

1937

## Full Issue

University of New Mexico Press

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq>

---

### Recommended Citation

University of New Mexico Press. "Full Issue." *New Mexico Quarterly* 7, 4 (1937). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol7/iss4/1>

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University of New Mexico Press at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in New Mexico Quarterly by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact [disc@unm.edu](mailto:disc@unm.edu).

# THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

## A REGIONAL REVIEW

T. M. PEARCE, *Editor*

JULIA M. KELEHER, *Los Paisanos*

CURTIS MARTIN, *Fiction Editor*

### EDITORIAL BOARD

DR. J. F. ZIMMERMAN

DR. JOHN D. CLARK

DR. GEORGE ST. CLAIR

PROF. J. W. DIEFENDORF

FRED E. HARVEY, *Editor of University Publications*

---

VOLUME VII,

NOVEMBER, 1937

NUMBER 4

---

## Table of Contents

NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY Authors . . . . .	242
Church at Cordoba. <i>Wood Block.</i> Stuart Walker . . . . .	Frontispiece
Sir Oswald Mosley and British Fascism. Benjamin Sacks . . . . .	243
A Mythical Figure in Santa Fe. <i>Poem.</i> Norman Macleod . . . . .	254
Return. <i>Poem.</i> Marina Wister . . . . .	255
Present Tense. <i>Poem.</i> Oscar Williams . . . . .	256
The Fighters. <i>Story.</i> Len Zinberg . . . . .	257
Regionalism and Politics. Aron Krich and Vincent Garaffolo . . . . .	261
Could I But Choose. <i>Poem.</i> Mabel Major . . . . .	269
California Redwoods. <i>Poem.</i> Mary Matheson Wills . . . . .	270
Otero's Visitor. <i>Story.</i> Manuela Crosno . . . . .	271
Earth's Curtain. <i>Poem.</i> Eugenia Pope Pool . . . . .	278
Swearin' Off. <i>Story.</i> William Bramlett . . . . .	279
Dead Mountaineer. <i>Poem.</i> Glen Baker . . . . .	284
Smoke Talk . . . . .	285
459 Poets and a Preface. S. Omar Barker	
What Makes Fall Worth While; Fiesta. T. M. Pearce	
Star Caravan. <i>Poem.</i> Alice Gill Benton . . . . .	291
<i>Los Paisanos.</i> Julia Keleher . . . . .	292
Lament. <i>Poem.</i> William Radloff . . . . .	294
Book Reviews . . . . .	295
<i>Fantasy and Fugue. Edge of Taos Desert. Life Goes On.</i>	
<i>The Share Cropper. Single to Spain. The Life of Saint</i>	
<i>Rose, March of the Past.</i>	
Reviewed by Irene Fisher, Matt Pearce, Jim Threlkeld, Lyle	
Saunders, Aron Krich.	
Personally Speaking. Willis Jacobs . . . . .	305

## Contributors to This Quarterly

STUART WALKER is an Albuquerque artist who has worked in oil, water color, and print. He is one of the most finished artists in wood block in the state.

BENJAMIN SACKS has spent many hours, academic and otherwise, in the study of the British labor movement. From a study of both historic and current materials, he is an authority on the topic he discusses here. He is a faculty member in the University of New Mexico.

NORMAN MACLEOD is among the best-known younger poets of the country. His verse has appeared in nationally recognized magazines and in the best of the smaller literary journals. He is living in New York City.

MARINA WISTER DASBURGH is the author of *Fantasy and Fugue*, a book of poems reviewed in this issue. Her home is in Taos.

LEN ZINBERG is a young writer whose stories have been starred by O'Brien. He writes most of the year in New York City.

MARY MATHESON WILLS has taught and studied in California. She is both scholar and poet, a recent contribution to the PMLA vouching for the first and her poetry in the QUARTERLY and other journals for the latter. She is a member of the English Department in the State Teachers' College of South Dakota.

MABEL MAJOR teaches at Texas Christian University where she has been active in the life of the Texas Folk Lore Society and with Rebecca Smith has edited a number of Texas journals and reprints.

EUGENIA POPE POOL is a Texas poet and artist who has contributed to the QUARTERLY at other times. She is a member of the Texas Poetry Society. Her home is in Lubbock.

VINCENT GAROFFOLO is a graduate of the University of New Mexico with a major in sociology. ARON KRICH is at present a student in the same department. Both have contributed to a number of the progressive smaller magazines.

OSCAR WILLIAMS has published poetry in *Voices*, *Poetry World*, *The Lyric*, and other magazines. Yale University Press published a book of his poems, *Golden Darkness*, a few years ago. He is in New York City.

S. OMAR BARKER is writer of poetry and fiction. His books are *Buckaroo Ballads* and *Vientos de las Sierras*. Tecolotenos, New Mexico, is his home.

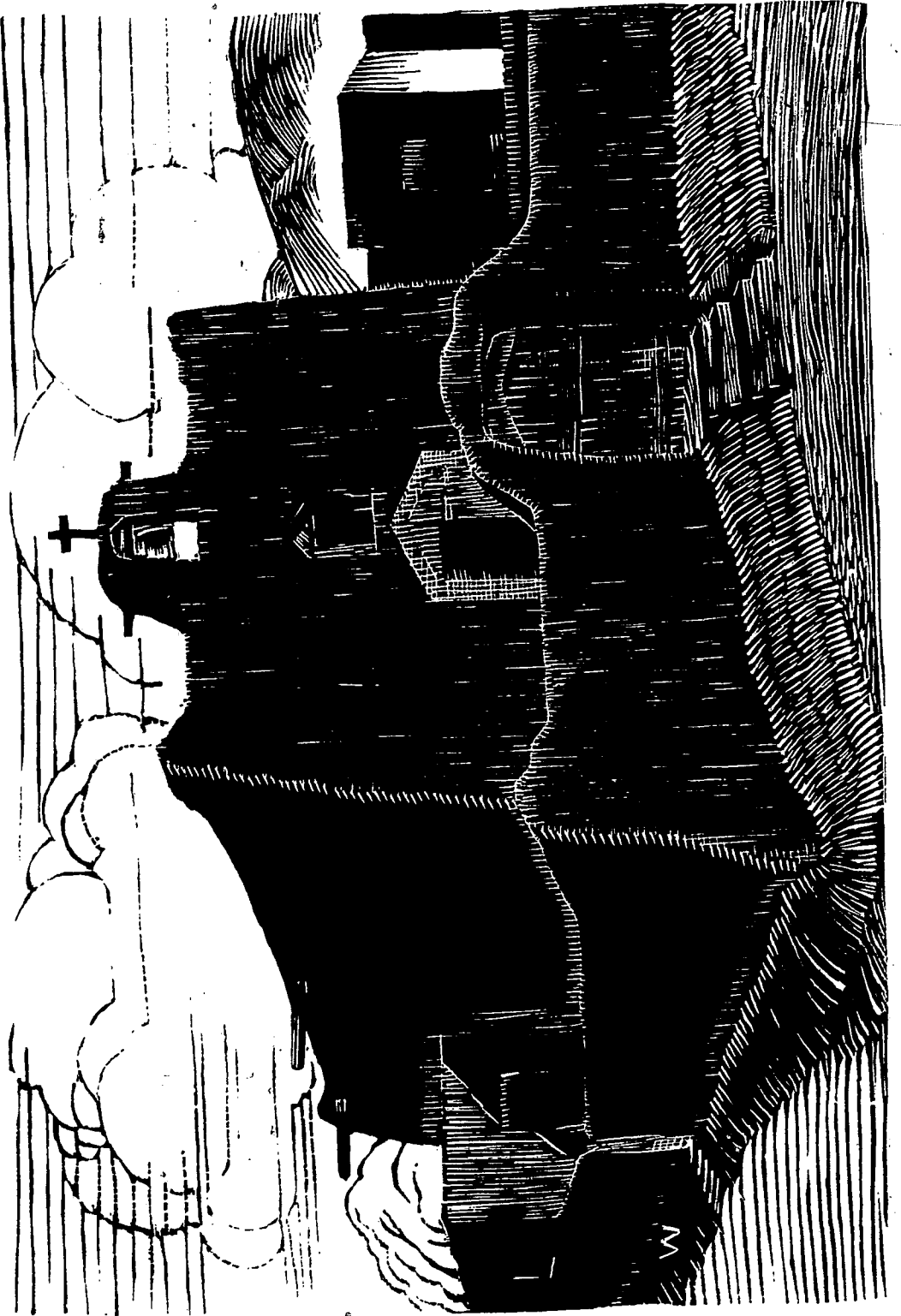
MANUELA CROSNO has written a number of stories with themes native to the Southwest, one of which appears in this QUARTERLY. Her poetry has appeared in earlier QUARTERLIES.

WILLIAM BRAMLETT comes from West Virginia, but he is at present an instructor in the Santa Fe Indian School.

ALICE GILL BENTON is an Albuquerque poet who is no newcomer in the columns of the QUARTERLY.

WILLIAM RADLOFF has published verse earlier in the QUARTERLY. He is on the staff of the Los Angeles Public Library.

GLEN BAKER has published poetry in the *University Review*, *Frontier-Midland*, *Kaleidograph*, and THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY. His home is Hutchinson, Kansas.



—Stuart Walker

CHURCH AT CORDOBA

## Sir Oswald Mosley and British Fascism

By BENJAMIN SACKS

FASCISM as a vital force in Great Britain is of relatively recent lineage. True it is that there were several organizations in the twenties promoting this sentiment for the creation of an extraordinary party equipped with dictatorial powers to revitalize capitalist economy, reconcile class interests, and oppose communism. But the British Fascists Limited merely combating communism, the National Fascists espousing a more positive program, and the Imperial Fascist League, warring against Semitic influence all failed to make any marked impression. On one hand their ill-success is attributed to the innate liberty-loving traits of the Britons and on the other hand to the absence of social demagogic technique. Whatever may have been the causes for the slow pace in the twenties, there can be little doubt that the rapid growth of fascist sentiment in the thirties has been due to one Sir Oswald Mosley.

There is nothing in the essential facts of his youth to suggest the niche which Sir Oswald Mosley, sixth in a line of baronets dating back to 1781, was later to occupy in British politics. His schooling was secured at two very respectable institutions, Winchester College and the Royal Military College. His service with the Royal Flying Corps during the war won him distinction as a courageous and loyal Englishman. His decision to enter the political arena as a Conservative after the war conformed to the habits of the rural aristocracy. His marriage in 1920 to Lady Cynthia, the daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston and granddaughter of a wealthy Chicagoan, Levi Zeigler, assured his social position. The wedding was regarded as an outstanding social event of that year, the ceremony being performed in the royal chapel by special permission of George V, with the reigning families of both Great Britain and Belgium in attendance. The promise of

a happy adult life was attested to in the birth of three children and the keen interest which Lady Cynthia displayed in his chosen field, politics, an interest which led her eventually to occupy a seat in the House of Commons.

That his mind would not be immune from the currents of the day, however, was soon evident. Whether it was disgust at the emphasis given by the Conservatives to protection, admiration for the more active program of Labor, or merely a desire to achieve public notice, he became a convert to socialism. His personality and oratorical gifts which Harold Laski, noted London commentator on public affairs, regarded at the time as of a high order, apparently attracted the attention of Ramsay MacDonald, veteran leader of the British working class movement. Mosley was admitted into the inner councils of the party and, when Labor assumed the reins of government in 1929, he was appointed chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a post whose functions are purely nominal today, with the specific task of assisting the Minister of Labor in reducing unemployment.

An exchange of views on the subject of the depression soon disclosed to Mosley that he and his colleagues were at sharp variance over the remedial measures necessary. To the former, continued concentration on socialist propaganda while pursuing a conservative financial policy seemed not only stupid but suicidal. A sound currency, a balanced budget, and an unimpaired sinking fund were admirable in themselves, but they offered no solution to unemployment, low wages, destitution, and social misery. If the industrial system of England was nearing collapse, no amount of application of socialist principles to society in general would produce the more abundant life. The important question now was the very survival of a structure which the socialists could use to greater benefit in the future. What should be done was to launch a bold policy of large expenditures to reduce the ranks of the unemployed and a long term policy of industrial reconstruction which would emphasize the home

market and a better balance between agriculture and manufacturing, all under the direction of commodity boards. Unless this effort were made, England would either come to a severe economic crisis during which the nation would display little confidence in a party which debated endlessly over future problems or, what was worse, undergo a long and slow crumbling through the years until it sank to the level of a Spain.

The refusal of the cabinet to accept his views caused Mosley to resign his post in May, 1930, and shortly thereafter his membership in the party. The fact that sixteen other Labor members, including John Strachey, son of the famous biographer, and Oliver Baldwin, son of the Tory leader, had joined him in issuing a manifesto protesting official Labor inactivity encouraged him to believe the time opportune for a realignment of political forces in Britain. Accordingly, in 1931, he founded the "New" party, adding to the economic program which he had previously outlined the desirability of an Emergency Cabinet of not more than five ministers to execute it. But apparently his speeches which the *Manchester Guardian*, a liberal weekly, describes "as a loot of the stores of every party combined with a selection of the practice of Soviet Russia, Fascist Italy, White Australia, and Mr. Ford's United States" were not very impressive, for most of his sympathizers in Parliament deserted him. The end came in the autumn election of 1931 when all the fifteen candidates placed in the field by the "New" party, including Mosley himself, failed to get seats, most of them actually polling less than one-eighth of the electoral count in their respective constituencies.

Mosley's next venture was fascism. Perhaps the recoil from his defeat served to thrust him forward as the champion of this bellicose discipline. Mosley's story has not the emotional surge of Hitler's "My Battle," but a glance at the career of each man shows he came from the ranks of socialism to those of fascism, in each case a throwback from something which failed for lack of harmony and concen-

trated drive. Mosley is not a Hitler, in sensitiveness to nationalistic psychology or personal genius. But then neither is England Germany.

Disgust at the lethargic character of the Labor as well as the Conservative parties, the conviction that the fascist method was the only way of pushing through his reforms, the failure of his ventures and the inordinate desire to keep himself in the public eye made Mosley the avowed proponent of fascism. Certainly in view of the selfsufficiency of his economic ideas and the emphasis which he bestowed upon executive action in government, the transition was not a difficult one to make. Indeed, in his book which heralded his conversion, *The Greater Britain*, there is little change to be observed in his fundamental tenets. In economics, the corporate state would replace the commodity boards and private ownership of property would prevail with only individual accumulations of wealth being curtailed. In politics, the executive powers would be increased, largely through orders-in-council, and the size of cabinets would be reduced, while Parliament would be based on an occupational rather than a geographical franchise and would be summoned at regular intervals to review and to approve of the acts of the executive. Only the addition of the fascist philosophy of the current dynamics of politics marked off his speeches before 1932 from those after. Both major parties were stigmatized as being international in their inspiration, Moscow and Wall Street dominating the movements of the socialists and the conservatives respectively. In one case the masses would be betrayed to Russia, while in the other case the lower middle class would be denied existence. Fascism alone had as its watchword, "Britain first!"

After a preliminary visit to Italy in 1932, where he consulted with Mussolini on the problems involved in launching his British Union of Fascists, Mosley returned to set up headquarters in what his opponents labelled "London's First Brown House," in the Chelsea district. Assisted



by Dr. Forgan, a former member of Parliament, and Mr. W. E. D. Allen, whose writing pseudonym is James Drennan, he formed a cabinet to handle the essential activities such as propaganda, research, legal counsel, defense, and financial accounts. To lend color to the movement, the blackshirt was adopted as the standard uniform, the Roman fasces as the symbol, and, as T. R. Ybarra in *Collier's Weekly* describes it, a partial elevation of the right forearm in the course of which the hand never strays more than a few inches from the shoulder, a sort of Mussolini-via-Hitler greeting, as the salute. Part of the necessary finances were to be secured through a membership fee of one shilling per month or four pence if unemployed. The private income of Mosley, greatly increased after the death of his father, undoubtedly was placed at the disposal of the party. Many believe, however, that the largest sums were expected from those industrialists who regard Mosley's fascists as a possible insurance against communism if the government should fail them.

The number who gathered under the banner of the British Union of Fascists was soon the subject of a vigorous debate. In March, 1934, Mosley claimed over six hundred fascist branches with some 500,000 adherents. John Strachey, now a hostile critic, estimated that there were only 17,500 paying members and about 100,000 of looser contacts. That the size of the party is larger than that of previous fascist bodies, however, is acknowledged. Strachey attributes this fact to the neglect of the press at first, thus lending an intriguing air of mystery to Mosley's stalwarts. On the other hand, the support of Lord Rothermere, erratic but influential owner of the *Daily Mail*, a newspaper with a circulation of over two and a half millions, in January, 1934, undoubtedly accelerated its growth. Not a few observers, however, believe that the personality of Sir Oswald Mosley has been the deciding factor. They claim that his wavy black hair, Hitlerite mustache, and Spanish *grandee* bearing (and nose) have attracted thousands to his side,

while still many more have been magnetized by his ability as a "tub-thumping" speaker. Certainly the accounts of his meetings never fail to describe the frenzied pitch to which he raises his audience.

What classes of people have been gathered under his banner must involve of necessity conjectural statements. Small shopkeepers and retired pensioners who fear the loss of their incomes from organized socialism have furnished a fruitful source for recruitment. In the rural areas it is said that many farmers were won over by such tactics as intimidating the tax collectors who attempted to foreclose or sell small farms for arrears in taxes. Among the industrial workers, the *Labour Monthly*, a British working class organ, believes that the most tangible gains have been made in Lancashire, the textile center, where the decay has been sharpest. Here, no doubt, Mosley's espousal of an active British control over India has gained him many followers. Perhaps the greatest support came from youth, whose future was anything but bright and whose impressionable minds were easily attracted by a creed which displayed such color and spirit. The *London Review of Reviews*, a liberal monthly, says that Mosley has made converts even in the Senior Common Rooms at Oxford, which, if true, may result in the British student proving as important a factor in future cultural struggles as the continental student has in both the past and the present.

The use of violence was discountenanced at first, Mosley insisting that the British Union of Fascists would be a law-abiding group selling a home product "not for export." Whatever it may have been, the loss of the restraining influence of his wife who died in 1933, the insults which he claimed were being visited upon fascist meetings, or a conviction that greater strides could be made in winning public support by a display of energetic force, Mosley shortly changed his mind. At the headquarters in London and elsewhere, living facilities were set up for picked groups of faithful and husky fascists, prepared to rush at a moment's

notice in motor lorries to any fascist meeting where protection was desired. One Johannes Steel, in the *New York Nation*, believes that the instruction in "political terrorism" was given by experienced Nazis sent over by Hitler himself. The rank and file members were urged to spend their vacation periods in special summer camps set up to afford training in self-defense. In the case of women members, separate training centers were established where lessons in fencing and jujitsu were offered.

Perhaps no fascist demonstration made the British public more aware of the change which had come in fascist tactics than that held in June, 1934, at Olympia arena, scene of many famous sporting events. For the violence which occurred, sending more than fifty persons to hospitals for medical attention, the fascists blamed the communists in attendance. To begin with, the latter had milled around the entrances in order to prevent the fifteen thousand paid admissions from reaching their seats. Then, in the course of the evening, the communists had maintained a sustained flow of organized booing with the obvious intention of breaking up the meeting. The ejection of the disturbers of the peace seemed the only recourse left to protect their speakers. Such violence as had occurred was the result of the use by the communists of knives and brass knuckles.

Dissenters from this narration of the facts in the case were not lacking. The *New Statesman* and *The Nation* accused the fascists of wantonly resorting to brutality to eject the hecklers. Observers were quoted as testifying that they had failed to see any evidence of the display of knives or brass knuckles. What had caused the trouble in the beginning were the highly provocative replies made from the platform. It should be remembered that an ability to deal with and to win the audience was considered a test of a good speaker in England.

Some critics saw in the incident evidence of a connection between the government and Mosley. Despite the cries of distress within the arena, the police had remained

outside, abiding by an old statute which barred their entry into a private premise unless the sponsors requested their presence. But when spectators, horrified by the cruelty of the fascists, announced their intention to exercise an equally old statute which allowed witnesses to arrest mal-factors and bring them before magistrates, the police galvanized into action and hauled them into the courts where they received sentences for taking the law into their own hands. The Olympia meeting was a case of the combined violence of fascists and police in which there was a division of labor inside and outside.

Likewise discountenanced at first by Mosley had been anti-Semitic activity within the ranks of his organization. Whether it was a sincere conviction that their influence was harmful to the humanitarian operation of capitalist economy or a hope that such a course would aid in encompassing the desired mass support, Mosley once again changed his mind. Demonstrations were held denouncing the Jews as internationalists first and Britains last. Entrance into the British Union of Fascists was denied them, while instances of Jew-baiting and physical persecution were recorded in increasing numbers in the daily press. Marches were actually planned through the east end of London, a section thickly populated with Jews, in the hope, as Julian S. Bach, Jr., writing in *Survey Graphic* believes, of getting a Jewish martyr whose influence would be the same as that of Horst Wessel in Germany. How many converts were secured by such tactics is problematical. Undoubtedly there were some people with a latent dislike for the Jewish race, however, that might have been acquired, only waiting for an opportunity to give vent to their feelings. That they were sufficient to overcome the loss of the support of Lord Rothermere is to be doubted. In the face of a falling off in circulation as well as in advertising revenue, the latter deemed it wise to drop his advocacy of fascism, albeit the separation from Mosley was a very amicable one featured by an exchange of pleasant letters.

Both the *Spectator*, conservative London weekly, and *The Nation* were pronounced in their disfavor of this new feature in fascist propaganda. Mosley was accused of using anti-Semitism mainly as a political tool to place the Labor party in eclipse. The fascists anticipated that the Jews would seek protection politically through the offices of Labor and that the latter would not dare to deny their request. Since the Jews had been played up as communists, it would be possible to place the same stigma upon the Labor party and the net result would be to throw scores of people whose perpetual nightmare was the advent of communism into the ranks of the British Union of Fascists, the only active anti-communist party in England.

The position which the Conservative government took in the matter heightened the suspicion of the *Labour Monthly* that there was collusion between it and the fascists. Sir John Simon, Secretary for Home Affairs, had not only refused to interfere with the marches into the east end of London but had actually sent police to clear the way for Mosley's army. In the face of the fact that any demonstration which proclaimed racial discrimination and then insisted on marching right into the lair of the Jews could hardly be termed political in character, his contention that the rights of free speech and assembly must be maintained could not stand debate.

Perhaps more concerned than any other group over the new turn of affairs was Labor. It needed little prodding to be reminded of what had happened to a lethargic working class movement in Italy and Germany. Some sort of active opposition was necessary. The official leaders felt a moderate plan of protest and resistance would be sufficient. In the case of the fascist demonstrations in the east end of London, George Lansbury suggested that the masses show their contempt by remaining indoors and leaving the streets empty to Sir Oswald's army. To prevent the use of violence, the executive committees of the Trades Union Congress and the Labor party both went on record as favoring legislative

action. They called upon the government to bar the wearing of private uniforms, a revival of an illegal medieval practice of marching about with a band of liveried retainers, and to prohibit the use or display of physical force in promoting any political object, a request which incidentally the government has complied with this year.

Voices of protest against placing any trust in a government which by its acts indicated its sympathy with fascism were numerous. R. Palme Dutt, noted Labor writer, declared that the working class movement must destroy fascism or be destroyed itself and that democracy, impartiality, and law and order were no good anchors. John Strachey warned that if fascists were allowed alone to stage demonstrations and the British workers remained apathetic or cowed, then the governing class would conclude that fascism was a practicable and useful method of rule for future emergency. The Blackshirts were an auxiliary, irregular force of the State with no formal character but which could, under the protection of the regular forces, be used for the roughwork and be disavowed as often as necessary. In short, finance capital as present was backing the current government but keeping fascism as a subsidiary weapon to be brought up as the former weakens. And this eventuality could not be conquered by standing at a safe distance and blowing boldly upon a trumpet. If the few thousands of fascists were drowned in a sea of anti-fascist demonstrators, a serious blow would have been struck and the governing class would think twice before stirring up a hornet's nest by espousing fascism. France was saved from fascism by effective counter-demonstrations.

What the future may hold for Mosley and his stalwarts, therefore, is difficult to say. Some regard its existence as dependent in the final analysis upon the economic situation, that if unemployment decreases the influence of the British Union of Fascists will decrease with it. But if the ranks of the jobless remain swollen, then in all likelihood more and more persons will be drawn to Mosley's sim-

ple and activistic solution to problems which are complex in nature and vast in scope. Still others regard the future of British fascism as pivoting more upon political factors. If Labor should win the next election and give way to the demands of Sir Stafford Cripps that socialism be installed immediately, the Conservatives would have to seek some other aid than the ballot box. In such a plight, they hold that the fascists would not be an unwelcome ally.

Even if fascism does not materialize in Britain, it can be scarcely gainsaid that its appearance has been productive of some consequences for the nation. On the negative side, it has sharpened the class struggle and spread an anti-Semitic sentiment where it had not existed before, at least not so flamboyantly. If social disturbances do not follow, England will be an exception to the rule. On the positive side, Mosley may be credited with having tried by his economic discussions to clarify the issue as to the means necessary to overcome the depression. Indeed, the *Saturday Review*, London conservative weekly, believes that now most thoughtful men in England no longer think that reconstruction of the national economy is not imperative.

Come what may in the way of fruits for England, even more important perhaps are the international consequences which may follow the official advent of fascism. The existence of the States system in Europe has often tended to adumbrate the significant fact that there is in operation a never-ending conflict over fundamental institutions. The great Powers, Germany, Italy, France, Great Britain, and Russia, are not insulated entities, each of whose domestic problems are of little moment to the others. The spread of feudalism, protestantism, absolutism, and individualism in previous centuries are ample evidence of the everlasting struggle for a predominant cultural front. Each was ultimately a major issue in the western world. So now fascism appears to occupy a central place on the stage. In this drama England may well be represented as playing an important role. One of the last outposts of liberty and freedom, it

stands forth as a defender of the classical nineteenth century democratic method of approach to obstacles in the path of mankind. How will it meet this new challenge with its doctrine, its discipline, its illusory promise of security to the governing class? England is again at a cross-roads of human history. Her choice may be decisive for the world.

## A Mythical Figure in Santa Fe

*By* NORMAN MACLEOD

And so, *compañero*, the mood is upon us and scrub oaks  
 Are scarlet along the gulleys, submerging the color  
 Of the year which is cold with lavender from the exalted  
 Odor of rock, except for cottonwood as yellow  
 As pain with you in a far place beside the boats  
 Of fishermen in Provincetown. No longer a memory  
 Except of antagonism as wind buffets cedar  
 In the breaks that reach the turquoise sky  
 And pines shedding cones like hand grenades  
 Exploding on the dark earth (unstable as I am)  
 And sifting boulder to pebble to the far reach  
 Of sand in the desert valleys. Once we rode  
 Paint cayuse among the cactus, and cholla flowered,  
 Delicate as century bloom: the moon pale tequila  
 To fire the blood with illusion. And you were once  
 That single image which was the horizon of life,  
 Gone like horizontal yellow into death. The service  
 Was one of forgetfulness and each year  
 Was recapitulated anew until tedium haunted my days  
 Like an hallucination of nightmare, riding  
 Once more over the rippling ridges of night  
 Under the stars and the smoke of piñon blowing.



## Return

By MARINA WISTER

None from his jarred and stupefying sleep  
Will rouse and prop an elbow so he may look  
Through the dirty pane  
At his side of the groaning train :  
He will take out his watch or open his book,  
Count the click of the streaming rails while he seems to creep  
Forever and ever through the distance ever the same  
And go back to sleep.

The sunwarped shacks  
Stick a shaking pipe through the rusted roof  
And hollow-eyed stare out upon the tracks :  
And bluntfaced whitefaced cattle  
Stand in the sun and stir no hoof  
At the rumble and rattle :  
And stringy fences run  
Sagging across the miles of vacant sun.

Uncoagulate is this bleached dust  
Poured thick on brittle rock  
Humping, ribbing, flattening,  
Without a pause, without a shock,  
And sunk away  
From skeletal monster teeth  
And tilted ridges scooped out underneath ;  
It cracks in crooked gulleys powder-dry,  
And the dark opalescence of the hills  
Melts into cloud as soft as they  
In the early light which has not yet  
The burning deepness of the desert sky.

[ 255 ]

A hateful land to bird and beast and tree  
 Arid as starsmothering infinity:  
 But the cramped mind  
 Once having tasted  
 Only here will find  
 For what it wasted—  
 Desire-haunted fear  
 Of the faded bubble bursting—leaving it bare  
 To solemn planes of silence without air  
 Will not perplex it here.

### Present Tense

*By* OSCAR WILLIAMS

Incisive as the vivid rose  
 Searing the eyes of sense,  
 Against the past's unclouded snows  
 There breathes the present tense.

Though God may sleep with suns for dreams  
 Beneath blue feather quilts,  
 And thought may walk the gilded streams  
 On seven leaguèd stilts.

The prèsent tense is in my bone,  
 So welded to the heart  
 It would take all of earth's great stone  
 To shatter us apart.

## The Fighters

By LEN ZINBERG

CHARLEY AND ED were on their regular weekly bender. Every Saturday they would leave their desks in the big office promptly at noon, put on coats and hats, walk the half a block to the corner bar and grill, take off their hats and coats, and drink Tom Collins till evening, by which time they were pleasantly pie-eyed.

They would sit at the bar, discussing the latest scandal, or bit of news, giving their opinion on this and that, or talking about the horses. Today they were discussing boxing, having passed through women in general by the fifth drink, and Ed shouted: "I tell you, I saw Dempsey beat Firpo and he could lick Joe Louis any day in the week and twice on Sundays and Lent. By Jesus, there was a fighter!" And he banged on the bar.

Charley shook his head. "Well, now, I don't know. This Louis boy is plenty good even if Schmeling did take him. I ain't sure that there wasn't something smelly about that fight, but anyway don't let nobody kid you that Louis ain't got nothing on the ball. I don't think they can get any white boys to beat him, though I sure wish they could."

"They'll start a white hope campaign, like they did when Johnson was champ. You boys ever see Carl Morris?" the old barkeep asked.

Charley shook his head again and Ed said: "Who's he?"

The barkeep said: "He was the best boy in the last white hope business. He was a big boy. I was working out West then, and that's where he come from. I thought that there wasn't a man alive that could beat him. But Dempsey come along and near put his fist through Morris's heart. It was a terrible punch. Morris dropped like he'd been shot. Dempsey was the boy to flatten them."

"You're damn right!" Ed yelled. Ed always got a loud drunk on. "They ought to get Dempsey back in the ring and show this Louis boy where he heads off."

"Yeah, good old Jack would take care of Louis," Charley said.

The barkeep held up his hands. "Naw, that's where you boys are wrong, Louis would kill him. Dempsey would get a pasting just like old Jim Jeffries got. In this fighting racket it's all a matter of youth and speed. You got to have springy legs and pep. Dempsey ain't got that any more, while Louis is just spilling over with it. He'd murder Jack. It's youth that counts, and there's no two ways about it, either you're young or you ain't young."

