. Then, as now, lesser men prostituted their art to please their patrons. Good artists' works, instead of suffering from limitations imposed by the contracts they fulfilled were strengthened thereby. A man might be at once conscious of executing a work that met a need of his customer and yet expressed the best that he had within him artistically. Today one hears only disparagement of the artist who commercializes his work. It is currently held that the best creative artistic product results only from untrammelled effort out of relation to commercial demand.

It is our view that the professional, always excepting the occasional gifted amateur, has always, and will always, produce the best work in any field. The professional knows the demands of his business as a matter of course and of necessity. He understands it as only one who lives by it can understand it. To him it is no indulgence or avocation, no plaything or intellectual divertisement, but a necessary day by day pursuit, and while his view of his art may suffer from a lack of perspective, it gains by this very lack. The zealot and devotee in any field may throw sophistication and

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urbanity aside and openly acknowledge his ingenious rusticity. It is not given to the sophisticate to be possessed of creative genius. In genius there is always naiveté. We cast out then the dilettante and the dabbler, no matter how great his talent may be, and confine ourselves to the professional. Arbitrarily and for the sake of simplicity we also confine ourselves to the business of oil painting, letting the situation of the painter stand for that of any of the workers in the arts, although we grant that it is not strictly analogous in each case, particularly in the case of architecture. Architecture today in America is in many ways in far happier circumstances than painting, because it has been stimulated by a large and active demand for building. Painting is currently trammelled by the relatively modern doctrine of the artist as a free spirit, free from outside dictation and too often free of commissions as well.

Today the architect is a business man. More than likely his office is one in which many clerks and strictly business employees are kept busy. He is as much concerned with the details of contract law and the financing of the buildings he designs as with the design itself. He has in his office experts on many matters, from specification writers who investigate and purchase the various materials that go into the building and make it their work to keep in touch with manufacturers of building materials and to be informed on what the market offers, to engineers, frequently second in importance in the firm to the architect himself, who are concerned with structural problems. In the erection of a modern building, the project requires the co-operation of a large number of special contractors and a wide range of expert knowledge which begins in the office of a bank and progresses through the plants of the manufacturers of building materials, through the various organizations of the numerous special contractors, and is only ended when the completed design has the approval of the architect in all of its aspects, and when payments have been made on his approval to the parties and firms which have come to-

gether to erect it. This complex business and technical organization does not limit the artistic freedom of the architect himself. On the contrary, it relieves him of an enormous, an overwhelming mass of minutiae, and releases him so that he is the better able to consider his artistic problems as such. Yet nothing so clearly marks the problem the architect faces as the fact that in all details his own intentions and artistic conceptions are rigidly limited by the nature of the project. By its purpose, the shape of the lot, the financial limits of the owner, the building code of the locality, and most pointedly by the tastes of the owner in all details, from the ornamentation to the selection of materials, the artist's concept is framed. Of course, today in the building of large buildings the owner, having employed an architect in whom he has confidence, is not apt to dictate the details, as these are too many and not in his immediate experience, nor for that matter in the immediate experience of any one individual. Out of this complex and in many respects rigid system, have come some of the world's masterpieces of architecture, and at least one fundamental and revolutionary building principle—the steel cage construction. One hears no complaint that, artistically, architects are prostituting themselves because they build for money and accept commercial transactions as the basis of their art. These comments would evaporate of their own demonstrable invalidity. The one and simple answer is that good artists, working as architects, are today, in the milieu suggested above, producing first rate artistic creations. How is it that the same atmosphere is said to be so fatal to the painter? Is his genius so fragile that he cannot do business and retain his respect as a creative worker, or is there some fundamental difference between oil painting and the art of building? There are many significant differences, but no fundamental one. Failure to recognize this allows the paradoxical reconciliation of the two attitudes, one tacitly acknowledged, that is, that architects can do their best artistically when engaged in a commercial transaction,

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and the other, vociferously insisted upon, that painters cannot.

Oil painters today are overwhelmed because they must be in themselves at once commissioner, owner, purchaser of the materials, financier, office girl, and all of the countless other functionaries whose skill they abhor and whose functions they assume in an effort to get away from commercialization. They succeed in doing just the reverse and are swamped by all of the little insignificances that the architect, on a strictly commercial basis, has taken care of by others because they do not rightly have anything to do with his art. By being a business man he releases himself from business. The oil painter, in his mistaken abhorrence of business, has swamped himself with all of the insignificant details from which business organization, frank and systematized, would release him. Had he once more, as he had in renaissance Italy, his elaborate business organization, his helpers, his color, grinders, his "owners" with their definitely shaped requirements, he would, as he seems to feel he would not, be released from the conditions which make oil painting today everything that it should not be. His genius as a creative artist would be released, and he would find his happiness where Aristotle long ago pointed out that it lay, in "proper functioning."

It would confuse our search if we began by upholding the brief that, to flourish, art must be functional. Interpreting "functional" in the broadest and most liberal possible sense we must let our search begin with this premise. And at once we discover the key to the great difference in the present situation of the oil painter and the architect. Unfortunately for painting there is no market today for a fraction of the paintings that are being made. Oil painters have come to regard it as a sacred thing that they work with no regard for the future use to which their product shall be put, making their great defect their great battle cry. "Disinterested" painters remind one of the school-boy problem of the toothache dissociated from the tooth. "Dis-

interested" painters indeed! What we have need of is interested painters, painters who have some wish to relate what they do to the artistic needs of the time, and if there is room for only a small part of the painters' work when it is related to our artistic needs, let the rest stop painting and the benefit will be general.

The whole question is inextricably tied up with the perverted but very real concept of "Bohemianism." Where once it was true that artists were tempestuous fellows because their natures were tempestuous, it is now apparently assumed that one has but to lead a tempestuous life, act eccentrically, openly lament the current conventionalities, adopt a bizarre credo no matter what, and one is, ipso facto, an artist! This tendency to the bizarre in conduct seems to have become inculcated further into canvas. If one is a conventional worker one is sometimes less than if one is bizarre. Painters seem to strive for striking effects. They elaborate on aesthetics, they arrogate to themselves the function of criticism and within themselves feel that no one but a practicing painter should venture to criticize their paintings. They become rational and will not acknowledge that their work proceeds from other than systematic principles, which principles they erect into a philosophy of art and these philosophies are as various as the painters themselves. So today painters as a body have come to be thought of as dull fellows, wordy and indignantly vociferous and all but inarticulate in the face of it; and haunting them everywhere stalks the ghost of a Bohemianism that has been left behind by the very shop clerk. All that they have left is the form and the seeming, and bewilderedly they sit at their Dome or La Rotunde with their silly beards and their pathetic determination to be devils. Those who become apostates to this view of life, who make compromises with fact, and who adopt the manners of society and the commercial basis of their art, may often be bad artists, but those who nurse their

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Bohemianism do so because they have nothing else to nurse. Among good oil painters today one should look long for the baggy velvet pants and the seedy beards and bérêts at rakish angles that serve to replace talent among the crowd who hate all that is bourgeois and adopt that hatred as a profession and a life work.

But our problem is really historical. When, in France, court painting overreached its day, when Watteau was only a great painter of a day gone by, and the things that he had painted were so far out of keeping with the life of the time that they seemed more archaic, as they do today, so far as subject matter goes, than works from many an earlier century, when the Barbizon school had really made a contribution to painting, when outline and "drawing" were seen to be only conventions tacked onto painting by the psychological habit of associating visual with tactile sensations, when the new ability to see nature was still a discovery, it seemed as if the old ways of painting were at an end. It seemed that drawing with charcoal from plaster casts, the ancient first step in the training of students, was a mistake; it seemed as if the business of painting from a technical standpoint was to be entirely remade. Then the word "academic" came to be held in the disfavour that adheres to it today. Then all youngsters in the intellectual swim were intolerant of schools where drawing was still taught and where the old masters were still held masters and mentors too. Then the technical discoveries seemed the only thing in all of painting. Then painters forgot, and have not yet begun to remember that painting was once related to a larger life outside itself. They forgot that painters sometimes illustrated books or painted portraits both on commission and for pay; they forgot that painters had once accepted commissions for decorative or mural work, subject matter predetermined. They forgot that great paintings had come out of the Dutch school, and though they may admire and defer to some of the fine portrait groups done by the Dutch masters for various guilds, they appear not to

know that the very arrangement and position of the numerous individual portraits constituting these canvases were fixed by the importance in the guild of the individuals portrayed. They forgot everything in their child-like enthusiasm for new discoveries. More than a century has nursed this mistaken devotion to painting for its own sake, a devotion to the endless painting of canvases that had only their difference from understandableness to recommend them to the spectator. Quick fame to the painter who devised the most striking, the most outlandish, the most absurd concoction. Certain intellectuals, devoted only to the admiration of what they could not understand, have given this painting a false faith in itself by virtue of critical approval. And so we have the many and confused theories of what is good painting today. We have Cubism, and we have Modernism, and we have Vorticism and, most pretentionsly and foolishly named of all, we have Futurism. But now as always we have only two kinds of painting, good and bad.

In this absurd battle of isms there emerges an unfortunately mistaken attitude, foisted upon the painter by the wholesale rejection of nonsense by the patron. This attitude compels the artist, out of defense for his essentially mistaken divorce from his job, to believe that he who takes a "job" lets himself down out of the high and rare atmosphere of "disinterestedness" and descends to the vitiating bourgeoisie earth of practical affairs. If only these fellows would understand that necessity is the grandmother of beauty.

Pueblo Sketches. Three Poems

By NELDA SEWELL

NAVAJO TRIBUTE TO THE BLUEBIRD

The voice of the bluebird flows in gladness
Just at dawn, just at dawn.
The voice of the bluebird comes in beauty
Just at dawn, just at dawn.
The voice of the bluebird in gladness and beauty
Herald of rain, rain that gladdens and beautifies the land
Just at dawn, just at dawn.

