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# *The New Mexico Quarterly*

A REGIONAL REVIEW

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## Contributors to This Issue

**STEBELTON H. NULLE** is a graduate of Ohio State University, Columbia University, and the University of Pennsylvania. He now teaches history at New York University. Some contributions to *The American Review* by Dr. Nulle indicate his fascistic leanings. His article on Lawrence, it should be remarked, was in the hands of the editor before the appearance of William Y. Tindall's *D. H. Lawrence and Susan His Cow*. Dr. Nulle is by no means the first to point out certain fascistic implications of Lawrence's writings, but he is probably among the first to congratulate Lawrence on that apparent tendency.

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# D. H. Lawrence and the Fascist Movement

By STEBELTON H. NULLE

**H**ISTORICALLY speaking, fascism may be defined as the preliminary response, mental and emotional, to the vast changes in human conditions of our times. Among other things, it may be regarded as the process by which the powers of the state are rounded out and as another step in the slow growth of a common mind and will, of wider and deeper human association. Philosophically, it marks the realization that individuality is a phase to be transcended and offers a way out of our self-defeating individualism. Like every other historical movement, its roots spread far and wide into the most diverse soil, into many aspects of truth. On the one hand, it finds its source in the marriage of knowledge and power, in the desire to apply reason and discipline to human affairs, to supply what H. G. Wells has so often referred to as a "competent receiver" for our bankrupt and bewildered age. On the other hand, fascism is an expression of the aspirations which found release in nineteenth century romanticism, in the mysticism of Nietzsche and the vitalism of Bergson, forces too numerous to mention, which, in our own times, insist upon the inadequacy of reason and urge the equal claims of the unconscious or those of the body as a whole. These elements in fascism, the rational and anti-rational, are united by common loves and fears; both want to liquidate outworn things and summon men to create a spiritualized and dedicated nation.

To D. H. Lawrence, this very harmony of the rational and the irrational was the supreme issue of our day. "The problem, for him, was to bring the animal and the thinker together . . . to make them coöperate in the building up of consummate manhood."<sup>1</sup> Though it is nearly ten years since he died, after stirring the stagnant pool of contemporary letters

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1. Aldous Huxley, "The Puritan," in *Music at Night*.

as it had not been stirred since Rousseau, the waves he set in motion have spread far and wide, influencing ever broader areas of thought and feeling. Curiously enough, the political implications of the work of Lawrence are only now being generally realized. Most commentators have contented themselves with such observations as that of the Frenchman, De Reul, that what political ideas he had were "*Plutôt faibles, vagues et changeantes*." Others deny that he made any political application of his irrationalism whatever. Possibly Rampion's (i.e. Lawrence's) diatribe against politics and politicians of all kinds in the twenty-third chapter of *Point Counter Point* will be recalled, and Aldous Huxley, who knew Lawrence as intimately as anyone perhaps, warns us that it is impossible to write about him except as an artist. Yet the spirit of fascism is nowhere better expressed than in his work and, moreover, in none of the foremost writers of our time is there to be found such sympathetic exposition of its positive principles. Lawrence the poet is, in effect, an excellent example of the Hero as Politician. Where in contemporary literature, if not in Lawrence, do we meet the great agonized spirit of revolt against the present order, the awful inner hatred of a system which, as he would say, "outrages the solar plexus," which frustrates life and makes it fundamentally unliveable for all of us? The sight and smell of decaying liberal-democracy sickened him as it must all sincere men. Like Rousseau, he thought and felt and wanted to live, not as his contemporaries did, but in the way he hoped his descendants would someday think and feel and live. In Rousseau's time, however, there was at least the final refuge of the wilderness; today the only hope this side of madness is revolution.

Like all men of today, then, Lawrence suffered, but to an acute degree, the sense of frustration which affects our times. His total vision of a wider living and comradeship was, of course, as unrealizable as that of Jesus and all the great prophets and poets. One with all of them, he suffered and died, leaving behind, for the most part, only the vaguest

testament to mankind. Like them too, he had no neat formulas and fixed principles to offer. Such men are alone with their souls and with the awful truth of things. Could he have explained the deeper insight which he had, each little party, as Carlyle said of Cromwell, would "either have shuddered aghast at it, or believing it their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck." Lawrence had his dream, but to the question: How is it to be made real? he had no answer. "For him and for other men it is a simple miracle for which he calls. This new world into which he bids us enter does not exist."

The experience of every great prophet and teacher is fated to be interpreted in terms of a lower order of reality. The *whole* perception is too dazzling, too "impractical"; and lesser men who would not see it vanish and be altogether lost reduce it to the limitations of the average gaze. Something of what Paul of Tarsus did for Jesus, or Cardinal Ugolino and Fra Elias for the Saint of Assisi is coming to be done for Lawrence's standpoint by the leaders of fascism. Just as Rousseau was the incoherent and unwitting evangelist of one revolution, Lawrence will eventually be numbered among the prophets of fascist revolution, for it seems certain that fascism, more than any other movement of our times, holds out the hope of capturing at least part of what he saw and of satisfying more of the demands that he made of life. If his prophethood was not recognized by fascists in his lifetime, it will be remembered that, with the partial exception of Sorel and Pareto, formal thinkers have likewise neglected the political applications of his forerunners, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. The more uncompromisingly rational are troubled by his putting the solar plexus above bloodless reason; and Roman Catholic fascists in particular do not like the author of *The Man Who Died* at all.

It may be asked: Why did he himself not hail the rising sun of fascism in Italy and Germany? Although he lived in Italy most of the time after the war until his departure for the East in the spring of 1922, it is true that he had little to

say in his letters about the preliminaries of the fascist coup. He did, however, when he was in Germany, in 1927, recognize "a new sort of stirring there: a horrible disillusion, a grinning awful materialism; but underneath it a stir of life." It was, as he said, too soon to look for results. He also saw pre-fascist Italy, with its corrupt parties and ineffective leadership, as a "ridiculous kingdom, politically," governing itself so badly "that one becomes indifferent to all political fates . . . and merely curses because there's no coffee and no post." It is also true that when he again met with what, at least, passed for fascism along with bolshevism in Mexico in 1923, he expressed his indifference to both alike. "I don't care, I don't listen," he wrote his wife's mother. One can only point to the fact that all prophets tend to play a lone hand and to overlook their potential allies.

It is frequently alleged that Jesus would be equally indifferent to institutionalized Christianity if he came upon it. No real prophet will betray his daemon for the sake of something less than his dream. Yet fascism is a movement, a ferment of revolt, rooted in the same soil from which the dream of Lawrence sprang. It hates most of the things which he hated and seeks some, at least, of the things which he sought. Like him it recognizes the need of revolution; but whereas he had nothing ready to replace the present order, it seeks to adapt liberty to the necessity of planning and to the coördinated public control of modern economic life. It seeks also the renewal and quickening of a sterile, stagnant people by actions, words, and symbols, and through all this a new integration of the life of our times. As Lawrence's friend, Gardiner, has pointed out in his pamphlet, *World Without End*, fascism is due to the clamor of men for their natural birthright. Middle-class democracy "annulled the mystery of power without which men cannot be men, stripped of which they feel humiliated, like a cock despoiled of his plumage. It represents insurrection against a deeply hurt male pride longing to reassert the mystery of power, glamour, and lordship, the sense of glory which Puritanism

and the bourgeois ideals of the nineteenth century have progressively destroyed." Fascism represents, in other words, some of the release and liberation which Lawrence sought.

If all this is rather less than what, in one of his more apocalyptic moods, he would have sought, it is because the individual and social point of view is to be reconciled only imperfectly. After all, Lawrence enjoyed a position of unusual independence, and, as Middleton Murry well says, "If to be free from domestic ties and to have a means of livelihood which can be exercised in any place are an indispensable condition of being whole, most men must resign themselves to permanent incompleteness." It will be remembered that the *fay ce que voudras* of Thélème was addressed only to such as he, unattached men, free from all restraints not only from within but from without.

Although it has been said that Lawrence saw with his whole soul the need of change, but was incapable of giving constructive form to his protest, this is not altogether true. There were times when he spoke clearly in terms of matter as well as of spirit. Whoever reads his Australian novel, *Kangaroo*, will have little doubt about what he thought and felt. Not only does he actually give us a detailed organization of a thoroughgoing fascist movement, but he himself is its founder and leader! The collection of part of his letters which Huxley edited also gives numerous, unambiguous statements of his viewpoints which go a long way to confirm the foregoing interpretation of his place with respect to fascism. Interpretations of Lawrence are based too much upon his more obscure novels, where the hares run in so many directions as to be utterly bewildering. The letters represent, on the contrary, a simpler Lawrence, the prophet in his everyday contacts and relations, trying to be explicit and coherent. Frank Swinnerton has pointed out that "the Lawrence who wrote letters to his friends bears no resemblance at all to the Lawrence who has been described by others." They are, as he says, the work of a man supremely sane and sure.



When all of Lawrence's many contradictions and equivocations are considered, what *positive* political principles emerge from the letters, confirming not only the foregoing fascist aspects of a general nature but dissociating him as well from other movements and philosophies of protest, especially communism? In the following pages we shall let him speak as far as possible for himself.

First of all, perhaps, one would think of his splendid vitalism, so like (on the one hand) that of the new creative faiths, instinct with a spirit that answers to the call of modern man, and (on the other hand) so incompatible with the conventional type of political organization which we know today. He was "able to see things with incomparable freshness," as Ivor Brown admits; "he could write about them as though they had never happened before." The communist, Strachey, calls him "the one vital writer which England has produced since the war: the one who still wrote as if he knew that it was worth while to write"; and Edwin Muir calls him "the greatest genius of his time." Lawrence sought to restore the world of natural men, who respond to their instinctive urges, emancipated from ancient fears and frustrations. If life is to be lived completely, it must be accepted as a whole. The natural man lives in the body, and what André Maurois called the "renaissance of the body" or insistence on spontaneous living is most characteristic of fascism. Just as the Roundheads of 1649 changed the idea of treason, so the fascists have given sin a new meaning: sin means violence to life. To live, intensively and fully, is the guiding principle of fascism.

What is the problem of politics according to Lawrence? He would agree with Comte that at bottom it is a spiritual one, the recovery of the whole vision: "Get ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all the rest shall be added unto you." Like Rousseau and Hitler he thought of politics not as the conflict of persons or parties but of ideals and faiths. "Down with the poor in spirit: A War!"—that was his watchword. This explains why the judgment and advice

he gave the world, were so perplexing and inadequate. As Aldous Huxley says, "Political advice from even the most greatly gifted of religious innovators is always inadequate; for it is never, at bottom, advice about politics, but always advice about something else." Lawrence saw that our world has almost exhausted the capital stock of inherited spiritual values upon which every civilization ultimately rests:

"Men live and see according to some gradually developing and gradually withering vision," he wrote in the *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. "This vision exists also as a dynamic idea of metaphysics—exists first as such. Then it is unfolded into life and art. Our vision, our belief, our metaphysic is wearing woefully thin. . . . We have no future: neither for our hopes nor our aims nor our art. It has all gone gray and opaque. We've got to rip the old veil of vision across and find what the heart really believes in after all and what the heart really wants for the next future."

For the present order he had nothing but contempt and hatred. It was a dead world in which he saw himself, a world in which men had lost their souls. "It is strange and fascinating," he wrote, "to wander like Virgil in the shades." And again: "Now is the time between Good Friday and Easter. We're absolutely in the tomb." Democracy was as offensive to him as to any fascist. "The more I see of democracy the more I dislike it," he told his wife's sister. "It just brings everything down to the mere vulgar level of wages and prices, electric light and water closets and nothing else." Socialism was no better: "It is a dud," he wrote Murry from Oaxaca. "It makes just mush of the people." Of communism he wrote: "The dead materialism of Marx socialism and soviets seems to me no better than what we've got." Conservatives and liberals and pacifists alike all want the same thing, he told Lady Asquith, in words that Mussolini himself might have trumpeted:

They are our disease, not our hope. . . . They want to keep their own established egos, their finite

and ready defined selves intact, free from contact and connection. . . . They want an outward system of nullity which they call peace and good will, so that in their own souls they can be independent gods referred nowhere and to nothing, little mortal absolutes secure from question. That is at the back of all Liberalism, Fabianism and democracy. It stinks. It is the will of the louse. . . . Let us have done with this foolish form of government.

"Fusty, fuzzy peace cranks and lovers of humanity," he wrote on another occasion during the war, "are the devil. We must get on a new track altogether."

This new track was to be reached only by a revolution, a "quite bloody, merciless, almost anarchistic revolution . . . a fearful chaos of smashing up," and the sooner the better. Preaching and teaching were no good now. (Cf. "Action, not talk"—Mussolini.) It was in violent action, as he said in *Kangaroo*, that the new spirit would rise. There was to be no mere transfer of power from capital to labor. "Labour, capital, aristocrat, they are all part of the same evil game."

O! start a revolution, somebody!  
 Not to install the working class,  
 But to abolish the working classes forever  
 And have a world of men.

(Poem to Charles Wilson.)

What he wanted, rather, was a revolt of the spirit against "the fixed thing," against "this horrible paucity and materialism of mental consciousness." Clearly as any prophet he saw that the very citadel of this spirit lay in what he called suburbanity, the "nice simple people, with their eternal price list." Here, indeed, in the "vulgar spirit of money, the blind spirit of possession," is the arch-enemy of every great leader of humanity from Isaiah to Hitler. The enemies of Lawrence and of fascism are one.

Into this revolution Lawrence would have liked to throw himself with all his being. "If I knew how to, I'd really join myself to the revolutionary socialists now," he wrote in 1921. "I think the time has come for a real struggle. That's the

only thing I care for. . . . I don't care for politics. But I know there *must* and *should* be a deadly revolution very soon and I would take part in it if I knew how." But as long as he lived his sense of remoteness kept him from breaking his isolation and coöperating in any movement, though his life was one long despairing search for comradeship, for a society to which he could belong. But the salvation of integrity was not to be his: he was torn between the desire for solitude and the pursuit of his own salvation, on the one hand, and the counter-impulse to concern himself with the souls and bodies of his neighbors. That inner conflict was never resolved, and it was this, as Huxley says, which drove him for relief into the "dark night of that otherness whose essence and symbol is the sexual experience."

The *Fuehrerprinzip*, the central political principle of leadership, however, he recognized as much as any fascist. "Give homage and allegiance to a hero and you become yourself heroic." (*Apocalypse*.) On one occasion, after having read Gibbon through, he wrote: "Men were always alike and always will be, and one must view the species with contempt first and foremost and find a few individuals if possible . . . and ultimately . . . to rule the species. It is proper ruling they need and always have needed." In *Kangaroo* he borrows the feeling of *Mein Kampf* and speaks of the "mystery of lordship . . . the mystic recognition of difference and innate priority, the joy of obedience and the sacred responsibility of authority." Unfortunately, as he told Rolf Gardiner in the spring of '28, real leadership is rare these days, save for such men as Gandhi or Mussolini. It was his firm belief in the principle of leadership which led to his recurrent projects for establishing colonies in Cornwall, Florida, Mexico, or even Polynesia, where he would have been Moses, the lawgiver; and at one time he even hoped that America would accept him as its leader, with the *Fantasia* as his gospel. But all these schemes were stillborn, leaving bitterness and frustration. In a very real sense, then, Lawrence was an unfulfilled Hitler—dark, brooding,

inward-looking, both of them—with the same capacity for attracting loyalty and the same disdain for intellectuals and aesthetes, believing passionately in the impossible, both of them. Both are adventurers who point the way to a quality of experience other than any yet achieved, knowing full well that the destruction of what exists is necessary to that which is to supersede it. Just as Robespierre was Rousseau's finest pupil, one might say that Adolf Hitler is bringing into Western consciousness something of the insight and idealism of D. H. Lawrence.

Perhaps the clearest statement of Lawrence's ideas on "proper ruling" and the hierarchical ordering of society is to be found in two letters written to Lady Cynthia Asquith in 1915.

Let us submit to the knowledge that there are aristocrats and plebeians born, not made. . . . Some amongst us are born fit to govern and some are born only to be governed," he wrote in part. "I don't believe in the democratic (republican) form of election," he went on. "I think the artisan is fit to elect for his immediate surroundings, but not for ultimate government. The electors for the highest places should be governors of the bigger districts—the whole thing should work upwards, every man voting for that which he more or less understands through contact—no canvassing of mass votes. And women should not vote equally with the men, but for different things. Women *must* govern such things as the feeding and housing of the race. And if a system works up to a Dictator who controls the greater industrial side of the national life, it must work up to a Dictatrix who controls the things relating to private life.

If we do not have here an unequivocal anticipation of a number of fundamental fascist principles and practices, it would be difficult to find them anywhere!

Unfortunately, Lawrence's views on the *nation* as a spiritual organism, that other great fascist principle, are not equally plain and consistent. As in so many respects,

the pragmatic implications of his inward experience are either not clear to him or else he is indifferent to making them so. The key to this contrariety seems to be in what he himself called the absolute frustration and repression of his societal instinct and the preponderance of his ego. "I am weary of my own individuality and simply nauseated by other people's," he told Dr. Burrow, the psychologist. In other words he himself suffered to an acute degree from the same evil which afflicted society as a whole, the conflict of wills and appetites which precludes real collective action. "It is our being cut off that is our ailment, and out of this ailment everything bad arises." So it was possible at one moment, when his artist's ego was uppermost, to glory in his isolation and in the inviolable abstraction within him, and at another to complain sorrowfully that the English have so little togetherness, that they were "like grains of sand that will only fuse if lightning hits it." This inner conflict between the solitary artist and the man who yearned to reshape society went on until the end.

One thing is certain, however, and that is that he interpreted the idea of a national organism (*Volksgemeinschaft*) in terms that might be classics of fascist teaching. "What is the *raison d'être* of a nation—to produce wealth? How horrible! A nation is a number of people united to secure the maximum amount of liberty for each member of the nation and to fulfill collectively the highest truth known to them." And again (to Lady Asquith), "Why are we a nation? We are a nation which must be built up according to a living idea, a great architecture of living people, which shall express the greatest truth of which we are capable." In the final chapter of *Apocalypse* occurs another gem of fascist thinking:

As a citizen, as a collective being, man has his fulfillment in the gratification of his power-sense. If he belongs to one of the so-called "ruling nations," his soul is fulfilled in the sense of his country's power or strength. If his country mounts up

aristocratically to a zenith of splendour and power in a hierarchy, he will be all the more fulfilled, having his place in the hierarchy.

But a nation must have a soul, its internal fire must be kindled, for without this it will be but an ant-like community of slaves. In our America, which had raised his hopes so high, he found "liberty, space, deadness," a monstrous trinity that filled him with horror and despair. "Men are free," he wrote in his *Studies in Classical American Literature*, "when they are in a living homeland, not when they are straying and breaking away. Men are free when they are obeying some deep inward voice of religious belief. . . . Men are free when they belong to some living, organic, *believing* community, active in fulfilling some unfulfilled, perhaps unrealisable purpose." Writing in the *Enciclopedia*, Benito Mussolini has defined fascism as "a religious conception in which man is seen in imminent relation to a higher law, an objective Will that transcends the particular individual and raises him to conscious membership in a spiritual society." The language is more academic in form, but the ideas are the same.

In the achievement of this national oneness of action and purpose—this profound sense of solidarity with others—myths and symbols, mass-festivals and rituals were to play a natural and vital part, just as they have since been incorporated in the national life of fascist Germany and Italy. On different occasions Lawrence gave his blessing to Gardiner for his program of "song, dance and labour" for the youth movement of England, a movement, by the way, of which he approved most thoroughly, so long as it represented youth on the warpath, rather like the young blackshirts of 1922, "smashing the face of what one knows is rotten." But his sympathetic description of the Indian round dance in *Mornings in Mexico* reminds one still more closely of the sacramental spirit of fascist mass-rituals: "It is the homeward pulling of the blood, as the feet fall in the soft, heavy rhythm, endlessly. It is the dark blood falling

back from the mind, from sight and speech and knowing, back to the great central source where is rest and unspeakable renewal."

