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THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

A REGIONAL REVIEW

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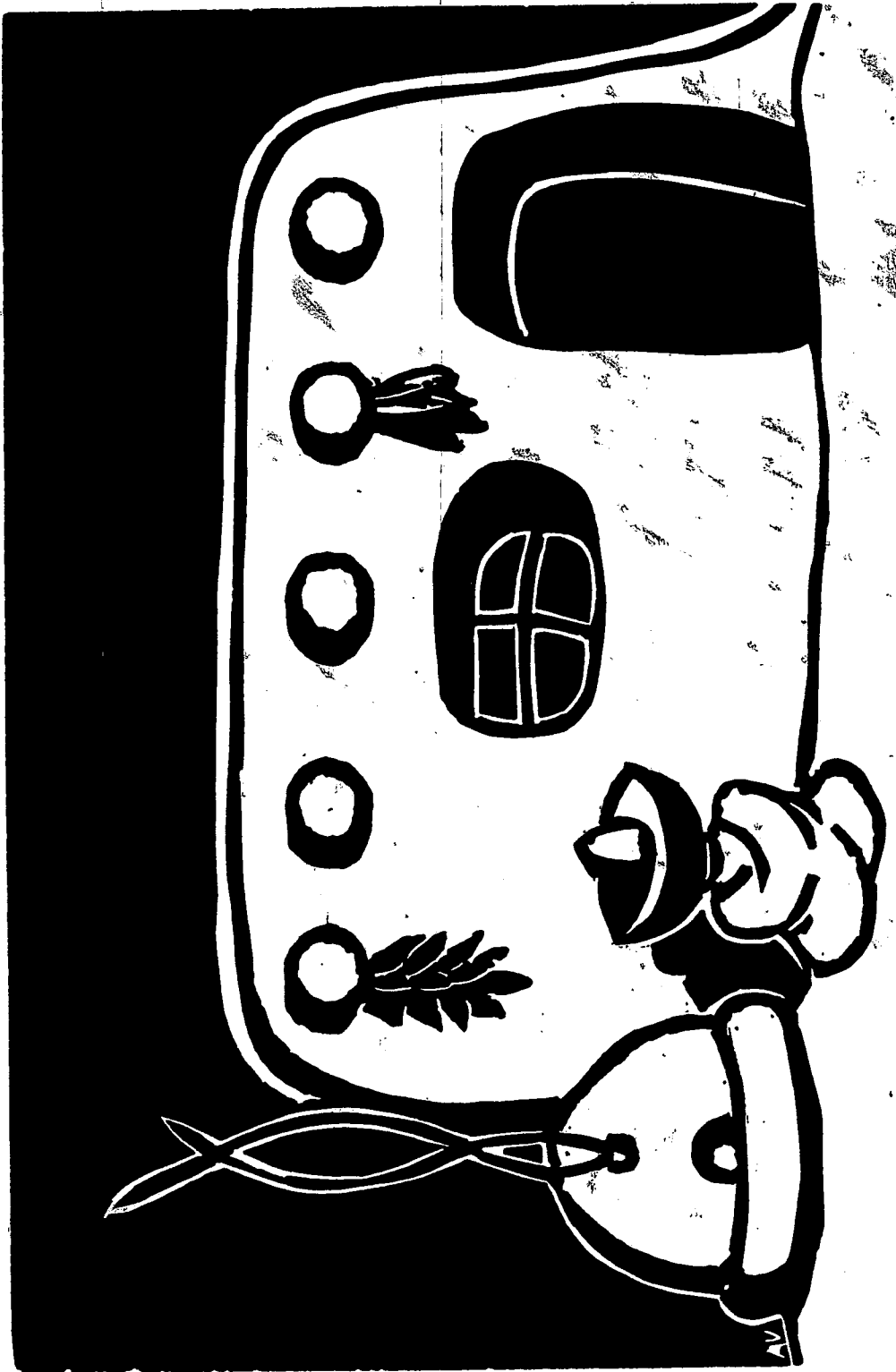
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Anne Visic

NEW MEXICO

Economic Planning and the Problem of Population

By VERNON G. SORRELL

IN RECENT literature dealing with economic planning, one can find scarcely a reference to the problem of the proper balance between population and available resources. This fact seems strange, because, avowedly, economic planning is a long-run proposition; and it is difficult to see why the long-run problem of population has not been fitted into the picture. It may be that the planners believe such a problem is one of the imponderables, subject to no conscious solution. Yet, neglect of this question is fatal to the reasoning of those who would achieve the more abundant life by planning the economic activities of a group of people.

Basically the question is: Why not have population planning as well as economic planning? By population planning is meant the substantial control of numbers and quality by governmental agencies. By economic planning is meant the control of production and utilization of economic resources, outside of man himself, likewise by the agencies of government. The economic planner, whether with design or inadvertence, probably the latter, has not entered a field in which he has, apparently, inadequate knowledge. Perhaps he has been afraid of stubborn facts which might prove to be inimical to his plans. At any rate, in so remaining aloof, he has laid himself open to the charge that his whole proposal of a planned economy is vitiated at the foundation.

It is the thesis of this article that population planning has very limited possibilities. Further, any plan for economic betterment will also of necessity fail eventually unless the population remains within the bounds of the planned system by means of individual and family controls. Whatever may be contended in regard to *laissez-faire* as applied to business, it is argued herein that this principle does govern the size and quality of our population.

In almost all ages the problem of numbers has been deemed of importance, and various views have been set forth on the question. Modern discussion of the subject of population and its relation to society dates, of course, from the time of Malthus, who wrote his famous essay in 1797 and an equally famous revision in 1802. The economic and political conditions of that time were somewhat parallel to the national and world conditions of today. Times were hard, political revolutions were taking place, and threats of others added to the uncertainty of the period. Various explanations of the widespread misery and poverty were offered, the most usual of which was that the distress was caused by bad institutions, i. e., bad government, bad laws (especially tax laws), rapacious bankers and business men, the church organization, etc. The proposals for leading the human race toward perfectability ran in terms of reform of these bad institutions. (The term "economic planning" had not been coined at that time.)

Two outstanding champions of reform of bad institutions were Condorcet in France and Godwin in England. They were the "more abundant lifers" of the day. Another was the father of Robert Malthus, who, we are told, engaged in a controversy with his son over this question, the outcome of which, on the son's side, was the famous essay.

It is erroneous to contend that Malthus did not believe that improvement could be had by improving institutions. What he did believe was that any improvement was necessarily conditioned by the fact that man as a biological organism has the power to reproduce his kind in an ever increasing ratio, while nature puts a limit upon the amount of food available for his consumption. Consequently, numbers must be limited, perforce, by food. Nature's limit, to be sure, depends upon man's scientific knowledge, but there is always a limit nevertheless.

Malthus has been called the best hated man of his time, not so much because of what he actually said, but because of the effect and implications of his statements. What he said

was simple enough. It was a truism which almost anyone could comprehend who wanted to comprehend. But the so-called law did bash the ardor of reformers, and it is true that his essay was used as an argument by vested interests which would have been adversely affected by reform. It reminded long-range reformers of a few basic, albeit unpleasant, facts, and these facts tended to blast hopes that did not want to be blasted.

Much thought has been expended on the population since Malthus, and the literature is voluminous. The Neo-Malthusians have added nothing to the basic principles of Malthus nor have they taken anything away. Their advocacy of birth control as a check to numbers is reminiscent of Malthus' "moral restraint," although the modern birth control movement contains many elements absolutely foreign to Malthus' thinking.

The modern optimum theory differs only from the Malthusian theory in that certain elements are emphasized, although a considerable difference of opinion exists as to what is meant by this relatively new doctrine, and confusion in thinking has resulted. An optimum population, literally, means the "best" population, and what is best, of course, varies with the point of view. The military view would emphasize large numbers for cannon fodder. The churchman probably would advocate a large population for another purpose. The industrialist probably would say that the "best" population would be one that could supply an abundance of cheap labor. The moralist might advocate large families on the grounds that only in large families is personal character and certain spiritual values engendered and developed.

From the economic point of view the optimum population is that number which yields the greatest amount of goods and services per man, under a given amount of natural resources, with a given state of business organization operating upon a given stage of technical development. Such an

optimum offers the highest standard of living at any given time.

This theory, of course, stresses the point that a given territory may be underpopulated as well as overpopulated.

From the biological viewpoint, much has been said and written on the population problem. Apparently, the most widely discussed modern biological theory is that set forth by Pearl, usually known as the logistic theory, although it is often referred to simply as Pearl's biological theory of population. He arrived at his theory through experimenting with the natural growth of fruit flies. In these controlled experiments, he discovered that fruit flies multiplied in a definite manner, the growth curve of which arose quite gradually in the first generations, arose rapidly as time went on and finally flattened out to a straight line. He has found that at least one human group—Algeria—has followed the curve to the flattened out stage. Other population groups, he has indicated, are at various points on the curve.

Pearl's theory has been criticized by sociologists and others, on the ground that he has neglected the economic and cultural factors involved—"Men are men and not fruit flies," say this group of critics. It seems, however, that much of this criticism results from reading too much into the theory. The essence of the theory seems to be that biological organisms, as shown by fruit flies, multiply in a very definite manner, and it is reasonable to suppose that man, considered simply as a biological organism, multiplies in the same manner. It does not invalidate the theory if it can be shown that this biological law is conditioned by such factors as food supply, cultural factors, etc. And certainly it is not a sound criticism of Pearl to say that he did not recognize that these other factors prevented the biological principle from working as it did in the controlled experiments with fruit flies.

Still another theory much in vogue at the present time, especially among sociologists, is the so-called cultural theory, which holds that while food and physiological factors set theoretical limits the actual size or quality of population

must be explained in cultural terms. Thus, for example, a rapidly increasing population may be due to a desire for children as family assets, as on American farms during most of the last century; or it may be due to military reasons, or to religious doctrines. Per contra, a decreasing population may be due to the weakening of the military spirit, desire for higher standards of living, rising social status of women, or a number of other factors.

One of the early exponents of the cultural theory was John Rae, an American economist of the middle of the last century. His mature views on the subject were developed after he had studied the native population of the Hawaiian islands. On the island he found an abundance of fertile land, but a declining population. He found, further, that vice was widespread and increasing. From his observations there, and from his studies, he concluded that population was governed by what he called "an effective desire for offspring."

Modern exponents of this theory contend that any population must be explained by reference to specific cultural factors extant within the group, because, between the highest possible number determined either by physiology or by food supply, or both, and the actual numbers, there is a wide and varying gap.

A criticism of the culture theory is that it is too broad and inclusive—a scatter-gun theory and hence no theory at all. Nevertheless, its very inclusiveness has the merit of recognizing the dangers of over-simplification. Those who hold to it point out that man is a complete psychological organism, and that he does not live by meat and drink alone. Hence the culturists are very critical, on the one hand, of any mechanistic biological theory, and on the other hand, of any theory that savors of economic determinism.

This brief review of the major or present-day population theories, the Malthusian, the Neo-Malthusian, the optimum, Pearl's biological theory, and the cultural theory should give us a background for further reflections on the present day population question as it relates to a system of a planned economy.

The population of the world is increasing about 30,000,000 per annum, according to the International Institute of the League of Nations. At this rate the world population will double in 66 years. The total population is estimated to be around two billion.

The rate of increase varies widely among the different nations. In the two Americas, the rate of increase is now about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum. Asia, with over half the world's population, appears to be increasing less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of one per cent. European countries are still increasing their numbers but generally at a diminished rate. The Italian rate in 1936 was .91 per cent; the German rate in 1933 was .56 per cent; France's population increased from 40,700,000 in 1926 to 41,800,000 in 1931; the population of Great Britain increased from 42,000,000 in 1911 to 43,000,000 in 1921; The greatest increase in European countries is found in Russia. There the number has increased from 139 million in 1914 to 153 million in 1932, with the present rate of increase 1.9 per cent. The present rate of increase in the United States in .6 per cent.

The present tendency of a diminishing rate of increase has given rise to a belief that many nations are approaching a stationary population. It is well known that the population of France has been virtually stationary since the latter decades of the last century. Predictions for the United States vary from a stable population in 1940 to 1970 or 1980, or even 2000. It is quite obvious, of course, that if present trends continue, we will have a stationary population in the not too distant future.

The usual method of determining the rate of increase or decrease in population is to compare the ratio of births to deaths. Kuczynski, however, has pointed out that this method is, for the purpose of prediction, inadequate and misleading. His method is based upon the ratio of child-bearing females to the number of girl babies born. By this method he arrives at what he calls the net reproductive rate, which represents the capacity of the present generation to

replace itself. This rate, he finds, varies widely from country to country. The rate of England and Wales is about 73 per cent; for Italy it is 118 per cent; and for Russia 170 per cent. For northern European countries, taken as a group, the average net reproductive rate is about 90 per cent

It is interesting to note that by using the present net reproductive rate as a basis for prediction, the time for a stationary population is much closer than when the usual method is used. Any country, of course, with a rate under 100 per cent is on the way to a declining population. The United States is one of these countries; and, although the population is still increasing, the present generation is not replacing itself. By this method it is estimated that in the decade of 1960 the maximum for the United States of about 150 million will be reached. Then a decline will set in, and the number may drop to 140 million by the year 2000. Other countries likewise faced with a declining population are Great Britain with a rate of less than three-fourths that necessary to replace the present generation; Germany with a rate of 70 per cent in 1933, and other North European countries with rates around 90 per cent.

Let us now turn to a brief discussion of the evidence bearing on the question of population controls by modern nations. With the exception of Italy and Germany, little or no attempt has been made by modern nations to control their populations. As we have defined the term, population control means more than restriction of immigration, measures of sanitation and health, segregation and sterilization of the unfit, etc. Population control implies the acceptance of a national ideal as to quantity and quality and a conscious and deliberate program of action to carry out this ideal.

First, let us examine the case of Germany under the Hitler regime. The Nazis' ideal is clear and distinct: the population must increase in numbers and this increase must be of pure Aryan stock. The country lost around ten million people as a result of the war. After the war the German

birth rate declined rapidly, economic depression was widespread, and in 1933 the reproductive rate was 70 per cent, one of the lowest in Europe. According to Louis I. Dublin, since that year there has been considerable change, and at present the Nazis' government is apparently doing all in its power to stimulate population increase. Strong economic pressure is placed on bachelors; marriages are made easier by the granting of marriage loans; employment of women has been discouraged whenever possible; and, above all, an intense patriotic appeal has gone forth for people to augment their numbers and to recoup their losses suffered since the war. Apparently, these efforts are getting results. An increase of 33 per cent in the marriage rate occurred in one year; the birth rate increased from 14.7 in 1933 to 18 in 1934; and at the same time the death rate declined so that the excess of births over deaths was 7.1 per thousand, or seven times as much as that of France.

It is too early to tell just what will be the ultimate effect of these efforts of control in Germany. And, of course, it is barely possible that the recent increase is due to causes other than the efforts of Hitler and his associates. No attempt will be made here to discuss the various efforts made to improve the Germanic racial stock, or of the various eugenic theories now prevalent in that country.

The case of Italy seems to present the best evidence on the question of the effectiveness of governmental means to increase the numbers of a modern nation. Some of the measures, according to Dublin, that the government has adopted to increase Italy's already high fertility rate are as follows: "Large families are granted high tax exemptions; they receive preference in obtaining employment and are favored as tenants in working men's homes. Bachelors and spinsters and small families are frowned upon and penalized. At the same time, a national program of maternity and child welfare work attempts to save life and conserve the children who are born. A program of land reclamation has increased the tillable soil, to which fertile families are

transferred. There is a strong movement to curtail migration to the cities."¹ In addition to these positive efforts, Mussolini never misses an opportunity to extol the glories of an expanding Italy and to bring about a revivification of the splendor of Rome.

If population control can be made effective, one might expect positive results from these efforts in Italy. What have been the results? Quite the contrary of the expectations of Mussolini. In spite of all that has been done, the Italian birth rate has been declining. In 1922, when the Fascisti came to power, the rate was 30.2; in 1930, 26.7; and in 1934, 23.2 per thousand. This does not look much like population control.

Italy presents, of course, other aspects of the population problem. The country is densely populated (350 per square mile) and her natural resources are decidedly limited. With these conditions and under a program of population increase, ineffectual as it may be, it is no wonder that the government looks with covetous eyes on undeveloped lands on other continents.

If a long run program of economic planning requires a control of numbers, one might expect to find population planning, or at least a fairly definite population policy, in Soviet Russia. Nothing in the Soviet history indicates that more than lip service, if that, has been given to a population plan that might logically accompany their economic plan.

Enough has been said to indicate that very little evidence exists which might substantiate the view that numbers of people can be controlled in any effective manner by governments. On the contrary, there are ample reasons to believe, much of which is on an *a priori* basis to be sure, that governments can do no such thing. Families have children, or do not have children, quite irrespective of what a legislature, a parliament, a congress, or a dictator thinks about it. Population trends are determined essentially by individual and family considerations. If this view of the matter is

1. Dublin, Louis I. *The Population Problem and Depression*. p. 21.

accepted, serious doubts arise at once as to the efficacy of long range control of the utilization of economic resources.

Suppose a nation with a given population can determine how much of goods and services can be produced on their available land to give the highest possible standard of living, and sets out deliberately to achieve this end. Is there any assurance that the numbers will not have increased considerably before the economic plan can be fully operative? Or is it not at least conceivable that the population may have decreased to the extent that laborers are no longer available to carry out the plan? What will happen to Russia's renowned plan if their population continues to increase indefinitely at the present rate? Obviously, the economic plan must be a flexible one, and it is to be noted that Russia started out with a five-year program and modified and extended it as circumstances seemed to justify. To be sure, if by chance a nation's population should become stationary and remain so indefinitely then one obstacle to a planned economy would be eliminated. It should be emphasized, however, that, so far as we know now, for this stationary condition to be maintained would be quite outside the realm of deliberate governmental design.

In summary, and returning to the theme of this article, economic planning conceived as a long run proposition must take into consideration the population problem. Unless the economic plan has a fairly high degree of flexibility there is little hope for its continued success. The possibilities of population planning are decidedly limited.

Finally, the author would like to outline briefly what he would consider to be a sound population policy, as distinguished from a population plan, for the United States.

1. First of all, we can abolish the more or less ineffective laws attempting to prohibit the spread of knowledge of methods of birth control. Whether to go beyond this and set up birth control clinics to be operated as part of a public health program as a national policy, is very questionable at the present time. However, it seems socially desirable not

to put obstacles in the way of families obtaining the knowledge whereby they can exercise their own judgment as to the size of families they want. As a noted English writer on population has said, population, of necessity, must be limited either by more or less ruthless forces of nature or by conscious design, and if man is to have a measure of control over his own destiny he must control his numbers.

2. In the second place, we can do much to improve the quality of the population by sterilization or segregation of the clearly defective potential parents. By 1929, twenty-seven states had sterilization laws. Such laws, of course, have little discernible effect on total numbers. California adopted her law in 1909, and, by 1934, ten thousand operations had been performed, which is a very small percentage of the total number in a state which has a population of over five million.

At least one modern writer has made the radical proposal that the sterilization method be used to control number, and he would do this by having the government offer a thousand dollar bonus to anyone who would submit to the operation. This method, he thinks, would decrease the numbers in the lowest economic levels.

3. In the third place, we should do everything possible to increase total production of economic goods and their wide diffusion among all classes. It is not my purpose to go into this particular subject here—simply to mention it will suffice.

4. In the fourth place, it might be suggested that our immigration laws be changed so that either all nationalities be included in the quota system, or that future immigration be excluded entirely. It is my belief, however, that so far as population policy is concerned, immigration is not a pressing issue at the moment, but might in the future affect seriously our international relations, and thus indirectly our population problem, if we continue our policy of discrimination.

5. Lastly, public education can do much to inculcate ideals of personal and family responsibility. If the theme of the foregoing paper is correct, the future of our population, viewed either from the point of view of quantity or of quality, depends on how well this responsibility is exercised. In this connection one often wonders to what extent many social reforms, however well intentioned, might in the end operate to just the opposite ends of their avowed aims, and bring on more distress than that which it is proposed to eliminate. I refer specifically to such things as poor relief, mothers' pensions, public nurseries, and non-contributory old age pensions. If the responsibility of economic welfare is thrown more and more upon society, while the responsibility of having or not having children must remain, by its very nature, within the family, do we not have an anomalous situation? Is it possible to shift more and more social and economic responsibility to the state, while, at the same time, retaining a high degree of personal and family responsibility? That is a major issue in our country today.

Revanant

By ETHEL B. CHENEY

-1-

If I must die!
Oh do not let me lie
Beneath soft grasses, where a perfumed breeze
Moves through pale flowers, and quiet cedar trees.
If I must go
I would not want to know
The peace of garden places, where each sound
Is muted by the deep, high walls around.
I fear that I would keep
Too long a sleep,
Were I to know the gentle sheltering
Of tempered winds, and fragrances of spring.

-2-

I who have been made weak through tenderness would know
The strength of deserts, proud, high winds that blow
In swirling, angry lashes of great pain
Across a boundless and unconquered plain.
And I would merge into the mountain crags that rise
Fearless, undaunted, to the threatening skies;
Nor tremble at the thunder's roll and crash
Of fast flung bolts, as lightnings sear and gash.
I would become as one with age-old trees, that break
The winds with strength, and hurl back in their wake
The shattered hail; so would I find at length,
The peace that comes from consciousness of strength.

-3-

And when I may return again,
A soul newborn;
I would come sure and swift across the plain,
As comes the morn.
And I would come as one victorious
Before the day,
Triumphantly, with hand high flung, as one
Who leads the way.

[15]

War Poems of the Papago Indians

By RUTH MURRAY UNDERHILL

THE PAPAGOS, of the southern Arizona desert, have always been a peaceful people, adapted to the slow rhythm of tilling the earth and of gathering food from the roots and the cacti and the dwarf trees of their majestically barren land. War, to them, was not only unwelcome, it was abhorrent. Yet, they had to fight. In the hills, to the north and east of them, lived the Apache, who were always hungry and who swooped down periodically on the peaceful farmers:

So that, when you came out of your house at dawn, you never knew but an Apache would jump off the roof yelling.

Tradition calls the Papagos good fighters. But the loathing for war must have been deep in them, as in many of the Southwest peoples, for all their customs and ceremonies seem bent on minimizing martial glamor and martial rewards. They had no system of battle honors: the warrior wore no insignia and was never asked to boast of his exploits. Of course he took no land. The Papagos had no idea that any land was eligible for residence except their own desert. But also, he took no booty and no captives. All possessions of the enemy were thought to be imbued with an evil magic and to touch them might bring death. Therefore even the warrior dying on the field of battle was dangerous to his friends, since he had touched the enemy, and he must be burned immediately. The man who had killed an enemy was dangerous and, instead of being received with honor, must go through a long period of purification before he could return to the circle of his people.

Yet, the Papagos had war poetry which is moving and even passionate. But it rarely mentions fighting. Its burden is the call to duty; the arduous march to the enemy's country; the prayer for power and the reward of valor. But

PAPAGO INDIANS WAR POEMS [17

this reward has nothing to do with conquest or with glory. It is conceived in the terms of a farmer of the Southwest who sees only one supreme blessing—rain. To the Papago, the taking of a scalp brought rain, and a raid into the enemy's country, if it were to bring any satisfaction, must be thought of as pleasing the supernaturals, so that they caused the corn to grow.

This is the consummation celebrated in the songs and speeches offered before war. The fragments presented here were taken down in Papago from the ceremonialists who had inherited them, and they are translated as accurately as the change of construction would allow. The length of line could not always be kept but the proportion of long and short is the same. Space has dictated the omission of some of that repetitious matter which, to the white man, slows the movement of the thought, while, to the Indian, it is a ceremonial requisite.

THE WAR PRIEST INCITES HIS PEOPLE TO BATTLE

What I say to you now
I have said yonder, at the village that we built.
I have told the old men,
I have told the old women,
I have told the children,
I have told the women.

Is my food so much to me
That I should eat what I have
And all day sit idle?
Is my drink so much to me
That I should take the sweet water poured out
And all day sit idle?
Is my wife so much to me
That I should gaze upon her
And all day sit idle?
Is my child so much to me
That I should hold it in my arms
And all day sit idle?

It was uncontrollable, my desire.
 It was the dizziness of war.
 I ground it to powder
 And therewith I painted my face.
 It was the madness of war.
 I tore it to shreds
 And therewith tied my hair in a war knot.

Then did I hold firm my well-covering shield
 And my hard-striking club.
 Then did I hold firm my well-strung bow
 And my smooth, straight-flying arrow.
 To me did I draw my far striding sandals
 And fast I tied them.

Over the flat land did I then go striding.
 Over the seated stones did I then go stumbling.
 Under the trees in the ditches did I then go stooping.
 Through the trees on the high ground did I go thrusting.
 Through the mountain gullies did I go brushing quickly.

In four halts did I reach
 (Not the enemy, be it observed but)
 The shining white eagle, my guardian.
 Then kindly to me he felt
 And brought out his white crystal.
 Our enemy mountains it made white as with moonlight
 And all around them I went striding.

Our enemy waters it made white as with moonlight
 And all around them I went striding.

There did I seize and pull up and wrap tight
 Those things which were my enemy's.
 All kinds of seeds and beautiful clouds and beautiful winds.
 Then came forth a thick stalk
 And a thick tassel
 And the undying seed did ripen.

Thus did I do on behalf of you, my people.
 Thus should you also think and desire,
 All you, my kinsmen.

This speech, with its passionate yearning toward the achievement which makes the earth bring forth, is typical.

PAPAGO INDIANS WAR POEMS [19

There follows an account of a war party, with the journey in vivid detail and the fighting gulped down by one brutal sentence at the end. During the journey, the war leader sits alone at night, while his men sleep and one by one the scouts come in to report.

Then went the youth, and, sometime in the night,
Came to me, stepping lightly.
Then I said: "How goes it?"

(The scout replied)

"The outspread earth spreads, silent.
The seated rocks sit silent.
The standing trees stand silent.
The running beasts run silent."

Then I said:

"Come now, make ready my young men."

Then I stood.

And I made the war speech.

The dawn rushed upon us.

We waited no more.

We rushed in.

We made an end.

So much for the fighting, which the song leaves as untouched as though it were enemy property. Now come some of the most impressive of the rituals, recited to the hero who has taken a scalp, by his ceremonial guardian. The hero must remain aloof from human beings for sixteen days.

Yonder, lo you see,
A solitary tree stand, dripping shadow.
There you seat yourself.
Your wife must not come near and look upon you.
Your child must not come near and look upon you.
Thus it must be with you.

In his retreat the hero must fast, almost to starvation because, in that state, he will dream and receive power. Men dreaded this vigil, even more than the hardships of war and most appropriate are the lines with which the guardian terminated each of his speeches:

Verily, who desires this?
Do not you desire it?
Then learn to endure hardship.

The guardian bound up the long black hair of his charge, as if it were for war, saying:

It was a twisting wind.
With it, I knotted your hair at the back of your neck,
Twisting it as the wind twists.

Later, he brought the half gourd of water, which might only be drunk twice a day, at sunrise and sunset. Before receiving his first sip, the hero might have walked all day, home from the enemy country without touching a drop. To his delirious relief, a mouthful of lukewarm water typified not only the intoxication of war but the height of desire.

Within my bowl there lies
Dazzling dizziness,
Bubbling drunkenness.
Great whirlwinds, upside down, above us,
A great eagle heart,
A great hawk heart,
A great bear heart,
A great twisting wind—
All these have gathered here
And live within my bowl.

Now you will drink it.

The sixteen days of isolation ended. Meanwhile, the people had danced nightly about the scalp, singing:

A cactus plant had a flower
The little thing died,
The little thing died.