Charley and Ed were silent for a moment and Ed looked down at his pot belly and then he said: "I don't know, I think a fellow is as young as he feels."

"That's right," Charley said.

The barkeep, seeing that he had touched a sensitive spot, didn't say anything. He was a good bartender.

Ed said: "I thought we were going to a gym? Remember a couple of months ago, or was it last year, that we said we were going to reduce and join a gym? Getting fat for a couple of young guys."

"Forty-three ain't old," Charley said.

"Sure it ain't. But we ought to get into shape."

"That's right. We'll go to a gym next week. Nothing like getting into shape. Not that we're so bad right now. Bet we could take care of ourselves, hey Ed?" Charley winked and nudged Ed and made a pass with his right and said: "The ole one-two, hey Charley?"

They started talking about the various fights that they had seen or read about, and the various kid fights that they had won, or thought they had won. By six o'clock and the tenth drink Ed was sure he could take Louis himself, and Charley said that he could take Louis and Dempsey at the same time. They paid their bill and staggered out and as they got to the door, Charley accidentally stepped on Ed's toe and Ed pushed his face next to Charley's and snarled: "What's the matter, you getting tough?"

"Now Ed, don't get one of them nasty drunks on."

## THE FIGHTERS

[ 259

"Who's drunk?" Ed asked, swaying through the doorway. "Say, in a minute I'll knock you flat on your big ear!"

The mention of big ears aroused Charley and he said: "Yeah, you and who else? Why I can lick you with one hand in my pocket and lick you any day in the week and six times on Lent and Easter! You rummy," Charley added, trying to screw his fat face into a scowl.

Ed looked at him for a moment, then said: "Aw, nuts!" and made for the subway.

Charley walked behind him, mumbling to himself, and every few feet Ed turned around and said: "Now shut-up! I'm warning you to quit cursing me or I'll let you have it. Sure as hell, I'll let you have it."

They reached the subway platform and Charley could not find a nickel and Ed managed to take two out of his coat pocket and put one in for Charley and started to push Charley through the turnstile. He finally sent Charley through and Charley said savagely: "Whatya doing? I don't need nobody to help me. I can walk by myself, see? No favors from anybody, that's me." Charley was quite pleased that he sounded so tough.

Ed was too winded from pushing Charley to answer.

When they stepped into the local, Ed sort of missed the door, and Charley helped him in. Ed was sore and he said: "Who you pushing?"

"Now Ed, I was only helping you."

"Quit pushing or I'll bat you one," Ed said loudly.

"Wanna try it?" Charley asked, putting up his hands. The few people in the car turned to watch them.

Ed tried to punch Charley and missed and Charley pawed him in the stomach and they smacked each other a couple of times and clinched and mauled each other and they could hear some of the women crying for somebody to stop the fight. They both felt very good. They had been in fights like this before and they knew that they couldn't hurt each other. They liked to fight in a subway or on a crowded street, because somebody always stopped them and they felt

very cocky and alive and tough. Sometimes they would even put a piece of plaster on their face or hands, and tell the other old men in the office how they had whaled the tar out of each other, and so on. Although they never spoke about it, Charley and Ed each carried out their part in the act perfectly, as though they had rehearsed before-hand.

But nobody stopped them, this time, and after cursing each other for a few minutes and making faces and trying to wallop each other, they leaned against the door, tired and puffing. They stared at each other, fierce expressions on their faces, but their eyes were mild and friendly.

The train pulled to a stop at a station and the door opened and they still stood there, scowling and gesturing at each other. A young fellow, about their height, but tall and slender and strong looking, got up from his seat and waited for them to step out of the doorway. Ed turned toward him and glared, in his toughest manner. The young man smiled and said: "One side, you old hell cats," and he pushed them aside and walked out, laughing. He hadn't pushed them hard, but they fell against the sides of the car and they had felt his arm, hard and strong, as he touched them; and as they gently hit the iron walls of the car they were conscious of their own flabby flesh, old and soft.

They straightened up, and as the door shut and the train started, they had a glimpse of the young fellow running up the steps, two at a time.

For awhile they were both silent, both remembering the mocking tone in the young man's voice—the way he had called them *old hell cats*. Then Ed said soberly: "Pretty strong fellow, that young fellow. We ought to go to a gym, like we said," he added weakly.

Charley didn't answer and Ed said again: "We ought to go to a gym, get in shape. We're getting soft. The old pep is . . ."

"Come on, let's sit down, Ed. I'm tired," Charley said slowly.

They walked over to the seats and sat down heavily.

## Regionalism and Politics

By ARON KRICH AND VINCENT GAROFFOLO

### PART I: SOME ATTITUDES OF REGIONALISM

This is an area of unfulfilled revolutions. Full extension of the benefits of bourgeois democracy has not replaced feudalism for large portions of the village population; elementary, progressive features of this democracy await release, while already the movement for socialism has begun. These contradictions, unmistakably evident in the life of the Spanish-American population, have so charged this area with explosive and dramatic potentiality, that great changes in the life of the people await only the unifying spark of an uncompromising people's movement. Carefully dampened by betrayal from *caciques* and *políticos* this dynamite has been stored in great quantities. Now it has begun to dry; and the regionalist question is important again.

The present regionalism, avowedly a political, has built itself at the expense of the political and social disenfranchisement of whole national groups. Strongly dependent on the semi-feudal backwardness of these people, this regionalism becomes restrictive to the point of complete indifference to the day to day misery endured by them within the social frame-work of this discrimination. An area marked as a sore-spot in the national life becomes the "land of enchantment" for a few. But "cities different" and "lands of enchantment" do not fall from the sky. The role of regionalist-art-colonizer is one with strings attached. In exchange for an encouraged tolerance of a special Western bohemianism, the regionalist-intellectuals have paid a heavy price in the form of silence on matters of social importance. Now when they speak, it is a curious chirping about a pleasant "way of life" based specifically on those social lacks. As a cultural front for the Anglo-American subjugation of this area the regionalists have had their greatest

success. Heedless of social implications from the beginning, artists, writers, and regionalist intellectuals generally have played missionary, with costumes to match, in the quasi-colonial, certainly ruthless domination of this territory.

Identification of the basic population as servants to this regionalism with their actual conditions as the laboring mass, makes for an easy ideological basis for a considerable amount of village and city exploitation. This is a pattern of behavior not unique to New Mexico, but is generally applied where national minority groups are involved. Between a privileged group and the oppressed, there always develops a set of conventions to be used as a guide to inter-class and intergroup relations. In time, members of the privileged group tend to identify these conventions, and the habits that necessarily accompany them, with what they assume is the "essentially human nature" of the oppressed class. From this point, the privileged group begins to view the conduct that is canalized by these conventions as deriving, not from objective social relationships and situations, but from a myth called the "fundamental human nature" of the oppressed class or group. These mythical characteristics of the "fundamental human nature" of the minority group are endearingly preserved as an eternal quality inherent in the people. How much the local regionalists have contributed to this profitable myth is not hard to determine. Superstition, poverty, and ignorance have been decorated in terms of "the noble illiteracy of a happy, contented people." Certainly, the regionalist intellectual has labeled this area of communal poverty the land of *mañana*. There are some who hope tomorrow will be different.

But precisely where in regionalist theory does such custom find support? It is obvious that the present local regionalist leadership can only work for the death of truly creative regionalism. Regionalism must mean evocation. It must grasp the fact that it is not merely compatible with cultural advance, but it is an essential element in it. Regionalism is not a lost cause or a worn-out wish, but an



## REGIONALISM AND POLITICS [ 263

urgent contemporary fact which must be consciously directed and socially assimilated. Instead of fighting the conditions of modern life, the contemporary regionalist points out that the products of industry, telephone, radio, cinema, national and international press services, have shifted the balance of power to the local region. We no longer need be a nation divided into cosmopolitans and hicks. As Lewis Mumford has said: "Regionalism as a modern social reality does not mean the resurrection of a dead way of life, or the mummification of local customs and institutions, nor is it dependent upon excessive interest in the primitive, the naive, and the illiterate. It is, essentially, the effort to provide for the continuous cultivation and development of all the resources of the earth and of man; an effort which recognizes the existence of real groups and social configurations and geographical relationships that are ignored by the abstract culture of the metropolis, and which opposes to the aimless nomadism of modern commercial enterprise, the conception of a stable and a settled, a balanced and cultivated life."

Among the New Mexico regionalists there flourishes an ideology which, while attempting to give escape from pressing social realities, has succeeded only in illuminating those very problems. This ideology they hide behind the banner of regionalism. The objectives of these regionalists are such a distortion of the values of genuine regionalism that they become the agents of its destruction even as they go about building it. Regionalism implies the creative expansion of the totality of an ethnic area. The N. M. regionalist is an intruder and an exploiter interested not in the progressive development of local culture, but in its contraction and isolation. He has come to it as a dilettante and privileged visitor. *"As for me, standing outside, beyond the open entrance, I was no enemy of theirs; far from it. The voice of the far-off time was not for my ears. Its language was unknown to me. And I did not wish to know. It was enough to hear the sound issuing plangent from the bristling darkness of the far past, to see the bronze mask of*

*the face uplifted, the white, small, close-packed teeth showing all the time. It was not for me and I knew it. Nor had I any curiosity to understand.*" (D. H. Lawrence, *Indians and an Englishman*.) Emotions of revolt which were generated in the minds of certain middle-class people who felt the necessity of personal action against existing conditions, but who also felt it impossible to identify themselves with the people who might, and who undertake a real struggle to change conditions—with the working masses—is one of the crucial factors which have driven these people to the Southwest. In the Southwest these people found an area in which the problems of modern capitalism could be avoided by playing a dumb and appreciative role as worshippers of a "way of life" which was built on the backs of the Spanish-American people, and in a more special way, the Indian people.

To them regionalism means a particular "way of life" which is not permitted them in any other place. On the surface this would seem to be a product of living regionalism; but it is this very search for a "way of life" which so viciously militates against true regionalism. Mike Gold saw this very clearly during his visit to New Mexico during the summer of 1936: "D. H. Lawrence perversely believed that the Indian must be kept uncontaminated by modernism because he was as perfect as man could be. Marks of this surrender to primitivism are streaked like bacon fat through the thinking of the intellectuals here. It is the same crowd that once ravaged the nightclubs of Harlem and groveled before the cult of a mythically sensuous Negro, and thus misled a whole generation of young Negro intellectuals. And, as once in Harlem, on the trail of Lawrence and Mabel Luhan have followed the art shoppes of Santa Fe, the peddlers of souvenir junk, the fake blanket weavers, the Fred Harvey businessmen and the real estate sharks—rents are as high in Santa Fe as in New York! And on the streets Indians peddle jewelry and blankets to tourists; mystically, no doubt." (Michael Gold, *Mabel Luhan's Slums*.) Two

## REGIONALISM AND POLITICS [ 265

roles are played by these hand-woven intellectuals. As colonizers of art they keep Santa Fe and Taos alive for the tourists; they act as an unofficial advertising staff. As ideologists they comfort the bankers, sheepmen, entrepreneurs and neonized Indian-traders with the illusion of culture. In a region rich in material for significant works of art, they have been content to close their eyes to the life of the people and indulge in a snobbish game of ferreting out the lesser known Indian dances and Spanish fiestas.

The strategic position of New Mexico in national politics as a "lobby state" and the fact that this is an area in which politics is spoken of as "our greatest industry" has curiously enough, produced a group of artists and thinkers who shudder at the mention of the word. It does not matter to the N. M. regionalist-intellectual that the conditions of his "freedom" are built on the backs of a whole people already burdened with the weight of social and political conniving. They are not interested in politics. And they are so little interested in the relationship of their regionalism to the human problems of the region, that one cannot find a definite program of their making. For the most part New Mexico regionalism is based on will o' the wisp attitudes, on costumes, on decorations of the regional "way of life." For their ideological program they have leaned heavily on the writings of the Southern Agrarian-distributist movement, particularly as expressed in the anthology *I'll Take My Stand*. It is a curious and perhaps very important token, that the leading regionalist movements should find their roots in areas which contain national minority problems as well as special features of backwardness in relation to the general economic development of the nation. In the South, there is the pressing problem growing out of the plantation system and its accompanying enslavement of the Negro; further complicated by the rise of industrialism and the growing unity of Negro and White sharecroppers and industrial labor. In New Mexico the problem is related to the Anglo-American aggrandizement

of this territory and the breakdown of feudal forms of exploitation without raising the feudal status of the Spanish-American masses. Both in the plantation area of the South and in the area of New Mexico dominated by the Spanish-speaking culture, there is a strong feeling for national rights and national equality. The National Negro Congress, the inspiring growth of the Sharecroppers and Tenant Farmers Union in the South, the wildfire emergence of the Liga Obrera and its initiation in the last election of a Popular Front Farmer-Labor Party in New Mexico are just a few examples of the social awakening of these people. It is the fear of movements like these which have motivated the old, throttling type of regionalism.

There are social attitudes which accompany that type of regionalism which express a deep political fright. Primarily, this fear has been incorporated into hatred of the modern machine culture. A careful analysis of the politico-social implications of industrial development could be made by any number of these regionalist writers, some of whom are not only keen students of classical political economy but well acquainted with Marx as well. But this task seems to be intellectually taboo. They apply their erudition only when attacked. Thus, in answering certain remarks of Miss Grace Lumpkin directed at the Southern Agrarians, Allen Tate advised the Communists to study Marx more carefully, while he himself flaunted a program filled with ambiguous contradictions. "If a community, or a race, or an age, is groaning under industrialism," he said in the introduction to *I'll Take My Stand* "... and well aware it is an evil dispensation, it must find a way to throw it off . . ." But how? Although the program of the Agrarian-distributist group is not well defined, we can see that essentially it offers the replacement of industrial capitalism by small agricultural holdings and individual craft shops; in other words, a restoration of the age before industrialism began. What does this hatred of the machine signify? Does it mean that the regionalist is appalled at the exploitation

## REGIONALISM AND POLITICS [ 267

which industrial capitalism forces on the workingman? This can hardly be. For the regionalist has no care about exploitation if it is in primitive agriculture or in handicraft manufacture. Is this hatred of the machine motivated by the fact that industrial capitalism in its highest stage has produced hard and fixed class relationships? The regionalist does not wish to disturb these relationships. Is the regionalist set against the machine because it is a product of capitalism? But he is not opposed to capitalism as such, if it can be molded into earlier forms. No, the Southern-Agrarians had hoped to arrange society into a hierarchy dominated by the intellectual elite, and in which there would be a large group of ignoramuses to do the work for them under a gentlemen's agreement drawn up by the elite. Is this regionalism, or is it the dilettante efforts of certain literary playboys to combat the forces which threaten their comfortable social position? It would be safe to say that the basic manifestations of Southern Agrarian regionalism have been political. The slogan "Down with the machine!" never was, and cannot be a realistic battle-cry for a regionalist movement. It is simply camouflage. Behind it hides the desire to turn back the wheels of history. This basic Fascist conceit, although it does not make Fascists of the Southern Agrarians, does certainly lay the basis for a reactionary political movement. We offer in evidence the following excerpt from an amazing interview between Seward Collins, editor of the *American Review* and Grace Hutchins, the southern novelist, which appeared in the magazine *Fight* for February, 1936:

Miss Hutchins: Some of the things you have said make me think you are a Fascist. Are you?

Mr. Collins: Yes. I am a Fascist. I admire Hitler and Mussolini very much. They have done great things for their countries. I do not agree with everything they do, but . . .

Miss Hutchins: You have said that you wish to go back to medieval times. You wish to do away with all progress?

Mr. Collins: Yes.

Miss Hutchins: And do you wish to have kings and nobles, counts, dukes, etc., in America?

Mr. Collins: Yes, exactly.

Miss Hutchins: You wish to live as people did then?

Mr. Collins: Yes, do away with the automobile and go back to the horse.

Miss Hutchins: You wish to do without conveniences?

Mr. Collins: Yes.

Miss Hutchins: Without bathtubs?

Mr. Collins: I never use a bathtub.

Miss Hutchins: You don't bathe?

Mr. Collins (dignified): I use a shower.

The Southern regionalists have not taken their stand. This is what they are trying hardest to avoid. The same holds true of their followers in New Mexico. The sky-writer regionalist is an anxious preserver of special regionalist data. There is always the whining anxiety to assure listeners that the date of this regionalism is "peculiarly invisible." Here it is the eternal landscape, the eternal mountains, the eternal sky, the eternal banality. Everything is breathlessly fixed either in the infiniteness of the landscape or the everlastingness of their own awe. Awe and wonder are now available at bargain rates. The regionalist practitioners of this area have been selling "awe" for a long time now. The market appears to be steady, though exposed to the "per-versities" of markets everywhere. The wrapper is getting thin and the product is becoming unpleasantly green from over-exposure.

The data of regionalism as found in this state is less "landscape-ish" than its promoters would allow. It is rooted in the social and economic relationships between an exploited and disenfranchised national group and chamber of commerce Americanism. The servant status of the Spanish-American, insidious discrimination, supreme exploitation practiced by large sheep owners through sharecropping techniques, employer terror against trade-union organiza-

tion, the abominable lack of public health facilities, poverty and illiteracy—are also data of our regionalism. Across the infinite landscape of the awed-regionalist are shadows. And a regionalism that denies, often with frantic ignorance, or decorates the experiences of a people with the fastidious jargon of culture salesmen, must be clearly accused of being more than an amiable ally of conscious reactionaries.

### Could I But Choose

*By* MABEL MAJOR

Could I but choose one virtue of the seven,  
Those sisters white, confronting the Deadly Sins,  
My choice would be the last within the line,  
Stern Fortitude with lineaments unmoved  
By swift-wheeled pleasures or the hours that burn.  
Faith, Hope, sweet Charity are well  
Enough for self-sure youth wrapped blind in dreams;  
Spare Temperance and fruitless Chastity  
For those whose eyes held fast on other bliss  
Find no temptation in the world of flesh.  
Prudence, the most unlovely of the seven,  
Belongs to age who talks and ventures none.  
Thou Virtue stern, lips pressed and tears unshed,  
Make firm the step of us within the stream.

## California Redwoods

*By* MARY MATHESON WILLS

A time will come, my love, when so much earth  
As your soft hand can compass I shall be;  
All that is left of my poor body's worth  
A formless atom in infinity;  
Less than the bat can bear in wheeling flight  
I shall be sometime, motionless and mute,  
A breath of violets on a summer night,  
The half-heard echo of a lyric flute.

Beloved, when we stood beneath those trees  
That reach in timeless grandeur to the sky,  
Did you think, too, in the cool evening breeze,  
Of other loves that flamed and had to die?  
Did you walk lightly, too, your heart aware  
Of bodies warm, now dust, insentient there?

Insentient? Oh my love, can it then be  
That this warm body ever shall grow cold?  
Can all this dazzling joy and ecstasy  
Fade in the moonlight, like a dream grown old?  
Can all my being's vibrancy and fire,  
This too-live-essenec of my soul's desire  
Decline and die, and leave of my desire  
Only a heap of ashes in the night?

I do protest this fate; even though I die,  
And suffer transmutation, I shall live,  
As tree or stone or dust; I still shall cry  
Some brave invictus, and I still shall give  
My heart for keeping into your warm hand,  
And live again in you who understand.



## Otero's Visitor

By MANUELA WILLIAMS CROSNO

I WAS SITTING in my library, reading. Behind me a slow summer breeze stirred the curtains on the door opening to the patio of the old Spanish-style adobe where I am living. I was reading an interesting, if somewhat erratic, history of the early days of this country, and thought to myself that Montoya knew more of the folklore and of the people themselves, than did the historian, for the only way to understand the people completely is to live with them all of one's life. Montoya, now, could supplement the very story I was reading with interesting facts. I was surprised, by a rustle behind me different from the stir of the breeze, and, turning about, I found Montoya standing in the doorway almost as if in answer to my desire to see him.

"I come softly," he said, with the graceful gesture of his hands, peculiar to him, "if you are writing, I go away!"

"Now that I see you aren't a ghost," I laughed, "do come in!"

Montoya came in and seated himself leisurely. "Ha, so you think I am of the spirits," he replied. "And there was that one, Otero, and the man who came to visit him!" Then, with a little persuasion on my part, Montoya began his story:

Many years ago there came to this country from Spain, a noble family named Otero. Many sons there were with much gold claimed from conquest, so that the family was able to establish itself well in the new world. Handsome were the señors and beautiful the señoritas. One of the sons, Adolfo, built for himself a beautiful hacienda, and furnished it with possessions the family had brought with them from Spain. The walls of the long, low building were made of adobe and were four feet thick. The rooms were built about a patio and many of the doors opened out to it. These

doors were of heavy, hand-hewn wood. There were lace curtains at the windows, and the highest of luxuries, an organ, stood in one corner of the long living room near the fireplace. It was beautifully made of carved wood and was supported with heavy carved legs. The organ had been brought from Spain by way of Mexico City and a long three months' journey northward on an ox-cart.

There were many sons and daughters born in the hacienda of Adolfo Otero, and it became a place of laughter and song and music. Young people and old for miles about found it a place in which to make merry, and always there was about it the feeling of warm hospitality. Happy indeed were they who dwelled within its walls.

As Don Adolfo grew older and could no longer count the white hairs among the black, but could more easily count the black ones among the white, he thought that life had given him all that he could desire. One by one the sons and daughters had married and established haciendas for themselves, and now Don Adolfo lived alone except for his wife and two servants. But still there came to the house many who were friends, and some who were strangers, for the weary traveller who had heard about the open hospitality was accustomed to stop here on his journeys and spend the night.

Now this is a country of many winds. Sometimes the soft winds blow from the southwest and travel close to the ground. They are the winds that sing songs in the yucca and grasses that grow on the mesa. But sometimes the hard winds blow from the east and bring snow, if it is winter, or sand. The sand blows hard into the face of the traveller and beats against his horse so that he is driven to seek shelter. One day, there came such a wind. All day it beat about the hacienda of Don Otero and blew the white sands and the brown sands in piles against the doors and windows. No one ventured out on this day, and even when the sun vanished behind the mountains, leaving a trail of smoldering fire, the wind did not abate. In the darkness of the night, it seemed even worse than it had been in the daytime.

The two servants and Doña Otero retired early, but Don Adolfo remained in the living room. Two or three times he paced back and forth, back and forth, with an assuring step, as if to tell the elements he was calm and at peace. Then he seated himself before the fireplace, where he sat looking into the embers, dreaming who knows what dreams? A handsome figure he made sitting there, smoking his pipe, his hair falling down to his shoulders in the soft whiteness like snowbanks in the early morning. His eyes were black and still much alive with the vitality of living. Like coals they glowed as the light before him flickered and threw shadows upon the wall. He wore a black jacket, trimmed in fine black satin, and black trousers. About his waist was tied a sash of bright colors. Suddenly his reverie was interrupted by a hasty pounding on his door. Don Adolfo pulled back the heavy bars that formed the lock, and the great carved door swung open to admit a stranger. He seemed in great agitation and would not remove his hat; nor would he partake of the warmth before the fire, or wait for some of the wine Otero offered to bring for him. He was a young man, well-formed. His black beard stood out in sharp contrast to the white face beneath it.

"They are coming," he said, seeming to assume that Don Adolfo knew who "they" might be. "This they must not find!" And he drew from his coat a small box of carved wood and thrust it into the hand of Don Adolfo.

"You shall hide it for me and when I come again you shall give it to me! Guard it with your life! Hide it carefully and tell no one!" With these words, the man turned, opened the door, and it closed quickly behind him. In a moment, Don Adolfo heard the sound of horse hoofs as the stranger rode quickly away.

Amazed, Otero stood and held the little carved box. Then he walked closer to the firelight and examined it. It was curiously carved, but whether or not it was locked, Otero never knew for he was a Spanish gentleman—a caballero! Then, recalling the command of his visitor, he walked over

to the old organ, opened a secret panel in one of the heavy wooden legs, and here he carefully inserted the box and closed the panel. Don Adolfo smiled to himself with satisfaction, because he had been able to hide the box so well. Even his wife did not know of this place.

He went back and sat down before the fire. Soon there was a clatter of hoofs, and three armed men stood in his doorway.

"Has someone stopped here?" they asked, glancing around the room. "Have you heard anyone pass?"

Otero held his head to one side as if thinking. "A few minutes ago I heard horse hoofs flying down the road in a great hurry!" he said.

The years continued to throw their days across the path of Don Adolfo, but he did not forget the stranger who had placed a box in his keeping, nor did he forget to guard the trust that had been given him. He waited for the return of the man, and indeed, he never thought to open the secret panel, until the stranger should return to claim his property. And one day Don Adolfo died, taking with him the secret of the little carved box and its hiding place. His estate was settled by his sons, and all of his obligations known to them, were dutifully discharged.

The eldest son, Reyes, moved into the hacienda with his wife, in order to be with his mother, who was also grown quite old. Reyes was much like his father, an honorable man, but times were different. With the on-coming of American civilization, ranchos sprang up along the old road, which was now repaired often, and here and there little villages grew, so that it was no longer necessary for strangers to seek hospitality in the open countryside. For days at a time, however, the hacienda would ring with the laughter of young people and of old, when Reyes would call them there for a fiesta to honor the old days. And the good people would sit about with lighted faces, speaking of Don Adolfo, and the many fine times they had enjoyed under that very roof. The younger ones would gather about the

old organ, standing in one corner of the long living room where it had always stood, and sing songs.

"It is a fine instrument," said Don Reyes, in praise of the organ. "Each day its tone becomes more and more mellow!"

One moonlight night, when the wind was blowing, Carla, the wife of Reyes, was awakened by a sound in the house. She arose quickly and walked to the living room door. Just outside the room she listened. Yes, she was sure of it! There were footsteps walking slowly up and down the room, back and forth, back and forth! Quiet, assured footsteps! They sounded as if they knew where they were going! She opened the door, but could see no one in the moon lighted room. She walked across to the organ and back, but no one was there.

The next morning she told her husband, and that night, he too, listened, but they heard nothing. Smiling at her, he told her he thought she had been mistaken, but she implored him to listen with her again. On this night, too, they heard nothing. For six nights they listened, and on the seventh night, when the wind was blowing, they heard the footsteps walking back and forth, back and forth, the full length of the living room and then pausing before the organ. But when they entered the room, no one was there. Soon they learned to expect the footsteps just before ten o'clock each night that the wind blew and promptly at ten-thirty they would cease and not be heard again. Reyes and Carla might have been frightened, but there was a re-assurance in the walk that quieted their fears.

They said nothing to the old Doña, the wife of Don Adolfo, thinking that it would alarm her. Great was the surprise of Don Reyes, therefore, on a certain morning, to come upon his mother, walking back and forth in the living room, back and forth, back and forth. For a moment he thought it might have been she whom he and his wife had heard, but his mother's footsteps were much lighter, and besides, she could not have disappeared so quickly. He and

his wife had never been able to intercept their visitor.

So he asked, "Mamacita, what do you do here?"

She looked at him a moment, quietly. "Don Adolfo, your father, walks in this room many nights," she said. "I am trying to find what is disturbing his spirit!"

There was conviction upon her face, and Don Reyes knew then that the footsteps he had heard were as the footsteps of his father. Many times had he heard him walk in just this fashion; and that, he thought, was why the footsteps did not frighten or alarm him. They were familiar ones! He needed time to think about this thing! So he said to his mother, "Do not be perturbed, Mamacita! My father was a good man. We will find out what is disturbing him. I will help you!" And he patted her gently upon her stooped shoulders.

So Don Reyes remained alone in the living room each evening when the wind brought sand, and he sat quietly before the fireplace, looking almost like his father. But nothing happened, although Don Reyes sat there for many evenings, hearing the footsteps.

One Friday, there came a sandstorm. All day the wind beat sand and whirled it in heaps about the hacienda; there was a constant pelting of sand against the windows—the white sands and the brown sands. No one ventured to leave the house. After the sun had set, the wind seemed to increase in its fury. But before the fireplace sat Don Reyes waiting for he knew not what—hoping only to assuage the concern of his mother for his father.

Suddenly there came a quick knock at the door and he opened it to admit a stranger. The man looked at him uncertainly in the dim light. Reyes closed the door and pushed the heavy bars against it to keep out the wind and sand. The stranger seemed greatly agitated. He was a middle-aged man, well formed. A black beard stood out in sharp contrast to his white face.

Without sitting down, he began, "But I thought you were Otero—Señor Adolfo Otero! As I came past the window and saw you sitting there, I thought—"

And Reyes added, "He was my father."

The man hesitated, as if weighing in his mind whether to inform Reyes of the purpose of his visit. Then he spoke, "A son of Adolfo Otero could not be other than trustworthy. I come for a box left in the keeping of your father."

"Come," said Reyes, "sit here."

And he pointed the stranger to a chair before the fireplace. The man sat down without removing his coat, as one in a daze, and said something under his breath in a queer mumble that Reyes did not understand.

"Come," Reyes said again, "make yourself comfortable. You are but chilled from the wind! I do not know where my father left your box, but I will try to think where it might be. Let me bring some wine for you."

The stranger did not answer. He sat stooped over in his chair toward the fire, in a disconsolate manner.

As Reyes reached the door leading out of the room, he heard the footsteps. That the man by the fireplace heard them also, he knew by the startled look in his eyes as he arose quickly to his feet and stared at Reyes.

Reyes smiled. "Do not be alarmed," he said reassuringly.

The footsteps had walked over to the organ, and stopped. Reyes closed the door behind him, and went to bring the wine. In a short time, he returned.

The outside door stood open. The stranger had disappeared. As Reyes stood in the room and looked about him, his eyes saw a small panel in the leg of the organ slide softly shut. Then he heard the footsteps for the last time. The wind from the entrance blew the door open leading to the patio, and the curtains parted as if someone walked through them and closed them gently.

Reyes Otero closed the outer door against the fury of the wind, and hastened to the organ, where he stooped to examine the place in which he had seen the opening close. When his fingers found the secret panel and slid it open, he knew that his father's last trust had been honorably discharged. The little enclosure was empty!

## Earth's Curtain

*By* EUGENIA POPE POOL

How fantastic!  
Yellow stars in a canopy of blue  
Yet they twinkle at night  
For me and you.

How barbaric!  
A silver crescent on a field of gold  
Yet it is there  
For us to behold.

How brilliant!  
That red cloud like pirate's blood  
Mingling with a sea of green  
Yet it is something we all have seen

How majestic!  
That flaming sun slowly sinking  
Like some kingly one lowered to rest.  
But there is the scene—in the West.



## Swearin' Off

By WILLIAM BRAMLETT

WHEN FOLKS starts talkin' about swearin' off lickin', it allus kinda puts me in mind of the time when Si Hambric swore off.

Si was, I reckon, about as handy a man as ever lived in this part of West Virginia. It seemed nothin' of general interest could ever happen without him havin' at least a finger in it. If there was a weddin' Si was allus on hand to lead the bellin'; and if there was a funeral he was there to mourn. He served as a school trustee, an' was constable fer quite a spell.

It seemed right strange, but Si never would git redeemed an' jine up in the church. He had a fine voice fer signin' and when they had revival meetin's he could allus lead off with jest the right song. Somehow or other, though, they never could git him up to the mourner's bench. Some folks figgered he must have some secret sins he didn't want to give up, but nobody ever caught him up at 'em, acourse.