Irrational? Certainly! But then fascism not only appeals profoundly to the mind alone but to the emotions also. To its adherents fascism offers the gift of full coöperation of body and spirit such as the young rejoice in. There is such a thing as giving up one's reason in order to save it. Better this healthy unreason than Lawrence's Cornishmen, "like insects gone cold, living only for money, for *dirt*," or than his brother's neighbors in Derbyshire—workers who understand the "industrial-mechanical-wage idea" and nothing else. Before there can be an end of this nightmare of men and women more dead than alive, devoid of everything that makes for quality in life, there must come—if not the apocalyptic visitation of blood and fire that he foretold and welcomed—at least the prodding, purging and self-disciplining which alone can shape men according to his dream. Only then will man begin to be fully himself, fit to enjoy power and knowing the meaning of freedom and the delight of full, immediate living. Many believe that the spirit of fascism commands both the will and the power to do even a little towards the reorientation and reconditioning of the human race; and, unless our brief attempt at interpreting the mind of Lawrence in these matters has gone altogether astray, he seems to have thought so too. What he would have thought about the totalitarian states which have manifested themselves so far, however, is another matter altogether.



## Two Poems

By ROBERT BROWN

### *Childhood*

Stacatto of birds in wooden trees  
Easter eggs in paper grass  
Are more than young Robin  
Dares leave unstripped  
Of final color,  
In deadly fear of unnoticed passing  
On Hunger's luncheon plate.

### *One o'Clock Thought*

You'll no more of peace or sleep  
Until thinking place on eye the  
Sharpened finger  
And drive it through the ball  
And brain  
Then crucified by nail and thought  
Cry out, I am Christ my sons  
And pity thee  
I am dead my living sons  
And pity thee.

# *Six New Mexico Photographs*

*By*

IRVING RUSINOW



## *With a Note on Photography in the Regional Survey*

*By*

ESHREF SHEVKY

- (1) Detail: Church at Tijeras
- (2) Village of Tijeras
- (3) Stacking Lumber, Bernalillo
- (4) Unloading Beans, San Juan, Valencia County
- (5) Plastering, Llanito
- (6) Old Man, Guadalajara, New Mexico.

(The first two photographs are reproduced through the courtesy of Irving Rusinow; the remaining four, through the courtesy of the Soil Conservation Service. All are the work of Mr. Rusinow.)

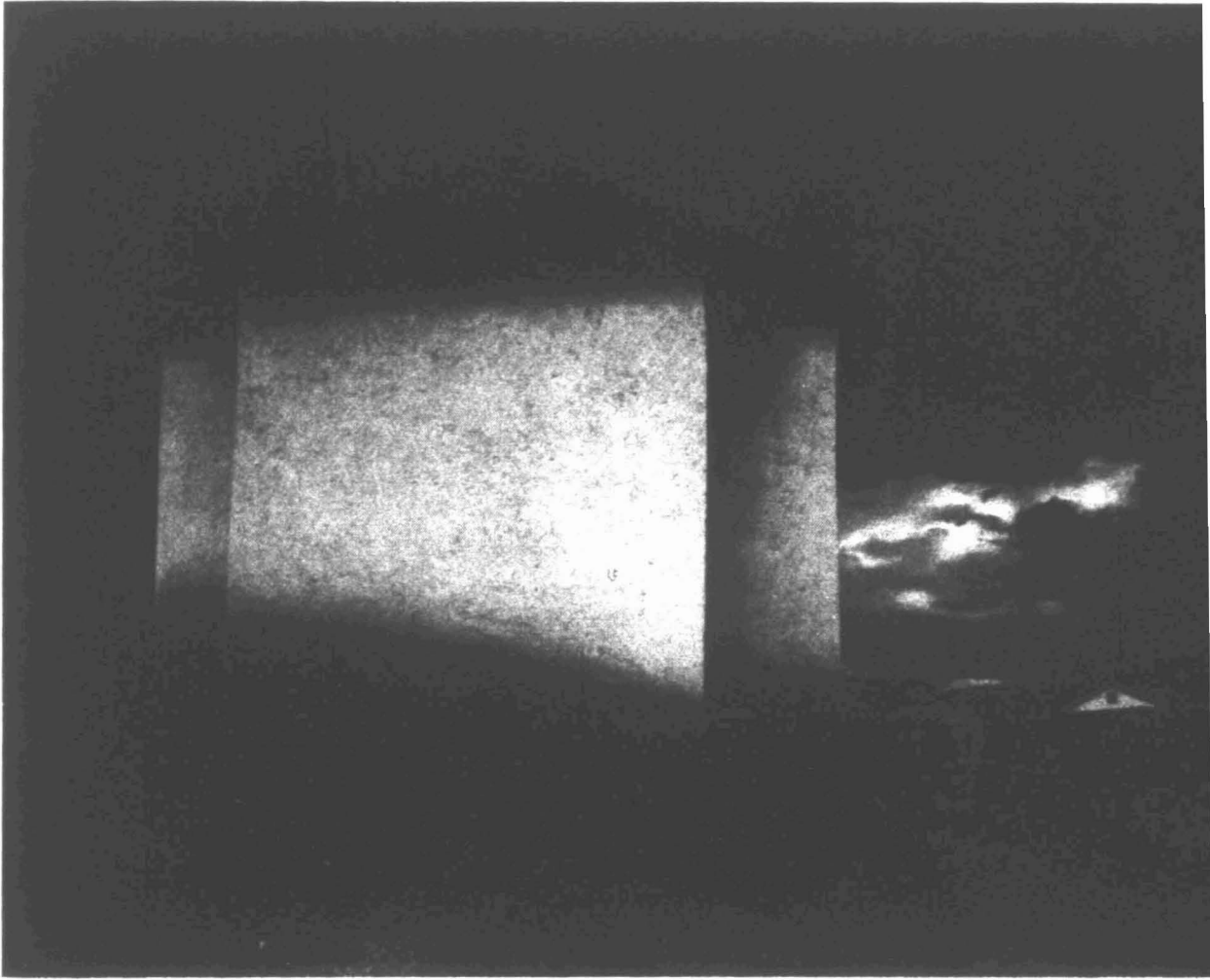
## A Note on Photography in the Regional Survey

By ESHREF SHEVKY

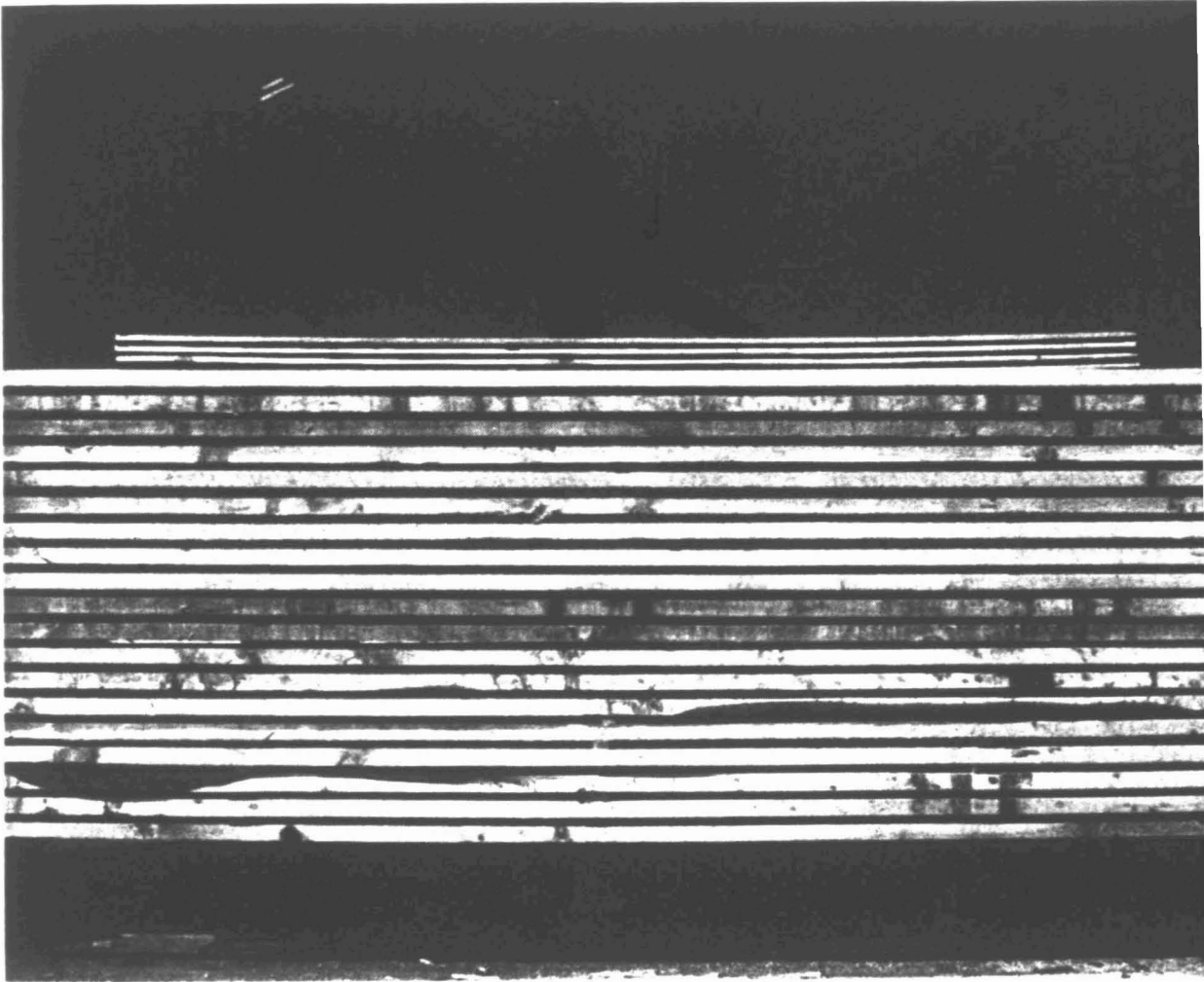
**I**N THE REGIONAL survey the description and analysis of facts concerning land and people are based on the contributions of many disciplines and many techniques. The inquiry proceeds from the exploration of the phenomena of the earth to the description and analysis of life phenomena associated with it including human activity and to an attempt to view the content of an area as a coherent whole.

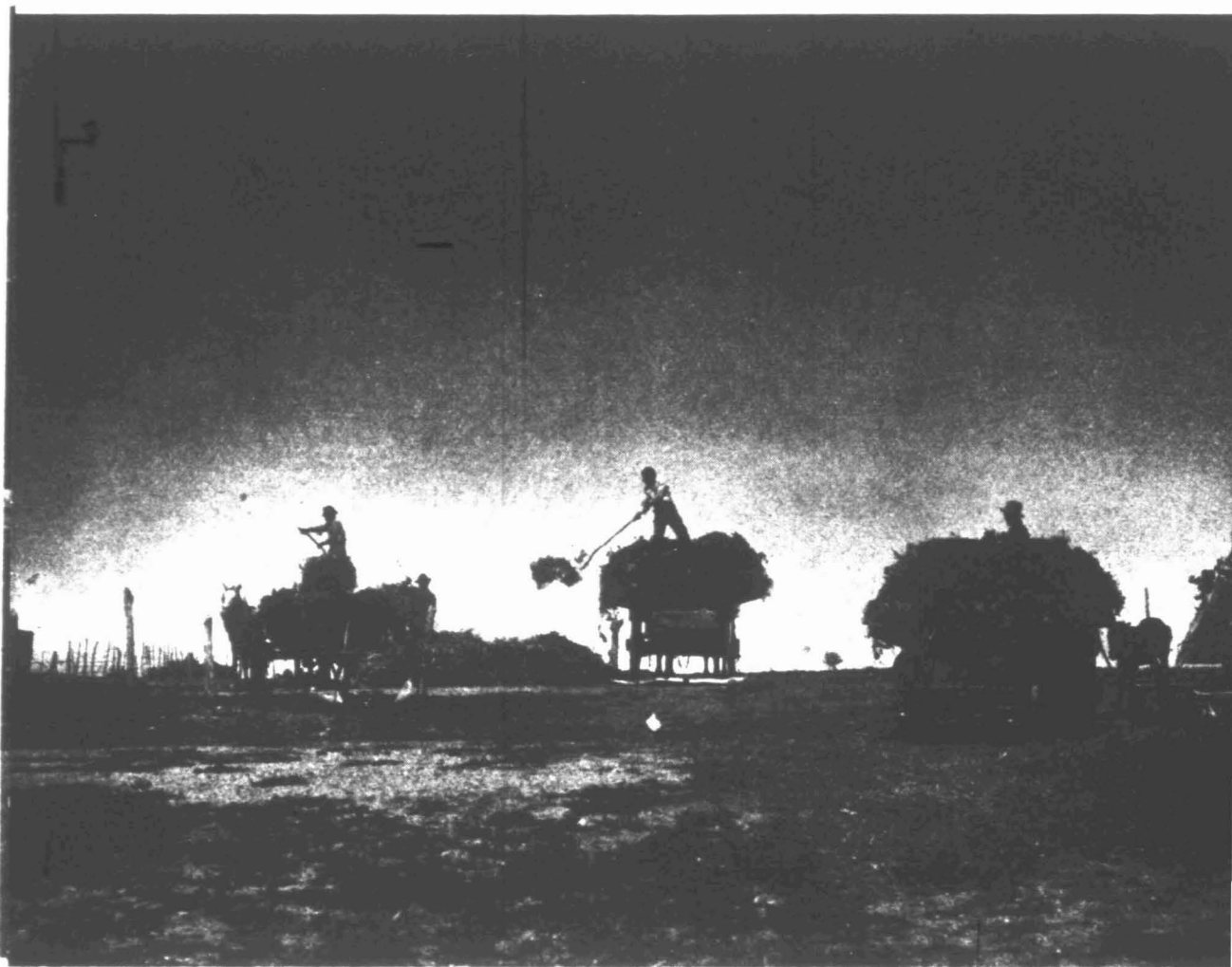
In the early days of the westward expansion in this country, the exploration of the frontier was many-sided in its approach. During the sixties and the seventies of the last century the great Western surveys of Hayden, Clarence King, Powell, and Wheeler were group-reconnaissances in which the geographer, the geologist, the natural historian, and the artist as delineator, participated.

In our day the regional survey is an attempt at the re-integration of knowledge within the same field of inquiry. In the regional survey the soil scientist, the ecologist, the climatologist, or the hydrologist and the sociologist work collectively towards a visualization of the pattern of resources, activities and processes operating within a geographic area. In this collective undertaking the photographic documentation has an important place. Photographs here are no longer pictures illustrating a report; they are technical documents contributing to the orderly and vivid presentation of regional data. Their organization is based on the principles of choice and selective emphasis which guide the other techniques. Photography makes its contribution to the regional survey as a descriptive technique, and in its highest expression, as a technique of analysis and evaluation.



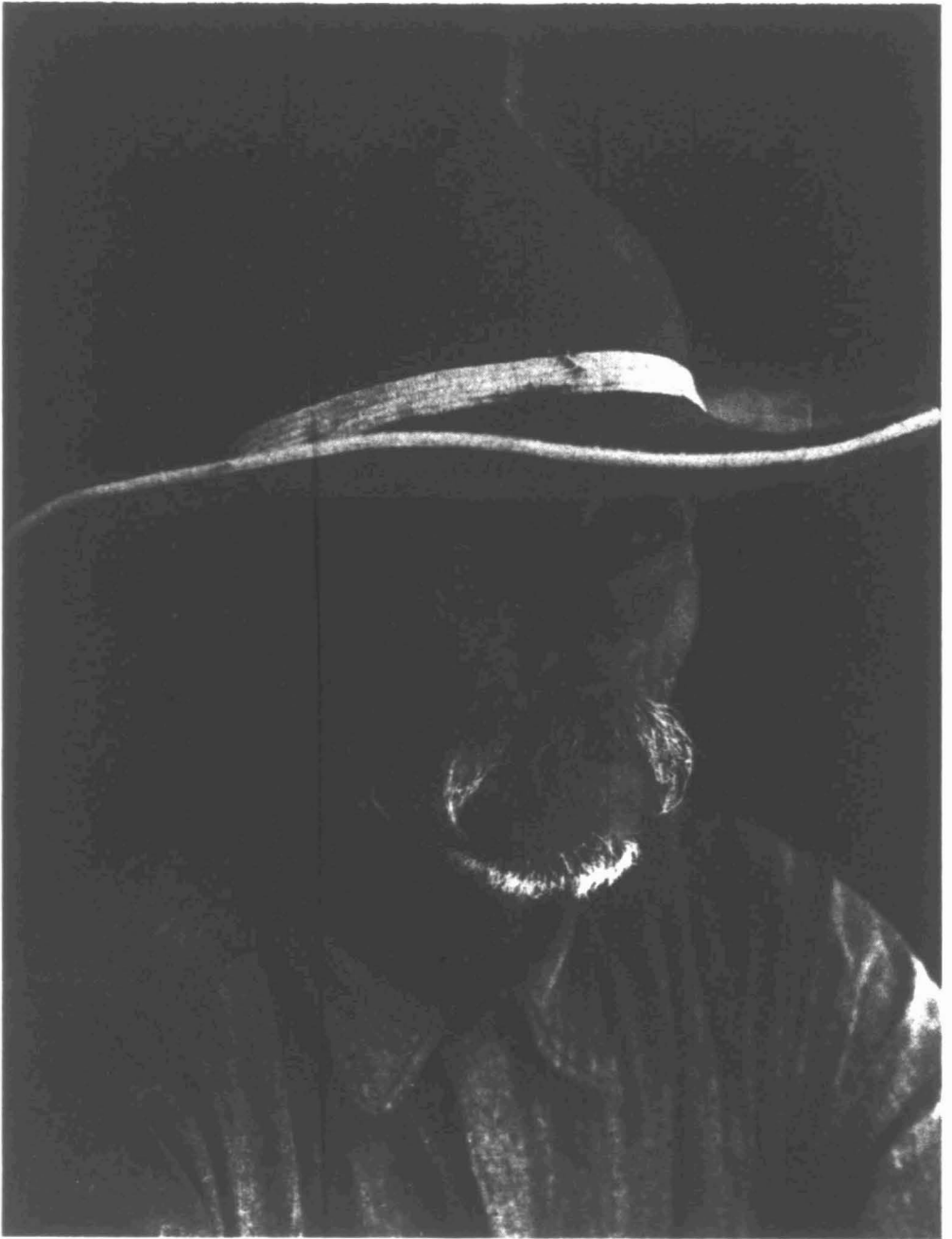












# The Influence of John Dewey in Higher Education

By JAY<sup>®</sup>C. KNODE

**R**EFORMERS often suffer from the enthusiasms of their disciples. Obviously, every reformer must say things emphatically, sometimes over-emphatically, in order to command the attention of his public; and he makes his points in the light of his own background, which is not the background of the succeeding generation. He may be broad-minded, humane, and, although fired by an unquenchable zeal (if he is to carry his reform to fruition), still possessed of a genuine sense of the proper limitations of his project. But, too often, the men who follow him feel themselves hedged about by no such restrictions. Generally, these extremists may be placed in one of two categories. Either they are bitter-enders, interested in following their premises into every remote corner of life, or they are like suddenly released prisoners, throwing all restraint—and any values it may foster—to the wind, glorying only in a new “freedom.” Evidence is not lacking to show that their extravagances are sometimes a source of embarrassment to the original progenitor of their doctrine.

For many years, John Dewey has been the center of a militant reform movement in American education. Sometimes his long and difficult philosophical disquisitions have hidden his militancy, but throughout his writing Dewey has aimed to lay the logical basis of social reconstruction. Nothing said here should be construed as defense of the errors in education against which Dewey went forth to battle. He attacked formalism; he attacked static classicism; he attacked what has been called the “miniature-adult fallacy”—regarding children as simply small editions of grown-ups; he attacked education because it did not sense its rôle in the building of true democracy; he attacked its lack of creativeness, its lack of practicality, its lack of freedom. And these

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attacks have brought about many excellent results in elementary and secondary education. Their effects in higher education, however, are of a more questionable nature.

Dewey's erudition is broad and profound. He came to maturity during the last half of the nineteenth century when mechanistic science reached its zenith, and he could say: "The method we term 'scientific' forms for the modern man . . . the sole dependable means of disclosing the realities of existence. It is the sole authentic mode of revelation." Yet the breadth of his outlook had permitted him to write only a year or so earlier: "Were it possible for me to be a devotee of any system, I should still believe there is greater richness and greater variety of insight in Hegel than in any other single systematic philosopher—though when I say this I include Plato, who still provides my favorite philosophic reading." It is to be observed, too, that Dewey has given increasing attention, in recent years, to the subjects of art and religion. A few years ago, his work was attacked because it seemed to ignore too completely certain esthetic and religious values, but his more recent series of lectures have at least attempted to meet this criticism. As he himself has pointed out, he received an early grounding in idealism and, though he later abandoned it for positivism and instrumentalism, he can never be the same sort of instrumentalist as some of the younger men who have matured intellectually without such footing. Nevertheless, Dewey has poured all his tremendous creative energy into the building of an instrumental philosophy—one which conceives the mind, consciousness, the reasoning ability, and every other ability possessed by the human organism as instruments for meeting and mastering the problems set by environment, or one which says, in the words of James: ". . . ideas (which are but parts of our experience) become true just in so far as they help us to get into satisfactory relation with other parts of our experience."

