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# *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

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## Contents

MANANA IS TODAY

A. L. CAMPA

"ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR," *Story*

JESSE STUART

NAVAJO "MALE MOUNTAIN CHANT"

DANE RUDHYAR

THAT EDDIE, *Story*

GEORGE AMBERG

LOS PAISANOS

BOOK REVIEWS

COLLEGE BOOKS

POETRY

February

1939

VOLUME IX, NUMBER 1

ONE DOLLAR THE YEAR

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS EACH

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

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

D. H. LAWRENCE.

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

MARY AUSTIN.

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

ZIA SONG FOR RAIN.

### *New Mexican Adobes*

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

WITTER BYNNER.

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

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WOMAN PLASTERING HOUSE

*Print by Kenneth M. Ada*

# The New Mexico Quarterly

A REGIONAL REVIEW

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MICHAEL TEMPEST was born in Montana and educated in public and private schools there and in California. He has done newspaper work, clerking, decorating, free lance writing in Hollywood. At present he is writing a western novel, "trying to incorporate the authentic Western atmosphere with natural human emotions." He has published poetry in a number of literary magazines.

## Mañana Is Today

By A. L. CAMPA

**D**URING the height of the depression, a philanthropic organization sent the Navajo Indians a carload of pickles in order to alleviate the wants of that tribe. Unaccustomed as the Redmen were to such relishes, they were made no happier by the sincere efforts of their white brothers to appease their hunger. Pickles are a delectable embellishment to the menu when we like pickles, but if we don't like them, they add nothing to our happiness. Dried mutton or corn would have fulfilled the wants of the Navajo far better than the savory pickles. Equally disheartening were the results of the discarded system of Indian education that forced a child to enter school for a given time, at the end of which he returned to the village and "took to the blanket." Many a head shook, disillusioned and disappointed, because the Redman insisted on finding happiness in his own way. Until recently, an Indian's own reaction to living and his philosophy of life had not been greatly taken into account. The object was to make a white man, a poor imitation at that, rather than a better Indian; and the results were obviously very unsatisfactory.

"Happiness," someone has said, "is getting what you want." When it is pickles you want, beans will not satisfy. But if the other fellow prefers beans and refuses our pickles, we find a name for him and call him, disdainfully, a "bean eater." Moreover, some of us want our beans at a different time, adding another element to the acquisition of happiness. Thus, not only is it "getting what you want," but, "when you want it." In the satisfaction of material needs, the world differs very little. We all demand food and shelter, the means by which to live; but the ends for which to live, the spiritual phase of life, is not so uniformly satisfied. In formulating our criterion of spiritual guidance, we have



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before us three periods in life that determine the order of our existence: the past, the present, and the future. Our philosophy of living will revolve around one of these three as a point of departure, depending upon what time of life we consider most essential. The present is a reality, the past a recollection of a reality that has ceased to exist, and the future a conjecture of what may come to pass. Hence, the last two form the basis of romanticism, since one is no longer here and the other has not yet arrived.

If we consider romanticism as a phase of life created by the imagination and opposed to realism, we cannot deny that all people are romanticists. But the quality of that romanticism will depend upon what it is based. Both the Anglos and the Mexicanos are romantic, except that American romanticism is based on the future, and Spanish romanticism is nourished in the past. In this trinity of time, the present is greatly modified by the choice one makes of what has gone before or what is about to come. American children, from an early age, are taught that the present is simply a preparation for the future, that the past is past and gone, and that one must look into the future for a vision. "Don't cry over spilt milk." "Hitch your wagon to a star." "Save for a rainy day," and "Be prepared." The present is projected into the future to such an extent that the child lives for the day when he shall grow to be the president of a bank, a college professor, a policeman, or a successful engineer. In school the boy is tempted with stories of men who disregarded the present in order that they might achieve something great in the future. Yes, such a philosophy has produced men of vision, or simply imagination, men who live constantly in the hope that some day "their ship may come in." Much may be said for this type of romanticism in the formative period of youth. Such men are willing to work their way through college, scrubbing floors, cleaning windows, and denying themselves untold happiness; in the present, in order that the acquisition of the diploma, in the end, may bring about the longed-for fulfillment of their



desires. When men have visions of the future, we speak of them as building "castles in Spain." Spanish castles to a Spaniard are merely recollections of what once was a reality. Castles built upon the future are rather American bungalows.

The interpretation given to present, past, and future determines the philosophy that guides society. American society, while it may be dissatisfied, is always hopeful because of the insight and faith it has upon the future, and in the midst of the greatest depression it can say: "Prosperity is around the corner." Hispanic philosophy is, in many ways, quite the contrary. To a Mexicano the future is an unreality of which he is conscious only insofar as it can be projected into the present. The American may see it as a hypothesis upon which to speculate safely, sell on the installment plan, or buy insurance, but in New Mexico the future is attacked with a fatalism that is little short of a roulette wheel philosophy. *A ver que Dios nos da.* Come what may, there is consolation in the popular belief that *No hay mal que por bien no venga.* "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The great emphasis is placed on the present, because, after all, the present constitutes a reality. When the present is past, it forms the basis of romanticism, a romanticism that is based upon that which once was a reality. To Hispanic peoples the past is interpreted in terms of achievement, lineage, and custom. Even their songs eulogize an old love, *Un amor que no se olvida ni se deja*, while in English, future old age is romanticized in "Silver threads among the gold." The former sings of a love that *was*, the latter of a love that *will be*. The Mexicano does not forget his tradition because it is his past, the basis for his romanticism. Tradition to the American, however, means an expedient, a convenient course of action. The course of action in New Mexico is determined by conditions that exist in the present rather than by accepted formula. Witness the judge who ruled that cases be determined by their merit

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and not by precedent. A story is told of a Mexicano whose young wife ran away. The judge assured him that he would soon forget, and added, "Who knows, tomorrow another girl will come along."

To which the husband answered dubiously, "Oh, yes, *mañana*, but what do I do now?" He could not be made happy by thoughts of tomorrow. New Mexico, likewise, is the land of *today*, and if there is a future, the Mexicanos are willing to wait until it comes around and is transformed into a reality. Meanwhile, the future is conceived in an undetermined light, expressed in an indefinite term, *mañana*. The translation of this word has led to a misinterpretation of purpose on the part of those who view the New Mexican with the degree of objective criticism characteristic of so many Hispanists. *Mañana*, like the shrug of the shoulders, expresses a remoteness that the word "tomorrow" does not convey. It does not mean tomorrow. A hunter passed a broken bridge several times near a New Mexican village, and every time he was assured that it would be fixed *mañana*, but the bridge was not fixed on the morrow. How disappointing is life in New Mexico to those who plan every minute of the future and know definitely that on Monday they will play bridge, on Tuesday attend a meeting, on Wednesday a dance, and bathe on Saturday! Julio Camba, the Spanish humorist, says: "We improvise everything, our fun as well as our work." How amusing it is to be told a week in advance that one will be called upon at a banquet to make an "impromptu" speech! The time for improvisation is the present, and he who lives in the present, while leading a very improvised existence, will live more spontaneously and with more zest. Call on a New Mexican friend and the evening turns into a social gathering. A dinner, a dance, a love affair, and even a fight may ensue, but none of it will be planned beforehand. The Anglo has calling hours, makes arrangement for his good times, and plans to meet a person whom he wishes to befriend.

## MAÑANA IS TODAY

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New Mexico has been called the "Land of Mañana," that is, the "land of today," when analyzed. "Never do today what you can do tomorrow" is an interpretation of mañana that is both superficial and pre-conceived. The New Mexican never puts off until tomorrow what can be done *only* today. Life must be lived today, else one finds, too late, that the calendar does not turn backwards. The time to sit in the sun is when the sun is shining, for there is no guarantee that the sun will shine when wanted. Many a picnic has been ruined because of the insistence of planning ahead of time for it. The Mexicans are moved to have a picnic when the weather is conducive. It is the philosophy of the realist, the present rather than the future. The sunny side of the house is a convenient rendezvous on sunny afternoons, but on cold days the same men who lounged lazily, vegetating against the wall, may be seen bringing in wood. To a Nordic this manner of doing is incomprehensible.

An educator was being shown through the rural districts in the mountainous sections of New Mexico late in the fall, and he noticed that there were no stacks of wood laid up for the winter. He inquired from his traveling companion what sort of fuel these people used, and he was informed that they used firewood. "But," he insisted, "where do they keep it?" He was told that the wood came from the neighboring woods, but still it was very peculiar that the New Mexican mountaineers made no provisions for the coming winter. The educator continued by asking: "And what do these people do when they need wood?" Whereupon he was promptly informed that the Mexicanos get their wood when they need it, and not before.

To most observers this attitude toward life means nothing more than indifference and laziness; to others it appears to be a series of contradictions. It is contradictory if we call it laziness and sheer indifference; not that there may not be, as in all men, those who are in reality indolent. But, laziness is an indisposition to exertion, and not a sequence of activity and inactivity. We characterize the Mexican

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peasant as a lazy indifferent fellow, yet the market is filled with millions of craft products made tediously by hand, and with superb craftsmanship. The same peasant that sits in the sun and enjoys his leisure turns out millions of sarapes, crockery, etc., but he uses a different yardstick in employing his time and accounting for the future. A certain "wantlessness" restrains their acquisition of wealth, and living in the present consumes what the "provident" put away for the future.

Yes, the Mexicanos in New Mexico continue living *today*. The thought of the morrow is far removed from their consciousness. Their Anglo brothers push on, forfeiting the present. Young boys turn to little men, young girls to little women. The former have bank accounts, the latter hope chests, but the Mexicano plays when he is a boy, works when necessary, pays for the bride's outfit when he marries her, and in his old age turns back and says: "Alla en mis tiempos." (Back in my day.) He has no desire to be young again, he is happy with the present, ages gracefully, and will derive great pleasure from recalling the past. It is his romanticism, a long sequence of realities. Old women need not paint their face to appear young, nor do old men need to turn to foxy grandpas. But when they were young, they were allowed to do what young folks do, and their parents lost ~~the~~ sleep because their children had no thought of tomorrow. In Spanish, even grammatically, the future is of little importance. In the last decade the future subjunctive has disappeared; the future tense is formed with the *present* of the auxiliary, and we continue to use the present to express a future! "La semana que entra vengo a verle." (Next week I *come* to see you.) The most representative character of Spanish literature lived fast and furiously in the present, so much so that he was threatened with a future punishment to which Don Juan answered very characteristically: "Tan largo me lo fiais" (so late in coming), that is, he took no cognizance of the future.

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One of the most profitless methods of selling to a Mexicano is the payment plan. One of two conditions will result. He refuses altogether, because he is afraid to tie himself to the future, or he will buy and be unable to make the payments when they fall due. Usually the company will recover the goods and the salesman will swear that these people have no word, and that they are all dishonest. The wise merchant will approach with his goods on pay day when they have money, because they will forget that there are thirty days to the month and spend in one day the wages that should carry them for the remaining twenty-nine days. The process is reversed from the usual conception that the Mexicanos will work a whole month in order to spend it in one day. They will spend it when they get it. In Mexico, the *peones* in a sugar factory were getting fifty *centavos* a day. A very altruistic capitalist increased their wages to a *peso* a day. Three days later, no one showed up to work. When the workers were questioned, it was disclosed that fifty cents a day paid amply for their wants, therefore, when wages went up to a *peso*, it was necessary to work only three days a week. Again, the Mexican of the West Coast puts out a fish hook a day, catches a shark and goes home, but on Saturdays he puts out two hooks to take Sunday off.

Statistical studies show an amazing drop of Mexicanos in public schools. The usual comment of the unenlightened is that the children are naturally dull or that they have no ambition. Is it because the New Mexicans have no interest in education, or because they are lazy? I wonder how much of the curriculum is in itself valuable and interesting, and how much of it is merely a preparation for a future that the Mexicano's philosophy does not take into account. There is no doubt that the curriculum for the Spanish speaking child needs to be vitalized more. In addition to the realism of the Spaniard and the impassiveness toward the future, there are other elements that characterize the Mexicano in New Mexico and complicate his philosophy of life to an outsider.

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The new world *mestizo*, the result of a racial amalgamation, is a product that is not yet well defined. Like any biological hybrid, it is susceptible to irregularities and throwbacks. This fact adds greatly to the incomprehensibility of the Mexicano. The Indian has contributed a feeling of resignation and stolidity of character that has made possible the survival of life in New Mexico despite the great difficulties under which the population has had to live. It is remarkable to see the amount of suffering and want these people have been able to withstand. The lightheartedness of the Spaniards in the midst of an unkind fate is merely a complement to the basic endurance of the Indian. It is a philosophy determined mostly by the current flow of circumstances, a philosophy that is spontaneous, brilliant, and superficial, but durable. Spanish philosophy may not have the vertical dimension of the Nordics, but it does possess a horizontal one that adds variety, lightheartedness, and gayety to life.

Place Europeans in the same conditions that the New Mexicans live and they will become dissatisfied, refuse to remain and leave a ghost town in their wake. Anglos who come to New Mexico with a living income are disconcerted by the complacency with which life is led in the midst of poverty, and scantiness. This very resignation is conducive to the peaceful state of affairs, a condition that is to be preferred these days to the constant shifting of population that depression has produced. The highways in New Mexico are not filled with thumb riders who, in a turbulent horde, seek to better themselves by a change. The Mexicano plods on, whether with a burro, small acreage, working for the highway, or perhaps some Americano. There is no danger that these men will start a march to Washington.

New Mexico offers two groups with a different understanding of life who are striving to live peacefully with each other. Both resort to comparisons in an effort to understand each other's ways. To judge comparatively two peoples that are not analogous is dangerous because it is

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misleading. The question that remains is not which is superior, or which will be the standard, but rather, wherein are the differences a complement to each other?

In a further consideration of a cultural amalgamation in New Mexico one must take into account that American civilization is, for the most part, dependent upon industrialism, while New Mexico is composed of rural communities where the folk element is still a vital force. The rural element of English speaking United States has not found it so difficult to establish itself under more or less comparable conditions but the urbanized crowd in such a society finds little in common with the New Mexican peasant.

The more salient manifestations of folk culture appear in the form of craft and architecture. These are the things that the tourist and the newcomer consider concrete evidences of New Mexico culture, but what lies back of these products remains much of a mystery, even to those who are sympathetic. Furthermore, there are other equally important phases of this Mexican's life that need to be presented to a public that will, in time, either blend with him or outnumber him to extinction. The language of New Mexico, the song of the troubadour, the folk theatre, and other forms of folklore constitute a fundamental basis of his existence. Take each one of these elements in its native state and deal with it as a living force rather than as so much material to be catalogued according to some pre-conceived index. In the end we shall have a picture of a state that is still vastly different from most of the others, though comparable, to some extent, with three or four that have a mixture of populations and a satisfactory provincial way of life.



## Southwest Panorama

By LARESSA COX MCBURNEY

I knew this land when it and I were young,  
When to the prairies, lush and clean, there clung  
The aroma of sweet virginity.  
When cattle grazed on pastures vast and free.  
They roamed the windswept mesas, all replete  
With fine-leaved shortgrass, buffalo and mesquite,  
And stood knee deep in native blue stem grass  
Which waves in green and gold when breezes pass.  
Then antelopes, though wary, yet would dare  
To venture forth and claim their rightful share.  
The only shade on all that treeless plain  
The shadow of a cloud which might bring rain,  
And when it rained, as eager always I  
As any plant it served to gratify.

The morning sun arose above a range  
Of mountains, the peaks assuming shapes all strange  
And unaccustomed; turrets lifted high  
Became fantastic castles in the sky.  
At noon mirages glimmered on the land,  
And lakes appeared as if by sleight-of-hand.  
Houses and windmills topsy-turvy seemed  
Reflected in a pool that one had dreamed.

How signal was the silence of the plain!  
No hill nor wood gave echo or refrain.  
When day at last was spent, night hung aloft  
Her gems on velvet curtains, blue and soft.  
Many a night I woke to coyotes' call,  
And heard in fear the young calves' frightened bawl,  
The watchdog's frenzied bark, in swift reply,  
Assurance gave that man and help were nigh.

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SOUTHWEST PANORAMA

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An empire's westward trek went by our door.  
The wagons creaked along with all the store  
Of household goods. Behind each was a drove  
Of cows. One wore a bell lest they should rove.  
The family dog which dashed aside to chase  
A prairie-dog or rabbit, whose swift race  
Left him far behind, was amazed to see  
Although he had expected victory  
His quarry disappear within the ground  
Just when he thought to catch it with a bound.

The men wore broad-brimmed hats, and looked ahead.  
The women turned their faces back and shed  
Quick tears at thought of loved ones left behind,  
But dried them lest such grief should seem unkind.  
From every wagon children eager-eyed  
Peered forth, or restless, played beside.  
Their native land forgot, the West would hold  
Their loyal hearts forever in its fold.  
Like mine, their lives in tune would ever be  
With prairie rhythms and their melody.

The panorama changed with passing years  
Under the thrifty hands of pioneers.  
Prosperity their tireless efforts blessed.  
Homes and the cool green squares of orchards stressed  
Their beauty on the blue horizon line.  
The prairie now took on a new design.  
Where opalescent silence once held sway  
Unbroken save by cowboys' "yip-ki-ya,"  
Endless grassland, with patches of mesquite,  
Supplanted was by molten gold of wheat.  
The cheery hum of binders in each field  
Bespoke abundant fruitage—heavy yield.  
For peace and plenty, gratitude to God  
They gave, and brought Him first fruits of the sod.

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As swift as lightning zigzags through the sky,  
 Across that arc of lambent lazuli,  
 So came the War to people of the plain,  
 Their interest now was spread to world domain.  
 With hearts profoundly stirred they sent their sons  
 With those of other countries, and their guns  
 To make the world, or so they thought, a place  
 Forever free from war and its disgrace.  
 They followed them to rendezvous in France,  
 On war-maps traced the armies' slow advance,  
 And on that joyous day of Armistice  
 All unaware of scheming artifice,  
 Rejoiced to think Democracy had scored,  
 And quests of peace again would be restored.

The farflung vista of the West appears  
 Once more before my eyes in after years.  
 Here are the old familiar scenes, but now  
 Pastures and fields are crisscrossed by the plow,  
 Each little dip and rise of turf and moor  
 Is terraced—ridges follow each contour.  
 They hold the scanty rainfall, let none waste  
 When rushing floods sweep down in headlong haste.  
 And thus the valiant farmer seeks to stay  
 Both rain and wind erosion, to allay  
 The angry swirls of choking dust and sand  
 That swoop from out the "dustbowl," to withstand  
 Its trespass, and with vigilance and toil  
 Restore the grassland and its pristine soil.

On that far western line I've seen the sky  
 Bend down to kiss the earth, and glorify  
 Their rapture with a widespread crimson blush  
 Whose all-pervading glow, in solemn hush  
 A benediction was to earth and man,  
 So now it is, and was since time began.

## "One, Two, Three, Four"

By JESSE STUART

I GOT OUT of the bed this morning to get Tim's breakfast at three o'clock. He gets up so early. He has his feeding and milking done and the hogs slopped before the chickens get off the roost. We don't get enough sleep these nights. We are head-over-heels in a weedy crop.

Last night I didn't sleep well. Peach tree limb just kept switching against my winder. "One, two, three, four," it would say. I would lay there and dream that I was stepping: "One, two, three, four!" I was walking in the pasture woods over old logs.

"One, two, three, four!"

This morning, when Tim was out in the dark doing up the work, there was a patch of red moon in the sky and a few faded stars to give him light. I kept thinking about that peach tree limb and what it said to me last night. Tim don't believe in wind a-blowing and saying things and lights coming to a body as tokens. Tim laughs at things like these. While I got his breakfast I kept thinking.

I had the apples peeled and sliced for the skillet. I made up my biscuit dough and cut out the biscuits with a glass-top on the flour-barrel board. I put the biscuits in the pan and a little grease on their tops to make them brown. Tim likes them brown. Then I put the coffee pot on. I put my apples in the skillet. I was just a jiffy getting breakfast. I didn't get it any too soon. Here comes Tim. He was ready to eat and get to the field before daylight.

Well, I heard Tim out with the team. He was going to the field. I heard the trace chains rattling. I heard the wind blowing through that peach tree limb. It still run through my mind: "One, two, three, four." I started washing my dishes like I always had. I thought it was a token. A body is warned by little tokens. Out here and nobody to

talk to but the hills, five little children, the cattle, sheep, cows, horses and mules. I just kept thinking. I thought it would come to me after a while.

I mumbled to myself as I washed the dishes: "That four means the fourth month. That is this month. It is April. Now, I have it."

I got the four worked out. It was still before daylight. The whippoorwills just kept on hollering from one hill to the other. Tim had gone to the field. I was so lonesome at the house.

"That three is the third day of April," I says to myself. "It comes to me like I read it in a book." I run to look at the calendar. I always kept little things marked. I turned the page of the calendar up to the lamp so I could see. On the third day of April it was marked: "Star to come fresh."

I had it all worked out now but the numbers "One," "two." One must be the first cow. Star is our oldest cow. The other three are her calves. The "One" I heard at the winder this morning must be the old cow. That's all I could make it out to be. But what about the "two"? I just couldn't make it out. I got the "one," "three," and "four" to my satisfaction.

Tim was plowing now. I could hear him hollering at the mules. Morning so still except for the bleating sheep, and the roosters all over the country a-mocking each other crow. Tim's voice just come right across the holler to me. He was plowing on the other side of the holler.

Tim laughs about me believing in little things. He says: "W'y that ain't nothing like a wind blowing a bresh going to warn you. They ain't no such things as tokens." But I know Tim is wrong.

I washed my dishes. I put them away in their places. Mary-Belle got out'n the bed. I told her to wake the children up and set their breakfast on the table. We always give them more rest than we take. I wanted to go out in the woods pasture and see about Star. "Two," kept going through my mind. It just kept going over and over and

**“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” [ 17**

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through my mind in a funny way. I just had to get out into that pasture and find Star so I could ease my mind.

I struck out to the pasture to see about the cow. It was breaking day. Light streaks of the morning covered the hills just leafed out in a coat of green leaves. I never felt better in my life than to breathe the mountain wind from the great pines on the pasture slopes. I just walked out in the pasture with a four-year old hickory club. I called the shepherd dog.

I took the club in my hand for a cane. I would use it on a snake if one got in my path. That is all there is in the woods to hurt you. I've heard of polecats a-running a body. I've seen many of them and they didn't run me. A copperhead won't run from nobody. He just lays there and gets you if you meddle with him. Anymore I carry a club when I go out and take old Don. He'll run a copperhead like he runs a rabbit.

The whippoorwills quit hollering on the hills. The wind blowed through the leaves and made a noise. It wasn't that noise I heard at my winder last night. It wasn't "one," "two," "three," "four" at all. It was just a kind of woo-woo sound like the wind in the pines and the sourwood bresh. Don run on ahead of me with his tail curled up. You know how a dog acts. Well, that's the way of old Don. We went around the hill by the pig pen. I'll never forget what a pretty morning the morning was. It just made a body's heart ache to think of such a pretty morning in April. April in Kentucky won't last forever and Heaven won't have anything prettier in it. Windflowers in bloom and the blood-root so white in the rich spots of ground by the old rotted logs. Pretty tender sourwood leaves trembled in the wind. Lord, what a morning, and me out in the pasture with "one, two, three, four" running through my brain!

I looked for Star. I couldn't find any of the cows. I saw a crow go over with sticks in its bill. I saw the birds flying through the bushes. I heard them singing. I saw the snail on the rotted log. I saw the rabbit running through

the sprouts. But I didn't see any of the cows. I didn't stop. They were some place in the pasture. They must be out where we'd cleared up a piece of ground once for strawberries. It was a grass spot in the woods pasture and the cows went there to browse.

I called Don and we went out the path. I kept my eye out for snakes. I was barefooted. I just can't stand to have my feet caged up in pretty weather. All I'm afraid of is a copperhead. A few rattlesnakes left in this country but they are fairer than the copperhead. They do give a body warning. They rattle their tails before they strike you. I stay on the safe side and take a club and a dog.

I walked up over the pint. I looked over the ridge on the spot where we used to have strawberries. There were old Spot, Pansy and Rose. Star wasn't there. I saw them browsing around them old stumps. They looked up at me with soft-mellow eyes cattle have when they like you. I thought right then Star was out with her calf.

I called Don and we went to the patch of timber on the other pint. It was a dark patch of big beech trees, oaks, chestnuts, and blackgums, and sweetgums. "One, two, three, four" just kept running through my head. And I says to myself: "It couldn't be something else could it?" I knew the "four" meant April, the "three," meant the third day. "One" meant my old cow. "Two," the Lord knows—I couldn't get it straightened out to save my life.

I went through these dark woods. I never saw a thing. Went up one cow path and down the other. I scoured the woods from head to foot for that cow. I says to myself: "She must have a good hiding place."

It's a funny thing about a cow or a turkey hen. They are both smart about hiding things. A turkey hen will go the wrong way toward her nest when you are watching her. A cow will hide in one of the oddest places you ever saw. She'll hide where you don't expect her to hide. We had a cow once to hide in a briar patch for three days before we found her with her calf.



“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” [19]

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There was just one place left for her to hide. It was in that little drean back of the barn where the poplars and blackberry briars have filled up the creek. A lot of old logs piled down in the creek too. Rabbits hide under them during the winter time. I thought we'd go over there and look. Sun in the sky. It would soon be time for me to go in and get dinner for Tim. I'd look through this one patch of bresh before I went to the house. I walked up the holler toward the cluster of briars and sprouts.

I heard something that went like a rattlesnake down in the bresh. I thought: "Lord, do you reckon that is a rattlesnake making that funny kind of a noise?" The noise just kept on. I just stood there and held my club. Don come up the bank wagging his tail. I pointed to the bresh and the noise. I said: "Sick 'em Don!" Don took over in the bresh the way the noise was coming from. I could hear him tramping in the bresh. I could see him sniff the ground and jump back like he does when he runs a snake.