DROUTH

(Written about the ruins of Pueblo Bonita)

Every day the rain bearers pass before the sun,
Every day the thunder speaks empty promises.
Every day we look to the cloud people for rain,
But always they pass before the sun and travel away.
The cloud people are displeased; we have forgotten
The ways of our ancestors, our songs are not strong.
The great springs that gave water so freely
Are now drying and going into the sand.
The sun beats hot on the dry earth,
Scorching winds blow, rustling the crisp leaves
Of dying corn, and move the withered vines of squash.
Old men go about with worried brow,
Young mothers become anxious,
Happy children grow weary and restless,
But every day the rain bearers pass before the sun
And travel away.

POWER OF SYMBOLS

With symbols of fearless power painted on our faces
When we dance and sing with our ancients,
Powerful and strong in war are we,
Powerful and strong.

With *wiffs* of eagle-down on head and breast
Eagle-down so light upon our head and breast,
Swift and light in the race are we
Swift and light.

When a new song we make to the huntress
And sing her praises long and loud,
Great game we will find this day
Great game.

When we invite the clouds and rain with dancing and noise
Dancing hard and long, making the noise of thunder
Much rain will fall this day
Much rain will fall.

La Bruja

By LOLITA H. POOLER

THE little villa of Bienvenida, in spite of its cheerful name, crouched on the knees of the dark Manzanos range. Through the narrow pass in the mountains which led into the plaza of the town, little of the outer world ever squeezed. Bienvenida, named by some truly grateful priests, who long ago had found haven there after the tortuous mountain trail, invited few of the denizens of the later world to bring their marks of contrast to its antique, but satisfactory ways.

On a morning in early June one family of the town was awake early in an early rising community. "Inez, it is five o'clock and Nicolas is waiting outside for you," called a woman's voice, edged with sharpness and middle age. "Si madre, I know; I saw him through the window," and the slender, dark-eyed girl again looked at herself in the old mirror that sent a zig-zag reflection of eighteen years of youth and comeliness. Today would end maidenhood for her. "Su novio" was ready to take her to Alcalde. She held up her veil gingerly, kissed her mother, and walked gravely out to the wagon. Her madrina was in the back seat—a stout woman with an olive complexion, whose figure, enveloped in a pink dress, reminded one of a large upholstered chair. Inez got in beside her, while in the front seat sat Nicolas with his best man.

The journey to Alcalde, where the parish priest lived, was never regarded by bridal pairs as an inconvenience, but rather as one of the cherished traditional customs of the village, a part of life that was unalterable.

While the mountains were wrapped in their gauzelike cover of gray mist, the solitary farm wagon creaked and rumbled noisily over the rutted road. It was cold that early June morning, but the four in the wagon did not seem to mind; the chill of the canon was familiar to them before

even the most blistering summer afternoon. As the sun broke through the flame-colored glow that hung over the mountains, the mist gradually receded into the deep blue ravines. Now the air changed, and gave a comfortable feeling of warmth. The scolding and twittering of the birds in the cottonwood trees stopped as all things burst into harmonious life. Meadowlarks that sat on the barbed wire fences drew attention to their brilliant yellow breasts by singing their clear, throaty greeting. Jack rabbits nibbled at their breakfasts in the fields, while now and then one would hop leisurely across the road where the first mellow rays of sunlight stretched across the wagon tracks. The men were silent, except for the sharp "giddiyaps" spoken to the ever weary horses. Groaning and lurching, the wagon managed to ride the chuck holes. Manuela clutched the side of the seat with one hand, as she continually righted her large straw hat with the other.

"Do you know, Inez, that Placida was taken ill yesterday?"

"Yes, but she will be able to finish preparing the wedding feast," was the absent minded reply.

"No, your mother told me that Tomasa was going to help her today." At this the girl turned pale. "Oh, it can't be true; Tomasa is a witch!"

"So they say; perhaps her heart will soften today; she may not do any harm." Inez shuddered, "I am afraid when I think of her. She is so small and so dried up. Her white, pock-marked face has a ghostly look when she speaks, her hoarse voice makes me think of the crows cawing in the desert, while they are waiting for death to come to some unfortunate living creature."

They neared the church, whose sun-baked walls seemed to offer Inez the peace that had been dispelled by uneasy thoughts of the future.

Adjoining the old mission church was the parish house, hidden by a high, adobe wall. The wooden door, weather-beaten and creaky, opened into a patio that seemed to carry

one into a different world. A large bed of purple and pink verbenas made a lovely splash of color in the center of the yard, while a Tree of Heaven in one corner and a cluster of lilac bushes at the farther end offered shade to the brilliantly colored birds that darted out unexpectedly. There were gaily plumaged pheasants, a chattering magpie that seemed to resent their approach, the green and red parrot who looked silently at them from his perch suspended from the vine-covered porch, and the lovely peacock who spread his gorgeous tail, confident that his looks and his struttings made him superior to all creatures.

As the four stepped into the patio, a screen door closed, and rapid steps advanced toward them down the long porch. The stocky, grey-bearded priest, who had spent so many years here, greeted the bridal party in his usual friendly manner, with a Frenchman's vivacity and courtliness, which, mellowed and modified by his humble Mexican surroundings, seemed to make him one with the old walls, bright flowers and gentle things that claimed him. The priest bade them go into the church and wait, and they reverently stepped through the wide doors into the cool nave. Each one stopped at the holy water font to make the sign of the cross. They walked slowly toward the altar as the priest came out from the sacristy and knelt for a moment at the foot of the crucifix. Standing at the communion rail, the words of the "padre" echoed and re-echoed in the vault of the adobe church, until it seemed that all the corners and crevices were filled with ghostly, unseen worshippers, mocking the solemnity of the marriage vows. The young bride shivered, for the clay walls still held the frostiness of the night. From the freshly sprinkled floor of hard packed earth, a musty smell crept through the sanctuary.

After the ceremony, the bridal party bowed their heads in silent prayer before the blue and white statue of the Blessed Mother, who looked down on them with eyes strangely compassionate for paint and plaster, as if she wished to spare the dark-eyed bride any anxiety for the

future. Silently they all walked out of the church, and Nicolas, after untying the horses, got into the back seat with his bride. Framed in her white tulle veil, she was more serious than the customary bride returning to Bienvenida. Along the twisting road through clusters of heavy boulders, occasionally crossing the choppy little río, the couple rode with occasional comments on the countryside, the priest's good wishes to them, the wedding celebration to follow their arrival home. Inez's thoughts turned often to Tomasa. She was perceptibly disturbed.

"Nicolas, are you afraid of Tomasa?" she finally asked.

"Isn't she a witch?" the young man returned.

"Yes, she is, and I am afraid, for she is to prepare the wedding feast. Had the "padre" been able to come to our banquet, it would be different, because I know that witches cannot do any evil if a priest is present."

"No tengas miedo," smiled Nicolas, "I will protect you. Tomasa cannot hurt you in Valencia, where we shall live." Nicolas had already built a new house in Valencia, of adobes not six months cut, for his esposa. His heart had been filled with happiness while his brothers and a neighbor put up the walls and laid the timbers in the days before the wedding. Valencia was twelve miles beyond Alcalde, farther down the valley toward the bosque of the Rio Grande. The thought of being far away from Tomasa was reassuring to Inez. She relaxed against her husband's arm.

Upon their arrival home, the musicians, who had been standing at the gate tuning their violin and guitar, began playing the Schottische that for many years had served as the wedding march in all the surrounding villages.

The bridal party led the procession into a large, cool room that had been prepared for the reception of the guests, while the blind fiddler and his companion brought up the rear. Nicolas and Inez sat on the chairs which had large bows of white ribbon tied on them. The wedding guests now began to arrive; old and young walked gravely up to the couple and shook hands. All chairs along the walls were

soon occupied, and now and then a young child was lifted from a chair to make room for an older person. Women hushed their babies, and the young girls stood about in admiring groups, their occasional words of praise bringing a smile of gratitude to Inez's otherwise serious face.

Savory odors from spicy concoctions stole in from the kitchen—stewing meat, chili sauce, blue cornmeal, and frying onions. Then came the signal that the feast was being served. The bride and groom were the first to be seated at a long table in the adjoining room, where elderly women bustled about placing the steaming food on the table. There was a bowl with "sopa de pan," a broth into which pieces of bread had been broken; from another bowl came the delicious odor of chicken that had been cooked for hours with rice and flavored with onion and garlic. In the center of the table there was a large platter piled high with egg-shaped croquettes made of ground meat, chile and raisins. No wedding dinner is complete without them. Several heavy glass bowls filled with canned fruit, and gay colored plates, were conspicuous for the pink-and-yellow-iced store cookies that were heaped on them. Coffee was served to everyone, regardless of his age or size. Men, women and children solemnly came into the banquet room and sat down to the feast. A small boy led the blind musicians into this room to play during the meal. The thorough enjoyment of the dinner was manifested by the number of times that the bowls were taken to the kitchen and refilled.

Inez, whose long fast was to be broken with this delicious feast, was enjoying the "sopa," when suddenly she thought she heard her mother's voice in the kitchen. However, upon looking up, instead of her mother she saw Tomasa standing in the doorway, staring at her with an ugly, uncanny expression that was not friendly. Inez turned pale. She placed the uplifted spoon back on her plate; she was no longer hungry. After a few moments Nicolas whispered, "What is the matter, Inez, why don't you eat?"