This creed may be called humanism, but it is the scientific humanism of F. C. S. Schiller and Auguste Comte, not

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the literary "new" humanism of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. And it is an empirical humanism, which has an ancient and honorable lineage, to be traced through such illustrious names as Spencer, Hume, Locke, Francis Bacon, and Roger Bacon, and back through the Moors to the Greeks, among whom Protagoras insisted on bringing philosophy down from the clouds and making "man the measure of all things." Some of these men sought, through a kind of dualistic philosophy, to introduce a place for God in the universe, but Dewey has been consistent in emphasizing the unity of human experience as well as its finality. Even his naturalism is so completely man-centered that it has caused Santayana to protest: "Pragmatism may be regarded as . . . the most close-reefed of philosophical craft, most tightly hugging appearance, use, and relevance to practice today and here, least drawn by the lure of speculative distances. Nor would Dewey, I am sure, or any other pragmatist, ever be a naturalist instinctively or on the wings of speculative insight, like the old Ionians or the Stoics or Spinoza, or like those many mystics, Indian, Jewish, or Mohammedan, who, heartily despising the foreground, have fallen in love with the greatness of nature and have sunk speechless before the infinite."

There is no question that Dewey is deeply concerned about the foreground. And there is a sense in which this is a typically American kind of philosophy. It would be unfair to impute shortsightedness to Dewey; he has advocated social reforms which in the minds of most of us should have long-range beneficial effects; but the whole instrumental philosophy emphasizes the here and now, to the exclusion of metaphysical and traditional considerations. Life consists, through the instrumentality of science and practical experimentation, of the solution of problems, the pragmatist argues. These problems are forever shifting, hence continuously immediate and continuously calling for *action*. Woe to that man dependent upon worn-out formulas or sunk into routine before the constantly new challenges of his environ-

ment! So, for the pioneer, for the practical man, for the "man of affairs" this sort of thing, of course, sounds very much like good common sense. Once more, it brings philosophy down to earth; it does not wander into vague ontologies or axiologies or nebulous speculations; and American education has found it most stimulating. Yet some of us will ask the privilege of making reservations and amendments.

Attention will be directed here to four emphases in education which may be said to derive from Dewey's work, namely, those upon activity, upon creativeness, upon social values, and upon experience.

First, Dewey combats the old idea of the child as a receptacle into which facts are to be poured. Under such a theory the only function of the "educand" is to absorb information, to give proof of adeptness at deglutition. This old conceit became not only ludicrous but tragic; it had to be destroyed. But the supposedly compensating educational movement for "activities" has also assumed extreme versions. "Doing things" for the average citizen means making a stir, physical activity, something that can always be observed objectively. And this concept runs squarely into difficulty in higher education, where as one ascends the scale the process may become less and less objective. Such a statement is not to question the familiar "No psychosis without a corresponding neurosis" nor to belittle the essential role of expression in all achievement. Rather, it emphasizes the fact that there are different phases of mental life. The trouble with the enthusiasts for activity seems to lie in a tendency to forget that ultimately all objective experience has to be integrated and evaluated subjectively.

In a recent textbook on secondary education the authors quote the following sentence from Dewey's *Democracy and Education*: ". . . mind is not a name for something complete by itself; it is a name for a course of action in so far as that is intelligently directed; in so far, that is to say, as aims, ends enter into it with selection of means to further the attainment of aims." At the head of the next paragraph

the authors place one phrase: "Mind is a course of action." They then proceed to elaboration of this idea without reference to the additional point that Dewey clearly makes: Mind is also a center of integration, of the evaluation of goals, of the selection of both ends and means. In this text I am able to find just one-half page in praise of what might be called the "inner life." The authors do not call it that, and my guess is that such a phrase would rouse in them a good deal of scorn. "Inner life" might be interpreted as "bookish," and there is scarcely a word that stirs the ire of these educators to so thoroughly an apoplectic state as the word "bookish."

It is this kind of emphasis in secondary schools that leads, in part, to the belief that extra-classroom activities are the really important thing in education. Perhaps it is one reason, also, why the country as a whole is having another renaissance of athletics in a frame of mind, apparently, that once did obeisance to the name of Barnum, but now worships at the shrine of Hollywood. This is the cult of activity at its apex, we should say. Such furthering of "activities" may be good business, for business in many people's minds is a process of strenuous hustling, amassing, and publicizing. Nevertheless, the whole procedure is certainly cast in quantitative terms, or if in qualitative terms, those that deal with physical, not intellectual, standards. But higher education, in its upper levels, by its very nature and constitution, is concerned with superlative quality, with the highest reaches of mind and spirit, with the type of problems that few can comprehend or master. John Dewey would never argue such a point. Nevertheless, this doctrine of "activity" in the hands of some school people becomes a forthright attack upon spiritual and intellectual quality.

A second of Dewey's emphases—and one related to the first-named—is upon social problems. Projects looking in this direction once appeared so valuable that it was difficult, perhaps, to see the dangers lurking in the shadows. But these menaces begin to raise their heads. Higher education

in the minds of some educators can become almost completely a social, never an intellectual, exercise. (It is obvious that the issue here is the sensitive one of humanism versus humanitarianism, but there is no dodging it.) Into modern higher education has come more and more of the dominance of men who regard it the prime business of the college to produce personality, "mixing-ability," leadership in terms of "influencing people." Part of this derives from denominational colleges, part of it from American politics, part of it from American ideas of publicity, some phases of it from socially ambitious parents; but part of it comes from secondary school leaders, who, fortified by the emphases of Dewey, cry out against the intellectual. Educational administration calls for business ability and political ability, apparently in increasing degree. Presumably, men with these qualities in such positions are interested also in scholarship; but their behavior is not reassuring. Their reckoning seems always to be in terms of numbers and mass reactions. Some school principals frankly say that they are much more concerned about the lower half of their classes (ascertained on the basis of academic achievement) than about the upper half. And in support of their position they cite the good American educational doctrine that every student is entitled to opportunity up to the measure of his ability. This rule, however, works both ways. The lower half certainly must not be neglected; but, by the same token, neither must the upper half. One sometimes encounters in school men so much hostility to any scheme looking to the improvement of scholarship that the suspicion is aroused that it may spring from fear rather than from mere inertia.

Dewey's philosophy often lends itself to the support of practicality. "An ounce of experience," he has said, "is better than a ton of theory simply because it is only in experience that any theory has vital and verifiable significance." Again, in his effort to escape educational dualisms he insists that education must have its vocational aspects. To be sure, he is fearful of the deterioration of vocational education into

mere trade education; he is fearful of emphasis upon monetary rewards as the goal of such education; and he is fearful that it may be limited in meaning to the production of tangible commodities. Dewey is really concerned with the tremendously social significance of vocation; nevertheless, his writing can be made to serve the purposes of the anti-intellectual who either refuses, or lacks the ability, to follow an exposition of vocation in its broader implications.

Furthermore, Dewey's wholehearted espousal of democratic ideals expresses itself in aversion to any doctrine of human inequality. "The idea of abstract, universal superiority and inferiority," he declares, "is an absurdity." And, elsewhere, he amplifies this statement, explaining: "The level of action fixed by *embodied* intelligence is always the important thing .... A more intelligent state of social affairs, one more informed with knowledge, more directed by intelligence, would not improve original endowments one whit, but it would raise the level upon which the intelligence of all operates. The height of this level is much more important for judgment of public concerns than are differences in intelligence quotients."

This kind of statement, coupled with a manifest dislike for anything which might be interpreted as the conceit of an intellectual class (no love was ever lost between the Babbitt-More humanists and John Dewey), seemingly ranges Dewey on the side of anti-intellectual education. But it is another case of confusion from too broad a generalization. When Dewey says a high level of general public intelligence is good for judgment of public concerns, there is not much to be said in refutation. But in certain areas of public welfare, it can also be maintained that the intelligence quotient is the most important element involved. Personally, I prefer to travel over bridges built by men who have both social intelligence and a mastery of engineering techniques; I prefer to employ a physician who is both socially informed and master of the scientific knowledge of his field. Certain engineers, physicians, lawyers, preachers and teachers can



do and are doing incalculable damage in America today, not because they are dishonest or victims of social lag, but because they do not have the intellectual power requisite for their field. Some kinds of work not only invite intellectual quality, they demand it. Nor will any emphasis upon "embodied intelligence" replace it. College administrators are devoting much time nowadays to methods of dealing with students who have never learned the meaning of intellectual mastery, have never tasted its satisfaction, and who, indeed, either regard it scornfully, as "highbrow," or dazedly, as something beyond their ken. And all this may be said without even mentioning advances into realms of pure knowledge and expression from which there is no immediate prospect of deriving practical applications.

It is time we, in America, do some straight thinking about higher learning. Back in the days of the founding of Harvard College it was accepted as a necessity. Whatever the vices of the early Puritans may have been, disregard for scholarship was not among them. A great scholar of his time—John Milton—was foreign secretary under Oliver Cromwell, an office that involved carrying on all correspondence with other nations in Latin. But since the time of the early Puritans, science has deeply affected the outlook of both educated and uneducated men. Its offspring, technology, has changed not only men's outlooks but their very mode of living. And the theories of democracy continued to spread from the period of the seventeenth century up into the twentieth. In America, the continent has been conquered, tremendous national and individual wealth built up, and a new high in standards of living achieved. It is not strange, therefore, that Americans, as a nation, today, are largely of the opinion that those things make most difference (a pragmatic criterion of truth) which have to do with material affairs. They *have* made the most obvious differences in the past three hundred years. So, today, with this background, the average man will regard any withdrawal from "affairs" as queer, if not actually suspicious. Even research men in

science need huge salaries to gain wide respect. They may not be regarded as leaders, forsooth, though their findings revolutionize men's ways of living! We lose sight of the fact that the ideas of the face-to-face leader are seldom original. The seer, the artist, the theorist have done the real adventuring in the world of thought; our notion that real leadership resides only in oratory and politics is both naïve and childish. There seems to be a growing conviction, especially among some of our young men concerned with problems of government, that ideas always follow action, that *any* "successful" action will subsequently be philosophized into a status of permanent propriety. However, our constant reference, as Americans, to men like Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln is not merely to their contemporary success; it is a recognition of the universality of their ideas. Great thinking and great principles echo down through time, not because they have served as efficient rationalization for certain deeds, but because, though often invoked, they are never completely fulfilled, remaining still to challenge us.

The prophet's observation about people who perish because they have no vision is still apt. It is pretty generally agreed that during this era upon which the world is entering, democracy will face its supreme tests. Under those circumstances we may incline more than ever to think of life only as something immediate, but crises sometimes develop afterwards intense enough to impel men to face life in terms of final meanings. Then ideas, as ideas, may grow into new significance. If the approaching crisis brings about some such revival, its tragedies will have been, at least partially, ameliorated. As Whitehead, dealing with recent advances of science, has pointed out: "The paradox is now fully established that the utmost abstractions are the true weapons with which to control our thought of concrete fact."

Somewhere in the American educational system, if our civilization is to be conserved and propagated, this pursuit of ideas—abstract, scientific, social, speculative, and beautiful—must be stimulated. The old and great must be pre-

served, the new investigated, the two given relation. But the higher reaches of this scale are obviously to be explored by limited numbers, and this fact is the source of so much of our confusion. Many times, when Dewey talks about education, he is speaking in terms of the lower levels. In those groups, insistence upon activity—social or other—will likely do more good than harm; but, too often, in dealing with education, we speak of all students at all levels at once. Professor H. H. Horne has observed significantly that Dewey, in his own lectures on philosophy, used the most formal of methods and materials, far removed from progressivism.

The third, and perhaps the most tragic, distortion of Dewey's doctrines results, largely, from his emphasis upon the encouragement of originality and the furthering of the student's growth through his own interests. Nothing could be sounder than the original doctrine. But it has been carried to such lengths that some teachers become fearful of imposing any task or any discipline that does not spring spontaneously out of the whims of the child. One result has been that when faced with plain work, without the appearance of special interest, young people with such training look to someone to make it intriguing. This leads directly, of course, into the current controversy between "essentialists" and "progressivists" in education. But the writer is not worried by the practices of good progressive schools. The danger, again, comes from the *pseudo-reformer*, the rationalizer who can turn his own distaste for hard intellectual work into a conviction that such work has a really deleterious effect upon young people. Carry such a perversion into higher education, and the inevitable outcome is both mental and moral flabbiness. Undoubtedly, the present rush of students into secondary and college levels calls with increasing insistence for re-statement of the purposes of higher education in a democracy. But whatever ideas appear in these new appraisals, certainly softness, sentimentality, and mere glamour will not be upheld and encouraged. Good college teachers, of course, can, and do, make their courses

interesting; but good teachers have learned, also, through long travail, to believe heartily in the maxim that you get out of exercise what you put into it.

Moreover, it is a common observation that the majority of students have more respect for, and carry away a deeper regard for, the school situation in which a definite morale has been established by a self-respecting faculty than from the strive-to-please-at-any-price atmosphere. Students like teachers who, in a firm and dignified manner, show that they are superior to those whom they teach. But this conscious superiority of teachers depends upon many factors, including intellectual achievement, continuous growth, definite objectives, the respect of the community, and, not least, confidence in the support of administrative departments. It is hardly strange that, deprived of the two last-named factors, thousands of teachers are aligning themselves with labor unions—a pretty measure of the general respect for education in America!

Bertrand Russell, an “advanced” educational thinker, has said: “Difficult success as an ideal should be present to the mind of the young if they are not to become wayward and futile. But there are few to whom it will occur in an environment where freedom is absolute.” And Dewey also has found it necessary to strike out at some of the nonsense preached in the name of freedom. “In some progressive schools,” he writes, “the fear of adult imposition has become a veritable phobia. . . . In criticizing the progressive schools, as I have indicated already, it is difficult to make sweeping generalizations. But some of these schools indulge pupils in unrestrained freedom of action and speech, of manners and lack of manners. Schools farthest to the left (and there are many parents who share the fallacy) carry the thing they call freedom to the point of anarchy.”

The fourth and final emphasis here considered is one that Dewey is directly responsible for, since he is one of the most consistent positivists of modern times. Standing upon his own idealistic training he has fought long and valorously

against the stultifying influences of authoritarianism, maintaining that man's only authority is his own experience, and his only road to authority is science. Dewey is afraid of the play of the imagination upon the meaning of the universe, because imagination has so often caught men in a tissue of enduring falsehood. The only safe approach, therefore, must be relativistic. Now, for a John Dewey or anyone else having his acquaintance, or half his acquaintance, with the thought of the past, this is not a dangerous attitude. But most of our people in education have no such background; and indications are not lacking that, among certain of our scientifically-minded men of the younger generation, a thoroughgoing relativism has been adopted that lies only one step away from that extreme form of skepticism which holds: "Man can have no real knowledge of the universe; his explanations of things are always silly. So why worry about meanings or rules of any kind?" Ethically, the implications of this doctrine are portentous. Of course, the positivistic answer is that once man accepts science and the objective data of his own experience as final, he will lose all superstitious regard for so-called ultimate principles, and will live for the sake of values that man can demonstrably evolve. But even Thomas Huxley was ready to admit that man is a metaphysical animal. The human family has not only repudiated extreme skepticism in the past; it has refused to live with it. And as long as the race is comprised of beings like its present members, the race will continue to react in this way.

At the back of his book, *America in Search of Culture*, W. A. Orton has placed a series of reproductions of American art. Examples of portraiture include "Samuel Mifflin," by Peals; "Mrs. Bourne," and "Judge Sherbourne," by Copley; and "The Thinker," by Eakins. Above the plates the comment, quoted from the text, runs: "... these strongly conceived, strongly limned men and women of the eighteenth century—full of vigor and idiosyncrasy—are sure of themselves (too sure, perhaps!) as the subjects of modern

portraitists are not." The significance of this excerpt lies in its last phrase. We modern men and women are *not* sure of ourselves. We struggle in an era lying between the authority of theology and a new authority, perhaps science. However, science has gone a very little way in the appraisal of human values. In such a situation, it is easy to slip over into a skeptical attitude toward all truth and all value. But it is dangerous. And one of the best ways of reducing its danger is to allow free play of metaphysical imagination, so long as it starts out from premises that do not violate the present findings of science. Some of these imaginings will be found untenable, of course; some may inveigle men into temporary error; but the errors of pure cynical skepticism are worse.

Education in general will necessarily employ a metaphysics that takes off from and includes both science and society. Education, for the very reason that it is an institution, not a mere doctrine, must assume and preserve a vigorous liberalism, if it is to survive. It must be concerned both with potential men of affairs and with potential synthesists and creators. The danger is not in including the former; the danger is that we ignore the latter; and Dewey's emphases are being used quite too markedly in one direction. Thus, John Dewey's teaching, in its relation to American higher education, confirms once more the well-known fact that reforms may come to need reforming.

## Bonfire in the Early Morning

By LEON DORAIS

THE FOUR men sitting in the old Buick sedan parked just off the highway had rolled up the windows to keep out the cold damp air and were slumped down in the seats waiting. It was just getting light and the trees in the orchard were shrouded with mist. The man sitting behind the steering wheel turned his head after a time and spoke to the others: "Let's get out and walk around. It's too cold to sit in here."

They walked along the edge of the orchard until they came across a few cracked and broken lugboxes and one of the men picked up a box and ripped off the loosened slats. He was tall and very thin and in the sharp morning air his reddened nose had commenced to drip. "Hey," he said to the other men. "Get me some paper or something." One of the men turned back toward the car but the other two walked on down the outside of the orchard and began counting the rows of trees still unpicked. By the time they returned, the fire was going and the four of them sat around the burning lugboxes trying to get warm.

"Anybody got the time?" the man with the red nose asked.

The other did not answer at first. Then the man who had been driving the car squinted up over the line of trees at the greyishwhite sky and said that it looked like about ten to five. He had lost all of his upper teeth and his face had long irregular harsh lines around his nose and upper lip and he lisped slightly when he spoke. The other two men were very young. They sat around the fire saying nothing but occasionally one of them would get up and go after another box to put on the fire. It was burning well and one box did not last long.

"Don't expect they'll have any boxes here this morning

either," said the man without any upper teeth. He spoke in the general direction of the red-nosed man.

"No," the other man answered. "I don't expect so." He stopped to spit toward the fire. "I don't think they're aimin' to pick the rest of this orchard," he went on. "I think they got all the peaches they want this season."

"Wouldn't surprise me any." The toothless man rolled a Bull Durham cigarette and then passed the papers and the sack of tobacco around to the others. As far as they could see, orchards stretched on parallel to the highway. The leaves of the peachtrees were turning a yellowishbrown and after the first few stripped rows the limbs were all heavy with ripe fruit. The thick grass that had grown up between the trees after the orchard had been irrigated was turning yellow too and was damp and limp. Everything they could see looked limp in the grey half-light.

They had been sitting there for about twenty minutes when a man came walking through the high grass behind them. He stopped and waited but when the men recognized the ranch foreman they made room for him and he sat down near the fire. The foreman was wet from the hips down and he stretched his legs in their soaked boots toward the fire and soon the boots began to steam and the men could smell the stink of the leather.

"Cold this morning, ain't it?" said the foreman.

"Yeah," the red-nosed man said. "And wet." The fire had warmed him and his nose had stopped dripping. "They goin' bring us any boxes here today?" he asked the foreman.

"I couldn't tell you," the foreman said. "The fieldman from the cannery ought to be here pretty soon. He'll know. But I don't. They never tell me what they're goin' to do." He pulled out a stem of grass and began chewing morosely. Then he started talking again. "No," he said, "you fellows know as much about it as I do. You'd never know I was a foreman around here. Things was different when I was down in Mexico though, I can tell you that. Yes sir, things



was different down in Mexico. The sun would be shining right now if we was in Mexico."

"This ain't Mexico," lisped the toothless man. "This is California—which is a hell of a lot different."

"How about this orchard here?" said one of the young fellows finally. "I bet they ain't goin' pick this orchard no more this year. That's what I think."