Preacher Sam Miller—he was the Methodist preacher in these parts one time—seemed to take special interest in gittin' Si saved. He used to pray fer him in every meetin', an' he preached several sermons right at him. It didn't seem to do no good, but when Preacher Miller set out to save a man he generally got him converted, and he said he didn't intend to ever lose hope on Si. Jest keep on a prayin' an' in time the Lord will hear our pleas, he tole the church folks.

Back in them days, every Fourth of July there was quite a celebratin' in the court house grove over to Glenville. Folks from all over Gilmer county would come. There weren't no hard roads around here then, but folks made out to git there someway. They would come a horseback, ridin' double or with the women on sidesaddles, or the whole family would come in a hack or the road wagon. The young

sprouts would bring their best gals in their pappys' buggies, an' them as couldn't come no other way come a footin' it in. Everybody that could come someway or another, an' everybody fetched along plenty of dinner. Most of the men folks brung along a little lickier with 'em, too. Some of 'em had it in a jug an' hid it in a haystack off down in the field. Some brung it in bottles an' kep' it in their clothes, but most everybody exceptin' the preacher an' part of the church members had a taste somewheres about him.

In the mornin' after everybody had got there speakin' would start, an' after speakin' the women would spread out the dinner. Everybody eat till he couldn't eat no more, then he would rest a minute and put down a few more bites. After everybody was plumb full the women red up things while the men slipped off an' lickered. Along durin' the afternoon there would be dancin' fer the young people, an' there would be talkin', an' ole friends and neighbors meetin' each other, an' a shootin' match; so, with everything, there was fun an' entertainment fer all.

Si was allus at these celebratings, the fattest possum in the tree, so to speak. He was generally on fer speakin', an' then he oversaw spreadin' out the dinner, an' gittin' the dancin' started, and arrangin' fer the shootin' match. He was counted one of the best shots in these parts then, an' acourse he was purty proud of it. Si was right handy around the women, too. He wasn't no flirter, Si wasn't, fer he was gittin' up in years, an' a widerer with growed up children. But he knowed how to git on the good side of the women folks an' tell 'em as how he thought they was as purty an' good lookin' as the angels, an' make 'em believe it too, even if they was ugly an' unhandsome as home made sin, an' knowed it.

Si drunk a little, jest like everybody else. Not that he ever showed up real drunk, but he was purty fond of takin' a little nip along with the rest. One Fourth the day was hot an' he had a deal of trouble gettin' everything fixed up to suit him, so he taken a few more drinks than he generally

did, an' after dinner he taken a few more, an' so by the time the dancin' started he was purty well lickered up. His pardner fer the first figgure was one of Jim Sandy's gals, a purty little piece of mischief, with snappin' black eyes, an' not more than fifteen or so. Wal, I don't know whether it was because Si had been drinkin', or whether it was owin' to the natural good looks of the gal, but anyways he tole her she was the sweetest, purtiest little thing he ever seen, an' stated as how he lowed he would like to kiss her. She was a right spunky little gal, an' when he says that what did she do but up an fetch him a lick along side the ear, and say she didn't low as how no ole widerer could go to makin' love to her.

Now, I don't know as what Si done was so much out of the way, seein' as he was ole enough to be her grandpaw, an' she was purty as a picture. Besides, if it had been some young feller instead of a spindle-shanked whitish-whiskered ole cuss like Si she probably wouldn't a cut up none, noway. But as twas, all the women come a runnin' up sayin' as how Si ort to be ashamed of hisself fer actin' so, and with all their talkin' an lookin' he slipped off, sneakin' like, an' drunk a few more drinks, so by the time the shootin' match started he was mighty drunk, but feelin' right good in spite of it.

Wal, it come his turn to shoot. He lowed as how he could hit the bull's eye without a deal of tryin' so he pulled up and shot without takin' much aim, an' instead of scorin' center he hit clean over in the third ring. This knocked him out of tryin' fer the first prize, but he looked real determined at everybody an' says he lowed as how he would jest be derved if he didn't hit it an' come out best fer seconds. Wal, it come his turn again an' he loaded up an' aimed real careful like an' cut loose, an' this time he missed the whole thing—the dot, the circles, an' the backboard, too.

When he seen what he had did Si jest throwed down his gun an' made a speech. He says, "All my friends, listen, listen an' look. You see before you a man who has been umbled in the sight of his fellows because of strong drink. It

umbled him first in the sight of the women, an' now in the sight of the men. Friends, wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin', an' look not on the wine when it is red in the cup, fer in the end it bites like a serpent, an' stingeth like an adder."

Folks began to rally round acourse when Si started talkin' so earnest, an' the bigger the crowd got, the brasher Si talked. Finally, when purty near everybody was around him, Si throwed up his hands an' says, "Hear me, my friends, hear and remember, if ever again I, Silas Elias Hambric, raise to my lips a bottle or a jug of licker, may the Almighty strike me down, right then an' there, stone dead in my tracks."

When Si says that an' looked around convincin' like, Preacher Miller come a rushin' up an' grabbed a holt on his hand an' his back gallus an' says, "Praise the Lord, Brother Hambric. Hallelujah an' glory be. May you allus remember the solemn vow that you have jest tuck." Then the preacher he turned around to the crowd, an' he says, "All you Christian people in this audience, it's to you I'm speakin'. I want you all to git right down on yore knees an' pray fer this man, this pore sinful brother who is forsakin' one of his hellish ways. I want you all to pray," the preacher says, and then he dropped down on his knees, still aholt on Si, an' lit right in to intercedin' for him. There was a lot of church people in the crowd, an' when they seen the preacher was aprayin' they started, too.

Si hadn't figgured on kickin' up no such rumpus as this, an' at first he looked like he didn't know whether to kneel down an' pray, or cut loose an' run. Finally he decided on runnin' so he jerked his hand loose an' pulled the buttons off that helt his gallus, an' busted out through the crowd like he was gone plumb daffy. The preacher, he opened up his eyes an' hollered out after him, "We can all be athinkin' of you, Brother Hambric, an' aprayin' you may remember yore righteous pledge."

Fer the next year or two it did look like Si had swore off in earnest an' was remainin' faithful. At first nobody didn't

believe he had, but when the time passed an' nobody ever seen him drink they come to believe it. Preacher Miller talked about him in his preachin' as a man who was strivin' strong with the devil.

One time though, Si got real sick. Most folks thought fer shore he was agoin' to die. One day he sent fer Preacher Miller. The preacher come, an' as soon as he gits in Si says, kinda weak like, "Brother Miller."

"Yes, Brother Hambric," the preacher says.

"Brother Miller," Si says, "I fooled you, an' I fooled all the Christian people that air been aprayin' fer me all this time. Seein' as how I don't believe I can be on this earth much longer my conscience has got to hurtin' me an' I want to confess my sin."

"Brother Hambric," the preacher says, "it will be for yore soul's welfare."

Si, he retch under his piller an' got out a horn, an' ole steer horn it was, all hollered out to hold about as much as a quart bottle an' with a stopper an' a mouthpiece all fixed on. He say, "Brother Miller, here is the evidence of my sin. Two year ago the Fourth of last July I pledged with my hand raised to heaven that never again would I raise a bottle or a jug of licker to my lips, an' with all the prayin' that was bein' done on my account I didn't want to break that vow. Still, I couldn't git over my hankerin' fer licker, so I made this here container to kinda git around it. But now, Brother Miller," he says, "if I was to pass away, where would I be headed fer? Would heaven be my happy home, or would it be where the worm dieth not, an' the fire is not squenched?"

The preacher, he retch out an' tuck the horn and smelt of it, an' turned it over and looked at it good, an' he says, "Brother Hambric, that you've been aservin' both God an' that ole deceiver Satan is very plain, but let us pray. Let us pray," he says, not knowin' what else to say, I reckon.

Si got well right after that. It seemed there wasn't much the matter with him after all. But either the preacher went an' tole how he was a beatin' the devil around the

stump, or somebody else did—anyhow folks found out, so Si come out in the open to do his drinkin' thereafterwards.

It jest goes to show, this way Si acted, that it's mighty hard fer a drinkin' man to swear off licker. Maybe he can change his habits some, like Si done, but it's powerful hard fer him to quit clean off.

## Dead Mountaineer

*By* GLEN BAKER

Close his eyes with the coins,  
His bones will soon be dust  
Moldering back to earth  
As all men's must.

In life he loved these hills  
All the elements free,  
Death will bind him closer  
In subtle alchemy.

## Smoke Talk

### 459 Poets—And a Preface

By OMAR BARKER

FROM THE press of Henry Harrison, New York, there comes now an anthology under the title: "Contemporary American Men Poets"—459 of them! That number somehow reminds me of a little political *junta* at Tecolotenos when the late Senator Cutting was a candidate for the Senate. An earnest native orator declaiming against the Senator because of his great wealth, said, in Spanish: "How will he represent the poor, this son of the rich, who counts his wealth at *forty thousand million dollars?*" No one even so much as batted an eye at this fabulous figure—no one, that is, except little old grizzled, gooseberry-nosed Alejandro Fresquez, a former school teacher. With a quiet twinkle in his eye, Alejandro leaned down to where I sat cross-legged on the pine floor of the school house. "That's a lot of money, Omar!" he said.

Four hundred and fifty-nine is a lot of poets, too, not to include Santa Fe's leading triumvirate, Bynner, Long, and Fletcher. One wonders why, for it is not a "vanity" volume. At least I snuck in a couple without agreeing to buy the book, and the cover lists among the 459 contributors such recognized poets as Glenn Ward Dresbach (formerly of Grant County, N. M.), Robert Frost, Robinson Jeffers, John Hall Wheelock, William Ellery Leonard, Lew Sarett, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Howard Willard Gleason, Max Eastman, and many others who need not purchase their printing in any anthology. Martin J. Maloney, student poet of the Normal University at Las Vegas, is present with "Mexican Battle Piece," a stirring ballad of Pancho Villa.

In short there are a lot of good poets among the 459 and a lot of fine poems, regardless of names. Frankly, I was

"right smart set up an' admirin' my shadder" when the editor, Mr. Thomas Del Vecchio, wrote me that he would use two of my verses.

Now, however, I have read Mr. Vecchio's preface and I am "right smart let down." Even in such a numerous round-up of poets as this, I am ashamed to appear in the same volume with this piece of pure propaganda which Mr. Del Vecchio presumes to call a preface to poetry.

Quotation of a few of the stereotyped,\* dogmatic phrases running through the preface will serve sufficiently to identify the ax Mr. Del Vecchio has to grind—at the expense of the poetic art. Here are some of them: "the class struggle," "endless luxury for the few and poverty and virtual servitude for the mass," "social force," "a vicious privileged class," "circumvented with starvation, ostracism and imprisonment," "social realists," "the revolutionary movement," "the roar of suffering multitudes," "a great and powerful union of poets," etc.

This page is no place to discuss the so-called "social revolution" and communism. Suffice to say that I, personally, am "agin it," lock, stock, and barrel, particularly so far as America is concerned. But when Mr. Del Vecchio prostitutes the preface of an anthology of poetry to propaganda in an attempt to identify the art of poetry in America with the so-called "social revolution," somebody should call his hand.

"The failure of artists," says Mr. Del Vecchio, "to realize their potentialities as a class accounts for their low estate."

"Artists as a class"—phooey! By their very nature artists cannot constitute a class and remain artists. If the artist, poetic or otherwise, is not individuality to the nth degree, he is nothing.

To quote further: "punctilious poets, scrupulously polishing their pastel couplets, may gasp in maidenly horror at this, but the manly poet will realize that the day of the lone,



delicate riders of Parnassus is past, and that only in union can poets regain their artistic birthright."

Regain my eye! Since when have poets lost their artistic birthright in America? What is a poet's artistic birthright, anyhow? Nothing more nor less than to write what he wishes to write—and find an audience for it if he can. Where else in the world can he do this so freely as here in America? It is beside the point to whine, as Mr. Del Vecchio does, that "social realists" among poets can find little or no audience. This, to begin with, is not true; but even if it were, must poets be reminded that the reader-as-audience also has his birthright—to read what he chooses? What Mr. Del Vecchio proposes, in effect, is "a great and powerful union of poets" to compel a free people to read their so-called "social realism," in the guise of poetry, whether they like it or not.

Mr. Del Vecchio wants the poet to be "the champion of truth"—Del Vecchio's truth, of course—with an organized union to specify just what that truth is. It is here that his tirade becomes suspect as a preface to poetry and reveals itself as clever communistic propaganda.

Truth is strictly an individual matter for each poet to decide upon in his own heart. It is that individual vision of truth that makes the artist, be he poet or painter. How then, if he belongs to a Poets' Union dedicated to a dogmatic "social realism" with which he cannot agree?

"All artists," says Mr. Del. Vecchio, "are propagandists *per se*. And when the time demands, art becomes the inflammatory substance that kindles action, levelling one social system that a better might supplant it."

All right, if the poet wants to go around kindling action with the fire of his poetry, let him. In this country, at least, nobody is going to stop him. But let him furnish his own fire, not borrow a torch from the bonfire of organized social or political propaganda, lest both poet and poetry, birthright and all, go up in smoke—the stifling smoke that must inevitably rise from the ashes of individualism sacrificed

upon the false altar of mass inspiration and "unionism" for poetic art.

That's a hell of a hot figure of speech, I know, but because, to my shame, I happen to be among the contributors to a volume of poetry prefaced by propaganda, I consider the indulgence justifiable.

Yes, 459 is a lot of poets—but not too many, so long as each is his own separate voice. Despite the preponderance of Mr. Del Vecchio's misnamed "social realists" in the volume, let it, in fairness, be said that the editor has given space to a wide variety of viewpoints. Anthologists today can do this—pending the organization of a Poets' Union to dictate otherwise.

S. OMAR BARKER.

### What Makes Fall Worth While?

A. A. Milne once observed that autumn came with the celery—the fresh shoots in the bowl beside the cheese, the tender crackling in the mouth, the pipe, and the flames in the grate. Keats has something about "mists and mellow fruitfulness," but we too have our consolation for winter snow, the ache of incipient colds, the figures in the budget for furnace coal. Keats never knew the comfortable lounge where the sunlight idled through a golden tree in the patio, the cigarette curled its smoke into the darkened vigas, and the little cabinet at your elbow chatted: "Second down for Nebraska and a yard to go . . . There's the ball back to McAlrainey who fumbles and it's four to go . . . Nebraska comes out of the huddle . . . It's Johnny Howell who goes over his right guard . . . He's up to about the forty-four . . . Nebraska fourth down and two to go . . . Oh! Oh! there's a Nebraska player down. It's McAlrainey, the fullback from Tecumseh, who's been playing such swell ball today. Coach Biff Jones is taking him out of the game. He gets up to shake his hand and the whole Cornhusker team gets up to greet him like a long lost brother. He may be a brother, but he certainly hasn't been lost. There's tricky football here today. They

say Texas has a monopoly on it, but they have it back at Colgate and we have it here today . . . An we have to remember it started back in Carlyle when Jim Thorpe used to carry the ball. You remember the time he ran for the winning touchdown against Harvard back in 1907 with the football tucked up under his Jersey and his arms swinging free. It was that play that brought about the rule making that sort of thing impossible . . . Well, here we go again . . ."

### Fiesta in Santa Fe

You cannot report all of a fiesta and sometimes the part of anything is greater than the whole.

A group of Indian boys were talking excitedly in the washroom at La Fonda. One of them began to sing. "It goes like that; only the drum beats faster." "Uh-huh" from some of the others. "We're going to dance here. Wait till you see us dance" from the singer. "You'll be surprised."

The group shifted around a little and one of the Indians said, "I just came back from New Yawrk."

The first speakers went on. One said, "Did you see White Bear dance at Gallup?" "Yes." "Sure." "He's fine." "Sure." "Yes."

The same voice from the listeners. "I just came back from New Yawrk." This time he had attention, but he paused for proper respect. "I been teachin' there." "Dance?" "Oh, everythin'; dances and everythin'. I'm goin' back to New Yawrk."

The singer again: "You fellows ought to go down dance in Colorado or Texas. You'd make money." Protest: "We can't go down there." "You'd make money, lots of money. Two thousand dollars a month. No, wait. Two hundred dollars a month. I've seen people reach in their pockets and take out a handfull of money and give it all to Indians dancin'. Twenty dollars a night. You make lots of money."

Cultural fusion is almost getting beyond us in New Mexico. In the specialty dances at La Fonda acculturation ran rife: the Taos hoop dance to Thurlow Lieurance's

"Land of the Sky Blue Waters"; the Comanche War Dance to "Cielito Linda"; and another thumping dance with "Ranchera" spaced and accelerated to meet the tempo.

"El Dia de Los Ninos y Los Burros" is the most genuine thing in Fiesta. Everything that children do springs from genuine impulse like the ingratiating antics of the animals who come along to be a part of the show, costumed like their owners and about as tired and yet excited, too.

Did you see the tiny girl in white satin and lace mantilla who pushed the doll buggy holding a white rabbit? The rabbit wore a little palette trimmed with colored sequins, and seemed to know that with all the dogs and cats running around it safety went with the costuming and parading on "The Day of the Children and the Burros."

It is a day of miracles! Wire-haired terriers ride handle bars in front of their masters on bicycles; collies go international (without singing the Internationale) by biting a flag-rest holding Mexican and American flags; ordinary hounds go dandified with ribbons, charro hats, or Swiss hats with purple feathers; a miniature circus wagon imprisons a tame kitty with a red bow, quite unexcited by the St. Bernard sniffing outside the bars. Noah must have herded his troublesome crew into the Ark on "El Dia de Los Ninos y Los Burros," for on such a day the animal world seems to be friendly with its own kind and with a stranger race which doesn't always accord it such consideration.

OTHER NOTES:—The famous anthropologist who did the Turkey Dance in the living room of a lovely home—the home all luminario lit—the dance with what appeared to be a marvelous gobble at the end! The schottische danced in the studio with the polished black floors, the black bancos like Santa Clara ware, and the hearth and fire-place outlined in black polished earth centering the height of wall below carved beams! The patient burros at the Parrion Analco, pleased with their little journeys about the Market and the light freight they bear! The woman costumed with her Navajo blouse and a Pocahontas feather! The costume of

SMOKE TALK

[ 291

the two men who looked like priests of Pele, completely covered with feathers of pastel hues and the conversation between them: "I wanted to come entirely unique in costume and almost gave up for an idea when my eleven-year-old daughter suggested this. It's all right, but I haven't been able to smoke a cigarette all evening or get near one!" and "You haven't anything to worry about! What about my hay fever! I've been sneezing ever since she put these feathers on us, and this night may be the end of me yet!"

MATT PEARCE.

Star Caravan

By ALICE GILL BENTON

High in the heavens the circling planets glow  
And gleaming caravans of stars, serene  
And stately, keeping step, measured and slow,  
Move like an oriental palanquin,  
Crossing the wide blue desert of the sky,  
In great magnificance and glittering show  
Of wealth. Swiftly the crescent moon slips by  
On silver shoes, gliding softly, as though  
Afraid of this display of pomp. She hides  
Behind a great high dune of clouds, there in  
The west, to watch this opulence that rides  
The heavens. Where did this caravan begin?  
What distant port is beckoning? Who guides  
It surely on, what wider skies to win?



## Los Paisanos

### Saludo a todos los paisanos:

Those returning from vacations spent abroad bring tales from, books about, pictures of: Italy, France, England, Ireland, Mexico, Germany, Venezuela. All have been making speeches in living-rooms, and on platforms about far-off peoples, customs, cultures, art, beauty. All saw celebrities, heard celebrities, or heard about celebrities. But all are thankful to be home, and that home IS New Mexico. Material collected has been going into, or will eventually appear in publications of every kind and variety . . . The stay-at-homes report a very successful summer with money in the bank, and a book in the offing . . . So take your choice in regard to holidays. . . . Speaking of holidays, Easter seems a long ways off, but much conversation is going on in regard to the joint meeting which the Texas Folk-lore Society, and the Spanish Institute of the University of New Mexico will hold at El Paso during Easter vacation. Plans are being formulated under the direction of C. L. Sonnichsen of the Texas School of Mines, and the program will be announced shortly. The general themes of the sectional meetings will revolve around Indian, Spanish, and Anglo cultures of the Rio Grande Valley. There will be exhibits of arts and crafts, and programs of Spanish music and dancing. According to Dr. T. M. Pearce, who is on the program committee, the delegation from Fort Worth is talking about chartering a bus for the occasion.

The Southwest Writers Forum, recently organized, have announced as their board of directors: Miss Mary Elizabeth White, Mr. Carless Jones, Mrs. Gladys Boyle, and Mrs. Alice Mellis. The Forum will act as a literary organization, a critical medium, and a manuscript bureau. Miss White states that all MMS. will receive three critical read-

ings before being sent to editors. Forum meetings open to the public will be held twice a month, and MSS. submitted at that time will be read and criticized in a round-table manner.

Fall publications of more than passing interest to paisanos will be Erna Fergusson's forthcoming book on Venezuela which Knopf is publishing; *Storm Toward Heaven*, a short novel by Paul Horgan, to be published by the Rydal Press, of Santa Fe; and *Sandpaintings of the Navajo Shooting Chant*, by Franc L. Newcomb, with text by Gladys A. Reichard. All three books will probably be out by Christmas. Recent publications which are attracting attention are: *The Enemy Gods*, by Oliver La Farge; *Americans Yesterday*, by F. Martin Brown, of the Fountain Valley School in Colorado Springs; and *Perilous Sanctuary*, by D. J. Hall. Judging by the number of children's books coming from the press, the youth of the land should not remain in ignorance of Indians, wild or otherwise. Some of the material appearing in such books is no doubt authentic but some of it also came out of the New York Public Library. Fall publications for young paisanos are: *Treasure Mountain*, by Eric P. Kelley, who narrates the adventure of two little boys in New Mexico; *The Trader's Children*, by Laura Adams Armer, who tells of Indian life in Arizona; *Two Little Navajos Dip Their Sheep* is the title of a picture-script book, one of a series which Teacher's College, Columbia University, sponsors. One of the best publications is by Isis Harrington, called *He Herds Sheep*, which Dutton's has just released. Mrs. Harrington, formerly of the Albuquerque Indian School, is now living in the Northwest.

We understand that . . . Mabel Dodge Lujan has gone to New York to be re-psychoanalyzed . . . four books are the result of the last session. . . . The Hogners have just sent off two books to the publishers. . . . Kyle Crichton does not intend to write a book on his recent European travel. . . . Philip Du Bois recently sold a number of his far-east travel pictures to Richard Halliburton . . . Everybody likes Dane

Smith's bride. . . . President and Mrs. Zimmerman thought the Duke and "Wally" very good-looking . . . . The Fergussons are going to have a family re-union at Christmas . . . . Otto Reutinger is to be married at Christmas . . . . Dr. "Saint" recently sold a poem to the *New Mexico Sentinel*. . . . Horace Gardner likes Yale . . . . Richard Ryan is bicycling through England. . . . Catherine and Norman Macleod are in Alabama. . . . E. E. Musgrave recently sold a series of articles to the *American Forest Magazine*. . . . Matt Pearce had two charming house-guests recently . . . both frequent contributors to the QUARTERLY. . . . Rebecca Smith and Mabel Major of T. C. U. . . . Sandia School has some very interesting new teachers. . . . *Sandpaintings of the Navajo Shooting Chant* will cost thirty dollars a copy . . . will be a beautiful book with thirty colored plates on handmade paper. . . .

Hasta la proxima,

JULIA KELEHER.

### Lament

By WILLIAM RADLOFF

I have seen a moon held bright by growing darkness;  
 Cloud shadows gather round a topless peak;  
 An infant's brewing eyes, a lover's lips:  
 And still I seek.

A rose carressed by dewy fingertips;  
 Birds, throat-voiced, mourning in some woodland tryst;  
 Pure snow eternal, earth claimed in the night:—  
 Yet something I've missed.



## Book Reviews

*Fantasy and Fugue*—Marina Wister—The Macmillan Co., \$2.00.

Here is a volume, which in variety and recurrent melody is a distinctive contribution to contemporary American poetry. Mature in its ideas and in their presentation, the book reflects in every page an unusual and well-defined individuality.

The poems are in three sections. The first, by far the largest group, is on Mexico, a careful expression of the country with its variety, cruelty, beauty and fierceness.

The second section is a group of lyrics which vary in meter and tone to fit the subject. They cover a wide range of personal experience, and many of them are concerned with places. They follow no set form, but the recurrent fugue melody of the depth of feeling is here.

The third section is a sequence of twenty sonnets recording with intimate and tender warmth the deep emotion of a strongly individual entity. They are Shakespearean in form.

Throughout the whole volume the fugue is played in variations.

An outstanding characteristic of these poems is the identity of meter and form with the subject. In the section on Mexico and in the second section this is particularly noticeable. The poems "Puebla," "Xochimilco," and "Evening in Taxco," show this identity.

The author has also a happy faculty of writing unforgettable last lines. "The water gathered in pink pools"; "To the reek of pulque slowly, slowly seeping in"; "It has no tinge of fire, save by night"; "The scintillant fanciful domes of her churches," are only a few. The most impressive poem in the volume is "The Memory and the Dream," at the end of the section on Mexico. Its rhythm and melody is delightful and the body and substance of the poem are meaningful.

Too long to quote, but infinitely worth seeking out and reading for one's self are "The Family," "The Clown," the delicate allusive quality of "Lilacs," "Vision," "Tardy Regret."

Most of the poems are rhymed. The rhymes are all the "perfect" type, with a few lines "imperfect," and some few analyzed rhyme. Construction of regular forms, such as the sonnets, is formal but the author shows much variety in her less formal poems.

For persons with a genuine interest in poetry, which has gone far from its primitive origins, and is almost completing the circle back to them, this volume will be of interest as a step forward on the circle. Neither subject matter nor form will appeal to the less subtle.

IRENE FISHER.

*Albuquerque, N. M.*

*Edge of Taos Desert*—Mabel Luhan—Harcourt Brace—\$2.75.

When you saw the Hollywood version of *Lost Horizon* did you think of New Mexico? The resemblance was inescapable, if you know New Mexico. Planes daily cross the snow-peaked Rockies to land in the sunny vales of New Mexico. If they ride down out of a blizzard, they may find the Indians in the vales piling corn husks in heaps in corrals, or the natives driving colts over threshing piles of bean pods or wheat straw. Chilli peppers will be hanging, very festive, in bands along the flat roofed houses, more gorgeous than anything in Shangri La. In the placitas they could find a fiesta almost anywhere, and in a nearby pueblo drums would be sounding the pulse of earth and man as the chant rose from a hundred human throats. The old cacique, blanket robed and as wrinkled and thin-haired as the High Lama, would meditate the sacred mysteries in his council room while the workers of the tribe stored the grain and fruits and meat for the non-productive season. At the fiesta in the chief city of the valley, the candle-light procession at evenfall would wind to its shrine with levels of light like the

tortuous path of light in Shangri La. The visitors would find La Fonda another luxurious lamasery, and somewhere they could find a wise poet with the same Buddhistic calm and treasures of books and jade to match those of Chang.

To Mabel Luhan, New Mexico was a Shangri La, when she fled from the drawing room at 23 Fifth Avenue, New York City. That drawing room was a symbol of the culture of wealthy Eastern society. Parasitic, as most cultures are, the product of other men's labor and sweat and of other people's brains and evolutions, Mrs. Luhan tired of life there and went away for a new reality. She found it at Taos. There a native people were living simply, with concern for the tribal good. There was a virility and poise which sophisticated and more highly integrated society lacked. The problems of the tribe were few and the tribe met them casually in the shadow of Taos mountain below Blue Lake, the sacred ceremonial pool which no outsiders are ever allowed to see.

The description of the change wrought in Mabel Luhan by this experience is engrossingly written. I quite agree with Mrs. Luhan's large public, that she writes very entertaining books. She writes about herself as analytically and as refreshingly as if she were someone else. Nothing of her own pettiness or superciliousness is omitted, nor of her own disingenuous enthusiasms. She must be an amazing woman. Her problem, however, is to get people to take her seriously—not just to read her books!

If she really believes in the Indian way, why doesn't she try it? The Indians don't live in the Big House with *objets d'art* from Fiesole to Taxco to keep alive their aura or what have you? Her way of life and thought is still, as her books show, European in spite of the play-acting by which she exasperated her family when she took to long Indian-like silences and began to insulate herself under an Indian shawl. Indians don't turn on their own tribe with vindictive scorn of their tribal faults; nor do Indians try to save themselves or each other by some new sensation which can cure

all the old dull ones flesh is heir to. Indians usually look about them and find enough in the Red Man's heritage to get along with. Many of us, like Mabel Luhan, are amateur anthropologists poking about everywhere in antiquity and ourselves for material to lecture other people on how to cure themselves of that which ails us.

Much of Mrs. Luhan's advice is sound. We need the feel of earth which holds the Indian poised and upright, but he needs, and so do we, the science which is fighting trachoma and saving the Indians from blindness. We need the worshipful awe before fire and the pool of quietness in the mountain, but we need and so does he, mechanical energy that makes it possible to communicate with other units in a world that, willy nilly, touches ours, and irrigation and reservoirs that can prevent the migrations of peoples in drouth like that which drove the Colorado Puebloños and the Chaqueños from their homes centuries ago. We need "conversion" to *Something* which can sustain us, as Mabel Ganson Evans Dodge Sterne really seems to have been rebuilt inwardly and outwardly when she met Tony Luhan and lived with him; but we still need the common sense of an everyday world which knows a mirage when it sees one, which doesn't see anything mystical about not irrigating along the wall of an adobe house, and which looks upon peyote as peyote and not the Philosophers' Stone.

MATT PEARCE.

*Albuquerque.*

*Life Goes On*—Carey Holbrook—Valliant Printing Company, Albuquerque—\$1.00.

I happen to have been raised on red-blooded poetry—good, vigorous stuff with a musical lilt and a rollicking meter. "The Song of Hiawatha" is one of my earliest recollections. As a child I was carefully groomed in "Excelsior," "The Village Blacksmith," "Casabianca," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Horatius at the Bridge," etc. Later I learned poem after poem by Kipling, Service, Noyes and

Masefield. Vers libre has always seemed like a black sheep in a good, respectable family, for to me poetry is song. And so I classify Carey Holbrook's volume of verse entitled *Life Goes On*.

I've known Carey Holbrook for over ten years and every time I've seen him during that time he has always grinned and he has either just finished a poem or is headed for his typewriter ready to write one. When he gets there he doesn't chew his pencil into messy splinters or sit looking into space for an hour or so. He wades into those keys and the meter and rhyme just stack up on that paper like rain comes down in the summertime. Carey is so constructed that it is just as natural for him to write poetry as for a burro to be stubborn. The only reason why the legal notices in the *Health City Sun* are in prose is because the lawyers write them and Carey doesn't. When it comes to metrical arrangement and rhyme Carey is a natural. And his poems almost read themselves for you once you've started them. If he adopts a certain meter you don't have to stop midway to scan a line because you have struck a snag. You just start keeping time with your feet like a grandmother at a baile and lose yourself in the general effect.