"I'm not hungry any more." She sat there patiently, waiting for him to finish, and then the two walked into the main room, again taking their accustomed chairs. All afternoon the music whined and sobbed in Inez's ears. She felt she could bear it no longer; an endless stream of people coming and going; the heat, the stifling room, everything palled on her. It was strange, she thought, that it should be so on her wedding day. She loved Nicolas, and had been looking forward to this occasion, the greatest event in a girl's life. What could be the matter? Why did "La Golondrina" and "La Paloma" fill her with sad thoughts and gloomy foreboding? She had always associated the sweetest pleasures of her rather uneventful life with these melodies.

That evening a long hall, lighted with two large kerosene lamps, showed wooden benches lined along the wall; the rude board floor was being generously sprinkled with floor wax. Strumming sounds came from the farther end of the hall, where the "musicos" of the evening sat with their accordion and guitar. The summer twilight was slowly changing into the starlit night; this dance was the closing event of another village celebration. Soon the guests came trailing in. Little children came with their mothers. Those too young to walk were being carried, and others clutched at their mother's dresses, or followed in the rear with an expression of awe and wonder in their questioning brown eyes. The grandmothers in their long, full black skirts and loose blouses almost entirely covered by their long, fringed black shawls, came to watch the "baile" and care for the little ones. Young girls sat in groups or with their parents. Most of the men stood in the doorway, quietly discussing the affairs of community interest.

As the musicians began, with the waltz "Sobre las olas," Nicolas got up from his chair and offered Inez his arm. They walked sedately around the room before starting to dance; the others followed in the same manner. The noise of scuffling feet on the rude board floor made a sound

of greatest commotion. As the evening progressed, small children were stretched out on the benches fast asleep, while tired grandmothers ceased to look interested. Inez looked perturbed and weary. By twelve o'clock the guests had begun to thin out, and an hour later the kerosene lamps were cold; the village was in darkness. . . .

It was February in the villa of Valencia. Crisp, clear sunshine played around the doorsteps of the village, and in the corners of the steps and patios patches of snow covered the ice lingering from bitter nights and cold mornings. Seven years have moved by for the thin woman, sitting for a few moments outside her home to catch the warmth of nature's lamp. Her parched skin made her face look leathery, almost the color of her brown eyes. Sighing, she got up slowly and went into the clean, poorly furnished room, with its little fireplace tucked in the corner, the inside of which had been freshly plastered; the cheap, white iron bed, the washstand with a mirror hanging over it, and two straight chairs, made the mud floor look barren and cold. The newly whitewashed walls were bare except for an old, crudely fashioned crucifix, that hung above the fireplace. Geraniums of bright pink and deep red, growing in coffee cans, stood in the deep-silled window. All was very still. The winter sunshine softly found its way through a crack in the green window shade and fell on the holy crucifix.

Inez walked into the kitchen to look at the beans she had put on several hours before. She stirred them, and then put another stick of cedar wood in the stove. Slowly she opened the door to the bedroom and walked toward the bed. She lay down, covering herself with the shawl that had been neatly folded on a chair.

A knock at the door announced a visitor; one of the neighbors entered, a woman of forty, dressed in a black skirt and a gray calico waist, partly covered by the black shawl that hung from her shoulders.

"Take this chair next to my bed, Amalia," and Inez motioned to her caller. Amalia sighed with pity as she sat

down. "It is strange," she began, "that you do not get well."

"Yes, we have tried all the remedies, and Nicolas even bought some medicine at the store."

Amalia drew a little closer to the bed, looked around furtively and whispered, "La Bruja, it may be that you are bewitched; God forbid that anyone should hear me say that," and the older woman hastily made the sign of the cross. "Mi abuelo used to tell of a woman he knew who suffered so." The two talked on, half whispering, half in fear.

The light of the sun was beginning to fade as Nicolas came into the room. Amalia rose from the chair, bidding the younger woman goodbye, and left the house. Taking a match from his pocket, Nicolas scratched it on the door-sill and lit the piece of candle in an old brass candle-stick that stood in its niche in the wall. He sat down on the chair just vacated, and from his pocket took out a small bag of tobacco with the necessary brown paper. Slowly, but deftly, he rolled a cigarette and lit it at the candle. He had an expression of anxiety as he looked at his wife, whose face seemed distorted through the haze of smoke.

"You see, Nicolas, I'm not going to get well." Inez spoke with a finality gathered from the afternoon's conversation. "Will you take me to Bienvenida soon, so that I can be with my parents?" Inez looked at him appealingly.

The carefree youth of seven years ago had changed into a stronger, heavier, but somewhat stooped man, who looked far older than his years. "Ay Dios, Inez, I'm so sad, but," he continued hopefully, "it may be that someone in Bienvenida can cure you." The woman turned her face toward the wall, and the candle sputtered as a moth came too close.

When the day arrived for Inez to leave, a gray mantle covered the sky, while the land seemed hushed before the stillness of the trees. It was with difficulty that Inez slowly climbed into the wagon beside her husband. As they drove along, the countryside seemed very dreary with heavy

clouds casting additional gloom over these two patient beings. Shivering with cold, the sick woman wrapped the blanket closer about her.

"How glad I will be when we are there."

Nicolas looked at the sky. "It is cold; I think it will snow."

After an hour's drive, they drew up before the house Inez had left as a bride. Dona Perfecta came out to the gate to meet them, and with her arm about her daughter, tenderly helped her indoors, while the curious neighbors flocked to doors and windows in order to see what was going on. How well Inez remembered the morning she stood before the same disconcerting mirror arranging her veil. The lovely old spool bedstead and the cheap dresser offered a strange contrast of the old and the new. In the corner of the room was a small adobe fireplace that sent out a cheery glow into the scantily furnished room.

Late that afternoon, Inez was sitting in front of the open fire sipping a cup of strong black coffee, when a knock at the door announced the entrance of a visitor. It was Luz, a cousin.

"Buenas tardes, Inez, how are you feeling? Your mother told me you were sick." She brought a chair from the other side of the room and placed it beside her young relative.

"Yes, I think I'm not going to get well," Inez answered feebly.

Luz let her shawl fall to her shoulders. She smoothed back her hair with both hands. After several moments of silence, spasmodically broken by sighs from the invalid, Luz ventured to say, "Inez, you have been bewitched."

"I know that is so; Amalia told me so at Valencia. I am afraid to tell anyone, because I thought something might happen to the rest of my family." The thin cheeks of the sick woman grew more drawn, the eyes more faded, at the thought of sickness to her dear ones.

"It was Tomasa who bewitched you," Luz continued, "and I know how to cure you, for an old Indian in Isleta told me how to break the evil spell that La Bruja casts over people."

"Why should Tomasa wish to harm me?" asked Inez, repeating a question often in her mind, but not before expressed.

Luz drew her chair closer. "Don't you know that she has always wanted her daughter to marry Nicolas? If you had waited much longer," whispered Luz, "Quien sabe?" With that remark she put her shawl over her head, as she walked toward the door. "I will come back tonight."

After the family had finished their supper of beans, coffee and tortillas, some slight joy in all their breasts at having Inez with them, even though sick, they sat around the bright fire in Inez's room quietly discussing the neighbors and their affairs. At nine o'clock Luz came in. One by one the family got up and went into the next room. After they had trailed out, Luz closed the door, and blew out the candles that were on the table. From under her shawl she brought forth a medium sized paper bag, which she placed on the floor by the chair she was going to occupy. Then she carefully folded her shawl and put it at the foot of the bed. Seating herself before the fire, she said, "Come closer, Inez, I want you to watch me very closely." Thrusting her hand into the bag, she took out three red "chiles" and with great care broke off the stems. Next she proceeded to remove the seeds very gingerly, in order not to break the pods, and after this she handed these to the other woman, to whom she motioned to fill them with some salt that she had brought. Inez, trembling with excitement, filled the peppers. Luz, noticing that Inez worked with shaking hands, went over to the bed and took one of the blankets to wrap around her.

"Now throw these pods into the fire, one by one; the second one must not leave your hands until you can no longer see the ashes of the first, and the third must not be

thrown in until the ashes of the second have mingled with the wood ashes." Inez threw the "chile" into the heart of the fire; it sputtered, hissed, then burned, and finally lost its identity. The second one, however, seemed to burn more slowly, but finally its glowing shell succumbed to the heat of the fire and followed the fate of the first. It was some time before the third caught fire. Luz bent over in the chair nearer the flames, with her eyes fixed on the object just thrown in. Inez sat there, her teeth chattering in spite of the heavy cover around her, while Luz murmured inaudible phrases with her eyes fixed on the fire. Now there was a crackling and spitting in the flames; the firelight grew dim while the "chile" gleamed faintly. Luz clasped her hands, her face had a strange look. Suddenly, out from the dying embers leaped a monstrous black cat. It gave one jump, and disappeared through the closed window into the darkness.

Inez broke into a dripping perspiration; she went to her bed exhausted, and fell into a sound sleep almost immediately, the first night's rest in many years that had not been disturbed by a series of horrible dreams.

The next evening, at nine, the same plan was followed as on the evening before. The same monstrous black cat made its momentary appearance without leaving any trace. On the third night when Luz came, she seemed somewhat disturbed.

"Inez, if the cat jumps out of the fire again tonight, I will not be able to help you." Silently, the two women watched the flames as they slowly consumed the pods. A flare of light threw fantastic shadows on the whitewashed walls. The glow from the fire disclosed the strained look on the faces of the two sitting in the semi-darkness. When the third "chile" was thrown into the fireplace, the silence became tense; Luz was rapidly murmuring the magic words, while Inez held the blanket tightly around her, her sunken brown eyes gleaming with an unusual brightness. However, the flames did not grow dim as on the preceding nights; as

for the sacrifice, it slowly crumbled and could be seen no more. Both women leaned back in their chairs, completely worn out by their ordeal, but a sigh of relief expressed their feelings more genuinely than any words could possibly have done.