The foreman sucked disconsolately on his grass stem. "We had a hundred acres of tomatoes down in Mexico," he said after a while. "A hundred acres of tomatoes and we couldn't give 'em away. The bottom dropped out of the market and we lost our shirts. A hundred acres of tomatoes and they rotted in the field."

It was quite light but the sun hadn't yet come out. The heavy limbs of the peach trees sagged with fruit and the wet leaves and the watergrass drooped in the damp air. Across the road the foreman could see the Feather River levee. All the dried grass on the levee had been fired a month earlier and it had been left black and seared. An empty truck rattled down the highway and disappeared around a bend. The rattling grew fainter and then died away.

"Down in Mexico they don't fool around with peaches," the foreman said. "Down there they raise tomatoes. A hundred acres was a small place. And cucumbers. More cucumbers than you ever seen."

"Listen, mister," the toothless man said, his voice harsh in spite of his slight lisp, "if they don't bring us boxes today we ain't goin' wait no longer. We can't afford to fool around here a day longer. If they don't bring them boxes this morning we're movin' on. We wasted three days waitin' now."

"The pickin's no good now anyhow," the red-nosed man said. "We shoulda started south in the first place instead of listenin' to you."

"Them boxes ought to be here today," the foreman said anxiously. "I'm sure they'll bring 'em today."

"They better—cause we ain't goin' to wait," the toothless man said.

The foreman sighed and pulled his feet away from the fire. One of the young fellows stood up and went after another box. He came back and scraped the embers together and then placed the box carefully on the fire. The foreman was talking again: "Any of you fellows ever in Mexico?" He looked around at the other men but none of them answered him. "You oughta see the country down there," he said finally. "You can't find country like that in California. Not in this part of California anyway. By God, I wonder where that cannery fellow is. He ought to be here by now I should think."

There was no answer.

"No sir," the foreman went on, "they don't tell me nothin' around here."

"How long since you been in Mexico?" asked the red-nosed man.

"Over two years now. And I been broke ever since. Ever since we lost our shirts with them hundred acres of tomatoes I been flat."

"Huh." The red-nosed man spat in the fire again. "That ain't anything. We been broke for the last seven years."

"Seven years," the foreman said. "That's a long time, ain't it?"

"You don't know how long it is."

"And it's just startin', mister."

"Well—" the foreman said. "Well—I don't know."

"Listen." The man without any upper teeth leaned toward the foreman and opened his mouth at him. "Listen."

"I'm listening."

"I lost my upper teeth. You can see that, can't you?"

"Yeah, I noticed."

"They gave me hell comin' out, mister. But that wasn't so bad. What made it bad was not bein' able to eat for so long after. That was really bad. I couldn't chew at all."

"Not able to eat . . . ." The foreman's legs felt cold in

wet boots and pants and he hitched himself closer to the fire. "Think of that," he said at last.

"Ah Christ," said the red-nosed man. "Christ almighty. We goin' sit here all day?"

"I can eat now," the toothless man said and grinned hollowly at the foreman, laughing silently. "When there's anything to eat, that is."

"None of us'll eat if we frig around here any longer," the red-nosed man said. "What're we doin' here anyhow? What the hell is talkin' with this guy goin' get us? He don't know nothin'."

"Listen, boys," the foreman said. "Can't you wait? Just wait a little longer. I know them boxes'll come today. The peaches have got to be picked an' if you boys don't stay there won't be nobody to pick 'em. I wouldn't be able to find a man in the whole county. You know that. Can't you wait a little while longer?"

"I guess you been lookin' already," said the red-nosed man. "You wouldn't be beggin' us to stay if everybody wasn't gone but us."

"That ain't it, boys. I didn't say that. I only said that—"

"It don't make any difference to us what you said. We're tired listenin' anyhow."

"All right, boys. But just wait a little while longer. You see what I'm up against here. It's up to me to get this orchard picked and I can't pick it all alone. Why I remember one time in Mexico we had to get fifty acres——"

"For Christ sake," interrupted the toothless man. "We don't give a goddamn what you did in Mexico."

"All right," the foreman said. "I just thought——"

One of the young fellows dropped a piece of boxwood on the dying fire. "That's the last of it," he said.

"No more wood left?" said the foreman.

"No more."

The five of them hovered over the last little blaze and watched it burn steadily lower and lower until there was

nothing left but a few embers with no heat in them and then the embers stopped glowing entirely and there was nothing but ashes where the bonfire had been. None of them spoke and there was no sound until the red-nosed man snuffled suddenly and loudly. The others shivered and hunched their coats around them.

"Gettin' cold again, boys," the foreman said spitting out a grass stem.

"Christ almighty," the red-nosed man said. He nodded his head toward the orchard. "Somebody cut down one of those goddamn peach trees," he said, "and we'll make a fire out of *it*."

The foreman started to say something but before he got anything out a new Ford coupé drove alongside the old Buick and stopped, the brakes screeching in the still air. Two men climbed out of it and began walking toward the foreman and the men. "Here comes the superintendent now," whispered the foreman. "That's the cannery fellow with him." He stood up and took a few steps forward to meet the superintendent. "Morning," he said to the superintendent. "Hello." He motioned toward the fieldman.

The superintendent did not look at the men still sitting around the ashes of the bonfire. "Those fellows better go on home," he said to the foreman. "There won't be no boxes here today. The car didn't come in this morning."

The foreman looked helplessly at the fieldman. "That's right," the fieldman said. "Have to wait another day I guess."

"Tell 'em to come back in the morning," the superintendent said.

The foreman turned toward the men. "The car didn't come in," he said. He waited for one of them to say something but no one answered him. "Guess we'll just have to wait till tomorrow," he said. "Car of boxes ought to be here then."

Before he was through talking the red-nosed man had risen to his feet and was standing there looking past him at the superintendent. "Tomorrow your ass," the red-nosed

man said. The other three stood up also and then the four of them walked by him, and in front of the superintendent the red-nosed man stopped for a moment. "Tomorrow your ass," he said to the superintendent.

Across the highway the foreman could see the bare brown levee and beyond it the tops of the trees that grew thick on the bank of the river. He hoped the men would stay for a while and not leave him alone with the superintendent and the fieldman but then he heard the starter of the Buick grinding and out of the corner of his eye he saw it start up with a jerk and he wanted to tell them to wait for him but the old car was already out of sight around the bend in the road.

## Low Fog

*By* JOYCE E. LOBNER

No star points stabbing my eyes.  
No keen lights glaring cold,  
No crouching shadows lean,  
Staring into the street.

Sounds are muted and kind.  
The polished moon's light diffused,  
As seen through opaque, secret glass.

## Otto's Soldier

By MARGARET PAGE HOOD

**T**HE STATUE struck me a blow between the eyes. It was a bludgeon of a statue hitting to surprise and shock, rocking me back on my heels. Some of its power undoubtedly lay in contrast. The village was peaceful. All day I'd traveled across high wind-swept mesas where cactus, sand, and mesquite fought for supremacy. Now at twilight I'd dropped down into Frijoles Valley with its cottonwoods spring-green against a paling sky. There was the soothing sound of water flowing through irrigation ditches to the corn. Meadow larks teetered on the silver of fence posts, singing their evening hymn. Women, their heads tight bound in clean white towels, stood in doorways to chat, or stepped into their yards to work among the blossoming masses of violets and jasmine. From the open window of the adobe-walled church I heard the drone of the padre leading children's voices in catechism. Girls and half-grown boys giggled and flirted around the village well. A small boy whistled "Rancho Grande" as he played a tattoo on his horse's ribs with his bare heels. Behind him the village cows straggled home from the mesa pastures. A peaceful New Mexico village along the Rio Grande where for hundreds of years the dark earth had given plentifully of frijoles, chili, and corn to fill empty stomachs, sunshine had warmed backs bent in labor, the peace of mountain and flowing water, the joy of song had filled empty hearts. There was no place in this simple village for the vibrating cry of pain.

Yet there it stood in the center of the little paths which wound vaguely across the plaza. A mass, crouching heavy and half formed. Great arms rested on knees shapeless as cedar stumps. The shoulders were a hulk of patient weariness. The head, sunk and lowering, knew defeat. The chin

was a jutting angle of courage, the lips a drooping curve of despair, the nose the immature blob of childhood. There were no eyes, only the smeared marks of a creator's fingers, deep gouged in empty sockets. It was an unwieldy travesty of the human shape. A nightmare materialized. Seen across the plaza, through the thickening dusk, it had the power to strike cold to my heart. I was meeting the sorrow and patience of all disillusioned humanity on a homely village square. Seen closer, it lost the keen edge of its blade of pain. The gross imperfection of line, the crudeness of material turned it into a jest. It changed before my eyes from a terrible symbol of lost humanity to a clownish attempt in cement, a child's snowman made durable.

The shock of my first impression was so vivid I stopped at the village store to find out, if I could, why such a mad statue was crouching on the plaza of a simple New Mexico village. The old man behind the counter was fat and frumpy with white hair long and thin on his collar, but his eyes had a friendly gleam within their blue-hazed depths. We chatted as I made a purchase to break the ice.

"That statue, that figure, what do you call it, there on the plaza?" I asked.

"Well," the old man answered, "folks here call it Goofy Otto's freak. But I knew Otto better than most of them. I don't call him goofy, and I don't call his figure a freak. I call it, like Otto did, his knowing soldier."

"I knew Otto, boy and man," the storekeeper continued. "A fine tow-headed chap he grew up to be, tall like his father who was one of those foreigners, Hunjaks, we call 'em around here. They came into our valley years ago to work the mines. After the mines closed, most of 'em drifted away, but Otto's father bought land and married himself a Mexican woman. Otto had her dark eyes, and her way of making a guitar sing. But in most ways he was like his father, big and strong and merry. Plough in the corn field all day and dance all night. Tramp the mountains for a week with a gun on his shoulder, and come home singing

down the trail. Otto was a fine boy. Everyone in the village liked him, and he had a girl for every Sunday in the year. Finally he picked out Manuelita, the quietest girl in the valley. They were planning their wedding when the war broke out.

"We didn't get very excited, back here in our valley, over the war. It took some time before our boys began drifting away. Two or three joined the navy, crazy like so many mountain boys to see what the blue ocean's like. A handful more went down to El Paso and signed up with the cavalry. Otto hung off. He had Manúelita and his father's corn crop, the deer calling to him in the mountains, and the guitar string singing under his fingers. But when they called his name in the draft he didn't holler. Just slipped away without any fuss. 'Take care of things, Old Timer,' he said to me, 'while I go hunting for a spell.'

"The flu came closer to us folks than the war," the old man continued. "It hit us bad that winter. Otto's father and mother both died. His young brother was busy trying to keep the farm going. Nobody had time to worry about Otto except Manuelita. One day, when she'd come in for the mail, she burst out crying over her letter. Otto'd been gassed and was in the hospital in France. That was the last we heard about him for months. War was over and the other boys came home. We had a big baile for them with plenty of tequila and mountain mule. Made heroes of 'em for a couple of weeks, but things settled back to normal quick around here. Everybody went back to work and forgot about fightin'. Once in while someone would ask, 'Where's Otto? Isn't he coming home?' But nobody knew. After a while Manuelita got tired of waiting and married one of her black-haired cousins. Otto's kid brother was getting the hang of running the farm.

"Then one day he came back. Taller than ever, thin like a man who's caved in on himself. Yellow in the face, with eyes black holes of hopelessness.

" 'Sure, I've come back,' he grinned, shaking our hands



with a loose cold touch, 'come back to die.' We laughed at him and said a few months of mountain air and valley food would set him up. He'd been in so many hospitals since the war, we figured, the doctors had sapped all the juice out of him. He went back to his old home, but didn't stay.

"'The kid's doing fine,' he said; 'he doesn't need me.' So he rented a room on the plaza.

"It didn't take us long to find he wasn't right in his head. Old doc said the gas had addled his brain. Nothing dangerous about Otto. Most days he'd sit in the sunshine on the plaza talking as sensibly as anyone. But other times, mostly at night, he'd roam around groaning and wringing his hands.

"One night I met him as I was going home across the plaza. Moonlight made his face yellower'n a dead man's. His eyes seemed to be crying out for help.

"'Sit down a spell, boy,' I said to him, 'and tell me what's bothering you.'

"He'd been reading about the tombs they'd built in Washington and London for the unknown soldiers. They were haunting him.

"'Unknown soldiers—hell!' he said. 'Why do they want to hide an unknown soldier away from the sight of men under a hunk of marble? What good will that do? Instead of tombs for unknown soldiers, they should build monuments of soldiers that KNOW. Soldiers who can make other people know. Know what war means. I didn't know. I went away like a kid going hunting in the mountains. I'd never killed a man. I'd never been a machine of death. I didn't know. None of us knew. Nobody should go to war without knowing what it means. All the kids should know, these kids coming along. Let 'em grow up knowing. Then if they want to go to war, they're brave men and fools. But not ignorant fools like we were.'

"And I saw that in his addled brain he'd got the sense of those words mixed up—unknown and unknowing. He thought they were building tombs for poor unknowing boys

like he'd been who'd gone over to France ignorant of what war meant. He wanted monuments of knowing soldiers, of men who'd learned their lesson, so those monuments could teach the same lesson to the kids coming after. Not a bad idea for a bright feller to have, let alone a poor cracked brain like Otto.

" 'I can make a statue like that,' Otto said to me; 'I can make a soldier who'll show the kids what war does to a man. I'll build a big dumb brute who'll teach 'em what a soldier really is. Then they won't have their hearts broken finding out when it's too late, like I did.' "

"He grabbed my hand, 'That's what I'll do. Build it here on the plaza where the kids will play around it, kids growing up to know what I didn't.' "

"He came to the next village meeting and asked permission to make his statue on the plaza. Some of the men hemmed and hawed, saying now Otto was sort of goofy perhaps he'd make something that would be a laughing stock. But I argued with them. I told them doc said there was an off chance getting this out of his mind would cure Otto.

" 'All right,' they finally said to him, 'go ahead, but we can't pay you anything for your statue. We can't even buy the stone for you.' "

" 'Not stone,' said Otto, 'that would take too long and I haven't much time. Cement. I'll buy it, I'll make my soldier and he won't cost the village a cent! ' "

The old man rubbed his hands across the worn, greasy surface of the counter and glanced at me from under his bushy brows. "So, that's the story of Otto's soldier you saw out on the plaza."

"But what happened to Otto?" I asked. "Did making his statue help him find peace of mind?"

The old man sighed, "He found peace. The statue was all done but the eyes. Somehow Otto couldn't make the eyes to suit him. 'Tomorrow I'll get them right,' he told me as I

stopped by the statue one evening as he was finishing work. 'Tomorrow!'

"But the next day we missed him. We went out hunting for him and found him lying quiet under a piñon tree up the canyon, a bullet through his heart.

"No, don't feel sorry for him," the old man added; "doc did an autopsy and said he found the cells of his brain grown hard as wood. It was the gas did it. He'd never have been any better. After Otto died some folks wanted to knock down his cement soldier it caused so much comment and laughter among the people traveling through our village. But I said, 'No, sir, you let Otto's soldier alone. He suffered plenty to make it, guess we can stand a few horse laughs from strangers to keep it here on the plaza for him, just the way he wanted it.'

"And you know," the old man leaned forward confidentially, "most times I'll admit that statue looks like a bad dream, like a hunk of crazy cement. But some nights when I'm going home after evening's fallen, with the moon rising and casting its shadows, I can see what Otto was aiming at. I can see the pure brute misery, the dumb patience of that soldier who'd been slogging all day through mud and bullets, and had sat himself down to rest, maybe in a trench, maybe in a shell hole. And him realizing all of a sudden what war means to men."

As I left the village in Frijoles Valley I looked back at the turn of the road, and I too could see what the old man and Otto meant. I could see not a mad man's grotesquerie, but Otto's soldier who *knew*. And as I looked a gang of boys crossed the plaza, running and tossing a ball as they went. They came abreast of the statue, and one of them bounced the ball off the soldier's head. I could hear their shouts of heedless laughter rising clear in the evening air as they separated and turned confidently toward the steady lights of their homes.

## Editorial Notes

**F**OR THE GREATER part of the nine years of its life the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY has been edited by Dr. T. M. Pearce, whose keen and lively interest in the Southwest has made the magazine one of the more distinctive small regional publications. Other duties require that Dr. Pearce relinquish the editorship; but his experience and counsel will be available to the new editor, since Dr. Pearce is to continue as associate.

No serious change in policy is foreseen. In the past the QUARTERLY has been extremely fortunate in securing the contributions of such persons as Witter Bynner, Erna Fergusson, Paul Horgan, Haniel Long, Mary Austin, J. Frank Dobie, Henry Smith, and many other well-known writers of the Southwest. It is hoped that this well-established relationship will continue unbroken. Drawing its material support largely from the University of New Mexico, the QUARTERLY has always been open to contributions from the faculty of the University, especially in the field of critical articles and reviews. This function will continue and, it is hoped, become even more important. The QUARTERLY has always welcomed contributions from unknown writers. It has had no printed rejection slips. All manuscripts submitted have had the comments of the editor. This sometimes thankless task has yielded good results. The policy will be continued. For so small a journal to try to accomplish the three purposes here stated has no doubt at times been difficult; but T. M. Pearce has done it for years, with excellent balance. To "Matt" Pearce, sincerest congratulations on his reporting of his region.

★ ★ ★

A regional journal, of course, like any other publication, must and will change its emphasis as the times change. In the future the QUARTERLY may be expected to give more attention to some problems which the Southwest has in common with other regions. All of us today have imbibed

enough of economic determinism to know that a living culture has to keep its material resources up to the standard required by other demands upon it. Often, one suspects, it is a broken or delayed economy which supports some of the things which the local color enthusiast so ardently seeks out. A healthy regionalism will have to pay more and more attention to the *whole* pattern of economy, artistic expression, and social and political organization, in terms of the possibilities of the region for modern living. Soil erosion and a high infant mortality rate are as much a part of the picture at present as is the existence of *corridos*, folk plays, and a colorful past. Cultural lag must not be mistaken for culture—which is not to say that all ought to become suddenly, or ever, neon-lighted.

If regionalism in the Southwest has a patron saint, the late Mary Austin, I presume, deserves the nomination. The high point in her career, it seems to me, came between 1925 and 1927 when she was wrapped up in the Boulder Dam controversy. Then she almost envisioned a culture for the Southwest; power plants and irrigation projects at that period in her life went ahead of hand-weaving and the collection of ballads. If she later neglected the mechanical basis of modern society and became absorbed in the collection of curiosities, perhaps it was because she saw that the development of resources in the Southwest, as elsewhere, was proceeding on the old exploitative and expansionist lines, with nobody in her adopted region willing to help her raise a voice against it. It must not be forgotten that before she ever came to the Southwest, Mary Austin was an ardent suffragist, a Fabian socialist, as much concerned as any Lincoln Steffens over the shame of the cities, and as much worried by the shortcomings of democracy as ever the young Walter Lippmann was. In short, she had some ideas about the whole social pattern. Even her idea about community expression in art as she thought she found it in Mexico seems to have been taken originally from John Reed, who now inhabits the Soviet pantheon. Before the last years of her rather eccen-

tric antiquarianism, Mary Austin was a very alert world-citizen; and I cannot believe that deep in her heart she ever thought that New Mexco was the last word in an American acculturation. The lesson of Mary Austin to the discerning is that an American culture will develop when Americans have achieved a substantial scheme of values—an accomplishment that will require a great deal more agonizing and searching than most of us seem willing to undertake. A region's problems today come back largely to the great problem of the whole world—the political problem in the widest sense.

The newer regionalism, to take a concrete example, will have to be as much concerned about such a book as Robert S. Lynd's *Knowledge For What?* as about the latest collection of cowboy ballads. Whoever thinks that these ideas make that high and mighty goddess Art into a handmaiden of grimy, ephemeral, sordid problem-solving should read the opening pages of Thomas Mann's *The Coming Victory of Democracy* (not a new book!), wherein an artist of highest integrity shows at what cost he neglected the ancient truth that nothing human should be a matter of indifference to the artist or to any man.

To get back to Mary Austin, the greatest weakness in her thinking was probably this: because some past cultures appeared to her to have arrived automatically, she thought the American acculturation would be automatic too, dictated in some mystic fashion by the land and the pattern of the life lived upon it. Van Wyck Brooks knows something of what is perhaps the finest local culture yet produced in our land, that of New England in its golden day; and he sees that particular culture as the result of a channeled community will pursuing an ideal. Regionalists today need to know, first of all, what they want; and their wanting will have to go far beyond self-congratulation upon their region's quaintness.