Carey has lived long enough and has known enough of illness and suffering to have achieved a genial and sound philosophy of life. The bright strands of this philosophy are twined in and out among the poems in this book where many will chance upon them advantageously. The old Arkansas background of the poet is unmistakable with the constant voicing of the urge to get away from toil and labour and spend the time along a trout stream or pursue the furred and feathered creatures amid New Mexico's wide horizons. And the grin with which Carey greets all of us in our daily contacts with him is omnipresent throughout the book. I liked these poems tremendously and I particularly recommend: "The Poet Does a Short Short," "Some of Them Never Went to Bed," "Coronado" and "Romance Rides With Me."

*Life Goes On* was attractively printed and bound by the Valliant Printing Company of Albuquerque. It is illustrated by numerous small sketches by Al Smalley.

JIM THRELKELD.

*Albuquerque.*

*The Share Croppers*—Charlie May Simon—E. P. Dutton & Co., New York—\$2.50.

Charlie May Simon, so we are informed by a blurb on the jacket of *The Share Croppers*, is the "very successful author of distinguished children's books." After reading *The Share Croppers* we are inclined to agree with the writer of the blurb and to wish that Mrs. Simon had cultivated her own garden and not ventured into the field of adult literature.

To make the blow as soft as possible let us say that Mrs. Simon is out of her depth and let it go at that. There is nothing to be gained by dwelling on the fact that all of her characters are stereotypes who never come to life, that the plot has been carelessly thought out, or that frequently the dialogue is so stilted as to be impossible. The mother with her "perpetually whining voice" and her "wanting fiercely to take her daughter in her arms"; the plantation owner who "spoke kindly to his tenants and genuinely wished their lot were better, but could do nothing to change conditions"; the sister who was seduced (presumably—all Mrs. Simon says is that the lights were turned out and "then it happened") in a tourist cabin; and Mr. Young, the kindhearted Union organizer: all these, together with the other characters, are nothing but oversentimentalized abstractions that even a god would have difficulty in bringing to life. One wonders whether the fault lies in the fact that Mrs. Simon does not know share-croppers or whether it is that she lacks the ability to communicate what she does know.

Faced with the share-cropper system, Mrs. Simons swung mightily—and missed. Obviously she meant well,

and for that can be forgiven some of her literary sins. But it might not be a bad idea if sometime she took a few minutes off from her writing and read "Tobacco Road." It's about share-croppers too.

LYLE SAUNDERS.

*Albuquerque.*

*Single to Spain*—Keith Scott Watson—E. P. Dutton & Co.—\$2.00

Books are the armor of the intellect. The honest record of events today cannot be above the battle. Just as history is propelled by collision, so we find that the best art-weapons in times of urgency build from the force of emotion tyrannizing over idea. Too long have books been viewed as orchids from the jungle of the mind which flourish only in the hot-house of impartiality. Fine, stirring books can come out of the experiences of everyday life of man today. For we live in heroic times, and any straightforward account of those times must gather to itself something of the heroic feeling. Even such a simple story as the one told in the book under review here bears this out.

There are no profound judgments here, no prophecies. There is no writing on the head of a pin. But it is a good story; and, what is more important, it is historically accurate. A non-partisan English journalist fights for awhile with a small group of English-Scotch-Irish volunteers in the people's army of the Spanish government. Hardly a soldier by temperament, he resigns, but continues his stay in Spain as a correspondent to a British daily. From what he saw and heard during the crucial days of the defense of Madrid we learn of the determination of the common people of Spain to beat off the attacking barbarism of the past and hold the first outposts of the future they have already begun to build. A single incident from the book will suffice to show how the self-appointed civilizers of Spain are bringing "higher values to a deluded people." Watson goes to visit the Faculty of Medicine in University City which has just been recaptured from the Fascists. "My eyes gradually be-

came accustomed to the light. 'Christ!' What I saw sent a chill down my spine. My guide shone his torch. 'Washington Irving's got nothing on that.' There could not have been fifty Moors, but in that eerie light, there seemed five hundred at least. All were dead; some sat in chairs, others sprawled across tables or lay in twisted heaps on the floor. Those boys won't do no more looting. They killed the bloody rabbits, hens and sheep and ate them all. What they didn't know was that they had been injected full of germs by the professors. They didn't have time to kill the animals before they beat it, the Moors found 'em and ate 'em germs and all. There's enough bacilli here to lay out Madrid."

Incidents like this, which do not find their way into the general world press, make Watson's book an important sidelight on the understanding of the situation in Spain. Seen from the ruins of Madrid the glorious road that Franco is paving for the new culture-Fascism is a shambles. Watson quotes from a message of La Passionaria to the Loyalist militia: "It is better to die fighting, than to live on one's knees!"

ARON KRICH.

*Albuquerque.*

*The Life of Saint Rose, First American Saint and Only American Woman Saint*—Marian Storm—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1937.

*March of the Past*—Alexandra Fechin—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1937.

Here are two books recently published in Santa Fe by Writers' Editions. They are successors in an unusually fine list of books published by this group of co-operative authors, among them *The Sun Turns West*, by Alice Corbin Henderson; *Pittsburgh Memoranda*, by Harriet Long; and *Twenty-Four Elegies*, by John Gould Fletcher. To QUARTERLY readers the reviewer urges vigilant attention to the offerings of Writers' Editions. Not only is the group selective in what it publishes, but through the arrangements with the



Rydal Press, it is also selective in how it publishes. The books are a distinguished shelf in both content and appearance.

The two newest books are contrasting in subject matter, the first the story of a woman mystic, aware of the supernatural about her, in South America; the second, the narrative of a woman, very human, close to the emotions of everyday ties, in Russia. Religious expression cannot be divorced from the character of the land in which it appears, from the tribal patterns of the people who enact it, from the temperament of individuals who feel the god-power which singles them out for its spiritual or political leadership. The first Christians moved in that cradle world of ideas produced by the mingling of Hebrew, Greek, and Roman cultures, where all the myth and manifestation of three ancient continents were fighting it out for dominance. Saint Rose lived at the emergence of Peru from a barbarous past when Christianity, in the expression of Roman Catholicism, had linked itself to the great empire of the Incas, lords of men, children of the Sun.

The new empire, matching in brilliance the Indian empire of the past, built upon slavery and sustained by religious and political intrigue, the Inquisition here the eyes and ears of the military as it was in Spain, produced this little child, who may match in her charity and kindness much of the repression, bigotry, and inhumanity of the system there that produced her. Well does the Church to exalt those who preserve its ideals, where in many cases, they have been the victims of its practice. "Rosa's Hospital" in Lima was such a blessing that Rosa was called the "true mother" of the poor. She went to the beggered, the ulcerous, the forgotten of man and priests, because, as she said to protests, "mother, charity is not delicate. I must deny no service, whatever it may be, nor pay any heed to the rebellious protests of the senses. When we are helping the suffering we always smell all right to Heaven. Is charity so frail as to be disgusted by the cancerous wound? We're all made of mud anyway . . ."

Alexandra Fechin, author of *March of the Past*, is a creative personality, quickly responsive to the life-impulses in the sunlight, air, birds, flowers, her friends, the devoted beast Krasavkca, her cow, who stood by the little family of Russians, isolated from the security of their past. Why is the Russian temperament so often rich in common humanity, its aristocrats such true aristocrats in nature and not social caste? The reader loves Krasavkca as well as its owner when he finishes Mrs. Fechin's human and amusing story, with its glimpses of beauty in the Russian landscapes and flashes of personal philosophy.

I flung myself on the flat of my back and let my eyes see nothing but the sky. Oh! What a sky! A huge crystal ball on dark blue velvet, the stars and I inside of it. And as I lived amidst them in one direction they slowly passed me in the other. On meeting, the large ones glared full into my face, wearing a cool and grave expression; others smaller, twinkled and gaily laughed, and there were the smaller ones that seemed to do somersaults, and now and then one would fall into the void.

"Traveling Juggler," the first story, is the experience of Mrs. Fechin's cousin Paul during the Russian revolution of 1919. It is an expounded anecdote telling the suspense and torture of the two young parents who lose their son in the flight from Kazan when it fell to the Reds. The child is recovered, providentially it seems, two years later. Mrs. Fechin interprets here with the same sympathy and warmth of style as in her own story. The latter, however, is more personal and more memorable.

T. M. PEARCE.

*Albuquerque.*

## Personally Speaking

The wise man with little time will read only plays. That is the economics of reading. To complete the average play will require surely no more than two hours. Whereas a book!—from four to twenty hours usually, depending on the weight of it.

It takes little time indeed, and it would be also very wise. One play a day for a year will swallow all the Greek and Continental and British heritage of great moment; in five years our shrewd fellow could converse with the utmost aplomb of the important literary heritages of cultured countries. More than that, he would know much of those heritages, and of the history, techniques, and ideas expressed in great world literature.

After all, he would be skilled in Aristophanes and Moliere, in Aeschylus and O'Neill, in Shakespeare and Racine, in Schiller and Odets, in Calderon and Anderson! The price he pays is simply a scant hour or so of reading, while his more laborious brother plods on hour after hour through *Pamela* and *Tom Jones* and perhaps himself never attains to *La Vida es Sueno* and *Faust*.

I suppose that our contemporary cunning fellow would enjoy his reading more and profit at least equally from it if he ignored the ponderous *Adrift With the Gales* and *East-Sou'-East Gaps* of modern fiction, to gaze sternly instead at our *Wintersets*, *Waiting for Leftys*—and even at *Idiot's Delight*, *Having Wonderful Time*, *The Women*, and *Boy Meets Girl*. Perhaps he'll miss a lot by such an exiguous diet. But in that event he can wait until his novels are dramatized.

The trouble is of course, limiting our coldly rational sophistry to the present, that for every *Winterset*—rich with poetry and movement—there is a *Having Wonderful Time*—amusing, but so damned unimportant. That it is unimportant would be a merit to jaded craniums; but when a

work, even a play, is too incidental, too ephemeral, one is disappointed. It's as tasteless as a creampuff, and without the pretty colors.

That's what the current stock of plays seems to be, too. Tasteless. At least so they read. With a stentorian actor out-Heroding Herod, and a wistful, fluttering ingenue patting her dainty hands in the flesh, these plays may act well. But they read like yesterday's slang expression.

*Idiot's Delight*, for example. They tell me that on the stage this puts them on the edge of their seats, this smashes a message home, this has really got guts! Well, read in cold blood, as literature not action, one enjoys it only when the chorus of dancers comes out to ask "When do we eat?" That is often; thank God for dancers' appetites.

Supposing then that the dramatic nutriment is pale. The next best solution for our man of little time would be to read poetry. Not the very best poetry, naturally; that is compressed thought and beauty demanding cogitation. But he can read *Singing Drums* by Helen Welshimer or *Martingale*, with verses and pictures by Helen Kirby. One of them, a collection of felicitous newspaper verses, would go down in a slightly sachrose gulp; the other would stimulate a rather pleased yelp of amusement. *Martingale* is the nursery rime of a "foalish virgin," who looks remarkably like a horsey Mona Lisa in one picture, and strangely like a naggish Whistler's Mother in another. She may remind the sentimental of another moralistic being: Ferdinand the Bull, who refuses to co-operate with the matador because the day was so nice and the sand so perfect for sitting.

Or there is another solution: don't read books; read *about* books. There is not a sneer in that sentence, for little reading is as exciting, as impassioned to some people, as books about books. Thrall and Hibbard's *A Handbook to Literature* is as good a book of this sort as I know. It has the dual merit of explaining most literary and critical terminology and movements and of prompting the curious to read the types which originated the terminology or move-

ment. There is a sentence of polysyllables! The *Handbook* nevertheless is easy, pithy reading, and deserves place next to the *Oxford Companion to English Literature*. Teachers especially—and I would hate to repeat what H. L. Mencken and Henry Adams say of those belabored mortals—should welcome this book.

Or, finally, there is yet another solution, the apocopa-tion of the sentence above: don't read books. But this is sterile advice, and if you don't read books what on earth will we two talk about?

WILLIS JACOBS.

Volume VIII (1938) of  
**THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY**

*presents*

"Pink Skin Stranger," a story by Elizabeth W.  
DeHuff

"An Interview with Leon Trotsky," by Dorothy  
Woodward

"Rocket—A Story of the Cape Cod Fishing Fleet,"  
by Virginia Janney

"Germany Under Hitler," by C. H. Koch

Poetry by Joseph Joel Keith, Kenneth Spaulding,  
John Dillon Husband, Ethel B. Cheney, Max  
Kaufman, and others. Also Book Reviews,  
Smoke Talk, *Los Paisanos*, and Personally  
Speaking

---

---

Mail subscriptions to THE QUARTERLY, University  
Press, Albuquerque, New Mexico. One dollar  
the year.

Date .....

I enclose ..... for .....  
subscription to THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY.

Name .....

Mailing Address .....

Univ. of New Mexico

## INDEX

### A

- Adventures of Big-Foot Wallace, The.* (Reviewed), 229.  
*Although We Hear No Sound.* Poem. Maud E. Uschold, 95  
*Am I Laughing?* Story. Curtis Martin, 108.  
*Amberg, George. Why Not Die Now?* Story, 201.  
*Anthem of Silence.* Poem. Maud E. Cole, 45.  
*Artist and the Beau Machine.* Don Glassman, 85.

### B

- Barclay, Eloise. Book Review, 72.  
 Baker, Glen. *Dead Mountaineer.* Poem, 284.  
 Barker, Omar. *Tryst at Taos.* Poem, 30.  
 Barker, S. Omar. *459 Poets and a Preface*, 285.  
 Benton, Alice Gill. *Star Caravans.* Poem, 291.  
 Bowman, James C. *Pecos Bill.* (Reviewed), 151.  
 Bramlett, William. *Swearin' Off.* Story, 279.  
 Brewster, Mela Sedillo. *Hija Bruja.* Poem, 137.  
*Brothers of Light—The Penitentes of the Southwest.* (Reviewed), 149.  
*Bugles Blow No More.* (Reviewed), 152.  
 Bynner, Witter. *Selected Poems.* (Reviewed), 68.

### C

- Cabeza de Vaca Remembers.* Poem. Alice Corbin, 48.  
*California Redwoods.* Poem. Mary Matheson Wills, 270.  
 Carter, Alfred. *On the Fiction of Paul Horgan*, 207.  
*Chaco Canyon and Its Monuments.* (Reviewed), 61.  
*Chant to Beauty.* Manuelita W. Crosno. Poem, 137.

- Cheney, Ethel B. *Revenant.* Poem, 15.  
 Church, Peggy Pond. *Familiar Journey.* (Reviewed), 75  
*Clay-Bound.* (Reviewed), 73.  
 Cole, Maud E. *Anthem of Silence.* Poem, 45.  
 Cole, Maud E. *Clay-Bound.* (Reviewed), 72.  
 Corbin, Alice. *Cabeza de Vaca Remembers.* Poem, 48.  
 Corbin, Alice. *Smoke Talk*, 50.  
*Could I But Choose.* Poem. Mabel Major, 269.  
 Crosno, Manuela. *Otero's Visitor.* Story, 271.  
 Crosno, Manuelita W. *Chant to Beauty.* Poem, 137.

### D

- Dasburg, Marina. Book Review, 145.  
*Dead Mountaineer.* Poem. Glen Baker, 284.  
 De Ford, Ronald. *Smoke Talk*, 50.  
 De Huff, Elizabeth W. Book Review, 147.  
 De Huff, Elizabeth Willis. *Two Little Hopi.* (Reviewed), 74.  
*Desert.* Poem. Marina Wister, 190.  
 Douglass, Ralph. *Linoleum Cut*, August.  
 Dowdey, Clifford. *Bugle's Blow No More.* (Reviewed), 152.  
 Duval, John C. *Early Times in Texas.* (Reviewed), 229.  
 Duval, John C. *The Adventures of Big-Foot Wallace.* (Reviewed), 229.

### E

- Early Times in Texas.* (Reviewed), 229.  
*Earth Horizon.* Poem. Katherine Powers Gallegos, 200.  
*Earth's Curtain.* Poem. Eugenia Pope Pool, 278.  
 Easterday, Margaret. Book Review, 74.

- Economic Planning and the Problem of Population.* Vernon G. Sorrell, 3.  
*Edge of Taos Desert.* (Reviewed), 296.

## F

- Familiar Journey.* (Reviewed), 75.  
*Fantasy and Fugue.* (Reviewed), 295.  
 Fechin, Alexandra. *March of the Past.* (Reviewed), 302.  
 Fergusson, Erna. *Guatemala.* (Reviewed), 139.  
 Fergusson, Harvey. *Life of Riley.* (Reviewed), 228.  
*Field of Higher Education in the Southwest, The.* Clyde Kluckhohn, 23.  
*Fighters, The.* Story. Len Zinberg, 257.  
*Fire on Indian Creek.* Story. Elizabeth Waters, 96.  
*First the Road.* Poem. John Dillon Husband, 196.  
 Fisher, Irene. Book Reviews, 75, 139, 228, 295.  
 Fisher, Irene and Huning, Dolores. *Folk Tales from the Spanish.* Stories, 121.  
 Fisher, Irene. *Grief.* Poem, 199.  
 Fisher, Irene. *Sonnet V.* Poem, 195.  
*Folk Tales from the Spanish.* Stories. Dolores Huning and Irene Fisher, 121.  
*For the Coronado Cuarto-Centennial.* T. M. Pearce, 46.  
*459 Poets and a Preface.* S. Omar Barker, 285.  
 Frost, Robert. *A Further Range.* (Reviewed), 63.  
*Further Range, A.* (Reviewed), 63.

## G

- Gallegos, Katherine Powers, *Earth Horizon.* Poem, 200.  
 Garoffolo, Vincent and Krich, Aron. *Regionalism and Politics,* 261.  
*Genius, The.* Story. George Dixon Snell, 217.  
*George Santayana and the Last Puritan.* Dane F. Smith, 39.

- Glassman, Don. *The Artist and the Beau Machine,* 85.  
 Greenfield, Fay. *Magic Night.* Poem, 216.  
*Grief.* Poem. Irene Fisher, 199.  
*Guatemala.* (Reviewed), 139.

## H

- He Has Come Back.* Poem. John Dillon Husband, 31.  
*Heart Cannot Know Deep Laughter, The.* Poem. Joseph Joel Keith, 31.  
 Henderson, Alice C. *Brothers of Light.* (Reviewed), 149.  
 Hewett, Edgar L. *Chaco Canyon and Its Monuments.* (Reviewed), 61.  
*Hija Bruja.* Poem. Mela Sedilla Brewster, 137.  
*Hitler's Drive to the East.* (Reviewed), 231.  
 Hodge, Gene M. *The Kachinas Are Coming.* (Reviewed), 147.  
 Holbrook, Carey. Book Review, 151.  
 Holbrook, Carey. *Life Goes On.* (Reviewed), 298.  
 Horgan, Paul. *A Lamp on the Plains.* (Reviewed), 145.  
 Huning, Dolores and Fisher, Irene. *Folk Tales from the Spanish.* Stories, 121.  
 Husband, John Dillon. *First the Road.* Poem, 196.  
 Husband, John Dillon. *He Has Come Back.* Poem, 31.  
 Husband, John Dillon. *She Is Lost.* Poem, 206.

## I

- Incoming Tide, The.* Story. Alfred Morang, 32.  
*Into Delphiniums.* Poem. Haniel Long, 189.

## J

- Jacobs, Willis. *Personally Speaking,* 77, 153, 237, 305.  
*Jesse Stuart and the New and Old in Short Stories.* W. S. Wabnitz, 183.  
 Jones, F. Elwyn. *Hitler's Drive to the East.* (Reviewed), 231.



## INDEX

[ 313

## K

- Kachinas Are Coming, The.* (Reviewed), 147.  
 Keith, Joseph Joel. *The Heart Cannot Know Deep Laughter.* Poem, 31.  
 Keleher, Julia. *Los Paisanos*, 58, 133, 292.  
 Kellett, E. E. *Story of Dictatorship.* (Reviewed), 231.  
 Kennedy, Katherine. *Pueblo in Moonlight.* Poem, 22.  
 Kluckhohn, Clyde. *The Field of Higher Education in the Southwest*, 23.  
 Krich, Aron. Book Review, 301.  
 Krich, Aron and Garoffolo, Vincent. *Regionalism and Politics*, 261.

## L

- Lament.* Poem. William Radloff, 294.  
*Lamp on the Plains, A.* (Reviewed), 145.  
 Laughlin, Ruth A. Book Review, 140.  
 Lewinsohn, Richard. *Profits of War.* (Reviewed), 231.  
*Life Goes On.* (Reviewed), 298.  
*Life of Riley.* (Reviewed), 228.  
*Life of Saint Rose, The.* (Reviewed), 302.  
 Long, Haniel. Book Review, 70.  
 Long, Haniel. *Into Delphiniums.* Poem, 189.  
 Long, Haniel. *The Sexes.* Poem, 189.  
*Los Paisanos.* Julia Keleher, 58, 133, 292.  
*Los Paisanos.* Matt Pearce, 225.  
 Luhan, Mabel. *Edge of Taos Desert.* (Reviewed), 296.

## M

- Macleod, Norman. *A Mythical Figure in Santa Fe.* Poem, 254.  
*Magic Night.* Poem. Fay Greenfield, 216.  
 Major, Mabel. *Could I But Choose.* Poem, 269.  
 Major, M. and Smith, R. Edition of *Early Times in Texas.* (Reviewed), 229.

- Making of a Hero, The.* (Reviewed) 235.  
*March of the Past.* (Reviewed), 302.  
 Martin, Curtis. *Am I Laughing?* Story, 108.  
 Martin, Curtis. *Strange Spring.* Story, 191.  
 Miller, Mamie Tanquist, Book Review, 61.  
 Morang, Alfred. *The Incoming Tide.* Story, 32.  
 Mozley, Loren. *Linoleum Cut, May. Mythical Figure in Santa Fe, A.* Poem. Norman Macleod, 254.

## N

- Nature Lover.* Poem. Kathleen Sutton, 224.  
 Neff, John C. *A Visit to Kiowa Ranch*, 116.  
*New Mexico's Own Chronicle.* (Reviewed), 142.  
*Night in Eden, A.* Poem. Alice Wilson, 95.

## O

- On the Fiction of Paul Horgan.* Alfred Carter, 207.  
 Ostrovski, Nicholas. *The Making of a Hero.* (Reviewed), 237.  
*Otero's Visitor.* Story. Manuela Crosno, 271.

## P

- Pearce, Matt. Book Reviews, 69, 149, 229, 296, 302.  
 Pearce, T. M. *For the Coronado Cuarto-Centennial*, 46.  
 Pearce, Matt. *Los Paisanos.* 225.  
 Pearce, T. M. *Smoke Talk.* 131.  
 Pearce, T. M. *What Makes Fall Worth While.* Siesta, 288.  
*Pecos Bill.* (Reviewed), 151.  
*People, Yes, The.* (Reviewed), 63.  
*Personally Speaking.* Willis Jacobs, 77, 153, 237, 305.  
*Plays About the Theater in England from the Rehearsal in 1671 to the Licensing Act in 1737.* (Reviewed), 70.

## Poetry:

*Although We Hear No Sound.* Maud E. Uschold, 95.  
*Anthem of Silence.* Maud E. Cole, 45.  
*Cabeza de Vaca Remembers.* Alice Corbin, 48.  
*California Redwoods.* Mary Matheson Wills, 270.  
*Chant to Beauty.* Manuelita W. Crosno, 137.  
*Could I But Choose.* Mabel Major, 269.  
*Dead Mountaineer.* Glen Baker, 284.  
*Desert.* Marina Wister, 190.  
*Earth Horizon.* Katherine Powers Gallegos, 200.  
*Earth's Curtain.* Eugenia Pope Pool, 278.  
*First the Road.* John Dillon Husband, 196.  
*Grief.* Irene Fisher, 199.  
*He Has Come Back.* John Dillon Husband, 31.  
*Heart Cannot Know Deep Laughter, The.* Joseph Joel Keith, 31.  
*Hija Bruja.* Mela Sedillo Brewster, 137.  
*Into Delphiniums.* Haniel Long, 189.  
*Lament.* William Radloff, 294.  
*Magic Night.* Fay Greenfield, 216.  
*Mythical Figure in Santa Fe, A.* Norman Macleod, 254.  
*Nature Lover.* Kathleen Sutton, 224.  
*Night in Eden, A.* Alice Wilson, 95.  
*Present Tense.* Oscar Williams, 256.  
*Pueblo in Moonlight.* Katherine Kennedy, 122.  
*Return.* Marina Wister, 255.  
*Revenant.* Ethel B. Cheney, 15.  
*Santa Fe Trail.* Maud E. Uschold, 107.  
*Sexes, The.* Haniel Long, 189.  
*She Is Lost.* John Dillon Husband, 206.  
*Song of Self.* Jack Wheeler-Tippett, 38.  
*Sonnet V.* Irene Fisher, 195.

*Star Caravan.* Alice Gill Benton, 291.  
*Sublimation.* William Radloff, 45.  
*Today.* Eugenia Pope Pool, 115.  
*Tryst at Taos.* Omar Barker, 30.  
*Pool, Eugenia Pope. Earth's Curtain.* Poem, 278.  
*Pool, Eugenia Pope. Today.* Poem, 115.  
*Present Tense.* Poem. Oscar Williams, 256.  
*Profits of War.* (Reviewed), 231.  
*Pueblo in Moonlight.* Poem. Katherine Kennedy, 122.

## R

Radloff, William. *Lament.* Poem, 294.  
 Radloff, William. *Sublimation.* Poem, 45.  
 Reeves, Frank D. *Smoke Talk*, 50.  
*Regionalism and Politics.* Aron Krich and Vincent Garoffolo, 261.  
*Return.* Poem. Marina Wister, 255.  
*Revenant.* Poem. Ethel B. Cheney, 15.  
 Rood, John. *What Makes a Literary Short Story?* 197.

## S

Sacks, Benjamin. *Sir Oswald Mosley and British Fascism*, 243.  
 Saint Clair, George. Book Review, 63.  
 Sandburg, Carl. *The People, Yes.* (Reviewed), 63.  
*Santa Fe Trail.* Poem. Maud E. Uschold, 107.  
 Saunders, Lyle. Book Reviews, 231, 235, 300.  
*Sea of Grass.* (Reviewed), 140.  
*Selected Poems.* Witter Bynner. (Reviewed), 68.  
*Sexes, The.* Poem. Haniel Long, 189.  
*Share Croppers, The.* (Reviewed), 300.  
*She Is Lost.* Poem. John Dillon Husband, 206.  
 Simon, Charlie May. *The Share Croppers.* (Reviewed), 300.  
*Single to Spain.* (Reviewed), 301.

## INDEX

[ 315 ]

- Sir Oswald Mosley and British Fascism.* Benjamin Sacks, 243.
- Smith, Dane F. *George Santayana and the Last Puritan*, 39.
- Smith, Dane Farnsworth. *Plays About the Theater in England from the Rehearsal in 1671 to Licensing Act in 1737.* (Reviewed), 70.
- Smith R. and Major, M. Edition of *Early Times in Texas.* (Reviewed), 229.
- Smoke Talk.* Frank D. Reeve, Ronald De Ford, Alice Corbin, 50.
- Smoke Talk.* S. Omar Barker. T. M. Pearce, 285.
- Smoke Talk.* T. M. Pearce, 131.
- Snell, George Dixon. *The Genius Story*, 217.
- Song of Self.* Poem. Jack Wheeler-Tippett, 38.
- Sonnet V.* Poem. Irene Fisher, 195.
- Sorrell, Vernon G. *Economic Planning and the Problem of Population*, 3.
- Star Caravan.* Poem. Alice Gill Benton, 291.
- Stories:
- Am I Laughing?* Curtis Martin, 108.
- Fighters, The.* Len Zinberg, 257.
- Fire on Indian Creek.* Elizabeth Waters, 96.
- Folk Tales from the Spanish.* Dolores Huning and Irene Fisher, 121.
- Genius, The.* George Dixon Snell, 217.
- Incoming Tide, The.* Alfred Morang, 32.
- Otero's Visitor.* Manuela Crosno, 271.
- Strange Spring.* Curtis Martin, 191.
- Swearin' Off.* William Bramlett, 279.
- Why Not Die Now?* George Amberg, 201.
- Zeke Hammertight.* Jesse Stuart, 161.
- Storm, Marian. *The Life of Saint Rose.* (Reviewed), 302.

- Story of Dictatorship, The.* (Reviewed), 231.
- Strange Spring.* Story. Curtis Martin, 191.
- Stuart, Jesse. *Zeke Hammertight.* Story, 161.
- Sublimation.* Poem. William Radloff, 45.
- Sutton, Kathleen. *Nature Lover.* Poem, 224.
- Swearin' Off.* Story. William Bramlett, 279.

## T

- Threlkeld, Jim. Book Review, 298.
- Today.* Poem. Eugenia Pope Pool, 115.
- Tryst at Taos.* Poem. Omar Barker, 30.
- Two Little Hopi.* (Reviewed), 74.

## U

- Underhill, Ruth M. *War Poems of the Papago Indian*, 16.
- Uschold, Maud E. *Although We Hear No Sound.* Poem, 95.
- Uschold, Maud E. *Santa Fe Trail.* Poem, 107.

## V

- Visic, Anne. *Linoleum Cut*, February.
- Visit to Kiowa Ranch.* John C. Neff, 116.

## W

- Wabnitz, W. S. *Jesse Stuart and the New and Old in Short Stories.* 183.
- Walker, Stuart. *Wood Block*, November.
- War Poems of the Papago Indian.* Ruth M. Underhill, 16.
- Waters, Elizabeth. *Fire on Indian Creek.* Story, 96.
- Watson, Keith Scott. *Single to Spain.* (Reviewed), 301.
- What Makes a Literary Short Story?* John Rood, 197.
- What Makes Fall Worth While.* *Fiesta.* T. M. Pearce, 288.

316 ]

I N D E X

- Wheeler-Tippett, Jack. *Song of Self*. Poem, 38.  
*Why Not Die Now?* Story. George Amberg, 201.  
Williams, Oscar. *Present Tense*. Poem, 256.  
Wills, Mary Matheson. *California Redwoods*. Poem, 270.  
Wilson, Alice. *A Night in Eden*. Poem, 95.  
Wister, Marina. *Desert*. Poem, 190.  
Wister, Marina. *Fantasy and Fugue*. (Reviewed), 295.  
Wister, Marina. *Return*. Poem, 255.  
Woodward, Dorothy. Book Review, 142.

Z

- Zeke Hammertight. Story. Jesse Stuart, 161.  
Zinberg, Len. *The Fighters*. Story, 257.

DEC 9 1937

# THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

November, 1937

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY AND BRITISH FASCISM

BENJAMIN SACKS

THE FIGHTERS (*Story*)

LEN ZINBERG

REGIONALISM AND POLITICS

ARON KRICH and VINCENT GARAFFOLO

OTERO'S VISITOR (*Story*)

MANUELA CROSNO

SWEARIN' OFF (*Story*)

WILLIAM BRAMLETT

POETRY

SMOKE TALK

LOS PAISANOS

BOOK REVIEWS

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

---

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

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

D. H. LAWRENCE.

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

MARY AUSTIN.