"Tomorrow we must go to the church and thank our Blessed Mother that it was not too late to cure you." So, with a whispered goodnight, Luz left the house.

In the course of the following morning, Inez was relating the experience of the past three nights to the family, and how Luz told her that Tomasa could only harm her if she accepted "sopa" from her; once she refused, the evil person would never come to her again.

At the end of the two weeks, Nicolas and Inez were on their way home, a happy and grateful couple. They had been in the house but a few minutes, when Tomasa walked in with a covered bowl.

"Inez," she croaked, "take some of the 'sopa' that I have brought you; it will give you strength."

"Gracias, I will put it where it won't harm anyone." Inez gingerly took the bowl and threw it out into the field. The ugly, pock-marked face became hideous with anger. The woman's shoulders drooped and she seemed to become smaller, as she walked away, trembling with emotion. Inez was not afraid any more, because she knew the creature would never enter the house again.

Several times during the night Inez was awakened by the sound of someone sobbing and moaning in the meadow. She knew it was La Bruja lamenting the loss of her power.

New Mexicana

THE sincerest literature does not always find its way into the regular channels of publication. Personal journals, letters, diaries, frequently hold comments of individual revelation or of searching social insight worthy of those great figures who have been successfully articulate in printed volume after printed volume. *New Mexicana* brings forward any worthy material from published or unpublished works of authors, great or small, who have lived in New Mexico. Ordinarily, the subject matter will concern New Mexico and the life of its people.

Selections from the *Memorandum Book* of Manuel Alvarez (born in Abelgas, Kingdom of Leon, Spain; immigrant to Mexico in 1819; in New York City in 1823, having arrived there from Havana; issued United States passport in 1824 by Governor McNair, of Missouri, to engage in Mexican trade; interested in Santa Fe trade 1834-1844; United States consul 1839-1846, serving as diplomatic agent for American residents during Texan-Santa Fe disturbance of 1841; granted United States citizenship at St. Louis, May 4, 1842; appointed U. S. Commercial agent at Santa Fe on March 18, 1846; active in organization of "state" assembly of 1850, and elected lieutenant governor of New Mexico in this year; served as governor in the absence of Governor Henry Connelly in 1850; engaged in dispute with Colonel Monroe over provincial "state" and military establishments before territorial government established in 1851; a scholar of considerable note, observer of national affairs; author of a series of articles published in a magazine in Madrid; greatly beloved by the people of Santa Fe, and wherever else known).

The *Memorandum Book* of Manuel Alvarez, preserved in the archives of the Historical Society of New Mexico; is a Commonplace Book containing (as he writes in Spanish on the cover just above the date, December 28, 1834) "some

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discourses, phrases, maxims, remedies, and notes copied from various works which it is useful to have at hand." The greater part of the book is in Spanish but there are passages excerpted in French and Latin and a great many comments and quotations in English. The names of Cervantes, Burke, Fontenelle, Rochefoucauld, Plato, Robert Walpole, Alexander Hamilton, Fenelon, Junius, Cowper, Carlyle, Tacitus, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Alexander Pope appear among his sources, and many quotations unacknowledged would perhaps find their way into the works of some of these, his acknowledged intellectual creditors. Nevertheless, much in the notebook is without any doubt original, from perfunctory jottings about the weather to definitions of virtue and recipes for happiness. One could piece out a social philosophy for the man, which perhaps would account for the love and friendship of his acquaintances and townspeople, by merely placing together his choices from the poets, philosophers, and novelists. The choice of a long paragraph from Bulwer Lytton's *Maltrevers*, descriptive of the plight of lovely Alice Darvil, oppressed by father, betrayed by Maltrevers, scorned by society, is perhaps representative of a human sympathy in Alvarez which went beyond the conventional patterns of social thought in his day. It is interesting, too, as a mark of the beginnings of a social viewpoint in England, and apparently echoed in far New Mexico, which has culminated in Havelock Ellis and Judge Ben Lindsay.

"Now Alice might have been moulded into sinful purposes before she knew Maltrevers; but from that hour her very error made her virtuous; she had comprehended, the moment she loved, what was meant by female honor; and by a [sudden] revelation, she had purchased modesty, delicacy of thought and soul, by the sacrifice of herself. Much of our morality (prudent and right upon system) with respect to the first false step of woman, leads us, as we all know, into barbarous errors, as to individual exceptions. Where from pure and confiding love, that first false step has been

taken, many a woman has been saved, in after life, from a thousand temptations. The poor unfortunates who crowd our streets and theaters, have rarely in the first instance, been corrupted by love; but by poverty, and the contagion of circumstance and example. It is a miserable cant phrase to call them the victims of seduction; they have been the victims of hunger, of vanity, of curiosity, of evil female counsels; but the seduction of love hardly ever conducts to a life of vice. If a woman has once really loved, the beloved object makes impenetrable barriers between her and other men; their advances terrify and revolt. She would rather die than be unfaithful even to a memory. Though man loves the sex, woman loves only the individual; and the more she loves him, the more cold she is to the species. For the passion of woman is in the sentiment, the fancy, the heart. It rarely has much to do with the coarse images with which boys and old men—the inexperienced and the worn-out—connect it.”

That New Mexico should boast a citizen in 1834 whose literary tastes paralleled those of the best read continental gentlemen, Spanish or English, is fortifying against the idea that the widespread domain of the province was frontier. A century ago, New Mexico was, as it is today, a complex medley of sophistication and simplicity, of learning and illiteracy, of “ricos” and the abjectly poor, of old world finesse and duplicity beside pioneer crudity and frankness. The notebook of Alvarez reflects this state of the country in which he lived. Beside an observation of Plato on the significance of geometry will fall a remedy for a cough or the treatment of hydrophobia. Liberal in his religious thought, unprejudiced in viewing the faults of Spanish and English alike, delighted by homely wisdom and the humor of situations (especially the marriage situation, which he himself did not share), idealistic about women and thinking as well as possible of man, Manuel Alvarez is entitled to a distinctive place among the nineteenth century citizens of New Mexico.

A man may be judged by the thoughts of his heart. These are the thoughts of which Alvarez kept a record:

Selections from the "Memorandum Book"

An empty purse is fit only for melancholy to dance in.

Tenets in religion is like the cammomile; the more you tramp upon and oppress it, the more it thrives and extends.

A kiss is but a touch and a touch does no harm.

A bright consummate flower, seems commonly to be near its end.

Virtue strengthens in adversity—moderates in prosperity—guides in society—and entertains in solitude.

It would be improper in speaking of the Mexican military not to notice especially their excellent bands of music. The Spaniards transplanted their love and taste for this beautiful science to Mexico.

I have thus spoken of the causes of Mexican adversity; let me go further. It has been a difficult thing to make the Mexican believe that they possess any other kind of wealth than money or mines. It was difficult to make them understand that they were poor in the midst of gold and silver, and that the wealthiest nations were England and Holland, the one without a precious mine in her soil, the other redeemed from the washes of the sea.

Trifles make the sum of human likings.

There are so many indefensible and nameless and not to be named causes of dislike and aversion and disgust in the matrimonial state that it is always impossible for the public or the friends of the parties to judge between man and wife.

Innocence is better than repentance.

To say little, and perform much is the characteristic of a great mind.

There is no surer sign of a weak head than a settled depravity of heart.

The pain of keeping a secret is greater than the pleasure of hearing it.

A woman's heart is said to be like a fiddle; it requires a beau to play upon it.

On points of faith let senseless bigots fight. He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

Non-committal. An old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors by the name of Jones, and with a very knowing look replied, "Why I don't like to say anything about my neighbors, but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think and then again I don't know; but after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal the sort of man I took him to be."

The imagination may be a volcano
While the heart is an Alp of ice.

"Never strike the wife of your bosom even with a blossom," says a Hindu maxim.

A man asked his friend why he, being a large man himself, had married so small a wife. "Why, friend," said he, "I thought that you had known that of all evils we should chose the least."

He that plants trees, loves others besides himself.

Education—It is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave, at home a friend, above an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It chastens vice; it guides virtue; it gives at once a grace and government to genius.

Favorites are like sun-dials; no one looks at them if they are in the shade.

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A man without some care in his mind is like a vessel without ballast. It cannot remain upright.

Oh what a world of vile, ill favoured faults,
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

Those who know it don't write, and those who write know nothing of the matter.

Happiness is in the taste; not in the thing; and we are made happy by possessing what ourselves love; not what others think lovely.

Pueblo Folk Tales

WHY THE RABBIT'S TAIL IS SHORT

By JOE A. PEDRO (Laguna)

ONCE there was a rabbit who, while roaming through the green woods suddenly came to a river. There he met an alligator and being a wise rabbit, said to the alligator, "I bet that there are more rabbits than alligators along this bank."

But the alligator refused to say yes.

So the alligator said, "There are more alligators than rabbits along this bank."

So the rabbit told the alligator to call all the alligators and line them up across the river so that he might count them, jumping upon the backs of each as he went across the river.

The alligator called all the other alligators and lined them up across the river. The rabbit began counting, jumping on the back of each alligator as he went across, but before he got to the other end, he laughed while on the back of the last alligator. As he made a jump for the bank on the other side, the last alligator snapped at him and bit part of his tail off, and that is why the rabbit's tail is short.

WHY DEER ARE AFRAID OF WOLVES

By TEOFILA LUCERO (Taos)

ONCE upon a time there was a deer family who lived at the foot of a mountain near the Red river.

A few miles above them, in a cave in the mountain, there lived a family of wolves. They were very happy for they had meat to eat every day.

One morning the mother deer went to see the corn fields to see if the corn was ready to be harvested.

In the meantime the dangerous family from above had decided to go to the foot of the mountain to see who lived there.