★ ★ ★

The photographs of Irving Rusinow and the accompanying note by Dr. Eshref Shevky, in this issue, represent a

part of the effort being made in the Southwest—and in other regions also—toward understanding of regions and their resources. Rusinow's work, as Dr. Shevsky points out, is documentary. If under such circumstances the photographer loses some of his freedom as artist, he gains materially from his participation in a study in which science and imagination both play a part.

★ ★ ★

Even before William Y. Tindall's book on D. H. Lawrence appeared, many persons felt that it was about time to let Lawrence rest in peace. So vital a writer, alas, cannot be allowed repose. If Lawrence's works are to be chewed over and over, we propose to do our part of the ruminating. Dr. Nulle's article on Lawrence betrays a romantic impatience with modern culture (or with present-day cultural breakdown, as some people would put it) that reminds one of the hero of Jean Jacques Rousseau's novel and his impatience of the whole scheme of eighteenth-century culture. "The rock is craggy, the water deep, and I am in despair," Rousseau's *Weltschmerz*-stricken young man wrote to his uncomeatable lady love. He didn't jump. And one wonders how Dr. Nulle can consider it wise to jump from even apathy and dead confusion into the welter of furious violence which is fascism. Between the lines one sees that that is just what Dr. Nulle thinks he would like to do.

★ ★ ★

This is a good time to say that opinions expressed by individual authors do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors, the publishers, or the sponsors of the QUARTERLY. For views expressed in "Editorial Notes" the editor, but not the University of New Mexico, accepts responsibility.

D. W.

## College Books

THE LATE Charles Sears Baldwin, professor of rhetoric and English composition at Columbia University, was one of the foremost scholars, in modern times, of medieval life and literature. To a long list of his publications in this field is added now *Renaissance Literary Theory and Practice*, a book left at the time of Professor Baldwin's death, in 1936, and prepared for the Columbia University Press by Donald Lemen Clark. This volume rounds out a study begun by the author in his *Ancient Rhetoric and Poetic* (1924) and *Medieval Rhetoric and Poetic* (1928), both published by the Macmillan Company. The series traces the writing tradition of western Europe from the sound rhetorical principles in classic tradition to successive peak periods of achievement, such as the period of Chaucer or that of Shakespeare. Specifically, of the latest volume, it is a delight to a student of both the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, to find Dr. Baldwin justifying the fourteenth century (which Matthew Arnold considered lacking in an accent possible for a later stage of England's growth) as freer in some respects in the practice of poetry than the later period. For one, applaud when Baldwin says that there was more life in medieval Latin than in the ornate and conscious practice of Latin by many of the sixteenth century humanists. Everyone familiar with English literary history will recall the dismal results achieved by Roger Ascham, and later by Gabriel Harvey, Philip Sidney, even Edmund Spenser, when they tried to revamp English poetry in the manner of the ancients. Medieval Latin had been corrupted because it was used in contact with the vernacular tongues in everyday experiences. Too many of the Renaissance scholars held a concordance to Cicero in their hands every time they uttered a Latin phrase.

The Renaissance scorned the Middle Ages. It had the assurance of a cocky young man matching his strength against a tottering older one. And yet when one looks at



the forces unleashed by the new enlightenment one almost longs for the old so-called darkness. One can easily be sentimental about the Middle Ages, and yet it is not disloyal to the Renaissance to suggest that the world outgrew its intellectual and spiritual garments faster than it could manufacture appropriate new ones.

Notable in the book is Professor Baldwin's analysis of the insight into philology held by a Benedictine monk named Périon, who as early as 1554 seemed to recognize relationships between Gallic and Greek, and to employ certain modern resources of comparative grammar.

That this posthumous publication from a great scholar is valuable goes without saying. None of Dr. Baldwin's books draws upon the virtue of style. In spite of the attention which he gave to rhetoric in theory, in actual practice his writing can claim little beyond the Horatian precept of clarity. In even this respect, there are some spotty passages in the last work from his pen which a final perusal by the author might have removed. There are half a dozen points at which Dr. Baldwin could have made his points of view emphatic, heightening the originality of his study and dramatizing the fruits of his exhaustive labor. That such was not his way will not rob him of any of the acclaim discerning readers will wish to give.

T. M. PEARCE

One of the most careful, most meticulous, and most complete works on the history of the stage in England is Professor George Odell's *Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving*. In that book American scholarship with its genius for facts and documentation came to the assistance of the mother country and for the first time made clear to Englishmen and to the world the vicissitudes of Shakespeare on the stage of his native land.

The theatre-going and play-reading public has for more than a decade enjoyed the possession of A. H. Quinn's *History of American Drama*. But the first complete picture

of the American stage will come in the completion of George Odell's colossal *Annals of the New York Stage*, the eleventh volume of which has just appeared. For the history of the theatre in America is primarily and overwhelmingly the story of the New York stage. New York not only inaugurates but magnifies and perfects all the trends and tendencies which are found elsewhere. And New York affords an intimacy and familiarity of treatment only possible in a great metropolis and theatrical capital where openings, innovations, activities, and closings are continuous. There the veteran play-goer and perennial lover of the theatre catches the first glimpse of the star or singer as she trips down the gangplank or emerges from the oblivion of the theatrical hinterland which Broadway politely dismisses as the provinces.

There is a coziness and subdued glamour about old New York, which comes from the proximity and richness of many things and many people in less crowded, though no less elegant, surroundings than our own. Events occur and men and women move, but the tempo is moderate, and in this more leisurely age of not so long ago the glare and fatigue of modern New York are far around the corner of the century.

The years 1879 to 1882, which the current volume covers, form an epoch which can best be described with reference to the state of the drama in Europe. In the very year that our chronicle begins, Ibsen produced his *A Doll's House*. Although he had already written a number of other plays, he had as yet no real existence for England or for America. In England the wrong Byron was having his inning, H. J. Byron, the author of *Our Boys*; and Byron's plays were exported to America, jammed though they were with theatricality, platitude, and pun. Like him in melodramatic effectiveness and emptiness of content was Dion Boucicault, actor, playwright, manager. After making his fortunes secure in England, Boucicault again exercised his three-fold theatrical ability in New York. He it was who gave us our

acting version of *Rip Van Winkle*. Boucicault was past master of the art of theatrical persuasion. By his sentimentality, humor, and excitement he charmed unthinking audiences on both sides of the Atlantic, but the sentimental unreality in his plays of Irish life so disgusted Dublin that, in protest, later to be perpetuated through the Abbey Theatre, there arose Lady Gregory and the other dramatists of the Irish renaissance. The *Annals* tells the story of Boucicault's leasing of Booth's Theatre and of his performance of *Louis XI*, wherein he spoke the French of the title rôle in his own rich, irrepressible Dublin brogue.

France was more adequately represented before the New York public by the divine Sarah Bernhardt, who came over in 1880 to play *Phèdre* and *Camille*. But the happiest European venture on Manhattan shores was the arrival of Sir William Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan and the *Pirates of Penzance* in its world *première*. At that time, there was no international copyright law and the celebrated collaborators had never received a cent for the operettas previously published and performed in America. Hence they risked no chance of losing the American royalties on the *Pirates*, but were here to establish their copyright.

Not all the celebrities known to the present day arrived in the *Annals* by way of Europe. Edward H. Sothorn made his debut in these years. His first appearance hardly foreshadowed his future fame. Overcome with stage fright, "he forgot the one and only line of his part and spoiled his father's scene." Maurice Barrymore was prominent at this time. Walter Damrosch was an obscure organist in his father's famous orchestra. DeWolf Hopper was emerging, and among the ladies there were Lillian Russell and Adelina Patti, the singer.

There were excellent stock companies for high comedy and tragedy, performing in theatres where the orchestra played in a loft directly above the stage. There were German companies producing plays and operas. But even with notable Italian opera and worthy revivals of literary clas-

sics, the typical American offerings were *Tourists in a Pullman Palace Car*, *The Brook*, or a *Jolly Day at the Picnic*, *Hiawatha*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Professor Odell includes Brooklyn and suburban New York in his survey. There are such events as strawberry festivals, adventures in atheism personally conducted by Robert Ingersoll, the appearance of Barnum's Tom Thumb, the music of Johann Strauss, the conducting of Theodore Thomas and the elder Damrosch, the performances of the Philharmonic and the Oratorio societies. All these are the diverse elements among the pastimes and pleasures of New York of the early eighties, and all these are harmonized and brought neatly within the covers of one volume, which is as pleasing to the average reader as it is valuable to the theatrical critic and scholar. The *Annals* is at once a work of reference and a romance.

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH

For anyone who considers that philosophy is more than a speculation upon eternal truths, that it is indeed a vital index to the mental evolution of human cultures, any means of condensing and spreading the expression of current philosophical literature should be more than welcome. The advent of *Philosophic Abstracts* appears to fill a very definite need in this direction.

H. G. ALEXANDER

## Book Reviews

*D. H. Lawrence and Susan His Cow*—William York Tindall—Columbia University Press, New York—\$2.75.

"The critic's first duty to a genius is to try to understand his meaning." This is Professor Tindall's own credo for his study of D. H. Lawrence. Dr. Tindall has a witty and rational mind which operates with the precision of a metronome and with about the same degree of emotion. Lawrence "thought with his blood." For such a critical intellect to perform that first duty to a genius who disavowed the intellect is an ambitious enterprise. Perhaps it is ungenerous to suggest that a critic's second duty involves the objective approach, an immunity from "the prepossession of the author," for lack of which Professor Tindall himself rebukes two studies of Lawrence which he considers "not scholarly enough."

Professor Tindall's particular prepossession is an impulse to be witty at the expense of Lawrence, Mrs. Lawrence, the gamekeepers and grooms of Lawrence's novels, and some of the ancestral romanticism of English letters from which Lawrence derives. Sometimes, with all the zeal of a now-recanting Laurentian and the polish of a Pope, he delivers hits which delight those who likewise have failed to succumb to the charms of Lady Chatterley's lover. At other times the witticism is a schoolboy's spitball; at all times Professor Tindall's attitude toward Lawrence stimulates distrust of his observations and obscures, in a measure, the real scholarship and penetration which make the book a more valuable study of Lawrence than a cursory reading might indicate.

In a thorough and allusive examination of Lawrence's reading and writing, Professor Tindall sees the genius struggling against his personal problems and the currents of his age, developing a private religion out of his theories of anti-intellectualism, the primitive, and the occult. Law-

rence's revolt against science and the machine, his theory of "mindlessness and blood," his belief in the primitive patterns for modern man, and his final synthesis of these theories with theosophy and yoga and the symbolic Susan are impressively analyzed against their backgrounds in modern thought. The Lawrence versions of polarity and the unconscious, metempsychosis and Mme. Blavatsky, Karma and chakra, by virtue of Professor Tindall's clear dissection and sensible semantics, assume intelligibility whether they have it or not; and the analysis is, on the whole, an illuminating experience for those who have long wandered in the mazes of Laurentian theology.

Professor Tindall is not unappreciative of Lawrence's real merits: his matchless evocation of locale, his ability to "translate ancient myth with almost hypnotic effect," his fine prose style. But Lawrence, he says in effect, has warped his art in an attempt to express a private religious system and in so doing has failed to achieve the inner unity which all great art must have to conquer outer confusion.

Aside from his levity, Professor Tindall is entitled to his conclusions. But they are dry and rattling bones of what must have been the real Lawrence. That figure, in the round, never emerges from the mastery of detail and rich source material of the study. For Professor Tindall has studied the writing with condescension for the man, an error in tolerance if not in scholarship which Lawrence's New Mexico may be reluctant to forgive.

KATHERINE SIMONS

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*The Last of the Series*—Dane and Mary Roberts Coolidge—E. P. Dutton & Co., New York—\$2.50.

The world in which we live is a strange place, full of surprises at every turn. Few beyond the professional anthropologists know that along the bleak, sandy coast of Northern Mexico where the Sonoran Desert meets the Gulf of Cali-

fornia there is a strange tribe of fish-eating Indians known as the Seris. Quite different from our preconceived notions of Indians, these people represent no glories of a "vanishing race." The Seris are a poor digging and fishing people, devoid of even those rudimentary comforts usually associated with the Indians of the Plains or Pueblos. Dane and Mary Coolidge present a popularized version of the lives of some of these rather benighted individuals, old men who remember only vaguely the erstwhile complex religious life, the chants and songs, and the ceremonial behavior of their people and are thus fittingly called "the last of the Seris."

Here is a picture of a very primitive group of human beings—a picture, and no more, since the work can scarcely be called scientific. *The Last of the Seris* is a very neat travel account which tells us something of a short trip taken by the authors to Tiburon Island and Kino Bay. In the course of the journey the reader is introduced to a smattering of social anthropology, a bit of primitive art, a taste of acculturation, and a hodge-podge of material culture. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge were fortunate to be able to spend some six weeks among the Seri Indians, ostensibly to make a sociological study. Together they have produced what might be called a study in religious acculturation, the mixture of the native Seri religion with Mexican Roman Catholic elements. The authors themselves apparently do not realize this. They glibly offer some native drawings of fish-gods neatly surrounded with Christian crosses, drawings which they apparently accept as indicative of the aboriginal Seri religion. The hazy memories of a few old men, and an attempt at religious analysis are the sum of the book.

Mr. Coolidge would have us believe that the Seris once occupied a much higher plane of culture than that in which they now find themselves. Says the author, "Their songs, their stories, their gods, like those of the ancient Greeks, all point to a day when the Seris were a great people, before the White Men came." Archaeology reveals no higher civiliza-

tion in that provincial area. Where, we might ask, is the evidence?

*The Last of the Seris* is not without its value, however. No one may again be so fortunate as to secure the interesting native drawings which are so heavily interspersed throughout the pages of the book. The portrayals of Seri gods are indeed worth while, even if Christian symbols and influences mark them. Many colorful and valuable photographs lend genuine worth and interest. The random translations of Seri chants and songs are very well done and it will easily be seen that these people, primitive as they are, are not without their poetry, nor Mr. Coolidge without poetic ability. There is a distinct charm to his renditions of Seri verse.

We may read the Coolidges' book for its well-told tale of travel and adventure. We may enjoy its pictures and native tales, its translations of poetry and its "Stone Age" art. But we come away knowing little more about the strange Seri Indians. As a scientific bit of ethnology the *Last of the Seris* is an abysmal failure.

ROBERT F. SPENCER

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*Indians of the Americas*—Edwin R. Embree—Houghton Mifflin Company, The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1939—\$2.75.

With a more cosmopolitan background than is usual in most ethnological presentations, Edwin R. Embree presents, in a popular manner, the Indians of America. In keeping with the cosmopolitanism, as well as the popular presentation, the Indians are, in this work, taken out of cold anthropological surroundings and bathed in the warm sunshine of personal intimacy.

The book consists of four parts:

Part I—A prologue introduction and description of the Indian situation as the author sees it.



Part II—A description of three “classic” Indian cultures, the Maya, the Aztecs of Mexico, the Inca Empire of Perú.

Part III—An intimate reconstruction of North American Indian life exemplified in “Life on the Western Plains,” “The United States of the Iroquois,” and “The Pueblos of the Southwest.”

Part IV—A description of the place of the Indian in a White world, with laments and remarks pertaining thereto.

This work is evidently an attempt to popularize at one fell swoop the American Indian life of North, South, and Central America. This, in itself, is a gigantic task, both by reason of the immensity of the project and also the limitations of the approach. The reviewer is fully aware that the popular approach is more difficult to render successfully than the scientific report. The author has succeeded remarkably in making the American Indian a living, real, personalized individual. At the same time, a remarkable quantity of information has been hung upon this narrative hatrack.

Mr. Embree has wisely chosen not to tell all he knows about all of the American Indians. He has selected only the so-called “high points” of Indian life, and of course not all of these. There is a certain tendency, constantly apparent, to characterize the American Indian by certain spectacular or romantic cultures. This is not offered as criticism but is an observation upon the avowed intention of the author.

Unlike most “popular” renditions of scientific or pseudo-scientific nature, the *Indians of the Americas* does not degenerate into purely sentimental twaddle or sweeping inaccurate generalities. The author has obviously gone to the sources for information concerning his material, although, unfortunately, not all of the sources in each case.

Pursuant with the usual book reviewing custom of finding something wrong with the book, we may list some of the followig items, remembering, of course, that in the encompassing of a very extensive subject in an abbreviated

popular manner, many such evils can hardly be avoided.

In the first few pages, the author has evidently followed Las Casas to the exclusion of other equally good, and in some cases more accurate, sources. We may remark that (page 2) no large number of Indians were taken away by Columbus, nor was the advent of that great explorer quite so morbid a picture as has been painted.

(Page 5) Portuguese and French voyagers were active from 1488 to 1500. Spain conquered not much more than one-half of South America. The Caribs were not easily conquered; in fact, they were never conquered by the Spaniards. The Maya were also not quickly conquered, as stated by the author. It took some twenty-three years.

(Page 8) The English were not the last to invade the Indians' world. Swedes, Danes, and Dutch, in that order, were subsequent invaders.

(Page 16) Not all Indians have yellowish-brown skin, e. g., various Yumans.

(Page 17) Not all Indians have straight hair; some aboriginal types of pure strain have wavy hair.

(Page 18) The agriculture of early Egypt was perhaps never passed on to surrounding people as stated by Mr. Embree, but was derived instead from an outside source.

(Page 19) Civilization was not highest where the continents of North and South America meet, i. e., Costa Rica, Panama, and Colombia, but in centers further to the north and further to the south.

(Page 21) Iron was not unknown to the American Indian; it was known to the Greenland Eskimo and was utilized in meteoric form by many American aborigines.

(Page 23) In addition to those mentioned by Mr. Embree, the Indians tamed or domesticated the boa, duck, currasow, guau, ortolis, guinea pig, and alpaca.

(Page 29) It has not been demonstrated that maize was the basis of origin of agriculture in the New World, nor is it now held that teocentli was ancestral to maize.

(Page 30) The Maya did not develop the sweet potato and probably not tobacco, cotton, or the tomato.

(Page 36) In the opinion of the reviewer it is a dangerous assumption that Kukulcan or a similar god was present in the Pueblo pantheon.

(Page 41) I would question sandals of hemp.

(Page 44) The date here stated with certainty, 600-800 A. D., would depend on whose dating system was used. The recent trend is to adopt a correlation with a later great cycle, making all dates more recent (Vaillant).

(Page 45) Copan is not in southern Central America nor did the learning there necessarily exceed that of other Mayan cities.

(Page 51) The Mayan cities were not in their time the most brilliant centers of art and learning in the world. Mr. Embree has overlooked the great Moslem cultures of Fez, Cairo, Damascus, Bukhara, Cordova, etc.

(Page 53) Not to be carping, there are less than 800,000 Mexicans of Nahuan speech, instead of millions.

(Page 57) There is no evidence, conclusive at least, that the Aztecs derived maize, beans, cotton, cucurbits, stone working, pyramids, and the bulk of their basic culture from the Mayas.

(Page 64) The Aztecs, so far as we know, did not use money in the form of a T.

(Page 71) The Toltec cities were not contemporary with the Aztec. The period of the Naciones Pobladores intervened.

There is no need to continue in this picayune manner with individual criticisms. The items here criticized do not represent all of those to which exception might be taken. They do indicate, however, the general type of pitfall into which any one who attempts this variety of writing may fall. As may be seen, most of these difficulties come under the head of minutiae or moot points. I have no doubt that Mr. Embree and the list of venerable gentlemen to whom he gives credit for checking his work were aware of the truth in most.

cases. In popular writing, one cannot tell all aspects of the situation in a short space. The author should have, I believe, avoided stating only one side of moot questions as a fact.

I would disagree with the author (page 251) that the book is an American history. I would regard it rather as a very successful depiction, for popular reading, of the most outstanding aspects of the Indian life and culture of the Americas.

FRANK C. HIBBEN

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*A Letter from Texas*—Townsend Miller—Carl Hertzog, El Paso, Texas, 1939—\$2.50.

*Poems*—William Pillin—The Press of James A. Decker, Prairie City, Illinois, 1939.