My feet and legs were scratched with the briars. They were bleeding a little bit. I didn't care. I was hunting the cow. Don tramped around in the bresh awhile. I heard him a-lapping around. He came out. He just acted like he was laughing. He would open his mouth. He would spread his mouth from ear to ear. I never saw a dog act so crazy in my life. He'd run and root his nose in the ground and bark. He'd try to walk on his hind feet like a man.

While he was acting crazy I thought I'd go down and see what was making the noise. I've heard of snakes charming birds. Never heard of a dog being charmed. It might be old Don had been charmed. I parted the way with my club. I went down into the deep dark patch of bresh and briars. The noise got louder. It was like a viper snake blowing when you stand right up close to it. I didn't see no snake. It was dark and cool under this sheet of green leaves. But there was a path. Here was a little room where somebody had been. Here was a card out of a deck. So, I up with my club if anything should start.

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There wasn't a man under the place that I saw. And I wondered if it was a gambling joint. I saw something. It wasn't a cow. It was a barrel. I made right to it. Lord it was filled with mash and that mash was a-working. Don was drunk on the mash. I knew if Old Charlie ever got any of it it would be too bad for the cows. How came this mash on our place? I was so mad I nearly went into weak-trembles. I hit the barrel with my club. "One, two, three, four," the devil! I quit thinking about that. I quit thinking about spirits and the ways they've got talking to you by wind and the peach limbs. I quit talking about anything. I just rapped the barrel with my club. The gurgling didn't stop. It was just foaming on top of the barrel. It was working like a family of ants. I threw my club down and took up the bank under white-oak trees. Don was drunk as a biled-owl. He just looked up at me with his mouth spread from ear to ear and laughed, if a dog can laugh. He tried to follow me but he couldn't make it up the hill. He'd try and he'd fall back. "One, two, three, four!" My steps went up the bank. I said: "Cates trying to get the Government to take our place. They want to get even with us over that bee-tree. They'll never do it. I'll see they don't! 'One, two, three, four.'"

I went straight to the house. I just got to the woodyard. I thought it was time for Tim to be in. I didn't wait. I was in a hurry. Sunlight on the chips in the woodyard. Sunlight on the ground. The sun was high in the sky. I came to the ax. I grabbed it out of the woodblock. I went back in a trot with the double-bitted ax on my shoulder. Mary-Belle hollered at me when she saw me running with the ax. She asked me where I was going. I said: "I'll be back in the minute. Going to get a dry locust pole of stovewood I found out here in the pasture."

I went back to the briar thicket. Don was down on the ground a-rolling and going on like he had fire in his stomach. I could hear the noise from the barrel. Me a-clubbing it with a four year old club hadn't stopped it a bit. I says to myself: "I will stop it."

**“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” [ 21**

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I lit in on that barrel there in that bresh with a double-bitted ax. I would hit the barrel. The old stinking mash would fly. It flew all over me. My face was just spotted with it. I chopped hard. “One, two, three, four!” Sweat ran and dripped from my eyebrows and the tip of my nose. I can swing a ax when I have to. No mash barrel’s going to be on a place of mine. I knew Tim didn’t have it there. My boy was too young to be out making moonshine.

I didn’t leave but a very few staves and the barrel hoops. I smelt like something rotten when I left the briar patch. I got Don in my arms. Poor drunk dog. It was pitiful to see him. I started back to the house.

If I had to die the next minute I’m telling you the truth. A buzzard circled around and came right down near me. It smelled the mash. I shoved at the buzzard and kept right on going. I was trying to clean the place up. Don in my arms. Me a-holding that old sour-smelling ax in one hand.

“One, two, three, four!”

Mary-Belle had dinner ready. Tim was at the house. The mules had been watered and fed. Tim was in the house waiting on me to come to dinner. When I went in I could tell something was wrong. I said: “Tim, come on out with what you are thinking and get it over with.” And he said: “Where have you been all morning? What is that I smell?” Tim held his nose. His cheeks got red as a rose.

I said: “Come out here a minute and let me speak to you.” I didn’t want my boy Adger to hear what I had to say.

“Tim, there’s a barrel of mash out here in the holler. It’s in the briar thicket where the old logs have been hauled out. I was hunting for the cow this morning. I found it. You know where that drean is out there with the thicket in it, don’t you?”

Tim was plagued until he couldn’t speak. He looked at the ground. He squinted his eyes and made a face like he always does when he’s in trouble.

He says: “Just keep quiet. I know. It is the Cates. They’re trying to get the Government to take my place. I’ll

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beat 'em to it. I'll get the sheriff: We'll watch that barrel till we get 'em. Come on, and let's go around there and look the place over."

Tim's grandpa and Enzy Cate's grandpa never could get along. Tim's pap and Enzy's pap never could get along. Tim and Enzy fell out over a bee-tree. We took around the path in a dog trot. I said: "One, two, three, four. Where is the 'two?'"

Tim said: "What is the matter with you? A-counting like that! Ain't you a-going crazy?"

I said: "No, I am not going crazy. I figured this out last night after what I heard at my winder. Peach tree limb kept going all night long 'one, two, three, four.'"

Tim said: "What did you figure out?"

I said: "Four is for April, the fourth month of the year. Three is for the third day. That is today. One is for Star the grandma of all our cows. I can't find two."

Tim said: "Do you believe in things like that?"

I said: "Yes."

Tim picked up a club. He went down through the bushes into the place where I chopped the barrel to pieces. Tim held to the club like somebody would jump out of the bresh and grab him. He was on the watch for a Cates. I stood upon the bank.

Tim said: "Come down here, Sal. I want to show you something."

I went down where that stinking stuff was all over the ground.

"Look here," said Tim, "see this piece of stave. See this knot-hole. That was the barrel I had over yander to water the cattle out of. I had it sunk in a wet weather spring. Somebody mighty close put that here. It was a Cates. I'll say it was a Cates."

Tim come out of the bresh. We started back to the house. We walked around under the green pines by the pig pen. Tim said: "I'll eat my dinner. I'll get on a hoss and go after Sheriff Radberry. We'll lay by that barrel tonight.

“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” [ 23 ]

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You keep it quiet to the children. Just don't say a word around where they can get a hold of it.”

Tim ate his dinner. He went out to the barn and caught a hoss. He went to town that evening. I took Adger out to the field. We hoed four rounds of the young sugar corn we'd planted to sell. Tim didn't come home till after dark. He got Sheriff Radberry all right. Adger went to church. It was prayer meeting night. Every Thursday night is prayer-meeting night. Tim, me, and Sheriff Radberry went around to the barrel of mash. Sheriff Radberry went in front. Sheriff Radberry is a tall, blue-eyed, red-faced man with a mop of brown hair. He walked like a slow-gaited mule. He had eyes keen as a hawk's eyes.

Tim was in front to lead the way. Sheriff “Sage-bresh” Radberry was next. ) followed them around the path.

“Now let's be quiet,” said Sheriff Sage-bresh Radberry, “don't even whisper. Mash was a-working you say today. It will be time for them to come tonight to the scene of their crime. A pretty night it is for moonshining. I've seen ten thousand gallons of that stuff since I've been sheriff of this county. I've caught over a hundred men for making it. Now, you just lay low. They'll be here at about nine or ten o'clock. That gives them time to run their licker through the worm twice before daylight if they're good moonshiners, and to get home and let the whiskey scent die before people can smell it.”

We done just exactly what Sheriff Radberry said. “One two, three, four,” just kept running through my mind like wind in the woods. I just kept trying to find the “two.” I'd found the “one, three, and four.” I hunkered down beside a tree. I whispered to Sheriff Radberry: “Don't shoot 'em, Sheriff. I don't want a man killed over this thing. They're the Cates, I know. They're sore over Tim whipping Enzy over a bee-tree. We never have got along with them. Now, they're trying to take our land.”

Sheriff Radberry said: “Tim told me all about that coming out the ridge. I'll not shoot them. Might be a bunch of

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boys. We have had a lot of women to make licker in these parts. They've been our hardest moonshiners to catch." Sheriff Radberry pulled his gun out and laid it down by his side. Tim got behind some poplar sprouts. We got fixed. We were waiting for them to come.

I never saw a prettier night in my life. It was light as day. We just all laid there. No one of us spoke to the other. I can just feel that wind the way it blowed that night. It stirred the green leaves on the trees. It sighed like a lamb crying through the pine needles. Lord only knowed what would happen! It might be a shooting match before it was all over. I picked me up a club. I thought if it got to be hand to hand fighting I'd be prepared. I just laid there beside the sheriff and held my club. Whippoorwills kept hollering so lonely. I could hear the cows moo-moo and old Charlie beller in the fur-field. The wind kept blowing through the green-April leaves. It was so lonesome in these woods. I never moved. Tim never moved. Sheriff Radberry never moved. We were all out'n sight of anybody behind the bresh.

"I hear 'em coming," said Tim. "Put your ears to the ground and listen."

Well, I did, and I heard 'em too. My heart was in my mouth. We'd soon see who they were. Tim listens for his fox hounds with his ear to the ground. We kept watching. I saw a white shirt coming down through the sprouts. Three were coming down the hill. They were not saying a word. They come down the path just like they were afraid of a night hawk. My heart was in my mouth. "One, two, three, four," went through my mind. They come right down and run under the big bunch of briars and sprouts. Right in the path where I went through when I heard that hissing noise.

"My lord," I heard one say.

"Chopped up," said another and that voice was like Adger's voice. But it just couldn't be him. Fourteen years old and fooling with a still.

Another said: "Let's get out of here."

“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” [ 25

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“The first one that moves I’ll shoot him like I’d shoot a rabbit,” said Sheriff Sage-bresh. “Stand right where you are. Consider yourselves arrested.”

Sheriff Radberry stood up there like watching for a rabbit to leave a bresh-pile. He had his pistol ready. But he wasn’t going to shoot unless he had to shoot. I can see him yet there in the moonlight. I can see Tim as he watched the path that led into the sprouts. He looked like a man waiting for a ferret to run a rabbit out’n the hole. He was right there to get the rabbit. The boys walked out.

“Adger, my Lord in Heaven,” shouted Tim, “what are you doing here at this still. Ain’t I taught you better than this in your raising. You low down polecats you! You Cates! Lord give me a gun!”

I saw Tim make for a gun. Sheriff Radberry wouldn’t give him a gun. He made for a club. He couldn’t find one. Young Enzy Cates took through the bushes. Wheezer Cates was right behind him. Talk about the bresh popping. Tim ups with a rock and peels a sourwood right above young Enzy’s head. The Cates boys kept going. Sheriff Radberry shot four or five times just to hear his gun.

“Boys,” he said, “and if I get one I got to get all.”

“You don’t get this one,” I says. I was breaking me a four year poplar sprout so I could cut the shirt off’n Adger’s back. Just to think he’d go out and get mixed up with that Cates bunch! Our families had fit each other for nearly a hundred years. Then to think our boy’d make moonshine with old Enzy Cates’ boys. The Cates weren’t sharp as they thought they were. They were going to get the Government to take our farm. A Cates is sneaking. A Cates will do anything. They’d got on the good side of Adger so they could get him to making moonshine on our place.

Tim was in the bresh cavorting and throwing rocks at the Cates boys. Sheriff Radberry was upon the bank shooting and laughing. I didn’t think it was a laughing time. I was breaking a withe.



"What made you ever do a thing like this, Adger," I said to him.

"Mom the Cates boys told me how much money we'd make out'n it. I've been doing the watching. I get part of the money. They met me in the field over here a month ago. It was when we's a-clearing up the knob-piece of new ground. Pop wasn't working that day. They come over. I took them at their word."

"Lord," I said and I began to larrup him. Tim was coming out of the bresh. Sheriff Radberry was behind. Adger went to hollering. "Mom! Oh, Mom! Mom! Oh, Mom!" Then he started running. I made the four-year old withe too hot for his back.

It come to my mind when I was using that four-year-old poplar sprout on Adger. "One, two, three, four." Adger made "two" alright. He was the second of my children. It was a warning. That leaf warned me by the winder. I never stopped whipping. I was right after Adger. I kept up with him pretty well to be a woman of my age and tired as I was. I took down through the sprouts below the drean. He was going. I was pouring the green withe to him. A withe is the thing that speaks to a boy sometimes when words fail to have any meaning. I was making it speak too. I was away from Tim and the Sheriff now. I was nearly out'n breath.

It kept going through my mind: "You can't mix cattle with moonshiners. He is fourteen years old and he is a moonshiner. My cow has got a calf in the woods. "One, two, three, four." My boy is not the right "two." So, I kept right after Adger pouring the withe to him. I had run till I was nearly gone. Adger was a-crying, cavorting and running faster. We had just one more briar thicket to go through before we come to the fence.

"One, two, three, four," popped through my mind again. Adger run right into the cow. It was Star down in this corner of the field where nobody would think about looking for a cow. She moo-mooed like a cow will. I was so tired when I got to her.

“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” [ 27

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“My Lord,” I hollered at the top of my voice, “two, two, two!”

Twin calves. Twin calves right here in the briars in a corner of the fence. Tim and Sheriff Radberry come running through the sprouts and briars. Radberry come up and he said: “I’ll declare if I ever saw a night like this one. Funny night to me. Boys at a still. Twin calves. Funny night, ain’t it?”

I said: “Yes, I been hunting for this cow all day. I looked every place for her but right here. And I found that barrel in the brash.”

Tim didn’t say much. I had him right before the sheriff. He’d been laughing at me. He laughed at me about what I said about “one, two, three, four.” Tim makes fun of the things I believe.

I said to Sheriff “Sage-bresh” Radberry: “Sheriff, last night I heard the peach tree limb by my winder going on all night. It would say: ‘One, two, three, four.’ I had a time figuring it out. But finally it come to me. It come to me backwards so I’d be the only one to figure it out. Four was for the fourth month of the year. Three was for the third day of April. That was today. One was for the first of our cows. That’s old Star there. I couldn’t figure the two out. Now you see twin calves. So I had it marked on the calendar about the cow. I come right out here this morning to find the cow. I found the barrel in the bresh. My second child with Enzy Cates’ two boys. See how it all worked out. Couldn’t a worked out any better. It was the words of the wind and the peach tree limb.”

“Something to that,” said the sheriff. I wish I’d get a token like that when I go after a man. You are right. I believe in things like that.”

Tim just didn’t say a word. He looked at the ground there in the moonlight like he was ashamed of me.

I said: “I saved this farm too—something that we have worked to get. The Government won’t take my farm because the Cates put a moonshine still on it either.”

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Tim says: "Don't mention a Cate to me."

Adger was upon the bank panting and crying. My wind had come back to me.

I said: "Sheriff, have you got a flashlight?"

He said: "Yes, I have."

He handed me the flashlight. I turned it on two of the prettiest twin calves a body ever saw. "Two, two," I said to myself.

Tim said: "Sorry one is a heifer or I'd have me a pretty yoke of cattle some day."

I drove the cow and the twin calves to the barn. Tim and Sheriff Radberry walked behind me and talked about the good times they used to have when they's boys over on Buck Run. Adger walked back with me. I could just hear it in the wind among the green leaves as we all walked back through the moonlight: "One, two, three, four."

### The Poet Regrets

By MARTIN J. MALONEY

This is the hour when shadows move with me,  
and are more real than I; for I recall  
this word, that touch, this moment—vividly,  
and I must live in them, or not at all.

There are no words to touch you, or that night,  
and I must save my words for common needs:  
to buy my bread, to keep a friend, to light  
a fire to keep me warm, or buy some seeds  
to plant in the earth when warmer weather comes.  
This will not last. Soon there will be bright days  
and gaudy nights when I can work my sums  
in the cold mathematics of love's ways  
and cast up this, and balance that equation:  
love on a graph, freed of the mind's elation!

## The Navajo "Male Mountain Chant" Once More Resounds Before the Assembled Tribes

By DANE RUDHYAR

**A**FTER a long silence of forty years the "Male Mountain Chant," most sacred of the Navajo ceremonials, was performed this year to celebrate the first Great Tribal Fair to which representatives of the 50,000 Navajos scattered through Arizona and northeastern New Mexico came—numbering around seven thousand. To this gathering, also, the oldest and most famous of the medicine men gave the honor of their presence, participating in the sacred ritual, which gave all the evidences of being one of the most ancient known to these descendants of old Turanian stock. Turanian indeed are these proud, strong featured men who still recall in legend their eastward wanderings from beyond the seas down to this American land, where rises their sacred mountain, the Great Hogan Mountain, which stopped their exodus.

Like other Navajo rituals, the "Male Mountain Chant" lasted nine days; but it was only during the last two nights that the public was allowed to witness the ceremonies. Actually the first of these nights was mostly in the nature of a rehearsal for the last and ninth night, which we shall now describe. It occurred on September 18, a Sunday.

During the afternoon, and also during the two preceding afternoons, people had gathered in a stadium to witness various Navajo performances very much in the general spirit of a fair, and climaxing on Sunday afternoon with a spirited rodeo. Nearby a number of exhibits aimed at showing to the incoming tribesmen the best types of products, agricultural and artistic, which were brought forth in various sections of their land—prizes being given in the traditional manner of fairs.

The last stadium performance ended Sunday at 9:30 p. m. and people began to move toward the Navajo camping

grounds half a mile away beyond a dry *arroyo*. Through the darkness camp fires could be seen, shivering glows in the clear cold night filled with stars. Silent Navajos flowed in groups toward the camp, while white men and women, a number of them with children, rushed in cars or on foot to get the best places within a dim circular space bounded by a low wall of intertwined piñon branches, outside of which small fires burnt showing uncertainly the outlines of covered wagons and tents. The circle had its entrance to the east, and its center—or was it rather one of the focus of an ellipse reproducing intuitively the earth's orbit?—was occupied by huge logs piled in cone formation in readiness for the flame. Soon several thousand Navajos and a couple of hundred Whites had gathered in concentric rows, about twenty or more persons deep crowded elbow to elbow.

... And now the ceremony begins. Fire is brought to the logs. Flames burst out, dancing wildly as the north wind blows them. Two-thirds of the spectators have bent to the soil, sitting or squatting in varied positions. The other third stand back of them. Amazing silence reigns for such a crowd. Only the voices of a few Whites can be heard, proffering unnecessary comments.

A half-hour passes. The flames have also made the big logs squat on the ground. And now the voices of the medicine men begin to be heard. Ceremonies have been performed in the sacred hogan, just south of the circular space. It is said that the whole ritual is one of purification from evil spirits, but deeper still meanings arise in the mind as the various scenes of the ceremony unfold through the night.

Suddenly, a dozen or more Navajos, their almost naked lean bodies painted white, rush through the entrance of the circle toward the fire. Frenetically, humorously, panther-like in their motions, they dance around the flames, brandishing slender wands tipped with eagle feathers. They play with the fire, they chase, with their wands, sparks flying from the burning logs. Some ride the wands, like witches' broomsticks. Indeed, the wild figures would seem like

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demons conjured by medieval imaginations were it not for that dominant note of humor, almost fun, to which the spectators respond by sporadic laughter.

Still running, they scatter one after another through the entrance, and a long pause ensues, during which the public moves and shifts like billowing waves. Then, once more the painted figures rush in with strange cries, this time carrying bundles of dry weeds or twigs which they light at the fire. With these they run, whirling between the fire and the squatting crowd, sparks of the burning twigs flying in all directions. They pursue one another. Like big, wild children they seem to try to burn each other, retaliating, running ceaselessly, at time tripping and falling, rousing laughter from the crowd. One, relighting his bundle at the flames, races westward and, reaching the first line of spectators, throws the flaming bundle above and beyond the circle of people; another runs north, another south, still another east—each making his fiery throw powerfully. Then, one by one, the dancers rush off through the opening in the thick circle of people. The opening is so narrow that a Navajo, who acts as guard, has to point to it with a powerful flashlight!

Again an intermission—a long one—during which people raise themselves from the ground and move about. It is not far from midnight and the ranks of the crowd begin to thin. They will continue to do so throughout the night, many Indians lying here and there on the ground, their heads often resting on the walls of piñon branches outlining the sacred circle. Small fires are lit or re-lit, still within this circle, around which Indians gather to warm themselves. And off and on, sturdy Navajos carry to the central pyre huge logs, small trees, indeed, just as found lying on the mesas, clouds of sparks flying as the heavy trunks strike the huge burning mass.

These fire dances must be a prelude to the ceremony which, in its essence, seems to be a dramatic call to the life-power that is in the fire and in all flaming lives—including

the lives of men. As the ceremony is resumed a dozen of men led by a medicine man and including two and later more masked personages carrying symbolical raiments over their painted bodies, file in through the entrance and march ritualistically around the fire, chanting. This slow dancing around the fire after entering the circle in Indian file and this chanting repeat themselves in various ways, throughout the night. Scene after scene follow each other. Each introduces certain characters symbolically dressed. After the chanting and the slow dancing around the fire end at the west of the circle, all but the especially dressed symbolical figures squat on the ground, going on with their chanting and beating with their hands the rhythm while the symbolical figures perform animated dances. As the dances end, the dancers walk through the circle, soon followed by the other participants who wear no special costumes, but a variety of trousers, blouses, and even old overcoats.

To understand adequately the symbolism of these successive scenes and of the dances featured in each is probably impossible for any but a Navajo trained in the sacred lore of the tribe. Even the costumes offer but little help to the spectator, whose mind becomes slowly saturated with this long succession of movements and with the constant reiteration of a hypnotic kind of chanting, probably the most archaic one can hear in North America and far antedating most of the usual songs of the Pueblo Indians.

Nevertheless a general sequence is easily discernible and some scenes stand out vividly in one's memory. A pattern of development also, according to which a succession of two or three scenes seems to be repeated twice and a motive, shown at the beginning of the ritual, returns toward the close of it—particularly the dance of the sun-god and sun-goddess. This dance is a remarkable one: the two figures, man and woman (in one instance at least the woman was impersonated by a man) are sumptuously dressed and carry on their backs the disc of the sun. They spring up in the air with high steps while the medicine men



“MALE MOUNTAIN CHANT”

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squatting at the westernmost point of the circle intone the strangely monotonous chant almost entirely sung on two notes at the interval of a fourth. As the chant ends, the voices drop in a peculiar manner, recalling exactly the effect of a phonograph record when the electric current is turned off. This occurs at the end of every chant during the night. The voices ring unaccompanied except, at times, by heavy thuds, produced by striking an empty basket, scanning the steps of the dancers. All dances, beside the slow ritual around the fire, are performed west of the central fire.

The dance of the sun-god and goddess opens the main part of the ritual. Throughout the whole ceremony the symbolism of the even numbers prevails—which links it with the Chinese trend of symbolism. Two, four, six are the outstanding numbers. This is a ritual to release the potency of the universal life-force—and this potency can only become actual through the interplay of two polarities. Thus at first, the god and goddess face each other and weave patterns of steps, changing places and in every way symbolizing the interplay of two active principles—active, because the steps of the goddess are as powerful and high as those of the god;—a sharp contrast to the Pueblo Indian dances where women usually represent a purely passive earth-principle.

The scenes which follow bring the same ritual around the fire, the same intonation of the chant with different words, and two male figures whose costumes vary slightly for each scene, the main variation being in the symbolical wooden objects they carry. The two most striking of these sacred objects are: first, two figures each made of two down-pointing triangles (one under the other) with colored ribbons attached to them. Each dancer carries one of these figures in each hand. They dance facing one another. They dance to the fire, presenting the symbolical figures to its flames, as if asking the central fire of the universe to pour power into these symbols of descent of energy.

The other outstanding symbol is constituted by jointed narrow pieces of wood held by two handles (one in each hand) and which open jerkily. As they open like springs in lozenge patterns the effect is one of sudden release, which may be linked, perhaps with the lightning, perhaps with the striking rattlesnake. More generally these sacred objects—which are used in several Navajo ceremonies—must symbolize the release of the magic power of life, the “manna” known under different names to all archaic races. Small eagle feathers adorn the ends of the wooden sticks, relating them still more to solar worship. Each dancer carries one of these objects, opening and closing them with sudden jerks, as they dance facing each other and also facing the fire.

After their several appearances, a woman dancer who, as a small figure, undoubtedly impersonates a young virgin—though she does not seem a very young girl—comes into the scenes. Her elaborate costume with flying ribbons brings to one’s mind that of the “Bride of Montezuma” in the best of the Matachines ceremonies. First, she dances facing one of the male personages that had appeared before, dances with high, powerful steps. In another scene she comes along in the midst of the line formed by the medicine men. One of them carries on a flat basket, the symbol of a sun-disc, to which are attached four feathers in the pattern of a cross. When the west of the circle is reached—the place of all dances—one medicine man on the ground seems to hold the sun-disc vertically and the girl faces it—standing east of it—and dances to it with the same kind of high steps which seem to spring from the earth as from a springboard. While she dances, the sun-disc is supposed to move of its own power in answer to the dance. This dance obviously represents the interplay of sacred energies between the solar deity and his consecrated virgin-priestess.

The sequence of the preceding scenes is repeated twice, perhaps with variations hardly noticeable in the semi-darkness only lit by the central fire to which attendants add

**“MALE MOUNTAIN CHANT”****[ 35**

intermittently huge logs, and whose flames release a pungent smoke burning the eyes. Then comes what remains in one's memory as the most sacred moment of the ceremony. Six medicine men, most of them old and with voices shaky with age, file through the entrance. Though they wear but composite everyday clothes a noble dignity pervades them. Carrying small symbolical offerings, like small piñon branches and a roll of some substance which could not be clearly seen, they move ritualistically around the fire chanting a chant varying from the hypnotic tune which dominated so long the ceremony. They are old; they are the wisdom of the race. They come to the central fire of all life for strength, power, and knowledge. With great simplicity and poignant devotion they commune in their souls with the flame.