Poor crow,
Hanging there!
Poor crow!

and just one song so fierce that it explains what the Papagos meant when they sang of the "black madness of war" and strove to be possessed of it.

PAPAGO INDIANS WAR POEMS [21

Kill the Apache!
Kill the Apache!
Dry the skin!
Dry the skin!
Soften it!
Soften it!
I am happy with it.
A-a-a-a-h!

But there are still some Apaches left!

The night of final lustration came and the warrior's weapons were purified by dancers who leaped upon them around the fire while old men sang:

Sitting with my back against the dawn,
I got drunk, my younger brothers.
The white wind met me and it drove me mad.

Then ancient warriors smoked over the new hero and his guardian told symbolically of victory:

Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy
By many devices.
Did cause him, fighting, to become like a ghost
And to fall asleep.
Thus did I wreck ill on my enemy.

Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy.
Those with whom he went about and talked
I did cause him to hate.
Becoming like a ghost, falling asleep.
Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy.

Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy.
The child whom he caressed,
I did cause him to hate.
The wife with whom he lay, I did cause him to hate,
Becoming like a ghost, falling asleep.
Verily it was this which I desired.

From the east then, white blasts rushed.
From the west then black blasts rushed.
From both sides, rushing together,
They lashed one another.
Beneath the rain I went (in the enemy's land)

I seized my women (whom he had captured
I seized my children.

Then came I back to that land.
I stood upon it and stood firm.
I sat upon it *and sat still.*

Pueblo in Moonlight (Zuñi)

By KATHERINE KENNEDY

*These were a people
to the heart not unremembered:*

In the moonlight
the Pueblo lies sleeping,
tier upon tier of silence
housed in clay.

Bright chiaroscuros
of silver and black
shadow the Plaza . . .

On the roof of the Kiva
the ladder slants
toward the morningstar:
Moy'a'clunata.

*O ghostly drums
loud in the silence,
O forgotten voices
chanting the old cry:*

*"Where are you, our Sky Fathers?
Where are you, our Sky Mothers?"*

Beyond the summit
of Corn mountain
a coyote howls . . .

Then silence again
louder than drums,
waiting . . .

The Field of Higher Education in the Southwest

By CLYDE KLUCKHOHN

THERE ARE perhaps two outstanding national traditions of university education in the modern world. The German tradition has looked mainly to the enrichment of the student's mind with information and to the accumulation of published knowledge. The English has tended to regard study in a university as the final step in that formation of the character which is the primary end of the whole British educational system: the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, where training schools for incorruptible public servants whose minds, if not too well informed, were balanced and disciplined. American practice has had regard for both of these conceptions of higher education. Such universities as Johns Hopkins and Columbia have followed, on the whole, the German pattern which was also the model for almost all graduate study in the United States. The liberal college ideal, on the other hand, has its roots in the English tradition. Princeton, under Wilson; Amherst, under Meiklejohn, exalted college education as the preparation for a rich life which would be of value to society. Either of these conceptions, pushed too far, has results which would be almost universally regarded as undesirable. We are all aware of the absurdities to which the Ph.D. system sometimes lends its name and countenance. At its worst, the English method promotes an unthinking, inflexible preservation of the existing order of society. André Maurois makes an English major say: "Nous n'allons pas au collège pour nous instruire mais pour nous imprégner des préjugés de notre classe sans lesquels nous serons dangereux et malheureux."

But I think we might all agree that any system of higher education would ideally have regard for some elements at least of both these conceptions of education. Hence it will be convenient to discuss the field of higher education in the Southwest with reference to these two categories.

Most of what I say will be directly relevant to the University of New Mexico, for that is the educational institution with which I am familiar, but most of it will also, I think, be applicable, with adjustments, to other colleges and universities in the region. (I take it that by "higher education" is meant specifically formal, institutionalized education.)

As to research and training for research, any realistic discussion must start from the premise that the universities and colleges of the Southwest will be obliged to operate on relatively restricted budgets. The revenues from taxation are small indeed compared to the areas involved, and there is small prospect that they could be measurably increased for some time to come. Nor will many of the sons and daughters of the citizens of these states be able to pay more than very moderate tuition fees. Therefore any attempt to take the great state universities of California, Michigan, Wisconsin, as models to be imitated slavishly foredooms the higher educational institutions of the Southwest to abysmal inferiority. The University of New Mexico, for example, will never (at least during the next generation) be able to provide the expensive facilities for research in *all* branches of physical and biological science which the more thickly populated, wealthier states of California, Michigan, and Wisconsin have supplied. Adequate provision for all the staples of the undergraduate general grocery must be made (and to a very considerable extent already has been). Likewise, the states of the Southwest must eventually, I think, establish and maintain at a decent standard the basic professional schools: law, medicine, dentistry. But it must be recognized at the outset that the fancy intellectual foods of that academic delicatessen, the graduate school, can only be supplied in very limited quantities, if the quality of the product is to be assured. Emulation of the graduate schools of the large state universities can only result in emasculation of the whole program of graduate training and research.

If, however, available resources are concentrated upon the exploitation of the advantages which sheer geographical

FIELD OF HIGHER EDUCATION [25

location gives certain fields of study, the outlook is infinitely more promising. Let the higher educational institutions of the southwestern states be content to build up the greater number of departments of instruction only to the point needed for proper undergraduate instruction and for such graduate instruction leading to the master's degree as is called for by the needs of the teachers of the state. They will then (and only then, I feel sure) be able to develop some few departments which will have real distinction as agencies for the advance of the knowledge and culture of the nation. In four fields the situation of the University of New Mexico gives it some possibilities which cannot be matched outside the Southwest. These, if I may be so presumptuous as to list them, are: anthropology, Southwestern history, Spanish language and literature, bilingual education. There are three additional fields which, it would seem to me, have certain possibilities which may be equalled but are seldom excelled elsewhere. These are art, plant and animal ecology, and geology. Naturally, there are other more specific opportunities. For instance, any aspect of the natural resources or environment of New Mexico can be studied more efficiently and with less expense by someone living in New Mexico than by someone teaching nine months a year in New York City. But I think, primarily, of more general problems.

Let me illustrate in the concrete from one discipline, and perhaps I may be pardoned if I choose my own. I do not mean simply that New Mexico is a better place than Wisconsin to study Southwestern archaeology. That I take to be self-evident. Rather, I am driving at the fact that New Mexico is ideally located for a unified attack upon the central problems of human behavior from an anthropological point of view and with anthropological techniques. There are coherent non-literate cultures which are still going concerns. But these are not merely splendid islands in a sea of ignorance. There is historical documentation for many of them for nearly four hundred years. The material

cultures of the societies from which they developed remain for study. The bones of the makers of these artifacts can be measured and observed, and the conclusions compared and contrasted with our knowledge of the human biology of the modern populations. If by chance a bit of dessicated tissue is preserved (as often it is in this semi-arid climate), it is even possible to know something about the blood which throbbed through the veins and arteries of the living individual! Thanks to the tree ring method, a comparatively full and exact record of the environmental vicissitudes through which these cultures passed, is being built up. The clash of cultures and the effects of different ethnic groups upon one another can be observed in fullest detail—the opportunities for the investigation of this highly important cultural process are magnificent. And so data on the archaeology, physical anthropology, social anthropology, climatology, acculturation of Southwestern cultures are all available. Seldom, if ever, has the anthropologist had so full a record over so long a time. In many anthropological investigations the historical variable is unknowable, the environmental is most often unknowable in any precise sense. In many archaeological studies we never hope to obtain any knowledge of the dynamics of societies highly similar to those responsible for the technological products remaining.

To be sure, this highly favorable concentration of circumstances, this approximation to the laboratory controls of other sciences, can be exploited by research organizations outside the Southwest. But the situation can be utilized with least expense and with least difficulty and very possibly with greatest prospect of success by an institution in the area whose investigators are fully familiar with all manner of local conditions and who can study the living cultures at all seasons of the year. In any case, I wished more particularly to draw attention to the educative potentialities of the setup. A student at Columbia or at Harvard may well study anthropology for a number of years before he ever sees or talks to a member of a non-literate culture. His knowledge is vicar-

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ious and not experimental and has all the unsatisfactory qualities of such knowledge. At New Mexico I used to take my classes before breakfast to Isleta to see ceremonies, and, whatever other limitations they may have had, my better students were quite free from the naïveté and crudity of belief about the behavior and thought of non-literates, which is almost characteristic of many students of anthropology in Eastern universities. The point is that New Mexico is a God-given natural laboratory for the study of man, such as no amount of money could produce. The relative sparseness of population, slowness of acculturation, comparative stability of physical environment tend to prevent the investigator and student from morassing themselves in the bog of subjectivism which is the peril of hideously complicated interrelationships.

And so, I maintain, that in so far as higher education in the Southwest is going to contribute significantly to the general stream of scholarship, it must do so through the medium of educational institutions which are frankly "regional" in their outlook and policy, which valiantly eschew every endeavor to make them conform to a more general pattern of which they could, in any case, only become fourth-rate imitations. To a considerable extent, I am, of course, only describing what has already been either attained or contemplated at the University of New Mexico. The department of anthropology, under the vigorous leadership of Dr. Brand, appears to be capitalizing admirably on the non-money resources at its disposal. And Mr. Embree, in his *Atlantic Monthly* appraisal of American Universities, showed discernment in singling out the University of New Mexico as one of fifteen-odd which he mentioned by name and in referring to it as "one of the most interesting" of all American universities. In fact, I feel firmly convinced that the University of New Mexico, principally because of the robust energy and singularly enlightened planning of President Zimmerman, has proved itself worthy of the state of New Mexico by daring to undertake higher education which will have the distinctiveness and vitality of the region itself.

Indeed, if Southwestern universities are not only to contribute to productive scholarship but also to form character and aid their students to better living, they must embody the distinctive features and vitality of the Southwest. In respect of the second as well as of the first motivation of higher education, these colleges and universities must unashamedly make themselves regional universities. Another reason why the Southwest is a paradise to the anthropologist is that there one finds four great cultural traditions (the Pueblo Indian, the Spanish-American, the pioneer Anglo-American, and the contemporary Anglo-American) still in vigor, still quickening daily experience by contrast. Now I am not one of those who advocates, in Mr. Ferguson's phrase, "crawling back into the womb of the cultural past." The full integrity of the first three cultures has gone, and it is idle to try to revivify them. But I am concerned that certain elements in each of these which really have intrinsic survival value should become incorporated into the emergent composite Southwestern culture.

It is one thing to accept certain trends in the culture in which one lives. It is quite another, I feel, to submit supinely to every ripple of the cultural wave. The "Americanization" (sic!), or, more pointedly, the standardization of culture in the Southwest is, to a degree, inevitable. Granted. But need it become altogether an extension of that grey amphictyony of manners, beliefs, and material culture which stretches (with some interruptions and enlivenments) from Ohio to Colorado? The relative sameness of those regions may be ascribed in part to the circumstance that they were settled by people who had a certain homogeneity of tradition, and that the cultures already existent in these areas were insufficiently developed to produce much cross-fertilization (with attendant "hybrid vigour"). But the astonishing tenacity of Pueblo Indian culture and the partially successful resistance of Spanish-American life to the ruthless onslaught of Middlewesternism suggest that these upstanding cultures have values which merit intensive

study on the part of anyone who is to live in the region to which they are highly specialized adaptations.

As a kind of more radical regionalism in higher education than has yet been applied, I should like to suggest that no person should be permitted to take a degree from the University of New Mexico (except from the College of Engineering) who has not mastered the elements, at least, of the Spanish language and acquired some knowledge of the Indian cultures of the Southwest. In the choice of new members of the faculty (for whatever department) I submit that, other things being equal, preference should be given to applicants familiar with Spanish. Similarly, present members of the faculty should be encouraged and assisted to study Spanish, and, perhaps, in certain cases, pressure should be put upon them to do so. Finally, I should like to see some of the larger courses in the University offered in English and in Spanish in alternate years. This would be advantageous both to students whose first language was Spanish and to Anglo students who wished real practice in the use of the language. Certainly, in all candour, it seems to me inexcusable that at present teachers are allowed to go out from the College of Education into communities primarily Spanish-speaking without a knowledge of even the rudiments of Spanish. In such ways the University of New Mexico could gradually acquire that truly bilingual character which is appropriate alike to its historical and social heritage and to its present-day function in the state. Nor, in view of the history of the province of Quebec, can such a view be condemned as impracticable sentimentalism.

Many other concrete proposals to this general end could be formulated, but I have already passed beyond the ten minutes in which souls can be saved. In sum, I affirm that higher education in the Southwest will best subserve both its principal functions in proportion as it becomes regionally differentiated. Thus will higher education best reveal what the region and its cultures have to teach humanity. Thus, also, by preserving and institutionalizing one of the few

composite American cultures which is rooted deep in the buried past of this continent's peculiar story, will higher education in the Southwest enable young men and women of the Southwest to form their characters under the influence of a tradition which has continuity, harmony, and integrity (rare qualities in the modern world). And, of course, the two ends are ideally but one. The nuclear aim is to liberate the mind so that it can perceive unperceived connections between things. Where better than in the stirring natural environment of the Southwest (which warns the thinking man against the specious and spurs him away from the merely acceptant attitude) can—if the total situation be envisaged both realistically and imaginatively—the scholar and the student seek the range of the human spirit and its limits. May the higher educational institutions in the Southwest lead the way in forsaking the frustrating educational haplogy of the modern world, rededicating themselves to the enduring quest of all true scholars and true students, described so long ago by Lucretius:

*Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit et extra
Processit longe flammantia moenia mundi
Atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque,
Unde refert nobis victor quid possit oriri,
Quid nequeat.*

Tryst at Taos

By S. OMAR BARKER

Where the willows are green by the river,
Where the fluting redwings nest,
I will bear at the hour of the shadows,
A drum within my breast.
At the place of the wild plum's blooming,
Awaiting a whispered beat,
When the willows are green by the river,
The coming of doe-skin feet.

The Heart Cannot Know Deep Laughter

By JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

The heart can not know deep laughter
till the heart has known deep pain.
Here and hereafter
the sun shall follow rain.

The seed that is small might flower
as it feels the gentle fall—
good spring shower—
and sunshine cover all.

But far in man's heart are thunder
And a flash and new sweet breath:
this is the wonder
of strange dear life and death.

And neither a blow that is deeper
than delight, nor mankind's foe—
great grim reaper—
can still the deep heart's flow.

He Has Come Back

By JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

You who have broken a song in your heart,
You with a blind and yellow flame in your eyes,
Who rode on a bottomless river down past a sightless shore,—
What have you seen of the world that lies beyond?
Have you come back from the river, so strange, so still,
Only to rest like an ember the fire has left?
Have you come down from the mountain, from hearing the
long wind talk,
Only to tell of a curious stone you saw? Only to watch
For a halting, familiar step on the walk?

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The Incoming Tide

By ALFRED MORANG

THE BATTERED taxi moved away and left the girl standing beside the sandy road. For a moment she looked at the hotel, seeing a roofless veranda dotted with orange and white umbrellas, the canvas chairs and forms huddled deep, their faces hidden in thick shadows.

Her eyes drifted to the shore, a long beach of fine white sand dotted with the moving shadows of gulls. Far away a beach wagon was speeding over the hard, wave-pressed water edge, becoming lost and reappearing behind a patchwork of distant cottages that faced the sea. The girl sighed. She felt utterly relaxed, almost as though she had been sleeping for many months and had suddenly come awake.

A woman was coming from the hotel, a fat, smiling woman, her body shaking like a glass of half-hard jelly as she walked.

"I'm glad to see you, and you couldn't have selected a better place to rest on the whole coast. We call it Rest Haven." The woman's voice was half lost in the constant sound of waves upon the beach; a low, monotonous droning, almost like music heard far away, and a regular recurring beat like a drum as the breakers fell over the glass-bright sand.

They walked up the path to the hotel, and for a moment paused on the roofless verandah. They were like old birds too feeble to move, those people crouched beneath the orange and white umbrellas. Here and there, eyes opened and looked at the girl, only to close as the sun's brightness on blue water dazzled them.

"You see, they all come here to rest. Now there's Miss Loomis . . . she's been here every year for forty years. And Mr. Walters, he's all of seventy." The woman lowered her voice and whispered close to the girl's ear, "He wants to die looking at the water. The people that owned the place be-

fore I came told me." The fat woman turned toward the door.

Far out on the sky edge a smudge of smoke was spreading along the water's rim. The girl stood on tiptoe as though the small added height would bring the distant ship into view.

The coolness of her room pressed inward. The girl closed her eyes; then she smiled. It seemed so nice to know that when the darkness came there would be no hurrying, no impatient voices in the dressing room urging her to sing better than she had ever sung before. It had been a struggle, a long, bitter procession of years . . . her voice slowly growing stronger until the chance came to sing in the Club. She had grasped it, and then after months of lights and music she had become afraid.

The fear had been nameless . . . a fear of all those eyes seeing her standing before the polished brass of the instruments. What if she should fail to reach some high theme-clinging note? Then the eyes would all laugh. And only a few nights ago she had been completely afraid. For a few seconds of agonizing sound she had felt her breath weakening . . . but she had kept on, and when she looked across the smoke-dim room the watching eyes did not know of her fear.

The girl trembled as the memory came. She laughed sharply and walked to the window and leaned against the wall. She would never go through that nerve-rasping experience again. When this hotel closed she would seek some village where there were no voices to sing . . . only the wind high among bare tree branches that fingered the winter sky.

Then the girl lay down on the bed and slept. As the first long shadows of evening crept in from sea, the fat woman called, and mingling with her voice was the sound of the supper bell. The girl awoke. The sleep had been dreamless, a sleep of exhaustion.

Downstairs, a shuffling of feet and the humming of voices hushed as though they were afraid of breaking into that constant drone of water on the hard, white sand. They

sat about the table. Their eyes blinked in the bright light of the bulbs. And when they spoke, it was of some one who had been there and had died . . . some one like themselves who had come season after season to watch the sea and the shadows of gulls moving across the sand. The fat woman hovered over them, filling the plates and water glasses. It seemed almost a ritual, this passing of the plump body back of the chairs . . . as though to be sure that each one would eat enough to keep life in the year-tired body.

In the first of that evening the girl walked down to the shore. The vastness of the sea and land was all about her, and the sound of water, on the beach now dim with night. At the water edge she paused and listened. It was like music, that low, never-ending beating of the sea. The girl sprang back screaming. A wave had touched her feet. Then she laughed. There had been a sensation of fear in the contact of this chill dampness of incoming tide.

For a long time she looked out over the dark sea. She was free of the lights and prying eyes. She would never have to face them again. But as the girl returned toward the hotel, she trembled. There was something frightening in the water sounds and the sky where stars shone brighter than any stars she had ever seen before. She wondered vaguely if these other people had ever felt that sense of fear when walking away from the incoming tide. Then she smiled. It was all so new. It would take days to become accustomed to the sight of these sleep-filled faces and the movement of the sea.

The days passed. There was no sharp line between them . . . like pages of a book turned by the warm summer wind. The girl drifted into the routine of the place. All day she sat on the roofless veranda, huddled deep in a canvas chair, and watched the waves and far-off smoke tracings against the sky. The memories faded, and even when she tried to call them back they were dim, as though the salt sea wind were slowly filling her mind with sleep . . . while beneath the wind was always that beating of waves upon the

white sand of the shore, like music, lulling all emotions into a pattern of sun-drenched days.

Then one night when the girl was sitting deep in her canvas chair, she became conscious of music. At first she thought it a memory that had come out of half sleep. Her eyes opened, and she saw a ship passing off-shore. It was brightly lighted. Music came on the shore-blowing wind. For a moment it all returned: the club and the eyes, and herself standing in front of the polished brass of instruments. And, above all, how she had been afraid . . . that utter fear of failing after all those years of study. How the eyes would laugh if her voice failed to touch some high theme-twining note.

The girl went to her room, and when she looked from the window the ship had passed from sight and there was no sound but the soft murmur of the dusk-covered ocean.

In the night, she dreamed. At first she was singing, and the notes were high and clear . . . and then the Club faded. She was alone upon the shore. High overhead, gulls wheeled against the blue, their shadows trailing over the white sand. Her eyes followed the shadows and were blinded by row-upon row of bones bleaching in the light of the sun. And as she looked, the sea cast more bones upon the beach. She knew, even though there was no voice there in all that stillness to tell her: These were the bones of people who had come, season after season, to watch the sea. The place had entered into them, and at last taken their bodies, only to lay these last fragments that would outshine the sand. The girl tried to waken, but just when she reached the edge of consciousness the endless sea murmured deeper and drew her back, and the shadows of high-flying gulls drew her feet deeper into the shore.

When she awoke, the girl lay very still for a long time. The dream had faded into a blurred something on the edge of night, the details blending into the sharp, white light of the sun. But under everything was the same sound of waves

sliding up the beach and falling into the greater wetness of the sea.

In the morning light they sat huddled deep in the canvas chairs. The wind fluttered the blankets drawn over their legs, and as she watched, the fat woman paused beside each one and tucked the straying blanket-ends closer about the bone-thin legs.

The woman stopped beside her. "I guess you're finding it perfect here," she said. "They all do. There's not a better place on the coast to rest. And there's something about it that gets into a person. They all keep coming back year after year." The words faded as the fat woman turned and picked up a book that had fallen, and placed it in the lap of a body too sleep-filled to feel the weight.

The girl walked the veranda. She could not sit and watch the sea. There was something in the slow opening of old eyes that filled her with fear. But she would never have to face those other eyes again. . . never have that complete terror of possible failure as she stood beside the shining brass of instruments.

The fat woman said, "Would you mind walking down on the beach? There are so many here that want to sleep."

The girl smiled. Of course they wanted to sleep. It was what they came for . . . to sit all day facing the brightness of sun-covered water and close their eyes against its white sheen. Then the girl started into memory of her dream. She could not enter the hotel. So many people had been there. Thoughts came. They overcame the warm touch of the sea wind upon her face. How soon some of these old forms would be dead, and in her dream she had stepped over bones bleaching in the heat of the sun.

In the heat of noontime, the girl took her coat and walked down the shore. Once she stumbled over some pieces of half-buried driftwood, and screamed. The dream was still keen in her mind. Then she laughed, and the sound was taken away by the wind. She had imagined, in her detachment, that these fragments cast up by the sea were the

bones of some one who had come year after year until death closed his ears to the sound of water coming endlessly to meet the shore.

Well up from the water, the girl spread her coat upon the sand and lay down to sleep. There were no dreams, only the heat of the sun, and when the first coolness of evening came the girl awoke.

As she walked up the shore, long shadows crept over the sand, and the sun sank back of the wet edge of the sea. She moved slowly. There was no need to hurry. There was no need ever to hurry again. Then the girl stopped. She was not alone. Down by the water's edge a man sat in a canvas chair facing the sea. It must be one of the guests, and the fat woman had carried the canvas chair all this way down to the shore. There seemed no end to her care of these people. But the chill of night was coming. She would wake whoever it was.

When the girl stood over the figure she trembled. A sliding dampness crept up the shore and almost touched her feet, only to fall back, leaving the sand shining dark. She leaned far over and spoke. It was Mr. Walters, and his eyes were fixed upon some point far out on the ocean's rim. His lips were smiling. The girl shook his arm and it fell from its place on the chair arm and dangled, his fingers sinking into the sand . . . and as she watched, some small living things scuttled over his hand and he did not draw it away.

The girl touched his face. It was cold with sea-damp and death. She could not take her fingers away. She seemed frozen by fear . . . a nameless fear that grew into stark horror as the tide crept up the shore and broke about the dead feet, swirling in tiny waves. He had come year after year, and the fat woman had said that he wished to die looking at the sea. And now the water was claiming him. Her mind became filled with the dream . . . how, out of the waves, bones had come to lie bleaching in the hot light of the sun.

Then the incoming tide touched her own feet. The sensation brought her back from the horror of the cold, dead flesh beneath her hand. The girl opened her lips and tried to scream, but no sound would come . . . only all about her was the hissing of water creeping inward farther as each wave sought the land.

The girl ran up the beach, not pausing until she reached the road, and then only for an instant . . . to gasp for breath and run faster, as the incoming tide crept higher, bringing with it a greater fear than any eyes of the living could ever make her feel.

Song of Self

By JACK WHEELER TIPPET

I learned in loneliness
 To hear the song
 Of many selves
 Singing in unison
 And heard each solo too
 And in the song
 There sang
 The song of selves that had been
 And selves becoming
 The harmony of melodies
 In hearing the song
 Give strength
 To watch my world
 In more delight and wisdom
 And say
 All is vanity.

George Santayana and the Last Puritan

By DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH

BEFORE the appearance of *The Last Puritan*, George Santayana was known to me principally through the words of his detractors and admirers. To Bliss Perry, one time editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and past master of the literary lecture in America, Santayana was merely the most irreconcilable and diabolical of Harvard's philosophical great. Though amicable to his congenial colleague, Professor Royce, he was an ever-lacerating thorn in the side of his chief, William James. Poor James, weighed down with departmental administration at a time when he labored at the Herculean task of laying the basis of American philosophy, found this Spanish Catholic with his incisive intellect and caustic wit the most galling part of his load. Such was the reminiscence of Professor Perry, literary craftsman of romantic leanings and permanent advocate of the fruitful criticism of beauties in its case against the barren criticism of faults.

Irving Babbitt, the humanist, who gained international repute through his great admiration for and abhorrence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, had another tale to tell. He remembered Santayana as the champion of the humanistic virtues in philosophy and of the genteel tradition in life and letters. Santayana, with the clairvoyance that came from his never-ceasing quest for the wisdom of the ages, was willing to accept the opprobrium which always falls upon him who is more loyal to principles than to persons. If James, in his search for an isle of utility or a philosophic buoy to sustain American materialism, had been swept away by his own propensity for fiction, inadvertently to fall below the level of intellectual integrity, into a gulf of wishful thinking, Santayana, accustomed to taking his own bearings by clear-eyed observation and by the lode-star of the Ancients, was not the man to join with the philosophic rabble in cheering him for

perspicuity and accomplishment. To Professor Babbitt, Santayana was urbane, ironical, slightly too poetic, yet a staunch supporter of the classical tradition in its struggle to maintain intellectual values, and a firm believer in the desirability of preserving the tradition of the gentleman and the scholar, at all costs.

In the light of these remarks heard long ago, I was not surprised to find *The Last Puritan* a provoking book, an aristocratic book. It is almost nihilistically aristocratic, for Mr. Santayana's values are absolute values, and, in the light of what amounts to Platonic idealism in this respect, he finds that even the so-called upper class in modern society is, through its vulgarity and its triviality, hopelessly second class. In thus brushing aside the pretensions of even the most exclusive men and women, he actually abolishes all class distinction, and is able to appraise human beings at their true value. With all his philosophical detachment he is warm and friendly and enters sympathetically into the lives of the humble, as well as the great.

To understand all is to pardon all, and this man has an unnatural amount of understanding. Not only is he at home in philosophy and psychology, but, trained in an age when the philosopher took all knowledge for his province, he is equally at home in art, in literature, and to a lesser degree in music. His is the education which Henry Adams sought all his life without finding, and, like Henry Adams, Santayana has lived all his life in the best company on both sides of the Atlantic. He was born in Spain, and, like T. S. Eliot, the Missourian, another writer once around the department of philosophy at Harvard, he has in recent years made his home in Europe.

When two men are found in similar haunts, each of them internationally famous in aesthetics, in poetry, and in philosophy, their similarity of condition can not be ignored; a comparison is well-nigh obligatory. In my opinion, Santayana excels Eliot in prose style, in philosophy, and in general profundity of thought. Where Eliot is abstract and

obscure, Santayana is concrete and clear; where Eliot is snobbish and exclusive, Santayana is kind and comprehensive. Both agree in their condemnation of the stodgy self-sufficiency of Boston blue-blood and in their hatred of the stupid self-complacency of the mill-town aristocrat of New England. Though Eliot is the greater poet, perhaps nothing he has written will outlive *The Last Puritan*.