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

ZIA SONG FOR RAIN.

### *New Mexican Adobes*

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

WITTER BYNNER.

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

---

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO  
Published quarterly in February, May, August, and November. Entered as second-class matter February 6, 1931, at the post office at Albuquerque, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879

# THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

## A REGIONAL REVIEW

T. M. PEARCE, *Editor*

JULIA M. KELEHER, *Los Paisanos*

CURTIS MARTIN, *Fiction Editor*

### EDITORIAL BOARD

DR. J. F. ZIMMERMAN

DR. JOHN D. CLARK

DR. GEORGE ST. CLAIR

PROF. J. W. DIFENDORF

FRED E. HARVEY, *Editor of University Publications*

---

VOLUME VII,

NOVEMBER, 1937

NUMBER 4

---

## Table of Contents

NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY Authors . . . . .	242
Church at Cordoba. <i>Wood Block.</i> Stuart Walker . . . . .	Frontispiece
Sir Oswald Mosley and British Fascism. Benjamin Sacks . . . . .	243
A Mythical Figure in Santa Fe. <i>Poem.</i> Norman Macleod . . . . .	254
Return. <i>Poem.</i> Marina Wister . . . . .	255
Present Tense. <i>Poem.</i> Oscar Williams . . . . .	256
The Fighters. <i>Story.</i> Len Zinberg . . . . .	257
Regionalism and Politics. Aron Krich and Vincent Garaffolo . . . . .	261
Could I But Choose. <i>Poem.</i> Mabel Major . . . . .	269
California Redwoods. <i>Poem.</i> Mary Matheson Wills . . . . .	270
Otero's Visitor. <i>Story.</i> Manuela Crosno . . . . .	271
Earth's Curtain. <i>Poem.</i> Eugenia Pope Pool . . . . .	278
Swearin' Off. <i>Story.</i> William Bramlett . . . . .	279
Dead Mountaineer. <i>Poem.</i> Glen Baker . . . . .	284
Smoke Talk . . . . .	285
459 Poets and a Preface. S. Omar Barker	
What Makes Fall Worth While; Fiesta. T. M. Pearce	
Star Caravan. <i>Poem.</i> Alice Gill Benton . . . . .	291
<i>Los Paisanos.</i> Julia Keleher . . . . .	292
Lament. <i>Poem.</i> William Radloff . . . . .	294
Book Reviews . . . . .	295
<i>Fantasy and Fugue. Edge of Taos Desert. Life Goes On.</i>	
<i>The Share Cropper. Single to Spain. The Life of Saint</i>	
<i>Rose, March of the Past.</i>	
Reviewed by Irene Fisher, Matt Pearce, Jim Threlkeld, Lyle	
Saunders, Aron Krich.	
Personally Speaking. Willis Jacobs . . . . .	305

## Contributors to This Quarterly

STUART WALKER is an Albuquerque artist who has worked in oil, water color, and print. He is one of the most finished artists in wood block in the state.

BENJAMIN SACKS has spent many hours, academic and otherwise, in the study of the British labor movement. From a study of both historic and current materials, he is an authority on the topic he discusses here. He is a faculty member in the University of New Mexico.

NORMAN MACLEOD is among the best-known younger poets of the country. His verse has appeared in nationally recognized magazines and in the best of the smaller literary journals. He is living in New York City.

MARINA WISTER DASBURGH is the author of *Fantasy and Fugue*, a book of poems reviewed in this issue. Her home is in Taos.

LEN ZINBERG is a young writer whose stories have been starred by O'Brien. He writes most of the year in New York City.

MARY MATHESON WILLS has taught and studied in California. She is both scholar and poet, a recent contribution to the PMLA vouching for the first and her poetry in the QUARTERLY and other journals for the latter. She is a member of the English Department in the State Teachers' College of South Dakota.

MABEL MAJOR teaches at Texas Christian University where she has been active in the life of the Texas Folk Lore Society and with Rebecca Smith has edited a number of Texas journals and reprints.

EUGENIA POPE POOL is a Texas poet and artist who has contributed to the QUARTERLY at other times. She is a member of the Texas Poetry Society. Her home is in Lubbock.

VINCENT GAROFFOLO is a graduate of the University of New Mexico with a major in sociology. ARON KRICH is at present a student in the same department. Both have contributed to a number of the progressive smaller magazines.

OSCAR WILLIAMS has published poetry in *Voices*, *Poetry World*, *The Lyric*, and other magazines. Yale University Press published a book of his poems, *Golden Darkness*, a few years ago. He is in New York City.

S. OMAR BARKER is writer of poetry and fiction. His books are *Buckaroo Ballads* and *Vientos de las Sierras*. Tecolotenos, New Mexico, is his home.

MANUELA CROSNO has written a number of stories with themes native to the Southwest, one of which appears in this QUARTERLY. Her poetry has appeared in earlier QUARTERLIES.

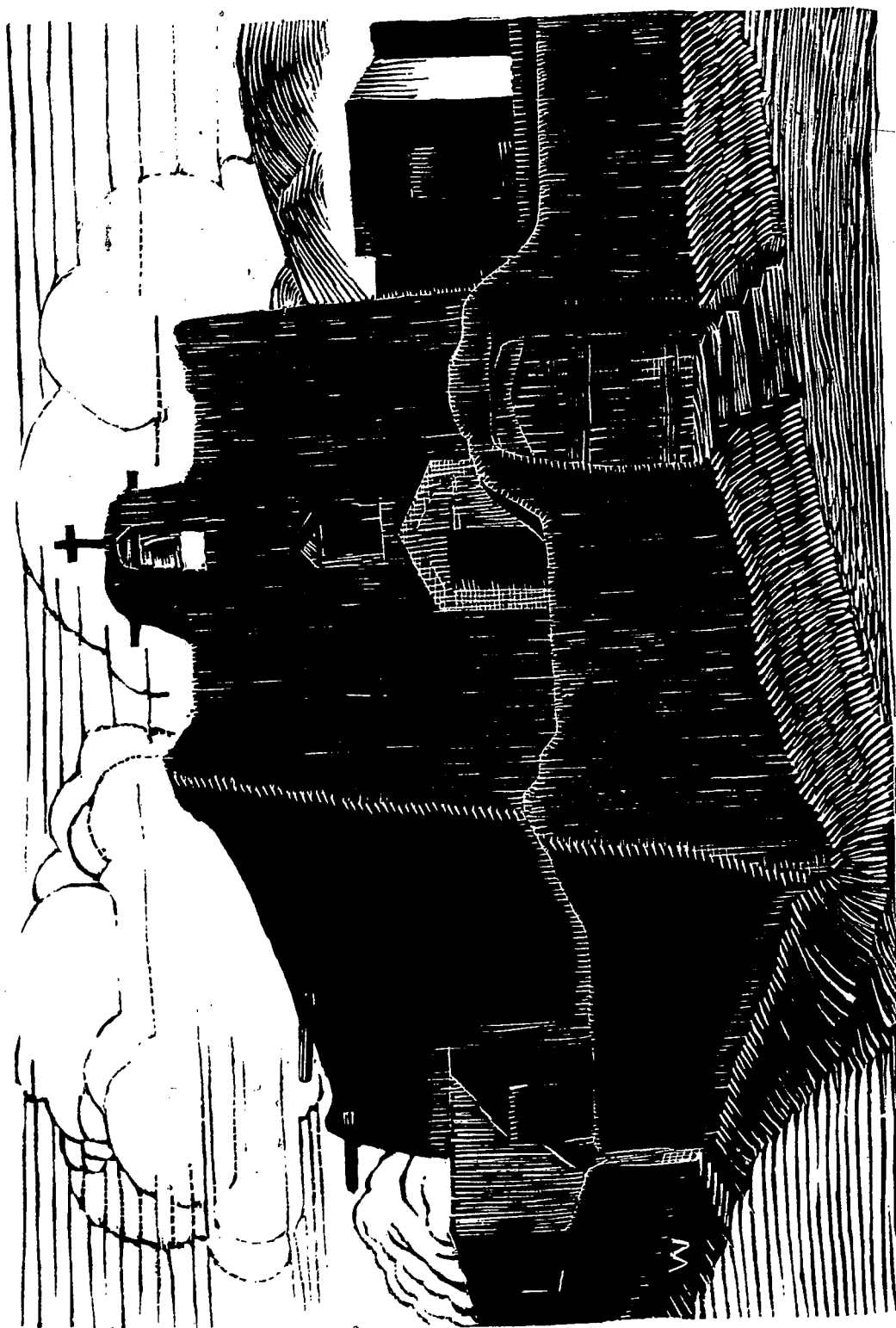
WILLIAM BRAMLETT comes from West Virginia, but he is at present an instructor in the Santa Fe Indian School.

ALICE GILL BENTON is an Albuquerque poet who is no newcomer in the columns of the QUARTERLY.

WILLIAM RADLOFF has published verse earlier in the QUARTERLY. He is on the staff of the Los Angeles Public Library.

GLEN BAKER has published poetry in the *University Review*, *Frontier-Midland*, *Kaleidograph*, and THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY. His home is Hutchinson, Kansas.





CHURCH AT CORDOBA

—Stuart Walker

## Sir Oswald Mosley and British Fascism

*By* BENJAMIN SACKS

FASCISM as a vital force in Great Britain is of relatively recent lineage. True it is that there were several organizations in the twenties promoting this sentiment for the creation of an extraordinary party equipped with dictatorial powers to revitalize capitalist economy, reconcile class interests, and oppose communism. But the British Fascists Limited merely combating communism, the National Fascists espousing a more positive program, and the Imperial Fascist League, warring against Semitic influence all failed to make any marked impression. On one hand their ill-success is attributed to the innate liberty-loving traits of the Britons and on the other hand to the absence of social demagogic technique. Whatever may have been the causes for the slow pace in the twenties, there can be little doubt that the rapid growth of fascist sentiment in the thirties has been due to one Sir Oswald Mosley.

There is nothing in the essential facts of his youth to suggest the niche which Sir Oswald Mosley, sixth in a line of baronets dating back to 1781, was later to occupy in British politics. His schooling was secured at two very respectable institutions, Winchester College and the Royal Military College. His service with the Royal Flying Corps during the war won him distinction as a courageous and loyal Englishman. His decision to enter the political arena as a Conservative after the war conformed to the habits of the rural aristocracy. His marriage in 1920 to Lady Cynthia, the daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston and granddaughter of a wealthy Chicagoan, Levi Zeigler, assured his social position. The wedding was regarded as an outstanding social event of that year, the ceremony being performed in the royal chapel by special permission of George V, with the reigning families of both Great Britain and Belgium in attendance. The promise of

a happy adult life was attested to in the birth of three children and the keen interest which Lady Cynthia displayed in his chosen field, politics, an interest which led her eventually to occupy a seat in the House of Commons.

That his mind would not be immune from the currents of the day, however, was soon evident. Whether it was disgust at the emphasis given by the Conservatives to protection, admiration for the more active program of Labor, or merely a desire to achieve public notice, he became a convert to socialism. His personality and oratorical gifts which Harold Laski, noted London commentator on public affairs, regarded at the time as of a high order, apparently attracted the attention of Ramsay MacDonald, veteran leader of the British working class movement. Mosley was admitted into the inner councils of the party and, when Labor assumed the reins of government in 1929, he was appointed chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a post whose functions are purely nominal today, with the specific task of assisting the Minister of Labor in reducing unemployment.

An exchange of views on the subject of the depression soon disclosed to Mosley that he and his colleagues were at sharp variance over the remedial measures necessary. To the former, continued concentration on socialist propaganda while pursuing a conservative financial policy seemed not only stupid but suicidal. A sound currency, a balanced budget, and an unimpaired sinking fund were admirable in themselves, but they offered no solution to unemployment, low wages, destitution, and social misery. If the industrial system of England was nearing collapse, no amount of application of socialist principles to society in general would produce the more abundant life. The important question now was the very survival of a structure which the socialists could use to greater benefit in the future. What should be done was to launch a bold policy of large expenditures to reduce the ranks of the unemployed and a long term policy of industrial reconstruction which would emphasize the home

market and a better balance between agriculture and manufacturing, all under the direction of commodity boards. Unless this effort were made, England would either come to a severe economic crisis during which the nation would display little confidence in a party which debated endlessly over future problems or, what was worse, undergo a long and slow crumbling through the years until it sank to the level of a Spain.

The refusal of the cabinet to accept his views caused Mosley to resign his post in May, 1930, and shortly thereafter his membership in the party. The fact that sixteen other Labor members, including John Strachey, son of the famous biographer, and Oliver Baldwin, son of the Tory leader, had joined him in issuing a manifesto protesting official Labor inactivity encouraged him to believe the time opportune for a realignment of political forces in Britain. Accordingly, in 1931, he founded the "New" party, adding to the economic program which he had previously outlined the desirability of an Emergency Cabinet of not more than five ministers to execute it. But apparently his speeches which the *Manchester Guardian*, a liberal weekly, describes "as a loot of the stores of every party combined with a selection of the practice of Soviet Russia, Fascist Italy, White Australia, and Mr. Ford's United States" were not very impressive, for most of his sympathizers in Parliament deserted him. The end came in the autumn election of 1931 when all the fifteen candidates placed in the field by the "New" party, including Mosley himself, failed to get seats, most of them actually polling less than one-eighth of the electoral count in their respective constituencies.

Mosley's next venture was fascism. Perhaps the recoil from his defeat served to thrust him forward as the champion of this bellicose discipline. Mosley's story has not the emotional surge of Hitler's "My Battle," but a glance at the career of each man shows he came from the ranks of socialism to those of fascism, in each case a throwback from something which failed for lack of harmony and concen-

trated drive. Mosley is not a Hitler, in sensitiveness to nationalistic psychology or personal genius. But then neither is England Germany.

Disgust at the lethargic character of the Labor as well as the Conservative parties, the conviction that the fascist method was the only way of pushing through his reforms, the failure of his ventures and the inordinate desire to keep himself in the public eye made Mosley the avowed proponent of fascism. Certainly in view of the selfsufficiency of his economic ideas and the emphasis which he bestowed upon executive action in government, the transition was not a difficult one to make. Indeed, in his book which heralded his conversion, *The Greater Britain*, there is little change to be observed in his fundamental tenets. In economics, the corporate state would replace the commodity boards and private ownership of property would prevail with only individual accumulations of wealth being curtailed. In politics, the executive powers would be increased, largely through orders-in-council, and the size of cabinets would be reduced, while Parliament would be based on an occupational rather than a geographical franchise and would be summoned at regular intervals to review and to approve of the acts of the executive. Only the addition of the fascist philosophy of the current dynamics of politics marked off his speeches before 1932 from those after. Both major parties were stigmatized as being international in their inspiration, Moscow and Wall Street dominating the movements of the socialists and the conservatives respectively. In one case the masses would be betrayed to Russia, while in the other case the lower middle class would be denied existence. Fascism alone had as its watchword, "Britain first!"

After a preliminary visit to Italy in 1932, where he consulted with Mussolini on the problems involved in launching his British Union of Fascists, Mosley returned to set up headquarters in what his opponents labelled "London's First Brown House," in the Chelsea district. Assisted

by Dr. Forgan, a former member of Parliament, and Mr. W. E. D. Allen, whose writing pseudonym is James Drennan, he formed a cabinet to handle the essential activities such as propaganda, research, legal counsel, defense, and financial accounts. To lend color to the movement, the blackshirt was adopted as the standard uniform, the Roman fasces as the symbol, and, as T. R. Ybarra in *Collier's Weekly* describes it, a partial elevation of the right forearm in the course of which the hand never strays more than a few inches from the shoulder, a sort of Mussolini-via-Hitler greeting, as the salute. Part of the necessary finances were to be secured through a membership fee of one shilling per month or four pence if unemployed. The private income of Mosley, greatly increased after the death of his father, undoubtedly was placed at the disposal of the party. Many believe, however, that the largest sums were expected from those industrialists who regard Mosley's fascists as a possible insurance against communism if the government should fail them.

The number who gathered under the banner of the British Union of Fascists was soon the subject of a vigorous debate. In March, 1934, Mosley claimed over six hundred fascist branches with some 500,000 adherents. John Strachey, now a hostile critic, estimated that there were only 17,500 paying members and about 100,000 of looser contacts. That the size of the party is larger than that of previous fascist bodies, however, is acknowledged. Strachey attributes this fact to the neglect of the press at first, thus lending an intriguing air of mystery to Mosley's stalwarts. On the other hand, the support of Lord Rothermere, erratic but influential owner of the *Daily Mail*, a newspaper with a circulation of over two and a half millions, in January, 1934, undoubtedly accelerated its growth. Not a few observers, however, believe that the personality of Sir Oswald Mosley has been the deciding factor. They claim that his wavy black hair, Hitlerite mustache, and Spanish *grandee* bearing (and nose) have attracted thousands to his side,

248 ]    *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

---

while still many more have been magnetized by his ability as a "tub-thumping" speaker. Certainly the accounts of his meetings never fail to describe the frenzied pitch to which he raises his audience.

What classes of people have been gathered under his banner must involve of necessity conjectural statements. Small shopkeepers and retired pensioners who fear the loss of their incomes from organized socialism have furnished a fruitful source for recruitment. In the rural areas it is said that many farmers were won over by such tactics as intimidating the tax collectors who attempted to foreclose or sell small farms for arrears in taxes. Among the industrial workers, the *Labour Monthly*, a British working class organ, believes that the most tangible gains have been made in Lancashire, the textile center, where the decay has been sharpest. Here, no doubt, Mosley's espousal of an active British control over India has gained him many followers. Perhaps the greatest support came from youth, whose future was anything but bright and whose impressionable minds were easily attracted by a creed which displayed such color and spirit. The *London Review of Reviews*, a liberal monthly, says that Mosley has made converts even in the Senior Common Rooms at Oxford, which, if true, may result in the British student proving as important a factor in future cultural struggles as the continental student has in both the past and the present.

The use of violence was discountenanced at first, Mosley insisting that the British Union of Fascists would be a law-abiding group selling a home product "not for export." Whatever it may have been, the loss of the restraining influence of his wife who died in 1933, the insults which he claimed were being visited upon fascist meetings, or a conviction that greater strides could be made in winning public support by a display of energetic force, Mosley shortly changed his mind. At the headquarters in London and elsewhere, living facilities were set up for picked groups of faithful and husky fascists, prepared to rush at a moment's

notice in motor lorries to any fascist meeting where protection was desired. One Johannes Steel, in the *New York Nation*, believes that the instruction in "political terrorism" was given by experienced Nazis sent over by Hitler himself. The rank and file members were urged to spend their vacation periods in special summer camps set up to afford training in self-defense. In the case of women members, separate training centers were established where lessons in fencing and jujitsu were offered.

Perhaps no fascist demonstration made the British public more aware of the change which had come in fascist tactics than that held in June, 1934, at Olympia arena, scene of many famous sporting events. For the violence which occurred, sending more than fifty persons to hospitals for medical attention, the fascists blamed the communists in attendance. To begin with, the latter had milled around the entrances in order to prevent the fifteen thousand paid admissions from reaching their seats. Then, in the course of the evening, the communists had maintained a sustained flow of organized booing with the obvious intention of breaking up the meeting. The ejection of the disturbers of the peace seemed the only recourse left to protect their speakers. Such violence as had occurred was the result of the use by the communists of knives and brass knuckles.

Dissenters from this narration of the facts in the case were not lacking. The *New Statesman* and *The Nation* accused the fascists of wantonly resorting to brutality to eject the hecklers. Observers were quoted as testifying that they had failed to see any evidence of the display of knives or brass knuckles. What had caused the trouble in the beginning were the highly provocative replies made from the platform. It should be remembered that an ability to deal with and to win the audience was considered a test of a good speaker in England.

Some critics saw in the incident evidence of a connection between the government and Mosley. Despite the cries of distress within the arena, the police had remained



250 ]    *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

---

outside, abiding by an old statute which barred their entry into a private premise unless the sponsors requested their presence. But when spectators, horrified by the cruelty of the fascists, announced their intention to exercise an equally old statute which allowed witnesses to arrest mal-factors and bring them before magistrates, the police galvanized into action and hauled them into the courts where they received sentences for taking the law into their own hands. The Olympia meeting was a case of the combined violence of fascists and police in which there was a division of labor inside and outside.

Likewise discountenanced at first by Mosley had been anti-Semitic activity within the ranks of his organization. Whether it was a sincere conviction that their influence was harmful to the humanitarian operation of capitalist economy or a hope that such a course would aid in encompassing the desired mass support, Mosley once again changed his mind. Demonstrations were held denouncing the Jews as internationalists first and Britains last. Entrance into the British Union of Fascists was denied them, while instances of Jew-baiting and physical persecution were recorded in increasing numbers in the daily press. Marches were actually planned through the east end of London, a section thickly populated with Jews, in the hope, as Julian S. Bach, Jr., writing in *Survey Graphic* believes, of getting a Jewish martyr whose influence would be the same as that of Horst Wessel in Germany. How many converts were secured by such tactics is problematical. Undoubtedly there were some people with a latent dislike for the Jewish race, however, that might have been acquired, only waiting for an opportunity to give vent to their feelings. That they were sufficient to overcome the loss of the support of Lord Rothermere is to be doubted. In the face of a falling off in circulation as well as in advertising revenue, the latter deemed it wise to drop his advocacy of fascism, albeit the separation from Mosley was a very amicable one featured by an exchange of pleasant letters.

Both the *Spectator*, conservative London weekly, and *The Nation* were pronounced in their disfavor of this new feature in fascist propaganda. Mosley was accused of using anti-Semitism mainly as a political tool to place the Labor party in eclipse. The fascists anticipated that the Jews would seek protection politically through the offices of Labor and that the latter would not dare to deny their request. Since the Jews had been played up as communists, it would be possible to place the same stigma upon the Labor party and the net result would be to throw scores of people whose perpetual nightmare was the advent of communism into the ranks of the British Union of Fascists, the only active anti-communist party in England.

The position which the Conservative government took in the matter heightened the suspicion of the *Labour Monthly* that there was collusion between it and the fascists. Sir John Simon, Secretary for Home Affairs, had not only refused to interfere with the marches into the east end of London but had actually sent police to clear the way for Mosley's army. In the face of the fact that any demonstration which proclaimed racial discrimination and then insisted on marching right into the lair of the Jews could hardly be termed political in character, his contention that the rights of free speech and assembly must be maintained could not stand debate.

Perhaps more concerned than any other group over the new turn of affairs was Labor. It needed little prodding to be reminded of what had happened to a lethargic working class movement in Italy and Germany. Some sort of active opposition was necessary. The official leaders felt a moderate plan of protest and resistance would be sufficient. In the case of the fascist demonstrations in the east end of London, George Lansbury suggested that the masses show their contempt by remaining indoors and leaving the streets empty to Sir Oswald's army. To prevent the use of violence, the executive committees of the Trades Union Congress and the Labor party both went on record as favoring legislative

action. They called upon the government to bar the wearing of private uniforms, a revival of an illegal medieval practice of marching about with a band of liveried retainers, and to prohibit the use or display of physical force in promoting any political object, a request which incidentally the government has complied with this year.

Voices of protest against placing any trust in a government which by its acts indicated its sympathy with fascism were numerous. R. Palme Dutt, noted Labor writer, declared that the working class movement must destroy fascism or be destroyed itself and that democracy, impartiality, and law and order were no good anchors. John Strachey warned that if fascists were allowed alone to stage demonstrations and the British workers remained apathetic or cowed, then the governing class would conclude that fascism was a practicable and useful method of rule for future emergency. The Blackshirts were an auxiliary, irregular force of the State with no formal character but which could, under the protection of the regular forces, be used for the roughwork and be disavowed as often as necessary. In short, finance capital as present was backing the current government but keeping fascism as a subsidiary weapon to be brought up as the former weakens. And this eventuality could not be conquered by standing at a safe distance and blowing boldly upon a trumpet. If the few thousands of fascists were drowned in a sea of anti-fascist demonstrators, a serious blow would have been struck and the governing class would think twice before stirring up a hornet's nest by espousing fascism. France was saved from fascism by effective counter-demonstrations.

What the future may hold for Mosley and his stalwarts, therefore, is difficult to say. Some regard its existence as dependent in the final analysis upon the economic situation, that if unemployment decreases the influence of the British Union of Fascists will decrease with it. But if the ranks of the jobless remain swollen, then in all likelihood more and more persons will be drawn to Mosley's sim-

ple and activistic solution to problems which are complex in nature and vast in scope. Still others regard the future of British fascism as pivoting more upon political factors. If Labor should win the next election and give way to the demands of Sir Stafford Cripps that socialism be installed immediately, the Conservatives would have to seek some other aid than the ballot box. In such a plight, they hold that the fascists would not be an unwelcome ally.

Even if fascism does not materialize in Britain, it can be scarcely gainsaid that its appearance has been productive of some consequences for the nation. On the negative side, it has sharpened the class struggle and spread an anti-Semitic sentiment where it had not existed before, at least not so flamboyantly. If social disturbances do not follow, England will be an exception to the rule. On the positive side, Mosley may be credited with having tried by his economic discussions to clarify the issue as to the means necessary to overcome the depression. Indeed, the *Saturday Review*, London conservative weekly, believes that now most thoughtful men in England no longer think that reconstruction of the national economy is not imperative.

Come what may in the way of fruits for England, even more important perhaps are the international consequences which may follow the official advent of fascism. The existence of the States system in Europe has often tended to adumbrate the significant fact that there is in operation a never-ending conflict over fundamental institutions. The great Powers, Germany, Italy, France, Great Britain, and Russia, are not insulated entities, each of whose domestic problems are of little moment to the others. The spread of feudalism, protestantism, absolutism, and individualism in previous centuries are ample evidence of the everlasting struggle for a predominant cultural front. Each was ultimately a major issue in the western world. So now fascism appears to occupy a central place on the stage. In this drama England may well be represented as playing an important role. One of the last outposts of liberty and freedom, it

stands forth as a defender of the classical nineteenth century democratic method of approach to obstacles in the path of mankind. How will it meet this new challenge with its doctrine, its discipline, its illusory promise of security to the governing class? England is again at a cross-roads of human history. Her choice may be decisive for the world.

## A Mythical Figure in Santa Fe

*By* NORMAN MACLEOD

And so, *compañero*, the mood is upon us and scrub oaks  
Are scarlet along the gulleys, submerging the color  
Of the year which is cold with lavender from the exalted  
Odor of rock, except for cottonwood as yellow  
As pain with you in a far place beside the boats  
Of fishermen in Provincetown. No longer a memory  
Except of antagonism as wind buffets cedar  
In the breaks that reach the turquoise sky  
And pines shedding cones like hand grenades  
Exploding on the dark earth (unstable as I am)  
And sifting boulder to pebble to the far reach  
Of sand in the desert valleys. Once we rode  
Paint cayuse among the cactus, and cholla flowered,  
Delicate as century bloom: the moon pale tequila  
To fire the blood with illusion. And you were once  
That single image which was the horizon of life,  
Gone like horizontal yellow into death. The service  
Was one of forgetfulness and each year  
Was recapitulated anew until tedium haunted my days  
Like an hallucination of nightmare, riding  
Once more over the rippling ridges of night  
Under the stars and the smoke of piñon blowing.

## Return

*By* MARINA WISTER

None from his jarred and stupefying sleep  
Will rouse and prop an elbow so he may look  
Through the dirty pane  
At his side of the groaning train :  
He will take out his watch or open his book,  
Count the click of the streaming rails while he seems to creep  
Forever and ever through the distance ever the same  
And go back to sleep.

The sunwarped shacks  
Stick a shaking pipe through the rusted roof  
And hollow-eyed stare out upon the tracks :  
And bluntfaced whitefaced cattle  
Stand in the sun and stir no hoof  
At the rumble and rattle :  
And stringy fences run  
Sagging across the miles of vacant sun.

Uncoagulate is this bleached dust  
Poured thick on brittle rock  
Humping, ribbing, flattening,  
Without a pause, without a shock,  
And sunk away  
From skeletal monster teeth  
And tilted ridges scooped out underneath ;  
It cracks in crooked gulleys powder-dry,  
And the dark opalescence of the hills  
Melts into cloud as soft as they  
In the early light which has not yet  
The burning deepness of the desert sky.

[ 255 ]

A hateful land to bird and beast and tree  
Arid as starsmothering infinity:  
But the cramped mind  
Once having tasted  
Only here will find  
For what it wasted—  
Desire-haunted fear  
Of the faded bubble bursting—leaving it bare  
To solemn planes of silence without air  
Will not perplex it here.

### Present Tense

*By* OSCAR WILLIAMS

Incisive as the vivid rose  
Searing the eyes of sense,  
Against the past's unclouded snows  
There breathes the present tense.

Though God may sleep with suns for dreams  
Beneath blue feather quilts,  
And thought may walk the gilded streams  
On seven leaguèd stilts.

The prèsent tense is in my bone,  
So welded to the heart  
It would take all of earth's great stone  
To shatter us apart.

## The Fighters

By LEN ZINBERG

CHARLEY AND ED were on their regular weekly bender. Every Saturday they would leave their desks in the big office promptly at noon, put on coats and hats, walk the half a block to the corner bar and grill, take off their hats and coats, and drink Tom Collins till evening, by which time they were pleasantly pie-eyed.

They would sit at the bar, discussing the latest scandal, or bit of news, giving their opinion on this and that, or talking about the horses. Today they were discussing boxing, having passed through women in general by the fifth drink, and Ed shouted: "I tell you, I saw Dempsey beat Firpo and he could lick Joe Louis any day in the week and twice on Sundays and Lent. By Jesus, there was a fighter!" And he banged on the bar.

Charley shook his head. "Well, now, I don't know. This Louis boy is plenty good even if Schmeling did take him. I ain't sure that there wasn't something smelly about that fight, but anyway don't let nobody kid you that Louis ain't got nothing on the ball. I don't think they can get any white boys to beat him, though I sure wish they could."

"They'll start a white hope campaign, like they did when Johnson was champ. You boys ever see Carl Morris?" the old barkeep asked.

Charley shook his head again and Ed said: "Who's he?"

The barkeep said: "He was the best boy in the last white hope business. He was a big boy. I was working out West then, and that's where he come from. I thought that there wasn't a man alive that could beat him. But Dempsey come along and near put his fist through Morris's heart. It was a terrible punch. Morris dropped like he'd been shot. Dempsey was the boy to flatten them."

"You're damn right!" Ed yelled. Ed always got a loud drunk on. "They ought to get Dempsey back in the ring and show this Louis boy where he heads off."



"Yeah, good old Jack would take care of Louis," Charley said.

The barkeep held up his hands. "Naw, that's where you boys are wrong, Louis would kill him. Dempsey would get a pasting just like old Jim Jeffries got. In this fighting racket it's all a matter of youth and speed. You got to have springy legs and pep. Dempsey ain't got that any more, while Louis is just spilling over with it. He'd murder Jack. It's youth that counts, and there's no two ways about it, either you're young or you ain't young."

Charley and Ed were silent for a moment and Ed looked down at his pot belly and then he said: "I don't know, I think a fellow is as young as he feels."

"That's right," Charley said.

The barkeep, seeing that he had touched a sensitive spot, didn't say anything. He was a good bartender.