Once more they come, each now carrying flat in his hand a kind of halo made of wooden spikes mounted on a simple armature. Circling around the fire, to the north, they reach the sacred place of dances in the west. They form two lines of three along the east-west axis and at the sound of a new and haunting chant they perform a poignantly beautiful ritual of initiation. They have received the central flame in their noble souls; now they crown each other with the solar halo which consecrates them solar beings, true “celestials” in the archaic Chinese meaning of this term—“Sons of God.”

Each in turn steps slowly toward his polar opposite facing him and, while uttering a strange cry—the cry of some sacred animal dedicated to the sun, perhaps akin to the Egyptian jackal which was also consecrated to the sun—places the solar crown upon the head of the medicine man who is his spiritual opposite in the ritual of the universal life-force. Six times the gestures are repeated. Six times the cries of consecration resound—each time four short cries which strangely pierce the night. And slowly, wearing lightly fastened upon their ancient heads the swaying solar crowns (in which some people see symbols of the rainbow which links heaven and earth), the consecrated ones vanish in the darkness.

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A new scene brings forth a young boy who dances with other personages. Two lean dancers also appear carrying the transformed symbols made of two down-pointing triangles,—and later on four dancers. The symbols have grown very tall. The two triangular shapes are mounted now upon long sticks of wood, still decorated with colored ribbons flowing with the wind. Now that the tribe has become blessed with power through the consecration and initiation of its wise men, the downpour of solar energy—symbolized by the down-pointed triangles—is magnified. The triangles are wafted to and fro toward the fire. The chants of the medicine men become more complex, taking in new tones.

The boy dancer symbolizes, probably, the new birth of power after the initiation. A new generation of wisdom has arisen. The “Christ-child within the heart”—in Christian Gnostic parlance—is growing into boyhood. And as all growth brings polarity into play, a new scene brings forth two boys of the same age and size who dance face to face, as their elders have done before them.

About this time a scene of great power is also enacted. The six medicine men file in, chanting, and gather together in a circle, shoulder touching shoulder, their backs to the public. A sense of intense concentration emanates from them. Then they break the magic group and one of them searches the crowd for someone to act in the rite. A man is picked, who joins the remaining medicine men, while his sponsor runs to the fire and enkindles two large sticks he carries in his right hand. The sticks are brought in front of the man selected for the purification. Sparks fall from the burning sticks in a small shower. The man places his hands in this shower of fire and rubs them as if washing them under a water faucet. Purification by fire! An ancient ritual which no white man present seems ever to have witnessed. The man, unharmed, leaves the circle accompanied by the medicine men.

**“MALE MOUNTAIN CHANT”****[ 37 ]**

The cycle of the ceremony begins to close. The girl dancer once more dances to the sun-disc and also with a male figure, both using the spring-like symbol above-mentioned. A mature woman is also introduced in another scene, dancing with one of the costumed male figures. The life-energy is shown pervading the entire tribe. One of the last scenes pictures a hunter with a bow and arrow chasing unseen prey. He seems like a clown, shooting arrows at lighted sparks, at the beams of powerful flashlights spectators direct toward him—perhaps an impersonation of the spirit of humor, so strong among these Indians. And, while he does this, medicine men gather again in their concentration grouping. Their magic makes a small yucca plant grow into a full plant; then after further concentration a flower appears—lastly a sort of large fruit which the bowman gives jokingly to an old squaw. And as the medicine men file away the yucca plant seems to have returned to its prior state. Magic? Hypnotism? Who can tell?

Then, before the ritual ends, the god and goddess who opened it reappear in an apparently similar dance. The cycle is closed. A couple of more scenes, which seem mostly repetitions of what had come before, nearly complete the ceremony while in the east dawn fringes the mountains with nascent light.

By this time the circle of spectators has considerably diminished. A small number of whites mix with a few hundreds of Navajos in the circle. Outside of it groups of Indians cluster around small fires which warm the chilly dawn, while the grounds are littered with sleeping figures, bundled in blankets, their heads resting on small hard pillows in the dust. At the extreme west of the circle the six old medicine men chant, still uninterruptedly, strange songs including a sort of monotonous bass and a haunting melody, like a lullaby. As one finishes singing the melody, at once another starts it again. It goes on and on, as the sky grows rapturous with pale blue mixed with light green, as if hidden behind a veil of translucent, glowing turquoises.

Nearly an hour passes, and as the sun is about to emerge from behind the hills, the medicine men reappear, each carrying the top parts of small piñon trees to which down is attached. They circle around the fire. They bring the small trunk to their faces, as if moistening it with their lips, directing it one side to the north, then to all other directions of space, while uttering the strange jackal cries—this after a conversation with a man coming from the west carrying a pair of shoes in his hands; an unexplained symbol. Finally the medicine men firmly put the piñon branches in their mouths as if forcing them down; and they turn heavily upon their feet, as if they were screwing themselves and the trees into the earth: the evergreen trees, symbols of the life that knows no end, of the ever renewed sun now conquering once more the skies, pouring its magic power over an earth made holy and fruitful by the ritual wisdom of his consecrated "Children."

### Abstraction

*By* EUGENIA POPE POOL

My world is not today—an hour—  
 Nor tomorrow—but height where I  
 Can face the timeless measure of the moon  
 And space that circles worlds  
 That fancy cannot trace  
 And silence that binds them with a web  
 Stronger than Eternity's embrace.

## That Eddie

By GEORGE AMBERG

I GUESS, in a way, it was all Eddie Connelly's fault that I lost that job. I guess, in a way, it's Eddie Connelly's fault that my mother calls me a "no good bum." Not that I'm complaining or anything like that, but, well . . . Let me tell you about it.

Eddie was a funny guy. When I first met him he was a young guy, around twenty or so, small and neat about himself, very proud of only one thing, his fine wavy hair. Of all else in life he was contemptuous. He was addicted to profanity, to drinking, and to cursing his fate. Like myself, he was an office boy in a large corporation; and, also like myself, he hated the work, the grovelling, the stupid routine. But—unlike me—he was articulate about his discontent, he flaunted it in the faces of his employers. He was the company rake—and he lived up to his reputation.

We got along fine right from the first. I hadn't been working for this outfit more than a day or so, when I met Eddie in one of the halls. He always wore a sort of half-smile, half-sneer on his face, and he was always willing to talk to anybody about anything. Perhaps that was why he talked to me. At any rate, we stopped and spoke for a minute, and the upshot of it all was that I was sneaking down the back elevator to the Automat in less than ten minutes.

Eddie was sitting at a table, sipping coffee, when I came in. He looked as unlike a petty employee as any man could—he sat at the table with the air of an Oriental potentate sipping an exotic liquor. He smiled as I approached.

"Hi, kid. Get some coffee and sit down. We'll chin a bit."

I changed a quarter at the cash stand and walked to the serving slots. I inserted a nickel in the coffee slot, and

watched the twin streams, one white and cold, the other black and steaming, flow into the cup. I took the cup and carried it over to the table.

"Well, how do you like working for this outfit?" Eddie asked.

I didn't say anything. I didn't like working for "this outfit," but I was kind of green, and a little timid about voicing my opinions. Eddie looked me over, running his cool grey eyes over my somewhat flushed face. He smiled.

"Oh, yeah. I can see just how you like it . . . Well, I don't blame you—it's a dog's life. 'Add these figures . . . Get out the report on the Bushwah case . . . File these transcripts on the Fooey report . . . Take these papers up to Mr. Mucky-Much . . .' Nuts!"

"You don't like it much yourself, do you?" I asked.

"Naw . . . I hate it. Fer Christ's sake, these dopes act as though the fate of the world rested on their decisions. Well, they don't bother me too much."

I took a sip of my coffee. I reached into my side pocket and pulled out a pack of Camels. I offered the pack to Eddie. He took one and I stuck one into the side of my face, very importantly. I'd been smoking a week. We lit up and sat back in our chairs.

"It does seem as though most of these people act important about nothing at all," I ventured.

"You bet." This was Eddie's meat, as I learned afterwards. He liked nothing better than to depreciate office work. "These dopes are just pushovers for a wise guy. They feed you this bull about 'work hard and you'll progress.' Yeah! There're guys that have been with that damn company for ten years and they're still only getting eighteen per week. Work hard! Jeez, that's a laugh! Work your can off—what d'ya get for it—a kick in the pants when you're too old to be of use to the company. I've got the right idea."

"What's that?" I asked.

Eddie leaned back. He took a deep inhale on his cigarette, exhaling luxuriously. "Well," he said, "this is my idea:



don't work harder than you have to; don't do a damn thing more than will get you by—that's my philosophy about this work business. Oh, a smart guy can get away with anything. All it takes is a little headwork. Why, hell, I take a walk every afternoon. You don't catch me doing anything I don't have to do."

I took out my Ingersol. We had been gone fifteen minutes. I looked at Eddie, a worried expression on my face. "Hadn't we better be getting back? After all, I don't think the company'd like us to drink coffee on their time."

Eddie laughed uproariously. "Jeez, you're green, kid! You don't have to worry about this thing at all. Why—hell—I come down for coffee every morning at this time, and I've never been caught yet. If anyone asks you where you been, just tell 'em that you've been to the can, or delivering some papers. It never fails."

We sat there talking for some time. Or rather, Eddie expounded and I listened. Eddie knew all the angles. I learned a lot from Eddie, all right. He told me all about filing. Now filing is an arduous and monotonous task, as anyone knows who has ever had to indulge in that back-breaking, brain-deadening activity. It requires patience. I didn't have patience. In fact, the first time I filed a bunch of papers, I had to restrain myself from getting up and screaming. Hour after hour, body hunched over a cabinet, taking those onion skin sheets and placing them in the properly labeled folders. Hard work.

Eddie didn't have any patience either. He was supposed to file papers. But he had a system. One never filed all the papers. One took the sheaf, assorted them, so that only the most important papers were left: mortgages, writs, et cetera. Then one spent an hour or two filing these few papers, carefully hiding the excess. In the evening, after work was over, one took a folder, placed the extra papers in it, put it under one's arm and walked out with it—then filing it in the nearest ash can. It was infallible, Eddie said.

After awhile, he finished his now cool coffee, grimacing as the soupy liquid gurgled down his throat. "Let's get back to the grind," he said.

When I walked back into my office I was scared stiff. I hurried to my desk, sitting down and rapidly extracting some salary sheets from the desk. I began to pore over them importantly. Every time one of the office force walked by me, I thought that I was being watched. Any minute I expected someone to start questioning me. I knew how a hunted criminal must feel. But no one said anything. No one seemed to have noticed my absence. All the busy little people were being busy about their little tasks. I was relieved. I had gotten away with it! It was easy!

After awhile the buzzer rang: *chkk . . . chkk . . . chkk*. Three rings: my call. I got up and walked into Mr. Crawford's private office. Crawford was an assistant vice-president of the company. He held an important job—and he knew it! He was a short, paunchy Irishman with a round rubicund face in which little pig's eyes gleamed. He had risen from the ranks; he hated the ranks now, with the hatred of one of them who has risen financially, but can never rise culturally. How he liked to give orders!

"Get these papers up to Mr. Wallace right away."

I took the papers, hesitating before him. He looked up, displeasure arched in his eyebrows. "Well?" he asked. I could feel the gradual suffusion of color in my face.

"What floor is Mr. Wallace on?" I asked timidly.

"Oh, you're new here, aren't you? He's on the seventh floor . . . And next time find out those things before you come in here."

I turned to go, hating this man's imperious attitude. He stopped me with, "By the way, what's your name?" I turned, astonished. My God! This guy had hired me. Had he forgotten already?

"Frank Pearce," I muttered.

"Okay, Frank. Get along now." Mr. Crawford made a motion with his hands as though he were shooing chickens from a yard.

T H A T E D D I E

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The seventh floor was Eddie's floor. I delivered the papers to Mr. Wallace and walked over to Eddie's desk. He was bent over a book, his eyes fastened to it with a great show of attention. "The First Principles of Banking," I thought. He didn't see me as I came up. The book was Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms."

"Hello, Eddie," I said.

He looked up, pushing the book over underneath a pile of papers. Then he recognized me and looked relieved. He pulled the book back onto the center of the desk, his face distorted into that peculiar grin. "Jeez, I thought you were the boss. He's given me hell about reading on the company's time. I thought he'd caught me again."

"Want to go have a cigarette?" I asked.

"Okay. You walk out first and wait for me at the elevators. We'll go up to the john on the twelfth floor. Nobody ever goes up there. We can kill fifteen or twenty minutes."

I walked through the long room, past the big-business desks, and the little secretary desks. I smiled at the brunette in the corner but she turned her head away. I'll bet if I were an assistant vice-president she would have smiled at me. I didn't have to wait long. Eddie came scooting out of the office, a paper held in his hand. My eyes interrogated the paper.

"Just an excuse. Always looks good to carry a paper in your hand when you leave the office. Everybody thinks you're working hard."

Going up to the twelfth floor, we lit cigarettes in the elevator. Mike, the big Polack operator, smiled knowingly. "Killing some time, eh boys?"

After that Eddie and I got to be good friends. We started having lunch together every day, taking an hour and a half or two hours instead of the usual hour. We used to go to Battery Park and lounge on the grass, watching the young stenographers and the old bums float by. We walked down on the waterfront, watching the tramp steamers loading, wishing we were going on them, wondering what their

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destination would be. We told elaborate lies about the trips we were going to take some day, about the places we'd visit, and the women we'd sleep with in the different ports. We even used to go to Trinity Church to listen to the organ music. Oh! We had a good time on our lunch hour, all right.

Later on, we started going out after work was over. We'd eat at some little cafeteria, then take in a movie or a play. Sometimes we'd go up to Central Park and try and pick up girls. We never had much luck about this, but it didn't make much difference anyway. If we didn't pick up anything, we used to mosey over to Columbus Circle to listen to the speeches. We'd sit in little eat joints until all hours in the morning, philosophizing, talking of our ambitions, what we'd like to do, how many mistresses we'd keep if we could afford them, what was the easiest racket in the world—and just how did a guy get an easy racket. We figured out elaborate schemes for making money—but it was always theoretical, never practical. Friday and Saturday nights we used to make a round of the bars, starting down in the financial district and working our way up to Times Square. We certainly did all the things guys like us could do—we had a swell time.

We liked the same things. Or, rather, I began to like the things that Eddie liked. Eddie taught me to drink. He taught me how to act out in the world. He had a list of rules which he called, "The Barroom Punctilio." He taught me to—well, he taught me a hell of a lot of things.

Work didn't bother us much. Under Eddie's experienced hand, I too, learned all the angles. I could evade work as deftly and as subtly as Eddie. I could invent excuses in a split second. I could feign work when necessary. Eddie taught me a lot about thinking fast, thinking on your feet. The old maestro was proud of his pupil.

I'll never forget the first time we went to the movies on the company's time. We'd been taking walks at lunch time, sometimes even walking in the afternoons, spending a lot

## THAT EDDIE

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of time in the lavatories, smoking and talking. But this was boring Eddie. It was the same old thing, he used to say. Why it was getting as bad as working! We ought to try something new. So Eddie worked out a plan.

We'd go to the City Hall movie. It could be done. At quarter to eleven we'd leave the office and walk up to City Hall. We could see at least one of the features, maybe two, and still be back in the office by two or two-thirty in the afternoon. We wouldn't be taking much more time than our two-hour lunch periods. And it would be a diversion.

That first day, I sneaked out of the office and met Eddie in the downstairs hall. He looked cheerful. He lived on excitement, and we were establishing precedent. Other office boys took long lunch hours, the other guys wasted time in the john, lots of people went out for coffee in the morning—but none of them had ever gone to the movies while they were supposed to be in the office. We were pioneers, that's what we were.

Eddie decided that we'd better have some lunch before we went to the show. We ate at the Automat, I hurrying through the meal, Eddie purposely lolling through his chow mein. He was going to do this thing up brown. "For Christ's sake," I finally said, "Let's get the hell up to that movie. You take more time than a banker."

"Take your time, boy. Take your time. You'll last longer."

We didn't get to the movie until eleven-thirty. But what a sense of freedom we both felt sitting in that theatre. That is, I felt a sense of freedom at first. We were enjoying a picture, while the rest of the poor dopes were sitting in offices, working. We sat up in the balcony, puffing our cigarettes, feeling good inside about life and the way we'd managed things.

But the pictures dragged along. The minutes started getting longer. I couldn't help worrying. Suppose someone at the office found out about this escapade. Suppose I got canned. I could just about imagine what my old man would

have said if he knew what I was doing. I kept pulling out my watch wishing that the damn show would come to an end. Finally, halfway through the second picture, I couldn't stand it any longer. It was two o'clock.

"Let's get back," I whispered to Eddie.

He turned to me. In the darkness of the movie cavern I couldn't see the expression on his face, but I knew that he was sneering. "What the hell are you going back for?" he asked. "The picture's not over yet."

"We better get back. It's getting late and someone might miss us."

Eddie laughed. "Go ahead back if you want to. Me—I paid for two pictures and I'm going to see two pictures."

I slunk out.

All the long way up Broadway I kept worrying. Supposed they'd found out. Suppose Crawford was going to fire me. I walked sneakily into the building, up on the elevator, and back into the office, my heart pounding against my ribs. As I walked in no heads were turned, no eyebrows raised. I sat down at my desk, my whole body quivering with excitement, expecting momentarily to hear Crawford's voice. Nothing happened. I began to feel sorry that I'd missed the last half of that picture.

Two hours later I was up in the twelfth floor john, enjoying a cigarette and a laugh with Eddie.

We had a swell summer, all right. We went to the movies about every other day. We kept up our walks. We read a lot all the time. It certainly was swell, all right.

Of course I never had enough money to bring home to the old man. And he used to raise hell about me coming in drunk. Mom was worrying about my health, and my uncle, the guy that got me the job, kept wondering why I didn't get a raise. But I didn't care about all that. I was having a swell time. I'd learnt the angles. I didn't have to work like the rest of the suckers. Eddie and I were too smart.

The inevitable happened though. I couldn't go on long that way. I started talking back—hell—anybody would

have done the same. I became too daring in my lapses from work. I went to too many movies at the City Hall theatre. I read too many books on the company's time. But, as I say, it couldn't go on.

One day Crawford looked for me to deliver an important paper. That was at eleven-fifteen. I was sitting in the theatre just about that time seeing "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." I got back at exactly two-thirty. Crawford had timed me. No matter what I said I was caught. So I got the can tied to my tail in short order.

I'm not working now. I can't seem to get a job. The company refused to give me any references, so I just make the round of the agencies every day and then go to the show. I'm in bad with my folks because I lost that job. My uncle refuses to get me another. I had one good job, he keeps saying, and I didn't succeed; he isn't going to get me another. The folks are always wailing about it. "That job had a future," they keep telling me. And lately, even Mom's begun to call me a "no good bum." I'm not even seeing much of Eddie these days. He got fired shortly after I did, but he had connections and, of course, a glib line of bull, so he's working again. The lucky stiff.

Of course, I'm not kicking or anything like that, you understand, but if it wasn't for Eddie Connelly, I'd probably be a success. Yes, sir! If it wasn't for that happy-go-lucky bum I'd be pulling down my eighteen per week by now.

## Blue Lake

*By* ETHEL B. CHENEY

The gods  
Walk on this lake  
In whose blue depths a star  
Lightens the wavering shadows of  
Tall pines.

## On Returning to New Mexico (*After being away eight years*)

By FREDERICK JOHNSON ROWAN

And this, dear heart, is what we used to know . . .  
I wonder only that it seems the same,  
leaving unanswered that which is but a name  
for youth's bright seeing, youth's ephemeral glow.  
All else the same—the sun, the air, the slow  
and savage-colored days . . . the nights that claim  
feeling untouched before . . . the changing flame  
of shadows on the mesa, row on row.  
How quick it was . . . How recklessly we took  
those sun-filled days. Few memories remain  
of you . . . of what you were . . . except the look  
that said those days might never come again.  
Still . . . still the same. I wonder . . . can it be  
that you have left this legacy for me?

## Readjustment

By GLEN BAKER

Once she was flint and he was steel  
Together they struck fire,  
And met and blended in the flame  
Of pinnacled desire.

But now the flame has dwindled down  
To one lone glowing ember,  
They've found there's more in life than any  
Fire their hearts remember.





## Los Paisanos

**S**ALUDO a todos los paisanos:

All of you will, undoubtedly, be very much interested in a new publication, *The Historian*, which has just been released by the University of New Mexico Press under the editorship of Dr. George P. Hammond, national historian of the Phi Alpha Theta Honor Society. The magazine will serve as a medium for the publication of articles by members of the organization, which decided at its convention last year that the time for such action had arrived. Variety and significance of material may be judged by the articles in the first number which prints the following: "Spanish Horses and the New World," by Robert M. Denhart; "Some Misconceptions Relative to the Constitutional Convention," by Frank Harmon Garver; "Talleyrand's Last Diplomatic Encounter," by J. E. Swain; "Oil at Hobbs, New Mexico," by Margery Power; "Correlations Between the History of the United States and the History of Hispanic America," by William J. Martin; "Bandelier's Early Life," by Edgar F. Goad. . . . The QUARTERLY extends congratulations to Phi Alpha Theta, Dr. Hammond, and the other members of the editorial board, with the sincere hope that this scholarly and professional publication will receive the support it so well deserves, as well as to Mr. Harvey, of the University Press, on the attractiveness and general make-up of the magazine. . . .

Dr. Edgar L. Hewett's friends will be happy to learn that he is recovering from a very serious operation which he recently underwent in California. He will be in Albuquerque this spring, at which time they will have the opportunity of congratulating him on his continued evidences of scholarship . . . His third handbook in a series of Hand-

books of Archaeological History, *Pajarito Plateau and Its Ancient People*, is just off the Press, and is receiving wide attention, as is another spring publication, *Ancient Andean Life*. "One of the most beautiful and scholarly books ever released by the University Press," every booklover is saying in regard to "*So Live the Works of Men*," an anniversary volume honoring Edgar L. Hewett. It is two-tone in color, has thirty-five full page plates, and twenty-seven scholarly contributors, some of whom are: F. W. Hodge, A. H. Kidder, and Hartley Burr Alexander. Certainly, fitting tribute to the dean of contemporary archaeologists in the Southwest . . . The University Press has also recently published another handsome volume in the Quivira Series—*New Mexico in 1602*, by Dr. Hammond and Agapito Rey, and announces two more volumes in the series, *Spanish Approach to Pensacola* and *A Scientist on the Trail* . . . *The Adventure of Don Vasquez de Coronado*, by Dr. Hammond and E. F. Goad, fills a long-felt want for just such a text-book . . . Harvey Fergusson has written the introduction to a beautiful new edition of W. W. H. Davis' *El Gringo*, published by the Rydal Press in Santa Fe. The date of the first edition was 1856, and rare indeed are the copies . . . J. F. Dobie's *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver*, which Little, Brown and Co. are publishing shortly, is all about legendary mines told in the "silver and gold" manner of the author, and all admirers of Dobie will welcome the new book . . . Equally important is *The Old Santa Fe Trail*, by one who was born near the end of that thrilling trail, Stanley Vestal . . . *Southwest Heritage*, by Mabel Major, Rebecca W. Smith, and T. M. Pearce is being enthusiastically received . . . If you ever happen to have the good fortune to meet the charming collaborators of Dr. Pearce's, get them to sing some ballads for you . . . They know dozens and dozens of them, and what is more to the point, they can sing . . . Rebecca Smith is from the "deep South" and learned them at her grandfather's knee . . . Mabel Major is former secretary of the Texas Folklore Society. . . . Dr. Pearce has just

received notice from his publishers, J. J. Augustine, that they are bringing out his *Cartoon Guide of New Mexico* in the next few months . . . "Jim" Threlkeld, of the New Mexico Book Store read the MS and says that "Matt has done a swell job; got everything in, legend, folklore, flora, and fauna." We understand that Arizona sold 15,000 copies of the Augustine Series . . . Certainly everybody who comes to the Coronado Centennial will want one . . . So . . . Amy Passmore Hurt, well known journalist and feature story writer, decided "to try writing" for the "Pulps" not long ago . . . The "try" amounted to selling six MSS last year to *Rangeland*, one of the best known publishers of "Westerns" . . . "Boxcar Cinderella," the last story submitted will appear in the next issue. If such a record continues we won't be a bit surprised to see Mrs. Hurt riding around in a Rolls-Royce . . .

Dr. Garland Greever was an interesting campus visitor a few weeks ago. At Dean St. Clair's literary tea, given in honor of the well known author, he discussed Sidney Lanier, and his forthcoming biography on this poet . . . Personal reminiscences of such friends as Robert Frost, Gamaliel Bradford, and DuBoise Heyward formed the background of an evening lecture in Rodey Hall which an audience of students and townspeople thoroughly enjoyed.

Witter Bynner, Robert Nichols Hunt, Frieda Lawrence, and Angelino Ravagli are in Hollywood visiting with Aldous and Maria Huxley, Charlie Chaplin, and others in the picture colony. Captain Ravagli's pottery is now being displayed in Taos, Santa Fe, and Albuquerque, the outcome of many months of study in Italy and experimental work at his kiln at Kiowa Ranch. E. P. Dutton announces a new book in April by Dorothy Childs Hogner, *Summer Roads to Gaspé*, with illustrations by Nils Hogner. Nils is to have a one-man show of his oils in Albany soon.

Quoting Mrs. Kyle Crichton's last letter . . . "Erna Fergusson, in the opinion of her New Mexico friends, is the most popular woman in New York City this week . . .

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Luncheons, dinners and teas are being given for her in between conferences with her publishers, final arrangements for the Guatemala trip, press interviews, and a flight to Washington for an interview with Mrs. Roosevelt concerning the Quarto Centennial. New Mexico is proud of Erna I know" . . . and we are. You should have heard the speeches at a farewell dinner given here in her honor a few weeks ago . . . The QUARTERLY joins the press throughout the state in congratulating Governor Miles on the reappointment of George Fitzpatrick as editor of the *New Mexico Highway Magazine*. It was a tribute to ability and merit.