The Last Puritan is as extraordinary an amalgam of thought and feeling as has ever been confined between two covers. Its composition is said to have occupied the author nineteen years, and each word and phrase in its six hundred pages seems as carefully selected and as polished as it would be were it intended to form a part of a single sonnet. It is not easy reading. The strangeness of the social and intellectual landscape leaves the beginner slightly confused. And when philosophical questions are raised about the utility or futility of the lives of the characters, no ready answer is forthcoming. Is this philosopher-turned-novelist so Olympian in his indifference that he has no philosophy at all? Does he admire lechers, dope-fiends, suicides, and murderers? And finally, is he holding up Puritanism as a noble ideal or is he attacking it? These questions were not answered for the present reviewer until he had read the book a second time.

Academic experts in the technique of the novel were troubled on another score. Prose fiction was subject to laws as old as *The Arabian Nights*, and here all the traditional methods of telling a tale successfully were absent. Perhaps it would have been slightly more tolerable if Santayana, instead of calling his book "a memoir in the form of a novel," and thus flaunting all obligation to antiquity and the academicians, had called it a novel in the form of a memoir. At all events, here was another thousand-legged worm in the world of fiction, a specimen which could not be handled with the conventional instrument, and defied bottling and even classification. One thing was certain, Santayana, for years corralled in Harvard Yard with William James, had some-

where met his brother, Henry James, creator of the international novel. And if William James wrote psychologies that read like novels, and Henry James novels that read like psychologies, George Santayana had somehow profited by their experience and had combined both streams of tendency in one book.

Now, if inner action, which concerns the psychologist, is just as important as outer action, if Wordsworth was right in believing that the feeling and the thought are more significant than the event and situation which give rise to them, one cannot agree with the critics who insist that the book is lacking in plot and architectonic skill. Santayana is making use of an entirely new technique, and they are so busy quarreling with the convention, with the psychological medium in which he pictures the minds and relates the inner life of his characters, that the whole book seems to them artificial and unreal. And so does a tin soldier, and so does a bronze statue, to those who insist that no soldier is made of tin, that no trooper has blue paint instead of eyes, that no horse has hair of bronze and no man a skin of metal. Perhaps, like Wordsworth and Coleridge at the turn of the century, Santayana must wait until his art has cultivated the taste necessary for its own acceptance and enjoyment.

His method of portraying characters, which can be regarded either as the blemish or the glory of his book, is based upon a fundamental truth of human nature. The feeling of every normal human being at a given instant is composed of instincts from within, sensations from without, plus the reflections of the mind upon both these indigenous and these exotic elements. Though the cultivated intellect can more easily translate the complexity of feeling into words, nevertheless as all consciousness is made up of the same internal and external elements, the same compound of emotions is present but inarticulate in the untutored mind. If the streetsweeper or the scrubwoman could unravel the internal tangle of the thoughts and emotions which make up consciousness at a given moment, even their words would

be philosophical, subtle, and full of the most delicate distinctions. Shakespeare enables his characters to express their private emotions by endowing them with his own gift of language. Santayana allows his Harvardians, Etonians, sailors, and inn-dames to develop the philosophical speculations latent in their minds by bequeathing them his peculiar gift of philosophy. Accept the convention and the unreality disappears. For the real part of any person is consciousness rather than profile, inside rather than outside.

For the serious reader, *The Last Puritan* is a rich mine of experience. Through it he finds himself in a society and in an intellectual environment ordinarily denied to all but the extremely well-to-do. Hereditary wealth has enabled its aristocracy to choose, without financial limitation, rare ways of life and exquisite forms of amusement. The most positive character in the book glides o'er the seven seas in a boat which is half sailing-machine, half floating-museum. In following the ramifications of his family, in Boston, in New York, and in London, we find ourselves behind the most impenetrable of social barriers, sensing the magnificence and the triviality of families with every advantage of wealth, of cultivation, and of position.

From an atmosphere stuffy with heavy velvet trappings, we escape with the young men of the family into the freer, yet still conventional, milieu of school and college. We take up residence in Eton, in Harvard, and in Oxford, oases in a desert of worldliness, at times appearing more barren than the world from which they are the refuge. After some tarrying and some approval we are glad that the imaginative sweep of the author moves ever in the direction of the sea, and, once on the deck of whatever craft is sailing, we soon admit that man's best moments, like his worst, are found on shipboard.

The Last Puritan is protean like the old man of the sea. It has many forms and many functions. First, the story itself is a Platonic dialogue within a framework of Platonic dialogue. Philosophy is again made flesh and blood,

with something of the same literary excellence as is found in Plato. Then, it is a treatise on the philosophy of education. Next, it is a catalog of all the good things of this world, spiritual and carnal, intellectual and artistic. In another moment, it is an international gallery of types—the American, the Englishman, the Teuton, the Latin. Then again, it is a collection of literary images and phrases as remarkable as lines in a great poem. Finally, it is a manual for a personal philosophy and a guide-book to the enjoyment of things, not as they ought to be, but as they are actually found on this earth.

Is not the implication in the last phrase one of sheer hedonism? What philosophy of life *does* the author advocate? Santayana says unequivocally in the introductory dialogue that there follows the story of "Puritanism Self-condemned." "Puritanism is a natural reaction against nature." The true Puritan "is not one of those romantic cads who want to experience everything." He'd "rather be desolate than drunk." He keeps "himself for what is best." He is "conscious of being, and determined to remain . . . self-directed and inflexibly himself." Artistically his case is best presented by his self-indulgent friends

"I don't prefer austerity for myself as against abundance, against intelligence, against the irony of ultimate truth. But I see that in itself, as a statuesque object, austerity is more beautiful, and I like it in others." And "one is never happier than when other people are good."

George Santayana is "not arguing or proving or criticizing anything, but painting a picture." He would but enable the reader "to turn with greater intellectual gaiety to the carnival of facts and ideas filling the world." This concept is not indifferent to morality. If we "could only learn to look at human things inhumanly, mightn't they, too, become intelligible and inoffensive?" In other words, George Santayana is as good a Catholic as Chaucer, who was willing in many points to trust *le bon dieu*:

"There is an obscure natural order in the universe, controlling morality as it controls health; an order which we don't need to impose because we are all obeying it willy-nilly."

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH.

Sublimation

By WILLIAM RADLOFF

Upon this deadened log he lay,
Yet he saw the forest quenched by fire;
And trembling, hurled a torch of it,—
And blackened hung his hands, like night
Within the forest doomed.

Anthem of Silence

By MAUDE E. COLE

Never will mountains
Be emptied of peace,
Though millions of souls
Drink deep and long,
Invisible streams of it
Flow without cease
In rhythmic tones
Of unending song.

Time may heap centuries,
Storms thunder down,
Man blast and tunnel,
But neither will mar
The anthem of silence
That lifts till the crown
Of a mountain is linked
To the wing of a star.

For the Coronado Cuarto Centennial

By T. M. PEARCE

OUR MEMORIES of Coronado will be sharpened in the next three years by much rehearsing of the facts of history. We expect the historians to keep us facing the familiar and the unfamiliar outlines of the various *jornadas*, sites, and episodes in the great conquistador's career. Not only for Coronado, but for others in the exploring and colonizing period of the Southwest are our curiosity and appetite whetted. And those historians, too, the poets, dramatists, novelists, must bring the history of the soul of the centuries here as the pageant spreads before Coronado's time, and since.

The dispute between the historians and the poets is an old one, each claiming, from the days of the Greeks to our own, to present life with greater fidelity. Let the dispute go on; it will not be settled; but let the history of both sorts proceed.

Haniel Long, of Santa Fe, has issued through Writers' Editions a little book called *Interlinear to Cabeza de Vaca*. It is the poet's interpretation of De Vaca's *Journey from Florida to the Pacific*, of which Long says in his introductory note: "It is the story of a disaster in Spanish colonial history and the king's personal finances. Yet, in the world of the individual, it is a story of a triumph." Long does not try to dramatize the journey in a fictional sense; the drama he finds is in the mind and spirit of De Vaca as he comes to view life through hardships in a new land befriended by the heathen whom he has come to subjugate, whom he sees enslaved and robbed by the superior power of his European colleagues.

"A gulf, deeper than ocean, yawns between the old world and the new," Cabeza writes to his king; "and what by now I was accustomed to, would startle a burgher of Madrid or of Salamanca." The wanderers found power within themselves of healing, and visiting these virtues

upon the savages, their leader calls to mind the heretics he has seen burning in the arms of the iron prophets in Seville, for proclaiming powers not sanctioned by Holy Church. It is almost as a pilgrimage to truth that these men lived without the limitations of creeds and racial barriers with which they had been stored coming from Spain.

The worst lay in parting little by little with the thoughts that clothe the soul of a European, and most of all of the idea that a man attains strength through dirk and dagger, and serving in your Majesty's guard. We had to surrender such fantasies till our inward nakedness was the nakedness of an unborn babe, starting life anew in a womb of sensations which in themselves can mysteriously nourish. Several years went by before I could relax in that living plexus for which even now I have no name; but only when at last I relaxed, could I see the possibilities of a life in which to be deprived of Europe was not to be deprived of too much.

When Cabeza returns to his own kind he finds they wish to enslave his Indian companions; that they have laid waste to the land, burning villages, carrying off as their victims the women and children and many of the men.

Our Indians considered this point of view. They answered that the real Christians apparently lied, that we could not possibly be Christians. For we appeared out of sunrise, they out of sunset; we cured the sick, while they killed even the healthy; we went naked and barefoot, while they wore clothes, and rode horseback and stuck people with lances; we asked for nothing and gave away all we were given, while they never gave anybody anything and had no other aim than to steal.

Cabeza de Vaca realizes that he is facing the Spanish gentleman he himself had been eight years before. He notices that as he learns to wear shoes again, as he is protected by the soldiery and the law, that his concern about his neighbor's needs grows less and less. While with the

Indians he thought only about doing them good. Back among his fellow countrymen, he turns over charity to the state, to the church. "We regard our native land as a power which acts of itself, and relieves us each of exertion . . . If one lives where all suffer and starve, one acts on one's own impulse to help. But where plenty abounds, we surrender our generosity, believing that our country replaces us each and several. This is not so, and indeed a delusion. On the contrary the power of maintaining life in others, lives within each of us, and from each of us does it recede when unused."

This is the interlinear to the *relacion* of Cabeza de Vaca, an interlinear to each of us to ask how much of our own Christianity we unload on the institutions representing it and how much of freedom we have really won from our European background of religious, racial, political barriers to brotherhood and common humanity.

Mrs. Alice Corbin Henderson, another member of Writers' Editions, the co-operative publishing group in Santa Fe which has added such distinguished contributions to recent literature, has written a poem provoked by the book just reviewed. She calls it "Cabeza de Vaca Remembers . . ." and inscribes it "For Haniel Long, Interlinear to his *Interlinear to Cabeza de Vaca*." Permission comes from Mrs. Henderson to reproduce it in the QUARTERLY.

CABEZA DE VACA REMEMBERS

By ALICE CORBIN

The sense of beings like ourselves,
 Soft-footed, close to the animals,
 (Understanding animals better than they could under-
 stand us!)
 Killing, but with less rapacity—
 Bodies poised beautiful in love, or danger—
 Curious cunning of work—clay bowls, turquoise—
 Running pattern of life—
 Flesh keen,
 Sense clean to the scent (beyond ours),

CORONADO CUARTO CENTENNIAL [49

Forest-wise, rain-wise,
Sun-worshipping—why not?
More child than man (if we call ourselves men):
Seeing them, we began to see ourselves . . .

—Was it for this we were shipwrecked?
Was it for this, even after,
Deranged by hunger, we were thrown on that island?
Out of the world—degraded
To be lifted again on a wave?
O all-seeing eye of the sun!
Forgetfulness—no remembrance—
Hunger—wet roots, and the tears
Shed over our salt-drenched bodies!

If a dog laps a wound it seems natural!
We feared for the touch of our kind:
Had we not maimed those in Florida—all we could?

And then
When they asked something of us

This secret came to us—
This power, not to be made use of,
Save when, without thought of gain,
It is realized
That having nothing, we have all . . .

Afterward—long afterward,
How strange
To find we could not endure
Clothes, houses, or men like ourselves . . .

Sire . . .
We have suffered greatly—
We deserve to be rewarded:
We have lost all we had
When we had nothing . . .

Smoke Talk

Comment and Correspondence

A KING'S A MAN

UNEASY LIES the head that wears a crown, especially when the wearer seeks the woman of his heart in opposition to the thou shalt not of his responsible ministers, and when the spirit of the past, hovering over the teacups in Mayfair, struggles valiantly to defend the old against the new, to maintain the conventions of the ages weakening under the easier-going democracy of the twentieth century, all aided by the stern leaders of the church, those arch-defenders of the status quo, who lend the dignity and weight of their counsels and sincere convictions that the king should be denied his desire. These indeed make the path to love seem difficult and fraught with grave consequences as the wooer stubbornly maintained his purpose with the crown teetering on his head and the empire rocking under foot. The vibrations were not to be ignored lightly; much depended on the outcome, the happiness of a man and a woman and the workings of a parliamentary government.

The king is popularly considered a figure-head in politics, supported largely at public expense as a symbol of unity among English-speaking peoples the world over. But he is more than a mere symbol, more than a figure to be paraded on public occasions like medieval mummary to the gratification of his people; his is the duty to select the leaders of the government who can command a majority of votes in the House of Commons, and to him the ministry are constitutionally responsible for the proper exercise of those powers of office momentarily entrusted into their keeping. Subject to their advice and even to their commands His Majesty governs in the home of representative government; over the affairs of an empire he presides and the boast is made that the sun never sets on his jurisdiction.

Perhaps there was one jurisdiction, one field of government, one spot warmed by the sunshine that beams from the eyes of a beautiful woman in love, the domain of the heart, that was exempt from the advice of his counsellors. But even into that spiritual precinct the ministers dared to intrude when they thought the affairs of state demanded such action. And whether they were justified in their belief and action was the momentous question of the hour. Could the temporal affairs of government be properly administered without delving into the private affairs of the monarch? Did an affair of the heart carry such weight in politics that it could not be ignored by the Government? In theory it might be overlooked, but theory is a potential danger, to the extent that the results of its application cannot be foreseen clearly. Once a precedent is established many ramifications may appear in the body politic.

The assertion of independence of action when his personal life was affected in that most intimate phase of life, a wife, home, and children, struck a popular chord of approval. The Londoners, in part, cheered the bold knight errant as he planned to carry a bride across the threshold of his castle in the face of the strong disapproval of the personification of John Bull. And cheering him for his gallantry in love, so might they have cheered him for courageous action in those fields much closer to their own interests, their homes, their health, and their happiness. Many are the seamy sides of modern life in the humbler quarters of a big city. Only a popular leader is needed sometimes to remedy conditions that appall the observer. But a leader who can surmount the party lines of modern politics might not fit in well with the system under which parliamentary government is carried on.

That system is conditioned on the existence of two political parties, a party in control while it receives public favor and a party in opposition longing for the position held by their political enemies. In this scheme of affairs the king is a neutral observer influencing the course of affairs only by

the advice that he may give, advice that the responsible ministers may accept or reject as they see best for the continuation of their power and policies. In a contest of wills between the crowned head and the political chiefs it is constitutionally possible for the monarch to dismiss his advisers from office, but that is a useless move unless there are new leaders present who can command a majority of votes in his behalf in the House of Commons. And if the issue were pushed to the ultimate it could only be decided by the people.

The practice of appealing to His Majesty's subjects to decide conflicts between the two parties in Parliament has given public opinion an increasing importance in the affairs of state, especially since the ministers have even appealed to the voters over the heads of a refractory parliament rather than surrender the reigns of government. Should the king have followed the example set by the politicians and called upon his people to support him in a contest with the party in power, calling for such support through the agencies of the leaders of the opposition party, a new departure for the present age would have been introduced into politics. A victory for the opposition, for the champions of a sore beset king, would be a triumph for the king, a victory for a popular hero; traditionalism would have given way to innovation, past centuries to the twentieth century, conservatism to liberalism, Victorianism to flapperism, and aristocracy to democracy. Many were the potential changes in the workings of government from such an outcome. However, the verdict was rendered without public judgment; the Government acted as jury and judge and presumed to know what the people wanted.

The king shall not marry a commoner was the dictum, but why should a commoner be taboo for the throne in an age when the crowned heads have lost much of their sanctity? Would the loss of prestige that has come with the years be accentuated by a break with the hoary tradition that royalty must mate with royalty, that blue blood is superior to red

blood and vitally necessary at times for the public welfare? Perhaps, but the distinctions in blood have long been subject to questioning and criticism as an anachronism in an age when all men are born free and equal, when the Creator endowed them with certain inalienable rights, among which is the pursuit of happiness. The blood of the commoner has often flowed into the life stream of the nobility, even into that of royalty, and it will flow again. Traditionalism has been conquered before and it is doomed to taste the sting of defeat many a times more as man struggles onward to realize his destiny; the today gives way to the morrow, and the morrow is not quite the same as yesterday.

But perhaps a commoner was not the real obstacle to the consummation of the love match of the century. A commoner indeed was involved, but one of a special class, one from the lower ranks of the social structure, a democratic commoner rather than an aristocratic commoner, a woman who favored social behaviors not in strict keeping with the pre-war era, and, unfortunately, one who had tread the path of matrimony before and had broken the solemn promise until death do us part. This was an obstacle that the conservative leader could not surmount and the liberals were not permitted to aid in scaling the mountainous molehill. No indeed, he wrestled with the problem like a Christian with the devil, seeking no aid and comfort from his colleagues until the struggle increased in intensity and he felt less sure of his tactics. The final result was the loss of a crown for a woman's love.

Was the decision wise, was it best for the future strength of the throne, for royalty that constitutes a link in the chair of imperial unity? Well may it be questioned. When woman has achieved equality with man, this man-made institution should court the new powers in the state. A woman who could aspire to become queen would naturally, if not logically, support an institution that provided the opportunity for such an exalted social position, for the wearing of jewels in abundance and the dressing in silks and,

satins that gladdens the feminine heart. A hundred million women with such a career not beyond the realm of possibility would provide a firmer foundation for the royal dais than the select few could ever do, select not from the side of superior beauty, intelligence, and wit, but by one of those accidents of birth that exert such a profound influence on life. Now that the path has been closed to the mass of gentler souls with a "no trespass" sign, indifference reigns in their hearts, no prince charming will look for his Cinderella among the commoners clinging to the lower rungs of the social ladder, and an aristocratic medieval institution in a democratic age will hasten its departure to the museum of antiques, there to be sheltered and preserved for the public gaze as an example that the world moves on.

May well the leader of the conservative reaction ponder the wisdom of his action. An ex-king in exile will remain a stimulus to keeping the question alive, "why?" Why must a throne be sacrificed for love? Why must this last sanctuary of a man's independent thinking be invaded because he rules an empire, especially when he has renounced his interest and power in political and economic fields of governmental activity? But the die is cast. A crown has fallen, and in falling its lustre will never again be quite the same shining brightness that it used to be; the jewels on the underside have been pressed into the mire, the golden frame has received a dent that will be a testimonial to a decision wrongly made in a crisis when a king was a man. The portly squire may yet be recorded on the pages of history as the bungler.

FRANK D. REEVE.

Albuquerque, N. M.

AMERICANISM—MY DEFINITION

Reading about Americanism in the *QUARTERLY* has moved me also to try my hand at definition.

According to the editors of *Webster's New International Dictionary* (2nd edition, 1934), usage defines it as, "1. Attachment or loyalty to the United States, its traditions,

interests, or ideals." My definition changes the second *or* to *and*.

Interests and ideals, and even traditions, vary among individuals and classes, but within a class there is a distinguishable, effective mean, just as there is a statistical average speed and mass of the multifarious molecules within a gas. Roughly, the people, yes, are classified as

I	Laborers	-----	60 per cent
II	Farmers	-----	18
III	Salaried people and employers		
	getting less than \$3,000 a year		20
IV	\$3,000 a year or more	-----	2

My idea of Americanism embraces the traditions and ideals, and especially the interests, of the laborers and farmers, and therefore also includes the long-range interests of class III.

I am proud of American tradition: the American Revolution and other struggles against British imperialism, the Jefferson election, the Jackson election, the freeing of the slaves, the 1936 election; ashamed of the Mexican War, the Spanish-American War; proud of the democratic ideals of the World War, ashamed of the imperialistic facts.

The mean of present interests, and of ideals for the future, of laborer and farmer may be summed up as present economic security with a rising living standard, political freedom likewise growing, international peace. My Americanism does not merely trail along with the average conception, but aspires to point out the best way to this future, to be a guide to action.

According to Webster's definition "2," Americanism may also mean "an American characteristic." Probably the most notable American characteristic is American efficiency, which grew up in what was the freest country in the world combined with an expanding frontier. American efficiency is a characteristic to be proud of, but it can't grow on relief. If we can utilize American efficiency in the struggle for the

future, Americanism in the twentieth century will become an even greater, a far greater, cause of astonishment and emulation in the world than was the Americanism of the nineteenth century.

RONALD K. DEFORD, *Geologist.*

Roswell, New Mexico, and Midland, Texas.

A BALLADE OF HISTORIANS

(Dedicated to the Committee of the
Coronado Cuarto Centennial.)

Where was Puaray, Alameda,
Where Sandia—who can tell?
What was Ku-a-ua, now restor-ed ,
All dressed up for the Centen-nel!
Where was the shifting Rio Grande,
Which was the off bank, which the near,
Right or left, or east or west bank—
WHERE ARE THE PUEBLOS OF YESTERYEAR?

Where San Juan de los Caballeros?
Where, oh where, was San Gabriel?
Where was the chapel of Juan Bautista,
Where the first capital—who can tell?
Who was it founded our ancient villa,
Oñate, Peralta?—oh, dear, oh dear,
Much it grieveth the soul to ponder—
WHERE ARE THE PUEBLOS OF YESTERYEAR?

Where were Senecu and Socorro?
Where Quivira—I'd love to know!
Where, oh where, did De Vaca wander,
In or out, of New Mexico?
Where was the Red House, Chichilticalli,
Where did Fray Marcos get, how near
To the Seven Cities, now known as Zuñi—
WHERE ARE THE PUEBLOS OF YESTERYEAR?

SMOKE TALK

[57

Prince, each one has a different version,
Twitchell, and Hackett, and Bandelier,
Hewett, and Bolton, and Hodge, and Hammond—
WHERE ARE THE PUEBLOS OF YESTERYEAR?

ALICE CORBIN.

Santa Fe, N. M.



Los Paisanos

Saludo a todos paisanos:

The early Spring "showings" of the literary mode prove extremely interesting. All indications point toward the fact that the creators of thought, purveyors of ideas, and makers of romance will use the same materials which have been so popular the past several seasons. "Isms" of every variety will be featured, ranging all the way from motley to the most violent hues. Some entirely new patterns of domestic weave have appeared on the market, samples of which are being widely shown throughout the land. Embroidered assertion of varying widths will be again combined with propaganda in order to create the effect of fact. Ideas will be gathered, and tucks will be obvious where scholarship ends. Red will be popular, in spite of the fact that it is extremely trying even for those who naturally wear it well. Pinks of all shades will be used with the deeper tones of blues.

Nothing new or sensational has appeared in regard to line. Maxwell Anderson continues to drape the Unities with fancy; Hollywood with "blah." Plots are no longer fashionable with some designers. Sylvia Chatefield Bates is again stressing mood for the short story with decided suggestions of reality. The ultra-fashionable will not be caught dead using the surprise ending but it will probably never lose its appeal for "the slicks" because it is so easy to slip into. Most every style creator emphasizes its effectiveness for the short-short. Of course there are the usual frills and furbelows for "the eternal triangle." Forms are not nearly as important as they once were, but figures still count.

Our own personal belief is that any one can drag out any old thing they happen to have on hand, and freshen it

up a bit by adding a few more feet of blank verse, a touch of defense mechanism, a deeper flounce of sex, or several pleatings of murder and send it off to the publisher. Who knows they may even get a contract. Oh, yes! We almost forgot. White, pink, and blue slips tinged with regret will be used for formal occasions and come in all sizes.

By far the most interesting publication of this season, for many of us, is Erna Fergusson's *Guatemala* which Knopf is releasing for sale the last of this month. Every one regrets that Miss Fergusson will not be here to receive the congratulations of her many friends upon the publication of her third important book. At the present time she is in Guatemala supervising the Latin-American Seminar . . . Jim Threlkeld of the New Mexico Book Store tells us that he had a letter from Conrad Richter the other day. Another book is in the offing, and Mr. Richter has already signed his contract with Knopf. His *Sea of Grass*, which appeared serially in the *Saturday Evening Post* last fall is now out in book form, and has gone through three editions.

Another important Spring publication will be Paul Horgan's *A Lamp on the Plains*, which is a sequel to Mr. Horgan's *Main Line West*. It is not a book a year with this prolific young author. It's several. Banks-Upshaw are bringing out in the near future a *History of New Mexico*, which is the joint work of Mr. Horgan and Major Fulton of the New Mexico Military Institute . . . The Naylor Company, San Antonio, recently published a very interesting book by Joseph H. and James R. Toulouse, well known New Mexicans. It is called *Pioneer Posts*. The authors have searched back through the records of the U. S. War Department for interesting material about the early posts of Texas. Legends and epic deeds which the public do not know about are presented as well as accurate descriptions of the Alamo and other forts . . .

Buckboard Days, which the Caxton Printers have published, is edited by Eugene Cunningham. It is the story of John Poe, the Kentucky farm boy who became in turn a buf-

falo hunter, cowman, peace officer, and banker. Poe was deputy sheriff under Pat Garrett on the night that Garrett killed Billy the Kid. The book is illustrated with several photographs from the famous Rose collection of San Antonio . . . Stanley Vestal has written a new book called *Mountain Men*, which Houghton-Mifflin are publishing . . . Trappers and Indian fighters of the old Southwest will be presented in the true Vestal manner . . . On April 27th, MacMillans are reissuing John A. Lomax's *Cowboy Songs and Other Ballads* . . . Louis Warner, of Santa Fe, has written a very scholarly book on Archbishop Lamy. Years were given to research and trips were made to Rome for accurate data . . . Paul A. Jones, editor of the Lyons Publishing Company, wrote a book on *Quivira* some years ago which, of course, featured Coronado. It went into a second edition, and he has just finished preparing the third edition which will have twelve new chapters. He has made three trips to Mexico since the last publication and has a great deal of new and hitherto unknown information concerning the man we are all supposed to be getting excited about, so the book should prove valuable . . . Dudley Wynn, of the English Department of the University of New Mexico, will have an article on the late Mary Austin in the April number of the *Virginia Quarterly*.

Hasta la proxima,

JULIA KELEHER.

Book Reviews

The Chaco Canyon and Its Monuments—Edgar L. Hewett—University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque—236 pp., ill.—\$2.50.

The series of Handbooks of Archaeological History planned by Dr. E. L. Hewett, of which series the volume *The Chaco Canyon and Its Monuments* is the first to be published, is planned for those who desire dependable information about American Archaeology. This series will give sound, fundamental knowledge, and will assist readers in visualizing the human life as experienced in aboriginal America, with interpretations of the life of living communities so closely linked to past cultures.

The author strives to keep the series free from technicalities, and furnishes authentic material in condensed form for use in the Science of Man.