Ed said: "I thought we were going to a gym? Remember a couple of months ago, or was it last year, that we said we were going to reduce and join a gym? Getting fat for a couple of young guys."

"Forty-three ain't old," Charley said.

"Sure it ain't. But we ought to get into shape."

"That's right. We'll go to a gym next week. Nothing like getting into shape. Not that we're so bad right now. Bet we could take care of ourselves, hey Ed?" Charley winked and nudged Ed and made a pass with his right and said: "The ole one-two, hey Charley?"

They started talking about the various fights that they had seen or read about, and the various kid fights that they had won, or thought they had won. By six o'clock and the tenth drink Ed was sure he could take Louis himself, and Charley said that he could take Louis and Dempsey at the same time. They paid their bill and staggered out and as they got to the door, Charley accidentally stepped on Ed's toe and Ed pushed his face next to Charley's and snarled: "What's the matter, you getting tough?"

"Now Ed, don't get one of them nasty drunks on."

"Who's drunk?" Ed asked, swaying through the doorway. "Say, in a minute I'll knock you flat on your big ear!"

The mention of big ears aroused Charley and he said: "Yeah, you and who else? Why I can lick you with one hand in my pocket and lick you any day in the week and six times on Lent and Easter! You rummy," Charley added, trying to screw his fat face into a scowl.

Ed looked at him for a moment, then said: "Aw, nuts!" and made for the subway.

Charley walked behind him, mumbling to himself, and every few feet Ed turned around and said: "Now shut-up! I'm warning you to quit cursing me or I'll let you have it. Sure as hell, I'll let you have it."

They reached the subway platform and Charley could not find a nickel and Ed managed to take two out of his coat pocket and put one in for Charley and started to push Charley through the turnstile. He finally sent Charley through and Charley said savagely: "Whatya doing? I don't need nobody to help me. I can walk by myself, see? No favors from anybody, that's me." Charley was quite pleased that he sounded so tough.

Ed was too winded from pushing Charley to answer.

When they stepped into the local, Ed sort of missed the door, and Charley helped him in. Ed was sore and he said: "Who you pushing?"

"Now Ed, I was only helping you."

"Quit pushing or I'll bat you one," Ed said loudly.

"Wanna try it?" Charley asked, putting up his hands. The few people in the car turned to watch them.

Ed tried to punch Charley and missed and Charley pawed him in the stomach and they smacked each other a couple of times and clinched and mauled each other and they could hear some of the women crying for somebody to stop the fight. They both felt very good. They had been in fights like this before and they knew that they couldn't hurt each other. They liked to fight in a subway or on a crowded street, because somebody always stopped them and they felt

260 ] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

---

very cocky and alive and tough. Sometimes they would even put a piece of plaster on their face or hands, and tell the other old men in the office how they had whaled the tar out of each other, and so on. Although they never spoke about it, Charley and Ed each carried out their part in the act perfectly, as though they had rehearsed before-hand.

But nobody stopped them, this time, and after cursing each other for a few minutes and making faces and trying to wallop each other, they leaned against the door, tired and puffing. They stared at each other, fierce expressions on their faces, but their eyes were mild and friendly.

The train pulled to a stop at a station and the door opened and they still stood there, scowling and gesturing at each other. A young fellow, about their height, but tall and slender and strong looking, got up from his seat and waited for them to step out of the doorway. Ed turned toward him and glared, in his toughest manner. The young man smiled and said: "One side, you old hell cats," and he pushed them aside and walked out, laughing. He hadn't pushed them hard, but they fell against the sides of the car and they had felt his arm, hard and strong, as he touched them; and as they gently hit the iron walls of the car they were conscious of their own flabby flesh, old and soft.

They straightened up, and as the door shut and the train started, they had a glimpse of the young fellow running up the steps, two at a time.

For awhile they were both silent, both remembering the mocking tone in the young man's voice—the way he had called them *old hell cats*. Then Ed said soberly: "Pretty strong fellow, that young fellow. We ought to go to a gym, like we said," he added weakly.

Charley didn't answer and Ed said again: "We ought to go to a gym, get in shape. We're getting soft. The old pep is . . ."

"Come on, let's sit down, Ed. I'm tired," Charley said slowly.

They walked over to the seats and sat down heavily.

## Regionalism and Politics

By ARON KRICH AND VINCENT GAROFFOLO

### PART I: SOME ATTITUDES OF REGIONALISM

This is an area of unfulfilled revolutions. Full extension of the benefits of bourgeois democracy has not replaced feudalism for large portions of the village population; elementary, progressive features of this democracy await release, while already the movement for socialism has begun. These contradictions, unmistakably evident in the life of the Spanish-American population, have so charged this area with explosive and dramatic potentiality, that great changes in the life of the people await only the unifying spark of an uncompromising people's movement. Carefully dampened by betrayal from *caciques* and *políticos* this dynamite has been stored in great quantities. Now it has begun to dry; and the regionalist question is important again.

The present regionalism, avowedly a political, has built itself at the expense of the political and social disenfranchisement of whole national groups. Strongly dependent on the semi-feudal backwardness of these people, this regionalism becomes restrictive to the point of complete indifference to the day to day misery endured by them within the social frame-work of this discrimination. An area marked as a sore-spot in the national life becomes the "land of enchantment" for a few. But "cities different" and "lands of enchantment" do not fall from the sky. The role of regionalist-art-colonizer is one with strings attached. In exchange for an encouraged tolerance of a special Western bohemianism, the regionalist-intellectuals have paid a heavy price in the form of silence on matters of social importance. Now when they speak, it is a curious chirping about a pleasant "way of life" based specifically on those social lacks. As a cultural front for the Anglo-American subjugation of this area the regionalists have had their greatest

success. Heedless of social implications from the beginning, artists, writers, and regionalist intellectuals generally have played missionary, with costumes to match, in the quasi-colonial, certainly ruthless domination of this territory.

Identification of the basic population as servants to this regionalism with their actual conditions as the laboring mass, makes for an easy ideological basis for a considerable amount of village and city exploitation. This is a pattern of behavior not unique to New Mexico, but is generally applied where national minority groups are involved. Between a privileged group and the oppressed, there always develops a set of conventions to be used as a guide to inter-class and intergroup relations. In time, members of the privileged group tend to identify these conventions, and the habits that necessarily accompany them, with what they assume is the "essentially human nature" of the oppressed class. From this point, the privileged group begins to view the conduct that is canalized by these conventions as deriving, not from objective social relationships and situations, but from a myth called the "fundamental human nature" of the oppressed class or group. These mythical characteristics of the "fundamental human nature" of the minority group are endearingly preserved as an eternal quality inherent in the people. How much the local regionalists have contributed to this profitable myth is not hard to determine. Superstition, poverty, and ignorance have been decorated in terms of "the noble illiteracy of a happy, contented people." Certainly, the regionalist intellectual has labeled this area of communal poverty the land of *mañana*. There are some who hope tomorrow will be different.

But precisely where in regionalist theory does such custom find support? It is obvious that the present local regionalist leadership can only work for the death of truly creative regionalism. Regionalism must mean evocation. It must grasp the fact that it is not merely compatible with cultural advance, but it is an essential element in it. Regionalism is not a lost cause or a worn-out wish, but an

urgent contemporary fact which must be consciously directed and socially assimilated. Instead of fighting the conditions of modern life, the contemporary regionalist points out that the products of industry, telephone, radio, cinema, national and international press services, have shifted the balance of power to the local region. We no longer need be a nation divided into cosmopolitans and hicks. As Lewis Mumford has said: "Regionalism as a modern social reality does not mean the resurrection of a dead way of life, or the mummification of local customs and institutions, nor is it dependent upon excessive interest in the primitive, the naive, and the illiterate. It is, essentially, the effort to provide for the continuous cultivation and development of all the resources of the earth and of man; an effort which recognizes the existence of real groups and social configurations and geographical relationships that are ignored by the abstract culture of the metropolis, and which opposes to the aimless nomadism of modern commercial enterprise, the conception of a stable and a settled, a balanced and cultivated life."

Among the New Mexico regionalists there flourishes an ideology which, while attempting to give escape from pressing social realities, has succeeded only in illuminating those very problems. This ideology they hide behind the banner of regionalism. The objectives of these regionalists are such a distortion of the values of genuine regionalism that they become the agents of its destruction even as they go about building it. Regionalism implies the creative expansion of the totality of an ethnic area. The N. M. regionalist is an intruder and an exploiter interested not in the progressive development of local culture, but in its contraction and isolation. He has come to it as a dilettante and privileged visitor. *"As for me, standing outside, beyond the open entrance, I was no enemy of theirs; far from it. The voice of the far-off time was not for my ears. Its language was unknown to me. And I did not wish to know. It was enough to hear the sound issuing plangent from the bristling darkness of the far past, to see the bronze mask of*

264 ] *The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY*

*the face uplifted, the white, small, close-packed teeth showing all the time. It was not for me and I knew it. Nor had I any curiosity to understand.*" (D. H. Lawrence, *Indians and an Englishman*.) Emotions of revolt which were generated in the minds of certain middle-class people who felt the necessity of personal action against existing conditions, but who also felt it impossible to identify themselves with the people who might, and who undertake a real struggle to change conditions—with the working masses—is one of the crucial factors which have driven these people to the Southwest. In the Southwest these people found an area in which the problems of modern capitalism could be avoided by playing a dumb and appreciative role as worshippers of a "way of life" which was built on the backs of the Spanish-American people, and in a more special way, the Indian people.

To them regionalism means a particular "way of life" which is not permitted them in any other place. On the surface this would seem to be a product of living regionalism; but it is this very search for a "way of life" which so viciously militates against true regionalism. Mike Gold saw this very clearly during his visit to New Mexico during the summer of 1936: "D. H. Lawrence perversely believed that the Indian must be kept uncontaminated by modernism because he was as perfect as man could be. Marks of this surrender to primitivism are streaked like bacon fat through the thinking of the intellectuals here. It is the same crowd that once ravaged the nightclubs of Harlem and groveled before the cult of a mythically sensuous Negro, and thus misled a whole generation of young Negro intellectuals. And, as once in Harlem, on the trail of Lawrence and Mabel Luhan have followed the art shoppes of Santa Fe, the peddlers of souvenir junk, the fake blanket weavers, the Fred Harvey businessmen and the real estate sharks—rents are as high in Santa Fe as in New York! And on the streets Indians peddle jewelry and blankets to tourists; mystically, no doubt." (Michael Gold, *Mabel Luhan's Slums*.) Two

roles are played by these hand-woven intellectuals. As colonizers of art they keep Santa Fe and Taos alive for the tourists; they act as an unofficial advertising staff. As ideologists they comfort the bankers, sheepmen, entrepreneurs and neonized Indian-traders with the illusion of culture. In a region rich in material for significant works of art, they have been content to close their eyes to the life of the people and indulge in a snobbish game of ferreting out the lesser known Indian dances and Spanish fiestas.

The strategic position of New Mexico in national politics as a "lobby state" and the fact that this is an area in which politics is spoken of as "our greatest industry" has curiously enough, produced a group of artists and thinkers who shudder at the mention of the word. It does not matter to the N. M. regionalist-intellectual that the conditions of his "freedom" are built on the backs of a whole people already burdened with the weight of social and political conniving. They are not interested in politics. And they are so little interested in the relationship of their regionalism to the human problems of the region, that one cannot find a definite program of their making. For the most part New Mexico regionalism is based on will o' the wisp attitudes, on costumes, on decorations of the regional "way of life." For their ideological program they have leaned heavily on the writings of the Southern Agrarian-distributist movement, particularly as expressed in the anthology *I'll Take My Stand*. It is a curious and perhaps very important token, that the leading regionalist movements should find their roots in areas which contain national minority problems as well as special features of backwardness in relation to the general economic development of the nation. In the South, there is the pressing problem growing out of the plantation system and its accompanying enslavement of the Negro; further complicated by the rise of industrialism and the growing unity of Negro and White sharecroppers and industrial labor. In New Mexico the problem is related to the Anglo-American aggrandizement



266 ] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

---

of this territory and the breakdown of feudal forms of exploitation without raising the feudal status of the Spanish-American masses. Both in the plantation area of the South and in the area of New Mexico dominated by the Spanish-speaking culture, there is a strong feeling for national rights and national equality. The National Negro Congress, the inspiring growth of the Sharecroppers and Tenant Farmers Union in the South, the wildfire emergence of the Liga Obrera and its initiation in the last election of a Popular Front Farmer-Labor Party in New Mexico are just a few examples of the social awakening of these people. It is the fear of movements like these which have motivated the old, throttling type of regionalism.

There are social attitudes which accompany that type of regionalism which express a deep political fright. Primarily, this fear has been incorporated into hatred of the modern machine culture. A careful analysis of the politico-social implications of industrial development could be made by any number of these regionalist writers, some of whom are not only keen students of classical political economy but well acquainted with Marx as well. But this task seems to be intellectually taboo. They apply their erudition only when attacked. Thus, in answering certain remarks of Miss Grace Lumpkin directed at the Southern Agrarians, Allen Tate advised the Communists to study Marx more carefully, while he himself flaunted a program filled with ambiguous contradictions. "If a community, or a race, or an age, is groaning under industrialism," he said in the introduction to *I'll Take My Stand* "... and well aware it is an evil dispensation, it must find a way to throw it off ...". But how? Although the program of the Agrarian-distributist group is not well defined, we can see that essentially it offers the replacement of industrial capitalism by small agricultural holdings and individual craft shops; in other words, a restoration of the age before industrialism began. What does this hatred of the machine signify? Does it mean that the regionalist is appalled at the exploitation

which industrial capitalism forces on the workingman? This can hardly be. For the regionalist has no care about exploitation if it is in primitive agriculture or in handicraft manufacture. Is this hatred of the machine motivated by the fact that industrial capitalism in its highest stage has produced hard and fixed class relationships? The regionalist does not wish to disturb these relationships. Is the regionalist set against the machine because it is a product of capitalism? But he is not opposed to capitalism as such, if it can be molded into earlier forms. No, the Southern-Agrarians had hoped to arrange society into a hierarchy dominated by the intellectual elite, and in which there would be a large group of ignoramuses to do the work for them under a gentlemen's agreement drawn up by the elite. Is this regionalism, or is it the dilettante efforts of certain literary playboys to combat the forces which threaten their comfortable social position? It would be safe to say that the basic manifestations of Southern Agrarian regionalism have been political. The slogan "Down with the machine!" never was, and cannot be a realistic battle-cry for a regionalist movement. It is simply camouflage. Behind it hides the desire to turn back the wheels of history. This basic Fascist conceit, although it does not make Fascists of the Southern Agrarians, does certainly lay the basis for a reactionary political movement. We offer in evidence the following excerpt from an amazing interview between Seward Collins, editor of the *American Review* and Grace Hutchins, the southern novelist, which appeared in the magazine *Fight* for February, 1936:

Miss Hutchins: Some of the things you have said make me think you are a Fascist. Are you?

Mr. Collins: Yes. I am a Fascist. I admire Hitler and Mussolini very much. They have done great things for their countries. I do not agree with everything they do, but . . .

Miss Hutchins: You have said that you wish to go back to medieval times. You wish to do away with all progress?

Mr. Collins: Yes.

Miss Hutchins: And do you wish to have kings and nobles, counts, dukes, etc., in America?

Mr. Collins: Yes, exactly.

Miss Hutchins: You wish to live as people did then?

Mr. Collins: Yes, do away with the automobile and go back to the horse.

Miss Hutchins: You wish to do without conveniences?

Mr. Collins: Yes.

Miss Hutchins: Without bathtubs?

Mr. Collins: I never use a bathtub.

Miss Hutchins: You don't bathe?

Mr. Collins (dignified): I use a shower.

The Southern regionalists have not taken their stand. This is what they are trying hardest to avoid. The same holds true of their followers in New Mexico. The sky-writer regionalist is an anxious preserver of special regionalist data. There is always the whining anxiety to assure listeners that the date of this regionalism is "peculiarly invisible." Here it is the eternal landscape, the eternal mountains, the eternal sky, the eternal banality. Everything is breathlessly fixed either in the infiniteness of the landscape or the everlastingness of their own awe. Awe and wonder are now available at bargain rates. The regionalist practitioners of this area have been selling "awe" for a long time now. The market appears to be steady, though exposed to the "per-versities" of markets everywhere. The wrapper is getting thin and the product is becoming unpleasantly green from over-exposure.

The data of regionalism as found in this state is less "landscape-ish" than its promoters would allow. It is rooted in the social and economic relationships between an exploited and disenfranchised national group and chamber of commerce Americanism. The servant status of the Spanish-American, insidious discrimination, supreme exploitation practiced by large sheep owners through sharecropping techniques, employer terror against trade-union organiza-

tion, the abominable lack of public health facilities, poverty and illiteracy—are also data of our regionalism. Across the infinite landscape of the awed-regionalist are shadows. And a regionalism that denies, often with frantic ignorance, or decorates the experiences of a people with the fastidious jargon of culture salesmen, must be clearly accused of being more than an amiable ally of conscious reactionaries.

### Could I But Choose

*By* MABEL MAJOR

Could I but choose one virtue of the seven,  
 Those sisters white, confronting the Deadly Sins,  
 My choice would be the last within the line,  
 Stern Fortitude with lineaments unmoved  
 By swift-wheeled pleasures or the hours that burn.  
 Faith, Hope, sweet Charity are well  
 Enough for self-sure youth wrapped blind in dreams;  
 Spare Temperance and fruitless Chastity  
 For those whose eyes held fast on other bliss  
 Find no temptation in the world of flesh.  
 Prudence, the most unlovely of the seven,  
 Belongs to age who talks and ventures none.  
 Thou Virtue stern, lips pressed and tears unshed,  
 Make firm the step of us within the stream.

## California Redwoods

By MARY MATHESON WILLS

A time will come, my love, when so much earth  
As your soft hand can compass I shall be;  
All that is left of my poor body's worth  
A formless atom in infinity;  
Less than the bat can bear in wheeling flight  
I shall be sometime, motionless and mute,  
A breath of violets on a summer night,  
The half-heard echo of a lyric flute.

Beloved, when we stood beneath those trees  
That reach in timeless grandeur to the sky,  
Did you think, too, in the cool evening breeze,  
Of other loves that flamed and had to die?  
Did you walk lightly, too, your heart aware  
Of bodies warm, now dust, insentient there?

Insentient? Oh my love, can it then be  
That this warm body ever shall grow cold?  
Can all this dazzling joy and ecstasy  
Fade in the moonlight, like a dream grown old?  
Can all my being's vibrancy and fire,  
This too-live-essenec of my soul's desire  
Decline and die, and leave of my desire  
Only a heap of ashes in the night?

I do protest this fate; even though I die,  
And suffer transmutation, I shall live,  
As tree or stone or dust; I still shall cry  
Some brave invictus, and I still shall give  
My heart for keeping into your warm hand,  
And live again in you who understand.

## Otero's Visitor

By MANUELA WILLIAMS CROSNO

I WAS SITTING in my library, reading. Behind me a slow summer breeze stirred the curtains on the door opening to the patio of the old Spanish-style adobe where I am living. I was reading an interesting, if somewhat erratic, history of the early days of this country, and thought to myself that Montoya knew more of the folklore and of the people themselves, than did the historian, for the only way to understand the people completely is to live with them all of one's life. Montoya, now, could supplement the very story I was reading with interesting facts. I was surprised, by a rustle behind me different from the stir of the breeze, and, turning about, I found Montoya standing in the doorway almost as if in answer to my desire to see him.

"I come softly," he said, with the graceful gesture of his hands, peculiar to him, "if you are writing, I go away!"

"Now that I see you aren't a ghost," I laughed, "do come in!"

Montoya came in and seated himself leisurely. "Ha, so you think I am of the spirits," he replied. "And there was that one, Otero, and the man who came to visit him!" Then, with a little persuasion on my part, Montoya began his story:

Many years ago there came to this country from Spain, a noble family named Otero. Many sons there were with much gold claimed from conquest, so that the family was able to establish itself well in the new world. Handsome were the señors and beautiful the señoritas. One of the sons, Adolfo, built for himself a beautiful hacienda, and furnished it with possessions the family had brought with them from Spain. The walls of the long, low building were made of adobe and were four feet thick. The rooms were built about a patio and many of the doors opened out to it. These

doors were of heavy, hand-hewn wood. There were lace curtains at the windows, and the highest of luxuries, an organ, stood in one corner of the long living room near the fireplace. It was beautifully made of carved wood and was supported with heavy carved legs. The organ had been brought from Spain by way of Mexico City and a long three months' journey northward on an ox-cart.

There were many sons and daughters born in the hacienda of Adolfo Otero, and it became a place of laughter and song and music. Young people and old for miles about found it a place in which to make merry, and always there was about it the feeling of warm hospitality. Happy indeed were they who dwelled within its walls.

As Don Adolfo grew older and could no longer count the white hairs among the black, but could more easily count the black ones among the white, he thought that life had given him all that he could desire. One by one the sons and daughters had married and established haciendas for themselves, and now Don Adolfo lived alone except for his wife and two servants. But still there came to the house many who were friends, and some who were strangers, for the weary traveller who had heard about the open hospitality was accustomed to stop here on his journeys and spend the night.

Now this is a country of many winds. Sometimes the soft winds blow from the southwest and travel close to the ground. They are the winds that sing songs in the yucca and grasses that grow on the mesa. But sometimes the hard winds blow from the east and bring snow, if it is winter, or sand. The sand blows hard into the face of the traveller and beats against his horse so that he is driven to seek shelter. One day, there came such a wind. All day it beat about the hacienda of Don Otero and blew the white sands and the brown sands in piles against the doors and windows. No one ventured out on this day, and even when the sun vanished behind the mountains, leaving a trail of smoldering fire, the wind did not abate. In the darkness of the night, it seemed even worse than it had been in the daytime.

The two servants and Doña Otero retired early, but Don Adolfo remained in the living room. Two or three times he paced back and forth, back and forth, with an assuring step, as if to tell the elements he was calm and at peace. Then he seated himself before the fireplace, where he sat looking into the embers, dreaming who knows what dreams? A handsome figure he made sitting there, smoking his pipe, his hair falling down to his shoulders in the soft whiteness like snowbanks in the early morning. His eyes were black and still much alive with the vitality of living. Like coals they glowed as the light before him flickered and threw shadows upon the wall. He wore a black jacket, trimmed in fine black satin, and black trousers. About his waist was tied a sash of bright colors. Suddenly his reverie was interrupted by a hasty pounding on his door. Don Adolfo pulled back the heavy bars that formed the lock, and the great carved door swung open to admit a stranger. He seemed in great agitation and would not remove his hat; nor would he partake of the warmth before the fire, or wait for some of the wine Otero offered to bring for him. He was a young man, well-formed. His black beard stood out in sharp contrast to the white face beneath it.

"They are coming," he said, seeming to assume that Don Adolfo knew who "they" might be. "This they must not find!" And he drew from his coat a small box of carved wood and thrust it into the hand of Don Adolfo.

"You shall hide it for me and when I come again you shall give it to me! Guard it with your life! Hide it carefully and tell no one!" With these words, the man turned, opened the door, and it closed quickly behind him. In a moment, Don Adolfo heard the sound of horse hoofs as the stranger rode quickly away.

Amazed, Otero stood and held the little carved box. Then he walked closer to the firelight and examined it. It was curiously carved, but whether or not it was locked, Otero never knew for he was a Spanish gentleman—a caballero! Then, recalling the command of his visitor, he walked over



to the old organ, opened a secret panel in one of the heavy wooden legs, and here he carefully inserted the box and closed the panel. Don Adolfo smiled to himself with satisfaction, because he had been able to hide the box so well. Even his wife did not know of this place.

He went back and sat down before the fire. Soon there was a clatter of hoofs, and three armed men stood in his doorway.

"Has someone stopped here?" they asked, glancing around the room. "Have you heard anyone pass?"

Otero held his head to one side as if thinking. "A few minutes ago I heard horse hoofs flying down the road in a great hurry!" he said.

The years continued to throw their days across the path of Don Adolfo, but he did not forget the stranger who had placed a box in his keeping, nor did he forget to guard the trust that had been given him. He waited for the return of the man, and indeed, he never thought to open the secret panel, until the stranger should return to claim his property. And one day Don Adolfo died, taking with him the secret of the little carved box and its hiding place. His estate was settled by his sons, and all of his obligations known to them, were dutifully discharged.

The eldest son, Reyes, moved into the hacienda with his wife, in order to be with his mother, who was also grown quite old. Reyes was much like his father, an honorable man, but times were different. With the on-coming of American civilization, ranchos sprang up along the old road, which was now repaired often, and here and there little villages grew, so that it was no longer necessary for strangers to seek hospitality in the open countryside. For days at a time, however, the hacienda would ring with the laughter of young people and of old, when Reyes would call them there for a fiesta to honor the old days. And the good people would sit about with lighted faces, speaking of Don Adolfo, and the many fine times they had enjoyed under that very roof. The younger ones would gather about the

old organ, standing in one corner of the long living room where it had always stood, and sing songs.

"It is a fine instrument," said Don Reyes, in praise of the organ. "Each day its tone becomes more and more mellow!"

One moonlight night, when the wind was blowing, Carla, the wife of Reyes, was awakened by a sound in the house. She arose quickly and walked to the living room door. Just outside the room she listened. Yes, she was sure of it! There were footsteps walking slowly up and down the room, back and forth, back and forth! Quiet, assured footsteps! They sounded as if they knew where they were going! She opened the door, but could see no one in the moon lighted room. She walked across to the organ and back, but no one was there.

The next morning she told her husband, and that night, he too, listened, but they heard nothing. Smiling at her, he told her he thought she had been mistaken, but she implored him to listen with her again. On this night, too, they heard nothing. For six nights they listened, and on the seventh night, when the wind was blowing, they heard the footsteps walking back and forth, back and forth, the full length of the living room and then pausing before the organ. But when they entered the room, no one was there. Soon they learned to expect the footsteps just before ten o'clock each night that the wind blew and promptly at ten-thirty they would cease and not be heard again. Reyes and Carla might have been frightened, but there was a re-assurance in the walk that quieted their fears.

They said nothing to the old Doña, the wife of Don Adolfo, thinking that it would alarm her. Great was the surprise of Don Reyes, therefore, on a certain morning, to come upon his mother, walking back and forth in the living room, back and forth, back and forth. For a moment he thought it might have been she whom he and his wife had heard, but his mother's footsteps were much lighter, and besides, she could not have disappeared so quickly. He and

his wife had never been able to intercept their visitor.

So he asked, "Mamacita, what do you do here?"

She looked at him a moment, quietly. "Don Adolfo, your father, walks in this room many nights," she said. "I am trying to find what is disturbing his spirit!"

There was conviction upon her face, and Don Reyes knew then that the footsteps he had heard were as the footsteps of his father. Many times had he heard him walk in just this fashion; and that, he thought, was why the footsteps did not frighten or alarm him. They were familiar ones! He needed time to think about this thing! So he said to his mother, "Do not be perturbed, Mamacita! My father was a good man. We will find out what is disturbing him. I will help you!" And he patted her gently upon her stooped shoulders.

So Don Reyes remained alone in the living room each evening when the wind brought sand, and he sat quietly before the fireplace, looking almost like his father. But nothing happened, although Don Reyes sat there for many evenings, hearing the footsteps.

One Friday, there came a sandstorm. All day the wind beat sand and whirled it in heaps about the hacienda; there was a constant pelting of sand against the windows—the white sands and the brown sands. No one ventured to leave the house. After the sun had set, the wind seemed to increase in its fury. But before the fireplace sat Don Reyes waiting for he knew not what—hoping only to assuage the concern of his mother for his father.

Suddenly there came a quick knock at the door and he opened it to admit a stranger. The man looked at him uncertainly in the dim light. Reyes closed the door and pushed the heavy bars against it to keep out the wind and sand. The stranger seemed greatly agitated. He was a middle-aged man, well formed. A black beard stood out in sharp contrast to his white face.

Without sitting down, he began, "But I thought you were Otero—Señor Adolfo Otero! As I came past the window and saw you sitting there, I thought—"

And Reyes added, "He was my father."

The man hesitated, as if weighing in his mind whether to inform Reyes of the purpose of his visit. Then he spoke, "A son of Adolfo Otero could not be other than trustworthy. I come for a box left in the keeping of your father."

"Come," said Reyes, "sit here."

And he pointed the stranger to a chair before the fireplace. The man sat down without removing his coat, as one in a daze, and said something under his breath in a queer mumble that Reyes did not understand.

"Come," Reyes said again, "make yourself comfortable. You are but chilled from the wind! I do not know where my father left your box, but I will try to think where it might be. Let me bring some wine for you."

The stranger did not answer. He sat stooped over in his chair toward the fire, in a disconsolate manner.

As Reyes reached the door leading out of the room, he heard the footsteps. That the man by the fireplace heard them also, he knew by the startled look in his eyes as he arose quickly to his feet and stared at Reyes.

Reyes smiled. "Do not be alarmed," he said reassuringly.

The footsteps had walked over to the organ, and stopped. Reyes closed the door behind him, and went to bring the wine. In a short time, he returned.

The outside door stood open. The stranger had disappeared. As Reyes stood in the room and looked about him, his eyes saw a small panel in the leg of the organ slide softly shut. Then he heard the footsteps for the last time. The wind from the entrance blew the door open leading to the patio, and the curtains parted as if someone walked through them and closed them gently.

Reyes Otero closed the outer door against the fury of the wind, and hastened to the organ, where he stooped to examine the place in which he had seen the opening close. When his fingers found the secret panel and slid it open, he knew that his father's last trust had been honorably discharged. The little enclosure was empty!

## Earth's Curtain

*By* EUGENIA POPE POOL

How fantastic!  
Yellow stars in a canopy of blue  
Yet they twinkle at night  
For me and you.

How barbaric!  
A silver crescent on a field of gold  
Yet it is there  
For us to behold.

How brilliant!  
That red cloud like pirate's blood  
Mingling with a sea of green  
Yet it is something we all have seen

How majestic!  
That flaming sun slowly sinking  
Like some kingly one lowered to rest.  
But there is the scene—in the West.

## Swearin' Off

*By* WILLIAM BRAMLETT

**W**HEN FOLKS starts talkin' about swearin' off lickin', it allus kinda puts me in mind of the time when Si Hambric swore off.

Si was, I reckon, about as handy a man as ever lived in this part of West Virginia. It seemed nothin' of general interest could ever happen without him havin' at least a finger in it. If there was a weddin' Si was allus on hand to lead the bellin'; and if there was a funeral he was there to mourn. He served as a school trustee, an' was constable fer quite a spell.

It seemed right strange, but Si never would git redeemed an' jine up in the church. He had a fine voice fer signin' and when they had revival meetin's he could allus lead off with jest the right song. Somehow or other, though, they never could git him up to the mourner's bench. Some folks figgered he must have some secret sins he didn't want to give up, but nobody ever caught him up at 'em, acourse.

Preacher Sam Miller—he was the Methodist preacher in these parts one time—seemed to take special interest in gittin' Si saved. He used to pray fer him in every meetin', an' he preached several sermons right at him. It didn't seem to do no good, but when Preacher Miller set out to save a man he generally got him converted, and he said he didn't intend to ever lose hope on Si. Jest keep on a prayin' an' in time the Lord will hear our pleas, he tole the church folks.