The work of young poets seems to me to be in a stalemate. I need not limit my statement to young poets, for poets in general seem to be in an ebb tide, caught in the backwash of the surge from the New Poetry now aged about thirty years. If anything, we need calmer poetry, less of the personal pain and "oh, the poor people" stuff. It is a question to me how effective poetry can ever be as a chart of social misery; certainly as an asset to psychoanalysis, we have all had our fill. I keep thinking, here in the Southwest, of the psychology of Indian poets, who think of themselves as the servants of the tribal spirit, called to express others' joys and need, and always speaking the poet prayer to the elemental forces in nature. Of course, some of these elemental gestures are voodoo and misdirected, but at least the singer concentrates on something larger than his personal case history or the selfishness of his neighbor. There are other ways of relieving both situations more effective than the poet's tools.

I like Townsend Miller's poem because it has something of the calm magnitude which is its theme—the place on the nature map called Texas. "It is a strange land," he writes,

a part of "the large western dream." Yet there is "blue silence of sea and sand," "pine with the high redolent forests," "the hot golden heart under the Tropic." Here girls and the young men walk in the streets "tall, splendid, easy, as wind over the prairie." Austin, in the early evening—"the blind walls from the plain fronting the level light"—shines like the long sought gold of Cíbola. But to the west is the true land of Spain, "still as a dream of time, and gray and green as olive." In San Antonio "cool patios silent and shaded of pomegranate," Dallas "turned with her face to the east," Fort Worth "fronting the afternoon and the west."

There is poetry richly phrased in Mr. Miller's letter. The book is a pleasant one to touch again, for it has breadth of viewpoint and beautiful words and sustained feeling for the pattern of the land and the life in it. *A Letter from Texas* is a distinctive, modern poem, and I congratulate the author on it. Let others judge whether I am right or wrong.

Mr. Pillin's book is an anthology of his work, some of which has appeared in such journals as *American Prefaces*, *Prairie Schooner*, *New Masses*, and the *New Republic*. It does not always strike a response in me. I am weary of staccato passages of continents, castles, monks, and saints, in a "ballet of fire and vengeance," though that may not be a false prophecy of what we are due for. As a description of part of the world, it isn't far wrong at the moment. Sometimes Mr. Pillin really hits it off, as in his "Folksong," whose "listeners in the wind" hear the voices of men at work across the slopes and broken fields "of this tremendous land." But "Wild Boys of the Road" is a journalistic jotting, not poetry, and "My Amazing Dawn" needs an hour with Whitman to repair the sorry landscape instead of weeping over it.

The western poems are the best. "Adobe Walls" has assurance and beauty. "It is a man's joy to build a chimney for familiar smoke" the poet rightly affirms.

Man grows in nurtured soil.

He is no lark to wing from pole to stalk.

"To a Watercolor Artist" expresses the rightness many of

us feel about modern art. I have the feeling that Mr. Pillin is gaining stronger roots for his poetry; that this, though his first book, and a good one, is neither the last nor the best.

T. M. PEARCE

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*Mary Austin, Woman of Genius*—Dr. Helen MacKnight Doyle—  
Gotham House, New York, 1939—\$3.00.

From an acquaintanceship dating from about 1905 in Bishop, California, Dr. Helen M. Doyle writes the life of Mary Austin. The chief fault is that Dr. Doyle relies quite too much upon Mrs. Austin's autobiography, *Earth Horizon*. She gives too little information that cannot be found in *Earth Horizon* and too seldom departs from Mrs. Austin's own readings of her motives. *Mary Austin, Woman of Genius*, however, gives the life in much more palatable form than the autobiography, since Dr. Doyle, although extremely tolerant and sympathetic, is slightly more objective in her attitude and infinitely more clear in her style. *Earth Horizon*, of course, is still the better book.

Dr. Doyle, aware of Mary Austin's frequently extravagant gestures and poses, nevertheless proves to all sensible people that Mrs. Austin was, after all, human and did not usually bite, not even Methodists. The author follows the old idea that queerness is genius; her apology for the queerness is all based upon the assumption that it was in itself proof of the genius. The question of Mary Austin's particular genius remains, therefore, just where it was. It will have to be settled eventually on the basis of Mrs. Austin's writing. On that side, Dr. Doyle, to put it mildly, is naive. And in overlooking the voluminous writings of Mary Austin—most of the works are not even mentioned—Dr. Doyle neglects much relevant and revealing biographical material.

DUDLEY WYNN

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*



## Los Paisanos

### SALUDO A TODOS LOS PAISANOS:

Five Albuquerque authors are publishing this spring. The new-high record will certainly make literary history here, and the authors making 1940 memorable (along with Coronado) are: Conrad Richter, Dorothy B. Hughes, Dr. T. M. Pearce, Erna Fergusson, and Franc J. Newcomb . . . *The Trees*, Conrad Richter's book, will be released for publication on March first by Knopf, and is one of a dual selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for March. Advance criticism on the forthcoming novel calls it, "A magnificent epic of the American wilderness and of authentic early American life." . . . Mr. Richter's short novel, *The Sea of Grass*, sold fifteen thousand copies . . . On March 22, *The So Blue Marble*, by Dorothy B. Hughes, will be published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. Although this is Mrs. Hughes' first novel, and incidentally the first mystery novel to be published by an Albuquerque author, it is not her first book. She is the author of a volume of poems, *Dark Certainty*, and *Pueblo on the Mesa*, the University of New Mexico's semi-centennial historical volume . . . As Dorothy B. Flanagan she has been a frequent contributor to the *New Yorker*, the *New Mexico Quarterly*, and the *Pictorial Review*. . . *The So Blue Marble* is a mystery, but not strictly so. Mrs. Hughes says that it is psychological, rather than a "who-did-it?" guessing-game type of story. . . . She is scheduled for two mystery novels a year for Duell, Sloan and Pearce, a new firm, by the way, whose list includes such famous people as Archibald MacLeish, Erskine Caldwell, Oliver St. John Gogarty, and Rockwell Kent . . . Dr. T. M. Pearce's book on Mary Austin, *The Beloved House*, will be off the Caxton Press on April 15. It will be illustrated by twenty stunning lithographs, one of which is a reproduction of Olive Rush's portrait of "I-Mary"

.... *Our Southwest*, Erna Fergusson's fifth book, is scheduled for April 15 by her publishers, Alfred A. Knopf ... Among the photographic illustrations are a number by Ruth Frank, of *Life* magazine reputation. Miss Frank has visited here several times, and is a sister of Paul Frank, of Santa Fe. ... Early in April, the Rydal Press, of Santa Fe, will publish Franc Johnson Newcomb's latest book, *Navajo Omens and Taboos*. A thousand copies of the edition have been printed, bound in art linen. Chee Dodge, venerable Indian leader in the Navajo tribe, has written a foreword for the collection of tribal traditions, taboos, and household sayings ... In addition to these five books by Albuquerque authors, another book by a former Albuquerque resident, Paul Horgan, is scheduled for publication by Harper's on April 4, called *Figures in a Landscape* ... The University of New Mexico Press announces two very important spring publications. *My Nine Years as Governor*, by Former Governor Miguel A. Otero, will be the third and final volume of the series, and according to those "in the know" will be extremely interesting, not only to New Mexicans but to those outside the state ... *Rocky Mountain Politics*, the other University Press publication, is edited by Dr. Thomas C. Donnelly, of the University of New Mexico. There are eight contributors to the book, each one an outstanding authority in the field of political science, and representative of the particular geographic area treated ... Arthur Holcombe, professor of Government at Harvard, has written the foreword ...

Duell, Sloan and Pearce are to publish an *American Folkways Series*, edited by Erskine Caldwell, who has been traveling about the country finding contributors. The first book in the series will be one by Stanley Vestal, and it will deal with the "short-grass country of the Southwest"... During his Santa Fe visit, Mr. Caldwell was the guest of an old friend, Alfred Morang ...

The newly formed English Club at the University of New Mexico had as its first guest lecturer at a literary tea in



the Student Union Building last week, the Reverend Ernest Whitesmith, a Robert Burns authority of note and merit . . . S. Stephenson Smith, educational counselor for the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, was also a recent guest lecturer at a tea in his honor . . .

According to the *New Yorker's* inquiring reporter, "Mabel Dodge Luhan is back in New York reviving her salons of yesteryear . . . Her fourth husband, Tony, a Pueblo Indian, is due to come to New York from their home in Taos, New Mexico, some time in February. Tony has never read any of his wife's four volumes of *Intimate Memories*, in which he is a featured character. He has never read anything in English, in fact, and can speak it only haltingly, even after seventeen years of married life with Mabel. Tony gets on reasonably well with her artistic and literary friends, but if he is bored with any of them, he just fades away . . . In New York, Tony will wear regular city clothes. His chief purpose in coming East is to see the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, John Collier, an old friend, and also Secretary Ickes. Mrs. Luhan thinks he is probably going to ask them to give his tribe a flour mill . . ."

Report has it that Lynn Riggs is in La Jolla, working on a new play; that Witter Bynner will be in Mexico for some time; and that Dr. George St. Clair is quite well and having a happy winter in Florida . . .

Hasta la proxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

# *The New Mexico Quarterly*

A REGIONAL REVIEW

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T. M. PEARCE, *Associate Editor*

JULIA KELEHER, *Los Paisanos*

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## Contributors to This Issue

**STEBELTON H. NULLE** is a graduate of Ohio State University, Columbia University, and the University of Pennsylvania. He now teaches history at New York University. Some contributions to *The American Review* by Dr. Nulle indicate his fascistic leanings. His article on Lawrence, it should be remarked, was in the hands of the editor before the appearance of William Y. Tindall's *D. H. Lawrence and Susan His Cow*. Dr. Nulle is by no means the first to point out certain fascistic implications of Lawrence's writings, but he is probably among the first to congratulate Lawrence on that apparent tendency.

**ESHREF SHEVKY** is Chief of the Division of Economic Surveys in the Southwest Region, Soil Conservation Service. He is a sociologist, deeply interested in problems of regional development.

Photographs by **IRVING RUSINOW** have appeared in *Scribner's* and in *Survey Graphic*. His work has been shown in various galleries. He has from time to time been commissioned to participate in regional surveys undertaken by the staff of technicians of the Soil Conservation Service. His series of photographs dealing with the Santa Cruz Valley accompanied the report of the Interdepartmental Rio Grande Committee. His recent Rio Grande series is a documentation of the Survey of Economic Conditions in the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy District, now being completed.

**JAY C. KNODE**, whose articles have appeared in the *QUARTERLY* from time to time over a period of years, is Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences and Dean of the General College, University of New Mexico. He has contributed articles on educational subjects to professional journals.

**MARGARET PAGE HOOD**, writer of poetry and short stories, lives in Las Cruces, New Mexico. She has been a frequent contributor to the *QUARTERLY*.

**LEON DORAIS** has had stories published in *The New Republic*, *American Stuff* (the Federal Writers' Project anthology), *Prairie Schooner*, *Frontier and Midland*, and other magazines. In various capacities for some six years he has served with government relief agencies. At the inception of the Federal Writers' Project in November, 1935, he was made supervisor of one of the units of the project in California. At present he is State Supervisor of the Southern California Writers' Project.

**JOYCE E. LOBNER**, as one might surmise, lives in San Francisco, California.

**ROBERT BROWN** is an undergraduate student at the University of New Mexico.

## D. H. Lawrence and the Fascist Movement

By STEBELTON H. NULLE

**H**ISTORICALLY speaking, fascism may be defined as the preliminary response, mental and emotional, to the vast changes in human conditions of our times. Among other things, it may be regarded as the process by which the powers of the state are rounded out and as another step in the slow growth of a common mind and will, of wider and deeper human association. Philosophically, it marks the realization that individuality is a phase to be transcended and offers a way out of our self-defeating individualism. Like every other historical movement, its roots spread far and wide into the most diverse soil, into many aspects of truth. On the one hand, it finds its source in the marriage of knowledge and power, in the desire to apply reason and discipline to human affairs, to supply what H. G. Wells has so often referred to as a "competent receiver" for our bankrupt and bewildered age. On the other hand, fascism is an expression of the aspirations which found release in nineteenth century romanticism, in the mysticism of Nietzsche and the vitalism of Bergson, forces too numerous to mention, which, in our own times, insist upon the inadequacy of reason and urge the equal claims of the unconscious or those of the body as a whole. These elements in fascism, the rational and anti-rational, are united by common loves and fears; both want to liquidate outworn things and summon men to create a spiritualized and dedicated nation.

To D. H. Lawrence, this very harmony of the rational and the irrational was the supreme issue of our day. "The problem, for him, was to bring the animal and the thinker together . . . to make them coöperate in the building up of consummate manhood."<sup>1</sup> Though it is nearly ten years since he died, after stirring the stagnant pool of contemporary letters

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1. Aldous Huxley, "The Puritan," in *Music at Night*.

as it had not been stirred since Rousseau, the waves he set in motion have spread far and wide, influencing ever broader areas of thought and feeling. Curiously enough, the political implications of the work of Lawrence are only now being generally realized. Most commentators have contented themselves with such observations as that of the Frenchman, De Reul, that what political ideas he had were "*Plutôt faibles, vagues et changeantes*." Others deny that he made any political application of his irrationalism whatever. Possibly Rampion's (i.e. Lawrence's) diatribe against politics and politicians of all kinds in the twenty-third chapter of *Point Counter Point* will be recalled, and Aldous Huxley, who knew Lawrence as intimately as anyone perhaps, warns us that it is impossible to write about him except as an artist. Yet the spirit of fascism is nowhere better expressed than in his work and, moreover, in none of the foremost writers of our time is there to be found such sympathetic exposition of its positive principles. Lawrence the poet is, in effect, an excellent example of the Hero as Politician. Where in contemporary literature, if not in Lawrence, do we meet the great agonized spirit of revolt against the present order, the awful inner hatred of a system which, as he would say, "outrages the solar plexus," which frustrates life and makes it fundamentally unliveable for all of us? The sight and smell of decaying liberal-democracy sickened him as it must all sincere men. Like Rousseau, he thought and felt and wanted to live, not as his contemporaries did, but in the way he hoped his descendants would someday think and feel and live. In Rousseau's time, however, there was at least the final refuge of the wilderness; today the only hope this side of madness is revolution.

Like all men of today, then, Lawrence suffered, but to an acute degree, the sense of frustration which affects our times. His total vision of a wider living and comradeship was, of course, as unrealizable as that of Jesus and all the great prophets and poets. One with all of them, he suffered and died, leaving behind, for the most part, only the vaguest

testament to mankind. Like them too, he had no neat formulas and fixed principles to offer. Such men are alone with their souls and with the awful truth of things. Could he have explained the deeper insight which he had, each little party, as Carlyle said of Cromwell, would "either have shuddered aghast at it, or believing it their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck." Lawrence had his dream, but to the question: How is it to be made real? he had no answer. "For him and for other men it is a simple miracle for which he calls. This new world into which he bids us enter does not exist."

The experience of every great prophet and teacher is fated to be interpreted in terms of a lower order of reality. The *whole* perception is too dazzling, too "impractical"; and lesser men who would not see it vanish and be altogether lost reduce it to the limitations of the average gaze. Something of what Paul of Tarsus did for Jesus, or Cardinal Ugolino and Fra Elias for the Saint of Assisi is coming to be done for Lawrence's standpoint by the leaders of fascism. Just as Rousseau was the incoherent and unwitting evangelist of one revolution, Lawrence will eventually be numbered among the prophets of fascist revolution, for it seems certain that fascism, more than any other movement of our times, holds out the hope of capturing at least part of what he saw and of satisfying more of the demands that he made of life. If his prophethood was not recognized by fascists in his lifetime, it will be remembered that, with the partial exception of Sorel and Pareto, formal thinkers have likewise neglected the political applications of his forerunners, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. The more uncompromisingly rational are troubled by his putting the solar plexus above bloodless reason; and Roman Catholic fascists in particular do not like the author of *The Man Who Died* at all.

It may be asked: Why did he himself not hail the rising sun of fascism in Italy and Germany? Although he lived in Italy most of the time after the war until his departure for the East in the spring of 1922, it is true that he had little to

say in his letters about the preliminaries of the fascist coup. He did, however, when he was in Germany, in 1927, recognize "a new sort of stirring there: a horrible disillusion, a grinning awful materialism; but underneath it a stir of life." It was, as he said, too soon to look for results. He also saw pre-fascist Italy, with its corrupt parties and ineffective leadership, as a "ridiculous kingdom, politically," governing itself so badly "that one becomes indifferent to all political fates . . . and merely curses because there's no coffee and no post." It is also true that when he again met with what, at least, passed for fascism along with bolshevism in Mexico in 1923, he expressed his indifference to both alike. "I don't care, I don't listen," he wrote his wife's mother. One can only point to the fact that all prophets tend to play a lone hand and to overlook their potential allies.

It is frequently alleged that Jesus would be equally indifferent to institutionalized Christianity if he came upon it. No real prophet will betray his daemon for the sake of something less than his dream. Yet fascism is a movement, a ferment of revolt, rooted in the same soil from which the dream of Lawrence sprang. It hates most of the things which he hated and seeks some, at least, of the things which he sought. Like him it recognizes the need of revolution; but whereas he had nothing ready to replace the present order, it seeks to adapt liberty to the necessity of planning and to the coördinated public control of modern economic life. It seeks also the renewal and quickening of a sterile, stagnant people by actions, words, and symbols, and through all this a new integration of the life of our times. As Lawrence's friend, Gardiner, has pointed out in his pamphlet, *World Without End*, fascism is due to the clamor of men for their natural birthright. Middle-class democracy "annulled the mystery of power without which men cannot be men, stripped of which they feel humiliated, like a cock despoiled of his plumage. It represents insurrection against a deeply hurt male pride longing to reassert the mystery of power, glamour, and lordship, the sense of glory which Puritanism

and the bourgeois ideals of the nineteenth century have progressively destroyed." Fascism represents, in other words, some of the release and liberation which Lawrence sought.

If all this is rather less than what, in one of his more apocalyptic moods, he would have sought, it is because the individual and social point of view is to be reconciled only imperfectly. After all, Lawrence enjoyed a position of unusual independence, and, as Middleton Murry well says, "If to be free from domestic ties and to have a means of livelihood which can be exercised in any place are an indispensable condition of being whole, most men must resign themselves to permanent incompleteness." It will be remembered that the *fay ce que voudras* of Thélème was addressed only to such as he, unattached men, free from all restraints not only from within but from without.

Although it has been said that Lawrence saw with his whole soul the need of change, but was incapable of giving constructive form to his protest, this is not altogether true. There were times when he spoke clearly in terms of matter as well as of spirit. Whoever reads his Australian novel, *Kangaroo*, will have little doubt about what he thought and felt. Not only does he actually give us a detailed organization of a thoroughgoing fascist movement, but he himself is its founder and leader! The collection of part of his letters which Huxley edited also gives numerous, unambiguous statements of his viewpoints which go a long way to confirm the foregoing interpretation of his place with respect to fascism. Interpretations of Lawrence are based too much upon his more obscure novels, where the hares run in so many directions as to be utterly bewildering. The letters represent, on the contrary, a simpler Lawrence, the prophet in his everyday contacts and relations, trying to be explicit and coherent. Frank Swinnerton has pointed out that "the Lawrence who wrote letters to his friends bears no resemblance at all to the Lawrence who has been described by others." They are, as he says, the work of a man supremely sane and sure.



When all of Lawrence's many contradictions and equivocations are considered, what *positive* political principles emerge from the letters, confirming not only the foregoing fascist aspects of a general nature but dissociating him as well from other movements and philosophies of protest, especially communism? In the following pages we shall let him speak as far as possible for himself.

First of all, perhaps, one would think of his splendid vitalism, so like (on the one hand) that of the new creative faiths, instinct with a spirit that answers to the call of modern man, and (on the other hand) so incompatible with the conventional type of political organization which we know today. He was "able to see things with incomparable freshness," as Ivor Brown admits; "he could write about them as though they had never happened before." The communist, Strachey, calls him "the one vital writer which England has produced since the war: the one who still wrote as if he knew that it was worth while to write"; and Edwin Muir calls him "the greatest genius of his time." Lawrence sought to restore the world of natural men, who respond to their instinctive urges, emancipated from ancient fears and frustrations. If life is to be lived completely, it must be accepted as a whole. The natural man lives in the body, and what André Maurois called the "renaissance of the body" or insistence on spontaneous living is most characteristic of fascism. Just as the Roundheads of 1649 changed the idea of treason, so the fascists have given sin a new meaning: sin means violence to life. To live, intensively and fully, is the guiding principle of fascism.