Part I of *The Chaco Canyon and Its Monuments* deals with the desert, the canyon, and the ruined towns. Dr. Hewett describes the physiographic features of the canyon, depicting the influence of the desert on man and emphasizes that here, man, for centuries, made these great monuments to his vast endeavors, but that on the desert he made no lasting impression.

The ruined towns of Chaco: Pueblo Bonito, Pueblo del Arroyo, Chetro Ketl, Casa Rinconada, Pueblo Alto, Tsin Kletzin, Peñasco Blanco, Hungo Pavi, Una Vida, Wiji, Pueblo Pintado, Kin Klizhin, Kin Biniola, and Kin Ya-ah, an outpost thirty miles south of the Chaco, are briefly described in Part I.

Under the title, "The Stones come to Life," Dr. Hewett, in Part II, discusses excavation problems in general and more specifically gives a type project in his analysis of the excavation of Chetro Ketl. The author emphasizes that "correct excavation is the first business of the archaeologist," since through his works we are to recover, preserve, study, and pass on to future generations the imperishable

works of past ages. In view of this fact, a suggestive outline for the order of excavation is submitted.

Dr. Hewett, after spending some forty years of research in field, laboratory, and classroom, studying both New World and Old World prehistory, concludes that a manual of excavation "that can be very useful cannot be written."

The work in the Chaco Canyon includes a study of the extinct people, their life and achievements, including the natural and ethnological factors. Ceiling, flooring, wall construction, doorways, windows, patterns of masonry, successive stories, kivas crowding and cutting into one another, shafts, towers, cists, vaults, pits, sealed niches, and other features are considered.

The great sanctuaries received special study. In 1921, a circular structure of first importance was excavated, a great bowl sixty feet in diameter. In connection with this sanctuary interesting features are described: wall masonry, recess, stairway, pits, holes for columns for roof support, altar, etc. Comparisons are made between this great Chaco sanctuary and the structure excavated at Aztec on the San Juan, the triple-walled tower described by Holmes, a structure found in Aztec, Mexico, and a structure found at Rinconada. The author describes the lower level of the great bowl at Chetro Ketl as "the most convincing ancient sanctuary," with perfect preservation of walls, terraces, altar, fire-vaults, masonry for buttressing of columns for roof support, and ten sealed crypts for depositing ceremonial offerings, with every deposit intact.

Among unusual features encountered in excavation at Chetro Ketl are "tower kivas," specialized type of sanctuaries, which are described in detail, having upper and lower chambers, and triple walls insuring seclusion.

Part III sets forth special studies in which are considered: the arts of Chaco Canyon, the burial customs, influence of the cliff walls, the water question and time factors. An emphasis is placed on the ceramic arts, and lapidary work; the burial practices are considered a profound mystery; the

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cliff walls were useful, but may have been a cause leading to the exodus of the people; the farming operations were carried on by means of irrigation, the best example of irrigation works in the entire Chaco system being found at Kin Biniola, a ruin ten miles southwest of Pueblo Bonito.

Dr. Hewett derives his broad arrangement of American chronology from an interpretation of the Mayan calendar and later systems which grew out of it in Middle America, but gives it only as a tentative arrangement.

In Part IV, the author presents summaries. The traits and tendencies of the Chaqueños are summed up as follows: predominance of domestic community spirit; dependence upon agriculture, with hunting as a secondary means of subsistence; resourcefulness in meeting of environmental conditions; exuberance in the building impulse; mastery in stone masonry; efficiency in ceramic art; intensive religious activity.

The appendices include problems of special interest. Here the author deals with historical aspects, early explorations, physiography, excavations, and related field studies, chronology, early ceramic studies, and measures for protection, preservation, and study of Chaco Canyon ruins.

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MAMIE TANQUIST MILLER.

A Further Range—Robert Frost—Henry Holt and Co., 1936—\$2.00
The People, Yes—Carl Sandburg—Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1936—\$2.50.

It is a memorable event for lovers of poetry when a new volume of poems, by such poets as Frost and Sandberg, appear the same year, especially when we reflect that Frost has not published since 1928 and Sandburg since 1930.

A Further Range is the usual slim Frost volume. Forty poems, 102 pages, 1,450 lines, the longest poem containing 292 lines. The dedication implies that the poet thinks there is a continuous theme running through the poem, but it is hard for a reader to find it. The titles of the poems are

peculiarly arresting, couched as they are in Frost's allusive and even cryptic phrases. What would a reader expect, for example, from these titles:

"The White-tailed Hornet, or The Revision of Theories," "The Old Barn at the Bottom of the Fogs, or Class Prejudice Afoot," "On Taking from the Top to Broaden the Base," "On a Bird Singing in Its Sleep."

Whatever answer he was looking for, he probably would not find it.

My favorites? Those listed above, with these others: "The Figure in the Doorway"; "Built Soil—A Political Pastoral"; "A Record Stride"; "Desert Places"; "Two Tramps in Mud Time"; "Leaves Compared with Flowers"; "The Strong Are Saying Nothing"; "On the Heart's Beginning to Cloud the Mind"; "Moon Compasses"; "Unharvested"; and some of the epigrams from "Ten Mills."

Here are a few characteristic passages:

The sun was warm but the wind was chill.
 You know how it is with an April day
 When the sun is out and the wind is still,
 You're one month on in the middle of May.
 But if you so much as dare to speak,
 A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,
 A wind comes off the frozen peak,
 And you're two months back in the middle of March.
 A bluebird comes tenderly up to alight.
 And fronts the wind to unruffle a plume,
 His song so pitched as not to excite
 A single flower as yet to bloom.
 It is snowing a flake: and he half knew
 Winter was only playing possum.
 Except in color he isn't blue,
 But he wouldn't advise a thing to blossom.

"Two Tramps in Mud Time."

It's knowing what to do with things that counts.

"At Woodward's Gardens."

The mountain stood exalted in its place.

So love will take between the hands a face . . .

"Moon Compases."

I never dared be radical when young,
For fear it would make me conservative when old.

"Ten Mills."

Light was a paste of pigment in our eyes.

"Iris by Night."

Most of Frost is in these lines. His loving insight into the little things of Nature; his somewhat grudging tenderness; his reticent wisdom; his flavor of Yankee idiom; his quiet humor; his epigrammatic quality; his allusiveness; his cryptic conciseness; and, above all, his restrained and, at times, unexpected beauty, which catches at the throat and "breaks in the heart like a flower," as Masefield phrases it. These unexpectedly poignant lines are what I look for now in Frost; there are few of them, though, in this present volume.

Almost the same age as Frost (around sixty), Sandburg seems, at first glance, entirely different. Frost, though born in San Francisco, writes almost exclusively of New England; he sometimes appears almost parochial alongside of Sandburg, a product of that Middle West whose sagas he sings. Both are college men. Frost has farmed and taught, and is still teaching; Sandburg has engaged in a wide variety of occupations. Frost's titles seem to be an integral part of his poems; Sandburg uses no titles at all for the divisions of his poem. There is little slang, no vulgarity, in Frost's book; Sandburg's contains both. Both poets use imagery sparingly, none of their figures being of the extended or heroic type. Nature is chiefly the source of Frost's comparisons, the life of man that of Sandburg's. Frost uses the forms of verse made memorable by generations of English and American poets; Sandburg writes only in free verse. Frost gives a reader the impression of detachment from his subject, as if he were looking at it objectively, an impression, however, which is dispelled when one comes to know his poetry and realizes what a depth of feeling burns below his New England reluctance to display his emotions; Sandburg flings his feelings on the page, white-hot and sprawly; it is

true, however, that there is less of the loud, assertive poet of "Chicago" in "The People, Yes," though, strangely enough, one finds also less of the quiet yet thrilling beauty of such poems as "For You," or "Explanations of Love."

In "The People, Yes," there are 286 pages, 107 divisions, and nearly 7,000 lines, all free verse. The longest division contains 230 lines.

The subject? "The People," of course. The people: laughing, crying, hating, loving; cynical and believing, superstitious and skeptical, profane and reverent, hoping and despairing, groaning in the depths, singing on the heights; working and unemployed; doers and dreamers of dreams; superficial, yet deep; eaters of hot dogs, "giant hamburgers," sandwiches and pop; tellers of tall tales and mouthers of popular sayings; placid but volcanic; hoping and praying for—they know not what; indolent, often lazy, and yet capable of prolonged and generous effort; generally selfish, but still possessing unexplored reservoirs of altruism and self-sacrifice. "The People"! Who and what they are. How and why they live. What they are doing. What they are thinking. "Where to? What next?" It is with these last unanswered questions that the poem ends.

A poem of varied and uneven interest, earthy and homely, prosaic and poetic, filled with noise and dust and beauty, rarely dull, often tender and lyrical. A thoughtful and thought-producing poem, crammed with learning, wisdom, humor, pathos, and insight.

Out of the hundreds of vigorous, suggestive, salty, frequently beautiful lines, I cite only a few:

A father to his son: "Tell him solitude is creative if
he is strong and the final decisions are made in
silent rooms." (No. 9)

"He will be lonely enough
to have time for the work
he knows as his own." (*Idem.*)

"The Illinois corn leaves spoken to in high winds
run in sea waves of sun silver." (No. 13)

The red ball of the sun in an evening mist.

Or the slow fall of rain on planted fields

Or the pink sheath of a newborn child

Or the path of a child's mouth to a nipple

Or the struggle of a bear cub in mother paws

Or the structural weave of the universe

Witnessed in a moving frame of winter stars—

These hold affidavits of struggle." (*Idem.*)

"These are heroes then—among the plain people—

Heroes, did you say? And why not? They

give all they've got and take what comes and

what more can you want?" (No. 19)

A *Further Range* does not, it seems to me, increase Frost's poetic stature; Sandburg's "*The People, Yes*," does, I believe, very definitely increase his. To paraphrase Dryden on Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, I admire Robert Frost, but after reading "*The People, Yes*," I could love Carl Sandburg: pessimist, optimist, thinker, humanitarian, poet; lover of these "People" he understands so well, and, because he understands and loves them, believing that

"Across the bitter years and the howling winters
the deathless dream will be the stronger,
the dream of equity will win." (No. 75)

It is an ironic reflection that the "People" of whom the poet writes are the least likely to read his poem. Such was the fate of Walt Whitman, and such is the fate of most contemporary poets. I think that one reason for the failure of contemporary poets to appeal to the people is, that the poets do not offer constructive philosophy of life. This is not true, however, of Sandburg in this new poem. In this poem, his readers may find something affirmative to cling to, a positive and shining faith.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

*University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.*

Selected Poems—Witter Bynner—Edited by Robert Hunt with a Critical Preface by Paul Horgan—A. A. Knopf, New York, 1936—\$2.50.

Hal Bynner is more than a name to us in New Mexico. He is a personality that nearly everyone has seen or knows and that nearly everyone admires or likes. He has lived long in Santa Fe and stood forward in every progressive movement for art and liberal politics around these parts. In this poetry issued from his works as *Selected Poems* we meet a stranger, however, as one always meets a disembodied voice in poetry, a voice speaking clear of either the immediate present or distant past—a voice speaking from the mind and heart in a sort of universal freedom made possible by imagination.

To readers familiar with Bynner's volumes, the story of his poetic life is repeated: the search for unity and community in life which is summed in beauty, the visible beauty in nature which must go to its core, and the beauty in love and friendship which must hold beyond pain and death and be remembered as eternal song.

I think perhaps Bynner may have lost the following who expect of the poet some note of faith or reassurance that the cloud is really lined with silver or that sunshine always follows rain. Each has its moment of radiance which outlasts the moment that is drab, he believes. That helps to make religion for a man.

My single constancy is love of life
he writes in the first line of *Epithalamium and Elegy*; therefore, when I have spent my ardor with "love of life by life herself subdued"

Give her some younger lover in my place.
This, not "The Impossible," is to be expected of him.

Why ask it of me?—the impossible!—
Shall I pick up the lightning in my hand?
Have I not given homages too well
For words to understand?

Shall I call some battle or some temple-bell
 Or many-curving pine
 Or some cool truth-containing well
 Or thin cathedral-mine!

As in the case of any edited work, there will be some questioning of omissions and changes: the condensation of the effect of the final poem in "Eden Tree" into four lines, for instance! I missed some fine lines from "Eden Tree"—the last lines of poem XX, my favorites, with their Rubaiyat-like insistence that something there may be found as a gift to Time: song. In the case of some rewordings, in particular the last line of the sonnet "Alone" and the last two lines of Poem XVII as it is reprinted from "Eden Tree," quite a different meaning is possible for the reader. Excerpts from "The Jade Mountain" would have been welcomed by those who would like to see the expression of the poet in all forms—other than the dramatic which the editor justifiably excludes.

But here are lyrics among the finest in modern poetry (A Thrush in the Moonlight, She Has a Thousand Presences); sonnets among the best turned in the tradition; odes that are memorable in American verse (A Dance for Rain at Cochiti). Our complaint is that we could not have had more or that any good should have been omitted.

Paul Horgan and Robert Hunt somewhat repeat each other in their assignments and Horgan's essay is too long. It is a Preface to a Defense or Apology for the Poet as Man or Man as Poet—marred in spots by such phrase mannerisms as where he speaks of Whitman "storming and mooing" his poetry or of a "poetic afflatulent intoxication." Yet because he says so many things well here upon the poetry of great and minor poets, I wish to quote the final words Horgan writes of Bynner: "From life's profuseness he has saved for us many ingredients, precious materials of whose existence we are all aware, but which we do not see until the artist shows them to us in his own light . . . The reader of this book will see this poet's essential light grow stronger

and stronger as he goes; until at the end, knowing all the stuffs of life from which this light has been generated, he will believe, as I do, that it will shine for a long time."

T. M. PEARCE.

*University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.*

Plays About the Theatre in England from The Rehearsal in 1671 to the Licensing Act in 1737—Dane Farnsworth Smith—Oxford University Press, 1936—\$4.00.

Professor Dane Farnsworth Smith, of the University of New Mexico, has written a book called *Plays About the Theatre in England, 1671-1737*. It is published by the Oxford University Press, and is a handsome volume of 286 pages, printed in large type, and illustrated with twenty-four contemporary prints and caricatures, including a remarkable (pen and ink?) portrait of John Lacy, the comedian, designed in triplicate.

This book is a study of the self-conscious stage. Professor Smith has dug far down in the literary remains of the period for plays dealing with the theatre. It is curious, indeed that his search should be rewarded by as many as seventy quotable plays, all of which can be described as burlesques, travesties, or parodies of other plays appearing in the sixty-six years between the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal* and the Licensing Act of 1737.

By analyzing Buckingham's play, and quoting passages from the other plays, Professor Smith affords one an unusual slant at the theatrical history of the age, and its social, intellectual, and literary tendencies. The book is composed of the rivalries of the various theatres, the absurdities of their repertory, the difficulties of the hacks, the biliousness and hiccuping of the critics, the pomposity and uneasiness of the managers, the unhappy plight of the dependent actors and actresses and the airs they gave themselves when darlings of the public, and above all the extraordinary self-consciousness of that public, its bad manners

and caprices, and the various infantilisms which make a movie audience of today seem in comparison as austere as the senate of ancient Rome.

Two classes of people ought to find *Plays About the Theatre* interesting and valuable. The first class are those who have more than a passing or personal interest in the theatre. They will find food for thought in the author's tabulation of theatrical blind alleys which Buckingham satirizes in the *Rehearsal*: the attempt to be novel just for the sake of being novel, the use of unusual disguises for furthering the plot (Mr. Bayes puts an entire army in disguise), the use of improbable occurrences to get oneself out of a hole (Mr. Bayes resorts to an eclipse to stop a battle), the creation of an air of mystery by whispered conversations of a disconnected character, the bringing on of an actor at the exact moment to overhear a conversation he really ought to know about, the announcement that a character is dead in order to surprise the audience by having him show up alive later on, the sprinkling of ordinary converse with French expressions or startlingly refined language to indicate how well bred the characters are—and the whole list of lapses in taste and invention which accompany the drama from its cradle onward, but which are sought out and hammered at with especially fiendish glee when a realistic age is out to destroy, root and flower, the achievements of a previous romantic era.

The other class to whom I recommend the book are our old friends, the students of human motive, whose delight it is to meditate upon the vicissitudes of human existence in this vale of tears. This period of English history is, of course, decidedly seedy. It is the golden age of the snob, and is as full of meanness and unkindness as was France from La Rochefoucauld to Chamfort. Sir Richard Blackmore correctly said that "wit" lay like a blight over the entire nation. One of Professor Smith's numerous sub-titles for his magnum opus reads, "A History of the Candle-lit Stage of Nell Gwynn and Colley Cibber, Purveying Such Folly as Shall

Make You Wise." The folly in question, from an impartial point of view, seems to be the desire to say the witty thing, make the clever remark, at any and all costs. And the wisdom to be once more taken to heart by the earnest student of human nature is that this practice is remarkably efficient in ruining the age or the individual who goes in for it. The trouble seems to be that in passing into a phase of consciousness in which truth is less to be desired than the wise-crack, life loses the energy it sometimes has at its disposal for good humor and the warm uses of the imagination.

Professor Smith is a native of Alabama. He is a graduate of Vanderbilt (1917), and served overseas thirteen months during the world war, participating in the St. Mihiel and Argonne offensives. He studied at the University of Paris before returning home. Later, at Harvard, he received his various degrees. He came to New Mexico in 1934 to join the English staff at the State University.

HANIEL LONG.

Santa Fe, N. M.



Clay-Bound—Maude E. Cole—The Kaleidograph Press—\$1.50.

Mrs. Cole's poetry has interest for those who find meaning in everyday things and quiet experience. Similar to Emily Dickinson's absorption with the simple life, Mrs. Cole's volume has the flavor of one living in a world apart. She frequently puts abstractions into short verses. Happiness, pain, death, sorrow, life, silence, are subjects repeated frequently in this group of poems. Her descriptions of Texas landscapes are full of enthusiasm. She has a tender sympathy for nature: flowers, plants, and especially bird life. Her technique is traditional, studied, careful, and pleasing. Assonance is seldom used, the cadence of the lines is good.

In spite of the charm of such a poem as "Hill Garden," which has the lightness of touch of Sara Teasdale, the poetic life is explained too self-consciously, perhaps. It is, after all, an ability to be aware of the intensities of experience,

to go beyond the obvious and external, or to create *gestalts* where no patterns are defined. But the one who finds a sense of completeness in the finality of experience is also a true artist of living. While she criticises the fisherman:

To you the waters of the mountain stream
Are but the witching haunts of rainbow trout,
and the neighbor:

I listen while my neighbor talks of darning,
Of baking pies, or polishing the floors;
perhaps their moments of integrative behavior are more truly poetic than the experiences of one who cultivates images. She never really seems to go beyond the individual to an interpretation of social experience to give new meanings. That is what seems so difficult for women poets to do.

Yet there is the universal experience of separation poignantly expressed in the poem "Voice in the Rain" which I shall quote.

VOICE IN THE RAIN

Tonight I heard a voice that brought me pain,
In soft, low tones like music, from a crowd
Of tardy revelers rushing through the rain,
It came to me, the voice of you, not loud
But clear. I gazed through darkness; then came tears
Because I knew that it could not be you;
Only an echo from the dear, dead years
To bring new hurt. Oh, what a voice can do!

Only a voice, endowed with melody,
Came through my window, calling me from sleep;
Fanning to flame an aching memory;
Then passing on and leaving me to weep.
Some lad, within the crowd rekindled pain;
Then drifted on, not knowing, in the rain.

There is like strength in "Quietness," "Clay-Bound," "If a Dullness I Behold." "Echoes" ponders the question of words spoken and unrecalled.

The theme of age is treated in a number of the poems but nowhere does it find more truly the poet's cry than in these lines of "Take Not My Dreams."

When grim old age bars me from love;
 From grace and usefulness;
 Oh leave me dreams that I may weave
 A song for loneliness.

ELOISE BARCLAY.

*University of New Mexico,
 Albuquerque.*

Two Little Hopi—Elizabeth Willis DeHuff—Mentzer, Bush and Company, New York, Chicago—1936.

The popularity of Indian stories among children of all ages has been manifested by the number of Indian stories and books which have made their appearance in the past few years. However, few writers have caught the true spirit of these stories, coupled them with child interest, and presented factual knowledge as simply and convincingly as has Elizabeth Willis DeHuff in her recent children's books on Indian life in the Southwest. And now with her new reader, *Two Little Hopi*, she has answered not only a demand on the part of young readers for more and better Indian stories, but she has also answered that ever growing demand of teachers for ungraded readers, in so far as grade designation appearing anywhere in the volume, filled with material appearing to child interest of various ages regardless of reading ability.

Two Little Hopi may be classified for second grade of medium difficulty and as third grade easy material, but the interesting story of the two little Anglo children who go to Hopiland to live with their mother and father, and their friendship with a little Indian boy and girl makes the reader very satisfactory for remedial work in the fourth or even the fifth grade.

The word list in the back of the book aids the young reader and busy teacher, and the suggested activities fit into an activity program very satisfactorily. The black and white, as well as the beautifully colored pictures by the prominent artist, the late Gerald Cassidy, makes the book a real joy to children and teachers alike.

MARGARET EASTERDAY.

Albuquerque, N. M.

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Familiar Journey—Peggy Pond Church—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe, 1936—\$2.50.

In this, her second volume of poetry, Peggy Pond Church pursues the course indicated in *Foretaste* published in 1933.

In *Familiar Journey* there is the same dark feminine principle further amplified in this collection of personal lyrics. Both the title poem and the rest of the contents show the author's progress along the road all must travel. It is to be questioned if most of these poems will have a wide appeal, but there is little doubt that those who think and feel as the author does will read the volume with comprehension and esthetic pleasure.

Shelley, in his *Defense of Poetry* has said that a poem is the reflected image of a pleasurable impression upon the imagination; it is the trembling and sounding of the lyre after the wind dies away. As the imaginative mind acts upon its thoughts and experiences, coloring them with its own light and composing from them other thoughts, each containing within itself the principle of its own integrity, thus is a poem written.

Its appeal will be widespread or narrow, based upon the type of imagination of the poet. His personal approach may be so universal, and his skill in expressing it so great, that the reader derives an intenser and purer pleasure through the recognition of kinship to his own emotions than through his own expression.

Most of the images used in these poems are nature images; most of them are keen and sharp and freshly worded, signifying an observance of the small things of nature. Perhaps not always new, they are individual, accurate and vivid.

In the group of poems written about her children, Mrs. Church's phrasing is felicitous, and in these her personal lyric voice becomes universal.

Rarely, too, will be found the sheer poetry which is in "Christ's Birthday." The utter simplicity of phrase, coupled with the strength and delicacy of imagery, in this one poem

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make it the most remarkable of the contents of the volume.
Here is pure rightness of word; pure beauty of image.

“God is a baby
needing His mother”

has rare and perfect simplicity.

The final stanzas of this poem, too, illustrate Mrs. Church’s observance of the small things of nature:

“a cool smooth twig
from the wild choke-cherry,
and the velvet sheen
on a juniper berry.”

Certain mannerisms detract somewhat from the book as a whole; specifically, the habit of beginning so many of the poems and the stanzas within them with “And.”

A certain tendency to invest nature with emotions attributable only to man is noticed; a habit of thought which Ruskin calls “the pathetic fallacy” detracts somewhat from the strength of the other poems in the volume.

IRENE FISHER.

Albuquerque.

Personally Speaking

THE DAY of an explorer must be a busy thing. It begins at sunrise, when, bright-eyed and eager, a tinkling laugh in his brave throat, he sits astride a horse while he is photographed. Finding the proper angle, so that just the proper expanse of pampa or desert or jungle will be subtly noticeable in the background, must be deucedly difficult. Then off the horse, and with a tarboosh wrapped pleasantly about his head, the explorer poses again. This time in the clever background is the romantic ruin of Persepolis. Thus the day goes by furiously.

The day of a woman explorer must be especially busy. There are the proper costumes to wear, before the picture is taken; there is the decision to arrive at before just which monument to stand or with just which natives to be pictured. Consider, for example, those two explorers, Rosita Forbes and Elinor Glyn. Within the confines of her book, *Women Called Wild*, Miss Forbes tells the amazing facts of slavery of women in Abyssinia, communistic fanaticism in China, women into foxes in Central America (the women are even more insistent on that right in Africa), and a further succession of truly bewildering stuff. Her companion explorer, Elinor Glyn, of *Three Weeks* fame, has traveled in somewhat different countries: the incredible deserts of British high life before the war, the lush jungles of French society before the war, the murderous dens of beasts in Hollywood. Marion Davies, you will be interested to hear, is the perfect hostess; and the police commissioner was driven mad in this last country by it all. Miss Glyn tells of this in her autobiography, *Romantic Adventure*.

"On looking back at my life," she says, "I see that the dominant interest, in fact the fundamental impulse behind every action, has been the desire for *romance*." She didn't find it with her beef-eating husband; she did find it in her books. A long journey this woman has had, from "the

red-headed brat" she was in Canada to the gorgeously gowned woman she was when presented at Court, gravely noting in her diary that many of the women there had pimply faces.

Elinor Glyn has traveled far spatially; but one feels that she really began to travel only recently when, for once, she was forced to sit down and think about life, and its miseries. Universal education, god wot, will remedy that, she hopes.

Let us go on with the explorers. Still a little ill from her itchy, crowded way *South to Samarkand*, still with the raven beak of skepticism in her heart, Ethel Mannin writes of the land of the new eastern Russia, where "the bourgeois mentality persists in spite of all." She is grieved at being disillusioned, and then too all the photographs turned out so bad!

Walter Starkie in *Don Gypsy* was too busy with Fatimas in northern Africa and *malas mujeres* among the gypsies of Spain to stop for pictures. But he gives many a better kind of picture, in this account of his wandering in pre-revolutionary Spain, supporting himself by his fiddling. In his worst moments Starkie is a professor of Spanish at Dublin University. I wonder what his colleagues say to this colloquial, quick moving, almost fictitious narration. Its impropriety must be unforgivable.

Dane Coolidge, whose ancestry goes back into seventeenth century New England, has nevertheless explored almost everywhere but the country of his birth. As a boy naturalist in California he explored coyotes' dens and eagles' nests. After graduating from Stanford, he became animal collector for the Bronx Zoo and ranged through the West and Mexico. He collected mammals in Italy and France for the National Museum, and then returning West, he became a photographer of wild animals, especially of desert forms. In these trips in the West he became the friend of the many Indian tribes and of familiar figures of the mining camps and prospectors of Death Valley. His new book,

Death Valley Prospectors, is packed with interesting reading from the tale of old Panamint Tom and the death of the Jayhawkers' immigrant train in Death Valley to the mystery surrounding Walter Scott, better known as Death Valley Scotty, and his two million dollar castle in Grapevine Canyon at the upper end of the Valley.

The hospital wards of San Francisco are a strange world too. It's a stern travelogue that Corinne Johnson Kern writes in *I Was a Probationer*, and the streaming forests of dankest Africa have nothing on it for savagery and pain. Personally speaking, I don't like that world, and especially not when it is fictionized. But the cruelty of life among the older and younger nurses of a hospital, running like a fugue through the despairing lives of the wards, is mordant reading. It is told almost completely in conversation, and good conversation it is.

Dorothy Brewster is one of the bravest of the explorers. She treads on dangerous critical grounds, but does so neatly as editor of a strange *Book of Contemporary Short Stories*. It is divided into two sections, stories from "The Ivory Tower," and stories from "Red Square." But Miss Brewster realizes that "Into the tower world, nevertheless, come echoes of the conflict in the square." And there are "human values" apart from the revolution in the Square. An appended section on writing the short story, by Lillian Barnard Gilkes, has value as well.