Back in them days, every Fourth of July there was quite a celebratin' in the court house grove over to Glenville. Folks from all over Gilmer county would come. There weren't no hard roads around here then, but folks made out to git there someway. They would come a horseback, ridin' double or with the women on sidesaddles, or the whole family would come in a hack or the road wagon. The young

sprouts would bring their best gals in their pappys' buggies, an' them as couldn't come no other way come a footin' it in. Everybody that could come someway or another, an' everybody fetched along plenty of dinner. Most of the men folks brung along a little lickier with 'em, too. Some of 'em had it in a jug an' hid it in a haystack off down in the field. Some brung it in bottles an' kep' it in their clothes, but most everybody exceptin' the preacher an' part of the church members had a taste somewheres about him.

In the mornin' after everybody had got there speakin' would start, an' after speakin' the women would spread out the dinner. Everybody eat till he couldn't eat no more, then he would rest a minute and put down a few more bites. After everybody was plumb full the women red up things while the men slipped off an' lickered. Along durin' the afternoon there would be dancin' fer the young people, an' there would be talkin', an' ole friends and neighbors meetin' each other, an' a shootin' match; so, with everything, there was fun an' entertainment fer all.

Si was allus at these celebratings, the fattest possum in the tree, so to speak. He was generally on fer speakin', an' then he oversaw spreadin' out the dinner, an' gittin' the dancin' started, and arrangin' fer the shootin' match. He was counted one of the best shots in these parts then, an' acourse he was purty proud of it. Si was right handy around the women, too. He wasn't no flirter, Si wasn't, fer he was gittin' up in years, an' a widerer with growed up children. But he knowed how to git on the good side of the women folks an' tell 'em as how he thought they was as purty an' good lookin' as the angels, an' make 'em believe it too, even if they was ugly an' unhandsome as home made sin, an' knowed it.

Si drunk a little, jest like everybody else. Not that he ever showed up real drunk, but he was purty fond of takin' a little nip along with the rest. One Fourth the day was hot an' he had a deal of trouble gettin' everything fixed up to suit him, so he taken a few more drinks than he generally

did, an' after dinner he taken a few more, an' so by the time the dancin' started he was purty well lickered up. His pardner fer the first figgure was one of Jim Sandy's gals, a purty little piece of mischief, with snappin' black eyes, an' not more than fifteen or so. Wal, I don't know whether it was because Si had been drinkin', or whether it was owin' to the natural good looks of the gal, but anyways he tole her she was the sweetest, purtiest little thing he ever seen, an' stated as how he lowed he would like to kiss her. She was a right spunky little gal, an' when he says that what did she do but up an' fetch him a lick along side the ear, and say she didn't low as how no ole widerer could go to makin' love to her.

Now, I don't know as what Si done was so much out of the way, seein' as he was ole enough to be her grandpaw, an' she was purty as a picture. Besides, if it had been some young feller instead of a spindle-shanked whitish-whiskered ole cuss like Si she probably wouldn't a cut up none, noway. But as twas, all the women come a runnin' up sayin' as how Si ort to be ashamed of hisself fer actin' so, and with all their talkin' an' lookin' he slipped off, sneakin' like, an' drunk a few more drinks, so by the time the shootin' match started he was mighty drunk, but feelin' right good in spite of it.

Wal, it come his turn to shoot. He lowed as how he could hit the bull's eye without a deal of tryin' so he pulled up and shot without takin' much aim, an' instead of scorin' center he hit clean over in the third ring. This knocked him out of tryin' fer the first prize, but he looked real determined at everybody an' says he lowed as how he would jest be derved if he didn't hit it an' come out best fer seconds. Wal, it come his turn again an' he loaded up an' aimed real careful like an' cut loose, an' this time he missed the whole thing—the dot, the circles, an' the backboard, too.

When he seen what he had did Si jest throwed down his gun an' made a speech. He says, "All my friends, listen, listen an' look. You see before you a man who has been umbled in the sight of his fellows because of strong drink. It



umbled him first in the sight of the women, an' now in the sight of the men. Friends, wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin', an' look not on the wine when it is red in the cup, fer in the end it bites like a serpent, an' stingeth like an adder."

Folks began to rally round acourse when Si started talkin' so earnest, an' the bigger the crowd got, the brasher Si talked. Finally, when purty near everybody was around him, Si throwed up his hands an' says, "Hear me, my friends, hear and remember, if ever again I, Silas Elias Hambric, raise to my lips a bottle or a jug of licker, may the Almighty strike me down, right then an' there, stone dead in my tracks."

When Si says that an' looked around convincin' like, Preacher Miller come a rushin' up an' grabbed a holt on his hand an' his back gallus an' says, "Praise the Lord, Brother Hambric. Hallelujah an' glory be. May you allus remember the solemn vow that you have jest tuck." Then the preacher he turned around to the crowd, an' he says, "All you Christian people in this audience, it's to you I'm speakin'. I want you all to git right down on yore knees an' pray fer this man, this pore sinful brother who is forsakin' one of his hellish ways. I want you all to pray," the preacher says, and then he dropped down on his knees, still aholt on Si, an' lit right in to intercedin' for him. There was a lot of church people in the crowd, an' when they seen the preacher was aprayin' they started, too.

Si hadn't figgured on kickin' up no such rumpus as this, an' at first he looked like he didn't know whether to kneel down an' pray, or cut loose an' run. Finally he decided on runnin' so he jerked his hand loose an' pulled the buttons off that helt his gallus, an' busted out through the crowd like he was gone plumb daffy. The preacher, he opened up his eyes an' hollered out after him, "We can all be athinkin' of you, Brother Hambric, an' aprayin' you may remember yore righteous pledge."

Fer the next year or two it did look like Si had swore off in earnest an' was remainin' faithful. At first nobody didn't

believe he had, but when the time passed an' nobody ever seen him drink they come to believe it. Preacher Miller talked about him in his preachin' as a man who was strivin' strong with the devil.

One time though, Si got real sick. Most folks thought fer shore he was agoin' to die. One day he sent fer Preacher Miller. The preacher come, an' as soon as he gits in Si says, kinda weak like, "Brother Miller."

"Yes, Brother Hambric," the preacher says.

"Brother Miller," Si says, "I fooled you, an' I fooled all the Christian people that air been aprayin' fer me all this time. Seein' as how I don't believe I can be on this earth much longer my conscience has got to hurtin' me an' I want to confess my sin."

"Brother Hambric," the preacher says, "it will be for yore soul's welfare."

Si, he retch under his piller an' got out a horn, an' ole steer horn it was, all hollered out to hold about as much as a quart bottle an' with a stopper an' a mouthpiece all fixed on. He say, "Brother Miller, here is the evidence of my sin. Two year ago the Fourth of last July I pledged with my hand raised to heaven that never again would I raise a bottle or a jug of licker to my lips, an' with all the prayin' that was bein' done on my account I didn't want to break that vow. Still, I couldn't git over my hankerin' fer licker, so I made this here container to kinda git around it. But now, Brother Miller," he says, "if I was to pass away, where would I be headed fer? Would heaven be my happy home, or would it be where the worm dieth not, an' the fire is not squenched?"

The preacher, he retch out an' tuck the horn and smelt of it, an' turned it over and looked at it good, an' he says, "Brother Hambric, that you've been aservin' both God an' that ole deceiver Satan is very plain, but let us pray. Let us pray," he says, not knowin' what else to say, I reckon.

Si got well right after that. It seemed there wasn't much the matter with him after all. But either the preacher went an' tole how he was a beatin' the devil around the

stump, or somebody else did—anyhow folks found out, so Si come out in the open to do his drinkin' thereafterwards.

It jest goes to show, this way Si acted, that it's mighty hard fer a drinkin' man to swear off licker. Maybe he can change his habits some, like Si done, but it's powerful hard fer him to quit clean off.

## Dead Mountaineer

*By* GLEN BAKER

Close his eyes with the coins,  
His bones will soon be dust  
Moldering back to earth  
As all men's must.

In life he loved these hills  
All the elements free,  
Death will bind him closer  
In subtle alchemy.

## Smoke Talk

### 459 Poets—And a Preface

By OMAR BARKER

FROM THE press of Henry Harrison, New York, there comes now an anthology under the title: "Contemporary American Men Poets"—459 of them! That number somehow reminds me of a little political *junta* at Tecolotenos when the late Senator Cutting was a candidate for the Senate. An earnest native orator declaiming against the Senator because of his great wealth, said, in Spanish: "How will he represent the poor, this son of the rich, who counts his wealth at *forty thousand million dollars?*" No one even so much as batted an eye at this fabulous figure—no one, that is, except little old grizzled, gooseberry-nosed Alejandro Fresquez, a former school teacher. With a quiet twinkle in his eye, Alejandro leaned down to where I sat cross-legged on the pine floor of the school house. "That's a lot of money, Omar!" he said.

Four hundred and fifty-nine is a lot of poets, too, not to include Santa Fe's leading triumvirate, Bynner, Long, and Fletcher. One wonders why, for it is not a "vanity" volume. At least I snuck in a couple without agreeing to buy the book, and the cover lists among the 459 contributors such recognized poets as Glenn Ward Dresbach (formerly of Grant County, N. M.), Robert Frost, Robinson Jeffers, John Hall Wheelock, William Ellery Leonard, Lew Sarett, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Howard Willard Gleason, Max Eastman, and many others who need not purchase their printing in any anthology. Martin J. Maloney, student poet of the Normal University at Las Vegas, is present with "Mexican Battle Piece," a stirring ballad of Pancho Villa.

In short there are a lot of good poets among the 459 and a lot of fine poems, regardless of names. Frankly, I was

"right smart set up an' admirin' my shadder" when the editor, Mr. Thomas Del Vecchio, wrote me that he would use two of my verses.

Now, however, I have read Mr. Vecchio's preface and I am "right smart let down." Even in such a numerous round-up of poets as this, I am ashamed to appear in the same volume with this piece of pure propaganda which Mr. Del Vecchio presumes to call a preface to poetry.

Quotation of a few of the stereotyped,\* dogmatic phrases running through the preface will serve sufficiently to identify the ax Mr. Del Vecchio has to grind—at the expense of the poetic art. Here are some of them: "the class struggle," "endless luxury for the few and poverty and virtual servitude for the mass," "social force," "a vicious privileged class," "circumvented with starvation, ostracism and imprisonment," "social realists," "the revolutionary movement," "the roar of suffering multitudes," "a great and powerful union of poets," etc.

This page is no place to discuss the so-called "social revolution" and communism. Suffice to say that I, personally, am "agin it," lock, stock, and barrel, particularly so far as America is concerned. But when Mr. Del Vecchio prostitutes the preface of an anthology of poetry to propaganda in an attempt to identify the art of poetry in America with the so-called "social revolution," somebody should call his hand.

"The failure of artists," says Mr. Del Vecchio, "to realize their potentialities as a class accounts for their low estate."

"Artists as a class"—phooey! By their very nature artists cannot constitute a class and remain artists. If the artist, poetic or otherwise, is not individuality to the nth degree, he is nothing.

To quote further: "punctilious poets, scrupulously polishing their pastel couplets, may gasp in maidenly horror at this, but the manly poet will realize that the day of the lone,

delicate riders of Parnassus is past, and that only in union can poets regain their artistic birthright."

Regain my eye! Since when have poets lost their artistic birthright in America? What is a poet's artistic birthright, anyhow? Nothing more nor less than to write what he wishes to write—and find an audience for it if he can. Where else in the world can he do this so freely as here in America? It is beside the point to whine, as Mr. Del Vecchio does, that "social realists" among poets can find little or no audience. This, to begin with, is not true; but even if it were, must poets be reminded that the reader-as-audience also has his birthright—to read what he chooses? What Mr. Del Vecchio proposes, in effect, is "a great and powerful union of poets" to compel a free people to read their so-called "social realism," in the guise of poetry, whether they like it or not.

Mr. Del Vecchio wants the poet to be "the champion of truth"—Del Vecchio's truth, of course—with an organized union to specify just what that truth is. It is here that his tirade becomes suspect as a preface to poetry and reveals itself as clever communistic propaganda.

Truth is strictly an individual matter for each poet to decide upon in his own heart. It is that individual vision of truth that makes the artist, be he poet or painter. How then, if he belongs to a Poets' Union dedicated to a dogmatic "social realism" with which he cannot agree?

"All artists," says Mr. Del. Vecchio, "are propagandists *per se*. And when the time demands, art becomes the inflammatory substance that kindles action, levelling one social system that a better might supplant it."

All right, if the poet wants to go around kindling action with the fire of his poetry, let him. In this country, at least, nobody is going to stop him. But let him furnish his own fire, not borrow a torch from the bonfire of organized social or political propaganda, lest both poet and poetry, birthright and all, go up in smoke—the stifling smoke that must inevitably rise from the ashes of individualism sacrificed

upon the false altar of mass inspiration and "unionism" for poetic art.

That's a hell of a hot figure of speech, I know, but because, to my shame, I happen to be among the contributors to a volume of poetry prefaced by propaganda, I consider the indulgence justifiable.

Yes, 459 is a lot of poets—but not too many, so long as each is his own separate voice. Despite the preponderance of Mr. Del Vecchio's misnamed "social realists" in the volume, let it, in fairness, be said that the editor has given space to a wide variety of viewpoints. Anthologists today can do this—pending the organization of a Poets' Union to dictate otherwise.

S. OMAR BARKER.

### What Makes Fall Worth While?

A. A. Milne once observed that autumn came with the celery—the fresh shoots in the bowl beside the cheese, the tender crackling in the mouth, the pipe, and the flames in the grate. Keats has something about "mists and mellow fruitfulness," but we too have our consolation for winter snow, the ache of incipient colds, the figures in the budget for furnace coal. Keats never knew the comfortable lounge where the sunlight idled through a golden tree in the patio, the cigarette curled its smoke into the darkened vigas, and the little cabinet at your elbow chatted: "Second down for Nebraska and a yard to go . . . There's the ball back to McAlrainey who fumbles and it's four to go . . . Nebraska comes out of the huddle . . . It's Johnny Howell who goes over his right guard . . . He's up to about the forty-four . . . Nebraska fourth down and two to go . . . Oh! Oh! there's a Nebraska player down. It's McAlrainey, the fullback from Tecumseh, who's been playing such swell ball today. Coach Biff Jones is taking him out of the game. He gets up to shake his hand and the whole Cornhusker team gets up to greet him like a long lost brother. He may be a brother, but he certainly hasn't been lost. There's tricky football here today. They

say Texas has a monopoly on it, but they have it back at Colgate and we have it here today . . . An we have to remember it started back in Carlyle when Jim Thorpe used to carry the ball. You remember the time he ran for the winning touchdown against Harvard back in 1907 with the football tucked up under his Jersey and his arms swinging free. It was that play that brought about the rule making that sort of thing impossible . . . Well, here we go again . . ."

### Fiesta in Santa Fe

You cannot report all of a fiesta and sometimes the part of anything is greater than the whole.

A group of Indian boys were talking excitedly in the washroom at La Fonda. One of them began to sing. "It goes like that; only the drum beats faster." "Uh-huh" from some of the others. "We're going to dance here. Wait till you see us dance" from the singer. "You'll be surprised."

The group shifted around a little and one of the Indians said, "I just came back from New Yawrk."

The first speakers went on. One said, "Did you see White Bear dance at Gallup?" "Yes." "Sure." "He's fine." "Sure." "Yes."

The same voice from the listeners. "I just came back from New Yawrk." This time he had attention, but he paused for proper respect. "I been teachin' there." "Dance?" "Oh, everythin'; dances and everythin'. I'm goin' back to New Yawrk."

The singer again: "You fellows ought to go down dance in Colorado or Texas. You'd make money." Protest: "We can't go down there." "You'd make money, lots of money. Two thousand dollars a month. No, wait. Two hundred dollars a month. I've seen people reach in their pockets and take out a handfull of money and give it all to Indians dancin'. Twenty dollars a night. You make lots of money."

Cultural fusion is almost getting beyond us in New Mexico. In the specialty dances at La Fonda acculturation ran rife: the Taos hoop dance to Thurlow Lieurance's



290 ] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

---

"Land of the Sky Blue Waters"; the Comanche War Dance to "Cielito Linda"; and another thumping dance with "Ranchera" spaced and accelerated to meet the tempo.

"El Dia de Los Ninos y Los Burros" is the most genuine thing in Fiesta. Everything that children do springs from genuine impulse like the ingratiating antics of the animals who come along to be a part of the show, costumed like their owners and about as tired and yet excited, too.

Did you see the tiny girl in white satin and lace mantilla who pushed the doll buggy holding a white rabbit? The rabbit wore a little palette trimmed with colored sequins, and seemed to know that with all the dogs and cats running around it safety went with the costuming and parading on "The Day of the Children and the Burros."

It is a day of miracles! Wire-haired terriers ride handle bars in front of their masters on bicycles; collies go international (without singing the Internationale) by biting a flag-rest holding Mexican and American flags; ordinary hounds go dandified with ribbons, charro hats, or Swiss hats with purple feathers; a miniature circus wagon imprisons a tame kitty with a red bow, quite unexcited by the St. Bernard sniffing outside the bars. Noah must have herded his troublesome crew into the Ark on "El Dia de Los Ninos y Los Burros," for on such a day the animal world seems to be friendly with its own kind and with a stranger race which doesn't always accord it such consideration.

OTHER NOTES:—The famous anthropologist who did the Turkey Dance in the living room of a lovely home—the home all luminario lit—the dance with what appeared to be a marvelous gobble at the end! The schottische danced in the studio with the polished black floors, the black bancos like Santa Clara ware, and the hearth and fire-place outlined in black polished earth centering the height of wall below carved beams! The patient burros at the Parrion Analco, pleased with their little journeys about the Market and the light freight they bear! The woman costumed with her Navajo blouse and a Pocahontas feather! The costume of

the two men who looked like priests of Pele, completely covered with feathers of pastel hues and the conversation between them: "I wanted to come entirely unique in costume and almost gave up for an idea when my eleven-year-old daughter suggested this. It's all right, but I haven't been able to smoke a cigarette all evening or get near one!" and "You haven't anything to worry about! What about my hay fever! I've been sneezing ever since she put these feathers on us, and this night may be the end of me yet!"

MATT PEARCE.

### Star Caravan

*By* ALICE GILL BENTON

High in the heavens the circling planets glow  
And gleaming caravans of stars, serene  
And stately, keeping step, measured and slow,  
Move like an oriental palanquin,  
Crossing the wide blue desert of the sky,  
In great magnificance and glittering show  
Of wealth. Swiftly the crescent moon slips by  
On silver shoes, gliding softly, as though  
Afraid of this display of pomp. She hides  
Behind a great high dune of clouds, there in  
The west, to watch this opulence that rides  
The heavens. Where did this caravan begin?  
What distant port is beckoning? Who guides  
It surely on, what wider skies to win?



## Los Paisanos

### Saludo a todos los paisanos:

Those returning from vacations spent abroad bring tales from, books about, pictures of: Italy, France, England, Ireland, Mexico, Germany, Venezuela. All have been making speeches in living-rooms, and on platforms about far-off peoples, customs, cultures, art, beauty. All saw celebrities, heard celebrities, or heard about celebrities. But all are thankful to be home, and that home IS New Mexico. Material collected has been going into, or will eventually appear in publications of every kind and variety . . . The stay-at-homes report a very successful summer with money in the bank, and a book in the offing . . . So take your choice in regard to holidays. . . . Speaking of holidays, Easter seems a long ways off, but much conversation is going on in regard to the joint meeting which the Texas Folk-lore Society, and the Spanish Institute of the University of New Mexico will hold at El Paso during Easter vacation. Plans are being formulated under the direction of C. L. Sonnichsen of the Texas School of Mines, and the program will be announced shortly. The general themes of the sectional meetings will revolve around Indian, Spanish, and Anglo cultures of the Rio Grande Valley. There will be exhibits of arts and crafts, and programs of Spanish music and dancing. According to Dr. T. M. Pearce, who is on the program committee, the delegation from Fort Worth is talking about chartering a bus for the occasion.

The Southwest Writers Forum, recently organized, have announced as their board of directors: Miss Mary Elizabeth White, Mr. Carless Jones, Mrs. Gladys Boyle, and Mrs. Alice Mellis. The Forum will act as a literary organization, a critical medium, and a manuscript bureau. Miss White states that all MMS. will receive three critical read-

ings before being sent to editors. Forum meetings open to the public will be held twice a month, and MSS. submitted at that time will be read and criticized in a round-table manner.

Fall publications of more than passing interest to paisanos will be Erna Fergusson's forthcoming book on Venezuela which Knopf is publishing; *Storm Toward Heaven*, a short novel by Paul Horgan, to be published by the Rydal Press, of Santa Fe; and *Sandpaintings of the Navajo Shooting Chant*, by Franc L. Newcomb, with text by Gladys A. Reichard. All three books will probably be out by Christmas. Recent publications which are attracting attention are: *The Enemy Gods*, by Oliver La Farge; *Americans Yesterday*, by F. Martin Brown, of the Fountain Valley School in Colorado Springs; and *Perilious Sanctuary*, by D. J. Hall. Judging by the number of children's books coming from the press, the youth of the land should not remain in ignorance of Indians, wild or otherwise. Some of the material appearing in such books is no doubt authentic but some of it also came out of the New York Public Library. Fall publications for young paisanos are: *Treasure Mountain*, by Eric P. Kelley, who narrates the adventure of two little boys in New Mexico; *The Trader's Children*, by Laura Adams Armer, who tells of Indian life in Arizona; *Two Little Navajos Dip Their Sheep* is the title of a picture-script book, one of a series which Teacher's College, Columbia University, sponsors. One of the best publications is by Isis Harrington, called *He Herds Sheep*, which Dutton's has just released. Mrs. Harrington, formerly of the Albuquerque Indian School, is now living in the Northwest.

We understand that . . . Mabel Dodge Lujan has gone to New York to be re-psychoanalyzed . . . four books are the result of the last session. . . . The Hogners have just sent off two books to the publishers. . . . Kyle Crichton does not intend to write a book on his recent European travel. . . . Philip Du Bois recently sold a number of his far-east travel pictures to Richard Halliburton . . . Everybody likes Dane

294 ] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

---

Smith's bride. . . . President and Mrs. Zimmerman thought the Duke and "Wally" very good-looking . . . The Fergussons are going to have a family re-union at Christmas . . . Otto Reutinger is to be married at Christmas . . . Dr. "Saint" recently sold a poem to the *New Mexico Sentinel*. . . . Horace Gardner likes Yale . . . Richard Ryan is bicycling through England. . . . Catherine and Norman Macleod are in Alabama. . . . E. E. Musgrave recently sold a series of articles to the *American Forest Magazine*. . . . Matt Pearce had two charming house-guests recently . . . both frequent contributors to the QUARTERLY. . . . Rebecca Smith and Mabel Major of T. C. U. . . . Sandia School has some very interesting new teachers. . . . *Sandpaintings of the Navajo Shooting Chant* will cost thirty dollars a copy . . . will be a beautiful book with thirty colored plates on handmade paper. . . .

Hasta la proxima,

JULIA KELEHER.

### Lament

By WILLIAM RADLOFF

I have seen a moon held bright by growing darkness;  
 Cloud shadows gather round a topless peak;  
 An infant's brewing eyes, a lover's lips:  
 And still I seek.

A rose carressed by dewy fingertips;  
 Birds, throat-voiced, mourning in some woodland tryst;  
 Pure snow eternal, earth claimed in the night:—  
 Yet something I've missed.

## Book Reviews

*Fantasy and Fugue*—Marina Wister—The Macmillan Co., \$2.00.

Here is a volume, which in variety and recurrent melody is a distinctive contribution to contemporary American poetry. Mature in its ideas and in their presentation, the book reflects in every page an unusual and well-defined individuality.

The poems are in three sections. The first, by far the largest group, is on Mexico, a careful expression of the country with its variety, cruelty, beauty and fierceness.

The second section is a group of lyrics which vary in meter and tone to fit the subject. They cover a wide range of personal experience, and many of them are concerned with places. They follow no set form, but the recurrent fugue melody of the depth of feeling is here.

The third section is a sequence of twenty sonnets recording with intimate and tender warmth the deep emotion of a strongly individual entity. They are Shakespearean in form.

Throughout the whole volume the fugue is played in variations.

An outstanding characteristic of these poems is the identity of meter and form with the subject. In the section on Mexico and in the second section this is particularly noticeable. The poems "Puebla," "Xochimilco," and "Evening in Taxco," show this identity.

The author has also a happy faculty of writing unforgettable last lines. "The water gathered in pink pools"; "To the reek of pulque slowly, slowly seeping in"; "It has no tinge of fire, save by night"; "The scintillant fanciful domes of her churches," are only a few. The most impressive poem in the volume is "The Memory and the Dream," at the end of the section on Mexico. Its rhythm and melody is delightful and the body and substance of the poem are meaningful.

296 ] *The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY*

Too long to quote, but infinitely worth seeking out and reading for one's self are "The Family," "The Clown," the delicate allusive quality of "Lilacs," "Vision," "Tardy Regret."

Most of the poems are rhymed. The rhymes are all the "perfect" type, with a few lines "imperfect," and some few analyzed rhyme. Construction of regular forms, such as the sonnets, is formal but the author shows much variety in her less formal poems.

For persons with a genuine interest in poetry, which has gone far from its primitive origins, and is almost completing the circle back to them, this volume will be of interest as a step forward on the circle. Neither subject matter nor form will appeal to the less subtle.

IRENE FISHER.

*Albuquerque, N. M.*

*Edge of Taos Desert*—Mabel Luhan—Harcourt Brace—\$2.75.

When you saw the Hollywood version of *Lost Horizon* did you think of New Mexico? The resemblance was inescapable, if you know New Mexico. Planes daily cross the snow-peaked Rockies to land in the sunny vales of New Mexico. If they ride down out of a blizzard, they may find the Indians in the vales piling corn husks in heaps in corrals, or the natives driving colts over threshing piles of bean pods or wheat straw. Chilli peppers will be hanging, very festive, in bands along the flat roofed houses, more gorgeous than anything in Shangri La. In the placitas they could find a fiesta almost anywhere, and in a nearby pueblo drums would be sounding the pulse of earth and man as the chant rose from a hundred human throats. The old cacique, blanket robed and as wrinkled and thin-haired as the High Lama, would meditate the sacred mysteries in his council room while the workers of the tribe stored the grain and fruits and meat for the non-productive season. At the fiesta in the chief city of the valley, the candle-light procession at evenfall would wind to its shrine with levels of light like the

tortuous path of light in Shangri La. The visitors would find La Fonda another luxurious lamasery, and somewhere they could find a wise poet with the same Buddhistic calm and treasures of books and jade to match those of Chang.

To Mabel Luhan, New Mexico was a Shangri La, when she fled from the drawing room at 23 Fifth Avenue, New York City. That drawing room was a symbol of the culture of wealthy Eastern society. Parasitic, as most cultures are, the product of other men's labor and sweat and of other people's brains and evolutions, Mrs. Luhan tired of life there and went away for a new reality. She found it at Taos. There a native people were living simply, with concern for the tribal good. There was a virility and poise which sophisticated and more highly integrated society lacked. The problems of the tribe were few and the tribe met them casually in the shadow of Taos mountain below Blue Lake, the sacred ceremonial pool which no outsiders are ever allowed to see.

The description of the change wrought in Mabel Luhan by this experience is engrossingly written. I quite agree with Mrs. Luhan's large public, that she writes very entertaining books. She writes about herself as analytically and as refreshingly as if she were someone else. Nothing of her own pettiness or superciliousness is omitted, nor of her own disingenuous enthusiasms. She must be an amazing woman. Her problem, however, is to get people to take her seriously—not just to read her books!

If she really believes in the Indian way, why doesn't she try it? The Indians don't live in the Big House with *objets d'art* from Fiesole to Taxco to keep alive their aura or what have you? Her way of life and thought is still, as her books show, European in spite of the play-acting by which she exasperated her family when she took to long Indian-like silences and began to insulate herself under an Indian shawl. Indians don't turn on their own tribe with vindictive scorn of their tribal faults; nor do Indians try to save themselves or each other by some new sensation which can cure



298 ] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

---

all the old dull ones flesh is heir to. Indians usually look about them and find enough in the Red Man's heritage to get along with. Many of us, like Mabel Luhan, are amateur anthropologists poking about everywhere in antiquity and ourselves for material to lecture other people on how to cure themselves of that which ails us.

Much of Mrs. Luhan's advice is sound. We need the feel of earth which holds the Indian poised and upright, but he needs, and so do we, the science which is fighting trachoma and saving the Indians from blindness. We need the worshipful awe before fire and the pool of quietness in the mountain, but we need and so does he, mechanical energy that makes it possible to communicate with other units in a world that, willy nilly, touches ours, and irrigation and reservoirs that can prevent the migrations of peoples in drouth like that which drove the Colorado Puebloños and the Chaqueños from their homes centuries ago. We need "conversion" to *Something* which can sustain us, as Mabel Ganson Evans Dodge Sterne really seems to have been rebuilt inwardly and outwardly when she met Tony Luhan and lived with him; but we still need the common sense of an everyday world which knows a mirage when it sees one, which doesn't see anything mystical about not irrigating along the wall of an adobe house, and which looks upon peyote as peyote and not the Philosophers' Stone.

MATT PEARCE.

*Albuquerque.*

*Life Goes On*—Carey Holbrook—Valliant Printing Company, Albuquerque—\$1.00.

I happen to have been raised on red-blooded poetry—good, vigorous stuff with a musical lilt and a rollicking meter. "The Song of Hiawatha" is one of my earliest recollections. As a child I was carefully groomed in "Excelsior," "The Village Blacksmith," "Casabianca," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Horatius at the Bridge," etc. Later I learned poem after poem by Kipling, Service, Noyes and

Masefield. Vers libre has always seemed like a black sheep in a good, respectable family, for to me poetry is song. And so I classify Carey Holbrook's volume of verse entitled *Life Goes On*.

I've known Carey Holbrook for over ten years and every time I've seen him during that time he has always grinned and he has either just finished a poem or is headed for his typewriter ready to write one. When he gets there he doesn't chew his pencil into messy splinters or sit looking into space for an hour or so. He wades into those keys and the meter and rhyme just stack up on that paper like rain comes down in the summertime. Carey is so constructed that it is just as natural for him to write poetry as for a burro to be stubborn. The only reason why the legal notices in the *Health City Sun* are in prose is because the lawyers write them and Carey doesn't. When it comes to metrical arrangement and rhyme Carey is a natural. And his poems almost read themselves for you once you've started them. If he adopts a certain meter you don't have to stop midway to scan a line because you have struck a snag. You just start keeping time with your feet like a grandmother at a baile and lose yourself in the general effect.