What is the problem of politics according to Lawrence? He would agree with Comte that at bottom it is a spiritual one, the recovery of the whole vision: "Get ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all the rest shall be added unto you." Like Rousseau and Hitler he thought of politics not as the conflict of persons or parties but of ideals and faiths. "Down with the poor in spirit: A War!"—that was his watchword. This explains why the judgment and advice

he gave the world, were so perplexing and inadequate. As Aldous Huxley says, "Political advice from even the most greatly gifted of religious innovators is always inadequate; for it is never, at bottom, advice about politics, but always advice about something else." Lawrence saw that our world has almost exhausted the capital stock of inherited spiritual values upon which every civilization ultimately rests:

"Men live and see according to some gradually developing and gradually withering vision," he wrote in the *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. "This vision exists also as a dynamic idea of metaphysics—exists first as such. Then it is unfolded into life and art. Our vision, our belief, our metaphysic is wearing woefully thin. . . . We have no future: neither for our hopes nor our aims nor our art. It has all gone gray and opaque. We've got to rip the old veil of vision across and find what the heart really believes in after all and what the heart really wants for the next future."

For the present order he had nothing but contempt and hatred. It was a dead world in which he saw himself, a world in which men had lost their souls. "It is strange and fascinating," he wrote, "to wander like Virgil in the shades." And again: "Now is the time between Good Friday and Easter. We're absolutely in the tomb." Democracy was as offensive to him as to any fascist. "The more I see of democracy the more I dislike it," he told his wife's sister. "It just brings everything down to the mere vulgar level of wages and prices, electric light and water closets and nothing else." Socialism was no better: "It is a dud," he wrote Murry from Oaxaca. "It makes just mush of the people." Of communism he wrote: "The dead materialism of Marx socialism and soviets seems to me no better than what we've got." Conservatives and liberals and pacifists alike all want the same thing, he told Lady Asquith, in words that Mussolini himself might have trumpeted:

They are our disease, not our hope. . . . They want to keep their own established egos, their finite

and ready defined selves intact, free from contact and connection. . . . They want an outward system of nullity which they call peace and good will, so that in their own souls they can be independent gods referred nowhere and to nothing, little mortal absolutes secure from question. That is at the back of all Liberalism, Fabianism and democracy. It stinks. It is the will of the louse. . . . Let us have done with this foolish form of government.

"Fusty, fuzzy peace cranks and lovers of humanity," he wrote on another occasion during the war, "are the devil. We must get on a new track altogether."

This new track was to be reached only by a revolution, a "quite bloody, merciless, almost anarchistic revolution . . . a fearful chaos of smashing up," and the sooner the better. Preaching and teaching were no good now. (Cf. "Action, not talk"—Mussolini.) It was in violent action, as he said in *Kangaroo*, that the new spirit would rise. There was to be no mere transfer of power from capital to labor. "Labour, capital, aristocrat, they are all part of the same evil game."

O! start a revolution, somebody!  
 Not to install the working class,  
 But to abolish the working classes forever  
 And have a world of men.

(Poem to Charles Wilson.)

What he wanted, rather, was a revolt of the spirit against "the fixed thing," against "this horrible paucity and materialism of mental consciousness." Clearly as any prophet he saw that the very citadel of this spirit lay in what he called suburbanity, the "nice simple people, with their eternal price list." Here, indeed, in the "vulgar spirit of money, the blind spirit of possession," is the arch-enemy of every great leader of humanity from Isaiah to Hitler. The enemies of Lawrence and of fascism are one.

Into this revolution Lawrence would have liked to throw himself with all his being. "If I knew how to, I'd really join myself to the revolutionary socialists now," he wrote in 1921. "I think the time has come for a real struggle. That's the

only thing I care for. . . . I don't care for politics. But I know there *must* and *should* be a deadly revolution very soon and I would take part in it if I knew how." But as long as he lived his sense of remoteness kept him from breaking his isolation and coöperating in any movement, though his life was one long despairing search for comradeship, for a society to which he could belong. But the salvation of integrity was not to be his: he was torn between the desire for solitude and the pursuit of his own salvation, on the one hand, and the counter-impulse to concern himself with the souls and bodies of his neighbors. That inner conflict was never resolved, and it was this, as Huxley says, which drove him for relief into the "dark night of that otherness whose essence and symbol is the sexual experience."

The *Fuehrerprinzip*, the central political principle of leadership, however, he recognized as much as any fascist. "Give homage and allegiance to a hero and you become yourself heroic." (*Apocalypse*.) On one occasion, after having read Gibbon through, he wrote: "Men were always alike and always will be, and one must view the species with contempt first and foremost and find a few individuals if possible . . . and ultimately . . . to rule the species. It is proper ruling they need and always have needed." In *Kangaroo* he borrows the feeling of *Mein Kampf* and speaks of the "mystery of lordship . . . the mystic recognition of difference and innate priority, the joy of obedience and the sacred responsibility of authority." Unfortunately, as he told Rolf Gardiner in the spring of '28, real leadership is rare these days, save for such men as Gandhi or Mussolini. It was his firm belief in the principle of leadership which led to his recurrent projects for establishing colonies in Cornwall, Florida, Mexico, or even Polynesia, where he would have been Moses, the lawgiver; and at one time he even hoped that America would accept him as its leader, with the *Fantasia* as his gospel. But all these schemes were stillborn, leaving bitterness and frustration. In a very real sense, then, Lawrence was an unfulfilled Hitler—dark, brooding,

inward-looking, both of them—with the same capacity for attracting loyalty and the same disdain for intellectuals and aesthetes, believing passionately in the impossible, both of them. Both are adventurers who point the way to a quality of experience other than any yet achieved, knowing full well that the destruction of what exists is necessary to that which is to supersede it. Just as Robespierre was Rousseau's finest pupil, one might say that Adolf Hitler is bringing into Western consciousness something of the insight and idealism of D. H. Lawrence.

Perhaps the clearest statement of Lawrence's ideas on "proper ruling" and the hierarchical ordering of society is to be found in two letters written to Lady Cynthia Asquith in 1915.

Let us submit to the knowledge that there are aristocrats and plebeians born, not made. . . . Some amongst us are born fit to govern and some are born only to be governed," he wrote in part. "I don't believe in the democratic (republican) form of election," he went on. "I think the artisan is fit to elect for his immediate surroundings, but not for ultimate government. The electors for the highest places should be governors of the bigger districts—the whole thing should work upwards, every man voting for that which he more or less understands through contact—no canvassing of mass votes. And women should not vote equally with the men, but for different things. Women *must* govern such things as the feeding and housing of the race. And if a system works up to a Dictator who controls the greater industrial side of the national life, it must work up to a Dictatrix who controls the things relating to private life.

If we do not have here an unequivocal anticipation of a number of fundamental fascist principles and practices, it would be difficult to find them anywhere!

Unfortunately, Lawrence's views on the *nation* as a spiritual organism, that other great fascist principle, are not equally plain and consistent. As in so many respects,

the pragmatic implications of his inward experience are either not clear to him or else he is indifferent to making them so. The key to this contrariety seems to be in what he himself called the absolute frustration and repression of his societal instinct and the preponderance of his ego. "I am weary of my own individuality and simply nauseated by other people's," he told Dr. Burrow, the psychologist. In other words he himself suffered to an acute degree from the same evil which afflicted society as a whole, the conflict of wills and appetites which precludes real collective action. "It is our being cut off that is our ailment, and out of this ailment everything bad arises." So it was possible at one moment, when his artist's ego was uppermost, to glory in his isolation and in the inviolable abstraction within him, and at another to complain sorrowfully that the English have so little togetherness, that they were "like grains of sand that will only fuse if lightning hits it." This inner conflict between the solitary artist and the man who yearned to reshape society went on until the end.

One thing is certain, however, and that is that he interpreted the idea of a national organism (*Volksgemeinschaft*) in terms that might be classics of fascist teaching. "What is the *raison d'être* of a nation—to produce wealth? How horrible! A nation is a number of people united to secure the maximum amount of liberty for each member of the nation and to fulfill collectively the highest truth known to them." And again (to Lady Asquith), "Why are we a nation? We are a nation which must be built up according to a living idea, a great architecture of living people, which shall express the greatest truth of which we are capable." In the final chapter of *Apocalypse* occurs another gem of fascist thinking:

As a citizen, as a collective being, man has his fulfillment in the gratification of his power-sense. If he belongs to one of the so-called "ruling nations," his soul is fulfilled in the sense of his country's power or strength. If his country mounts up

aristocratically to a zenith of splendour and power in a hierarchy, he will be all the more fulfilled, having his place in the hierarchy.

But a nation must have a soul, its internal fire must be kindled, for without this it will be but an ant-like community of slaves. In our America, which had raised his hopes so high, he found "liberty, space, deadness," a monstrous trinity that filled him with horror and despair. "Men are free," he wrote in his *Studies in Classical American Literature*, "when they are in a living homeland, not when they are straying and breaking away. Men are free when they are obeying some deep inward voice of religious belief. . . . Men are free when they belong to some living, organic, *believing* community, active in fulfilling some unfulfilled, perhaps unrealisable purpose." Writing in the *Enciclopedia*, Benito Mussolini has defined fascism as "a religious conception in which man is seen in imminent relation to a higher law, an objective Will that transcends the particular individual and raises him to conscious membership in a spiritual society." The language is more academic in form, but the ideas are the same.

In the achievement of this national oneness of action and purpose—this profound sense of solidarity with others—myths and symbols, mass-festivals and rituals were to play a natural and vital part, just as they have since been incorporated in the national life of fascist Germany and Italy. On different occasions Lawrence gave his blessing to Gardiner for his program of "song, dance and labour" for the youth movement of England, a movement, by the way, of which he approved most thoroughly, so long as it represented youth on the warpath, rather like the young blackshirts of 1922, "smashing the face of what one knows is rotten." But his sympathetic description of the Indian round dance in *Mornings in Mexico* reminds one still more closely of the sacramental spirit of fascist mass-rituals: "It is the homeward pulling of the blood, as the feet fall in the soft, heavy rhythm, endlessly. It is the dark blood falling

back from the mind, from sight and speech and knowing, back to the great central source where is rest and unspeakable renewal."

Irrational? Certainly! But then fascism not only appeals profoundly to the mind alone but to the emotions also. To its adherents fascism offers the gift of full coöperation of body and spirit such as the young rejoice in. There is such a thing as giving up one's reason in order to save it. Better this healthy unreason than Lawrence's Cornishmen, "like insects gone cold, living only for money, for *dirt*," or than his brother's neighbors in Derbyshire—workers who understand the "industrial-mechanical-wage idea" and nothing else. Before there can be an end of this nightmare of men and women more dead than alive, devoid of everything that makes for quality in life, there must come—if not the apocalyptic visitation of blood and fire that he foretold and welcomed—at least the prodding, purging and self-disciplining which alone can shape men according to his dream. Only then will man begin to be fully himself, fit to enjoy power and knowing the meaning of freedom and the delight of full, immediate living. Many believe that the spirit of fascism commands both the will and the power to do even a little towards the reorientation and reconditioning of the human race; and, unless our brief attempt at interpreting the mind of Lawrence in these matters has gone altogether astray, he seems to have thought so too. What he would have thought about the totalitarian states which have manifested themselves so far, however, is another matter altogether.



## Two Poems

By ROBERT BROWN

### *Childhood*

Stacatto of birds in wooden trees  
Easter eggs in paper grass  
Are more than young Robin  
Dares leave unstripped  
Of final color,  
In deadly fear of unnoticed passing  
On Hunger's luncheon plate.

### *One o'Clock Thought*

You'll no more of peace or sleep  
Until thinking place on eye the  
Sharpened finger  
And drive it through the ball  
And brain  
Then crucified by nail and thought  
Cry out, I am Christ my sons  
And pity thee  
I am dead my living sons  
And pity thee.

# *Six New Mexico Photographs*

*By*

IRVING RUSINOW



## *With a Note on Photography in the Regional Survey*

*By*

ESHREF SHEVKY

- (1) Detail: Church at Tijeras
- (2) Village of Tijeras
- (3) Stacking Lumber, Bernalillo
- (4) Unloading Beans, San Juan, Valencia County
- (5) Plastering, Llanito
- (6) Old Man, Guadalajara, New Mexico.

(The first two photographs are reproduced through the courtesy of Irving Rusinow; the remaining four, through the courtesy of the Soil Conservation Service. All are the work of Mr. Rusinow.)

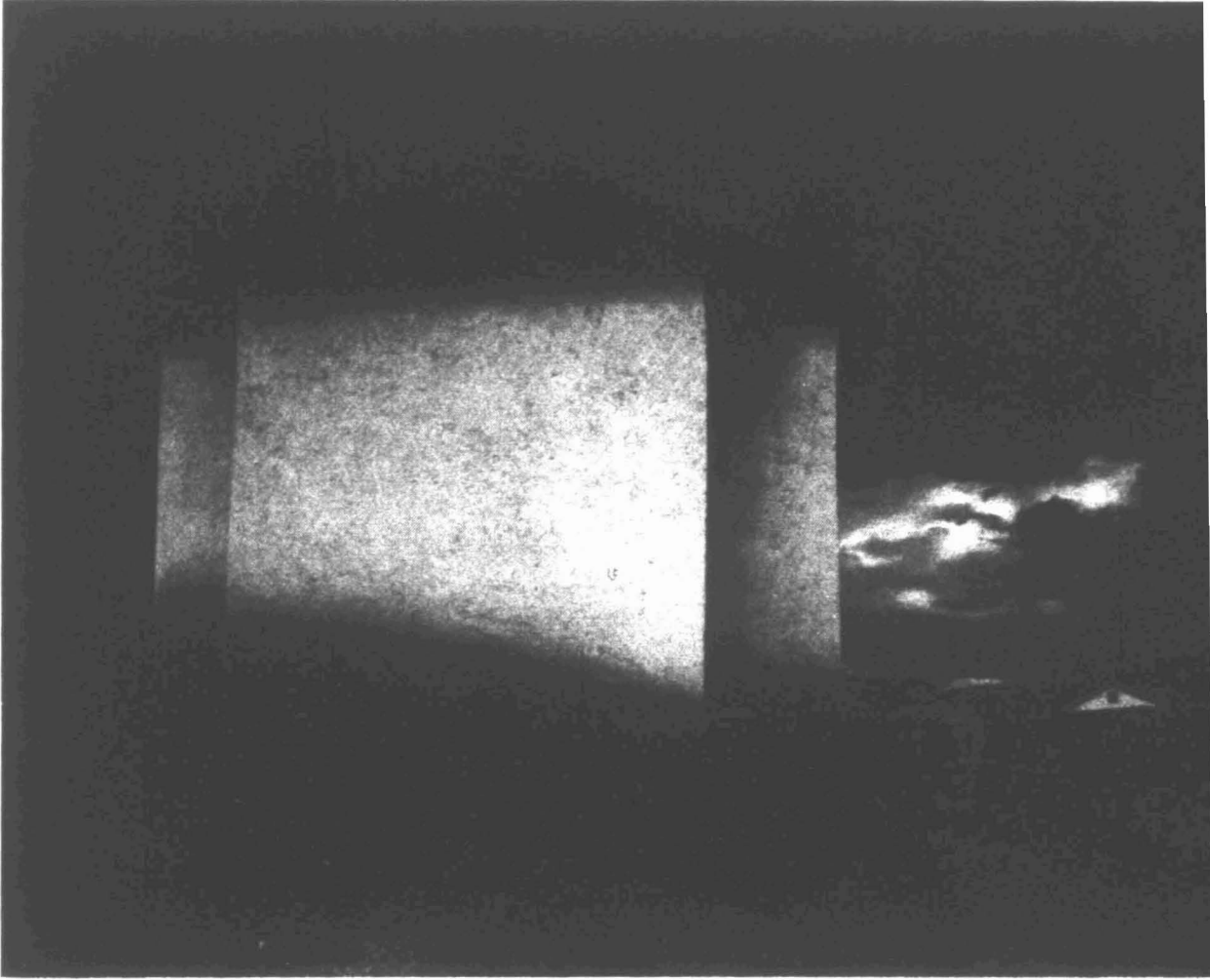
## A Note on Photography in the Regional Survey

By ESHREF SHEVKY

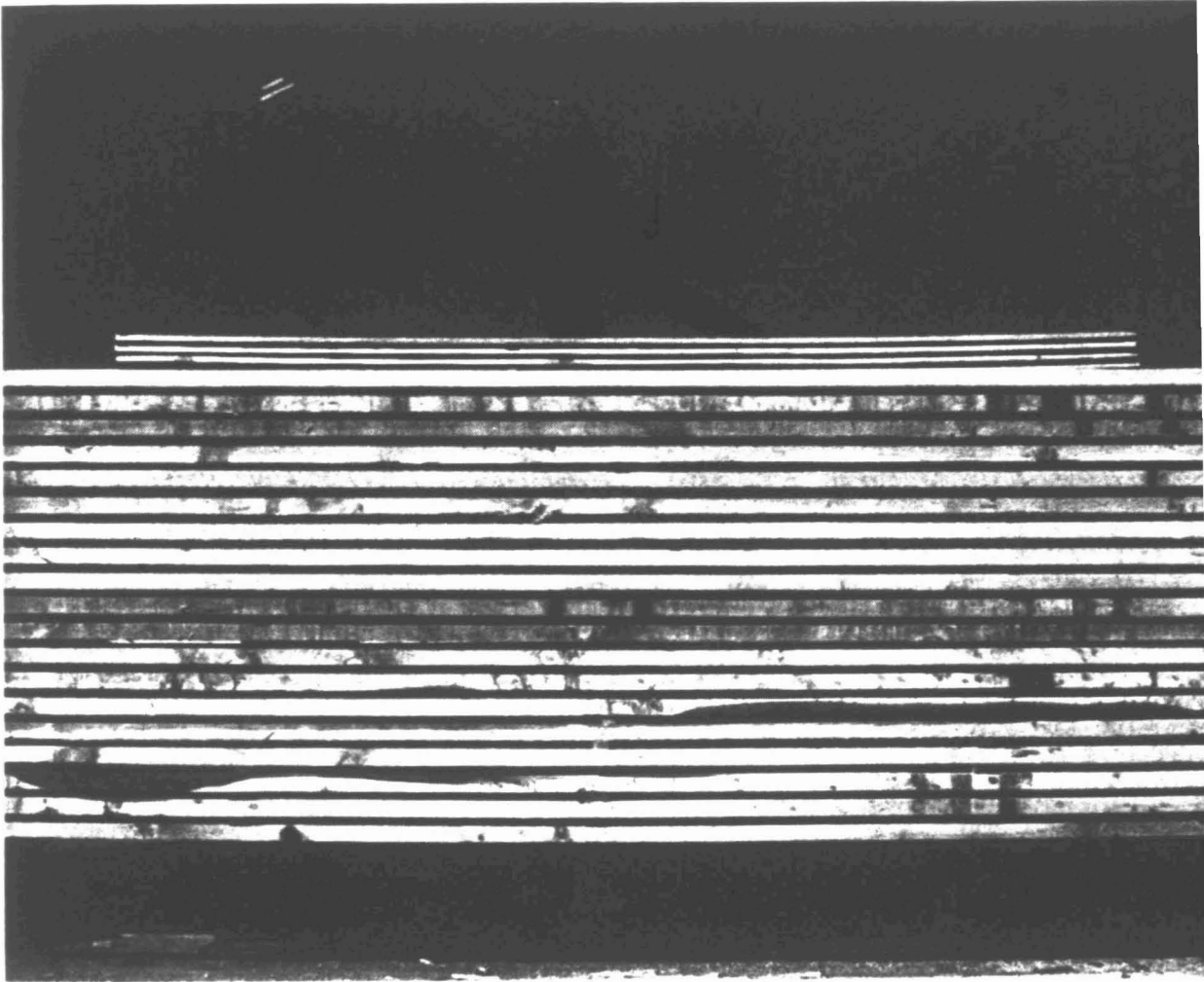
**I**N THE REGIONAL survey the description and analysis of facts concerning land and people are based on the contributions of many disciplines and many techniques. The inquiry proceeds from the exploration of the phenomena of the earth to the description and analysis of life phenomena associated with it including human activity and to an attempt to view the content of an area as a coherent whole.