. . . Thus, each in his own fashion, these writers have acted and related, dissimilar travelers of the same final road, a road on which, William Temple saw, all travelers are "at the greatest and the best, but like a forward child that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

WILLIS JACOBS.

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

A REGIONAL REVIEW

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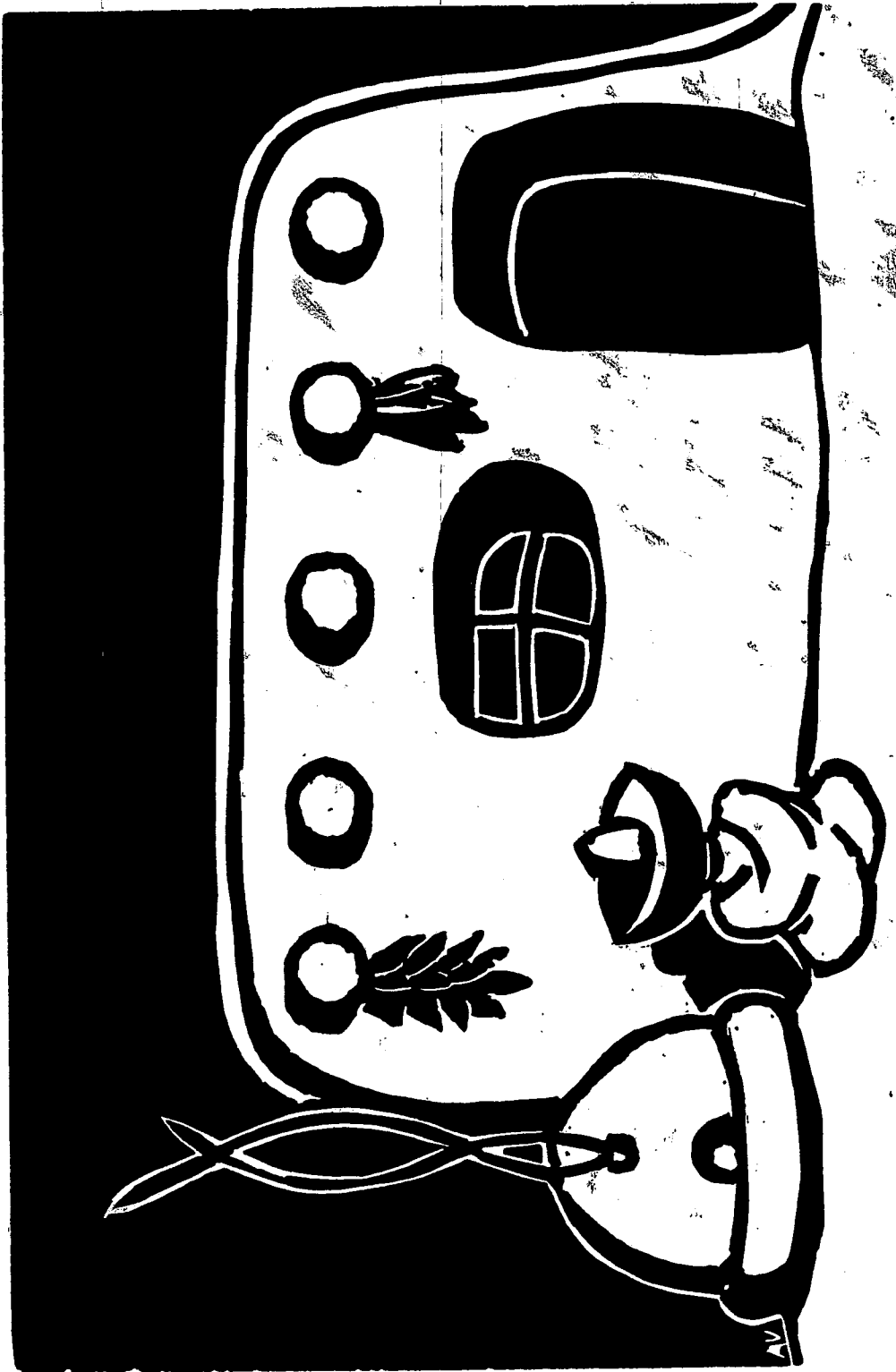
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Anne Visic

NEW MEXICO

Economic Planning and the Problem of Population

By VERNON G. SORRELL

IN RECENT literature dealing with economic planning, one can find scarcely a reference to the problem of the proper balance between population and available resources. This fact seems strange, because, avowedly, economic planning is a long-run proposition; and it is difficult to see why the long-run problem of population has not been fitted into the picture. It may be that the planners believe such a problem is one of the imponderables, subject to no conscious solution. Yet, neglect of this question is fatal to the reasoning of those who would achieve the more abundant life by planning the economic activities of a group of people.

Basically the question is: Why not have population planning as well as economic planning? By population planning is meant the substantial control of numbers and quality by governmental agencies. By economic planning is meant the control of production and utilization of economic resources, outside of man himself, likewise by the agencies of government. The economic planner, whether with design or inadvertence, probably the latter, has not entered a field in which he has, apparently, inadequate knowledge. Perhaps he has been afraid of stubborn facts which might prove to be inimical to his plans. At any rate, in so remaining aloof, he has laid himself open to the charge that his whole proposal of a planned economy is vitiated at the foundation.

It is the thesis of this article that population planning has very limited possibilities. Further, any plan for economic betterment will also of necessity fail eventually unless the population remains within the bounds of the planned system by means of individual and family controls. Whatever may be contended in regard to *laissez-faire* as applied to business, it is argued herein that this principle does govern the size and quality of our population.

[3]

In almost all ages the problem of numbers has been deemed of importance, and various views have been set forth on the question. Modern discussion of the subject of population and its relation to society dates, of course, from the time of Malthus, who wrote his famous essay in 1797 and an equally famous revision in 1802. The economic and political conditions of that time were somewhat parallel to the national and world conditions of today. Times were hard, political revolutions were taking place, and threats of others added to the uncertainty of the period. Various explanations of the widespread misery and poverty were offered, the most usual of which was that the distress was caused by bad institutions, i. e., bad government, bad laws (especially tax laws), rapacious bankers and business men, the church organization, etc. The proposals for leading the human race toward perfectability ran in terms of reform of these bad institutions. (The term "economic planning" had not been coined at that time.)

Two outstanding champions of reform of bad institutions were Condorcet in France and Godwin in England. They were the "more abundant lifers" of the day. Another was the father of Robert Malthus, who, we are told, engaged in a controversy with his son over this question, the outcome of which, on the son's side, was the famous essay.

It is erroneous to contend that Malthus did not believe that improvement could be had by improving institutions. What he did believe was that any improvement was necessarily conditioned by the fact that man as a biological organism has the power to reproduce his kind in an ever increasing ratio, while nature puts a limit upon the amount of food available for his consumption. Consequently, numbers must be limited, perforce, by food. Nature's limit, to be sure, depends upon man's scientific knowledge, but there is always a limit nevertheless.

Malthus has been called the best hated man of his time, not so much because of what he actually said, but because of the effect and implications of his statements. What he said

ECONOMIC PLANNING

[5

was simple enough. It was a truism which almost anyone could comprehend who wanted to comprehend. But the so-called law did bash the ardor of reformers, and it is true that his essay was used as an argument by vested interests which would have been adversely affected by reform. It reminded long-range reformers of a few basic, albeit unpleasant, facts, and these facts tended to blast hopes that did not want to be blasted.

Much thought has been expended on the population since Malthus, and the literature is voluminous. The Neo-Malthusians have added nothing to the basic principles of Malthus nor have they taken anything away. Their advocacy of birth control as a check to numbers is reminiscent of Malthus' "moral restraint," although the modern birth control movement contains many elements absolutely foreign to Malthus' thinking.

The modern optimum theory differs only from the Malthusian theory in that certain elements are emphasized, although a considerable difference of opinion exists as to what is meant by this relatively new doctrine, and confusion in thinking has resulted. An optimum population, literally, means the "best" population, and what is best, of course, varies with the point of view. The military view would emphasize large numbers for cannon fodder. The churchman probably would advocate a large population for another purpose. The industrialist probably would say that the "best" population would be one that could supply an abundance of cheap labor. The moralist might advocate large families on the grounds that only in large families is personal character and certain spiritual values engendered and developed.

From the economic point of view the optimum population is that number which yields the greatest amount of goods and services per man, under a given amount of natural resources, with a given state of business organization operating upon a given stage of technical development. Such an

optimum offers the highest standard of living at any given time.

This theory, of course, stresses the point that a given territory may be underpopulated as well as overpopulated.

From the biological viewpoint, much has been said and written on the population problem. Apparently, the most widely discussed modern biological theory is that set forth by Pearl, usually known as the logistic theory, although it is often referred to simply as Pearl's biological theory of population. He arrived at his theory through experimenting with the natural growth of fruit flies. In these controlled experiments, he discovered that fruit flies multiplied in a definite manner, the growth curve of which arose quite gradually in the first generations, arose rapidly as time went on and finally flattened out to a straight line. He has found that at least one human group—Algeria—has followed the curve to the flattened out stage. Other population groups, he has indicated, are at various points on the curve.

Pearl's theory has been criticized by sociologists and others, on the ground that he has neglected the economic and cultural factors involved—"Men are men and not fruit flies," say this group of critics. It seems, however, that much of this criticism results from reading too much into the theory. The essence of the theory seems to be that biological organisms, as shown by fruit flies, multiply in a very definite manner, and it is reasonable to suppose that man, considered simply as a biological organism, multiplies in the same manner. It does not invalidate the theory if it can be shown that this biological law is conditioned by such factors as food supply, cultural factors, etc. And certainly it is not a sound criticism of Pearl to say that he did not recognize that these other factors prevented the biological principle from working as it did in the controlled experiments with fruit flies.

Still another theory much in vogue at the present time, especially among sociologists, is the so-called cultural theory, which holds that while food and physiological factors set theoretical limits the actual size or quality of population

must be explained in cultural terms. Thus, for example, a rapidly increasing population may be due to a desire for children as family assets, as on American farms during most of the last century; or it may be due to military reasons, or to religious doctrines. Per contra, a decreasing population may be due to the weakening of the military spirit, desire for higher standards of living, rising social status of women, or a number of other factors.

One of the early exponents of the cultural theory was John Rae, an American economist of the middle of the last century. His mature views on the subject were developed after he had studied the native population of the Hawaiian islands. On the island he found an abundance of fertile land, but a declining population. He found, further, that vice was widespread and increasing. From his observations there, and from his studies, he concluded that population was governed by what he called "an effective desire for offspring."

Modern exponents of this theory contend that any population must be explained by reference to specific cultural factors extant within the group, because, between the highest possible number determined either by physiology or by food supply, or both, and the actual numbers, there is a wide and varying gap.

A criticism of the culture theory is that it is too broad and inclusive—a scatter-gun theory and hence no theory at all. Nevertheless, its very inclusiveness has the merit of recognizing the dangers of over-simplification. Those who hold to it point out that man is a complete psychological organism, and that he does not live by meat and drink alone. Hence the culturists are very critical, on the one hand, of any mechanistic biological theory, and on the other hand, of any theory that savors of economic determinism.

This brief review of the major or present-day population theories, the Malthusian, the Neo-Malthusian, the optimum, Pearl's biological theory, and the cultural theory should give us a background for further reflections on the present day population question as it relates to a system of a planned economy.

The population of the world is increasing about 30,000,000 per annum, according to the International Institute of the League of Nations. At this rate the world population will double in 66 years. The total population is estimated to be around two billion.

The rate of increase varies widely among the different nations. In the two Americas, the rate of increase is now about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum. Asia, with over half the world's population, appears to be increasing less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of one per cent. European countries are still increasing their numbers but generally at a diminished rate. The Italian rate in 1936 was .91 per cent; the German rate in 1933 was .56 per cent; France's population increased from 40,700,000 in 1926 to 41,800,000 in 1931; the population of Great Britain increased from 42,000,000 in 1911 to 43,000,000 in 1921; The greatest increase in European countries is found in Russia. There the number has increased from 139 million in 1914 to 153 million in 1932, with the present rate of increase 1.9 per cent. The present rate of increase in the United States in .6 per cent.

The present tendency of a diminishing rate of increase has given rise to a belief that many nations are approaching a stationary population. It is well known that the population of France has been virtually stationary since the latter decades of the last century. Predictions for the United States vary from a stable population in 1940 to 1970 or 1980, or even 2000. It is quite obvious, of course, that if present trends continue, we will have a stationary population in the not too distant future.

The usual method of determining the rate of increase or decrease in population is to compare the ratio of births to deaths. Kuczynski, however, has pointed out that this method is, for the purpose of prediction, inadequate and misleading. His method is based upon the ratio of child-bearing females to the number of girl babies born. By this method he arrives at what he calls the net reproductive rate, which represents the capacity of the present generation to

replace itself. This rate, he finds, varies widely from country to country. The rate of England and Wales is about 73 per cent; for Italy it is 118 per cent; and for Russia 170 per cent. For northern European countries, taken as a group, the average net reproductive rate is about 90 per cent

It is interesting to note that by using the present net reproductive rate as a basis for prediction, the time for a stationary population is much closer than when the usual method is used. Any country, of course, with a rate under 100 per cent is on the way to a declining population. The United States is one of these countries; and, although the population is still increasing, the present generation is not replacing itself. By this method it is estimated that in the decade of 1960 the maximum for the United States of about 150 million will be reached. Then a decline will set in, and the number may drop to 140 million by the year 2000. Other countries likewise faced with a declining population are Great Britain with a rate of less than three-fourths that necessary to replace the present generation; Germany with a rate of 70 per cent in 1933, and other North European countries with rates around 90 per cent.

Let us now turn to a brief discussion of the evidence bearing on the question of population controls by modern nations. With the exception of Italy and Germany, little or no attempt has been made by modern nations to control their populations. As we have defined the term, population control means more than restriction of immigration, measures of sanitation and health, segregation and sterilization of the unfit, etc. Population control implies the acceptance of a national ideal as to quantity and quality and a conscious and deliberate program of action to carry out this ideal.

First, let us examine the case of Germany under the Hitler regime. The Nazis' ideal is clear and distinct: the population must increase in numbers and this increase must be of pure Aryan stock. The country lost around ten million people as a result of the war. After the war the German

birth rate declined rapidly, economic depression was widespread, and in 1933 the reproductive rate was 70 per cent, one of the lowest in Europe. According to Louis I. Dublin, since that year there has been considerable change, and at present the Nazis' government is apparently doing all in its power to stimulate population increase. Strong economic pressure is placed on bachelors; marriages are made easier by the granting of marriage loans; employment of women has been discouraged whenever possible; and, above all, an intense patriotic appeal has gone forth for people to augment their numbers and to recoup their losses suffered since the war. Apparently, these efforts are getting results. An increase of 33 per cent in the marriage rate occurred in one year; the birth rate increased from 14.7 in 1933 to 18 in 1934; and at the same time the death rate declined so that the excess of births over deaths was 7.1 per thousand, or seven times as much as that of France.

It is too early to tell just what will be the ultimate effect of these efforts of control in Germany. And, of course, it is barely possible that the recent increase is due to causes other than the efforts of Hitler and his associates. No attempt will be made here to discuss the various efforts made to improve the Germanic racial stock, or of the various eugenic theories now prevalent in that country.

The case of Italy seems to present the best evidence on the question of the effectiveness of governmental means to increase the numbers of a modern nation. Some of the measures, according to Dublin, that the government has adopted to increase Italy's already high fertility rate are as follows: "Large families are granted high tax exemptions; they receive preference in obtaining employment and are favored as tenants in working men's homes. Bachelors and spinsters and small families are frowned upon and penalized. At the same time, a national program of maternity and child welfare work attempts to save life and conserve the children who are born. A program of land reclamation has increased the tillable soil, to which fertile families are

transferred. There is a strong movement to curtail migration to the cities."¹ In addition to these positive efforts, Mussolini never misses an opportunity to extol the glories of an expanding Italy and to bring about a revivification of the splendor of Rome.

If population control can be made effective, one might expect positive results from these efforts in Italy. What have been the results? Quite the contrary of the expectations of Mussolini. In spite of all that has been done, the Italian birth rate has been declining. In 1922, when the Fascisti came to power, the rate was 30.2; in 1930, 26.7; and in 1934, 23.2 per thousand. This does not look much like population control.

Italy presents, of course, other aspects of the population problem. The country is densely populated (350 per square mile) and her natural resources are decidedly limited. With these conditions and under a program of population increase, ineffectual as it may be, it is no wonder that the government looks with covetous eyes on undeveloped lands on other continents.

If a long run program of economic planning requires a control of numbers, one might expect to find population planning, or at least a fairly definite population policy, in Soviet Russia. Nothing in the Soviet history indicates that more than lip service, if that, has been given to a population plan that might logically accompany their economic plan.

Enough has been said to indicate that very little evidence exists which might substantiate the view that numbers of people can be controlled in any effective manner by governments. On the contrary, there are ample reasons to believe, much of which is on an *a priori* basis to be sure, that governments can do no such thing. Families have children, or do not have children, quite irrespective of what a legislature, a parliament, a congress, or a dictator thinks about it. Population trends are determined essentially by individual and family considerations. If this view of the matter is

1. Dublin, Louis I. *The Population Problem and Depression*. p. 21.

accepted, serious doubts arise at once as to the efficacy of long range control of the utilization of economic resources.

Suppose a nation with a given population can determine how much of goods and services can be produced on their available land to give the highest possible standard of living, and sets out deliberately to achieve this end. Is there any assurance that the numbers will not have increased considerably before the economic plan can be fully operative? Or is it not at least conceivable that the population may have decreased to the extent that laborers are no longer available to carry out the plan? What will happen to Russia's renowned plan if their population continues to increase indefinitely at the present rate? Obviously, the economic plan must be a flexible one, and it is to be noted that Russia started out with a five-year program and modified and extended it as circumstances seemed to justify. To be sure, if by chance a nation's population should become stationary and remain so indefinitely then one obstacle to a planned economy would be eliminated. It should be emphasized, however, that, so far as we know now, for this stationary condition to be maintained would be quite outside the realm of deliberate governmental design.

In summary, and returning to the theme of this article, economic planning conceived as a long run proposition must take into consideration the population problem. Unless the economic plan has a fairly high degree of flexibility there is little hope for its continued success. The possibilities of population planning are decidedly limited.

Finally, the author would like to outline briefly what he would consider to be a sound population policy, as distinguished from a population plan, for the United States.

1. First of all, we can abolish the more or less ineffective laws attempting to prohibit the spread of knowledge of methods of birth control. Whether to go beyond this and set up birth control clinics to be operated as part of a public health program as a national policy, is very questionable at the present time. However, it seems socially desirable not

to put obstacles in the way of families obtaining the knowledge whereby they can exercise their own judgment as to the size of families they want. As a noted English writer on population has said, population, of necessity, must be limited either by more or less ruthless forces of nature or by conscious design, and if man is to have a measure of control over his own destiny he must control his numbers.

2. In the second place, we can do much to improve the quality of the population by sterilization or segregation of the clearly defective potential parents. By 1929, twenty-seven states had sterilization laws. Such laws, of course, have little discernible effect on total numbers. California adopted her law in 1909, and, by 1934, ten thousand operations had been performed, which is a very small percentage of the total number in a state which has a population of over five million.

At least one modern writer has made the radical proposal that the sterilization method be used to control number, and he would do this by having the government offer a thousand dollar bonus to anyone who would submit to the operation. This method, he thinks, would decrease the numbers in the lowest economic levels.

3. In the third place, we should do everything possible to increase total production of economic goods and their wide diffusion among all classes. It is not my purpose to go into this particular subject here—simply to mention it will suffice.

4. In the fourth place, it might be suggested that our immigration laws be changed so that either all nationalities be included in the quota system, or that future immigration be excluded entirely. It is my belief, however, that so far as population policy is concerned, immigration is not a pressing issue at the moment, but might in the future affect seriously our international relations, and thus indirectly our population problem, if we continue our policy of discrimination.

5. Lastly, public education can do much to inculcate ideals of personal and family responsibility. If the theme of the foregoing paper is correct, the future of our population, viewed either from the point of view of quantity or of quality, depends on how well this responsibility is exercised. In this connection one often wonders to what extent many social reforms, however well intentioned, might in the end operate to just the opposite ends of their avowed aims, and bring on more distress than that which it is proposed to eliminate. I refer specifically to such things as poor relief, mothers' pensions, public nurseries, and non-contributory old age pensions. If the responsibility of economic welfare is thrown more and more upon society, while the responsibility of having or not having children must remain, by its very nature, within the family, do we not have an anomalous situation? Is it possible to shift more and more social and economic responsibility to the state, while, at the same time, retaining a high degree of personal and family responsibility? That is a major issue in our country today.

Revanant

By ETHEL B. CHENEY

-1-

If I must die!
Oh do not let me lie
Beneath soft grasses, where a perfumed breeze
Moves through pale flowers, and quiet cedar trees.
If I must go
I would not want to know
The peace of garden places, where each sound
Is muted by the deep, high walls around.
I fear that I would keep
Too long a sleep,
Were I to know the gentle sheltering
Of tempered winds, and fragrances of spring.

-2-

I who have been made weak through tenderness would know
The strength of deserts, proud, high winds that blow
In swirling, angry lashes of great pain
Across a boundless and unconquered plain.
And I would merge into the mountain crags that rise
Fearless, undaunted, to the threatening skies;
Nor tremble at the thunder's roll and crash
Of fast flung bolts, as lightnings sear and gash.
I would become as one with age-old trees, that break
The winds with strength, and hurl back in their wake
The shattered hail; so would I find at length,
The peace that comes from consciousness of strength.

-3-

And when I may return again,
A soul newborn;
I would come sure and swift across the plain,
As comes the morn.
And I would come as one victorious
Before the day,
Triumphantly, with hand high flung, as one
Who leads the way.

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War Poems of the Papago Indians

By RUTH MURRAY UNDERHILL

THE PAPAGOS, of the southern Arizona desert, have always been a peaceful people, adapted to the slow rhythm of tilling the earth and of gathering food from the roots and the cacti and the dwarf trees of their majestically barren land. War, to them, was not only unwelcome, it was abhorrent. Yet, they had to fight. In the hills, to the north and east of them, lived the Apache, who were always hungry and who swooped down periodically on the peaceful farmers:

So that, when you came out of your house at dawn, you never knew but an Apache would jump off the roof yelling.

Tradition calls the Papagos good fighters. But the loathing for war must have been deep in them, as in many of the Southwest peoples, for all their customs and ceremonies seem bent on minimizing martial glamor and martial rewards. They had no system of battle honors: the warrior wore no insignia and was never asked to boast of his exploits. Of course he took no land. The Papagos had no idea that any land was eligible for residence except their own desert. But also, he took no booty and no captives. All possessions of the enemy were thought to be imbued with an evil magic and to touch them might bring death. Therefore even the warrior dying on the field of battle was dangerous to his friends, since he had touched the enemy, and he must be burned immediately. The man who had killed an enemy was dangerous and, instead of being received with honor, must go through a long period of purification before he could return to the circle of his people.

Yet, the Papagos had war poetry which is moving and even passionate. But it rarely mentions fighting. Its burden is the call to duty; the arduous march to the enemy's country; the prayer for power and the reward of valor. But

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this reward has nothing to do with conquest or with glory. It is conceived in the terms of a farmer of the Southwest who sees only one supreme blessing—rain. To the Papago, the taking of a scalp brought rain, and a raid into the enemy's country, if it were to bring any satisfaction, must be thought of as pleasing the supernaturals, so that they caused the corn to grow.

This is the consummation celebrated in the songs and speeches offered before war. The fragments presented here were taken down in Papago from the ceremonialists who had inherited them, and they are translated as accurately as the change of construction would allow. The length of line could not always be kept but the proportion of long and short is the same. Space has dictated the omission of some of that repetitious matter which, to the white man, slows the movement of the thought, while, to the Indian, it is a ceremonial requisite.

THE WAR PRIEST INCITES HIS PEOPLE TO BATTLE

What I say to you now
I have said yonder, at the village that we built.
I have told the old men,
I have told the old women,
I have told the children,
I have told the women.

Is my food so much to me
That I should eat what I have
And all day sit idle?
Is my drink so much to me
That I should take the sweet water poured out
And all day sit idle?
Is my wife so much to me
That I should gaze upon her
And all day sit idle?
Is my child so much to me
That I should hold it in my arms
And all day sit idle?

It was uncontrollable, my desire.
 It was the dizziness of war.
 I ground it to powder
 And therewith I painted my face.
 It was the madness of war.
 I tore it to shreds
 And therewith tied my hair in a war knot.

Then did I hold firm my well-covering shield
 And my hard-striking club.
 Then did I hold firm my well-strung bow
 And my smooth, straight-flying arrow.
 To me did I draw my far striding sandals
 And fast I tied them.

Over the flat land did I then go striding.
 Over the seated stones did I then go stumbling.
 Under the trees in the ditches did I then go stooping.
 Through the trees on the high ground did I go thrusting.
 Through the mountain gullies did I go brushing quickly.

In four halts did I reach
 (Not the enemy, be it observed but)
 The shining white eagle, my guardian.
 Then kindly to me he felt
 And brought out his white crystal.
 Our enemy mountains it made white as with moonlight
 And all around them I went striding.

Our enemy waters it made white as with moonlight
 And all around them I went striding.

There did I seize and pull up and wrap tight
 Those things which were my enemy's.
 All kinds of seeds and beautiful clouds and beautiful winds.
 Then came forth a thick stalk
 And a thick tassel
 And the undying seed did ripen.

Thus did I do on behalf of you, my people.
 Thus should you also think and desire,
 All you, my kinsmen.

This speech, with its passionate yearning toward the achievement which makes the earth bring forth, is typical.

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There follows an account of a war party, with the journey in vivid detail and the fighting gulped down by one brutal sentence at the end. During the journey, the war leader sits alone at night, while his men sleep and one by one the scouts come in to report.

Then went the youth, and, sometime in the night,
Came to me, stepping lightly.
Then I said: "How goes it?"

(The scout replied)

"The outspread earth spreads, silent.
The seated rocks sit silent.
The standing trees stand silent.
The running beasts run silent."
Then I said:
"Come now, make ready my young men."
Then I stood.
And I made the war speech.

The dawn rushed upon us.
We waited no more.
We rushed in.
We made an end.

So much for the fighting, which the song leaves as untouched as though it were enemy property. Now come some of the most impressive of the rituals, recited to the hero who has taken a scalp, by his ceremonial guardian. The hero must remain aloof from human beings for sixteen days.

Yonder, lo you see,
A solitary tree stand, dripping shadow.
There you seat yourself.
Your wife must not come near and look upon you.
Your child must not come near and look upon you.
Thus it must be with you.

In his retreat the hero must fast, almost to starvation because, in that state, he will dream and receive power. Men dreaded this vigil, even more than the hardships of war and most appropriate are the lines with which the guardian terminated each of his speeches:

Verily, who desires this?
Do not you desire it?
Then learn to endure hardship.

The guardian bound up the long black hair of his charge, as if it were for war, saying:

It was a twisting wind.
With it, I knotted your hair at the back of your neck,
Twisting it as the wind twists.

Later, he brought the half gourd of water, which might only be drunk twice a day, at sunrise and sunset. Before receiving his first sip, the hero might have walked all day, home from the enemy country without touching a drop. To his delirious relief, a mouthful of lukewarm water typified not only the intoxication of war but the height of desire.

Within my bowl there lies
Dazzling dizziness,
Bubbling drunkenness.
Great whirlwinds, upside down, above us,
A great eagle heart,
A great hawk heart,
A great bear heart,
A great twisting wind—
All these have gathered here
And live within my bowl.

Now you will drink it.