Hasta la vista,

JULIA KELEHER.

### The Spell

By JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

We have been flying before this windy weather  
For a longer time than either can recall.  
There has been nothing to see but stars in water,  
Nothing to drink but sea-water brackish as gall.

This, since the albatross fell, wide-winged and white;  
Since the sun died out, and we found ourselves bewitched,  
Since prayer died on the lips, lodged in the throat,  
And the air in the feathers stirred, and the great wings  
          twitched.

The island was holly-green and berry-bright . . .  
We saw the water curl in the cool bayou,  
And the land air came upon us loamy and sweet,  
And we saw the water falling, beryl-blue . . .

It was only then I saw your throat was silver,  
And the shout I gave was a keening, lonely cry,  
And the wind came under my wings as hot as fever  
And we both flew up with a scream against the sky.

## New Mexican Scrapbook

By MICHAEL TEMPEST

### *The Diplomat's Wife*

Passion fruit ices, quail and mushrooms on squewers  
Of fine Incan silver; palm hearts in wine sauce,  
Sword fish and shrimp dressed in brown marine moss—  
She fingers a gemed lavalier and endures  
An endless barrage from damp, waist-coated boors . . .  
A strawberry bombe jelled in apricot gloss,  
Five liquors, demi-tasse; "Shall we bother to cross  
The hall?" A stiff, braid-twined blue forearm assures  
Her footing along the gold-hazed corridor,  
Down a moonlight-streaked court with cape jasmine in  
bloom,  
Through a deep Moorish archway and so to the door  
Of the crowded museum; dullness mounted in gloom.  
Twelve-thirty already, and feeling quite cross,  
She smiles with her eyes from behind a gauze fan  
While she sticks out her tongue at a stuffed albatross.

### *"The Green Door"*

*Rita, prop.*

She takes a large clam shell, disliking the price.  
Ten coins more would buy an authentic Coret,  
But the shell can be put to good use as a tray  
And for all of its fame the Coret is not—nice.  
Her husband, dark, handsome, his heart clenched in ice,  
And his brain hot as rockets on festival day,  
Looks at gourds—bored, he seems—madly seeking a way  
To possess this girl, Rita. Those lips! And those eyes!  
She flashes her earhoops and goes through a door  
Made for lovers and rendezvous, midnights and ways  
Of mild daring. The man, hot as never before,  
Stares at the green panels and a sundart that plays  
On the murk of a glaring gouache by Petrolly.

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In the days of poor Empress Carlotta this scene  
Might have had an entirely different finale.

*Senor Rato*

The rolling orange sun almost halts in its tracks  
As the sharp, strident shrieks issue fuller and higher.  
Holy Mother of God! Is it war, rape, or fire?  
Poor Pedro, who runs 'til his chest almost cracks  
Shouts out that he's near, but the din never slacks.  
The dogs prance and bay in a fulfilled desire  
To outdo the children, who spill out entire,  
Nine in all, short and tall, some with young on their backs;  
Eyes bugging, mouth tortured, half dead but quite tense,  
They circle their father, who weeps with relief.  
The boys punch each other and leap the thorn fence  
While he pleads with the girls for the cause of their grief.

Grief! Por Dios! They close in and vocalize harder  
Than ever, and his wife pantomimes from the door:  
It seems that they've cornered a rat in the larder!

*The Feast of the Pets*

It will be a fiesta muy grande, they know.  
How else, with the plaza a village of stalls,  
Acacia and bunting hung thick on their walls.  
Mercede's Angora, with wool-like combed snow  
Has been named as patron, and her frame is aflow  
With sweet garlands of lime and carnations. She calls  
To her kids, and must mince till her finery falls,  
Which she daintily eats. It's as good as a show.  
At sunset, with tapers, the children pull picket  
And move, in a forest of lights, through the dark.  
She demurely parades, but before a grape thicket  
She bowls them like pins and escapes in the park.

Mercedes runs home clutching shoulders and throat,  
Imploring the roster of sainted intact.  
Tomorrow her brothers will butcher the goat.

## Book Reviews

*Venezuela*—Erna Fergusson—Alfred Knopf—1938—\$3.00.

My dear Miss Fergusson:

"This will never do, Miss Fergusson." (If I were sure that our friend, Matt Pearce, the editor of our QUARTERLY, would not publish this letter, I should write "My dear Erna," for we have known each other for a long time, and, as you know, I have long been an admirer, both of your work and of you. Perhaps some will say that this is a rather unconventional way of reviewing a book, but I am tired of conventions and old enough to discard them; and, after all, since the method of reviewing books by writing to dead authors is an established one, why should a reviewer not address a live writer?)

I wrote the first words quoted above as a note of warning. You have done too good a job in too many fields; you are bound to have detractors. You meet the tourist agency on its ground, the geographer on his, the historian on his, and the philosophic thinker on his. It is, perhaps, in this final respect that your book should command the most attention. The light which you throw upon political, economic, and social conditions in Venezuela, together with your profound speculations as to the means by which such conditions might be improved, make your book a necessity for all liberal thinkers in that country; nor would *our* sociologists fail to profit greatly by studying it.

What astonishes me is your evidently wide and varied knowledge of both country and people. You do not say in the book how long you stayed there, but certainly you have condensed or instilled into it the learning, wisdom, and wit of another writer's lifetime. How do you do it? I wish you would write a preface to your next book and explain your method. I might be able to make use of it, myself.

Yes, Miss Fergusson, you have written a fascinating book, one that will surely become a classic of travel. I think

it is partly because you are a woman, with a woman's sympathies and intuitions, with a woman's flair for reading character, and a woman's love of color. Do you know what I regard as the most beautiful passage in the book? It is on page 232:

"For the first time I appreciated the values of green in every modulation from palest water clarity, through Nile and jade tints, the yellow greens of noxious slime, to sane leaf green of rush and palm and the strong chords of solitary saman and ceiba trees." And so on. A poet, a painter, and a musician are at work there. I don't believe a man could have written that.

Then, in contrast to such lines, are the quatrains you quote on page 214, in both Spanish and English. I should suggest, though, an emendation in the last line of the last one:

Diçe la sabia Teodora,  
Volviéndose en su cama,  
Mas vale el beso de un hombre  
Que cien leguas de sabana.

You translate "sabana," and rightly so, by the word "savanna." Suppose, however, that you place an accent over the first "a" in sabana, making it mean "sheet" instead of "savanna." Would that not be more appropriate in Teodora's condition?

They tell me that your book has been banned in Venezuela. Is it true? I hope the government has not been so little regardful of your kindly humor, of your comprehension of the needs of the people, and of your sympathy with their aspirations, to do such a stupid thing. No, on second thought, I should withdraw that word. The government of Venezuela may be wiser than we think, knowing, as it must, what need there is that such an enlightened and enlightening book should be read, and that the surest way to get a book read is to ban it.



It vexes me to choose another guide, and she walked alone all her life, scorning even the hand of her sisters when she tottered with disease. In what dark nights she wrote *Wuthering Heights* it is not said, but somewhere in that horrible novel sound all the tempest and gritting fiber of her nature. That is surely the most withering book in English; and the marvel is that it was written by a girl who lived for at least seven years both a quiet and unknown sister in a most familial home.

For Mr. White has dispelled the mists of rumor that has swirled dankly about the Bronte home. He finds it a happy household, until death came in the 1840's; he finds that the moors were the great love, not the desolate mental graveyard, of the three surviving girls and their brother; he insists, and proves, that the father was ever kind and affectionate to his children, not grim and brutal as some have maintained. Nor were the Brontes especially poor.

In fact, he has dispelled almost too much. For there remains still, now made doubly mysterious, the brooding reticence of Emily Bronte. Mr. White suggests that she had loved, and the man she loved died, and she grieved within until she, too, died, not unwillingly. It may be; but the queer, silent nature of Emily Bronte is a question that will not down. Out of that nature she made her terrifying book and her poems, and the bustling Charlotte may have had a greater renown but the secret Emily has the greater wonder.

It was a household that only literary critics could consider strange. All the children had written, and when those who survived grew old enough to publish, their practice and their skill led them all to competent work. The passion that Charlotte felt toward her Belgian schoolmaster perhaps inspired *Jane Eyre*, but the humiliation and misery she felt as a governess dictated it. There was no wretchedness then in the household, nor was there when, in the same year, *Wuthering Heights* appeared, to face neglect. One mystery alone remains, but it is a mystery

East, and a crude table made by one of the negro carpenters is unabashed by the silver service on the elegant highboy in the dining room. The trip to Galveston made by Cavin and his Georgia bride, Lucina Lyttleton, is one of the graphic episodes in the book; they land in Galveston at the start of reconstruction days when the port is overrun with negroes and an army of Northern officials enjoying the spoils of war. The Darcy family endures a second pioneering at Locust Hill Plantation when, like the other old Texas families, they recoup losses from the war. This is the important side of the book, its vivid and understanding pictures of Texas life, the eventfulness of everyday life. There are exciting happenings, raids and maraudings by unleashed bands of whites and darkies, personal tragedies through pride and misunderstanding. But plot is secondary—I found it at times hard to follow with interest. I do value the book highly for its gift of characters and their record in a life that was noble in moral tone and refined in works of the mind and spirit. On one point especially, it reassures us that the North did not fully understand the best in the South—its relations to the negro. Let one of Mrs. Krey's paragraphs describing Uncle Matt, a negro servant, show that what I say is true:

Matt, entering the dining-room at that moment, laid some pieces of fat kindling on the fire and drew a round table with a fluted edge directly in front of the hearth. On it he placed a small silver bowl containing several whole lemons boiled in thick sugary syrup the color of amber—a preparation always on hand in Philip's house. Then he set a bottle of rum on the table, a silver pitcher of hot water, a saucer of cloves, and two julep cups with long spoons in them. He had slipped on the white coat that always hung behind the kitchen door and stood, with a bootjack in hand, waiting for a pause in the conversation. Standing there, with his head thrown up, in a gesture reminiscent of Philip's own carriage, he chose his moment and then, kneeling before his

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How well your book has sold, I have no idea. You have probably read that much overrated collection of sorority-sophomore alleged wit called *With Malice Toward Some*. It is a best-seller. When I put it alongside your artistically designed, solidly constructed, and beautifully written book, I almost despair of my countryman's taste, but I console myself with the inspiring paragraph which ends your book:

"The whole world has so far to go to attain true civilization that I cannot believe young Venezuela, so inspired and so led, is far behind. In some curious but real way the spirit of Bolívar does live in these boys. Modern youth is as free as he was from the fetters of tradition, as capable of a great ideal, as courageous to fight for it, as intelligent, perhaps to realize it."

Your sincere admirer and friend,

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

*University of New Mexico,  
Albuquerque.*

*The Miracle of Haworth: a Bronte Study*—W. Bertram White—E. P. Dutton and Company, 1939.

This is almost Charlotte's book. It is only logical that it should be, for of the six shy Bronte children, Charlotte lived longest, wrote most, and won the highest renown. When her *Jane Eyre* appeared in 1847, she became instantly famous, the successive books but continued that fame, and when she died even the common folk of Haworth mourned that so great a person had perished among them.

But a wraith slips in among the lines. It is Emily Bronte, younger by two years, dead at thirty of a tuberculosis she would allow no doctor to see. This is, in spite of all, Emily's book. For Emily shows herself one of the most mysterious and alluring characters in literary history and one of the most contained minds in human history. In one of her terse poems she had said:

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading;

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that, as the Haworth dwellers knew, cannot be ascribed to "bleakness," or "poverty," or any of the customary catch-words used to describe the land and the condition of the Brontes. One year Emily resolved to turn within, to live her life personally, to intrude on no one and to ask no intrusion. Thus she moved through her home tasks, sweeping the floor and dusting the furniture and pouring the tea; and then she would leave to watch the moors and to write. She left her family, though she lived with them.

This is almost Charlotte's book. But the eye sees the figure of Emily moving there, and asks unanswerable questions. There are no answers. Emily Bronte wished it so.

WILLIS JACOBS.

... *and Tell of Time*—Laura Krey—Houghton Mifflin Company, 1938—\$2.75.

After a trip to New York City, Frank Dobie once remarked to me, "I don't belong to all that, I'm a Texan." Since that time, I never get into Texas without wondering what the real spirit of the place is, what lingers there of the old unity of the Republic of Texas, what remains of the separatism of the South and of Texas apart from even the South and just of itself. . . . *and Tell of Time* gives the answer. Laura Krey, native of the state, reared on a plantation which was, Texas style, an echo of the family life of Virginia and Carolina, remembering a childhood when the stubborn fight for states' rights had been lost on the battlefield and won in the political skirmishes long after conclusion of the Civil War, is entitled to write these chapters of people and places so important to an understanding of the American past. Her pride and love for it all shows in the careful workmanship of her novel, in the gifted description of the routine life of her people. Cavin Darcy, the chief figure in the book, builds his home on the Brazos River and brings to it family possessions from Georgia. Here a plain pine rocking chair with sagging cowhide seat and calico cushion is neighbor to mahogany cabinet work from the

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master's outstretched feet, changed his boots to crocheted slippers.

"I told Jake I'd take keer o' you, too, Mas' Cavin," he said, turning to Cavin.

T. M. PEARCE.

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*The Tales of Algernon Blackwood*—E. P. Dutton and Company, 1939  
—\$2.50.

The instincts in men to which uncanny appeals are always present are always induced by the same stimuli to produce the same chill up the spine. Therefore, the tales which Mr. Blackwood wrote from 1906-1910, just republished by Dutton, are not dated. Unlike many tales of horror there is no dependence upon mechanical devices or scenes which, once appalling in their fierceness, have been overshadowed by the more frightful every day death and destruction which we accept as normal in our present civilization.

Mr. Blackwood writes of the elemental forces of the universe, a power of evil so malign that it overwhelms men, possesses, tortures, and obliterates their souls. There is a range from the simple ghost story, "A Case of Evesdropping," to the more intricate "Physical Invasion," and the age old werewolf of "The Wendigo." The stories are realistic; they are, on the whole, convincing. One falls into the pseudo scientific attitude of Dr. Silence in reading them, and fortifies his statements with one's own. Why not? If time and space are relative, perhaps non-existent, if all psychic experiences, dreams, and clairvoyance can be referred to the fourth and fifth and sixth dimensions, why is anything impossible, why is anything inexplicable? With daily scientific shattering of reality as we know it, and a substitution of symbols for facts, with proof of lore discarded as superstitious ignorance, with old wives's tales assuming scientific basis, who can deny that a man may be possessed by unseen evil forces, that vile impulse lingers

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near its earthly consummation, felt and seen by a man more sensitive than the average? When we see the results of the invocation of the old Teutonic gods can we deny that unseen evil forces are awaiting their opportunity for destruction?

The Tales are well-written, vivid, and thrilling. We would enjoy more of the humor and characterization that Mr. Blackwood gave us in *Dudley and Gilderoy*; but after all that was another story, neither supernatural, uncanny, nor mysterious.

EDITH S. BLESSING.

*University of New Mexico,  
Albuquerque.*

*Sir Walter Scott*—Sir Herbert J. C. Grierson—Columbia University Press, 1938.

The latest biography of Sir Walter Scott is by Sir Herbert Grierson, that subtle mind of the north country that has penetrated and illuminated so many of the cran- nies and depths of English letters. The book is an out- growth of a series of essays given by Sir Herbert at Tor- onto University, in which he utilized hitherto unpublished letters and uncited facts bearing on the life of Scott. Pro- fessor Grierson has not made this study with any desire to rival Lockhart as Scott's great official biographer. Rather, he wishes to supplement Lockhart by adding to the record certain evidence regarding Sir Walter's traits of character and certain biographical facts which threw light on some of the personages in his novels. If Lockhart's life is a mas- terly portrait, Grierson's work, within the limits which Sir Herbert has set for himself in order to avoid twice-told tales, is a definitive study.

Professor Grierson dispels some of the mystery about Mrs. Scott's mother by proving that she fled from an an- cient and honorable husband for a quickly terminated romance with a younger and less scrupulous man. Scott's own love affair, his innocent ardor and wooing of a distant and aristocratic relation of his own aristocratic mother, is

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traced from its very beginning to its distressing close. The results of this first love and of the hasty marriage which he made on the rebound show Scott to be a more violent and tempestuously temperamental character than Lockhart was willing to admit. Like Shakespeare, Scott's underlying motive in the exercise of his artistic genius was to win the social position which in Britain is so closely connected with an impressive landed estate. Scott's legal degree, qualifying him to be an advocate, was sought to establish his position amid the social aristocracy of Edinburgh. Later, the same eagerness for worldly eminence prompted his vast expenditures at Abbotsford while he was borrowing money on books that had not yet been started and drawing money out of his bankrupt publishing house.

Mr. Grierson has thoroughly investigated the letters and the accounts of Scott's partners in the publishing and bookselling business and has found that not the Ballantynes, as both Scott and Lockhart assumed, but Robert Cadell, a partner of Constable, was the man who lured Scott into assuming all sorts of unnecessary obligations for his ill-fated firm. Cadell also, by his unscrupulous cleverness, robbed Scott of the legitimate profit which might have accrued from the tremendous outburst of creative energy lasting from the time of his business failure to his decline and death. According to Professor Grierson, Cadell served as the taskmaster and slave-driver, who, for his own gain, drove Scott to such a point of exhaustion that the great writer suffered shock and death. Mr. Cadell's profits from exploiting Scott's strength and genius enabled the publisher to extricate himself from failure and to leave an estate of over 100,000 pounds.

Strangely enough, Sir Walter Scott, who was an unreasonable Tory in politics and an utter aristocrat at heart, was, according to Mr. Grierson, supreme in characterization only when he was portraying the poor and the humble. In fine, Scott's greatest gift to civilization was not in characterization or in philosophy or even in the novel where he

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started a world movement. His greatest contribution was in history; for he it was who first taught the historian and other students of the past the dramatic quality and the significance of the common man.

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH.

*University of New Mexico,  
Albuquerque.*

Indian Dance

*By* ETHEL B. CHENEY

Ageless  
The beat of brown  
Feet on brown sand. Primeval  
Rhythm of ascending  
Prayer.



## College Books

AN UNUSUAL study in the material of the medieval romances is F. Carl Riedel's *Crime and Punishment in the Old French Romances* (Columbia University Press, 1938). No romantic story could develop a plot without villainy of some sort, either against love or property and usually both. The greedy guardians scheming to deprive royal wards of inheritance, the wicked stewards envious of courtly lovers, the faithless brother or companion, all had to be dealt with by methods of judgment and revenge. That such matters were frequently merely resolved by warfare and force is not to be wondered about, for society in the dark ages had no central organization to enforce ordered processes if such had existed. In the Church there were tribunals and the form of trial at least for excommunications, penances, heresy. The clergy supported the ordeals for the part which God had played in sustaining the righteous and putting down the wicked. In the cold water test, the accused was bound hand and foot with cord, and lowered by means of a rope into consecrated water. If he sank, he was innocent; if he floated, he was guilty, the theory being that the pure element would not receive an impure person. The test by fire required the victim to move barefoot over nine red-hot ploughshares. Mr. Riedel remarks that the ordeals were often trained for in advance, and unguents used to harden the skin. Anyone familiar with swimming or floating in water could have contrived to sink in holy water or any other kind by expelling the breath from the lungs. In the English romance, *Athelston*, the king's sister, married to an earl unjustly accused of treason, follows her husband over the hot ploughshares, and is siezed with the pains of child labor at the third ploughshare, but comes across the remainder to go into the ministrations of women who deliver the babe. Ordeals were abandoned in England in 1215, and the later romances show

increasing respect for tribunal law, witness the romance, "Gamelyn," in which Sir Ote and Gamelyn, each of whom has been grievously wronged, become justice and chief justice respectively and set about giving legal redress to the poor and oppressed. Mr. Riedel's study is a challenge for a similar review of crime and punishment in the English romances, a study he himself suggests should be made.

Thomas Fuller's work, *The Holy State and the Profane State*, has been newly edited and reprinted by Maximilian Graff Walten (Columbia University Press, 1938) to make available to many modern scholars and libraries a somewhat rare item of great value. Fuller has been almost exclusively known for his *History of the Worthies of England* to which we turn for biographical commentary upon figures so diverse as Archbishop Laud and Sir Francis Drake. *The Holy State, etc.*, likewise is filled with biographical commentary, but introduced at every point by interpretation of the type of personal or political virtue, or vice the individual best represents. The essay on "The Good Wife," with which the whole study begins, draws upon St. Paul, Comenius, Erasmus, Jean Bodin, three of whom were churchmen, and at least two of them unmarried. Nevertheless, their advice is good, and excellent is Preacher Fuller's choice of Monica, mother of St. Augustine, as the model wife, for she tamed a harsh husband and along with the help of St. Ambrose led her son to repent of evil ways and take to the path which eventually led him to sanctity. So in the choice of Nicholas Ridley as the type of good bishop we concur in Fuller's estimate, though there is little added here that is not found in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. But when Fuller comes to pick his "Athiest" and "Schoolmaster" or "Witch," how we wish he had found English illustrations: Sir Walter Raleigh, perhaps, for the first; Richard Mulcaster, for the second; the Scottish witches with the poor schoolmaster, Dr. Fian, who was grievously tortured for tales brought about him in connection with a poor woman who confessed to having ridden to sea. All

Hallow's eve with two hundred other witches, all of them on a riddle or sieve. Fuller admonishes the schoolmaster to be absolute monarch in his school and especially to reject bribes or threats from parents to show favor to particular students. He advises moderation in punishment, quoting Francis Dujon, the famous Junius, in his complaint that he had a master who beat him seven or eight times every day. This seventeenth century compendium is the type of book which took the place then which essay, biography, books on etiquette, even the gossip column supply today. It is no less interesting because of it.

Two books which fall together chronologically, since they both deal with the epoch when Puritanism made its greatest gains in England, have recently emerged from the Columbia University Press. Both owe their genesis and much of their corporeal substance to John Milton, the poet.

Mr. Ernest Brennecke, who is both a choirmaster and a teacher of English, uses his happy combination of talents to write *John Milton the Elder and His Music* (Columbia University Press, 1938). John Milton the Elder went to Oxford as a chorister in Christ Church, in 1573. Fortunately for us, Mr. Brennecke has not been able to find many facts about the life of the elder Milton. Instead of a documented biography of insignificant details, such as the grant of cloth for a uniform or a warrant for a daily pitcher of wine, which have been the great solace of Chaucerian scholarship, Mr. Brennecke gives us an account of a typical day in the life of a chorister at Christ College, during one of the most fertile periods in the history of church music.

The first music lecture at Oxford was not founded until 1626, but it so happened that John Milton, Senior, had come to one of the wealthiest and most thoroughly equipped schools of music in the realm. The chorister in Christ's followed a rigid routine of singing, studying, and composing; he was as thoroughly grounded in the theory of music as in its performance; though his physical, cultural, and histrionic development was not neglected, he lived his art.

The facts in the life of John Milton, the poet, are, perhaps, better known than in the case of any previous literary figure. Mr. Brennecke has not attained such a high degree of visibility in setting forth the life of the father. As in the opening chapter, so elsewhere, background and pleasing conjecture have frequently been substituted for fact. The chief value of Mr. Brennecke's study lies, not in establishing the eminence of the elder Milton as a composer, for that eminence has long been known, but in his account and analysis of Milton's compositions as typical of the music of Elizabethan and Tudor times, when the traditional music of the Church was being crossed with the fecundity of Palestrina and other Italians.

A work of genuine scholarship is Professor William Haller's *Rise of Puritanism, 1570-1643* (Columbia University Press, 1938). Although the origin and nature of English Puritanism has been generally known to literary historians, there has, up to this time, always been somewhat of a mystery about the growth of this great movement to reform the English Church. Isolated instances of Puritanism like that of pseudonymous Martin Marprelate and William Prynne have been chronicled, together with the somewhat strange appearance of Puritans off the coast of New England. But the usual practice of the scholar and the student is to pluck a whole array of Puritans out of the thin air of vaguely understood religious controversy and exhibit them in the Westminster Assembly of 1643. Professor Haller dispels the mist which has long hung over the origin of this movement; and reveals how naturally it came into being.

Certain zealous souls in the Church of England welcomed the accession of Queen Elizabeth and the return to Protestantism as the beginnings of the reform of Church and State. The Puritans of that day were not ordinary dissenters or ignorant laymen. In fact, they were the intellectuals of the kingdom. The stimulus and ferment of thought and intellectual activity aroused by the Reformation centered in Cambridge University, particularly in Emmanuel

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College and Sidney Sussex College, both of which were established expressly for the purpose of training up a preaching ministry. The act, which started these colleges and spread the infectious doctrine of Puritanism throughout England, was the expulsion of Thomas Cartwright, lecturer and professor, from Cambridge University, in 1570. Contrary to expectation. Elizabeth, who wished more than anything else to retain her throne, did not cleanse the Church but was satisfied with "sweeping the trash behind the door." The deficiency thus caused in the spiritual life of the people was supplied by a steady stream of highly trained and zealous preachers from Cambridge.

Elizabeth "allowed the Puritans to bark as long as there was no immediate danger lest they bite." These spiritual preachers, inflamed to eloquence by their very lack of secure subsistence, were scattered all over England at strategic points for founding their new Utopia, based upon the word of God. They became chaplains in the employ of the nobility or preachers on special foundations supported by wealthy patrons. Members of this "spiritual brotherhood" were attached to many of the most important churches as lecturers who made the most of those hours still available after the conventional and perfunctory offices of the Church had been performed by the official incumbent. Others, less fortunate, and, therefore, more radical, went to the growing commercial and industrial communities and worked up congregations of their own.

Later, the disappointment which arose when King James failed to make the expected reform of the Church and the dissatisfaction with conditions which obtained during his reign caused this new doctrine of the priesthood of all believers to spread like wildfire. Archbishop Laud, whom Professor Haller shows to be a man of many excellent qualities, by his persecution of William Prynne and others, injudiciously and unwittingly gave to the new heterodoxy the necessary element of martyrdom which, at the time of

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the Westminster Assembly, in 1643, put the Puritans in what seemed to be complete control of the state.