The mother deer returned to her young ones and told them that the corn was ready to be harvested. They all sat down to dinner and as they were eating the youngest of the family smelled something which frightened him. They all jumped out doors to see who was coming. They saw something coming down the hill. As they got closer they saw that it was the wolf family come down to make friends with them. Finally they made friends with the wolf family.

For many days they were good friends and their children used to play hiking when the family above used to come to visit the deer.

The mother deer told her children, "If I am ever killed and the wolf brings you meat to eat, first put it on to bake at the fire, and if the meat gives a sound like a whisper three times, that means I am killed, and don't try to eat the meat."

One day the mother wolf and her children came down to visit the deer family. The wolf asked the mother deer to go down to the river for a walk, and so they walked down to the river. As the mother deer stooped down to drink, the wolf jumped and caught her by the throat, and so ended the deer.

That evening the mother wolf brought the meat to the young deer. When they put it on the fire to cook it gave a sound like a whisper three times and they knew that their mother was dead.

When the mother wolf took the meat to their cave, the little wolves were left at the house of the deer family.

One of the wolves asked the older why their hair was so pretty. The deer told him the reason their hair was so pretty was that their mother always locked them in where there was a lot of smoke; that smoke would turn the wolves' hair as white as snow.

The deer got corn cobs and started a fire and locked the little wolves in and shut every hole so the smoke wouldn't escape. The deer stayed outside ready to run away. They told the wolves that they would have to stay shut in a certain length of time. The deer ran away, but first they made

tracks in every direction so that the mother wolf would not know which way they had gone.

The little wolves died from the smoke in a few hours.

When the mother wolf returned to the home of the deer and opened the door the smoke came out so thick that she couldn't see, but finally she went inside and found her little ones lying dead.

She tried to track the deer but they had gone to their uncle at White Lake, where he lived in the middle of the lake. Here they were safe from the wolf.

THE HUNTER GIRL AND THE GIANTESS

By JUAN ARAGON (Pueblo, Laguna)

THE people of Laguna once lived on the west bank of the San Jose river, southwest of where the town now stands. There lived at that place a man and his wife who had an only daughter.

It was the custom for all the boys of the different families to go out on certain days in winter to kill rabbits. One day the girl told her parents that she was going rabbit hunting. She said, "I am only a girl, but I believe I can kill as many rabbits as any of the boys."

She started on the rabbit hunt and succeeded in killing a number of rabbits. Getting tired, she stopped in a cave on the north side of the small mountain about three miles southwest of Laguna, to rest and to cook a rabbit for her dinner. About that time an old giantess appeared on the scene, attracted by the scent of the roasting rabbit, and spoke to the girl. She was very much frightened at the huge being. The giantess was as big as a mountain. Her mouth was several yards wide. She told the girl that she was also hunting but had not succeeded in catching any game. She asked the girl for a rabbit. The girl threw her a rabbit which she swallowed at one gulp, then called for another, and another, and another, until they were all gone. The giantess then told the girl that she wanted more. The girl

took her clothes, one garment at a time, and threw them to the giantess. The giantess then said that she was going to eat the girl.

The cave that the girl was in was so small that the giantess could get neither her hand nor her head into it.

The girl began to scream and cry. The two brave brothers who were in the mountains east of the Rio Grande, heard her crying and said to each other, "Listen! I hear some one of our people crying; let us go and see what the trouble is."

They started and soon arrived at the place and found the old giant woman pounding on the opening of the cave with a large stone, making marks which are still to be seen on the stone.

She spoke to them, saying, "My grandsons, what are you doing?"

"Oh, we are hunting rabbits," they replied.

"What nice spears you have, and what sharp points."

"Yes," said the brothers, "you can see them better if you stand up and turn your head a little to one side."

As she was about to stand up they threw their spears and each struck her in the neck and killed her. They then cut her open and took out the girl's clothes and returned them to her. They then cut off the giantess' head and threw it over to the southwest, where it now lies, turned to stone. This stone is now known as the giant's face.

The brothers threw the heart to the north, and it stands in the shape of a hill northeast of Laguna, on the road to Paquate. That hill is known as "Giant's Heart."

After throwing the parts of the body, the brothers went out and killed a great number of rabbits for the girl, then took her home.

Smoke Talk

By Readers of THE QUARTERLY

"EDUCATIONAL ENDS"

Dear Editor of The QUARTERLY:

DEAN Knode's article on "Educational Ends" is as notable for what he hints at as for what he openly states.

There is a place for science in education, but the place it is to serve is that of a means to an end, and should not be the end itself. We are living in a scientific age, and the great urge is to copy the scientist. We feel that we have done something commendable, if we can only analyze something, examine it through a microscope, dissect it, or gather some statistics on it. The scientists are the group who have really done something; so the rest of us hasten to adopt their procedures. The educand, however, cannot be dissected, microscoped, or analyzed in test tubes with solutions, so the educationists are employing the remaining scientific procedure—gathering huge lists of statistics. Let us wish them luck! But, after all, statistics and all the tests, so far devised, are the application of the scientific method to school accounting, building costs, publicity methods, survey methods, measurements, and the like, touch hardly more than the edge of the problem, namely the organization and the administration of education. With these means of education we are too largely concerned today. We are mechanizing education to such an extent that the classroom teacher must devote so much of her time and energy to giving and marking various kinds of tests, to making out reports, daily and monthly, that she has very little time left in which to think on what and how she is going to teach. Nor does she have much time left out of the school day for the function of teaching after she has examined teeth, tonsils, and hair; has seen her plans knocked awry by visits of supervisors, and has made her semi-daily report to the truant officer.

1. THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, May, 1932.

These features of routine—the contribution of science to education—have their values, to be sure, but, after all, they are not themselves the ends of education. The school day needs to be lengthened, if the teacher is to be able to do all these chores and, in addition, do a little teaching.

The age of the Sophists (the teachers of that age) was also a great era of publication. Bulletins were prepared, like our government bulletins, on every subject under the sun, from how to spank a baby to how to hunt wild animals with dogs. The educational procedure was reduced by these educationists to a series of formulas. They were “modern education,” “enriching the curriculum,” “putting education on a scientific basis,” “re-evaluating the immense mass of faiths, beliefs, traditions, superstitions, customs, and habits which now serve as the framework of educational practice.” In their enthusiasm for contemporaneity, they also scorned what the past had to offer, and tried to substitute “practical subjects” like Cynegetics (hunting with dogs) for culture of the past. The principal result of the movement was a materialistic philosophy of life and a woeful lowering of morals.

Dean Knode does not proclaim it from the housetop, but apparently believes that a teacher should possess a broad foundation of knowledge and of culture. He refers to the opinion of many students in teachers’ colleges that faculties of such institutions are poor teachers. One would naturally think that the teachers of future teachers ought to be good teachers. There must be something wrong with the system of education, if those who have concentrated their efforts on education, and have taken several degrees in education, are still poor teachers.

The writer of this review has had no acquaintance with teachers’ colleges, but he has taken several courses in education in a large university and has discovered that, in that particular university, the best teachers of education had specialized in other fields before taking up education. Certainly the worst teacher he has ever encountered in five

universities was a man who had concentrated, so far as possible, on education. He told his class nothing all summer, and he told it in abominable English.

Dean Knode's article is a plea for equilibrium (Aristotelian moderation) between education as a science and education as an art, between humanitarian and humanistic considerations, between learning to do something (the vocational objective) and learning to become something (the cultural objective), between the application of science and of philosophy to education. When that proper balance will have been attained, study will be given to the educand as well as to the machinery of the educational process.

A president of a western teachers' college is quoted in the article:

"No liberal arts colleges seem to be interested in the future of public education for the masses. I fail to find any way in which they look beyond the individual"

I cannot believe that the college of liberal arts is wholly guilty of this charge, but I must admit that it is not wholly attaining that objective. The present state of the world indicates that the civic-social aim of education is far from having been attained, and no other aim is of greater importance today.

The ancient Greek system of education concentrated on the development of the individual. The Greeks depended upon attaining the civic-social aim by having the youth associate with his elders, and thus acquire, through actual experience, acquaintance with public life. We moderns have discarded that educational procedure, and have thus laid upon the schools the additional burden of training our youth to do their part as worthy members of society. If we had not been excessively occupied with the application of science to education (tinkering with the machinery), and if we had given a due proportion of attention to the application of philosophy to education, it is possible that, ere this, we had discovered the necessity and the means of correcting this defect.

Some of the preceding observations are restatements of Dean Knode's opinions, as they appeared to the present writer, and others are elicited by his article. If any of the foregoing statements do not meet with acceptance, let the reader credit them to the undersigned.

LYNN B. MITCHELL, Albuquerque, N. M.

"A SCIENTIFIC BASIS FOR HUMANISM"

Dear Editor of the QUARTERLY:

One reads Dr. Hewett's essay—"A Scientific Basis for Humanism"—with respect, but with something of mixed judgment. I cannot agree that he has succeeded in proposing a satisfactory definition for *humanism*; for the proposed definition begins, "Humanism is a field of knowledge . . ." and humanism certainly is not that. It is, in my opinion, an attitude, a point of view, a philosophy of life; and any satisfactory definition must apply the *differentiae* to one of these *genera*. To render the definition still more confusing, Dr. Hewett has, towards the end of his article, pled for the restoration to the curriculum of the *humanities*—a term cognate with humanism; and here the term apparently has its traditional meaning, else one could not speak of *restoration*.

If the definition is defective, one cannot be sure that humanism has been supplied with a scientific basis merely by being considered synonymous with social anthropology. Still less can one feel assured that anything has been done towards the disarmament of the parties who wage battle around the flag of humanism. The fight lies in the realm of relative values; the contestants are divergent attitudes; and the divergencies will always exist.