The sixteen days of isolation ended. Meanwhile, the people had danced nightly about the scalp, singing:

A cactus plant had a flower
The little thing died,
The little thing died.

Poor crow,
Hanging there!
Poor crow!

and just one song so fierce that it explains what the Papagos meant when they sang of the "black madness of war" and strove to be possessed of it.

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Kill the Apache!
Kill the Apache!
Dry the skin!
Dry the skin!
Soften it!
Soften it!
I am happy with it.
A-a-a-a-h!

But there are still some Apaches left!

The night of final lustration came and the warrior's weapons were purified by dancers who leaped upon them around the fire while old men sang:

Sitting with my back against the dawn,
I got drunk, my younger brothers.
The white wind met me and it drove me mad.

Then ancient warriors smoked over the new hero and his guardian told symbolically of victory:

Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy
By many devices.
Did cause him, fighting, to become like a ghost
And to fall asleep.
Thus did I wreck ill on my enemy.

Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy.
Those with whom he went about and talked
I did cause him to hate.
Becoming like a ghost, falling asleep.
Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy.

Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy.
The child whom he caressed,
I did cause him to hate.
The wife with whom he lay, I did cause him to hate,
Becoming like a ghost, falling asleep.
Verily it was this which I desired.

From the east then, white blasts rushed.
From the west then black blasts rushed.
From both sides, rushing together,
They lashed one another.
Beneath the rain I went (in the enemy's land)

I seized my women (whom he had captured
I seized my children.

Then came I back to that land.
I stood upon it and stood firm.
I sat upon it *and sat still.*

Pueblo in Moonlight (Zuñi)

By KATHERINE KENNEDY

*These were a people
to the heart not unremembered:*

In the moonlight
the Pueblo lies sleeping,
tier upon tier of silence
housed in clay.

Bright chiaroscuros
of silver and black
shadow the Plaza . . .

On the roof of the Kiva
the ladder slants
toward the morningstar:
Moy'a'clunata.

*O ghostly drums
loud in the silence,
O forgotten voices
chanting the old cry:*

*"Where are you, our Sky Fathers?
Where are you, our Sky Mothers?"*

Beyond the summit
of Corn mountain
a coyote howls . . .

Then silence again
louder than drums,
waiting . . .

The Field of Higher Education in the Southwest

By CLYDE KLUCKHOHN

THERE ARE perhaps two outstanding national traditions of university education in the modern world. The German tradition has looked mainly to the enrichment of the student's mind with information and to the accumulation of published knowledge. The English has tended to regard study in a university as the final step in that formation of the character which is the primary end of the whole British educational system: the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, where training schools for incorruptible public servants whose minds, if not too well informed, were balanced and disciplined. American practice has had regard for both of these conceptions of higher education. Such universities as Johns Hopkins and Columbia have followed, on the whole, the German pattern which was also the model for almost all graduate study in the United States. The liberal college ideal, on the other hand, has its roots in the English tradition. Princeton, under Wilson; Amherst, under Meiklejohn, exalted college education as the preparation for a rich life which would be of value to society. Either of these conceptions, pushed too far, has results which would be almost universally regarded as undesirable. We are all aware of the absurdities to which the Ph.D. system sometimes lends its name and countenance. At its worst, the English method promotes an unthinking, inflexible preservation of the existing order of society. André Maurois makes an English major say: "Nous n'allons pas au collège pour nous instruire mais pour nous imprégner des préjugés de notre classe sans lesquels nous serons dangereux et malheureux."

But I think we might all agree that any system of higher education would ideally have regard for some elements at least of both these conceptions of education. Hence it will be convenient to discuss the field of higher education in the Southwest with reference to these two categories.

Most of what I say will be directly relevant to the University of New Mexico, for that is the educational institution with which I am familiar, but most of it will also, I think, be applicable, with adjustments, to other colleges and universities in the region. (I take it that by "higher education" is meant specifically formal, institutionalized education.)

As to research and training for research, any realistic discussion must start from the premise that the universities and colleges of the Southwest will be obliged to operate on relatively restricted budgets. The revenues from taxation are small indeed compared to the areas involved, and there is small prospect that they could be measurably increased for some time to come. Nor will many of the sons and daughters of the citizens of these states be able to pay more than very moderate tuition fees. Therefore any attempt to take the great state universities of California, Michigan, Wisconsin, as models to be imitated slavishly foredooms the higher educational institutions of the Southwest to abysmal inferiority. The University of New Mexico, for example, will never (at least during the next generation) be able to provide the expensive facilities for research in *all* branches of physical and biological science which the more thickly populated, wealthier states of California, Michigan, and Wisconsin have supplied. Adequate provision for all the staples of the undergraduate general grocery must be made (and to a very considerable extent already has been). Likewise, the states of the Southwest must eventually, I think, establish and maintain at a decent standard the basic professional schools: law, medicine, dentistry. But it must be recognized at the outset that the fancy intellectual foods of that academic delicatessen, the graduate school, can only be supplied in very limited quantities, if the quality of the product is to be assured. Emulation of the graduate schools of the large state universities can only result in emasculation of the whole program of graduate training and research.

If, however, available resources are concentrated upon the exploitation of the advantages which sheer geographical

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location gives certain fields of study, the outlook is infinitely more promising. Let the higher educational institutions of the southwestern states be content to build up the greater number of departments of instruction only to the point needed for proper undergraduate instruction and for such graduate instruction leading to the master's degree as is called for by the needs of the teachers of the state. They will then (and only then, I feel sure) be able to develop some few departments which will have real distinction as agencies for the advance of the knowledge and culture of the nation. In four fields the situation of the University of New Mexico gives it some possibilities which cannot be matched outside the Southwest. These, if I may be so presumptuous as to list them, are: anthropology, Southwestern history, Spanish language and literature, bilingual education. There are three additional fields which, it would seem to me, have certain possibilities which may be equalled but are seldom excelled elsewhere. These are art, plant and animal ecology, and geology. Naturally, there are other more specific opportunities. For instance, any aspect of the natural resources or environment of New Mexico can be studied more efficiently and with less expense by someone living in New Mexico than by someone teaching nine months a year in New York City. But I think, primarily, of more general problems.

Let me illustrate in the concrete from one discipline, and perhaps I may be pardoned if I choose my own. I do not mean simply that New Mexico is a better place than Wisconsin to study Southwestern archaeology. That I take to be self-evident. Rather, I am driving at the fact that New Mexico is ideally located for a unified attack upon the central problems of human behavior from an anthropological point of view and with anthropological techniques. There are coherent non-literate cultures which are still going concerns. But these are not merely splendid islands in a sea of ignorance. There is historical documentation for many of them for nearly four hundred years. The material

cultures of the societies from which they developed remain for study. The bones of the makers of these artifacts can be measured and observed, and the conclusions compared and contrasted with our knowledge of the human biology of the modern populations. If by chance a bit of dessicated tissue is preserved (as often it is in this semi-arid climate), it is even possible to know something about the blood which throbbed through the veins and arteries of the living individual! Thanks to the tree ring method, a comparatively full and exact record of the environmental vicissitudes through which these cultures passed, is being built up. The clash of cultures and the effects of different ethnic groups upon one another can be observed in fullest detail—the opportunities for the investigation of this highly important cultural process are magnificent. And so data on the archaeology, physical anthropology, social anthropology, climatology, acculturation of Southwestern cultures are all available. Seldom, if ever, has the anthropologist had so full a record over so long a time. In many anthropological investigations the historical variable is unknowable, the environmental is most often unknowable in any precise sense. In many archaeological studies we never hope to obtain any knowledge of the dynamics of societies highly similar to those responsible for the technological products remaining.

To be sure, this highly favorable concentration of circumstances, this approximation to the laboratory controls of other sciences, can be exploited by research organizations outside the Southwest. But the situation can be utilized with least expense and with least difficulty and very possibly with greatest prospect of success by an institution in the area whose investigators are fully familiar with all manner of local conditions and who can study the living cultures at all seasons of the year. In any case, I wished more particularly to draw attention to the educative potentialities of the setup. A student at Columbia or at Harvard may well study anthropology for a number of years before he ever sees or talks to a member of a non-literate culture. His knowledge is vicar-

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ious and not experimental and has all the unsatisfactory qualities of such knowledge. At New Mexico I used to take my classes before breakfast to Isleta to see ceremonies, and, whatever other limitations they may have had, my better students were quite free from the naïveté and crudity of belief about the behavior and thought of non-literates, which is almost characteristic of many students of anthropology in Eastern universities. The point is that New Mexico is a God-given natural laboratory for the study of man, such as no amount of money could produce. The relative sparseness of population, slowness of acculturation, comparative stability of physical environment tend to prevent the investigator and student from morassing themselves in the bog of subjectivism which is the peril of hideously complicated interrelationships.

And so, I maintain, that in so far as higher education in the Southwest is going to contribute significantly to the general stream of scholarship, it must do so through the medium of educational institutions which are frankly "regional" in their outlook and policy, which valiantly eschew every endeavor to make them conform to a more general pattern of which they could, in any case, only become fourth-rate imitations. To a considerable extent, I am, of course, only describing what has already been either attained or contemplated at the University of New Mexico. The department of anthropology, under the vigorous leadership of Dr. Brand, appears to be capitalizing admirably on the non-money resources at its disposal. And Mr. Embree, in his *Atlantic Monthly* appraisal of American Universities, showed discernment in singling out the University of New Mexico as one of fifteen-odd which he mentioned by name and in referring to it as "one of the most interesting" of all American universities. In fact, I feel firmly convinced that the University of New Mexico, principally because of the robust energy and singularly enlightened planning of President Zimmerman, has proved itself worthy of the state of New Mexico by daring to undertake higher education which will have the distinctiveness and vitality of the region itself.

Indeed, if Southwestern universities are not only to contribute to productive scholarship but also to form character and aid their students to better living, they must embody the distinctive features and vitality of the Southwest. In respect of the second as well as of the first motivation of higher education, these colleges and universities must unashamedly make themselves regional universities. Another reason why the Southwest is a paradise to the anthropologist is that there one finds four great cultural traditions (the Pueblo Indian, the Spanish-American, the pioneer Anglo-American, and the contemporary Anglo-American) still in vigor, still quickening daily experience by contrast. Now I am not one of those who advocates, in Mr. Ferguson's phrase, "crawling back into the womb of the cultural past." The full integrity of the first three cultures has gone, and it is idle to try to revivify them. But I am concerned that certain elements in each of these which really have intrinsic survival value should become incorporated into the emergent composite Southwestern culture.

It is one thing to accept certain trends in the culture in which one lives. It is quite another, I feel, to submit supinely to every ripple of the cultural wave. The "Americanization" (sic!), or, more pointedly, the standardization of culture in the Southwest is, to a degree, inevitable. Granted. But need it become altogether an extension of that grey amphictyony of manners, beliefs, and material culture which stretches (with some interruptions and enlivenments) from Ohio to Colorado? The relative sameness of those regions may be ascribed in part to the circumstance that they were settled by people who had a certain homogeneity of tradition, and that the cultures already existent in these areas were insufficiently developed to produce much cross-fertilization (with attendant "hybrid vigour"). But the astonishing tenacity of Pueblo Indian culture and the partially successful resistance of Spanish-American life to the ruthless onslaught of Middlewesternism suggest that these upstanding cultures have values which merit intensive

study on the part of anyone who is to live in the region to which they are highly specialized adaptations.

As a kind of more radical regionalism in higher education than has yet been applied, I should like to suggest that no person should be permitted to take a degree from the University of New Mexico (except from the College of Engineering) who has not mastered the elements, at least, of the Spanish language and acquired some knowledge of the Indian cultures of the Southwest. In the choice of new members of the faculty (for whatever department) I submit that, other things being equal, preference should be given to applicants familiar with Spanish. Similarly, present members of the faculty should be encouraged and assisted to study Spanish, and, perhaps, in certain cases, pressure should be put upon them to do so. Finally, I should like to see some of the larger courses in the University offered in English and in Spanish in alternate years. This would be advantageous both to students whose first language was Spanish and to Anglo students who wished real practice in the use of the language. Certainly, in all candour, it seems to me inexcusable that at present teachers are allowed to go out from the College of Education into communities primarily Spanish-speaking without a knowledge of even the rudiments of Spanish. In such ways the University of New Mexico could gradually acquire that truly bilingual character which is appropriate alike to its historical and social heritage and to its present-day function in the state. Nor, in view of the history of the province of Quebec, can such a view be condemned as impracticable sentimentalism.

Many other concrete proposals to this general end could be formulated, but I have already passed beyond the ten minutes in which souls can be saved. In sum, I affirm that higher education in the Southwest will best subserve both its principal functions in proportion as it becomes regionally differentiated. Thus will higher education best reveal what the region and its cultures have to teach humanity. Thus, also, by preserving and institutionalizing one of the few

composite American cultures which is rooted deep in the buried past of this continent's peculiar story, will higher education in the Southwest enable young men and women of the Southwest to form their characters under the influence of a tradition which has continuity, harmony, and integrity (rare qualities in the modern world). And, of course, the two ends are ideally but one. The nuclear aim is to liberate the mind so that it can perceive unperceived connections between things. Where better than in the stirring natural environment of the Southwest (which warns the thinking man against the specious and spurs him away from the merely acceptant attitude) can—if the total situation be envisaged both realistically and imaginatively—the scholar and the student seek the range of the human spirit and its limits. May the higher educational institutions in the Southwest lead the way in forsaking the frustrating educational haplogy of the modern world, rededicating themselves to the enduring quest of all true scholars and true students, described so long ago by Lucretius:

*Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit et extra
Processit longe flammantia moenia mundi
Atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque,
Unde refert nobis victor quid possit oriri,
Quid nequeat.*

Tryst at Taos

By S. OMAR BARKER

Where the willows are green by the river,
Where the fluting redwings nest,
I will bear at the hour of the shadows,
A drum within my breast.
At the place of the wild plum's blooming,
Awaiting a whispered beat,
When the willows are green by the river,
The coming of doe-skin feet.

The Heart Cannot Know Deep Laughter

By JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

The heart can not know deep laughter
till the heart has known deep pain.
Here and hereafter
the sun shall follow rain.

The seed that is small might flower
as it feels the gentle fall—
good spring shower—
and sunshine cover all.

But far in man's heart are thunder
And a flash and new sweet breath:
this is the wonder
of strange dear life and death.

And neither a blow that is deeper
than delight, nor mankind's foe—
great grim reaper—
can still the deep heart's flow.

He Has Come Back

By JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

You who have broken a song in your heart,
You with a blind and yellow flame in your eyes,
Who rode on a bottomless river down past a sightless shore,—
What have you seen of the world that lies beyond?
Have you come back from the river, so strange, so still,
Only to rest like an ember the fire has left?
Have you come down from the mountain, from hearing the
long wind talk,
Only to tell of a curious stone you saw? Only to watch
For a halting, familiar step on the walk?

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The Incoming Tide

By ALFRED MORANG

THE BATTERED taxi moved away and left the girl standing beside the sandy road. For a moment she looked at the hotel, seeing a roofless veranda dotted with orange and white umbrellas, the canvas chairs and forms huddled deep, their faces hidden in thick shadows.

Her eyes drifted to the shore, a long beach of fine white sand dotted with the moving shadows of gulls. Far away a beach wagon was speeding over the hard, wave-pressed water edge, becoming lost and reappearing behind a patchwork of distant cottages that faced the sea. The girl sighed. She felt utterly relaxed, almost as though she had been sleeping for many months and had suddenly come awake.

A woman was coming from the hotel, a fat, smiling woman, her body shaking like a glass of half-hard jelly as she walked.

"I'm glad to see you, and you couldn't have selected a better place to rest on the whole coast. We call it Rest Haven." The woman's voice was half lost in the constant sound of waves upon the beach; a low, monotonous droning, almost like music heard far away, and a regular recurring beat like a drum as the breakers fell over the glass-bright sand.

They walked up the path to the hotel, and for a moment paused on the roofless verandah. They were like old birds too feeble to move, those people crouched beneath the orange and white umbrellas. Here and there, eyes opened and looked at the girl, only to close as the sun's brightness on blue water dazzled them.

"You see, they all come here to rest. Now there's Miss Loomis . . . she's been here every year for forty years. And Mr. Walters, he's all of seventy." The woman lowered her voice and whispered close to the girl's ear, "He wants to die looking at the water. The people that owned the place be-

fore I came told me." The fat woman turned toward the door.

Far out on the sky edge a smudge of smoke was spreading along the water's rim. The girl stood on tiptoe as though the small added height would bring the distant ship into view.

The coolness of her room pressed inward. The girl closed her eyes; then she smiled. It seemed so nice to know that when the darkness came there would be no hurrying, no impatient voices in the dressing room urging her to sing better than she had ever sung before. It had been a struggle, a long, bitter procession of years . . . her voice slowly growing stronger until the chance came to sing in the Club. She had grasped it, and then after months of lights and music she had become afraid.

The fear had been nameless . . . a fear of all those eyes seeing her standing before the polished brass of the instruments. What if she should fail to reach some high theme-clinging note? Then the eyes would all laugh. And only a few nights ago she had been completely afraid. For a few seconds of agonizing sound she had felt her breath weakening . . . but she had kept on, and when she looked across the smoke-dim room the watching eyes did not know of her fear.

The girl trembled as the memory came. She laughed sharply and walked to the window and leaned against the wall. She would never go through that nerve-rasping experience again. When this hotel closed she would seek some village where there were no voices to sing . . . only the wind high among bare tree branches that fingered the winter sky.

Then the girl lay down on the bed and slept. As the first long shadows of evening crept in from sea, the fat woman called, and mingling with her voice was the sound of the supper bell. The girl awoke. The sleep had been dreamless, a sleep of exhaustion.

Downstairs, a shuffling of feet and the humming of voices hushed as though they were afraid of breaking into that constant drone of water on the hard, white sand. They

sat about the table. Their eyes blinked in the bright light of the bulbs. And when they spoke, it was of some one who had been there and had died . . . some one like themselves who had come season after season to watch the sea and the shadows of gulls moving across the sand. The fat woman hovered over them, filling the plates and water glasses. It seemed almost a ritual, this passing of the plump body back of the chairs . . . as though to be sure that each one would eat enough to keep life in the year-tired body.

In the first of that evening the girl walked down to the shore. The vastness of the sea and land was all about her, and the sound of water, on the beach now dim with night. At the water edge she paused and listened. It was like music, that low, never-ending beating of the sea. The girl sprang back screaming. A wave had touched her feet. Then she laughed. There had been a sensation of fear in the contact of this chill dampness of incoming tide.

For a long time she looked out over the dark sea. She was free of the lights and prying eyes. She would never have to face them again. But as the girl returned toward the hotel, she trembled. There was something frightening in the water sounds and the sky where stars shone brighter than any stars she had ever seen before. She wondered vaguely if these other people had ever felt that sense of fear when walking away from the incoming tide. Then she smiled. It was all so new. It would take days to become accustomed to the sight of these sleep-filled faces and the movement of the sea.

The days passed. There was no sharp line between them . . . like pages of a book turned by the warm summer wind. The girl drifted into the routine of the place. All day she sat on the roofless veranda, huddled deep in a canvas chair, and watched the waves and far-off smoke tracings against the sky. The memories faded, and even when she tried to call them back they were dim, as though the salt sea wind were slowly filling her mind with sleep . . . while beneath the wind was always that beating of waves upon the

white sand of the shore, like music, lulling all emotions into a pattern of sun-drenched days.

Then one night when the girl was sitting deep in her canvas chair, she became conscious of music. At first she thought it a memory that had come out of half sleep. Her eyes opened, and she saw a ship passing off-shore. It was brightly lighted. Music came on the shore-blowing wind. For a moment it all returned: the club and the eyes, and herself standing in front of the polished brass of instruments. And, above all, how she had been afraid . . . that utter fear of failing after all those years of study. How the eyes would laugh if her voice failed to touch some high theme-twining note.

The girl went to her room, and when she looked from the window the ship had passed from sight and there was no sound but the soft murmur of the dusk-covered ocean.

In the night, she dreamed. At first she was singing, and the notes were high and clear . . . and then the Club faded. She was alone upon the shore. High overhead, gulls wheeled against the blue, their shadows trailing over the white sand. Her eyes followed the shadows and were blinded by row-upon row of bones bleaching in the light of the sun. And as she looked, the sea cast more bones upon the beach. She knew, even though there was no voice there in all that stillness to tell her: These were the bones of people who had come, season after season, to watch the sea. The place had entered into them, and at last taken their bodies, only to lay these last fragments that would outshine the sand. The girl tried to waken, but just when she reached the edge of consciousness the endless sea murmured deeper and drew her back, and the shadows of high-flying gulls drew her feet deeper into the shore.

When she awoke, the girl lay very still for a long time. The dream had faded into a blurred something on the edge of night, the details blending into the sharp, white light of the sun. But under everything was the same sound of waves

sliding up the beach and falling into the greater wetness of the sea.

In the morning light they sat huddled deep in the canvas chairs. The wind fluttered the blankets drawn over their legs, and as she watched, the fat woman paused beside each one and tucked the straying blanket-ends closer about the bone-thin legs.

The woman stopped beside her. "I guess you're finding it perfect here," she said. "They all do. There's not a better place on the coast to rest. And there's something about it that gets into a person. They all keep coming back year after year." The words faded as the fat woman turned and picked up a book that had fallen, and placed it in the lap of a body too sleep-filled to feel the weight.

The girl walked the veranda. She could not sit and watch the sea. There was something in the slow opening of old eyes that filled her with fear. But she would never have to face those other eyes again. . . never have that complete terror of possible failure as she stood beside the shining brass of instruments.

The fat woman said, "Would you mind walking down on the beach? There are so many here that want to sleep."

The girl smiled. Of course they wanted to sleep. It was what they came for . . . to sit all day facing the brightness of sun-covered water and close their eyes against its white sheen. Then the girl started into memory of her dream. She could not enter the hotel. So many people had been there. Thoughts came. They overcame the warm touch of the sea wind upon her face. How soon some of these old forms would be dead, and in her dream she had stepped over bones bleaching in the heat of the sun.

In the heat of noontime, the girl took her coat and walked down the shore. Once she stumbled over some pieces of half-buried driftwood, and screamed. The dream was still keen in her mind. Then she laughed, and the sound was taken away by the wind. She had imagined, in her detachment, that these fragments cast up by the sea were the

bones of some one who had come year after year until death closed his ears to the sound of water coming endlessly to meet the shore.

Well up from the water, the girl spread her coat upon the sand and lay down to sleep. There were no dreams, only the heat of the sun, and when the first coolness of evening came the girl awoke.

As she walked up the shore, long shadows crept over the sand, and the sun sank back of the wet edge of the sea. She moved slowly. There was no need to hurry. There was no need ever to hurry again. Then the girl stopped. She was not alone. Down by the water's edge a man sat in a canvas chair facing the sea. It must be one of the guests, and the fat woman had carried the canvas chair all this way down to the shore. There seemed no end to her care of these people. But the chill of night was coming. She would wake whoever it was.

When the girl stood over the figure she trembled. A sliding dampness crept up the shore and almost touched her feet, only to fall back, leaving the sand shining dark. She leaned far over and spoke. It was Mr. Walters, and his eyes were fixed upon some point far out on the ocean's rim. His lips were smiling. The girl shook his arm and it fell from its place on the chair arm and dangled, his fingers sinking into the sand . . . and as she watched, some small living things scuttled over his hand and he did not draw it away.

The girl touched his face. It was cold with sea-damp and death. She could not take her fingers away. She seemed frozen by fear . . . a nameless fear that grew into stark horror as the tide crept up the shore and broke about the dead feet, swirling in tiny waves. He had come year after year, and the fat woman had said that he wished to die looking at the sea. And now the water was claiming him. Her mind became filled with the dream . . . how, out of the waves, bones had come to lie bleaching in the hot light of the sun.

Then the incoming tide touched her own feet. The sensation brought her back from the horror of the cold, dead flesh beneath her hand. The girl opened her lips and tried to scream, but no sound would come . . . only all about her was the hissing of water creeping inward farther as each wave sought the land.

The girl ran up the beach, not pausing until she reached the road, and then only for an instant . . . to gasp for breath and run faster, as the incoming tide crept higher, bringing with it a greater fear than any eyes of the living could ever make her feel.

Song of Self

By JACK WHEELER TIPPET

I learned in loneliness
 To hear the song
 Of many selves
 Singing in unison
 And heard each solo too
 And in the song
 There sang
 The song of selves that had been
 And selves becoming
 The harmony of melodies
 In hearing the song
 Give strength
 To watch my world
 In more delight and wisdom
 And say
 All is vanity.

George Santayana and the Last Puritan

By DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH

BEFORE the appearance of *The Last Puritan*, George Santayana was known to me principally through the words of his detractors and admirers. To Bliss Perry, one time editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and past master of the literary lecture in America, Santayana was merely the most irreconcilable and diabolical of Harvard's philosophical great. Though amicable to his congenial colleague, Professor Royce, he was an ever-lacerating thorn in the side of his chief, William James. Poor James, weighed down with departmental administration at a time when he labored at the Herculean task of laying the basis of American philosophy, found this Spanish Catholic with his incisive intellect and caustic wit the most galling part of his load. Such was the reminiscence of Professor Perry, literary craftsman of romantic leanings and permanent advocate of the fruitful criticism of beauties in its case against the barren criticism of faults.

Irving Babbitt, the humanist, who gained international repute through his great admiration for and abhorrence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, had another tale to tell. He remembered Santayana as the champion of the humanistic virtues in philosophy and of the genteel tradition in life and letters. Santayana, with the clairvoyance that came from his never-ceasing quest for the wisdom of the ages, was willing to accept the opprobrium which always falls upon him who is more loyal to principles than to persons. If James, in his search for an isle of utility or a philosophic buoy to sustain American materialism, had been swept away by his own propensity for fiction, inadvertently to fall below the level of intellectual integrity, into a gulf of wishful thinking, Santayana, accustomed to taking his own bearings by clear-eyed observation and by the lode-star of the Ancients, was not the man to join with the philosophic rabble in cheering him for

perspicuity and accomplishment. To Professor Babbitt, Santayana was urbane, ironical, slightly too poetic, yet a staunch supporter of the classical tradition in its struggle to maintain intellectual values, and a firm believer in the desirability of preserving the tradition of the gentleman and the scholar, at all costs.

In the light of these remarks heard long ago, I was not surprised to find *The Last Puritan* a provoking book, an aristocratic book. It is almost nihilistically aristocratic, for Mr. Santayana's values are absolute values, and, in the light of what amounts to Platonic idealism in this respect, he finds that even the so-called upper class in modern society is, through its vulgarity and its triviality, hopelessly second class. In thus brushing aside the pretensions of even the most exclusive men and women, he actually abolishes all class distinction, and is able to appraise human beings at their true value. With all his philosophical detachment he is warm and friendly and enters sympathetically into the lives of the humble, as well as the great.

To understand all is to pardon all, and this man has an unnatural amount of understanding. Not only is he at home in philosophy and psychology, but, trained in an age when the philosopher took all knowledge for his province, he is equally at home in art, in literature, and to a lesser degree in music. His is the education which Henry Adams sought all his life without finding, and, like Henry Adams, Santayana has lived all his life in the best company on both sides of the Atlantic. He was born in Spain, and, like T. S. Eliot, the Missourian, another writer once around the department of philosophy at Harvard, he has in recent years made his home in Europe.

When two men are found in similar haunts, each of them internationally famous in aesthetics, in poetry, and in philosophy, their similarity of condition can not be ignored; a comparison is well-nigh obligatory. In my opinion, Santayana excels Eliot in prose style, in philosophy, and in general profundity of thought. Where Eliot is abstract and

obscure, Santayana is concrete and clear; where Eliot is snobbish and exclusive, Santayana is kind and comprehensive. Both agree in their condemnation of the stodgy self-sufficiency of Boston blue-blood and in their hatred of the stupid self-complacency of the mill-town aristocrat of New England. Though Eliot is the greater poet, perhaps nothing he has written will outlive *The Last Puritan*.