Though the book is too massive in fact for casual reading, it contains unforgettable portraits of Archbishop Laud and William Prynne.

T. M. PEARCE.

DANE F. SMITH.

*University of New Mexico,  
Albuquerque.*



CACIQUE OF ZUÑI

*Lithograph by Gerald Cassidy*

# *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

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POETRY

February

1939

VOLUME IX, NUMBER 1

ONE DOLLAR THE YEAR

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

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

D. H. LAWRENCE.

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

MARY AUSTIN.

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

ZIA SONG FOR RAIN.

### *New Mexican Adobes*

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

WITTER BYNNER.

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

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KMA

WOMAN PLASTERING HOUSE

*Print by Kenneth M. Ado*

# The New Mexico Quarterly

A REGIONAL REVIEW

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## Mañana Is Today

By A. L. CAMPA

**D**URING the height of the depression, a philanthropic organization sent the Navajo Indians a carload of pickles in order to alleviate the wants of that tribe. Unaccustomed as the Redmen were to such relishes, they were made no happier by the sincere efforts of their white brothers to appease their hunger. Pickles are a delectable embellishment to the menu when we like pickles, but if we don't like them, they add nothing to our happiness. Dried mutton or corn would have fulfilled the wants of the Navajo far better than the savory pickles. Equally disheartening were the results of the discarded system of Indian education that forced a child to enter school for a given time, at the end of which he returned to the village and "took to the blanket." Many a head shook, disillusioned and disappointed, because the Redman insisted on finding happiness in his own way. Until recently, an Indian's own reaction to living and his philosophy of life had not been greatly taken into account. The object was to make a white man, a poor imitation at that, rather than a better Indian; and the results were obviously very unsatisfactory.

"Happiness," someone has said, "is getting what you want." When it is pickles you want, beans will not satisfy. But if the other fellow prefers beans and refuses our pickles, we find a name for him and call him, disdainfully, a "bean eater." Moreover, some of us want our beans at a different time, adding another element to the acquisition of happiness. Thus, not only is it "getting what you want," but, "when you want it." In the satisfaction of material needs, the world differs very little. We all demand food and shelter, the means by which to live; but the ends for which to live, the spiritual phase of life, is not so uniformly satisfied. In formulating our criterion of spiritual guidance, we have

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before us three periods in life that determine the order of our existence: the past, the present, and the future. Our philosophy of living will revolve around one of these three as a point of departure, depending upon what time of life we consider most essential. The present is a reality, the past a recollection of a reality that has ceased to exist, and the future a conjecture of what may come to pass. Hence, the last two form the basis of romanticism, since one is no longer here and the other has not yet arrived.

If we consider romanticism as a phase of life created by the imagination and opposed to realism, we cannot deny that all people are romanticists. But the quality of that romanticism will depend upon what it is based. Both the Anglos and the Mexicanos are romantic, except that American romanticism is based on the future, and Spanish romanticism is nourished in the past. In this trinity of time, the present is greatly modified by the choice one makes of what has gone before or what is about to come. American children, from an early age, are taught that the present is simply a preparation for the future, that the past is past and gone, and that one must look into the future for a vision. "Don't cry over spilt milk." "Hitch your wagon to a star." "Save for a rainy day," and "Be prepared." The present is projected into the future to such an extent that the child lives for the day when he shall grow to be the president of a bank, a college professor, a policeman, or a successful engineer. In school the boy is tempted with stories of men who disregarded the present in order that they might achieve something great in the future. Yes, such a philosophy has produced men of vision, or simply imagination, men who live constantly in the hope that some day "their ship may come in." Much may be said for this type of romanticism in the formative period of youth. Such men are willing to work their way through college, scrubbing floors, cleaning windows, and denying themselves untold happiness; in the present, in order that the acquisition of the diploma, in the end, may bring about the longed-for fulfillment of their

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desires. When men have visions of the future, we speak of them as building "castles in Spain." Spanish castles to a Spaniard are merely recollections of what once was a reality. Castles built upon the future are rather American bungalows.

The interpretation given to present, past, and future determines the philosophy that guides society. American society, while it may be dissatisfied, is always hopeful because of the insight and faith it has upon the future, and in the midst of the greatest depression it can say: "Prosperity is around the corner." Hispanic philosophy is, in many ways, quite the contrary. To a Mexicano the future is an unreality of which he is conscious only insofar as it can be projected into the present. The American may see it as a hypothesis upon which to speculate safely, sell on the installment plan, or buy insurance, but in New Mexico the future is attacked with a fatalism that is little short of a roulette wheel philosophy. *A ver que Dios nos da.* Come what may, there is consolation in the popular belief that *No hay mal que por bien no venga.* "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The great emphasis is placed on the present, because, after all, the present constitutes a reality. When the present is past, it forms the basis of romanticism, a romanticism that is based upon that which once was a reality. To Hispanic peoples the past is interpreted in terms of achievement, lineage, and custom. Even their songs eulogize an old love, *Un amor que no se olvida ni se deja*, while in English, future old age is romanticized in "Silver threads among the gold." The former sings of a love that *was*, the latter of a love that *will be*. The Mexicano does not forget his tradition because it is his past, the basis for his romanticism. Tradition to the American, however, means an expedient, a convenient course of action. The course of action in New Mexico is determined by conditions that exist in the present rather than by accepted formula. Witness the judge who ruled that cases be determined by their merit

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and not by precedent. A story is told of a Mexicano whose young wife ran away. The judge assured him that he would soon forget, and added, "Who knows, tomorrow another girl will come along."

To which the husband answered dubiously, "Oh, yes, *mañana*, but what do I do now?" He could not be made happy by thoughts of tomorrow. New Mexico, likewise, is the land of *today*, and if there is a future, the Mexicanos are willing to wait until it comes around and is transformed into a reality. Meanwhile, the future is conceived in an undetermined light, expressed in an indefinite term, *mañana*. The translation of this word has led to a misinterpretation of purpose on the part of those who view the New Mexican with the degree of objective criticism characteristic of so many Hispanists. *Mañana*, like the shrug of the shoulders, expresses a remoteness that the word "tomorrow" does not convey. It does not mean tomorrow. A hunter passed a broken bridge several times near a New Mexican village, and every time he was assured that it would be fixed *mañana*, but the bridge was not fixed on the morrow. How disappointing is life in New Mexico to those who plan every minute of the future and know definitely that on Monday they will play bridge, on Tuesday attend a meeting, on Wednesday a dance, and bathe on Saturday! Julio Camba, the Spanish humorist, says: "We improvise everything, our fun as well as our work." How amusing it is to be told a week in advance that one will be called upon at a banquet to make an "impromptu" speech! The time for improvisation is the present, and he who lives in the present, while leading a very improvised existence, will live more spontaneously and with more zest. Call on a New Mexican friend and the evening turns into a social gathering. A dinner, a dance, a love affair, and even a fight may ensue, but none of it will be planned beforehand. The Anglo has calling hours, makes arrangement for his good times, and plans to meet a person whom he wishes to befriend.



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New Mexico has been called the "Land of Mañana," that is, the "land of today," when analyzed. "Never do today what you can do tomorrow" is an interpretation of mañana that is both superficial and pre-conceived. The New Mexican never puts off until tomorrow what can be done *only* today. Life must be lived today, else one finds, too late, that the calendar does not turn backwards. The time to sit in the sun is when the sun is shining, for there is no guarantee that the sun will shine when wanted. Many a picnic has been ruined because of the insistence of planning ahead of time for it. The Mexicans are moved to have a picnic when the weather is conducive. It is the philosophy of the realist, the present rather than the future. The sunny side of the house is a convenient rendezvous on sunny afternoons, but on cold days the same men who lounged lazily, vegetating against the wall, may be seen bringing in wood. To a Nordic this manner of doing is incomprehensible.

An educator was being shown through the rural districts in the mountainous sections of New Mexico late in the fall, and he noticed that there were no stacks of wood laid up for the winter. He inquired from his traveling companion what sort of fuel these people used, and he was informed that they used firewood. "But," he insisted, "where do they keep it?" He was told that the wood came from the neighboring woods, but still it was very peculiar that the New Mexican mountaineers made no provisions for the coming winter. The educator continued by asking: "And what do these people do when they need wood?" Whereupon he was promptly informed that the Mexicanos get their wood when they need it, and not before.

To most observers this attitude toward life means nothing more than indifference and laziness; to others it appears to be a series of contradictions. It is contradictory if we call it laziness and sheer indifference; not that there may not be, as in all men, those who are in reality indolent. But, laziness is an indisposition to exertion, and not a sequence of activity and inactivity. We characterize the Mexican

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peasant as a lazy indifferent fellow, yet the market is filled with millions of craft products made tediously by hand, and with superb craftsmanship. The same peasant that sits in the sun and enjoys his leisure turns out millions of sarapes, crockery, etc., but he uses a different yardstick in employing his time and accounting for the future. A certain "wantlessness" restrains their acquisition of wealth, and living in the present consumes what the "provident" put away for the future.

Yes, the Mexicanos in New Mexico continue living *today*. The thought of the morrow is far removed from their consciousness. Their Anglo brothers push on, forfeiting the present. Young boys turn to little men, young girls to little women. The former have bank accounts, the latter hope chests, but the Mexicano plays when he is a boy, works when necessary, pays for the bride's outfit when he marries her, and in his old age turns back and says: "Alla en mis tiempos." (Back in my day.) He has no desire to be young again, he is happy with the present, ages gracefully, and will derive great pleasure from recalling the past. It is his romanticism, a long sequence of realities. Old women need not paint their face to appear young, nor do old men need to turn to foxy grandpas. But when they were young, they were allowed to do what young folks do, and their parents lost ~~the~~ sleep because their children had no thought of tomorrow. In Spanish, even grammatically, the future is of little importance. In the last decade the future subjunctive has disappeared; the future tense is formed with the *present* of the auxiliary, and we continue to use the present to express a future! "La semana que entra vengo a verle." (Next week I *come* to see you.) The most representative character of Spanish literature lived fast and furiously in the present, so much so that he was threatened with a future punishment to which Don Juan answered very characteristically: "Tan largo me lo fiais" (so late in coming), that is, he took no cognizance of the future.

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One of the most profitless methods of selling to a Mexicano is the payment plan. One of two conditions will result. He refuses altogether, because he is afraid to tie himself to the future, or he will buy and be unable to make the payments when they fall due. Usually the company will recover the goods and the salesman will swear that these people have no word, and that they are all dishonest. The wise merchant will approach with his goods on pay day when they have money, because they will forget that there are thirty days to the month and spend in one day the wages that should carry them for the remaining twenty-nine days. The process is reversed from the usual conception that the Mexicanos will work a whole month in order to spend it in one day. They will spend it when they get it. In Mexico, the *peones* in a sugar factory were getting fifty *centavos* a day. A very altruistic capitalist increased their wages to a *peso* a day. Three days later, no one showed up to work. When the workers were questioned, it was disclosed that fifty cents a day paid amply for their wants, therefore, when wages went up to a *peso*, it was necessary to work only three days a week. Again, the Mexican of the West Coast puts out a fish hook a day, catches a shark and goes home, but on Saturdays he puts out two hooks to take Sunday off.

Statistical studies show an amazing drop of Mexicanos in public schools. The usual comment of the unenlightened is that the children are naturally dull or that they have no ambition. Is it because the New Mexicans have no interest in education, or because they are lazy? I wonder how much of the curriculum is in itself valuable and interesting, and how much of it is merely a preparation for a future that the Mexicano's philosophy does not take into account. There is no doubt that the curriculum for the Spanish speaking child needs to be vitalized more. In addition to the realism of the Spaniard and the impassiveness toward the future, there are other elements that characterize the Mexicano in New Mexico and complicate his philosophy of life to an outsider.

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The new world *mestizo*, the result of a racial amalgamation, is a product that is not yet well defined. Like any biological hybrid, it is susceptible to irregularities and throwbacks. This fact adds greatly to the incomprehensibility of the Mexicano. The Indian has contributed a feeling of resignation and stolidity of character that has made possible the survival of life in New Mexico despite the great difficulties under which the population has had to live. It is remarkable to see the amount of suffering and want these people have been able to withstand. The lightheartedness of the Spaniards in the midst of an unkind fate is merely a complement to the basic endurance of the Indian. It is a philosophy determined mostly by the current flow of circumstances, a philosophy that is spontaneous, brilliant, and superficial, but durable. Spanish philosophy may not have the vertical dimension of the Nordics, but it does possess a horizontal one that adds variety, lightheartedness, and gayety to life.

Place Europeans in the same conditions that the New Mexicans live and they will become dissatisfied, refuse to remain and leave a ghost town in their wake. Anglos who come to New Mexico with a living income are disconcerted by the complacency with which life is led in the midst of poverty, and scantiness. This very resignation is conducive to the peaceful state of affairs, a condition that is to be preferred these days to the constant shifting of population that depression has produced. The highways in New Mexico are not filled with thumb riders who, in a turbulent horde, seek to better themselves by a change. The Mexicano plods on, whether with a burro, small acreage, working for the highway, or perhaps some Americano. There is no danger that these men will start a march to Washington.

New Mexico offers two groups with a different understanding of life who are striving to live peacefully with each other. Both resort to comparisons in an effort to understand each other's ways. To judge comparatively two peoples that are not analogous is dangerous because it is

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misleading. The question that remains is not which is superior, or which will be the standard, but rather, wherein are the differences a complement to each other?

In a further consideration of a cultural amalgamation in New Mexico one must take into account that American civilization is, for the most part, dependent upon industrialism, while New Mexico is composed of rural communities where the folk element is still a vital force. The rural element of English speaking United States has not found it so difficult to establish itself under more or less comparable conditions but the urbanized crowd in such a society finds little in common with the New Mexican peasant.

The more salient manifestations of folk culture appear in the form of craft and architecture. These are the things that the tourist and the newcomer consider concrete evidences of New Mexico culture, but what lies back of these products remains much of a mystery, even to those who are sympathetic. Furthermore, there are other equally important phases of this Mexican's life that need to be presented to a public that will, in time, either blend with him or outnumber him to extinction. The language of New Mexico, the song of the troubadour, the folk theatre, and other forms of folklore constitute a fundamental basis of his existence. Take each one of these elements in its native state and deal with it as a living force rather than as so much material to be catalogued according to some pre-conceived index. In the end we shall have a picture of a state that is still vastly different from most of the others, though comparable, to some extent, with three or four that have a mixture of populations and a satisfactory provincial way of life.

## Southwest Panorama

By LARESSA COX MCBURNEY

I knew this land when it and I were young,  
When to the prairies, lush and clean, there clung  
The aroma of sweet virginity.  
When cattle grazed on pastures vast and free.  
They roamed the windswept mesas, all replete  
With fine-leaved shortgrass, buffalo and mesquite,  
And stood knee deep in native blue stem grass  
Which waves in green and gold when breezes pass.  
Then antelopes, though wary, yet would dare  
To venture forth and claim their rightful share.  
The only shade on all that treeless plain  
The shadow of a cloud which might bring rain,  
And when it rained, as eager always I  
As any plant it served to gratify.

The morning sun arose above a range  
Of mountains, the peaks assuming shapes all strange  
And unaccustomed; turrets lifted high  
Became fantastic castles in the sky.  
At noon mirages glimmered on the land,  
And lakes appeared as if by sleight-of-hand.  
Houses and windmills topsy-turvy seemed  
Reflected in a pool that one had dreamed.

How signal was the silence of the plain!  
No hill nor wood gave echo or refrain.  
When day at last was spent, night hung aloft  
Her gems on velvet curtains, blue and soft.  
Many a night I woke to coyotes' call,  
And heard in fear the young calves' frightened bawl,  
The watchdog's frenzied bark, in swift reply,  
Assurance gave that man and help were nigh.

[ 12 ]

SOUTHWEST PANORAMA

[ 13

An empire's westward trek went by our door.  
The wagons creaked along with all the store  
Of household goods. Behind each was a drove  
Of cows. One wore a bell lest they should rove.  
The family dog which dashed aside to chase  
A prairie-dog or rabbit, whose swift race  
Left him far behind, was amazed to see  
Although he had expected victory  
His quarry disappear within the ground  
Just when he thought to catch it with a bound.

The men wore broad-brimmed hats, and looked ahead.  
The women turned their faces back and shed  
Quick tears at thought of loved ones left behind,  
But dried them lest such grief should seem unkind.  
From every wagon children eager-eyed  
Peered forth, or restless, played beside.  
Their native land forgot, the West would hold  
Their loyal hearts forever in its fold.  
Like mine, their lives in tune would ever be  
With prairie rhythms and their melody.

The panorama changed with passing years  
Under the thrifty hands of pioneers.  
Prosperity their tireless efforts blessed.  
Homes and the cool green squares of orchards stressed  
Their beauty on the blue horizon line.  
The prairie now took on a new design.  
Where opalescent silence once held sway  
Unbroken save by cowboys' "yip-ki-ya,"  
Endless grassland, with patches of mesquite,  
Supplanted was by molten gold of wheat.  
The cheery hum of binders in each field  
Bespoke abundant fruitage—heavy yield.  
For peace and plenty, gratitude to God  
They gave, and brought Him first fruits of the sod.

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As swift as lightning zigzags through the sky,  
 Across that arc of lambent lazuli,  
 So came the War to people of the plain,  
 Their interest now was spread to world domain.  
 With hearts profoundly stirred they sent their sons  
 With those of other countries, and their guns  
 To make the world, or so they thought, a place  
 Forever free from war and its disgrace.  
 They followed them to rendezvous in France,  
 On war-maps traced the armies' slow advance,  
 And on that joyous day of Armistice  
 All unaware of scheming artifice,  
 Rejoiced to think Democracy had scored,  
 And quests of peace again would be restored.

The farflung vista of the West appears  
 Once more before my eyes in after years.  
 Here are the old familiar scenes, but now  
 Pastures and fields are crisscrossed by the plow,  
 Each little dip and rise of turf and moor  
 Is terraced—ridges follow each contour.  
 They hold the scanty rainfall, let none waste  
 When rushing floods sweep down in headlong haste.  
 And thus the valiant farmer seeks to stay  
 Both rain and wind erosion, to allay  
 The angry swirls of choking dust and sand  
 That swoop from out the "dustbowl," to withstand  
 Its trespass, and with vigilance and toil  
 Restore the grassland and its pristine soil.

On that far western line I've seen the sky  
 Bend down to kiss the earth, and glorify  
 Their rapture with a widespread crimson blush  
 Whose all-pervading glow, in solemn hush  
 A benediction was to earth and man,  
 So now it is, and was since time began.



## "One, Two, Three, Four"

By JESSE STUART

I GOT OUT of the bed this morning to get Tim's breakfast at three o'clock. He gets up so early. He has his feeding and milking done and the hogs slopped before the chickens get off the roost. We don't get enough sleep these nights. We are head-over-heels in a weedy crop.

Last night I didn't sleep well. Peach tree limb just kept switching against my winder. "One, two, three, four," it would say. I would lay there and dream that I was stepping: "One, two, three, four!" I was walking in the pasture woods over old logs.

"One, two, three, four!"

This morning, when Tim was out in the dark doing up the work, there was a patch of red moon in the sky and a few faded stars to give him light. I kept thinking about that peach tree limb and what it said to me last night. Tim don't believe in wind a-blowing and saying things and lights coming to a body as tokens. Tim laughs at things like these. While I got his breakfast I kept thinking.

I had the apples peeled and sliced for the skillet. I made up my biscuit dough and cut out the biscuits with a glass-top on the flour-barrel board. I put the biscuits in the pan and a little grease on their tops to make them brown. Tim likes them brown. Then I put the coffee pot on. I put my apples in the skillet. I was just a jiffy getting breakfast. I didn't get it any too soon. Here comes Tim. He was ready to eat and get to the field before daylight.

Well, I heard Tim out with the team. He was going to the field. I heard the trace chains rattling. I heard the wind blowing through that peach tree limb. It still run through my mind: "One, two, three, four." I started washing my dishes like I always had. I thought it was a token. A body is warned by little tokens. Out here and nobody to

talk to but the hills, five little children, the cattle, sheep, cows, horses and mules. I just kept thinking. I thought it would come to me after a while.

I mumbled to myself as I washed the dishes: "That four means the fourth month. That is this month. It is April. Now, I have it."

I got the four worked out. It was still before daylight. The whippoorwills just kept on hollering from one hill to the other. Tim had gone to the field. I was so lonesome at the house.

"That three is the third day of April," I says to myself. "It comes to me like I read it in a book." I run to look at the calendar. I always kept little things marked. I turned the page of the calendar up to the lamp so I could see. On the third day of April it was marked: "Star to come fresh."

I had it all worked out now but the numbers "One," "two." One must be the first cow. Star is our oldest cow. The other three are her calves. The "One" I heard at the winder this morning must be the old cow. That's all I could make it out to be. But what about the "two"? I just couldn't make it out. I got the "one," "three," and "four" to my satisfaction.

Tim was plowing now. I could hear him hollering at the mules. Morning so still except for the bleating sheep, and the roosters all over the country a-mocking each other crow. Tim's voice just come right across the holler to me. He was plowing on the other side of the holler.

Tim laughs about me believing in little things. He says: "W'y that ain't nothing like a wind blowing a bresh going to warn you. They ain't no such things as tokens." But I know Tim is wrong.

I washed my dishes. I put them away in their places. Mary-Belle got out'n the bed. I told her to wake the children up and set their breakfast on the table. We always give them more rest than we take. I wanted to go out in the woods pasture and see about Star. "Two," kept going through my mind. It just kept going over and over and

**“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR”** [ 17

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through my mind in a funny way. I just had to get out into that pasture and find Star so I could ease my mind.

I struck out to the pasture to see about the cow. It was breaking day. Light streaks of the morning covered the hills just leafed out in a coat of green leaves. I never felt better in my life than to breathe the mountain wind from the great pines on the pasture slopes. I just walked out in the pasture with a four-year old hickory club. I called the shepherd dog.

I took the club in my hand for a cane. I would use it on a snake if one got in my path. That is all there is in the woods to hurt you. I've heard of polecats a-running a body. I've seen many of them and they didn't run me. A copperhead won't run from nobody. He just lays there and gets you if you meddle with him. Anymore I carry a club when I go out and take old Don. He'll run a copperhead like he runs a rabbit.

The whippoorwills quit hollering on the hills. The wind blowed through the leaves and made a noise. It wasn't that noise I heard at my winder last night. It wasn't "one," "two," "three," "four" at all. It was just a kind of woo-woo sound like the wind in the pines and the sourwood bresh. Don run on ahead of me with his tail curled up. You know how a dog acts. Well, that's the way of old Don. We went around the hill by the pig pen. I'll never forget what a pretty morning the morning was. It just made a body's heart ache to think of such a pretty morning in April. April in Kentucky won't last forever and Heaven won't have anything prettier in it. Windflowers in bloom and the blood-root so white in the rich spots of ground by the old rotted logs. Pretty tender sourwood leaves trembled in the wind. Lord, what a morning, and me out in the pasture with "one, two, three, four" running through my brain!

I looked for Star. I couldn't find any of the cows. I saw a crow go over with sticks in its bill. I saw the birds flying through the bushes. I heard them singing. I saw the snail on the rotted log. I saw the rabbit running through

the sprouts. But I didn't see any of the cows. I didn't stop. They were some place in the pasture. They must be out where we'd cleared up a piece of ground once for strawberries. It was a grass spot in the woods pasture and the cows went there to browse.

I called Don and we went out the path. I kept my eye out for snakes. I was barefooted. I just can't stand to have my feet caged up in pretty weather. All I'm afraid of is a copperhead. A few rattlesnakes left in this country but they are fairer than the copperhead. They do give a body warning. They rattle their tails before they strike you. I stay on the safe side and take a club and a dog.

I walked up over the pint. I looked over the ridge on the spot where we used to have strawberries. There were old Spot, Pansy and Rose. Star wasn't there. I saw them browsing around them old stumps. They looked up at me with soft-mellow eyes cattle have when they like you. I thought right then Star was out with her calf.

I called Don and we went to the patch of timber on the other pint. It was a dark patch of big beech trees, oaks, chestnuts, and blackgums, and sweetgums. "One, two, three, four" just kept running through my head. And I says to myself: "It couldn't be something else could it?" I knew the "four" meant April, the "three," meant the third day. "One" meant my old cow. "Two," the Lord knows—I couldn't get it straightened out to save my life.

I went through these dark woods. I never saw a thing. Went up one cow path and down the other. I scoured the woods from head to foot for that cow. I says to myself: "She must have a good hiding place."

It's a funny thing about a cow or a turkey hen. They are both smart about hiding things. A turkey hen will go the wrong way toward her nest when you are watching her. A cow will hide in one of the oddest places you ever saw. She'll hide where you don't expect her to hide. We had a cow once to hide in a briar patch for three days before we found her with her calf.

“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” [19]

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There was just one place left for her to hide. It was in that little dreañ back of the barn where the poplars and blackberry briars have filled up the creek. A lot of old logs piled down in the creek too. Rabbits hide under them during the winter time. I thought we'd go over there and look. Sun in the sky. It would soon be time for me to go in and get dinner for Tim. I'd look through this one patch of bresh before I went to the house. I walked up the holler toward the cluster of briars and sprouts.

I heard something that went like a rattlesnake down in the bresh. I thought: "Lord, do you reckon that is a rattlesnake making that funny kind of a noise?" The noise just kept on. I just stood there and held my club. Don come up the bank wagging his tail. I pointed to the bresh and the noise. I said: "Sick 'em Don!" Don took over in the bresh the way the noise was coming from. I could hear him tramping in the bresh. I could see him sniff the ground and jump back like he does when he runs a snake.