In spite of these shortcomings, I believe that the essay has great value from the point of view of practical educational philosophy—if *practical philosophy* is not itself too much a paradox! Not only have we a timely assertion of

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the spiritual values in education, and a striking claim for the place of the non-utilitarian elements of the curriculum, but still more important even than these things is the protest against the present chaotic and unrelated condition of our college curriculum, even within the related fields of man's conscious activities; and the demand for practical co-ordination within these fields. Within the field of pure thought, to be sure, philosophy already undertakes co-ordination; but in the practical task of curricular reorganization almost nothing has been done. Whether the co-ordinating agency be called anthropology or something else, the demand for co-ordination is imperative. Our wandering wits may well be called home, and forced to stand still and survey the world from the point of view of man's efforts at self-expression. Dr. Hewett has sounded the call with vigor and clarity.

G. P. SHANNON,
Albuquerque, N. M.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON "TRADITION"

Dear Editor of the QUARTERLY:

Traditions are, I suppose, desirable in college, although that remains to be established as a belief. Whether or not they are desirable, the fact is obvious that they are sought after, that they are obeyed, that they seem desirable to college students.

The discussion carried on in several issues of the QUARTERLY has been interesting in the points of view elucidated.

Tradition, custom, use—the texture of these words is like that of damask after many years of use, soft and worn and smooth. Gentle words they are.

The editor of the *Manchester Guardian* recently remarked in a leader, that Americans have no tradition.

Does he know, I wonder, of the serious, sober, tragicomic effort of the youth of the colleges of the country to create traditions?

At a certain Western university the student council has organized a committee for the creation of college traditions. A bit pathetic, that reaching after the atmosphere of age in an institution, yet stimulating. In effect, the student body said, "If we haven't any traditions, let's make some."

Perhaps part of the desirability of traditions in college lies in the fact that the students, many of them living away from home for the first time, need something to take the place of the authority and security of home.

College traditions help to give that sense of security. If the student does as other students do, if he clings to the body of traditions, he gradually gets himself some sort of a rock to cling to in the vast, swirling overwhelming sea of life into which he has been flung.

As he develops what thinking power he may develop during his college career, his attitude toward his college traditions is likely to undergo a change.

Where he first embraced, he may come only to tolerate.

As he becomes stronger in his mental functioning, less and less will his reliance be placed in a mass of tradition, in any group-thinking.

That stage, however, is reached by few. To the others college traditions will perhaps always hold their importance.

IRENE FISHER,

Albuquerque, N. M.

"A PSYCHOLOGIST'S EXAMINATION OF SCIENTIFIC METHOD"

Dear Editor of the *QUARTERLY*:

Is psychology science? The question is ambiguous and therefore unscientific.

Is psychology a branch of physical science? That question is definite. Physical science is that field of knowledge which deals with those events and those only whose description is possible in terms of measurements made with measuring rods and clocks.

The impression left by Mr. Page's essay in the May issue of *THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY* is that its author does regard psychology as a physical science but does not accept the definition I have just given.

What is Mr. Page's definition of the "science" he is discussing? The "Scientists" who fared so ill in *The Fable of the Farmer and the Scientists* can hardly have been physical scientists. The term "Universal Solvent" is meaningless. Possibly that is what *The Fable* means. But why drag in the Farmer? He did not think the idea of a "Universal Solvent" was meaningless. *The Fable* sees irrelevant to the question raised in the essay.

In giving quotations from Karl Pearson, Wolfe, and others, Mr. Page seems sometimes to have confused the issue, sometimes to have missed the point. When Karl Pearson says that science "describes" but does not "explain," that it gives the "how" and not the "why" of physical events, his point is that in physical science the question "how?" has meaning, while "why?" has no meaning. In speaking of scientific events conversationally, we all ask "why?" and we are satisfied when the "causes" of events are named, but not since the time of Hume has the idea of "cause" had a satisfactory status in "physical science."

It is otherwise in Philosophy—possibly also in Psychology. In that case psychology must be more than mere physical science. In the *Philosophical Review* for September, 1931, there is a paper by D. W. Gotshalk, entitled "Of the Nature and Definition of a Cause." Its author says "the definition of a cause which I propose is this: that a cause is that change (or state) which is existentially—i. e., at least spatio-temporally—continuous with another change (or state), and which brings about, under the circumstances, the existence or the occurrence of the other change (or state)—this latter being called the effect."

To my criticism that this was mere tautology, the author has replied at some length, and in his reply, says that one of the features which constitute an entity a cause is

this, that it is an occurrence which "necessitates a subsequent occurrence." What is that but more tautology?

In refusing the name of "science" to "fields of completely organized knowledge," Singer does not refuse the name of science to "description of events." To think that he does is to misunderstand the meaning of scientific description. The object of organization in scientific description is prediction. By inspecting the description of events, the scientist hopes to discern their trend. Events are in time and time goes on forever.

Mr. Page's essay makes good reading, but it leaves one at a loss to know what it is at which he tilts. His "description of contemporary scientific method arrived at by observation of the antics of scientists" (p. 110) has nothing at all to do with science. An analogy will make the irrelevance clear: What interest would aviators find in a "description of contemporary methods of aviation arrived at by reading the poems of aviators?" Airmen in the capacity of airmen do not write poems. Scientists in the capacity of scientists do not perform antics.

The essay confirms me in the opinion that many psychologists are at sea as to the meaning of physical science.

F. M. DENTON,
Albuquerque, N. M.

The Southwestern Word Box

AMERICAN speech, like American life, has experienced rapid and strenuous changes in covering a continent. The English of the Pilgrims has ventured into new ways of life and into new territories unlike the Stratford of Shakespeare or the London of King James. Old peoples have been encountered on this new continent, and Europeans of both Teutonic and Romance stock have mingled to join both hands and speech. In this treasury or thesaurus of words, we wish to amass a store of information about the language of the Southwestern United States. American English it, in general, is, but English retaining vestiges from the past of trapper, trader, voyageur in the Southwest, actively aware of the lingo of vaquero and cow-puncher, constantly exposed to naturalized and alien loan-words from Spanish and Indian speech. We solicit lists of Southwesternisms with explanations of their forms and usage. We are interested, as well, in place names and stories of their sources and meanings. The lore of name and colloquial speech has a genuine romance. No region provides a richer stock of it than our own.

Amerind:

I have been wondering, for instance, who first used the term *Amerind* for the American Indian, and whether we shall have to wait for the *Historical Dictionary of American English* to be published from the University of Chicago, to find out. The word has been called to my attention in the book of Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, *Breaking the Wilderness*. He employs the form generally through the book for the North American Indian: "those indomitable, iron-nerved people, the Amerinds; the North-American of yesterday." (Preface, p. vi). In a comment occurring late in the book, Dellenbaugh writes that the word *Amerind* is "a substitute word, compounded of the first two syllables of American and the first syllable of Indian, adopted by some leading ethnologists." Although events recorded in

Breaking the Wilderness occur so early as 1871-2, the publication date is 1904. How much earlier the ethnologists employed the form and whether it appears in unprofessional use earlier than this date is of interest to me.

Anglo-American:

The compound noun *Anglo-American* is considerably older than the derivative *Amerind*. It is not of Southwestern origin, though since the middle of the nineteenth century it has been chiefly current in this region or in respect to this region. The word appears in the *Writings* (1781-2) of Thomas Jefferson applied to the Canadians. However, another eighteenth century author, Jedediah Morse, whose book, *The American Universal Geography* (1789), appeared in the same decade, clearly explains his use of the term *Anglo-American* as applying to Americans of English descent.¹ The first use of the term in the Southwest recorded by the *New English Dictionary* appears in regard to the Anglo-American colonists in Texas and bears the date 1842. Eight years earlier, however, a traveler into New Mexico, one Albert Pike, adventurer, Masonic organizer, poet and man of letters, had written that there was a prairie south of the river Arkansas "parts of it never trodden by the foot or beheld by the eye of an Anglo-American," a statement no doubt still supportable. The adjective, *Anglo-American*, used to describe relations between England and the United States is of comparatively recent date.

Gringo:

The word *gringo* is first recorded in the *New English Dictionary* for the year 1884, as it appeared in *Harper's Magazine* described as a "term of ridicule and obloquy applied to Americans throughout all Mexico." Folk lore and popular literature have ascribed to it a number of curious origins. Senor Isidoro Armijo, of Albuquerque, has recorded one of the current beliefs concerning *gringo* and the

1. I am indebted to Mrs. Bella Brodsky, of the University of Chicago, assistant to Sir William Craigie, editor of the *Historical Dictionary of American English*, for confirmation of the note on Morse and for supplying the note on Jefferson.

singing of American soldiers in the Mexican war. In translation, the story runs:

In the year of 1846-7, the marching song of the American soldiers in Mexico was: "Green Grow the Rushes, O." The soldiers sang this song from the port of Vera Cruz to the castle of Chapultepec—from Tampico to Monterrey. The words "Green Grow" impressed themselves in such a way on the memory of the Mexicans in association with the Americans that, shortly afterward, was coined the phrase *Gringo*, and thus the familiar word stayed in the Mexican vocabulary and in the Mexican language.

Senor Armijo correctly states the impossibility of the truth of such an origin for *gringo* by quoting the following words from a Spanish dictionary in four volumes, published in 1781 by Father Esteban Terrero y Pando. Again, I save you the trouble of translating:

Strangers in Malaga are called gringos if they have a certain kind of accent which keeps them from an easy and natural Castilian speech, and in Madrid the same thing is true and for the same cause with particularity toward the Irish.

Fifty-nine years before the Mexican war, strangers, Irish, or otherwise, were called gringos by the Spanish of Malaga and of Madrid, a damaging fact to the "Green Grow the Rushes, O" story, or to the following New Mexico folk tale, for which I am indebted to Mr. Arthur Campa.