The Last Puritan is as extraordinary an amalgam of thought and feeling as has ever been confined between two covers. Its composition is said to have occupied the author nineteen years, and each word and phrase in its six hundred pages seems as carefully selected and as polished as it would be were it intended to form a part of a single sonnet. It is not easy reading. The strangeness of the social and intellectual landscape leaves the beginner slightly confused. And when philosophical questions are raised about the utility or futility of the lives of the characters, no ready answer is forthcoming. Is this philosopher-turned-novelist so Olympian in his indifference that he has no philosophy at all? Does he admire lechers, dope-fiends, suicides, and murderers? And finally, is he holding up Puritanism as a noble ideal or is he attacking it? These questions were not answered for the present reviewer until he had read the book a second time.

Academic experts in the technique of the novel were troubled on another score. Prose fiction was subject to laws as old as *The Arabian Nights*, and here all the traditional methods of telling a tale successfully were absent. Perhaps it would have been slightly more tolerable if Santayana, instead of calling his book "a memoir in the form of a novel," and thus flaunting all obligation to antiquity and the academicians, had called it a novel in the form of a memoir. At all events, here was another thousand-legged worm in the world of fiction, a specimen which could not be handled with the conventional instrument, and defied bottling and even classification. One thing was certain, Santayana, for years corralled in Harvard Yard with William James, had some-

where met his brother, Henry James, creator of the international novel. And if William James wrote psychologies that read like novels, and Henry James novels that read like psychologies, George Santayana had somehow profited by their experience and had combined both streams of tendency in one book.

Now, if inner action, which concerns the psychologist, is just as important as outer action, if Wordsworth was right in believing that the feeling and the thought are more significant than the event and situation which give rise to them, one cannot agree with the critics who insist that the book is lacking in plot and architectonic skill. Santayana is making use of an entirely new technique, and they are so busy quarreling with the convention, with the psychological medium in which he pictures the minds and relates the inner life of his characters, that the whole book seems to them artificial and unreal. And so does a tin soldier, and so does a bronze statue, to those who insist that no soldier is made of tin, that no trooper has blue paint instead of eyes, that no horse has hair of bronze and no man a skin of metal. Perhaps, like Wordsworth and Coleridge at the turn of the century, Santayana must wait until his art has cultivated the taste necessary for its own acceptance and enjoyment.

His method of portraying characters, which can be regarded either as the blemish or the glory of his book, is based upon a fundamental truth of human nature. The feeling of every normal human being at a given instant is composed of instincts from within, sensations from without, plus the reflections of the mind upon both these indigenous and these exotic elements. Though the cultivated intellect can more easily translate the complexity of feeling into words, nevertheless as all consciousness is made up of the same internal and external elements, the same compound of emotions is present but inarticulate in the untutored mind. If the streetsweeper or the scrubwoman could unravel the internal tangle of the thoughts and emotions which make up consciousness at a given moment, even their words would

be philosophical, subtle, and full of the most delicate distinctions. Shakespeare enables his characters to express their private emotions by endowing them with his own gift of language. Santayana allows his Harvardians, Etonians, sailors, and inn-dames to develop the philosophical speculations latent in their minds by bequeathing them his peculiar gift of philosophy. Accept the convention and the unreality disappears. For the real part of any person is consciousness rather than profile, inside rather than outside.

For the serious reader, *The Last Puritan* is a rich mine of experience. Through it he finds himself in a society and in an intellectual environment ordinarily denied to all but the extremely well-to-do. Hereditary wealth has enabled its aristocracy to choose, without financial limitation, rare ways of life and exquisite forms of amusement. The most positive character in the book glides o'er the seven seas in a boat which is half sailing-machine, half floating-museum. In following the ramifications of his family, in Boston, in New York, and in London, we find ourselves behind the most impenetrable of social barriers, sensing the magnificence and the triviality of families with every advantage of wealth, of cultivation, and of position.

From an atmosphere stuffy with heavy velvet trappings, we escape with the young men of the family into the freer, yet still conventional, milieu of school and college. We take up residence in Eton, in Harvard, and in Oxford, oases in a desert of worldliness, at times appearing more barren than the world from which they are the refuge. After some tarrying and some approval we are glad that the imaginative sweep of the author moves ever in the direction of the sea, and, once on the deck of whatever craft is sailing, we soon admit that man's best moments, like his worst, are found on shipboard.

The Last Puritan is protean like the old man of the sea. It has many forms and many functions. First, the story itself is a Platonic dialogue within a framework of Platonic dialogue. Philosophy is again made flesh and blood,

with something of the same literary excellence as is found in Plato. Then, it is a treatise on the philosophy of education. Next, it is a catalog of all the good things of this world, spiritual and carnal, intellectual and artistic. In another moment, it is an international gallery of types—the American, the Englishman, the Teuton, the Latin. Then again, it is a collection of literary images and phrases as remarkable as lines in a great poem. Finally, it is a manual for a personal philosophy and a guide-book to the enjoyment of things, not as they ought to be, but as they are actually found on this earth.

Is not the implication in the last phrase one of sheer hedonism? What philosophy of life *does* the author advocate? Santayana says unequivocally in the introductory dialogue that there follows the story of "Puritanism Self-condemned." "Puritanism is a natural reaction against nature." The true Puritan "is not one of those romantic cads who want to experience everything." He'd "rather be desolate than drunk." He keeps "himself for what is best." He is "conscious of being, and determined to remain . . . self-directed and inflexibly himself." Artistically his case is best presented by his self-indulgent friends

"I don't prefer austerity for myself as against abundance, against intelligence, against the irony of ultimate truth. But I see that in itself, as a statuesque object, austerity is more beautiful, and I like it in others." And "one is never happier than when other people are good."

George Santayana is "not arguing or proving or criticizing anything, but painting a picture." He would but enable the reader "to turn with greater intellectual gaiety to the carnival of facts and ideas filling the world." This concept is not indifferent to morality. If we "could only learn to look at human things inhumanly, mightn't they, too, become intelligible and inoffensive?" In other words, George Santayana is as good a Catholic as Chaucer, who was willing in many points to trust *le bon dieu*:

"There is an obscure natural order in the universe, controlling morality as it controls health; an order which we don't need to impose because we are all obeying it willy-nilly."

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH.

Sublimation

By WILLIAM RADLOFF

Upon this deadened log he lay,
Yet he saw the forest quenched by fire;
And trembling, hurled a torch of it,—
And blackened hung his hands, like night
Within the forest doomed.

Anthem of Silence

By MAUDE E. COLE

Never will mountains
Be emptied of peace,
Though millions of souls
Drink deep and long,
Invisible streams of it
Flow without cease
In rhythmic tones
Of unending song.

Time may heap centuries,
Storms thunder down,
Man blast and tunnel,
But neither will mar
The anthem of silence
That lifts till the crown
Of a mountain is linked
To the wing of a star.

For the Coronado Cuarto Centennial

By T. M. PEARCE

OUR MEMORIES of Coronado will be sharpened in the next three years by much rehearsing of the facts of history. We expect the historians to keep us facing the familiar and the unfamiliar outlines of the various *jornadas*, sites, and episodes in the great conquistador's career. Not only for Coronado, but for others in the exploring and colonizing period of the Southwest are our curiosity and appetite whetted. And those historians, too, the poets, dramatists, novelists, must bring the history of the soul of the centuries here as the pageant spreads before Coronado's time, and since.

The dispute between the historians and the poets is an old one, each claiming, from the days of the Greeks to our own, to present life with greater fidelity. Let the dispute go on; it will not be settled; but let the history of both sorts proceed.

Haniel Long, of Santa Fe, has issued through Writers' Editions a little book called *Interlinear to Cabeza de Vaca*. It is the poet's interpretation of De Vaca's *Journey from Florida to the Pacific*, of which Long says in his introductory note: "It is the story of a disaster in Spanish colonial history and the king's personal finances. Yet, in the world of the individual, it is a story of a triumph." Long does not try to dramatize the journey in a fictional sense; the drama he finds is in the mind and spirit of De Vaca as he comes to view life through hardships in a new land befriended by the heathen whom he has come to subjugate, whom he sees enslaved and robbed by the superior power of his European colleagues.

"A gulf, deeper than ocean, yawns between the old world and the new," Cabeza writes to his king; "and what by now I was accustomed to, would startle a burgher of Madrid or of Salamanca." The wanderers found power within themselves of healing, and visiting these virtues

upon the savages, their leader calls to mind the heretics he has seen burning in the arms of the iron prophets in Seville, for proclaiming powers not sanctioned by Holy Church. It is almost as a pilgrimage to truth that these men lived without the limitations of creeds and racial barriers with which they had been stored coming from Spain.

The worst lay in parting little by little with the thoughts that clothe the soul of a European, and most of all of the idea that a man attains strength through dirk and dagger, and serving in your Majesty's guard. We had to surrender such fantasies till our inward nakedness was the nakedness of an unborn babe, starting life anew in a womb of sensations which in themselves can mysteriously nourish. Several years went by before I could relax in that living plexus for which even now I have no name; but only when at last I relaxed, could I see the possibilities of a life in which to be deprived of Europe was not to be deprived of too much.

When Cabeza returns to his own kind he finds they wish to enslave his Indian companions; that they have laid waste to the land, burning villages, carrying off as their victims the women and children and many of the men.

Our Indians considered this point of view. They answered that the real Christians apparently lied, that we could not possibly be Christians. For we appeared out of sunrise, they out of sunset; we cured the sick, while they killed even the healthy; we went naked and barefoot, while they wore clothes, and rode horseback and stuck people with lances; we asked for nothing and gave away all we were given, while they never gave anybody anything and had no other aim than to steal.

Cabeza de Vaca realizes that he is facing the Spanish gentleman he himself had been eight years before. He notices that as he learns to wear shoes again, as he is protected by the soldiery and the law, that his concern about his neighbor's needs grows less and less. While with the

Indians he thought only about doing them good. Back among his fellow countrymen, he turns over charity to the state, to the church. "We regard our native land as a power which acts of itself, and relieves us each of exertion . . . If one lives where all suffer and starve, one acts on one's own impulse to help. But where plenty abounds, we surrender our generosity, believing that our country replaces us each and several. This is not so, and indeed a delusion. On the contrary the power of maintaining life in others, lives within each of us, and from each of us does it recede when unused."

This is the interlinear to the *relacion* of Cabeza de Vaca, an interlinear to each of us to ask how much of our own Christianity we unload on the institutions representing it and how much of freedom we have really won from our European background of religious, racial, political barriers to brotherhood and common humanity.

Mrs. Alice Corbin Henderson, another member of Writers' Editions, the co-operative publishing group in Santa Fe which has added such distinguished contributions to recent literature, has written a poem provoked by the book just reviewed. She calls it "Cabeza de Vaca Remembers . . ." and inscribes it "For Haniel Long, Interlinear to his *Interlinear to Cabeza de Vaca*." Permission comes from Mrs. Henderson to reproduce it in the QUARTERLY.

CABEZA DE VACA REMEMBERS

By ALICE CORBIN

The sense of beings like ourselves,
 Soft-footed, close to the animals,
 (Understanding animals better than they could under-
 stand us!)
 Killing, but with less rapacity—
 Bodies poised beautiful in love, or danger—
 Curious cunning of work—clay bowls, turquoise—
 Running pattern of life—
 Flesh keen,
 Sense clean to the scent (beyond ours),

CORONADO CUARTO CENTENNIAL [49

Forest-wise, rain-wise,
Sun-worshipping—why not?
More child than man (if we call ourselves men):
Seeing them, we began to see ourselves . . .

—Was it for this we were shipwrecked?
Was it for this, even after,
Deranged by hunger, we were thrown on that island?
Out of the world—degraded
To be lifted again on a wave?
O all-seeing eye of the sun!
Forgetfulness—no remembrance—
Hunger—wet roots, and the tears
Shed over our salt-drenched bodies!

If a dog laps a wound it seems natural!
We feared for the touch of our kind:
Had we not maimed those in Florida—all we could?

And then
When they asked something of us

This secret came to us—
This power, not to be made use of,
Save when, without thought of gain,
It is realized
That having nothing, we have all . . .

Afterward—long afterward,
How strange
To find we could not endure
Clothes, houses, or men like ourselves . . .

Sire . . .
We have suffered greatly—
We deserve to be rewarded:
We have lost all we had
When we had nothing . . .

Smoke Talk

Comment and Correspondence

A KING'S A MAN

UNEASY LIES the head that wears a crown, especially when the wearer seeks the woman of his heart in opposition to the thou shalt not of his responsible ministers, and when the spirit of the past, hovering over the teacups in Mayfair, struggles valiantly to defend the old against the new, to maintain the conventions of the ages weakening under the easier-going democracy of the twentieth century, all aided by the stern leaders of the church, those arch-defenders of the status quo, who lend the dignity and weight of their counsels and sincere convictions that the king should be denied his desire. These indeed make the path to love seem difficult and fraught with grave consequences as the wooer stubbornly maintained his purpose with the crown teetering on his head and the empire rocking under foot. The vibrations were not to be ignored lightly; much depended on the outcome, the happiness of a man and a woman and the workings of a parliamentary government.

The king is popularly considered a figure-head in politics, supported largely at public expense as a symbol of unity among English-speaking peoples the world over. But he is more than a mere symbol, more than a figure to be paraded on public occasions like medieval mummary to the gratification of his people; his is the duty to select the leaders of the government who can command a majority of votes in the House of Commons, and to him the ministry are constitutionally responsible for the proper exercise of those powers of office momentarily entrusted into their keeping. Subject to their advice and even to their commands His Majesty governs in the home of representative government; over the affairs of an empire he presides and the boast is made that the sun never sets on his jurisdiction.

Perhaps there was one jurisdiction, one field of government, one spot warmed by the sunshine that beams from the eyes of a beautiful woman in love, the domain of the heart, that was exempt from the advice of his counsellors. But even into that spiritual precinct the ministers dared to intrude when they thought the affairs of state demanded such action. And whether they were justified in their belief and action was the momentous question of the hour. Could the temporal affairs of government be properly administered without delving into the private affairs of the monarch? Did an affair of the heart carry such weight in politics that it could not be ignored by the Government? In theory it might be overlooked, but theory is a potential danger, to the extent that the results of its application cannot be foreseen clearly. Once a precedent is established many ramifications may appear in the body politic.

The assertion of independence of action when his personal life was affected in that most intimate phase of life, a wife, home, and children, struck a popular chord of approval. The Londoners, in part, cheered the bold knight errant as he planned to carry a bride across the threshold of his castle in the face of the strong disapproval of the personification of John Bull. And cheering him for his gallantry in love, so might they have cheered him for courageous action in those fields much closer to their own interests, their homes, their health, and their happiness. Many are the seamy sides of modern life in the humbler quarters of a big city. Only a popular leader is needed sometimes to remedy conditions that appall the observer. But a leader who can surmount the party lines of modern politics might not fit in well with the system under which parliamentary government is carried on.

That system is conditioned on the existence of two political parties, a party in control while it receives public favor and a party in opposition longing for the position held by their political enemies. In this scheme of affairs the king is a neutral observer influencing the course of affairs only by

the advice that he may give, advice that the responsible ministers may accept or reject as they see best for the continuation of their power and policies. In a contest of wills between the crowned head and the political chiefs it is constitutionally possible for the monarch to dismiss his advisers from office, but that is a useless move unless there are new leaders present who can command a majority of votes in his behalf in the House of Commons. And if the issue were pushed to the ultimate it could only be decided by the people.

The practice of appealing to His Majesty's subjects to decide conflicts between the two parties in Parliament has given public opinion an increasing importance in the affairs of state, especially since the ministers have even appealed to the voters over the heads of a refractory parliament rather than surrender the reigns of government. Should the king have followed the example set by the politicians and called upon his people to support him in a contest with the party in power, calling for such support through the agencies of the leaders of the opposition party, a new departure for the present age would have been introduced into politics. A victory for the opposition, for the champions of a sore beset king, would be a triumph for the king, a victory for a popular hero; traditionalism would have given way to innovation, past centuries to the twentieth century, conservatism to liberalism, Victorianism to flapperism, and aristocracy to democracy. Many were the potential changes in the workings of government from such an outcome. However, the verdict was rendered without public judgment; the Government acted as jury and judge and presumed to know what the people wanted.

The king shall not marry a commoner was the dictum, but why should a commoner be taboo for the throne in an age when the crowned heads have lost much of their sanctity? Would the loss of prestige that has come with the years be accentuated by a break with the hoary tradition that royalty must mate with royalty, that blue blood is superior to red

blood and vitally necessary at times for the public welfare? Perhaps, but the distinctions in blood have long been subject to questioning and criticism as an anachronism in an age when all men are born free and equal, when the Creator endowed them with certain inalienable rights, among which is the pursuit of happiness. The blood of the commoner has often flowed into the life stream of the nobility, even into that of royalty, and it will flow again. Traditionalism has been conquered before and it is doomed to taste the sting of defeat many a times more as man struggles onward to realize his destiny; the today gives way to the morrow, and the morrow is not quite the same as yesterday.

But perhaps a commoner was not the real obstacle to the consummation of the love match of the century. A commoner indeed was involved, but one of a special class, one from the lower ranks of the social structure, a democratic commoner rather than an aristocratic commoner, a woman who favored social behaviors not in strict keeping with the pre-war era, and, unfortunately, one who had tread the path of matrimony before and had broken the solemn promise until death do us part. This was an obstacle that the conservative leader could not surmount and the liberals were not permitted to aid in scaling the mountainous molehill. No indeed, he wrestled with the problem like a Christian with the devil, seeking no aid and comfort from his colleagues until the struggle increased in intensity and he felt less sure of his tactics. The final result was the loss of a crown for a woman's love.

Was the decision wise, was it best for the future strength of the throne, for royalty that constitutes a link in the chair of imperial unity? Well may it be questioned. When woman has achieved equality with man, this man-made institution should court the new powers in the state. A woman who could aspire to become queen would naturally, if not logically, support an institution that provided the opportunity for such an exalted social position, for the wearing of jewels in abundance and the dressing in silks and,

satins that gladdens the feminine heart. A hundred million women with such a career not beyond the realm of possibility would provide a firmer foundation for the royal dais than the select few could ever do, select not from the side of superior beauty, intelligence, and wit, but by one of those accidents of birth that exert such a profound influence on life. Now that the path has been closed to the mass of gentler souls with a "no trespass" sign, indifference reigns in their hearts, no prince charming will look for his Cinderella among the commoners clinging to the lower rungs of the social ladder, and an aristocratic medieval institution in a democratic age will hasten its departure to the museum of antiques, there to be sheltered and preserved for the public gaze as an example that the world moves on.

May well the leader of the conservative reaction ponder the wisdom of his action. An ex-king in exile will remain a stimulus to keeping the question alive, "why?" Why must a throne be sacrificed for love? Why must this last sanctuary of a man's independent thinking be invaded because he rules an empire, especially when he has renounced his interest and power in political and economic fields of governmental activity? But the die is cast. A crown has fallen, and in falling its lustre will never again be quite the same shining brightness that it used to be; the jewels on the underside have been pressed into the mire, the golden frame has received a dent that will be a testimonial to a decision wrongly made in a crisis when a king was a man. The portly squire may yet be recorded on the pages of history as the bungler.

FRANK D. REEVE.

Albuquerque, N. M.

AMERICANISM—MY DEFINITION

Reading about Americanism in the *QUARTERLY* has moved me also to try my hand at definition.

According to the editors of *Webster's New International Dictionary* (2nd edition, 1934), usage defines it as, "1. Attachment or loyalty to the United States, its traditions,

interests, or ideals." My definition changes the second *or* to *and*.

Interests and ideals, and even traditions, vary among individuals and classes, but within a class there is a distinguishable, effective mean, just as there is a statistical average speed and mass of the multifarious molecules within a gas. Roughly, the people, yes, are classified as

I	Laborers	-----	60 per cent
II	Farmers	-----	18
III	Salaried people and employers		
	getting less than \$3,000 a year		20
IV	\$3,000 a year or more	-----	2

My idea of Americanism embraces the traditions and ideals, and especially the interests, of the laborers and farmers, and therefore also includes the long-range interests of class III.

I am proud of American tradition: the American Revolution and other struggles against British imperialism, the Jefferson election, the Jackson election, the freeing of the slaves, the 1936 election; ashamed of the Mexican War, the Spanish-American War; proud of the democratic ideals of the World War, ashamed of the imperialistic facts.

The mean of present interests, and of ideals for the future, of laborer and farmer may be summed up as present economic security with a rising living standard, political freedom likewise growing, international peace. My Americanism does not merely trail along with the average conception, but aspires to point out the best way to this future, to be a guide to action.

According to Webster's definition "2," Americanism may also mean "an American characteristic." Probably the most notable American characteristic is American efficiency, which grew up in what was the freest country in the world combined with an expanding frontier. American efficiency is a characteristic to be proud of, but it can't grow on relief. If we can utilize American efficiency in the struggle for the

future, Americanism in the twentieth century will become an even greater, a far greater, cause of astonishment and emulation in the world than was the Americanism of the nineteenth century.

RONALD K. DEFORD, *Geologist.*

Roswell, New Mexico, and Midland, Texas.

A BALLADE OF HISTORIANS

(Dedicated to the Committee of the
Coronado Cuarto Centennial.)

Where was Puaray, Alameda,
Where Sandia—who can tell?
What was Ku-a-ua, now restor-ed ,
All dressed up for the Centen-nel!
Where was the shifting Rio Grande,
Which was the off bank, which the near,
Right or left, or east or west bank—
WHERE ARE THE PUEBLOS OF YESTERYEAR?

Where San Juan de los Caballeros?
Where, oh where, was San Gabriel?
Where was the chapel of Juan Bautista,
Where the first capital—who can tell?
Who was it founded our ancient villa,
Oñate, Peralta?—oh, dear, oh dear,
Much it grieveth the soul to ponder—
WHERE ARE THE PUEBLOS OF YESTERYEAR?

Where were Senecu and Socorro?
Where Quivira—I'd love to know!
Where, oh where, did De Vaca wander,
In or out, of New Mexico?
Where was the Red House, Chichilticalli,
Where did Fray Marcos get, how near
To the Seven Cities, now known as Zuñi—
WHERE ARE THE PUEBLOS OF YESTERYEAR?

Prince, each one has a different version,
Twitchell, and Hackett, and Bandelier,
Hewett, and Bolton, and Hodge, and Hammond—
WHERE ARE THE PUEBLOS OF YESTERYEAR?

ALICE CORBIN.

Santa Fe, N. M.



Los Paisanos

Saludo a todos paisanos:

The early Spring "showings" of the literary mode prove extremely interesting. All indications point toward the fact that the creators of thought, purveyors of ideas, and makers of romance will use the same materials which have been so popular the past several seasons. "Isms" of every variety will be featured, ranging all the way from motley to the most violent hues. Some entirely new patterns of domestic weave have appeared on the market, samples of which are being widely shown throughout the land. Embroidered assertion of varying widths will be again combined with propaganda in order to create the effect of fact. Ideas will be gathered, and tucks will be obvious where scholarship ends. Red will be popular, in spite of the fact that it is extremely trying even for those who naturally wear it well. Pinks of all shades will be used with the deeper tones of blues.

Nothing new or sensational has appeared in regard to line. Maxwell Anderson continues to drape the Unities with fancy; Hollywood with "blah." Plots are no longer fashionable with some designers. Sylvia Chatefield Bates is again stressing mood for the short story with decided suggestions of reality. The ultra-fashionable will not be caught dead using the surprise ending but it will probably never lose its appeal for "the slicks" because it is so easy to slip into. Most every style creator emphasizes its effectiveness for the short-short. Of course there are the usual frills and furbelows for "the eternal triangle." Forms are not nearly as important as they once were, but figures still count.

Our own personal belief is that any one can drag out any old thing they happen to have on hand, and freshen it

up a bit by adding a few more feet of blank verse, a touch of defense mechanism, a deeper flounce of sex, or several pleatings of murder and send it off to the publisher. Who knows they may even get a contract. Oh, yes! We almost forgot. White, pink, and blue slips tinged with regret will be used for formal occasions and come in all sizes.

By far the most interesting publication of this season, for many of us, is Erna Fergusson's *Guatemala* which Knopf is releasing for sale the last of this month. Every one regrets that Miss Fergusson will not be here to receive the congratulations of her many friends upon the publication of her third important book. At the present time she is in Guatemala supervising the Latin-American Seminar . . . Jim Threlkeld of the New Mexico Book Store tells us that he had a letter from Conrad Richter the other day. Another book is in the offing, and Mr. Richter has already signed his contract with Knopf. His *Sea of Grass*, which appeared serially in the *Saturday Evening Post* last fall is now out in book form, and has gone through three editions.

Another important Spring publication will be Paul Horgan's *A Lamp on the Plains*, which is a sequel to Mr. Horgan's *Main Line West*. It is not a book a year with this prolific young author. It's several. Banks-Upshaw are bringing out in the near future a *History of New Mexico*, which is the joint work of Mr. Horgan and Major Fulton of the New Mexico Military Institute . . . The Naylor Company, San Antonio, recently published a very interesting book by Joseph H. and James R. Toulouse, well known New Mexicans. It is called *Pioneer Posts*. The authors have searched back through the records of the U. S. War Department for interesting material about the early posts of Texas. Legends and epic deeds which the public do not know about are presented as well as accurate descriptions of the Alamo and other forts . . .

Buckboard Days, which the Caxton Printers have published, is edited by Eugene Cunningham. It is the story of John Poe, the Kentucky farm boy who became in turn a buf-

falo hunter, cowman, peace officer, and banker. Poe was deputy sheriff under Pat Garrett on the night that Garrett killed Billy the Kid. The book is illustrated with several photographs from the famous Rose collection of San Antonio . . . Stanley Vestal has written a new book called *Mountain Men*, which Houghton-Mifflin are publishing . . . Trappers and Indian fighters of the old Southwest will be presented in the true Vestal manner . . . On April 27th, MacMillans are reissuing John A. Lomax's *Cowboy Songs and Other Ballads* . . . Louis Warner, of Santa Fe, has written a very scholarly book on Archbishop Lamy. Years were given to research and trips were made to Rome for accurate data . . . Paul A. Jones, editor of the Lyons Publishing Company, wrote a book on *Quivira* some years ago which, of course, featured Coronado. It went into a second edition, and he has just finished preparing the third edition which will have twelve new chapters. He has made three trips to Mexico since the last publication and has a great deal of new and hitherto unknown information concerning the man we are all supposed to be getting excited about, so the book should prove valuable . . . Dudley Wynn, of the English Department of the University of New Mexico, will have an article on the late Mary Austin in the April number of the *Virginia Quarterly*.

Hasta la proxima,

JULIA KELEHER.

Book Reviews

The Chaco Canyon and Its Monuments—Edgar L. Hewett—University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque—236 pp., ill.—\$2.50.

The series of Handbooks of Archaeological History planned by Dr. E. L. Hewett, of which series the volume *The Chaco Canyon and Its Monuments* is the first to be published, is planned for those who desire dependable information about American Archaeology. This series will give sound, fundamental knowledge, and will assist readers in visualizing the human life as experienced in aboriginal America, with interpretations of the life of living communities so closely linked to past cultures.

The author strives to keep the series free from technicalities, and furnishes authentic material in condensed form for use in the Science of Man.