My feet and legs were scratched with the briars. They were bleeding a little bit. I didn't care. I was hunting the cow. Don tramped around in the bresh awhile. I heard him a-lapping around. He came out. He just acted like he was laughing. He would open his mouth. He would spread his mouth from ear to ear. I never saw a dog act so crazy in my life. He'd run and root his nose in the ground and bark. He'd try to walk on his hind feet like a man.

While he was acting crazy I thought I'd go down and see what was making the noise. I've heard of snakes charming birds. Never heard of a dog being charmed. It might be old Don had been charmed. I parted the way with my club. I went down into the deep dark patch of bresh and briars. The noise got louder. It was like a viper snake blowing when you stand right up close to it. I didn't see no snake. It was dark and cool under this sheet of green leaves. But there was a path. Here was a little room where somebody had been. Here was a card out of a deck. So, I up with my club if anything should start.

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There wasn't a man under the place that I saw. And I wondered if it was a gambling joint. I saw something. It wasn't a cow. It was a barrel. I made right to it. Lord it was filled with mash and that mash was a-working. Don was drunk on the mash. I knew if Old Charlie ever got any of it it would be too bad for the cows. How came this mash on our place? I was so mad I nearly went into weak-trembles. I hit the barrel with my club. "One, two, three, four," the devil! I quit thinking about that. I quit thinking about spirits and the ways they've got talking to you by wind and the peach limbs. I quit talking about anything. I just rapped the barrel with my club. The gurgling didn't stop. It was just foaming on top of the barrel. It was working like a family of ants. I threw my club down and took up the bank under white-oak trees. Don was drunk as a biled-owl. He just looked up at me with his mouth spread from ear to ear and laughed, if a dog can laugh. He tried to follow me but he couldn't make it up the hill. He'd try and he'd fall back. "One, two, three, four!" My steps went up the bank. I said: "Cates trying to get the Government to take our place. They want to get even with us over that bee-tree. They'll never do it. I'll see they don't! 'One, two, three, four.'"

I went straight to the house. I just got to the woodyard. I thought it was time for Tim to be in. I didn't wait. I was in a hurry. Sunlight on the chips in the woodyard. Sunlight on the ground. The sun was high in the sky. I came to the ax. I grabbed it out of the woodblock. I went back in a trot with the double-bitted ax on my shoulder. Mary-Belle hollered at me when she saw me running with the ax. She asked me where I was going. I said: "I'll be back in the minute. Going to get a dry locust pole of stovewood I found out here in the pasture."

I went back to the briar thicket. Don was down on the ground a-rolling and going on like he had fire in his stomach. I could hear the noise from the barrel. Me a-clubbing it with a four year old club hadn't stopped it a bit. I says to myself: "I will stop it."

**“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” [ 21**

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I lit in on that barrel there in that bresh with a double-bitted ax. I would hit the barrel. The old stinking mash would fly. It flew all over me. My face was just spotted with it. I chopped hard. “One, two, three, four!” Sweat ran and dripped from my eyebrows and the tip of my nose. I can swing a ax when I have to. No mash barrel’s going to be on a place of mine. I knew Tim didn’t have it there. My boy was too young to be out making moonshine.

I didn’t leave but a very few staves and the barrel hoops. I smelt like something rotten when I left the briar patch. I got Don in my arms. Poor drunk dog. It was pitiful to see him. I started back to the house.

If I had to die the next minute I’m telling you the truth. A buzzard circled around and came right down near me. It smelled the mash. I shoved at the buzzard and kept right on going. I was trying to clean the place up. Don in my arms. Me a-holding that old sour-smelling ax in one hand.

“One, two, three, four!”

Mary-Belle had dinner ready. Tim was at the house. The mules had been watered and fed. Tim was in the house waiting on me to come to dinner. When I went in I could tell something was wrong. I said: “Tim, come on out with what you are thinking and get it over with.” And he said: “Where have you been all morning? What is that I smell?” Tim held his nose. His cheeks got red as a rose.

I said: “Come out here a minute and let me speak to you.” I didn’t want my boy Adger to hear what I had to say.

“Tim, there’s a barrel of mash out here in the holler. It’s in the briar thicket where the old logs have been hauled out. I was hunting for the cow this morning. I found it. You know where that drean is out there with the thicket in it, don’t you?”

Tim was plagued until he couldn’t speak. He looked at the ground. He squinted his eyes and made a face like he always does when he’s in trouble.

He says: “Just keep quiet. I know. It is the Cates. They’re trying to get the Government to take my place. I’ll

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beat 'em to it. I'll get the sheriff: We'll watch that barrel till we get 'em. Come on, and let's go around there and look the place over."

Tim's grandpa and Enzy Cate's grandpa never could get along. Tim's pap and Enzy's pap never could get along. Tim and Enzy fell out over a bee-tree. We took around the path in a dog trot. I said: "One, two, three, four. Where is the 'two?'"

Tim said: "What is the matter with you? A-counting like that! Ain't you a-going crazy?"

I said: "No, I am not going crazy. I figured this out last night after what I heard at my winder. Peach tree limb kept going all night long 'one, two, three, four.'"

Tim said: "What did you figure out?"

I said: "Four is for April, the fourth month of the year. Three is for the third day. That is today. One is for Star the grandma of all our cows. I can't find two."

Tim said: "Do you believe in things like that?"

I said: "Yes."

Tim picked up a club. He went down through the bushes into the place where I chopped the barrel to pieces. Tim held to the club like somebody would jump out of the bresh and grab him. He was on the watch for a Cates. I stood upon the bank.

Tim said: "Come down here, Sal. I want to show you something."

I went down where that stinking stuff was all over the ground.

"Look here," said Tim, "see this piece of stave. See this knot-hole. That was the barrel I had over yander to water the cattle out of. I had it sunk in a wet weather spring. Somebody mighty close put that here. It was a Cates. I'll say it was a Cates."

Tim come out of the bresh. We started back to the house. We walked around under the green pines by the pig pen. Tim said: "I'll eat my dinner. I'll get on a hoss and go after Sheriff Radberry. We'll lay by that barrel tonight.



“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” [ 23 ]

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You keep it quiet to the children. Just don't say a word around where they can get a hold of it.”

Tim ate his dinner. He went out to the barn and caught a hoss. He went to town that evening. I took Adger out to the field. We hoed four rounds of the young sugar corn we'd planted to sell. Tim didn't come home till after dark. He got Sheriff Radberry all right. Adger went to church. It was prayer meeting night. Every Thursday night is prayer-meeting night. Tim, me, and Sheriff Radberry went around to the barrel of mash. Sheriff Radberry went in front. Sheriff Radberry is a tall, blue-eyed, red-faced man with a mop of brown hair. He walked like a slow-gaited mule. He had eyes keen as a hawk's eyes.

Tim was in front to lead the way. Sheriff “Sage-bresh” Radberry was next. ) followed them around the path.

“Now let's be quiet,” said Sheriff Sage-bresh Radberry, “don't even whisper. Mash was a-working you say today. It will be time for them to come tonight to the scene of their crime. A pretty night it is for moonshining. I've seen ten thousand gallons of that stuff since I've been sheriff of this county. I've caught over a hundred men for making it. Now, you just lay low. They'll be here at about nine or ten o'clock. That gives them time to run their lickar through the worm twice before daylight if they're good moonshiners, and to get home and let the whiskey scent die before people can smell it.”

We done just exactly what Sheriff Radberry said. “One two, three, four,” just kept running through my mind like wind in the woods. I just kept trying to find the “two.” I'd found the “one, three, and four.” I hunkered down beside a tree. I whispered to Sheriff Radberry: “Don't shoot 'em, Sheriff. I don't want a man killed over this thing. They're the Cates, I know. They're sore over Tim whipping Enzy over a bee-tree. We never have got along with them. Now, they're trying to take our land.”

Sheriff Radberry said: “Tim told me all about that coming out the ridge. I'll not shoot them. Might be a bunch of

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boys. We have had a lot of women to make licker in these parts. They've been our hardest moonshiners to catch." Sheriff Radberry pulled his gun out and laid it down by his side. Tim got behind some poplar sprouts. We got fixed. We were waiting for them to come.

I never saw a prettier night in my life. It was light as day. We just all laid there. No one of us spoke to the other. I can just feel that wind the way it blowed that night. It stirred the green leaves on the trees. It sighed like a lamb crying through the pine needles. Lord only knowed what would happen! It might be a shooting match before it was all over. I picked me up a club. I thought if it got to be hand to hand fighting I'd be prepared. I just laid there beside the sheriff and held my club. Whippoorwills kept hollering so lonely. I could hear the cows moo-moo and old Charlie beller in the fur-field. The wind kept blowing through the green-April leaves. It was so lonesome in these woods. I never moved. Tim never moved. Sheriff Radberry never moved. We were all out'n sight of anybody behind the bresh.

"I hear 'em coming," said Tim. "Put your ears to the ground and listen."

Well, I did, and I heard 'em too. My heart was in my mouth. We'd soon see who they were. Tim listens for his fox hounds with his ear to the ground. We kept watching. I saw a white shirt coming down through the sprouts. Three were coming down the hill. They were not saying a word. They come down the path just like they were afraid of a night hawk. My heart was in my mouth. "One, two, three, four," went through my mind. They come right down and run under the big bunch of briars and sprouts. Right in the path where I went through when I heard that hissing noise.

"My lord," I heard one say.

"Chopped up," said another and that voice was like Adger's voice. But it just couldn't be him. Fourteen years old and fooling with a still.

Another said: "Let's get out of here."

“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” [ 25

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“The first one that moves I’ll shoot him like I’d shoot a rabbit,” said Sheriff Sage-bresh. “Stand right where you are. Consider yourselves arrested.”

Sheriff Radberry stood up there like watching for a rabbit to leave a bresh-pile. He had his pistol ready. But he wasn’t going to shoot unless he had to shoot. I can see him yet there in the moonlight. I can see Tim as he watched the path that led into the sprouts. He looked like a man waiting for a ferret to run a rabbit out’n the hole. He was right there to get the rabbit. The boys walked out.

“Adger, my Lord in Heaven,” shouted Tim, “what are you doing here at this still. Ain’t I taught you better than this in your raising. You low down polecats you! You Cates! Lord give me a gun!”

I saw Tim make for a gun. Sheriff Radberry wouldn’t give him a gun. He made for a club. He couldn’t find one. Young Enzy Cates took through the bushes. Wheezer Cates was right behind him. Talk about the bresh popping. Tim ups with a rock and peels a sourwood right above young Enzy’s head. The Cates boys kept going. Sheriff Radberry shot four or five times just to hear his gun.

“Boys,” he said, “and if I get one I got to get all.”

“You don’t get this one,” I says. I was breaking me a four year poplar sprout so I could cut the shirt off’n Adger’s back. Just to think he’d go out and get mixed up with that Cates bunch! Our families had fit each other for nearly a hundred years. Then to think our boy’d make moonshine with old Enzy Cates’ boys. The Cates weren’t sharp as they thought they were. They were going to get the Government to take our farm. A Cates is sneaking. A Cates will do anything. They’d got on the good side of Adger so they could get him to making moonshine on our place.

Tim was in the bresh cavorting and throwing rocks at the Cates boys. Sheriff Radberry was upon the bank shooting and laughing. I didn’t think it was a laughing time. I was breaking a withe.

"What made you ever do a thing like this, Adger," I said to him.

"Mom the Cates boys told me how much money we'd make out'n it. I've been doing the watching. I get part of the money. They met me in the field over here a month ago. It was when we's a-clearing up the knob-piece of new ground. Pop wasn't working that day. They come over. I took them at their word."

"Lord," I said and I began to larrup him. Tim was coming out of the bresh. Sheriff Radberry was behind. Adger went to hollering. "Mom! Oh, Mom! Mom! Oh, Mom!" Then he started running. I made the four-year old withe too hot for his back.

It come to my mind when I was using that four-year-old poplar sprout on Adger. "One, two, three, four." Adger made "two" alright. He was the second of my children. It was a warning. That leaf warned me by the winder. I never stopped whipping. I was right after Adger. I kept up with him pretty well to be a woman of my age and tired as I was. I took down through the sprouts below the drean. He was going. I was pouring the green withe to him. A withe is the thing that speaks to a boy sometimes when words fail to have any meaning. I was making it speak too. I was away from Tim and the Sheriff now. I was nearly out'n breath.

It kept going through my mind: "You can't mix cattle with moonshiners. He is fourteen years old and he is a moonshiner. My cow has got a calf in the woods. "One, two, three, four." My boy is not the right "two." So, I kept right after Adger pouring the withe to him. I had run till I was nearly gone. Adger was a-crying, cavorting and running faster. We had just one more briar thicket to go through before we come to the fence.

"One, two, three, four," popped through my mind again. Adger run right into the cow. It was Star down in this corner of the field where nobody would think about looking for a cow. She moo-mooed like a cow will. I was so tired when I got to her.

“ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR” [ 27

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“My Lord,” I hollered at the top of my voice, “two, two, two!”

Twin calves. Twin calves right here in the briars in a corner of the fence. Tim and Sheriff Radberry come running through the sprouts and briars. Radberry come up and he said: “I’ll declare if I ever saw a night like this one. Funny night to me. Boys at a still. Twin calves. Funny night, ain’t it?”

I said: “Yes, I been hunting for this cow all day. I looked every place for her but right here. And I found that barrel in the brash.”

Tim didn’t say much. I had him right before the sheriff. He’d been laughing at me. He laughed at me about what I said about “one, two, three, four.” Tim makes fun of the things I believe.

I said to Sheriff “Sage-bresh” Radberry: “Sheriff, last night I heard the peach tree limb by my winder going on all night. It would say: ‘One, two, three, four.’ I had a time figuring it out. But finally it come to me. It come to me backwards so I’d be the only one to figure it out. Four was for the fourth month of the year. Three was for the third day of April. That was today. One was for the first of our cows. That’s old Star there. I couldn’t figure the two out. Now you see twin calves. So I had it marked on the calendar about the cow. I come right out here this morning to find the cow. I found the barrel in the bresh. My second child with Enzy Cates’ two boys. See how it all worked out. Couldn’t a worked out any better. It was the words of the wind and the peach tree limb.”

“Something to that,” said the sheriff. I wish I’d get a token like that when I go after a man. You are right. I believe in things like that.”

Tim just didn’t say a word. He looked at the ground there in the moonlight like he was ashamed of me.

I said: “I saved this farm too—something that we have worked to get. The Government won’t take my farm because the Cates put a moonshine still on it either.”

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Tim says: "Don't mention a Cate to me."

Adger was upon the bank panting and crying. My wind had come back to me.

I said: "Sheriff, have you got a flashlight?"

He said: "Yes, I have."

He handed me the flashlight. I turned it on two of the prettiest twin calves a body ever saw. "Two, two," I said to myself.

Tim said: "Sorry one is a heifer or I'd have me a pretty yoke of cattle some day."

I drove the cow and the twin calves to the barn. Tim and Sheriff Radberry walked behind me and talked about the good times they used to have when they's boys over on Buck Run. Adger walked back with me. I could just hear it in the wind among the green leaves as we all walked back through the moonlight: "One, two, three, four."

### The Poet Regrets

By MARTIN J. MALONEY

This is the hour when shadows move with me,  
and are more real than I; for I recall  
this word, that touch, this moment—vividly,  
and I must live in them, or not at all.

There are no words to touch you, or that night,  
and I must save my words for common needs:  
to buy my bread, to keep a friend, to light  
a fire to keep me warm, or buy some seeds  
to plant in the earth when warmer weather comes.  
This will not last. Soon there will be bright days  
and gaudy nights when I can work my sums  
in the cold mathematics of love's ways  
and cast up this, and balance that equation:  
love on a graph, freed of the mind's elation!

## The Navajo "Male Mountain Chant" Once More Resounds Before the Assembled Tribes

By DANE RUDHYAR

**A**FTER a long silence of forty years the "Male Mountain Chant," most sacred of the Navajo ceremonials, was performed this year to celebrate the first Great Tribal Fair to which representatives of the 50,000 Navajos scattered through Arizona and northeastern New Mexico came—numbering around seven thousand. To this gathering, also, the oldest and most famous of the medicine men gave the honor of their presence, participating in the sacred ritual, which gave all the evidences of being one of the most ancient known to these descendants of old Turanian stock. Turanian indeed are these proud, strong featured men who still recall in legend their eastward wanderings from beyond the seas down to this American land, where rises their sacred mountain, the Great Hogan Mountain, which stopped their exodus.

Like other Navajo rituals, the "Male Mountain Chant" lasted nine days; but it was only during the last two nights that the public was allowed to witness the ceremonies. Actually the first of these nights was mostly in the nature of a rehearsal for the last and ninth night, which we shall now describe. It occurred on September 18, a Sunday.

During the afternoon, and also during the two preceding afternoons, people had gathered in a stadium to witness various Navajo performances very much in the general spirit of a fair, and climaxing on Sunday afternoon with a spirited rodeo. Nearby a number of exhibits aimed at showing to the incoming tribesmen the best types of products, agricultural and artistic, which were brought forth in various sections of their land—prizes being given in the traditional manner of fairs.

The last stadium performance ended Sunday at 9:30 p. m. and people began to move toward the Navajo camping

grounds half a mile away beyond a dry *arroyo*. Through the darkness camp fires could be seen, shivering glows in the clear cold night filled with stars. Silent Navajos flowed in groups toward the camp, while white men and women, a number of them with children, rushed in cars or on foot to get the best places within a dim circular space bounded by a low wall of intertwined piñon branches, outside of which small fires burnt showing uncertainly the outlines of covered wagons and tents. The circle had its entrance to the east, and its center—or was it rather one of the focus of an ellipse reproducing intuitively the earth's orbit?—was occupied by huge logs piled in cone formation in readiness for the flame. Soon several thousand Navajos and a couple of hundred Whites had gathered in concentric rows, about twenty or more persons deep crowded elbow to elbow.

... And now the ceremony begins. Fire is brought to the logs. Flames burst out, dancing wildly as the north wind blows them. Two-thirds of the spectators have bent to the soil, sitting or squatting in varied positions. The other third stand back of them. Amazing silence reigns for such a crowd. Only the voices of a few Whites can be heard, proffering unnecessary comments.

A half-hour passes. The flames have also made the big logs squat on the ground. And now the voices of the medicine men begin to be heard. Ceremonies have been performed in the sacred hogan, just south of the circular space. It is said that the whole ritual is one of purification from evil spirits, but deeper still meanings arise in the mind as the various scenes of the ceremony unfold through the night.

Suddenly, a dozen or more Navajos, their almost naked lean bodies painted white, rush through the entrance of the circle toward the fire. Frenetically, humorously, panther-like in their motions, they dance around the flames, brandishing slender wands tipped with eagle feathers. They play with the fire, they chase, with their wands, sparks flying from the burning logs. Some ride the wands, like witches' broomsticks. Indeed, the wild figures would seem like



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demons conjured by medieval imaginations were it not for that dominant note of humor, almost fun, to which the spectators respond by sporadic laughter.

Still running, they scatter one after another through the entrance, and a long pause ensues, during which the public moves and shifts like billowing waves. Then, once more the painted figures rush in with strange cries, this time carrying bundles of dry weeds or twigs which they light at the fire. With these they run, whirling between the fire and the squatting crowd, sparks of the burning twigs flying in all directions. They pursue one another. Like big, wild children they seem to try to burn each other, retaliating, running ceaselessly, at time tripping and falling, rousing laughter from the crowd. One, relighting his bundle at the flames, races westward and, reaching the first line of spectators, throws the flaming bundle above and beyond the circle of people; another runs north, another south, still another east—each making his fiery throw powerfully. Then, one by one, the dancers rush off through the opening in the thick circle of people. The opening is so narrow that a Navajo, who acts as guard, has to point to it with a powerful flashlight!

Again an intermission—a long one—during which people raise themselves from the ground and move about. It is not far from midnight and the ranks of the crowd begin to thin. They will continue to do so throughout the night, many Indians lying here and there on the ground, their heads often resting on the walls of piñon branches outlining the sacred circle. Small fires are lit or re-lit, still within this circle, around which Indians gather to warm themselves. And off and on, sturdy Navajos carry to the central pyre huge logs, small trees, indeed, just as found lying on the mesas, clouds of sparks flying as the heavy trunks strike the huge burning mass.

These fire dances must be a prelude to the ceremony which, in its essence, seems to be a dramatic call to the life-power that is in the fire and in all flaming lives—including

the lives of men. As the ceremony is resumed a dozen of men led by a medicine man and including two and later more masked personages carrying symbolical raiments over their painted bodies, file in through the entrance and march ritualistically around the fire, chanting. This slow dancing around the fire after entering the circle in Indian file and this chanting repeat themselves in various ways, throughout the night. Scene after scene follow each other. Each introduces certain characters symbolically dressed. After the chanting and the slow dancing around the fire end at the west of the circle, all but the especially dressed symbolical figures squat on the ground, going on with their chanting and beating with their hands the rhythm while the symbolical figures perform animated dances. As the dances end, the dancers walk through the circle, soon followed by the other participants who wear no special costumes, but a variety of trousers, blouses, and even old overcoats.

To understand adequately the symbolism of these successive scenes and of the dances featured in each is probably impossible for any but a Navajo trained in the sacred lore of the tribe. Even the costumes offer but little help to the spectator, whose mind becomes slowly saturated with this long succession of movements and with the constant reiteration of a hypnotic kind of chanting, probably the most archaic one can hear in North America and far antedating most of the usual songs of the Pueblo Indians.

Nevertheless a general sequence is easily discernible and some scenes stand out vividly in one's memory. A pattern of development also, according to which a succession of two or three scenes seems to be repeated twice and a motive, shown at the beginning of the ritual, returns toward the close of it—particularly the dance of the sun-god and sun-goddess. This dance is a remarkable one: the two figures, man and woman (in one instance at least the woman was impersonated by a man) are sumptuously dressed and carry on their backs the disc of the sun. They spring up in the air with high steps while the medicine men

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squatting at the westernmost point of the circle intone the strangely monotonous chant almost entirely sung on two notes at the interval of a fourth. As the chant ends, the voices drop in a peculiar manner, recalling exactly the effect of a phonograph record when the electric current is turned off. This occurs at the end of every chant during the night. The voices ring unaccompanied except, at times, by heavy thuds, produced by striking an empty basket, scanning the steps of the dancers. All dances, beside the slow ritual around the fire, are performed west of the central fire.

The dance of the sun-god and goddess opens the main part of the ritual. Throughout the whole ceremony the symbolism of the even numbers prevails—which links it with the Chinese trend of symbolism. Two, four, six are the outstanding numbers. This is a ritual to release the potency of the universal life-force—and this potency can only become actual through the interplay of two polarities. Thus at first, the god and goddess face each other and weave patterns of steps, changing places and in every way symbolizing the interplay of two active principles—active, because the steps of the goddess are as powerful and high as those of the god;—a sharp contrast to the Pueblo Indian dances where women usually represent a purely passive earth-principle.

The scenes which follow bring the same ritual around the fire, the same intonation of the chant with different words, and two male figures whose costumes vary slightly for each scene, the main variation being in the symbolical wooden objects they carry. The two most striking of these sacred objects are: first, two figures each made of two down-pointing triangles (one under the other) with colored ribbons attached to them. Each dancer carries one of these figures in each hand. They dance facing one another. They dance to the fire, presenting the symbolical figures to its flames, as if asking the central fire of the universe to pour power into these symbols of descent of energy.

The other outstanding symbol is constituted by jointed narrow pieces of wood held by two handles (one in each hand) and which open jerkily. As they open like springs in lozenge patterns the effect is one of sudden release, which may be linked, perhaps with the lightning, perhaps with the striking rattlesnake. More generally these sacred objects—which are used in several Navajo ceremonies—must symbolize the release of the magic power of life, the “manna” known under different names to all archaic races. Small eagle feathers adorn the ends of the wooden sticks, relating them still more to solar worship. Each dancer carries one of these objects, opening and closing them with sudden jerks, as they dance facing each other and also facing the fire.

After their several appearances, a woman dancer who, as a small figure, undoubtedly impersonates a young virgin—though she does not seem a very young girl—comes into the scenes. Her elaborate costume with flying ribbons brings to one’s mind that of the “Bride of Montezuma” in the best of the Matachines ceremonies. First, she dances facing one of the male personages that had appeared before, dances with high, powerful steps. In another scene she comes along in the midst of the line formed by the medicine men. One of them carries on a flat basket, the symbol of a sun-disc, to which are attached four feathers in the pattern of a cross. When the west of the circle is reached—the place of all dances—one medicine man on the ground seems to hold the sun-disc vertically and the girl faces it—standing east of it—and dances to it with the same kind of high steps which seem to spring from the earth as from a springboard. While she dances, the sun-disc is supposed to move of its own power in answer to the dance. This dance obviously represents the interplay of sacred energies between the solar deity and his consecrated virgin-priestess.

The sequence of the preceding scenes is repeated twice, perhaps with variations hardly noticeable in the semi-darkness only lit by the central fire to which attendants add

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intermittently huge logs, and whose flames release a pungent smoke burning the eyes. Then comes what remains in one's memory as the most sacred moment of the ceremony. Six medicine men, most of them old and with voices shaky with age, file through the entrance. Though they wear but composite everyday clothes a noble dignity pervades them. Carrying small symbolical offerings, like small piñon branches and a roll of some substance which could not be clearly seen, they move ritualistically around the fire chanting a chant varying from the hypnotic tune which dominated so long the ceremony. They are old; they are the wisdom of the race. They come to the central fire of all life for strength, power, and knowledge. With great simplicity and poignant devotion they commune in their souls with the flame.

Once more they come, each now carrying flat in his hand a kind of halo made of wooden spikes mounted on a simple armature. Circling around the fire, to the north, they reach the sacred place of dances in the west. They form two lines of three along the east-west axis and at the sound of a new and haunting chant they perform a poignantly beautiful ritual of initiation. They have received the central flame in their noble souls; now they crown each other with the solar halo which consecrates them solar beings, true “celestials” in the archaic Chinese meaning of this term—“Sons of God.”