Once upon a time a couple of Anglos ventured into Southwestern Texas for the first time. The Mexicans were curious to know who these people were, so they sent a little boy to spy on them. When he got within hearing distance, he listened to the conversation that was going on and heard the constant repetition of the words: *Green groves*. Later on these same Anglos returned, and the natives not knowing their nationality called them *Los Gringos*.

Efforts to associate *gringo* with *green* appear, consciously or unconsciously, in various statements about the word. Lieutenant Wise, of the United States navy, in 1849 published a book "Los Gringos," the title of which he explains as,

the epithet—and rather a reproachful one—used in California and Mexico to designate the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race; the definition of the word is somewhat similar to that of Greenhorns, in modern parlance, or Mohawks in the days of the Spectator.

George D. Brewerton, in a book called *Overland with Kit Carson*, printed serially by *Harper's Magazine* in 1853, wrote:

The nickname "Greaser" is no complimentary phrase, being intended as a set-off to the "Gringo"—plain English greenhorn—by which they are accustomed to designate us.

La Enciclopedia Universal Illustrada finds the etymological origin for *gringo* in *griego*, meaning "Greek," used colloquially "hablar en gringo," to speak an unintelligible language. We have the same idiom in English when we say a thing is "Greek" to us, meaning as unintelligible as the Greek language to most of us. *La Enciclopedia* finds the phrase common in South America where the singing of American soldiers can have had nothing to do with it.

How to account for the phonetic change from "griego" to "gringo" I do not pretend to suggest. Blasco Ibanez, in *Vistas Sud Americanas* (1920), volunteers the rather fanciful notion that *gringo* (in spite of applying to the Irish or Dutch or other non-Castilian speaking people in Europe) should apply with especial force to the English in Spanish America, because it contains in its accented syllable the sound of the accented syllable of *English*.

A popular legend in this state regarding "gringos salados" seems to find various interpretations, one of them retold by Ruth Laughlin Barker in *Caballeros*. She writes

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that *gringos salados* was applied to the English because "strange freckles appeared to have been 'salted' freely upon their blond noses." Although this has picturesque values, I should like to see it supported by further testimony. Mr. Arthur Campa is authority for the following statement concerning *salado*.

The word *salado* (not to be confused with the idiom "tener sal") implies staleness or lack of proficiency. This word may be appended to such words as *viejo*, *huero*, *Mexicano*, etc., etc., with the same result.

This has a more authentic ring, for the use is adjectival, and the quality of saltiness or brinyness which is a flattering tribute to some states of being is a questionable compliment to others. No doubt in the eyes of the foe, the *gringos* were sufficiently unsavoury to be *salado*. The "freckle" account is vulnerable on the ground of the far from universal presence of freckles on *gringos* and especially on the tanned leathery countenances of the pioneers on whom the term was foisted.

Salado appears in a number of other uses. It is mentioned by Dobie¹ as applied to horses which have become wind-broken. The word is also referred to in the vocabulary of the cowboy by Hough.² It may or may not be worthwhile to point out Spanish *solada*, meaning dregs, lees, sediment. An adjectival use or noun compound could easily be related to *gringo*.

Greaser:

One other word I add, risking the loss of your patience; that is *greaser*. A most entertaining story is common among New Mexicans that in the days when ox-carts squeaked and screeched their way over Raton Pass, teamsters found it convenient to grease their outfits at the top of the steep grade before continuing their journey. A Mexican man made it a business to grease carts and wagons in the

1. Dobie, J. Frank; *A Vaquero of the Brush Country*, p. 207.

2. Hough, Emerson; *The Story of the Cowboy*.

early days. After a time, he became known to the wagon trains as the Mexican greaser. Señor Campa does not stake his reputation on the scientific value of this. What a paradox for the unknown Mexican to have given a slurring word to his folk by deeds of kindness such as helping the heavy Conestoga wagons make the grade.

I am grateful to Mrs. Austin for the comment in her article of this issue concerning the word Spanish Colonial, a descriptive and convenient term.

T. M. P.

Book Reviews

Native Tales of New Mexico—Frank G. Applegate—Illustrated by the author—Introduction by Mary Austin—Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, '32—Price \$3.50.

Not since *Plain Tales from the Hills*, read by the reviewer as a child, at a particularly impressionable age, has a volume of folk tales given the pleasure that *Native Tales of New Mexico* has done.

This book, the last work of the late Frank G. Applegate, published posthumously, represents the author's maturer thought, as, also, it represents at its best his always keen insight, and his catholic sympathy with the many sorts and conditions of men who make up the multi-lingual, and multi-racial population of New Mexico. For despite the "top-dressing" of tourists, of health-seekers, and of *literati* and artists—real and pseudo—New Mexico remains a land little known to those outside its domain, and one exotic as far as Anglo-Saxon civilization is concerned.

Because of Mr. Applegate's genuine understanding of the people about whom he wrote, and his equally genuine affection for them (affection and understanding being not always synonymous—popular opinion and French proverb to the contrary), this book is especially valuable. Most "Anglos"—in the Southwest this word has a significance a little different from that attached to it elsewhere—living in New Mexico "keep themselves to themselves." That is, they follow the Anglo-Saxon custom—so noticeable in the Orient and other parts of the world, where a few English or Americans live in the midst of a people of different speech and habits—of allowing their (Anglo-Saxon) lives to touch barely the periphery of the life of the people, or peoples, among whom they are living; of presenting a sort of *chevaux-de-frise* of Anglo-Saxondom, which prevents the penetration, from within or without, of sympathy or understanding.

Not so Frank Applegate. The reviewer learned, during her residence in Santa Fe, that where definite knowledge of customs, either Spanish-American or Indian was desired, Frank Applegate was the man to seek. And Mr. Applegate was as generous in his sharing of knowledge as he was painstaking and accurate in its acquisition. He was never foolishly sentimental, any more than he was ever unkindly critical or coldly unsympathetic, in his attitude toward the Spanish-Americans, among whom he had spent so much time since coming to New Mexico, in 1921. The time spent by Mr. Applegate among the Spanish-Americans of this section was largely in connection with the acquiring of his probably unequalled collection of Spanish-Colonial "santos" and "bultos," recently purchased by the Spanish-Colonial Arts Society, and now on exhibition in the Old Palace Museum in Santa Fe.

The same balanced attitude of seeing things "steadily, and seeing them whole" was noteworthy in Frank Applegate's discussion of the Indians of the Southwest—Pueblo Indians and Navajos—their customs, beliefs and ceremonies; also their history, both during the period of Spanish domination, and that of American.

Now, through this posthumous book, Applegate addresses a wider audience, with the same charming informality, clear thinking and sane reasoning. Because he really knew New Mexico, and loved it, as Kipling knew and loved India, these *Native Tales* display the same beneath-the-surface understanding, the same penetration and discrimination, which characterize *Plain Tales from the Hills*. With the New Mexican tales of Applegate, as with the Indian (of India) tales of Kipling, there is no uncertainty of note; no confusion of atmosphere.

Through all the tales there is, as something almost tangible, the "feel" of vast space; of desert loneliness and isolation. Behind all is sensed the background of barren mountains, grotesquely nature-carved. But otherwise these tales are sharply differentiated. There is no confusion of

the psychology of the "Anglo" pioneer, or the outlaw—as in the tale entitled *Interim*, of which Billy the Kid is the central figure playing the part of the good angel who comes to the rescue of the little Spanish girl, Rose (no, he was not her lover), with that of the Spanish-American, dealt with in several of the tales.

Among these tales of Spanish-American life are: *The Mystery of Manzano*; *Tricks in All Trades*; *No Calamity Equals a Bad Neighbor*; *Old Juan Mora's Burro*, and *Dead Men Tell No Tales*; all delightful, because of their sympathetic, yet often ironic, and always subtle humor; also that exquisitely pathetic tale, *San Cristobal's Sheep*, romantic in the sense that many of the folk-tales of the Spanish-American people of the Southwest are romantic; tinged with fatalistic piety.

Nor is there any confusion of the mental outlook of the Spanish-American with that of the Indian—a mistake often made by those whose Southwestern contacts have been more superficial than Mr. Applegate's were; or whose penetration less keen.

Where all are good, it is difficult to speak of "better"; but to this reviewer the Indian (Pueblo) tales, with their deep underlying note of tragedy—yet tragedy which is not without its touches of humor—especially appeal. Noteworthy among these Indian tales are *Hopi Susanna Corn Blossom*, in which Miss *Hopi Susanna*, educated, against her will and that of her people, in a white girls' school, becomes neither good Hopi nor good white, and outrages the sense of propriety of both races; as she outwits both Hopi priests and American Indian Agent, and flaunts her sexual irregularities—even more unorthodox from the point of view of the Hopi than from that of the "Anglo"—in the faces of both.

In connection with this tale it is perhaps somewhat carping to call attention to the fact that the author uses the expression "Immaculate Conception" where "Virgin Birth" is evidently intended. But, after all, the Indian Agent

would probably so have used it; so its use may be the better psychology.

The Lost Child of Zia is stark tragedy; in this there is no humor. It relates how a child from the pueblo of Zia went to the river with her water jar to fetch water for her blind grandmother, when "workers for the Indian Bureau jumped out from behind the rocks, gagged, and held her until they could get her across the river and into a Ford car, from which they delivered her to school authorities." Later she was found at the Indian School in Santa Fe, "crying her eyes out with homesickness and anxiety about her blind grandmother."

Do such things really happen? If not now, did they ever happen? Surely Mr. Applegate knew the conditions of which he wrote, as well as he knew the people—I have spoken of the accuracy of his knowledge of the latter.