Part I of *The Chaco Canyon and Its Monuments* deals with the desert, the canyon, and the ruined towns. Dr. Hewett describes the physiographic features of the canyon, depicting the influence of the desert on man and emphasizes that here, man, for centuries, made these great monuments to his vast endeavors, but that on the desert he made no lasting impression.

The ruined towns of Chaco: Pueblo Bonito, Pueblo del Arroyo, Chetro Ketl, Casa Rinconada, Pueblo Alto, Tsin Kletzin, Peñasco Blanco, Hungo Pavi, Una Vida, Wiji, Pueblo Pintado, Kin Klizhin, Kin Biniola, and Kin Ya-ah, an outpost thirty miles south of the Chaco, are briefly described in Part I.

Under the title, "The Stones come to Life," Dr. Hewett, in Part II, discusses excavation problems in general and more specifically gives a type project in his analysis of the excavation of Chetro Ketl. The author emphasizes that "correct excavation is the first business of the archaeologist," since through his works we are to recover, preserve, study, and pass on to future generations the imperishable

works of past ages. In view of this fact, a suggestive outline for the order of excavation is submitted.

Dr. Hewett, after spending some forty years of research in field, laboratory, and classroom, studying both New World and Old World prehistory, concludes that a manual of excavation "that can be very useful cannot be written."

The work in the Chaco Canyon includes a study of the extinct people, their life and achievements, including the natural and ethnological factors. Ceiling, flooring, wall construction, doorways, windows, patterns of masonry, successive stories, kivas crowding and cutting into one another, shafts, towers, cists, vaults, pits, sealed niches, and other features are considered.

The great sanctuaries received special study. In 1921, a circular structure of first importance was excavated, a great bowl sixty feet in diameter. In connection with this sanctuary interesting features are described: wall masonry, recess, stairway, pits, holes for columns for roof support, altar, etc. Comparisons are made between this great Chaco sanctuary and the structure excavated at Aztec on the San Juan, the triple-walled tower described by Holmes, a structure found in Aztec, Mexico, and a structure found at Rinconada. The author describes the lower level of the great bowl at Chetro Ketl as "the most convincing ancient sanctuary," with perfect preservation of walls, terraces, altar, fire-vaults, masonry for buttressing of columns for roof support, and ten sealed crypts for depositing ceremonial offerings, with every deposit intact.

Among unusual features encountered in excavation at Chetro Ketl are "tower kivas," specialized type of sanctuaries, which are described in detail, having upper and lower chambers, and triple walls insuring seclusion.

Part III sets forth special studies in which are considered: the arts of Chaco Canyon, the burial customs, influence of the cliff walls, the water question and time factors. An emphasis is placed on the ceramic arts, and lapidary work; the burial practices are considered a profound mystery; the

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cliff walls were useful, but may have been a cause leading to the exodus of the people; the farming operations were carried on by means of irrigation, the best example of irrigation works in the entire Chaco system being found at Kin Biniola, a ruin ten miles southwest of Pueblo Bonito.

Dr. Hewett derives his broad arrangement of American chronology from an interpretation of the Mayan calendar and later systems which grew out of it in Middle America, but gives it only as a tentative arrangement.

In Part IV, the author presents summaries. The traits and tendencies of the Chaqueños are summed up as follows: predominance of domestic community spirit; dependence upon agriculture, with hunting as a secondary means of subsistence; resourcefulness in meeting of environmental conditions; exuberance in the building impulse; mastery in stone masonry; efficiency in ceramic art; intensive religious activity.

The appendices include problems of special interest. Here the author deals with historical aspects, early explorations, physiography, excavations, and related field studies, chronology, early ceramic studies, and measures for protection, preservation, and study of Chaco Canyon ruins.

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MAMIE TANQUIST MILLER.

A Further Range—Robert Frost—Henry Holt and Co., 1936—\$2.00
The People, Yes—Carl Sandburg—Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1936—\$2.50.

It is a memorable event for lovers of poetry when a new volume of poems, by such poets as Frost and Sandberg, appear the same year, especially when we reflect that Frost has not published since 1928 and Sandburg since 1930.

A Further Range is the usual slim Frost volume. Forty poems, 102 pages, 1,450 lines, the longest poem containing 292 lines. The dedication implies that the poet thinks there is a continuous theme running through the poem, but it is hard for a reader to find it. The titles of the poems are

peculiarly arresting, couched as they are in Frost's allusive and even cryptic phrases. What would a reader expect, for example, from these titles:

"The White-tailed Hornet, or The Revision of Theories," "The Old Barn at the Bottom of the Fogs, or Class Prejudice Afoot," "On Taking from the Top to Broaden the Base," "On a Bird Singing in Its Sleep."

Whatever answer he was looking for, he probably would not find it.

My favorites? Those listed above, with these others: "The Figure in the Doorway"; "Built Soil—A Political Pastoral"; "A Record Stride"; "Desert Places"; "Two Tramps in Mud Time"; "Leaves Compared with Flowers"; "The Strong Are Saying Nothing"; "On the Heart's Beginning to Cloud the Mind"; "Moon Compasses"; "Unharvested"; and some of the epigrams from "Ten Mills."

Here are a few characteristic passages:

The sun was warm but the wind was chill.
You know how it is with an April day
When the sun is out and the wind is still,
You're one month on in the middle of May.
But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,
A wind comes off the frozen peak,
And you're two months back in the middle of March.
A bluebird comes tenderly up to alight.
And fronts the wind to unruffle a plume,
His song so pitched as not to excite
A single flower as yet to bloom.
It is snowing a flake: and he half knew
Winter was only playing possum.
Except in color he isn't blue,
But he wouldn't advise a thing to blossom.

"Two Tramps in Mud Time."

It's knowing what to do with things that counts.

"At Woodward's Gardens."

The mountain stood exalted in its place.
So love will take between the hands a face . . .

"Moon Compases."

I never dared be radical when young,
For fear it would make me conservative when old.

"Ten Mills."

Light was a paste of pigment in our eyes.

"Iris by Night."

Most of Frost is in these lines. His loving insight into the little things of Nature; his somewhat grudging tenderness; his reticent wisdom; his flavor of Yankee idiom; his quiet humor; his epigrammatic quality; his allusiveness; his cryptic conciseness; and, above all, his restrained and, at times, unexpected beauty, which catches at the throat and "breaks in the heart like a flower," as Masefield phrases it. These unexpectedly poignant lines are what I look for now in Frost; there are few of them, though, in this present volume.

Almost the same age as Frost (around sixty), Sandburg seems, at first glance, entirely different. Frost, though born in San Francisco, writes almost exclusively of New England; he sometimes appears almost parochial alongside of Sandburg, a product of that Middle West whose sagas he sings. Both are college men. Frost has farmed and taught, and is still teaching; Sandburg has engaged in a wide variety of occupations. Frost's titles seem to be an integral part of his poems; Sandburg uses no titles at all for the divisions of his poem. There is little slang, no vulgarity, in Frost's book; Sandburg's contains both. Both poets use imagery sparingly, none of their figures being of the extended or heroic type. Nature is chiefly the source of Frost's comparisons, the life of man that of Sandburg's. Frost uses the forms of verse made memorable by generations of English and American poets; Sandburg writes only in free verse. Frost gives a reader the impression of detachment from his subject, as if he were looking at it objectively, an impression, however, which is dispelled when one comes to know his poetry and realizes what a depth of feeling burns below his New England reluctance to display his emotions; Sandburg flings his feelings on the page, white-hot and sprawly; it is

true, however, that there is less of the loud, assertive poet of "Chicago" in "The People, Yes," though, strangely enough, one finds also less of the quiet yet thrilling beauty of such poems as "For You," or "Explanations of Love."

In "The People, Yes," there are 286 pages, 107 divisions, and nearly 7,000 lines, all free verse. The longest division contains 230 lines.

The subject? "The People," of course. The people: laughing, crying, hating, loving; cynical and believing, superstitious and skeptical, profane and reverent, hoping and despairing, groaning in the depths, singing on the heights; working and unemployed; doers and dreamers of dreams; superficial, yet deep; eaters of hot dogs, "giant hamburgers," sandwiches and pop; tellers of tall tales and mouthers of popular sayings; placid but volcanic; hoping and praying for—they know not what; indolent, often lazy, and yet capable of prolonged and generous effort; generally selfish, but still possessing unexplored reservoirs of altruism and self-sacrifice. "The People"! Who and what they are. How and why they live. What they are doing. What they are thinking. "Where to? What next?" It is with these last unanswered questions that the poem ends.

A poem of varied and uneven interest, earthy and homely, prosaic and poetic, filled with noise and dust and beauty, rarely dull, often tender and lyrical. A thoughtful and thought-producing poem, crammed with learning, wisdom, humor, pathos, and insight.

Out of the hundreds of vigorous, suggestive, salty, frequently beautiful lines, I cite only a few:

A father to his son: "Tell him solitude is creative if
he is strong and the final decisions are made in
silent rooms." (No. 9)

"He will be lonely enough
to have time for the work
he knows as his own." (*Idem.*)

"The Illinois corn leaves spoken to in high winds
run in sea waves of sun silver." (No. 13)

The red ball of the sun in an evening mist.

Or the slow fall of rain on planted fields

Or the pink sheath of a newborn child

Or the path of a child's mouth to a nipple

Or the struggle of a bear cub in mother paws

Or the structural weave of the universe

Witnessed in a moving frame of winter stars—

These hold affidavits of struggle." (*Idem.*)

"These are heroes then—among the plain people—

Heroes, did you say? And why not? They

give all they've got and take what comes and

what more can you want?" (No. 19)

A *Further Range* does not, it seems to me, increase Frost's poetic stature; Sandburg's "*The People, Yes*," does, I believe, very definitely increase his. To paraphrase Dryden on Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, I admire Robert Frost, but after reading "*The People, Yes*," I could love Carl Sandburg: pessimist, optimist, thinker, humanitarian, poet; lover of these "People" he understands so well, and, because he understands and loves them, believing that

"Across the bitter years and the howling winters
the deathless dream will be the stronger,
the dream of equity will win." (No. 75)

It is an ironic reflection that the "People" of whom the poet writes are the least likely to read his poem. Such was the fate of Walt Whitman, and such is the fate of most contemporary poets. I think that one reason for the failure of contemporary poets to appeal to the people is, that the poets do not offer constructive philosophy of life. This is not true, however, of Sandburg in this new poem. In this poem, his readers may find something affirmative to cling to, a positive and shining faith.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

*University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.*

Selected Poems—Witter Bynner—Edited by Robert Hunt with a Critical Preface by Paul Horgan—A. A. Knopf, New York, 1936—\$2.50.

Hal Bynner is more than a name to us in New Mexico. He is a personality that nearly everyone has seen or knows and that nearly everyone admires or likes. He has lived long in Santa Fe and stood forward in every progressive movement for art and liberal politics around these parts. In this poetry issued from his works as *Selected Poems* we meet a stranger, however, as one always meets a disembodied voice in poetry, a voice speaking clear of either the immediate present or distant past—a voice speaking from the mind and heart in a sort of universal freedom made possible by imagination.

To readers familiar with Bynner's volumes, the story of his poetic life is repeated: the search for unity and community in life which is summed in beauty, the visible beauty in nature which must go to its core, and the beauty in love and friendship which must hold beyond pain and death and be remembered as eternal song.

I think perhaps Bynner may have lost the following who expect of the poet some note of faith or reassurance that the cloud is really lined with silver or that sunshine always follows rain. Each has its moment of radiance which outlasts the moment that is drab, he believes. That helps to make religion for a man.

My single constancy is love of life
he writes in the first line of *Epithalamium and Elegy*; therefore, when I have spent my ardor with "love of life by life herself subdued"

Give her some younger lover in my place.
This, not "The Impossible," is to be expected of him.

Why ask it of me?—the impossible!—
Shall I pick up the lightning in my hand?
Have I not given homages too well
For words to understand?

Shall I call some battle or some temple-bell
 Or many-curving pine
 Or some cool truth-containing well
 Or thin cathedral-mine!

As in the case of any edited work, there will be some questioning of omissions and changes: the condensation of the effect of the final poem in "Eden Tree" into four lines, for instance! I missed some fine lines from "Eden Tree"—the last lines of poem XX, my favorites, with their Rubaiyat-like insistence that something there may be found as a gift to Time: song. In the case of some rewordings, in particular the last line of the sonnet "Alone" and the last two lines of Poem XVII as it is reprinted from "Eden Tree," quite a different meaning is possible for the reader. Excerpts from "The Jade Mountain" would have been welcomed by those who would like to see the expression of the poet in all forms—other than the dramatic which the editor justifiably excludes.

But here are lyrics among the finest in modern poetry (A Thrush in the Moonlight, She Has a Thousand Presences); sonnets among the best turned in the tradition; odes that are memorable in American verse (A Dance for Rain at Cochiti). Our complaint is that we could not have had more or that any good should have been omitted.

Paul Horgan and Robert Hunt somewhat repeat each other in their assignments and Horgan's essay is too long. It is a Preface to a Defense or Apology for the Poet as Man or Man as Poet—marred in spots by such phrase mannerisms as where he speaks of Whitman "storming and mooing" his poetry or of a "poetic afflatulent intoxication." Yet because he says so many things well here upon the poetry of great and minor poets, I wish to quote the final words Horgan writes of Bynner: "From life's profuseness he has saved for us many ingredients, precious materials of whose existence we are all aware, but which we do not see until the artist shows them to us in his own light . . . The reader of this book will see this poet's essential light grow stronger

and stronger as he goes; until at the end, knowing all the stuffs of life from which this light has been generated, he will believe, as I do, that it will shine for a long time."

T. M. PEARCE.

*University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.*

Plays About the Theatre in England from The Rehearsal in 1671 to the Licensing Act in 1737—Dane Farnsworth Smith—Oxford University Press, 1936—\$4.00.

Professor Dane Farnsworth Smith, of the University of New Mexico, has written a book called *Plays About the Theatre in England, 1671-1737*. It is published by the Oxford University Press, and is a handsome volume of 286 pages, printed in large type, and illustrated with twenty-four contemporary prints and caricatures, including a remarkable (pen and ink?) portrait of John Lacy, the comedian, designed in triplicate.

This book is a study of the self-conscious stage. Professor Smith has dug far down in the literary remains of the period for plays dealing with the theatre. It is curious, indeed that his search should be rewarded by as many as seventy quotable plays, all of which can be described as burlesques, travesties, or parodies of other plays appearing in the sixty-six years between the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal* and the Licensing Act of 1737.

By analyzing Buckingham's play, and quoting passages from the other plays, Professor Smith affords one an unusual slant at the theatrical history of the age, and its social, intellectual, and literary tendencies. The book is composed of the rivalries of the various theatres, the absurdities of their repertory, the difficulties of the hacks, the biliousness and hiccuping of the critics, the pomposity and uneasiness of the managers, the unhappy plight of the dependent actors and actresses and the airs they gave themselves when darlings of the public, and above all the extraordinary self-consciousness of that public, its bad manners

and caprices, and the various infantilisms which make a movie audience of today seem in comparison as austere as the senate of ancient Rome.

Two classes of people ought to find *Plays About the Theatre* interesting and valuable. The first class are those who have more than a passing or personal interest in the theatre. They will find food for thought in the author's tabulation of theatrical blind alleys which Buckingham satirizes in the *Rehearsal*: the attempt to be novel just for the sake of being novel, the use of unusual disguises for furthering the plot (Mr. Bayes puts an entire army in disguise), the use of improbable occurrences to get oneself out of a hole (Mr. Bayes resorts to an eclipse to stop a battle), the creation of an air of mystery by whispered conversations of a disconnected character, the bringing on of an actor at the exact moment to overhear a conversation he really ought to know about, the announcement that a character is dead in order to surprise the audience by having him show up alive later on, the sprinkling of ordinary converse with French expressions or startlingly refined language to indicate how well bred the characters are—and the whole list of lapses in taste and invention which accompany the drama from its cradle onward, but which are sought out and hammered at with especially fiendish glee when a realistic age is out to destroy, root and flower, the achievements of a previous romantic era.

The other class to whom I recommend the book are our old friends, the students of human motive, whose delight it is to meditate upon the vicissitudes of human existence in this vale of tears. This period of English history is, of course, decidedly seedy. It is the golden age of the snob, and is as full of meanness and unkindness as was France from La Rochefoucauld to Chamfort. Sir Richard Blackmore correctly said that "wit" lay like a blight over the entire nation. One of Professor Smith's numerous sub-titles for his magnum opus reads, "A History of the Candle-lit Stage of Nell Gwynn and Colley Cibber, Purveying Such Folly as Shall

Make You Wise." The folly in question, from an impartial point of view, seems to be the desire to say the witty thing, make the clever remark, at any and all costs. And the wisdom to be once more taken to heart by the earnest student of human nature is that this practice is remarkably efficient in ruining the age or the individual who goes in for it. The trouble seems to be that in passing into a phase of consciousness in which truth is less to be desired than the wise-crack, life loses the energy it sometimes has at its disposal for good humor and the warm uses of the imagination.

Professor Smith is a native of Alabama. He is a graduate of Vanderbilt (1917), and served overseas thirteen months during the world war, participating in the St. Mihiel and Argonne offensives. He studied at the University of Paris before returning home. Later, at Harvard, he received his various degrees. He came to New Mexico in 1934 to join the English staff at the State University.

HANIEL LONG.

Santa Fe, N. M.



Clay-Bound—Maude E. Cole—The Kaleidograph Press—\$1.50.

Mrs. Cole's poetry has interest for those who find meaning in everyday things and quiet experience. Similar to Emily Dickinson's absorption with the simple life, Mrs. Cole's volume has the flavor of one living in a world apart. She frequently puts abstractions into short verses. Happiness, pain, death, sorrow, life, silence, are subjects repeated frequently in this group of poems. Her descriptions of Texas landscapes are full of enthusiasm. She has a tender sympathy for nature: flowers, plants, and especially bird life. Her technique is traditional, studied, careful, and pleasing. Assonance is seldom used, the cadence of the lines is good.

In spite of the charm of such a poem as "Hill Garden," which has the lightness of touch of Sara Teasdale, the poetic life is explained too self-consciously, perhaps. It is, after all, an ability to be aware of the intensities of experience,

to go beyond the obvious and external, or to create *gestalts* where no patterns are defined. But the one who finds a sense of completeness in the finality of experience is also a true artist of living. While she criticises the fisherman:

To you the waters of the mountain stream
Are but the witching haunts of rainbow trout,
and the neighbor:

I listen while my neighbor talks of darning,
Of baking pies, or polishing the floors;
perhaps their moments of integrative behavior are more truly poetic than the experiences of one who cultivates images. She never really seems to go beyond the individual to an interpretation of social experience to give new meanings. That is what seems so difficult for women poets to do.

Yet there is the universal experience of separation poignantly expressed in the poem "Voice in the Rain" which I shall quote.

VOICE IN THE RAIN

Tonight I heard a voice that brought me pain,
In soft, low tones like music, from a crowd
Of tardy revelers rushing through the rain,
It came to me, the voice of you, not loud
But clear. I gazed through darkness; then came tears
Because I knew that it could not be you;
Only an echo from the dear, dead years
To bring new hurt. Oh, what a voice can do!

Only a voice, endowed with melody,
Came through my window, calling me from sleep;
Fanning to flame an aching memory;
Then passing on and leaving me to weep.
Some lad, within the crowd rekindled pain;
Then drifted on, not knowing, in the rain.

There is like strength in "Quietness," "Clay-Bound," "If a Dullness I Behold." "Echoes" ponders the question of words spoken and unrecalled.

The theme of age is treated in a number of the poems but nowhere does it find more truly the poet's cry than in these lines of "Take Not My Dreams."

When grim old age bars me from love;
From grace and usefulness;
Oh leave me dreams that I may weave
A song for loneliness.

ELOISE BARCLAY.

*University of New Mexico,
Albuquerque.*

Two Little Hopi—Elizabeth Willis DeHuff—Mentzer, Bush and Company, New York, Chicago—1936.

The popularity of Indian stories among children of all ages has been manifested by the number of Indian stories and books which have made their appearance in the past few years. However, few writers have caught the true spirit of these stories, coupled them with child interest, and presented factual knowledge as simply and convincingly as has Elizabeth Willis DeHuff in her recent children's books on Indian life in the Southwest. And now with her new reader, *Two Little Hopi*, she has answered not only a demand on the part of young readers for more and better Indian stories, but she has also answered that ever growing demand of teachers for ungraded readers, in so far as grade designation appearing anywhere in the volume, filled with material appearing to child interest of various ages regardless of reading ability.

Two Little Hopi may be classified for second grade of medium difficulty and as third grade easy material, but the interesting story of the two little Anglo children who go to Hopiland to live with their mother and father, and their friendship with a little Indian boy and girl makes the reader very satisfactory for remedial work in the fourth or even the fifth grade.

The word list in the back of the book aids the young reader and busy teacher, and the suggested activities fit into an activity program very satisfactorily. The black and white, as well as the beautifully colored pictures by the prominent artist, the late Gerald Cassidy, makes the book a real joy to children and teachers alike.

MARGARET EASTERDAY.

Albuquerque, N. M.

BOOK REVIEWS

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Familiar Journey—Peggy Pond Church—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe, 1936—\$2.50.

In this, her second volume of poetry, Peggy Pond Church pursues the course indicated in *Foretaste* published in 1933.

In *Familiar Journey* there is the same dark feminine principle further amplified in this collection of personal lyrics. Both the title poem and the rest of the contents show the author's progress along the road all must travel. It is to be questioned if most of these poems will have a wide appeal, but there is little doubt that those who think and feel as the author does will read the volume with comprehension and esthetic pleasure.

Shelley, in his *Defense of Poetry* has said that a poem is the reflected image of a pleasurable impression upon the imagination; it is the trembling and sounding of the lyre after the wind dies away. As the imaginative mind acts upon its thoughts and experiences, coloring them with its own light and composing from them other thoughts, each containing within itself the principle of its own integrity, thus is a poem written.

Its appeal will be widespread or narrow, based upon the type of imagination of the poet. His personal approach may be so universal, and his skill in expressing it so great, that the reader derives an intenser and purer pleasure through the recognition of kinship to his own emotions than through his own expression.

Most of the images used in these poems are nature images; most of them are keen and sharp and freshly worded, signifying an observance of the small things of nature. Perhaps not always new, they are individual, accurate and vivid.

In the group of poems written about her children, Mrs. Church's phrasing is felicitous, and in these her personal lyric voice becomes universal.

Rarely, too, will be found the sheer poetry which is in "Christ's Birthday." The utter simplicity of phrase, coupled with the strength and delicacy of imagery, in this one poem

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make it the most remarkable of the contents of the volume. Here is pure rightness of word; pure beauty of image.

“God is a baby
needing His mother”

has rare and perfect simplicity.

The final stanzas of this poem, too, illustrate Mrs. Church’s observance of the small things of nature:

“a cool smooth twig
from the wild choke-cherry,
and the velvet sheen
on a juniper berry.”

Certain mannerisms detract somewhat from the book as a whole; specifically, the habit of beginning so many of the poems and the stanzas within them with “And.”

A certain tendency to invest nature with emotions attributable only to man is noticed; a habit of thought which Ruskin calls “the pathetic fallacy” detracts somewhat from the strength of the other poems in the volume.

IRENE FISHER.

Albuquerque.

Personally Speaking

THE DAY of an explorer must be a busy thing. It begins at sunrise, when, bright-eyed and eager, a tinkling laugh in his brave throat, he sits astride a horse while he is photographed. Finding the proper angle, so that just the proper expanse of pampa or desert or jungle will be subtly noticeable in the background, must be deucedly difficult. Then off the horse, and with a tarboosh wrapped pleasantly about his head, the explorer poses again. This time in the clever background is the romantic ruin of Persepolis. Thus the day goes by furiously.

The day of a woman explorer must be especially busy. There are the proper costumes to wear, before the picture is taken; there is the decision to arrive at before just which monument to stand or with just which natives to be pictured. Consider, for example, those two explorers, Rosita Forbes and Elinor Glyn. Within the confines of her book, *Women Called Wild*, Miss Forbes tells the amazing facts of slavery of women in Abyssinia, communistic fanaticism in China, women into foxes in Central America (the women are even more insistent on that right in Africa), and a further succession of truly bewildering stuff. Her companion explorer, Elinor Glyn, of *Three Weeks* fame, has traveled in somewhat different countries: the incredible deserts of British high life before the war, the lush jungles of French society before the war, the murderous dens of beasts in Hollywood. Marion Davies, you will be interested to hear, is the perfect hostess; and the police commissioner was driven mad in this last country by it all. Miss Glyn tells of this in her autobiography, *Romantic Adventure*.

"On looking back at my life," she says, "I see that the dominant interest, in fact the fundamental impulse behind every action, has been the desire for *romance*." She didn't find it with her beef-eating husband; she did find it in her books. A long journey this woman has had, from "the

red-headed brat" she was in Canada to the gorgeously gowned woman she was when presented at Court, gravely noting in her diary that many of the women there had pimply faces.

Elinor Glyn has traveled far spatially; but one feels that she really began to travel only recently when, for once, she was forced to sit down and think about life, and its miseries. Universal education, god wot, will remedy that, she hopes.

Let us go on with the explorers. Still a little ill from her itchy, crowded way *South to Samarkand*, still with the raven beak of skepticism in her heart, Ethel Mannin writes of the land of the new eastern Russia, where "the bourgeois mentality persists in spite of all." She is grieved at being disillusioned, and then too all the photographs turned out so bad!

Walter Starkie in *Don Gypsy* was too busy with Fatimas in northern Africa and *malas mujeres* among the gypsies of Spain to stop for pictures. But he gives many a better kind of picture, in this account of his wandering in pre-revolutionary Spain, supporting himself by his fiddling. In his worst moments Starkie is a professor of Spanish at Dublin University. I wonder what his colleagues say to this colloquial, quick moving, almost fictitious narration. Its impropriety must be unforgivable.

Dane Coolidge, whose ancestry goes back into seventeenth century New England, has nevertheless explored almost everywhere but the country of his birth. As a boy naturalist in California he explored coyotes' dens and eagles' nests. After graduating from Stanford, he became animal collector for the Bronx Zoo and ranged through the West and Mexico. He collected mammals in Italy and France for the National Museum, and then returning West, he became a photographer of wild animals, especially of desert forms. In these trips in the West he became the friend of the many Indian tribes and of familiar figures of the mining camps and prospectors of Death Valley. His new book,

Death Valley Prospectors, is packed with interesting reading from the tale of old Panamint Tom and the death of the Jayhawkers' immigrant train in Death Valley to the mystery surrounding Walter Scott, better known as Death Valley Scotty, and his two million dollar castle in Grapevine Canyon at the upper end of the Valley.

The hospital wards of San Francisco are a strange world too. It's a stern travelogue that Corinne Johnson Kern writes in *I Was a Probationer*, and the streaming forests of dankest Africa have nothing on it for savagery and pain. Personally speaking, I don't like that world, and especially not when it is fictionized. But the cruelty of life among the older and younger nurses of a hospital, running like a fugue through the despairing lives of the wards, is mordant reading. It is told almost completely in conversation, and good conversation it is.

Dorothy Brewster is one of the bravest of the explorers. She treads on dangerous critical grounds, but does so neatly as editor of a strange *Book of Contemporary Short Stories*. It is divided into two sections, stories from "The Ivory Tower," and stories from "Red Square." But Miss Brewster realizes that "Into the tower world, nevertheless, come echoes of the conflict in the square." And there are "human values" apart from the revolution in the Square. An appended section on writing the short story, by Lillian Barnard Gilkes, has value as well.

. . . Thus, each in his own fashion, these writers have acted and related, dissimilar travelers of the same final road, a road on which, William Temple saw, all travelers are "at the greatest and the best, but like a forward child that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

WILLIS JACOBS.