Each in turn steps slowly toward his polar opposite facing him and, while uttering a strange cry—the cry of some sacred animal dedicated to the sun, perhaps akin to the Egyptian jackal which was also consecrated to the sun—places the solar crown upon the head of the medicine man who is his spiritual opposite in the ritual of the universal life-force. Six times the gestures are repeated. Six times the cries of consecration resound—each time four short cries which strangely pierce the night. And slowly, wearing lightly fastened upon their ancient heads the swaying solar crowns (in which some people see symbols of the rainbow which links heaven and earth), the consecrated ones vanish in the darkness.

A new scene brings forth a young boy who dances with other personages. Two lean dancers also appear carrying the transformed symbols made of two down-pointing triangles,—and later on four dancers. The symbols have grown very tall. The two triangular shapes are mounted now upon long sticks of wood, still decorated with colored ribbons flowing with the wind. Now that the tribe has become blessed with power through the consecration and initiation of its wise men, the downpour of solar energy—symbolized by the down-pointed triangles—is magnified. The triangles are wafted to and fro toward the fire. The chants of the medicine men become more complex, taking in new tones.

The boy dancer symbolizes, probably, the new birth of power after the initiation. A new generation of wisdom has arisen. The “Christ-child within the heart”—in Christian Gnostic parlance—is growing into boyhood. And as all growth brings polarity into play, a new scene brings forth two boys of the same age and size who dance face to face, as their elders have done before them.

About this time a scene of great power is also enacted. The six medicine men file in, chanting, and gather together in a circle, shoulder touching shoulder, their backs to the public. A sense of intense concentration emanates from them. Then they break the magic group and one of them searches the crowd for someone to act in the rite. A man is picked, who joins the remaining medicine men, while his sponsor runs to the fire and enkindles two large sticks he carries in his right hand. The sticks are brought in front of the man selected for the purification. Sparks fall from the burning sticks in a small shower. The man places his hands in this shower of fire and rubs them as if washing them under a water faucet. Purification by fire! An ancient ritual which no white man present seems ever to have witnessed. The man, unharmed, leaves the circle accompanied by the medicine men.

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The cycle of the ceremony begins to close. The girl dancer once more dances to the sun-disc and also with a male figure, both using the spring-like symbol above-mentioned. A mature woman is also introduced in another scene, dancing with one of the costumed male figures. The life-energy is shown pervading the entire tribe. One of the last scenes pictures a hunter with a bow and arrow chasing unseen prey. He seems like a clown, shooting arrows at lighted sparks, at the beams of powerful flashlights spectators direct toward him—perhaps an impersonation of the spirit of humor, so strong among these Indians. And, while he does this, medicine men gather again in their concentration grouping. Their magic makes a small yucca plant grow into a full plant; then after further concentration a flower appears—lastly a sort of large fruit which the Bowman gives jokingly to an old squaw. And as the medicine men file away the yucca plant seems to have returned to its prior state. Magic? Hypnotism? Who can tell?

Then, before the ritual ends, the god and goddess who opened it reappear in an apparently similar dance. The cycle is closed. A couple of more scenes, which seem mostly repetitions of what had come before, nearly complete the ceremony while in the east dawn fringes the mountains with nascent light.

By this time the circle of spectators has considerably diminished. A small number of whites mix with a few hundreds of Navajos in the circle. Outside of it groups of Indians cluster around small fires which warm the chilly dawn, while the grounds are littered with sleeping figures, bundled in blankets, their heads resting on small hard pillows in the dust. At the extreme west of the circle the six old medicine men chant, still uninterruptedly, strange songs including a sort of monotonous bass and a haunting melody, like a lullaby. As one finishes singing the melody, at once another starts it again. It goes on and on, as the sky grows rapturous with pale blue mixed with light green, as if hidden behind a veil of translucent, glowing turquoises.

Nearly an hour passes, and as the sun is about to emerge from behind the hills, the medicine men reappear, each carrying the top parts of small piñon trees to which down is attached. They circle around the fire. They bring the small trunk to their faces, as if moistening it with their lips, directing it one side to the north, then to all other directions of space, while uttering the strange jackal cries—this after a conversation with a man coming from the west carrying a pair of shoes in his hands; an unexplained symbol. Finally the medicine men firmly put the piñon branches in their mouths as if forcing them down; and they turn heavily upon their feet, as if they were screwing themselves and the trees into the earth: the evergreen trees, symbols of the life that knows no end, of the ever renewed sun now conquering once more the skies, pouring its magic power over an earth made holy and fruitful by the ritual wisdom of his consecrated "Children."

### Abstraction

*By* EUGENIA POPE POOL

My world is not today—an hour—  
 Nor tomorrow—but height where I  
 Can face the timeless measure of the moon  
 And space that circles worlds  
 That fancy cannot trace  
 And silence that binds them with a web  
 Stronger than Eternity's embrace.



## That Eddie

By GEORGE AMBERG

I GUESS, in a way, it was all Eddie Connelly's fault that I lost that job. I guess, in a way, it's Eddie Connelly's fault that my mother calls me a "no good bum." Not that I'm complaining or anything like that, but, well . . . Let me tell you about it.

Eddie was a funny guy. When I first met him he was a young guy, around twenty or so, small and neat about himself, very proud of only one thing, his fine wavy hair. Of all else in life he was contemptuous. He was addicted to profanity, to drinking, and to cursing his fate. Like myself, he was an office boy in a large corporation; and, also like myself, he hated the work, the grovelling, the stupid routine. But—unlike me—he was articulate about his discontent, he flaunted it in the faces of his employers. He was the company rake—and he lived up to his reputation.

We got along fine right from the first. I hadn't been working for this outfit more than a day or so, when I met Eddie in one of the halls. He always wore a sort of half-smile, half-sneer on his face, and he was always willing to talk to anybody about anything. Perhaps that was why he talked to me. At any rate, we stopped and spoke for a minute, and the upshot of it all was that I was sneaking down the back elevator to the Automat in less than ten minutes.

Eddie was sitting at a table, sipping coffee, when I came in. He looked as unlike a petty employee as any man could—he sat at the table with the air of an Oriental potentate sipping an exotic liquor. He smiled as I approached.

"Hi, kid. Get some coffee and sit down. We'll chin a bit."

I changed a quarter at the cash stand and walked to the serving slots. I inserted a nickel in the coffee slot, and

watched the twin streams, one white and cold, the other black and steaming, flow into the cup. I took the cup and carried it over to the table.

"Well, how do you like working for this outfit?" Eddie asked.

I didn't say anything. I didn't like working for "this outfit," but I was kind of green, and a little timid about voicing my opinions. Eddie looked me over, running his cool grey eyes over my somewhat flushed face. He smiled.

"Oh, yeah. I can see just how you like it . . . Well, I don't blame you—it's a dog's life. 'Add these figures . . . Get out the report on the Bushwah case . . . File these transcripts on the Fooey report . . . Take these papers up to Mr. Mucky-Much . . .' Nuts!"

"You don't like it much yourself, do you?" I asked.

"Naw . . . I hate it. Fer Christ's sake, these dopes act as though the fate of the world rested on their decisions. Well, they don't bother me too much."

I took a sip of my coffee. I reached into my side pocket and pulled out a pack of Camels. I offered the pack to Eddie. He took one and I stuck one into the side of my face, very importantly. I'd been smoking a week. We lit up and sat back in our chairs.

"It does seem as though most of these people act important about nothing at all," I ventured.

"You bet." This was Eddie's meat, as I learned afterwards. He liked nothing better than to depreciate office work. "These dopes are just pushovers for a wise guy. They feed you this bull about 'work hard and you'll progress.' Yeah! There're guys that have been with that damn company for ten years and they're still only getting eighteen per week. Work hard! Jeez, that's a laugh! Work your can off—what d'ya get for it—a kick in the pants when you're too old to be of use to the company. I've got the right idea."

"What's that?" I asked.

Eddie leaned back. He took a deep inhale on his cigarette, exhaling luxuriously. "Well," he said, "this is my idea:

don't work harder than you have to; don't do a damn thing more than will get you by—that's my philosophy about this work business. Oh, a smart guy can get away with anything. All it takes is a little headwork. Why, hell, I take a walk every afternoon. You don't catch me doing anything I don't have to do."

I took out my Ingersol. We had been gone fifteen minutes. I looked at Eddie, a worried expression on my face. "Hadn't we better be getting back? After all, I don't think the company'd like us to drink coffee on their time."

Eddie laughed uproariously. "Jeez, you're green, kid! You don't have to worry about this thing at all. Why—hell—I come down for coffee every morning at this time, and I've never been caught yet. If anyone asks you where you been, just tell 'em that you've been to the can, or delivering some papers. It never fails."

We sat there talking for some time. Or rather, Eddie expounded and I listened. Eddie knew all the angles. I learned a lot from Eddie, all right. He told me all about filing. Now filing is an arduous and monotonous task, as anyone knows who has ever had to indulge in that back-breaking, brain-deadening activity. It requires patience. I didn't have patience. In fact, the first time I filed a bunch of papers, I had to restrain myself from getting up and screaming. Hour after hour, body hunched over a cabinet, taking those onion skin sheets and placing them in the properly labeled folders. Hard work.

Eddie didn't have any patience either. He was supposed to file papers. But he had a system. One never filed all the papers. One took the sheaf, assorted them, so that only the most important papers were left: mortgages, writs, et cetera. Then one spent an hour or two filing these few papers, carefully hiding the excess. In the evening, after work was over, one took a folder, placed the extra papers in it, put it under one's arm and walked out with it—then filing it in the nearest ash can. It was infallible, Eddie said.

After awhile, he finished his now cool coffee, grimacing as the soupy liquid gurgled down his throat. "Let's get back to the grind," he said.

When I walked back into my office I was scared stiff. I hurried to my desk, sitting down and rapidly extracting some salary sheets from the desk. I began to pore over them importantly. Every time one of the office force walked by me, I thought that I was being watched. Any minute I expected someone to start questioning me. I knew how a hunted criminal must feel. But no one said anything. No one seemed to have noticed my absence. All the busy little people were being busy about their little tasks. I was relieved. I had gotten away with it! It was easy!

After awhile the buzzer rang: *chkk . . . chkk . . . chkk*. Three rings: my call. I got up and walked into Mr. Crawford's private office. Crawford was an assistant vice-president of the company. He held an important job—and he knew it! He was a short, paunchy Irishman with a round rubicund face in which little pig's eyes gleamed. He had risen from the ranks; he hated the ranks now, with the hatred of one of them who has risen financially, but can never rise culturally. How he liked to give orders!

"Get these papers up to Mr. Wallace right away."

I took the papers, hesitating before him. He looked up, displeasure arched in his eyebrows. "Well?" he asked. I could feel the gradual suffusion of color in my face.

"What floor is Mr. Wallace on?" I asked timidly.

"Oh, you're new here, aren't you? He's on the seventh floor . . . And next time find out those things before you come in here."

I turned to go, hating this man's imperious attitude. He stopped me with, "By the way, what's your name?" I turned, astonished. My God! This guy had hired me. Had he forgotten already?

"Frank Pearce," I muttered.

"Okay, Frank. Get along now." Mr. Crawford made a motion with his hands as though he were shooing chickens from a yard.

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The seventh floor was Eddie's floor. I delivered the papers to Mr. Wallace and walked over to Eddie's desk. He was bent over a book, his eyes fastened to it with a great show of attention. "The First Principles of Banking," I thought. He didn't see me as I came up. The book was Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms."

"Hello, Eddie," I said.

He looked up, pushing the book over underneath a pile of papers. Then he recognized me and looked relieved. He pulled the book back onto the center of the desk, his face distorted into that peculiar grin. "Jeez, I thought you were the boss. He's given me hell about reading on the company's time. I thought he'd caught me again."

"Want to go have a cigarette?" I asked.

"Okay. You walk out first and wait for me at the elevators. We'll go up to the john on the twelfth floor. Nobody ever goes up there. We can kill fifteen or twenty minutes."

I walked through the long room, past the big-business desks, and the little secretary desks. I smiled at the brunette in the corner but she turned her head away. I'll bet if I were an assistant vice-president she would have smiled at me. I didn't have to wait long. Eddie came scooting out of the office, a paper held in his hand. My eyes interrogated the paper.

"Just an excuse. Always looks good to carry a paper in your hand when you leave the office. Everybody thinks you're working hard."

Going up to the twelfth floor, we lit cigarettes in the elevator. Mike, the big Polack operator, smiled knowingly. "Killing some time, eh boys?"

After that Eddie and I got to be good friends. We started having lunch together every day, taking an hour and a half or two hours instead of the usual hour. We used to go to Battery Park and lounge on the grass, watching the young stenographers and the old bums float by. We walked down on the waterfront, watching the tramp steamers loading, wishing we were going on them, wondering what their

destination would be. We told elaborate lies about the trips we were going to take some day, about the places we'd visit, and the women we'd sleep with in the different ports. We even used to go to Trinity Church to listen to the organ music. Oh! We had a good time on our lunch hour, all right.

Later on, we started going out after work was over. We'd eat at some little cafeteria, then take in a movie or a play. Sometimes we'd go up to Central Park and try and pick up girls. We never had much luck about this, but it didn't make much difference anyway. If we didn't pick up anything, we used to mosey over to Columbus Circle to listen to the speeches. We'd sit in little eat joints until all hours in the morning, philosophizing, talking of our ambitions, what we'd like to do, how many mistresses we'd keep if we could afford them, what was the easiest racket in the world—and just how did a guy get an easy racket. We figured out elaborate schemes for making money—but it was always theoretical, never practical. Friday and Saturday nights we used to make a round of the bars, starting down in the financial district and working our way up to Times Square. We certainly did all the things guys like us could do—we had a swell time.

We liked the same things. Or, rather, I began to like the things that Eddie liked. Eddie taught me to drink. He taught me how to act out in the world. He had a list of rules which he called, "The Barroom Punctilio." He taught me to—well, he taught me a hell of a lot of things.

Work didn't bother us much. Under Eddie's experienced hand, I too, learned all the angles. I could evade work as deftly and as subtly as Eddie. I could invent excuses in a split second. I could feign work when necessary. Eddie taught me a lot about thinking fast, thinking on your feet. The old maestro was proud of his pupil.

I'll never forget the first time we went to the movies on the company's time. We'd been taking walks at lunch time, sometimes even walking in the afternoons, spending a lot

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of time in the lavatories, smoking and talking. But this was boring Eddie. It was the same old thing, he used to say. Why it was getting as bad as working! We ought to try something new. So Eddie worked out a plan.

We'd go to the City Hall movie. It could be done. At quarter to eleven we'd leave the office and walk up to City Hall. We could see at least one of the features, maybe two, and still be back in the office by two or two-thirty in the afternoon. We wouldn't be taking much more time than our two-hour lunch periods. And it would be a diversion.

That first day, I sneaked out of the office and met Eddie in the downstairs hall. He looked cheerful. He lived on excitement, and we were establishing precedent. Other office boys took long lunch hours, the other guys wasted time in the john, lots of people went out for coffee in the morning—but none of them had ever gone to the movies while they were supposed to be in the office. We were pioneers, that's what we were.

Eddie decided that we'd better have some lunch before we went to the show. We ate at the Automat, I hurrying through the meal, Eddie purposely lolling through his chow mein. He was going to do this thing up brown. "For Christ's sake," I finally said, "Let's get the hell up to that movie. You take more time than a banker."

"Take your time, boy. Take your time. You'll last longer."

We didn't get to the movie until eleven-thirty. But what a sense of freedom we both felt sitting in that theatre. That is, I felt a sense of freedom at first. We were enjoying a picture, while the rest of the poor dopes were sitting in offices, working. We sat up in the balcony, puffing our cigarettes, feeling good inside about life and the way we'd managed things.

But the pictures dragged along. The minutes started getting longer. I couldn't help worrying. Suppose someone at the office found out about this escapade. Suppose I got canned. I could just about imagine what my old man would

have said if he knew what I was doing. I kept pulling out my watch wishing that the damn show would come to an end. Finally, halfway through the second picture, I couldn't stand it any longer. It was two o'clock.

"Let's get back," I whispered to Eddie.

He turned to me. In the darkness of the movie cavern I couldn't see the expression on his face, but I knew that he was sneering. "What the hell are you going back for?" he asked. "The picture's not over yet."

"We better get back. It's getting late and someone might miss us."

Eddie laughed. "Go ahead back if you want to. Me—I paid for two pictures and I'm going to see two pictures."

I slunk out.

All the long way up Broadway I kept worrying. Supposed they'd found out. Suppose Crawford was going to fire me. I walked sneakily into the building, up on the elevator, and back into the office, my heart pounding against my ribs. As I walked in no heads were turned, no eyebrows raised. I sat down at my desk, my whole body quivering with excitement, expecting momentarily to hear Crawford's voice. Nothing happened. I began to feel sorry that I'd missed the last half of that picture.

Two hours later I was up in the twelfth floor john, enjoying a cigarette and a laugh with Eddie.

We had a swell summer, all right. We went to the movies about every other day. We kept up our walks. We read a lot all the time. It certainly was swell, all right.

Of course I never had enough money to bring home to the old man. And he used to raise hell about me coming in drunk. Mom was worrying about my health, and my uncle, the guy that got me the job, kept wondering why I didn't get a raise. But I didn't care about all that. I was having a swell time. I'd learnt the angles. I didn't have to work like the rest of the suckers. Eddie and I were too smart.

The inevitable happened though. I couldn't go on long that way. I started talking back—hell—anybody would



have done the same. I became too daring in my lapses from work. I went to too many movies at the City Hall theatre. I read too many books on the company's time. But, as I say, it couldn't go on.

One day Crawford looked for me to deliver an important paper. That was at eleven-fifteen. I was sitting in the theatre just about that time seeing "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." I got back at exactly two-thirty. Crawford had timed me. No matter what I said I was caught. So I got the can tied to my tail in short order.

I'm not working now. I can't seem to get a job. The company refused to give me any references, so I just make the round of the agencies every day and then go to the show. I'm in bad with my folks because I lost that job. My uncle refuses to get me another. I had one good job, he keeps saying, and I didn't succeed; he isn't going to get me another. The folks are always wailing about it. "That job had a future," they keep telling me. And lately, even Mom's begun to call me a "no good bum." I'm not even seeing much of Eddie these days. He got fired shortly after I did, but he had connections and, of course, a glib line of bull, so he's working again. The lucky stiff.

Of course, I'm not kicking or anything like that, you understand, but if it wasn't for Eddie Connelly, I'd probably be a success. Yes, sir! If it wasn't for that happy-go-lucky bum I'd be pulling down my eighteen per week by now.

## Blue Lake

*By* ETHEL B. CHENEY

The gods  
Walk on this lake  
In whose blue depths a star  
Lightens the wavering shadows of  
Tall pines.

## On Returning to New Mexico (*After being away eight years*)

By FREDERICK JOHNSON ROWAN

And this, dear heart, is what we used to know . . .  
I wonder only that it seems the same,  
leaving unanswered that which is but a name  
for youth's bright seeing, youth's ephemeral glow.  
All else the same—the sun, the air, the slow  
and savage-colored days . . . the nights that claim  
feeling untouched before . . . the changing flame  
of shadows on the mesa, row on row.  
How quick it was . . . How recklessly we took  
those sun-filled days. Few memories remain  
of you . . . of what you were . . . except the look  
that said those days might never come again.  
Still . . . still the same. I wonder . . . can it be  
that you have left this legacy for me?

## Readjustment

By GLEN BAKER

Once she was flint and he was steel  
Together they struck fire,  
And met and blended in the flame  
Of pinnacled desire.

But now the flame has dwindled down  
To one lone glowing ember,  
They've found there's more in life than any  
Fire their hearts remember.



## Los Paisanos

**S**ALUDO a todos los paisanos:

All of you will, undoubtedly, be very much interested in a new publication, *The Historian*, which has just been released by the University of New Mexico Press under the editorship of Dr. George P. Hammond, national historian of the Phi Alpha Theta Honor Society. The magazine will serve as a medium for the publication of articles by members of the organization, which decided at its convention last year that the time for such action had arrived. Variety and significance of material may be judged by the articles in the first number which prints the following: "Spanish Horses and the New World," by Robert M. Denhart; "Some Misconceptions Relative to the Constitutional Convention," by Frank Harmon Garver; "Talleyrand's Last Diplomatic Encounter," by J. E. Swain; "Oil at Hobbs, New Mexico," by Margery Power; "Correlations Between the History of the United States and the History of Hispanic America," by William J. Martin; "Bandelier's Early Life," by Edgar F. Goad. . . . The QUARTERLY extends congratulations to Phi Alpha Theta, Dr. Hammond, and the other members of the editorial board, with the sincere hope that this scholarly and professional publication will receive the support it so well deserves, as well as to Mr. Harvey, of the University Press, on the attractiveness and general make-up of the magazine. . . .

Dr. Edgar L. Hewett's friends will be happy to learn that he is recovering from a very serious operation which he recently underwent in California. He will be in Albuquerque this spring, at which time they will have the opportunity of congratulating him on his continued evidences of scholarship . . . His third handbook in a series of Hand-

books of Archaeological History, *Pajarito Plateau and Its Ancient People*, is just off the Press, and is receiving wide attention, as is another spring publication, *Ancient Andean Life*. "One of the most beautiful and scholarly books ever released by the University Press," every booklover is saying in regard to "*So Live the Works of Men*," an anniversary volume honoring Edgar L. Hewett. It is two-tone in color, has thirty-five full page plates, and twenty-seven scholarly contributors, some of whom are: F. W. Hodge, A. H. Kidder, and Hartley Burr Alexander. Certainly, fitting tribute to the dean of contemporary archaeologists in the Southwest . . . The University Press has also recently published another handsome volume in the Quivira Series—*New Mexico in 1602*, by Dr. Hammond and Agapito Rey, and announces two more volumes in the series, *Spanish Approach to Pensacola* and *A Scientist on the Trail* . . . *The Adventure of Don Vasquez de Coronado*, by Dr. Hammond and E. F. Goad, fills a long-felt want for just such a text-book . . . Harvey Fergusson has written the introduction to a beautiful new edition of W. W. H. Davis' *El Gringo*, published by the Rydal Press in Santa Fe. The date of the first edition was 1856, and rare indeed are the copies . . . J. F. Dobie's *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver*, which Little, Brown and Co. are publishing shortly, is all about legendary mines told in the "silver and gold" manner of the author, and all admirers of Dobie will welcome the new book . . . Equally important is *The Old Santa Fe Trail*, by one who was born near the end of that thrilling trail, Stanley Vestal . . . *Southwest Heritage*, by Mabel Major, Rebecca W. Smith, and T. M. Pearce is being enthusiastically received . . . If you ever happen to have the good fortune to meet the charming collaborators of Dr. Pearce's, get them to sing some ballads for you . . . They know dozens and dozens of them, and what is more to the point, they can sing . . . Rebecca Smith is from the "deep South" and learned them at her grandfather's knee . . . Mabel Major is former secretary of the Texas Folklore Society. . . . Dr. Pearce has just

received notice from his publishers, J. J. Augustine, that they are bringing out his *Cartoon Guide of New Mexico* in the next few months . . . "Jim" Threlkeld, of the New Mexico Book Store read the MS and says that "Matt has done a swell job; got everything in, legend, folklore, flora, and fauna." We understand that Arizona sold 15,000 copies of the Augustine Series . . . Certainly everybody who comes to the Coronado Centennial will want one . . . So . . . Amy Passmore Hurt, well known journalist and feature story writer, decided "to try writing" for the "Pulps" not long ago . . . The "try" amounted to selling six MSS last year to *Rangeland*, one of the best known publishers of "Westerns" . . . "Boxcar Cinderella," the last story submitted will appear in the next issue. If such a record continues we won't be a bit surprised to see Mrs. Hurt riding around in a Rolls-Royce . . .

Dr. Garland Greever was an interesting campus visitor a few weeks ago. At Dean St. Clair's literary tea, given in honor of the well known author, he discussed Sidney Lanier, and his forthcoming biography on this poet . . . Personal reminiscences of such friends as Robert Frost, Gamaliel Bradford, and DuBoise Heyward formed the background of an evening lecture in Rodey Hall which an audience of students and townspeople thoroughly enjoyed.

Witter Bynner, Robert Nichols Hunt, Frieda Lawrence, and Angelino Ravagli are in Hollywood visiting with Aldous and Maria Huxley, Charlie Chaplin, and others in the picture colony. Captain Ravagli's pottery is now being displayed in Taos, Santa Fe, and Albuquerque, the outcome of many months of study in Italy and experimental work at his kiln at Kiowa Ranch. E. P. Dutton announces a new book in April by Dorothy Childs Hogner, *Summer Roads to Gaspé*, with illustrations by Nils Hogner. Nils is to have a one-man show of his oils in Albany soon.

Quoting Mrs. Kyle Crichton's last letter . . . "Erna Fergusson, in the opinion of her New Mexico friends, is the most popular woman in New York City this week . . .

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Luncheons, dinners and teas are being given for her in between conferences with her publishers, final arrangements for the Guatemala trip, press interviews, and a flight to Washington for an interview with Mrs. Roosevelt concerning the Quarto Centennial. New Mexico is proud of Erna I know" . . . and we are. You should have heard the speeches at a farewell dinner given here in her honor a few weeks ago . . . The QUARTERLY joins the press throughout the state in congratulating Governor Miles on the reappointment of George Fitzpatrick as editor of the *New Mexico Highway Magazine*. It was a tribute to ability and merit.

Hasta la vista,

JULIA KELEHER.

### The Spell

By JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

We have been flying before this windy weather  
For a longer time than either can recall.  
There has been nothing to see but stars in water,  
Nothing to drink but sea-water brackish as gall.

This, since the albatross fell, wide-winged and white;  
Since the sun died out, and we found ourselves bewitched,  
Since prayer died on the lips, lodged in the throat,  
And the air in the feathers stirred, and the great wings  
          twitched.