Carey has lived long enough and has known enough of illness and suffering to have achieved a genial and sound philosophy of life. The bright strands of this philosophy are twined in and out among the poems in this book where many will chance upon them advantageously. The old Arkansas background of the poet is unmistakable with the constant voicing of the urge to get away from toil and labour and spend the time along a trout stream or pursue the furred and feathered creatures amid New Mexico's wide horizons. And the grin with which Carey greets all of us in our daily contacts with him is omnipresent throughout the book. I liked these poems tremendously and I particularly recommend: "The Poet Does a Short Short," "Some of Them Never Went to Bed," "Coronado" and "Romance Rides With Me."

300 ]    *The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY*

---

*Life Goes On* was attractively printed and bound by the Valliant Printing Company of Albuquerque. It is illustrated by numerous small sketches by Al Smalley.

JIM THRELKELD.

*Albuquerque.*

*The Share Croppers*—Charlie May Simon—E. P. Dutton & Co., New York—\$2.50.

Charlie May Simon, so we are informed by a blurb on the jacket of *The Share Croppers*, is the "very successful author of distinguished children's books." After reading *The Share Croppers* we are inclined to agree with the writer of the blurb and to wish that Mrs. Simon had cultivated her own garden and not ventured into the field of adult literature.

To make the blow as soft as possible let us say that Mrs. Simon is out of her depth and let it go at that. There is nothing to be gained by dwelling on the fact that all of her characters are stereotypes who never come to life, that the plot has been carelessly thought out, or that frequently the dialogue is so stilted as to be impossible. The mother with her "perpetually whining voice" and her "wanting fiercely to take her daughter in her arms"; the plantation owner who "spoke kindly to his tenants and genuinely wished their lot were better, but could do nothing to change conditions"; the sister who was seduced (presumably—all Mrs. Simon says is that the lights were turned out and "then it happened") in a tourist cabin; and Mr. Young, the kindhearted Union organizer: all these, together with the other characters, are nothing but oversentimentalized abstractions that even a god would have difficulty in bringing to life. One wonders whether the fault lies in the fact that Mrs. Simon does not know share-croppers or whether it is that she lacks the ability to communicate what she does know.

Faced with the share-cropper system, Mrs. Simons swung mightily—and missed. Obviously she meant well,

and for that can be forgiven some of her literary sins. But it might not be a bad idea if sometime she took a few minutes off from her writing and read "Tobacco Road." It's about share-croppers too.

LYLE SAUNDERS.

*Albuquerque.*

*Single to Spain*—Keith Scott Watson—E. P. Dutton & Co.—\$2.00

Books are the armor of the intellect. The honest record of events today cannot be above the battle. Just as history is propelled by collision, so we find that the best art-weapons in times of urgency build from the force of emotion tyrannizing over idea. Too long have books been viewed as orchids from the jungle of the mind which flourish only in the hot-house of impartiality. Fine, stirring books can come out of the experiences of everyday life of man today. For we live in heroic times, and any straightforward account of those times must gather to itself something of the heroic feeling. Even such a simple story as the one told in the book under review here bears this out.

There are no profound judgments here, no prophecies. There is no writing on the head of a pin. But it is a good story; and, what is more important, it is historically accurate. A non-partisan English journalist fights for awhile with a small group of English-Scotch-Irish volunteers in the people's army of the Spanish government. Hardly a soldier by temperament, he resigns, but continues his stay in Spain as a correspondent to a British daily. From what he saw and heard during the crucial days of the defense of Madrid we learn of the determination of the common people of Spain to beat off the attacking barbarism of the past and hold the first outposts of the future they have already begun to build. A single incident from the book will suffice to show how the self-appointed civilizers of Spain are bringing "higher values to a deluded people." Watson goes to visit the Faculty of Medicine in University City which has just been recaptured from the Fascists. "My eyes gradually be-

came accustomed to the light. 'Christ!' What I saw sent a chill down my spine. My guide shone his torch. 'Washington Irving's got nothing on that.' There could not have been fifty Moors, but in that eerie light, there seemed five hundred at least. All were dead; some sat in chairs, others sprawled across tables or lay in twisted heaps on the floor. Those boys won't do no more looting. They killed the bloody rabbits, hens and sheep and ate them all. What they didn't know was that they had been injected full of germs by the professors. They didn't have time to kill the animals before they beat it, the Moors found 'em and ate 'em germs and all. There's enough bacilli here to lay out Madrid."

Incidents like this, which do not find their way into the general world press, make Watson's book an important sidelight on the understanding of the situation in Spain. Seen from the ruins of Madrid the glorious road that Franco is paving for the new culture-Fascism is a shambles. Watson quotes from a message of La Passionaria to the Loyalist militia: "It is better to die fighting, than to live on one's knees!"

ARON KRICH.

*Albuquerque.*

*The Life of Saint Rose, First American Saint and Only American Woman Saint*—Marian Storm—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1937.

*March of the Past*—Alexandra Fechin—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1937.

Here are two books recently published in Santa Fe by Writers' Editions. They are successors in an unusually fine list of books published by this group of co-operative authors, among them *The Sun Turns West*, by Alice Corbin Henderson; *Pittsburgh Memoranda*, by Harriet Long; and *Twenty-Four Elegies*, by John Gould Fletcher. To QUARTERLY readers the reviewer urges vigilant attention to the offerings of Writers' Editions. Not only is the group selective in what it publishes, but through the arrangements with the

Rydal Press, it is also selective in how it publishes. The books are a distinguished shelf in both content and appearance.

The two newest books are contrasting in subject matter, the first the story of a woman mystic, aware of the supernatural about her, in South America; the second, the narrative of a woman, very human, close to the emotions of everyday ties, in Russia. Religious expression cannot be divorced from the character of the land in which it appears, from the tribal patterns of the people who enact it, from the temperament of individuals who feel the god-power which singles them out for its spiritual or political leadership. The first Christians moved in that cradle world of ideas produced by the mingling of Hebrew, Greek, and Roman cultures, where all the myth and manifestation of three ancient continents were fighting it out for dominance. Saint Rose lived at the emergence of Peru from a barbarous past when Christianity, in the expression of Roman Catholicism, had linked itself to the great empire of the Incas, lords of men, children of the Sun.

The new empire, matching in brilliance the Indian empire of the past, built upon slavery and sustained by religious and political intrigue, the Inquisition here the eyes and ears of the military as it was in Spain, produced this little child, who may match in her charity and kindness much of the repression, bigotry, and inhumanity of the system there that produced her. Well does the Church to exalt those who preserve its ideals, where in many cases, they have been the victims of its practice. "Rosa's Hospital" in Lima was such a blessing that Rosa was called the "true mother" of the poor. She went to the beggered, the ulcerous, the forgotten of man and priests, because, as she said to protests, "mother, charity is not delicate. I must deny no service, whatever it may be, nor pay any heed to the rebellious protests of the senses. When we are helping the suffering we always smell all right to Heaven. Is charity so frail as to be disgusted by the cancerous wound? We're all made of mud anyway . . ."

304 ]    *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

---

Alexandra Fechin, author of *March of the Past*, is a creative personality, quickly responsive to the life-impulses in the sunlight, air, birds, flowers, her friends, the devoted beast Krasavkca, her cow, who stood by the little family of Russians, isolated from the security of their past. Why is the Russian temperament so often rich in common humanity, its aristocrats such true aristocrats in nature and not social caste? The reader loves Krasavkca as well as its owner when he finishes Mrs. Fechin's human and amusing story, with its glimpses of beauty in the Russian landscapes and flashes of personal philosophy.

I flung myself on the flat of my back and let my eyes see nothing but the sky. Oh! What a sky! A huge crystal ball on dark blue velvet, the stars and I inside of it. And as I lived amidst them in one direction they slowly passed me in the other. On meeting, the large ones glared full into my face, wearing a cool and grave expression; others smaller, twinkled and gaily laughed, and there were the smaller ones that seemed to do somersaults, and now and then one would fall into the void.

"Traveling Juggler," the first story, is the experience of Mrs. Fechin's cousin Paul during the Russian revolution of 1919. It is an expounded anecdote telling the suspense and torture of the two young parents who lose their son in the flight from Kazan when it fell to the Reds. The child is recovered, providentially it seems, two years later. Mrs. Fechin interprets here with the same sympathy and warmth of style as in her own story. The latter, however, is more personal and more memorable.

T. M. PEARCE.

*Albuquerque.*

## Personally Speaking

The wise man with little time will read only plays. That is the economics of reading. To complete the average play will require surely no more than two hours. Whereas a book!—from four to twenty hours usually, depending on the weight of it.

It takes little time indeed, and it would be also very wise. One play a day for a year will swallow all the Greek and Continental and British heritage of great moment; in five years our shrewd fellow could converse with the utmost aplomb of the important literary heritages of cultured countries. More than that, he would know much of those heritages, and of the history, techniques, and ideas expressed in great world literature.

After all, he would be skilled in Aristophanes and Moliere, in Aeschylus and O'Neill, in Shakespeare and Racine, in Schiller and Odets, in Calderon and Anderson! The price he pays is simply a scant hour or so of reading, while his more laborious brother plods on hour after hour through *Pamela* and *Tom Jones* and perhaps himself never attains to *La Vida es Sueno* and *Faust*.

I suppose that our contemporary cunning fellow would enjoy his reading more and profit at least equally from it if he ignored the ponderous *Adrift With the Gales* and *East-Sou'-East Gaps* of modern fiction, to gaze sternly instead at our *Wintersets*, *Waiting for Leftys*—and even at *Idiot's Delight*, *Having Wonderful Time*, *The Women*, and *Boy Meets Girl*. Perhaps he'll miss a lot by such an exiguous diet. But in that event he can wait until his novels are dramatized.

The trouble is of course, limiting our coldly rational sophistry to the present, that for every *Winterset*—rich with poetry and movement—there is a *Having Wonderful Time*—amusing, but so damned unimportant. That it is unimportant would be a merit to jaded craniums; but when a



work, even a play, is too incidental, too ephemeral, one is disappointed. It's as tasteless as a creampuff, and without the pretty colors.

That's what the current stock of plays seems to be, too. Tasteless. At least so they read. With a stentorian actor out-Heroding Herod, and a wistful, fluttering ingenue patting her dainty hands in the flesh, these plays may act well. But they read like yesterday's slang expression.

*Idiot's Delight*, for example. They tell me that on the stage this puts them on the edge of their seats, this smashes a message home, this has really got guts! Well, read in cold blood, as literature not action, one enjoys it only when the chorus of dancers comes out to ask "When do we eat?" That is often; thank God for dancers' appetites.

Supposing then that the dramatic nutriment is pale. The next best solution for our man of little time would be to read poetry. Not the very best poetry, naturally; that is compressed thought and beauty demanding cogitation. But he can read *Singing Drums* by Helen Welshimer or *Martingale*, with verses and pictures by Helen Kirby. One of them, a collection of felicitous newspaper verses, would go down in a slightly sachrose gulp; the other would stimulate a rather pleased yelp of amusement. *Martingale* is the nursery rime of a "foalish virgin," who looks remarkably like a horsey Mona Lisa in one picture, and strangely like a naggish Whistler's Mother in another. She may remind the sentimental of another moralistic being: Ferdinand the Bull, who refuses to co-operate with the matador because the day was so nice and the sand so perfect for sitting.

Or there is another solution: don't read books; read *about* books. There is not a sneer in that sentence, for little reading is as exciting, as impassioned to some people, as books about books. Thrall and Hibbard's *A Handbook to Literature* is as good a book of this sort as I know. It has the dual merit of explaining most literary and critical terminology and movements and of prompting the curious to read the types which originated the terminology or move-

ment. There is a sentence of polysyllables! The *Handbook* nevertheless is easy, pithy reading, and deserves place next to the *Oxford Companion to English Literature*. Teachers especially—and I would hate to repeat what H. L. Mencken and Henry Adams say of those belabored mortals—should welcome this book.

Or, finally, there is yet another solution, the apocopa-  
tion of the sentence above: don't read books. But this is  
sterile advice, and if you don't read books what on earth  
will we two talk about?

WILLIS JACOBS.

Volume VIII (1938) of  
THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

*presents*

"Pink Skin Stranger," a story by Elizabeth W.  
DeHuff

"An Interview with Leon Trotsky," by Dorothy  
Woodward

"Rocket—A Story of the Cape Cod Fishing Fleet,"  
by Virginia Janney

"Germany Under Hitler," by C. H. Koch

Poetry by Joseph Joel Keith, Kenneth Spaulding,  
John Dillon Husband, Ethel B. Cheney, Max  
Kaufman, and others. Also Book Reviews,  
Smoke Talk, *Los Paisanos*, and Personally  
Speaking

---

Mail subscriptions to THE QUARTERLY, University  
Press, Albuquerque, New Mexico. One dollar  
the year.

Date .....

I enclose ..... for .....  
subscription to THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY.

Name .....

Mailing Address .....

# INDEX

## A

- Adventures of Big-Foot Wallace, The.* (Reviewed), 229.  
*Although We Hear No Sound.* Poem. Maud E. Uschold, 95  
*Am I Laughing?* Story. Curtis Martin, 108.  
*Amberg, George. Why Not Die Now?* Story, 201.  
*Anthem of Silence.* Poem. Maud E. Cole, 45.  
*Artist and the Beau Machine.* Don Glassman, 85.

## B

- Barclay, Eloise. Book Review, 72.  
 Baker, Glen. *Dead Mountaineer.* Poem, 284.  
 Barker, Omar. *Tryst at Taos.* Poem, 30.  
 Barker, S. Omar. *459 Poets and a Preface*, 285.  
 Benton, Alice Gill. *Star Caravans.* Poem, 291.  
 Bowman, James C. *Pecos Bill.* (Reviewed), 151.  
 Bramlett, William. *Swearin' Off.* Story, 279.  
 Brewster, Mela Sedillo. *Hija Bruja.* Poem, 137.  
*Brothers of Light—The Penitentes of the Southwest.* (Reviewed), 149.  
*Bugles Blow No More.* (Reviewed), 152.  
 Bynner, Witter. *Selected Poems.* (Reviewed), 68.

## C

- Cabeza de Vaca Remembers.* Poem. Alice Corbin, 48.  
*California Redwoods.* Poem. Mary Matheson Wills, 270.  
 Carter, Alfred. *On the Fiction of Paul Horgan*, 207.  
*Chaco Canyon and Its Monuments.* (Reviewed), 61.  
*Chant to Beauty.* Manuelita W. Crosno. Poem, 137.

- Cheney, Ethel B. *Revenant.* Poem, 15.  
 Church, Peggy Pond. *Familiar Journey.* (Reviewed), 75  
*Clay-Bound.* (Reviewed), 73.  
 Cole, Maud E. *Anthem of Silence.* Poem, 45.  
 Cole, Maud E. *Clay-Bound.* (Reviewed), 72.  
 Corbin, Alice. *Cabeza de Vaca Remembers.* Poem, 48.  
 Corbin, Alice. *Smoke Talk*, 50.  
*Could I But Choose.* Poem. Mabel Major, 269.  
 Crosno, Manuela. *Otero's Visitor.* Story, 271.  
 Crosno, Manuelita W. *Chant to Beauty.* Poem, 137.

## D

- Dasburg, Marina. Book Review, 145.  
*Dead Mountaineer.* Poem. Glen Baker, 284.  
 De Ford, Ronald. *Smoke Talk*, 50.  
 De Huff, Elizabeth W. Book Review, 147.  
 De Huff, Elizabeth Willis. *Two Little Hopi.* (Reviewed), 74.  
*Desert.* Poem. Marina Wister, 190.  
 Douglass, Ralph. *Linoleum Cut*, August.  
 Dowdey, Clifford. *Bugle's Blow No More.* (Reviewed), 152.  
 Duval, John C. *Early Times in Texas.* (Reviewed), 229.  
 Duval, John C. *The Adventures of Big-Foot Wallace.* (Reviewed), 229.

## E

- Early Times in Texas.* (Reviewed), 229.  
*Earth Horizon.* Poem. Katherine Powers Gallegos, 200.  
*Earth's Curtain.* Poem. Eugenia Pope Pool, 278.  
 Easterday, Margaret. Book Review, 74.

*Economic Planning and the Problem of Population.* Vernon G. Sorrell, 3.  
*Edge of Taos Desert.* (Reviewed), 296.

F

*Familiar Journey.* (Reviewed), 75.  
*Fantasy and Fugue.* (Reviewed), 295.  
Fechin, Alexandra. *March of the Past.* (Reviewed), 302.  
Fergusson, Erna. *Guatemala.* (Reviewed), 139.  
Fergusson, Harvey. *Life of Riley.* (Reviewed), 228.  
*Field of Higher Education in the Southwest, The.* Clyde Kluckhohn, 23.  
*Fighters, The.* Story. Len Zinberg, 257.  
*Fire on Indian Creek.* Story. Elizabeth Waters, 96.  
*First the Road.* Poem. John Dillon Husband, 196.  
Fisher, Irene. Book Reviews, 75, 139, 228, 295.  
Fisher, Irene and Huning, Dolores. *Folk Tales from the Spanish.* Stories, 121.  
Fisher, Irene. *Grief.* Poem, 199.  
Fisher, Irene. *Sonnet V.* Poem, 195.  
*Folk Tales from the Spanish.* Stories. Dolores Huning and Irene Fisher, 121.  
*For the Coronado Cuarto-Centennial.* T. M. Pearce, 46.  
*459 Poets and a Preface.* S. Omar Barker, 285.  
Frost, Robert. *A Further Range.* (Reviewed), 63.  
*Further Range, A.* (Reviewed), 63.

G

Gallegos, Katherine Powers, *Earth Horizon.* Poem, 200.  
Garoffolo, Vincent and Krich, Aron. *Regionalism and Politics,* 261.  
*Genius, The.* Story. George Dixon Snell, 217.  
*George Santayana and the Last Puritan.* Dane F. Smith, 39.

Glassman, Don. *The Artist and the Beau Machine,* 85.  
Greenfield, Fay. *Magic Night.* Poem, 216.  
*Grief.* Poem. Irene Fisher, 199.  
*Guatemala.* (Reviewed), 139.

H

*He Has Come Back.* Poem. John Dillon Husband, 31.  
*Heart Cannot Know Deep Laughter, The.* Poem. Joseph Joel Keith, 31.  
Henderson, Alice C. *Brothers of Light.* (Reviewed), 149.  
Hewett, Edgar L. *Chaco Canyon and Its Monuments.* (Reviewed), 61.  
*Hija Bruja.* Poem. Mela Sedilla Brewster, 137.  
*Hitler's Drive to the East.* (Reviewed), 231.  
Hodge, Gene M. *The Kachinas Are Coming.* (Reviewed), 147.  
Holbrook, Carey. Book Review, 151.  
Holbrook, Carey. *Life Goes On.* (Reviewed), 298.  
Horgan, Paul. *A Lamp on the Plains.* (Reviewed), 145.  
Huning, Dolores and Fisher, Irene. *Folk Tales from the Spanish.* Stories, 121.  
Husband, John Dillon. *First the Road.* Poem, 196.  
Husband, John Dillon. *He Has Come Back.* Poem, 31.  
Husband, John Dillon. *She Is Lost.* Poem, 206.

I

*Incoming Tide, The.* Story. Alfred Morang, 32.  
*Into Delphiniums.* Poem. Haniel Long, 189.

J

Jacobs, Willis. *Personally Speaking,* 77, 153, 237, 305.  
*Jesse Stuart and the New and Old in Short Stories.* W. S. Wabnitz, 183.  
Jones, F. Elwyn. *Hitler's Drive to the East.* (Reviewed), 231.

## K

- Kachinas Are Coming, The.* (Reviewed), 147.  
 Keith, Joseph Joel. *The Heart Cannot Know Deep Laughter.* Poem, 31.  
 Keleher, Julia. *Los Paisanos*, 58, 133, 292.  
 Kellett, E. E. *Story of Dictatorship.* (Reviewed), 231.  
 Kennedy, Katherine. *Pueblo in Moonlight.* Poem, 22.  
 Kluckhohn, Clyde. *The Field of Higher Education in the Southwest*, 23.  
 Krich, Aron. Book Review, 301.  
 Krich, Aron and Garoffolo, Vincent. *Regionalism and Politics*, 261.

## L

- Lament.* Poem. William Radloff, 294.  
*Lamp on the Plains, A.* (Reviewed), 145.  
 Laughlin, Ruth A. Book Review, 140.  
 Lewinsohn, Richard. *Profits of War.* (Reviewed), 231.  
*Life Goes On.* (Reviewed), 298.  
*Life of Riley.* (Reviewed), 228.  
*Life of Saint Rose, The.* (Reviewed), 302.  
 Long, Haniel. Book Review, 70.  
 Long, Haniel. *Into Delphiniums.* Poem, 189.  
 Long, Haniel. *The Sexes.* Poem, 189.  
*Los Paisanos.* Julia Keleher, 58, 133, 292.  
*Los Paisanos.* Matt Pearce, 225.  
 Luhan, Mabel. *Edge of Taos Desert.* (Reviewed), 296.

## M

- Macleod, Norman. *A Mythical Figure in Santa Fe.* Poem, 254.  
*Magic Night.* Poem. Fay Greenfield, 216.  
 Major, Mabel. *Could I But Choose.* Poem, 269.  
 Major, M. and Smith, R. Edition of *Early Times in Texas.* (Reviewed), 229.

- Making of a Hero, The.* (Reviewed) 235.  
*March of the Past.* (Reviewed), 302.  
 Martin, Curtis. *Am I Laughing?* Story, 108.  
 Martin, Curtis. *Strange Spring.* Story, 191.  
 Miller, Mamie Tanquist. Book Review, 61.  
 Morang, Alfred. *The Incoming Tide.* Story, 32.  
 Mozley, Loren. *Linoleum Cut, May. Mythical Figure in Santa Fe, A.* Poem. Norman Macleod, 254.

## N

- Nature Lover.* Poem. Kathleen Sutton, 224.  
 Neff, John C. *A Visit to Kiowa Ranch*, 116.  
*New Mexico's Own Chronicle.* (Reviewed), 142.  
*Night in Eden, A.* Poem. Alice Wilson, 95.

## O

- On the Fiction of Paul Horgan.* Alfred Carter, 207.  
 Ostrovski, Nicholas. *The Making of a Hero.* (Reviewed), 237.  
*Otero's Visitor.* Story. Manuela Crosno, 271.

## P

- Pearce, Matt. Book Reviews, 69, 149, 229, 296, 302.  
 Pearce, T. M. *For the Coronado Cuarto-Centennial*, 46.  
 Pearce, Matt. *Los Paisanos.* 225.  
 Pearce, T. M. *Smoke Talk.* 131.  
 Pearce, T. M. *What Makes Fall Worth While.* Siesta, 288.  
*Pecos Bill.* (Reviewed), 151.  
*People, Yes, The.* (Reviewed), 63.  
*Personally Speaking.* Willis Jacobs, 77, 153, 237, 305.  
*Plays About the Theater in England from the Rehearsal in 1671 to the Licensing Act in 1737.* (Reviewed), 70.

## Poetry:

*Although We Hear No Sound.* Maud E. Uschold, 95.  
*Anthem of Silence.* Maud E. Cole, 45.  
*Cabeza de Vaca Remembers.* Alice Corbin, 48.  
*California Redwoods.* Mary Matheson Wills, 270.  
*Chant to Beauty.* Manuelita W. Crosno, 137.  
*Could I But Choose.* Mabel Major, 269.  
*Dead Mountaineer.* Glen Baker, 284.  
*Desert.* Marina Wister, 190.  
*Earth Horizon.* Katherine Powers Gallegos, 200.  
*Earth's Curtain.* Eugenia Pope Pool, 278.  
*First the Road.* John Dillon Husband, 196.  
*Grief.* Irene Fisher, 199.  
*He Has Come Back.* John Dillon Husband, 31.  
*Heart Cannot Know Deep Laughter, The.* Joseph Joel Keith, 31.  
*Hija Bruja.* Mela Sedillo Brewster, 137.  
*Into Delphiniums.* Haniel Long, 189.  
*Lament.* William Radloff, 294.  
*Magic Night.* Fay Greenfield, 216.  
*Mythical Figure in Santa Fe, A.* Norman Macleod, 254.  
*Nature Lover.* Kathleen Sutton, 224.  
*Night in Eden, A.* Alice Wilson, 95.  
*Present Tense.* Oscar Williams, 256.  
*Pueblo in Moonlight.* Katherine Kennedy, 122.  
*Return.* Marina Wister, 255.  
*Revenant.* Ethel B. Cheney, 15.  
*Santa Fe Trail.* Maud E. Uschold, 107.  
*Sexes, The.* Haniel Long, 189.  
*She Is Lost.* John Dillon Husband, 206.  
*Song of Self.* Jack Wheeler-Tippett, 38.  
*Sonnet V.* Irene Fisher, 195.

*Star Caravan.* Alice Gill Benton, 291.  
*Sublimation.* William Radloff, 45.  
*Today.* Eugenia Pope Pool, 115.  
*Tryst at Taos.* Omar Barker, 30.  
*Pool, Eugenia Pope. Earth's Curtain.* Poem, 278.  
*Pool, Eugenia Pope. Today.* Poem, 115.  
*Present Tense.* Poem. Oscar Williams, 256.  
*Profits of War.* (Reviewed), 231.  
*Pueblo in Moonlight.* Poem. Katherine Kennedy, 122.

## R

Radloff, William. *Lament.* Poem, 294.  
 Radloff, William. *Sublimation.* Poem, 45.  
 Reeves, Frank D. *Smoke Talk*, 50.  
*Regionalism and Politics.* Aron Krich and Vincent Garoffolo, 261.  
*Return.* Poem. Marina Wister, 255.  
*Revenant.* Poem. Ethel B. Cheney, 15.  
 Rood, John. *What Makes a Literary Short Story?* 197.

## S

Sacks, Benjamin. *Sir Oswald Mosley and British Fascism*, 243.  
 Saint Clair, George. Book Review, 63.  
 Sandburg, Carl. *The People, Yes.* (Reviewed), 63.  
*Santa Fe Trail.* Poem. Maud E. Uschold, 107.  
 Saunders, Lyle. Book Reviews, 231, 235, 300.  
*Sea of Grass.* (Reviewed), 140.  
*Selected Poems.* Witter Bynner. (Reviewed), 68.  
*Sexes, The.* Poem. Haniel Long, 189.  
*Share Croppers, The.* (Reviewed), 300.  
*She Is Lost.* Poem. John Dillon Husband, 206.  
 Simon, Charlie May. *The Share Croppers.* (Reviewed), 300.  
*Single to Spain.* (Reviewed), 301.

## INDEX

[ 315 ]

- Sir Oswald Mosley and British Fascism.* Benjamin Sacks, 243.
- Smith, Dane F. *George Santayana and the Last Puritan*, 39.
- Smith, Dane Farnsworth. *Plays About the Theater in England from the Rehearsal in 1671 to Licensing Act in 1737.* (Reviewed), 70.
- Smith R. and Major, M. Edition of *Early Times in Texas.* (Reviewed), 229.
- Smoke Talk.* Frank D. Reeve, Ronald De Ford, Alice Corbin, 50.
- Smoke Talk.* S. Omar Barker. T. M. Pearce, 285.
- Smoke Talk.* T. M. Pearce, 131.
- Snell, George Dixon. *The Genius Story*, 217.
- Song of Self.* Poem. Jack Wheeler-Tippett, 38.
- Sonnet V.* Poem. Irene Fisher, 195.
- Sorrell, Vernon G. *Economic Planning and the Problem of Population*, 3.
- Star Caravan.* Poem. Alice Gill Benton, 291.
- Stories:
- Am I Laughing?* Curtis Martin, 108.
- Fighters, The.* Len Zinberg, 257.
- Fire on Indian Creek.* Elizabeth Waters, 96.
- Folk Tales from the Spanish.* Dolores Huning and Irene Fisher, 121.
- Genius, The.* George Dixon Snell, 217.
- Incoming Tide, The.* Alfred Morang, 32.
- Otero's Visitor.* Manuela Crosno, 271.
- Strange Spring.* Curtis Martin, 191.
- Swearin' Off.* William Bramlett, 279.
- Why Not Die Now?* George Amberg, 201.
- Zeke Hammertight.* Jesse Stuart, 161.
- Storm, Marian. *The Life of Saint Rose.* (Reviewed), 302.
- Story of Dictatorship, The.* (Reviewed), 231.
- Strange Spring.* Story. Curtis Martin, 191.
- Stuart, Jesse. *Zeke Hammertight.* Story, 161.
- Sublimation.* Poem. William Radloff, 45.
- Sutton, Kathleen. *Nature Lover.* Poem, 224.
- Swearin' Off.* Story. William Bramlett, 279.
- T
- Threlkeld, Jim. Book Review, 298.
- Today.* Poem. Eugenia Pope Pool, 115.
- Tryst at Taos.* Poem. Omar Barker, 30.
- Two Little Hopi.* (Reviewed), 74.
- U
- Underhill, Ruth M. *War Poems of the Papago Indian*, 16.
- Uschold, Maud E. *Although We Hear No Sound.* Poem, 95.
- Uschold, Maud E. *Santa Fe Trail.* Poem, 107.
- V
- Visic, Anne. *Linoleum Cut*, February.
- Visit to Kiowa Ranch.* John C. Neff, 116.
- W
- Wabnitz, W. S. *Jesse Stuart and the New and Old in Short Stories.* 183.
- Walker, Stuart. *Wood Block*, November.
- War Poems of the Papago Indian.* Ruth M. Underhill, 16.
- Waters, Elizabeth. *Fire on Indian Creek.* Story, 96.
- Watson, Keith Scott. *Single to Spain.* (Reviewed), 301.
- What Makes a Literary Short Story?* John Rood, 197.
- What Makes Fall Worth While.* *Fiesta.* T. M. Pearce, 288.



316 ]

I N D E X

- Wheeler-Tippett, Jack. *Song of Self*. Poem, 38.  
Why Not Die Now? Story. George Amberg, 201.  
Williams, Oscar. *Present Tense*. Poem, 256.  
Wills, Mary Matheson. *California Redwoods*. Poem, 270.  
Wilson, Alice. *A Night in Eden*. Poem, 95.  
Wister, Marina. *Desert*. Poem, 190.  
Wister, Marina. *Fantasy and Fugue*. (Reviewed), 295.  
Wister, Marina. *Return*. Poem, 255.  
Woodward, Dorothy. Book Review, 142.

Z

- Zeke Hammertight. Story. Jesse Stuart, 161.  
Zinberg, Len. *The Fighters*. Story, 257.

DEC 9 1937

# THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

November, 1937

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY AND BRITISH FASCISM

BENJAMIN SACKS

THE FIGHTERS (*Story*)

LEN ZINBERG

REGIONALISM AND POLITICS

ARON KRICH and VINCENT GARAFFOLO

OTERO'S VISITOR (*Story*)

MANUELA CROSNO

SWEARIN' OFF (*Story*)

WILLIAM BRAMLETT

POETRY

SMOKE TALK

LOS PAISANOS

BOOK REVIEWS

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

---

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

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

D. H. LAWRENCE.

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

MARY AUSTIN.

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

ZIA SONG FOR RAIN.

### *New Mexican Adobes*

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

WITTER BYNNER.

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

---

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO  
Published quarterly in February, May, August, and November. Entered as second-class matter February 6, 1931, at the post office at Albuquerque, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879