In this tale, in which, more than any other, the note of bitterness is sounded, the author goes on to say: "I knew, as well as they [the Indians] did, how completely in finding the child in school they had lost her. She would be kept there either until they sent her home infected with tuberculosis to die, or after seven or eight years, by which time her old grandmother would also have died, they let her return to her Indian home with a smattering of American education and so utterly spoiled for pueblo life, that the best she could hope for was to be a servant in some white family, or take to prostitution as an alternative to the aimless ineffectual life with a husband of her own tribe, himself made incompetent as an Indian by an education which could not make him white."

In conclusion—it is just to add—Mr. Applegate says: "If you go to Zia now you will see there a day school in the village, where the children can get what is important to them to know of white learning, without being separated from their parents, who are at least free of the anxiety of kidnaping, and can teach them something of what is neces-

sary to them to know of how to be happy and successful Indians."

Upon the point that an Indian should be educated as an Indian, not in a manner that would make of him an inferior imitation white man, Mr. Applegate felt strongly—as does the reviewer.

There are times when the white man is outwitted by the Indian—probably more times than the white realizes. One such instance is given in that delightfully humorous, picturesque tale, *Navajo Nieces*. The Navajos, unlike the Pueblo Indians, have been, from time immemorial, polygamous. The white man has attempted to enforce upon them his — the white man's — mores in the way of monogamy. The Carlisle School educated Navajo, *Nah Gee*, tells the story.

"What for fight about them kind things?" he asks. "Navajos get lots education, get civilized same like white man. We send runner to white captain and tell them we will now be good like white man and marry only one woman. So when our wife get old and need 'nother woman to help, we get nieces—that's what we call them, or cousins maybe—so if white mans want to know why we get so many woman round our place, we tell him that's our wife's niece—or maybe cousin—that we get to herd sheep or take care cows. So all white man and agent they smiling on us cause we been good like Indian Agent want us to be—so we got one woman we call wife, like white man, but we don't call others like white man do." *Nah Gee's* face darkened and tightened a little. "That's not a nice name for calling womans. We call them nieces and that is right for government agent and everybody."

The introduction to *Native Tales of New Mexico* is written by Mrs. Mary Austin, the well-known writer, a friend of long standing of Frank Applegate.

The illustrations, in color, were done by the author, an artist with brush, as well as with words—a one-time student at the Julian Academy in Paris.

Just why a man of the brilliance of Frank Applegate should have been snatched away in the cruelly tragic manner that was the case,¹ from a career of creative usefulness, when this career was apparently little more than beginning, is one of the questions to which no answer can be vouchsafed better than the one characteristic of the land which he loved, and of which he wrote: "Quien Sabe?"

J. B. MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN.

1. Mr. Applegate, while apparently in perfect health and the best of spirits—having just outlined to a group of friends plots for future books—died very suddenly of heart disease, February 13, 1931.

Forty-Niners—The Chronicle of the California Trail—Archer B. Hulbert—Little, Brown and Company, 1931—\$3.50.

Professor Hulbert is unusually well equipped to describe the gold rush of 1849. Having made a careful study of the trails to California, using the surveyors' records in the General Land Office in Washington, he has examined every available diary or journal of the period, 1848-1853, and has traveled most of the trail himself several times. Thus his *Forty-Niners* is a product of sound historical scholarship, although, in presenting his material, the author has used the methods of the novelist. The book is in the form of a composite diary. Most readers find a diary fascinating, so by the use of this clever device Professor Hulbert has made sure of many readers who would not care for the ordinary history. Very likely this composite diary holds more interest in its 321 pages than the average reader would find in any of the 250 contemporary diaries which the author has examined.

The diary follows the movements of a wagon train for 2,200 miles from Independence, Missouri, to Hangtown, California. In these days of depression one may sometimes envy the chance which Americans eighty-three years ago had to make their fortunes in the California "diggins." If so, he will acquire a new respect for the grit of the emigrants who got to the end of the trail in spite of alkali water and broken wagons and frayed nerves; for men and

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women who had to grind out an average of seventeen miles a day from the first of May to the last of August, in order to keep from landing in the snow of the Sierras and being forced to eat each other, as members of the Donner party had done in 1846.

The book contains many interesting stories of the trail: the man who deliberately let wife and children drown, while he tried to save his team; the Ohio boys who swam down the Humboldt while their wagon train went twelve miles through the desert; the wager as to how long two naked men could expose themselves to mosquitoes; the wager whether a half-starved Digger Indian, allowed to gorge himself, could walk away "under his own power"; the wolves who gave chase in relays and brought down an antelope; the wolves who fed upon a buffalo when he was still in full flight; the crude frontier operation from which the patient died; and many others.

The many jokes found in this chronicle suggest that a sense of humor greatly helped to hold an outfit together through the routine of the terrible journey half way across the continent. The handcart pusher who whinnied and asked if there was grass ahead possessed what it took to get through, while others who had to settle their trail quarrels with shotguns, did not. An example of the humor rehearsed in camp is the story of the Dutchman who came to his first hot spring, and at once ordered his teamster to drive on, as "Hell could not be more than a mile away."

A great profusion of contemporary illustrations and cartoons, songs and ballads, and maps and outline logs all help to make the book interesting as well as instructive.

It is difficult for a modern writer to limit himself to words and phrases current eighty years ago, but Professor Hulbert has been quite careful in this respect. However, it is not likely that a man in 1849 would refer to Jenny Lind, since she did not come to America until 1850. "Buddy" and "profiteering" sound too modern to have a place in this supposedly old diary.

The book was awarded a prize of \$5,000 offered by the *Atlantic Monthly* and Little, Brown and Company for the best non-fiction manuscript "dealing with the American scene." It is strongly recommended for vacation reading.

MARION DARGAN.

Eden Tree—Witter Bynner—Alfred A. Knopf, 1931—\$2.50.

Eden tree is the tree of man's own ancestry, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the tree around which circled the snake of the ever-thirsting senses and the reasoning bipeds, man and woman. It is these three figures who play their parts under the tree in Witter Bynner's latest long poem. Eden is still of this world in the lovely phantasmagoria of scenes through which Adam moves: Silver Island on the Yang-tze "in the season of small leaves, with the moon a slim quiver"; temple gardens in old China where "Li Po had sung about wine"; the kitchens of Buddhist monasteries, vegetarian but recalling man the carnivorous; the Holy Mountain where Confucius speaks; the Palisades above the Hudson with the glitter of city lights beyond. But the voyage is not to the far places of Eden but to the quiet loves, the shrines, and the brothel places in Old Adam.

It was inside
That he must travel, not away.

Of Celia and the young truthfulness of the world she wove for him, of friends, substantial and insubstantial, of realities in nature and unrealities in religion, Old Adam speaks while the garments of state and society fall away from individuals to strip them free, like Adam, of all but the native springs of life. There Lilith "unwinding her exquisite foot" glides among men to spell for them living death.

Where are the eyes of Lilith in this room?
Does the butler see them while he serves the broth?
Are they the whiteness of the table cloth?
Do their pupils bloom
In candle tips, or brighten in the lustre of these pearls?

And Adam, living and dying anew each day, grows wise of the fluted music of Lilith's singing, of the straightened look of Eve, of the jangle of crowds and the jar of property, and of the tumult of his ocean. In his mind, the zeros of life have been multiplied.

I die, thought Adam, and in my place
Instantly someone stirs. The race
Goes on again, like a pattern in lace.
Is it enough of life that this is all,
That epigrams consume the questioning mind,
Fusing eternal with ephemeral
In unraised letters for the fumbling blind?

The orison of another well known poet has interpreted his Saki in words like Adam's.

There is no wisdom a coffin cannot finally withhold
Untold,
Nor any words young lips like yours can say
And make tomorrow out of yesterday
Or change the oncoming wave to less or more
Of its old unmeaning motion on the shore.

Adam cries for help, to Mary, mother, Christ, the Magdalene, realizing there is no god but himself, and he is bound, weary of running to and fro in the earth, to necessity, like the tree that leans in April toward the house.

I look away from it and think of going
Elsewhere than where its sap will have a clear
Necessity to stay for summer's growing—
But I can no more choose to stray or stir
Than wood can govern its diameter.

Life is merely sunlight spinning within the shell of man, willing to spin on and yet with no knowledge when the web is complete. The most determined voice in the poem is the voice of the whore.

There are things in life, though, to which I'm true,
No matter what people may be.
You may think that I'm talking just to hear what I say;
But I'm not, not today,

Contributors to This Issue

MARY AUSTIN, of Santa Fe, has identified herself with New Mexico, its life and its interests, through many books and articles, among them *The Land of Journey's Ending*, *The American Rhythm*, and *Starry Adventure*. She is at present seeing her *Autobiography* through the press.

WITTER BYNNER also lives in Santa Fe, and is one of the best known lyric poets of America. He has written a number of plays and is said to be working on a novel.

JOSÉ GARCIA VILLA has lived in New Mexico for the greater part of two years and has written for the *QUARTERLY* a number of stories of his homeland, the Philippines, and of his adopted home, the Southwest. Albuquerque has been his home in the state.

IRENE FISHER lives in Albuquerque, where she divides her time between journalism and writing poetry.

DAVE NEUMANN is a student and critic of art and letters, who has done graduate work in a number of American universities, and has lived in a number of European art centers. His article comes from his home on the Acequia Madre in Santa Fe.

NELDA SEWELL is a resident of Old Albuquerque, where she is one of a group who are interested in the native backgrounds of the Southwest.

LOLITA POOLER is a student of New Mexico folk-lore. She is a member of the Modern Language Department of the University of New Mexico.

JOE A. PEDRO, TEOFILA LUCERO, JUAN ARAGON are students at the Albuquerque Indian School, where they are encouraged to give literary expression to the folk tales of their pueblo people.

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Elizabeth Willis DeHuff

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