The island was holly-green and berry-bright . . .  
We saw the water curl in the cool bayou,  
And the land air came upon us loamy and sweet,  
And we saw the water falling, beryl-blue . . .

It was only then I saw your throat was silver,  
And the shout I gave was a keening, lonely cry,  
And the wind came under my wings as hot as fever  
And we both flew up with a scream against the sky.

## New Mexican Scrapbook

By MICHAEL TEMPEST

### *The Diplomat's Wife*

Passion fruit ices, quail and mushrooms on squewers  
Of fine Incan silver; palm hearts in wine sauce,  
Sword fish and shrimp dressed in brown marine moss—  
She fingers a gemed lavalier and endures  
An endless barrage from damp, waist-coated boors . . .  
A strawberry bombe jelled in apricot gloss,  
Five liquors, demi-tasse; "Shall we bother to cross  
The hall?" A stiff, braid-twined blue forearm assures  
Her footing along the gold-hazed corridor,  
Down a moonlight-streaked court with cape jasmine in  
bloom,  
Through a deep Moorish archway and so to the door  
Of the crowded museum; dullness mounted in gloom.  
Twelve-thirty already, and feeling quite cross,  
She smiles with her eyes from behind a gauze fan  
While she sticks out her tongue at a stuffed albatross.

### *"The Green Door"*

*Rita, prop.*

She takes a large clam shell, disliking the price.  
Ten coins more would buy an authentic Coret,  
But the shell can be put to good use as a tray  
And for all of its fame the Coret is not—nice.  
Her husband, dark, handsome, his heart clenched in ice,  
And his brain hot as rockets on festival day,  
Looks at gourds—bored, he seems—madly seeking a way  
To possess this girl, Rita. Those lips! And those eyes!  
She flashes her earhoops and goes through a door  
Made for lovers and rendezvous, midnights and ways  
Of mild daring. The man, hot as never before,  
Stares at the green panels and a sundart that plays  
On the murk of a glaring gouache by Petrolly.

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In the days of poor Empress Carlotta this scene  
Might have had an entirely different finale.

*Senor Rato*

The rolling orange sun almost halts in its tracks  
As the sharp, strident shrieks issue fuller and higher.  
Holy Mother of God! Is it war, rape, or fire?  
Poor Pedro, who runs 'til his chest almost cracks  
Shouts out that he's near, but the din never slacks.  
The dogs prance and bay in a fulfilled desire  
To outdo the children, who spill out entire,  
Nine in all, short and tall, some with young on their backs;  
Eyes bugging, mouth tortured, half dead but quite tense,  
They circle their father, who weeps with relief.  
The boys punch each other and leap the thorn fence  
While he pleads with the girls for the cause of their grief.

Grief! Por Dios! They close in and vocalize harder  
Than ever, and his wife pantomimes from the door:  
It seems that they've cornered a rat in the larder!

*The Feast of the Pets*

It will be a fiesta muy grande, they know.  
How else, with the plaza a village of stalls,  
Acacia and bunting hung thick on their walls.  
Mercede's Angora, with wool-like combed snow  
Has been named as patron, and her frame is aflow  
With sweet garlands of lime and carnations. She calls  
To her kids, and must mince till her finery falls,  
Which she daintily eats. It's as good as a show.  
At sunset, with tapers, the children pull picket  
And move, in a forest of lights, through the dark.  
She demurely parades, but before a grape thicket  
She bowls them like pins and escapes in the park.

Mercedes runs home clutching shoulders and throat,  
Imploring the roster of sainted intact.  
Tomorrow her brothers will butcher the goat.



## Book Reviews

*Venezuela*—Erna Fergusson—Alfred Knopf—1938—\$3.00.

My dear Miss Fergusson:

"This will never do, Miss Fergusson." (If I were sure that our friend, Matt Pearce, the editor of our *QUARTERLY*, would not publish this letter, I should write "My dear Erna," for we have known each other for a long time, and, as you know, I have long been an admirer, both of your work and of you. Perhaps some will say that this is a rather unconventional way of reviewing a book, but I am tired of conventions and old enough to discard them; and, after all, since the method of reviewing books by writing to dead authors is an established one, why should a reviewer not address a live writer?)

I wrote the first words quoted above as a note of warning. You have done too good a job in too many fields; you are bound to have detractors. You meet the tourist agency on its ground, the geographer on his, the historian on his, and the philosophic thinker on his. It is, perhaps, in this final respect that your book should command the most attention. The light which you throw upon political, economic, and social conditions in Venezuela, together with your profound speculations as to the means by which such conditions might be improved, make your book a necessity for all liberal thinkers in that country; nor would *our* sociologists fail to profit greatly by studying it.

What astonishes me is your evidently wide and varied knowledge of both country and people. You do not say in the book how long you stayed there, but certainly you have condensed or instilled into it the learning, wisdom, and wit of another writer's lifetime. How do you do it? I wish you would write a preface to your next book and explain your method. I might be able to make use of it, myself.

Yes, Miss Fergusson, you have written a fascinating book, one that will surely become a classic of travel. I think

it is partly because you are a woman, with a woman's sympathies and intuitions, with a woman's flair for reading character, and a woman's love of color. Do you know what I regard as the most beautiful passage in the book? It is on page 232:

"For the first time I appreciated the values of green in every modulation from palest water clarity, through Nile and jade tints, the yellow greens of noxious slime, to sane leaf green of rush and palm and the strong chords of solitary saman and ceiba trees." And so on. A poet, a painter, and a musician are at work there. I don't believe a man could have written that.

Then, in contrast to such lines, are the quatrains you quote on page 214, in both Spanish and English. I should suggest, though, an emendation in the last line of the last one:

Diçe la sabia Teodora,  
Volviéndose en su cama,  
Mas vale el beso de un hombre  
Que cien leguas de sabana.

You translate "sabana," and rightly so, by the word "savanna." Suppose, however, that you place an accent over the first "a" in sabana, making it mean "sheet" instead of "savanna." Would that not be more appropriate in Teodora's condition?

They tell me that your book has been banned in Venezuela. Is it true? I hope the government has not been so little regardful of your kindly humor, of your comprehension of the needs of the people, and of your sympathy with their aspirations, to do such a stupid thing. No, on second thought, I should withdraw that word. The government of Venezuela may be wiser than we think, knowing, as it must, what need there is that such an enlightened and enlightening book should be read, and that the surest way to get a book read is to ban it.

It vexes me to choose another guide, and she walked alone all her life, scorning even the hand of her sisters when she tottered with disease. In what dark nights she wrote *Wuthering Heights* it is not said, but somewhere in that horrible novel sound all the tempest and gritting fiber of her nature. That is surely the most withering book in English; and the marvel is that it was written by a girl who lived for at least seven years both a quiet and unknown sister in a most familial home.

For Mr. White has dispelled the mists of rumor that has swirled dankly about the Bronte home. He finds it a happy household, until death came in the 1840's; he finds that the moors were the great love, not the desolate mental graveyard, of the three surviving girls and their brother; he insists, and proves, that the father was ever kind and affectionate to his children, not grim and brutal as some have maintained. Nor were the Brontes especially poor.

In fact, he has dispelled almost too much. For there remains still, now made doubly mysterious, the brooding reticence of Emily Bronte. Mr. White suggests that she had loved, and the man she loved died, and she grieved within until she, too, died, not unwillingly. It may be; but the queer, silent nature of Emily Bronte is a question that will not down. Out of that nature she made her terrifying book and her poems, and the bustling Charlotte may have had a greater renown but the secret Emily has the greater wonder.

It was a household that only literary critics could consider strange. All the children had written, and when those who survived grew old enough to publish, their practice and their skill led them all to competent work. The passion that Charlotte felt toward her Belgian schoolmaster perhaps inspired *Jane Eyre*, but the humiliation and misery she felt as a governess dictated it. There was no wretchedness then in the household, nor was there when, in the same year, *Wuthering Heights* appeared, to face neglect. One mystery alone remains, but it is a mystery

East, and a crude table made by one of the negro carpenters is unabashed by the silver service on the elegant highboy in the dining room. The trip to Galveston made by Cavin and his Georgia bride, Lucina Lyttleton, is one of the graphic episodes in the book; they land in Galveston at the start of reconstruction days when the port is overrun with negroes and an army of Northern officials enjoying the spoils of war. The Darcy family endures a second pioneering at Locust Hill Plantation when, like the other old Texas families, they recoup losses from the war. This is the important side of the book, its vivid and understanding pictures of Texas life, the eventfulness of everyday life. There are exciting happenings, raids and maraudings by unleashed bands of whites and darkies, personal tragedies through pride and misunderstanding. But plot is secondary—I found it at times hard to follow with interest. I do value the book highly for its gift of characters and their record in a life that was noble in moral tone and refined in works of the mind and spirit. On one point especially, it reassures us that the North did not fully understand the best in the South—its relations to the negro. Let one of Mrs. Krey's paragraphs describing Uncle Matt, a negro servant, show that what I say is true:

Matt, entering the dining-room at that moment, laid some pieces of fat kindling on the fire and drew a round table with a fluted edge directly in front of the hearth. On it he placed a small silver bowl containing several whole lemons boiled in thick sugary syrup the color of amber—a preparation always on hand in Philip's house. Then he set a bottle of rum on the table, a silver pitcher of hot water, a saucer of cloves, and two julep cups with long spoons in them. He had slipped on the white coat that always hung behind the kitchen door and stood, with a bootjack in hand, waiting for a pause in the conversation. Standing there, with his head thrown up, in a gesture reminiscent of Philip's own carriage, he chose his moment and then, kneeling before his

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How well your book has sold, I have no idea. You have probably read that much overrated collection of sorority-sophomore alleged wit called *With Malice Toward Some*. It is a best-seller. When I put it alongside your artistically designed, solidly constructed, and beautifully written book, I almost despair of my countryman's taste, but I console myself with the inspiring paragraph which ends your book:

"The whole world has so far to go to attain true civilization that I cannot believe young Venezuela, so inspired and so led, is far behind. In some curious but real way the spirit of Bolívar does live in these boys. Modern youth is as free as he was from the fetters of tradition, as capable of a great ideal, as courageous to fight for it, as intelligent, perhaps to realize it."

Your sincere admirer and friend,

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

*University of New Mexico,  
Albuquerque.*

*The Miracle of Haworth: a Bronte Study*—W. Bertram White—E. P. Dutton and Company, 1939.

This is almost Charlotte's book. It is only logical that it should be, for of the six shy Bronte children, Charlotte lived longest, wrote most, and won the highest renown. When her *Jane Eyre* appeared in 1847, she became instantly famous, the successive books but continued that fame, and when she died even the common folk of Haworth mourned that so great a person had perished among them.

But a wraith slips in among the lines. It is Emily Bronte, younger by two years, dead at thirty of a tuberculosis she would allow no doctor to see. This is, in spite of all, Emily's book. For Emily shows herself one of the most mysterious and alluring characters in literary history and one of the most contained minds in human history. In one of her terse poems she had said:

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading;

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that, as the Haworth dwellers knew, cannot be ascribed to "bleakness," or "poverty," or any of the customary catch-words used to describe the land and the condition of the Brontes. One year Emily resolved to turn within, to live her life personally, to intrude on no one and to ask no intrusion. Thus she moved through her home tasks, sweeping the floor and dusting the furniture and pouring the tea; and then she would leave to watch the moors and to write. She left her family, though she lived with them.

This is almost Charlotte's book. But the eye sees the figure of Emily moving there, and asks unanswerable questions. There are no answers. Emily Bronte wished it so.

WILLIS JACOBS.

... *and Tell of Time*—Laura Krey—Houghton Mifflin Company, 1938—\$2.75.

After a trip to New York City, Frank Dobie once remarked to me, "I don't belong to all that, I'm a Texan." Since that time, I never get into Texas without wondering what the real spirit of the place is, what lingers there of the old unity of the Republic of Texas, what remains of the separatism of the South and of Texas apart from even the South and just of itself. . . . *and Tell of Time* gives the answer. Laura Krey, native of the state, reared on a plantation which was, Texas style, an echo of the family life of Virginia and Carolina, remembering a childhood when the stubborn fight for states' rights had been lost on the battlefield and won in the political skirmishes long after conclusion of the Civil War, is entitled to write these chapters of people and places so important to an understanding of the American past. Her pride and love for it all shows in the careful workmanship of her novel, in the gifted description of the routine life of her people. Cavin Darcy, the chief figure in the book, builds his home on the Brazos River and brings to it family possessions from Georgia. Here a plain pine rocking chair with sagging cowhide seat and calico cushion is neighbor to mahogany cabinet work from the

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master's outstretched feet, changed his boots to crocheted slippers.

"I told Jake I'd take keer o' you, too, Mas' Cavin," he said, turning to Cavin.

T. M. PEARCE.

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*The Tales of Algernon Blackwood*—E. P. Dutton and Company, 1939  
—\$2.50.

The instincts in men to which uncanny appeals are always present are always induced by the same stimuli to produce the same chill up the spine. Therefore, the tales which Mr. Blackwood wrote from 1906-1910, just republished by Dutton, are not dated. Unlike many tales of horror there is no dependence upon mechanical devices or scenes which, once appalling in their fierceness, have been overshadowed by the more frightful every day death and destruction which we accept as normal in our present civilization.

Mr. Blackwood writes of the elemental forces of the universe, a power of evil so malign that it overwhelms men, possesses, tortures, and obliterates their souls. There is a range from the simple ghost story, "A Case of Evesdropping," to the more intricate "Physical Invasion," and the age old werewolf of "The Wendigo." The stories are realistic; they are, on the whole, convincing. One falls into the pseudo scientific attitude of Dr. Silence in reading them, and fortifies his statements with one's own. Why not? If time and space are relative, perhaps non-existent, if all psychic experiences, dreams, and clairvoyance can be referred to the fourth and fifth and sixth dimensions, why is anything impossible, why is anything inexplicable? With daily scientific shattering of reality as we know it, and a substitution of symbols for facts, with proof of lore discarded as superstitious ignorance, with old wives's tales assuming scientific basis, who can deny that a man may be possessed by unseen evil forces, that vile impulse lingers

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near its earthly consummation, felt and seen by a man more sensitive than the average? When we see the results of the invocation of the old Teutonic gods can we deny that unseen evil forces are awaiting their opportunity for destruction?

The Tales are well-written, vivid, and thrilling. We would enjoy more of the humor and characterization that Mr. Blackwood gave us in *Dudley and Gilderoy*; but after all that was another story, neither supernatural, uncanny, nor mysterious.

EDITH S. BLESSING.

*University of New Mexico,  
Albuquerque.*

*Sir Walter Scott*—Sir Herbert J. C. Grierson—Columbia University Press, 1938.

The latest biography of Sir Walter Scott is by Sir Herbert Grierson, that subtle mind of the north country that has penetrated and illuminated so many of the cran- nies and depths of English letters. The book is an out- growth of a series of essays given by Sir Herbert at Tor- onto University, in which he utilized hitherto unpublished letters and uncited facts bearing on the life of Scott. Pro- fessor Grierson has not made this study with any desire to rival Lockhart as Scott's great official biographer. Rather, he wishes to supplement Lockhart by adding to the record certain evidence regarding Sir Walter's traits of character and certain biographical facts which threw light on some of the personages in his novels. If Lockhart's life is a mas- terly portrait, Grierson's work, within the limits which Sir Herbert has set for himself in order to avoid twice-told tales, is a definitive study.

Professor Grierson dispels some of the mystery about Mrs. Scott's mother by proving that she fled from an an- cient and honorable husband for a quickly terminated romance with a younger and less scrupulous man. Scott's own love affair, his innocent ardor and wooing of a distant and aristocratic relation of his own aristocratic mother, is



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traced from its very beginning to its distressing close. The results of this first love and of the hasty marriage which he made on the rebound show Scott to be a more violent and tempestuously temperamental character than Lockhart was willing to admit. Like Shakespeare, Scott's underlying motive in the exercise of his artistic genius was to win the social position which in Britain is so closely connected with an impressive landed estate. Scott's legal degree, qualifying him to be an advocate, was sought to establish his position amid the social aristocracy of Edinburgh. Later, the same eagerness for worldly eminence prompted his vast expenditures at Abbotsford while he was borrowing money on books that had not yet been started and drawing money out of his bankrupt publishing house.

Mr. Grierson has thoroughly investigated the letters and the accounts of Scott's partners in the publishing and bookselling business and has found that not the Ballantynes, as both Scott and Lockhart assumed, but Robert Cadell, a partner of Constable, was the man who lured Scott into assuming all sorts of unnecessary obligations for his ill-fated firm. Cadell also, by his unscrupulous cleverness, robbed Scott of the legitimate profit which might have accrued from the tremendous outburst of creative energy lasting from the time of his business failure to his decline and death. According to Professor Grierson, Cadell served as the taskmaster and slave-driver, who, for his own gain, drove Scott to such a point of exhaustion that the great writer suffered shock and death. Mr. Cadell's profits from exploiting Scott's strength and genius enabled the publisher to extricate himself from failure and to leave an estate of over 100,000 pounds.

Strangely enough, Sir Walter Scott, who was an unreasonable Tory in politics and an utter aristocrat at heart, was, according to Mr. Grierson, supreme in characterization only when he was portraying the poor and the humble. In fine, Scott's greatest gift to civilization was not in characterization or in philosophy or even in the novel where he

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started a world movement. His greatest contribution was in history; for he it was who first taught the historian and other students of the past the dramatic quality and the significance of the common man.

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH.

*University of New Mexico,  
Albuquerque.*

Indian Dance

*By* ETHEL B. CHENEY

Ageless  
The beat of brown  
Feet on brown sand. Primeval  
Rhythm of ascending  
Prayer.

## College Books

**A**N UNUSUAL study in the material of the medieval romances is F. Carl Riedel's *Crime and Punishment in the Old French Romances* (Columbia University Press, 1938). No romantic story could develop a plot without villainy of some sort, either against love or property and usually both. The greedy guardians scheming to deprive royal wards of inheritance, the wicked stewards envious of courtly lovers, the faithless brother or companion, all had to be dealt with by methods of judgment and revenge. That such matters were frequently merely resolved by warfare and force is not to be wondered about, for society in the dark ages had no central organization to enforce ordered processes if such had existed. In the Church there were tribunals and the form of trial at least for excommunications, penances, heresy. The clergy supported the ordeals for the part which God had played in sustaining the righteous and putting down the wicked. In the cold water test, the accused was bound hand and foot with cord, and lowered by means of a rope into consecrated water. If he sank, he was innocent; if he floated, he was guilty, the theory being that the pure element would not receive an impure person. The test by fire required the victim to move barefoot over nine red-hot ploughshares. Mr. Riedel remarks that the ordeals were often trained for in advance, and unguents used to harden the skin. Anyone familiar with swimming or floating in water could have contrived to sink in holy water or any other kind by expelling the breath from the lungs. In the English romance, *Athelston*, the king's sister, married to an earl unjustly accused of treason, follows her husband over the hot ploughshares, and is siezed with the pains of child labor at the third ploughshare, but comes across the remainder to go into the ministrations of women who deliver the babe. Ordeals were abandoned in England in 1215, and the later romances show

increasing respect for tribunal law, witness the romance, "Gamelyn," in which Sir Ote and Gamelyn, each of whom has been grievously wronged, become justice and chief justice respectively and set about giving legal redress to the poor and oppressed. Mr. Riedel's study is a challenge for a similar review of crime and punishment in the English romances, a study he himself suggests should be made.

Thomas Fuller's work, *The Holy State and the Profane State*, has been newly edited and reprinted by Maximilian Graff Walten (Columbia University Press, 1938) to make available to many modern scholars and libraries a somewhat rare item of great value. Fuller has been almost exclusively known for his *History of the Worthies of England* to which we turn for biographical commentary upon figures so diverse as Archbishop Laud and Sir Francis Drake. *The Holy State, etc.*, likewise is filled with biographical commentary, but introduced at every point by interpretation of the type of personal or political virtue, or vice the individual best represents. The essay on "The Good Wife," with which the whole study begins, draws upon St. Paul, Comenius, Erasmus, Jean Bodin, three of whom were churchmen, and at least two of them unmarried. Nevertheless, their advice is good, and excellent is Preacher Fuller's choice of Monica, mother of St. Augustine, as the model wife, for she tamed a harsh husband and along with the help of St. Ambrose led her son to repent of evil ways and take to the path which eventually led him to sanctity. So in the choice of Nicholas Ridley as the type of good bishop we concur in Fuller's estimate, though there is little added here that is not found in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. But when Fuller comes to pick his "Athiest" and "Schoolmaster" or "Witch," how we wish he had found English illustrations: Sir Walter Raleigh, perhaps, for the first; Richard Mulcaster, for the second; the Scottish witches with the poor schoolmaster, Dr. Fian, who was grievously tortured for tales brought about him in connection with a poor woman who confessed to having ridden to sea. All

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Hallow's eve with two hundred other witches, all of them on a riddle or sieve. Fuller admonishes the schoolmaster to be absolute monarch in his school and especially to reject bribes or threats from parents to show favor to particular students. He advises moderation in punishment, quoting Francis Dujon, the famous Junius, in his complaint that he had a master who beat him seven or eight times every day. This seventeenth century compendium is the type of book which took the place then which essay, biography, books on etiquette, even the gossip column supply today. It is no less interesting because of it.

Two books which fall together chronologically, since they both deal with the epoch when Puritanism made its greatest gains in England, have recently emerged from the Columbia University Press. Both owe their genesis and much of their corporeal substance to John Milton, the poet.

Mr. Ernest Brennecke, who is both a choirmaster and a teacher of English, uses his happy combination of talents to write *John Milton the Elder and His Music* (Columbia University Press, 1938). John Milton the Elder went to Oxford as a chorister in Christ Church, in 1573. Fortunately for us, Mr. Brennecke has not been able to find many facts about the life of the elder Milton. Instead of a documented biography of insignificant details, such as the grant of cloth for a uniform or a warrant for a daily pitcher of wine, which have been the great solace of Chaucerian scholarship, Mr. Brennecke gives us an account of a typical day in the life of a chorister at Christ College, during one of the most fertile periods in the history of church music.

The first music lecture at Oxford was not founded until 1626, but it so happened that John Milton, Senior, had come to one of the wealthiest and most thoroughly equipped schools of music in the realm. The chorister in Christ's followed a rigid routine of singing, studying, and composing; he was as thoroughly grounded in the theory of music as in its performance; though his physical, cultural, and histrionic development was not neglected, he lived his art.

The facts in the life of John Milton, the poet, are, perhaps, better known than in the case of any previous literary figure. Mr. Brennecke has not attained such a high degree of visibility in setting forth the life of the father. As in the opening chapter, so elsewhere, background and pleasing conjecture have frequently been substituted for fact. The chief value of Mr. Brennecke's study lies, not in establishing the eminence of the elder Milton as a composer, for that eminence has long been known, but in his account and analysis of Milton's compositions as typical of the music of Elizabethan and Tudor times, when the traditional music of the Church was being crossed with the fecundity of Palestrina and other Italians.

A work of genuine scholarship is Professor William Haller's *Rise of Puritanism, 1570-1643* (Columbia University Press, 1938). Although the origin and nature of English Puritanism has been generally known to literary historians, there has, up to this time, always been somewhat of a mystery about the growth of this great movement to reform the English Church. Isolated instances of Puritanism like that of pseudonymous Martin Marprelate and William Prynne have been chronicled, together with the somewhat strange appearance of Puritans off the coast of New England. But the usual practice of the scholar and the student is to pluck a whole array of Puritans out of the thin air of vaguely understood religious controversy and exhibit them in the Westminster Assembly of 1643. Professor Haller dispels the mist which has long hung over the origin of this movement; and reveals how naturally it came into being.

Certain zealous souls in the Church of England welcomed the accession of Queen Elizabeth and the return to Protestantism as the beginnings of the reform of Church and State. The Puritans of that day were not ordinary dissenters or ignorant laymen. In fact, they were the intellectuals of the kingdom. The stimulus and ferment of thought and intellectual activity aroused by the Reformation centered in Cambridge University, particularly in Emmanuel

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College and Sidney Sussex College, both of which were established expressly for the purpose of training up a preaching ministry. The act, which started these colleges and spread the infectious doctrine of Puritanism throughout England, was the expulsion of Thomas Cartwright, lecturer and professor, from Cambridge University, in 1570. Contrary to expectation. Elizabeth, who wished more than anything else to retain her throne, did not cleanse the Church but was satisfied with "sweeping the trash behind the door." The deficiency thus caused in the spiritual life of the people was supplied by a steady stream of highly trained and zealous preachers from Cambridge.

Elizabeth "allowed the Puritans to bark as long as there was no immediate danger lest they bite." These spiritual preachers, inflamed to eloquence by their very lack of secure subsistence, were scattered all over England at strategic points for founding their new Utopia, based upon the word of God. They became chaplains in the employ of the nobility or preachers on special foundations supported by wealthy patrons. Members of this "spiritual brotherhood" were attached to many of the most important churches as lecturers who made the most of those hours still available after the conventional and perfunctory offices of the Church had been performed by the official incumbent. Others, less fortunate, and, therefore, more radical, went to the growing commercial and industrial communities and worked up congregations of their own.

Later, the disappointment which arose when King James failed to make the expected reform of the Church and the dissatisfaction with conditions which obtained during his reign caused this new doctrine of the priesthood of all believers to spread like wildfire. Archbishop Laud, whom Professor Haller shows to be a man of many excellent qualities, by his persecution of William Prynne and others, injudiciously and unwittingly gave to the new heterodoxy the necessary element of martyrdom which, at the time of

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the Westminster Assembly, in 1643, put the Puritans in what seemed to be complete control of the state.

Though the book is too massive in fact for casual reading, it contains unforgettable portraits of Archbishop Laud and William Prynne.

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CACIQUE OF ZUÑI

*Lithograph by Gerald Cassidy*