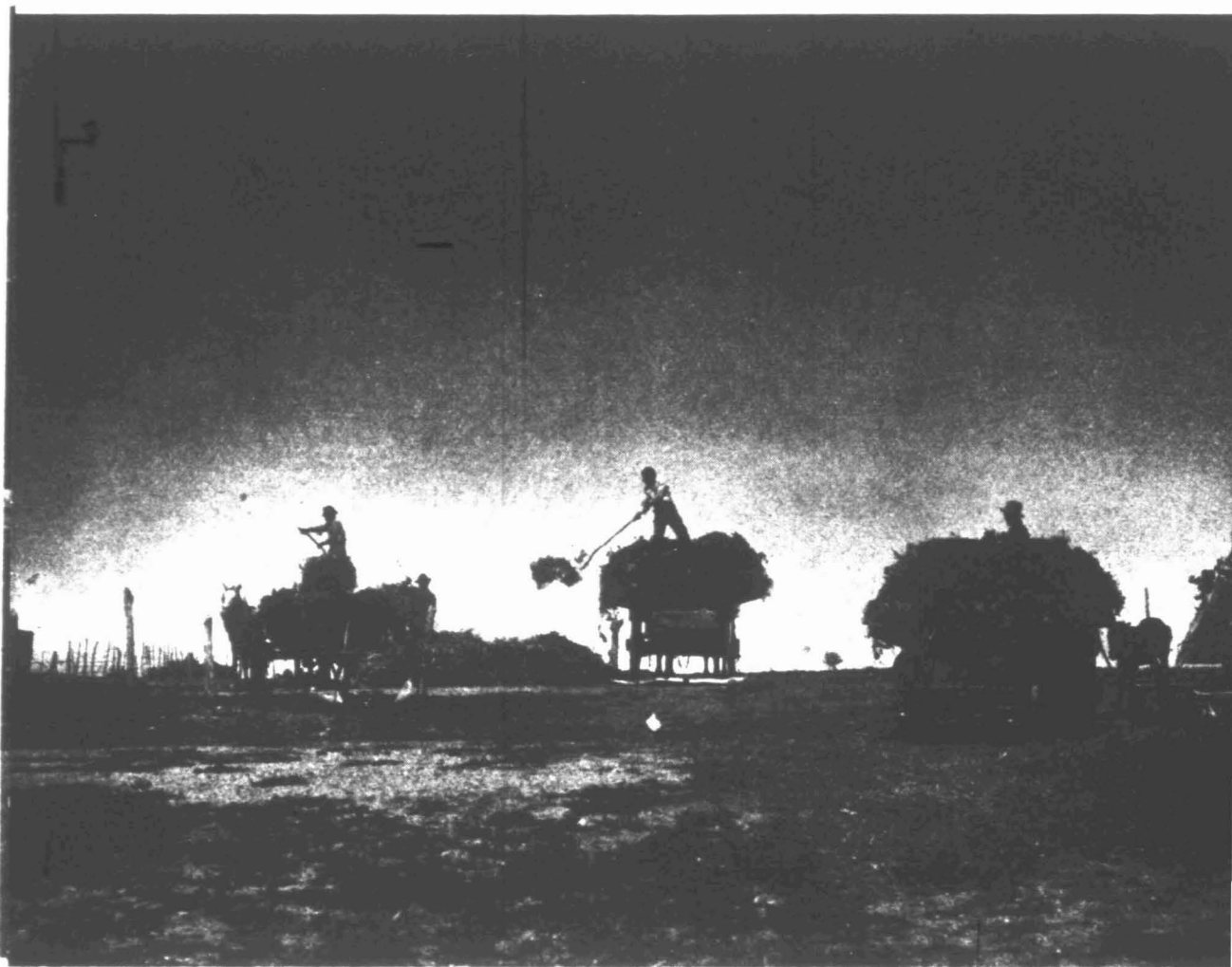
In the early days of the westward expansion in this country, the exploration of the frontier was many-sided in its approach. During the sixties and the seventies of the last century the great Western surveys of Hayden, Clarence King, Powell, and Wheeler were group-reconnaissances in which the geographer, the geologist, the natural historian, and the artist as delineator, participated.

In our day the regional survey is an attempt at the re-integration of knowledge within the same field of inquiry. In the regional survey the soil scientist, the ecologist, the climatologist, or the hydrologist and the sociologist work collectively towards a visualization of the pattern of resources, activities and processes operating within a geographic area. In this collective undertaking the photographic documentation has an important place. Photographs here are no longer pictures illustrating a report; they are technical documents contributing to the orderly and vivid presentation of regional data. Their organization is based on the principles of choice and selective emphasis which guide the other techniques. Photography makes its contribution to the regional survey as a descriptive technique, and in its highest expression, as a technique of analysis and evaluation.



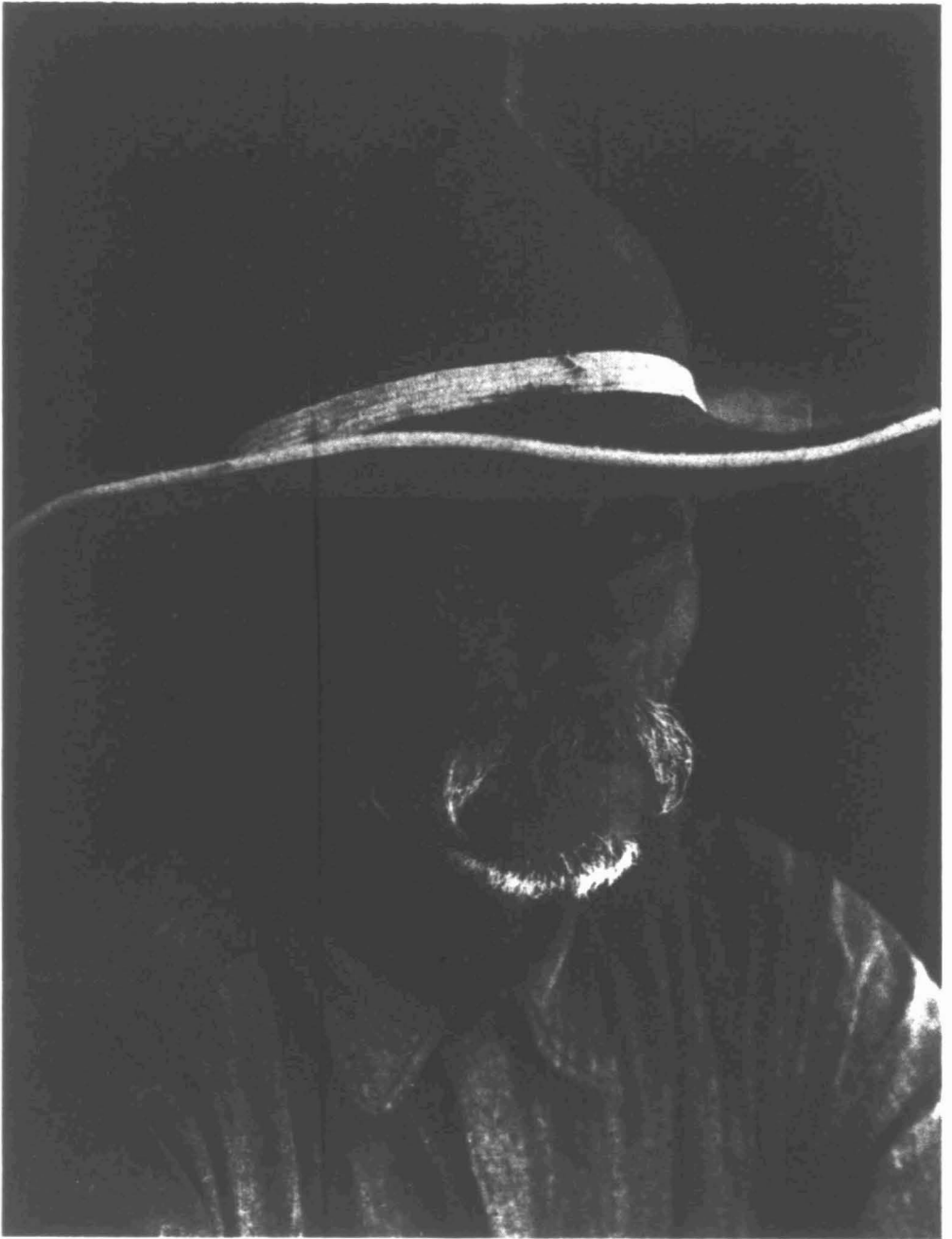












# The Influence of John Dewey in Higher Education

By JAY<sup>®</sup>C. KNODE

**R**EFORMERS often suffer from the enthusiasms of their disciples. Obviously, every reformer must say things emphatically, sometimes over-emphatically, in order to command the attention of his public; and he makes his points in the light of his own background, which is not the background of the succeeding generation. He may be broad-minded, humane, and, although fired by an unquenchable zeal (if he is to carry his reform to fruition), still possessed of a genuine sense of the proper limitations of his project. But, too often, the men who follow him feel themselves hedged about by no such restrictions. Generally, these extremists may be placed in one of two categories. Either they are bitter-enders, interested in following their premises into every remote corner of life, or they are like suddenly released prisoners, throwing all restraint—and any values it may foster—to the wind, glorying only in a new “freedom.” Evidence is not lacking to show that their extravagances are sometimes a source of embarrassment to the original progenitor of their doctrine.

For many years, John Dewey has been the center of a militant reform movement in American education. Sometimes his long and difficult philosophical disquisitions have hidden his militancy, but throughout his writing Dewey has aimed to lay the logical basis of social reconstruction. Nothing said here should be construed as defense of the errors in education against which Dewey went forth to battle. He attacked formalism; he attacked static classicism; he attacked what has been called the “miniature-adult fallacy”—regarding children as simply small editions of grown-ups; he attacked education because it did not sense its rôle in the building of true democracy; he attacked its lack of creativeness, its lack of practicality, its lack of freedom. And these

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attacks have brought about many excellent results in elementary and secondary education. Their effects in higher education, however, are of a more questionable nature.

Dewey's erudition is broad and profound. He came to maturity during the last half of the nineteenth century when mechanistic science reached its zenith, and he could say: "The method we term 'scientific' forms for the modern man . . . the sole dependable means of disclosing the realities of existence. It is the sole authentic mode of revelation." Yet the breadth of his outlook had permitted him to write only a year or so earlier: "Were it possible for me to be a devotee of any system, I should still believe there is greater richness and greater variety of insight in Hegel than in any other single systematic philosopher—though when I say this I include Plato, who still provides my favorite philosophic reading." It is to be observed, too, that Dewey has given increasing attention, in recent years, to the subjects of art and religion. A few years ago, his work was attacked because it seemed to ignore too completely certain esthetic and religious values, but his more recent series of lectures have at least attempted to meet this criticism. As he himself has pointed out, he received an early grounding in idealism and, though he later abandoned it for positivism and instrumentalism, he can never be the same sort of instrumentalist as some of the younger men who have matured intellectually without such footing. Nevertheless, Dewey has poured all his tremendous creative energy into the building of an instrumental philosophy—one which conceives the mind, consciousness, the reasoning ability, and every other ability possessed by the human organism as instruments for meeting and mastering the problems set by environment, or one which says, in the words of James: ". . . ideas (which are but parts of our experience) become true just in so far as they help us to get into satisfactory relation with other parts of our experience."

This creed may be called humanism, but it is the scientific humanism of F. C. S. Schiller and Auguste Comte, not

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the literary "new" humanism of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. And it is an empirical humanism, which has an ancient and honorable lineage, to be traced through such illustrious names as Spencer, Hume, Locke, Francis Bacon, and Roger Bacon, and back through the Moors to the Greeks, among whom Protagoras insisted on bringing philosophy down from the clouds and making "man the measure of all things." Some of these men sought, through a kind of dualistic philosophy, to introduce a place for God in the universe, but Dewey has been consistent in emphasizing the unity of human experience as well as its finality. Even his naturalism is so completely man-centered that it has caused Santayana to protest: "Pragmatism may be regarded as . . . the most close-reefed of philosophical craft, most tightly hugging appearance, use, and relevance to practice today and here, least drawn by the lure of speculative distances. Nor would Dewey, I am sure, or any other pragmatist, ever be a naturalist instinctively or on the wings of speculative insight, like the old Ionians or the Stoics or Spinoza, or like those many mystics, Indian, Jewish, or Mohammedan, who, heartily despising the foreground, have fallen in love with the greatness of nature and have sunk speechless before the infinite."

There is no question that Dewey is deeply concerned about the foreground. And there is a sense in which this is a typically American kind of philosophy. It would be unfair to impute shortsightedness to Dewey; he has advocated social reforms which in the minds of most of us should have long-range beneficial effects; but the whole instrumental philosophy emphasizes the here and now, to the exclusion of metaphysical and traditional considerations. Life consists, through the instrumentality of science and practical experimentation, of the solution of problems, the pragmatist argues. These problems are forever shifting, hence continuously immediate and continuously calling for *action*. Woe to that man dependent upon worn-out formulas or sunk into routine before the constantly new challenges of his environ-

ment! So, for the pioneer, for the practical man, for the "man of affairs" this sort of thing, of course, sounds very much like good common sense. Once more, it brings philosophy down to earth; it does not wander into vague ontologies or axiologies or nebulous speculations; and American education has found it most stimulating. Yet some of us will ask the privilege of making reservations and amendments.

Attention will be directed here to four emphases in education which may be said to derive from Dewey's work, namely, those upon activity, upon creativeness, upon social values, and upon experience.

First, Dewey combats the old idea of the child as a receptacle into which facts are to be poured. Under such a theory the only function of the "educand" is to absorb information, to give proof of adeptness at deglutition. This old conceit became not only ludicrous but tragic; it had to be destroyed. But the supposedly compensating educational movement for "activities" has also assumed extreme versions. "Doing things" for the average citizen means making a stir, physical activity, something that can always be observed objectively. And this concept runs squarely into difficulty in higher education, where as one ascends the scale the process may become less and less objective. Such a statement is not to question the familiar "No psychosis without a corresponding neurosis" nor to belittle the essential role of expression in all achievement. Rather, it emphasizes the fact that there are different phases of mental life. The trouble with the enthusiasts for activity seems to lie in a tendency to forget that ultimately all objective experience has to be integrated and evaluated subjectively.

In a recent textbook on secondary education the authors quote the following sentence from Dewey's *Democracy and Education*: ". . . mind is not a name for something complete by itself; it is a name for a course of action in so far as that is intelligently directed; in so far, that is to say, as aims, ends enter into it with selection of means to further the attainment of aims." At the head of the next paragraph

the authors place one phrase: "Mind is a course of action." They then proceed to elaboration of this idea without reference to the additional point that Dewey clearly makes: Mind is also a center of integration, of the evaluation of goals, of the selection of both ends and means. In this text I am able to find just one-half page in praise of what might be called the "inner life." The authors do not call it that, and my guess is that such a phrase would rouse in them a good deal of scorn. "Inner life" might be interpreted as "bookish," and there is scarcely a word that stirs the ire of these educators to so thoroughly an apoplectic state as the word "bookish."

It is this kind of emphasis in secondary schools that leads, in part, to the belief that extra-classroom activities are the really important thing in education. Perhaps it is one reason, also, why the country as a whole is having another renaissance of athletics in a frame of mind, apparently, that once did obeisance to the name of Barnum, but now worships at the shrine of Hollywood. This is the cult of activity at its apex, we should say. Such furthering of "activities" may be good business, for business in many people's minds is a process of strenuous hustling, amassing, and publicizing. Nevertheless, the whole procedure is certainly cast in quantitative terms, or if in qualitative terms, those that deal with physical, not intellectual, standards. But higher education, in its upper levels, by its very nature and constitution, is concerned with superlative quality, with the highest reaches of mind and spirit, with the type of problems that few can comprehend or master. John Dewey would never argue such a point. Nevertheless, this doctrine of "activity" in the hands of some school people becomes a forthright attack upon spiritual and intellectual quality.

A second of Dewey's emphases—and one related to the first-named—is upon social problems. Projects looking in this direction once appeared so valuable that it was difficult, perhaps, to see the dangers lurking in the shadows. But these menaces begin to raise their heads. Higher education

in the minds of some educators can become almost completely a social, never an intellectual, exercise. (It is obvious that the issue here is the sensitive one of humanism versus humanitarianism, but there is no dodging it.) Into modern higher education has come more and more of the dominance of men who regard it the prime business of the college to produce personality, "mixing-ability," leadership in terms of "influencing people." Part of this derives from denominational colleges, part of it from American politics, part of it from American ideas of publicity, some phases of it from socially ambitious parents; but part of it comes from secondary school leaders, who, fortified by the emphases of Dewey, cry out against the intellectual. Educational administration calls for business ability and political ability, apparently in increasing degree. Presumably, men with these qualities in such positions are interested also in scholarship; but their behavior is not reassuring. Their reckoning seems always to be in terms of numbers and mass reactions. Some school principals frankly say that they are much more concerned about the lower half of their classes (ascertained on the basis of academic achievement) than about the upper half. And in support of their position they cite the good American educational doctrine that every student is entitled to opportunity up to the measure of his ability. This rule, however, works both ways. The lower half certainly must not be neglected; but, by the same token, neither must the upper half. One sometimes encounters in school men so much hostility to any scheme looking to the improvement of scholarship that the suspicion is aroused that it may spring from fear rather than from mere inertia.

Dewey's philosophy often lends itself to the support of practicality. "An ounce of experience," he has said, "is better than a ton of theory simply because it is only in experience that any theory has vital and verifiable significance." Again, in his effort to escape educational dualisms he insists that education must have its vocational aspects. To be sure, he is fearful of the deterioration of vocational education into

mere trade education; he is fearful of emphasis upon monetary rewards as the goal of such education; and he is fearful that it may be limited in meaning to the production of tangible commodities. Dewey is really concerned with the tremendously social significance of vocation; nevertheless, his writing can be made to serve the purposes of the anti-intellectual who either refuses, or lacks the ability, to follow an exposition of vocation in its broader implications.

Furthermore, Dewey's wholehearted espousal of democratic ideals expresses itself in aversion to any doctrine of human inequality. "The idea of abstract, universal superiority and inferiority," he declares, "is an absurdity." And, elsewhere, he amplifies this statement, explaining: "The level of action fixed by *embodied* intelligence is always the important thing .... A more intelligent state of social affairs, one more informed with knowledge, more directed by intelligence, would not improve original endowments one whit, but it would raise the level upon which the intelligence of all operates. The height of this level is much more important for judgment of public concerns than are differences in intelligence quotients."

This kind of statement, coupled with a manifest dislike for anything which might be interpreted as the conceit of an intellectual class (no love was ever lost between the Babbitt-More humanists and John Dewey), seemingly ranges Dewey on the side of anti-intellectual education. But it is another case of confusion from too broad a generalization. When Dewey says a high level of general public intelligence is good for judgment of public concerns, there is not much to be said in refutation. But in certain areas of public welfare, it can also be maintained that the intelligence quotient is the most important element involved. Personally, I prefer to travel over bridges built by men who have both social intelligence and a mastery of engineering techniques; I prefer to employ a physician who is both socially informed and master of the scientific knowledge of his field. Certain engineers, physicians, lawyers, preachers and teachers can



do and are doing incalculable damage in America today, not because they are dishonest or victims of social lag, but because they do not have the intellectual power requisite for their field. Some kinds of work not only invite intellectual quality, they demand it. Nor will any emphasis upon "embodied intelligence" replace it. College administrators are devoting much time nowadays to methods of dealing with students who have never learned the meaning of intellectual mastery, have never tasted its satisfaction, and who, indeed, either regard it scornfully, as "highbrow," or dazedly, as something beyond their ken. And all this may be said without even mentioning advances into realms of pure knowledge and expression from which there is no immediate prospect of deriving practical applications.

It is time we, in America, do some straight thinking about higher learning. Back in the days of the founding of Harvard College it was accepted as a necessity. Whatever the vices of the early Puritans may have been, disregard for scholarship was not among them. A great scholar of his time—John Milton—was foreign secretary under Oliver Cromwell, an office that involved carrying on all correspondence with other nations in Latin. But since the time of the early Puritans, science has deeply affected the outlook of both educated and uneducated men. Its offspring, technology, has changed not only men's outlooks but their very mode of living. And the theories of democracy continued to spread from the period of the seventeenth century up into the twentieth. In America, the continent has been conquered, tremendous national and individual wealth built up, and a new high in standards of living achieved. It is not strange, therefore, that Americans, as a nation, today, are largely of the opinion that those things make most difference (a pragmatic criterion of truth) which have to do with material affairs. They *have* made the most obvious differences in the past three hundred years. So, today, with this background, the average man will regard any withdrawal from "affairs" as queer, if not actually suspicious. Even research men in

science need huge salaries to gain wide respect. They may not be regarded as leaders, forsooth, though their findings revolutionize men's ways of living! We lose sight of the fact that the ideas of the face-to-face leader are seldom original. The seer, the artist, the theorist have done the real adventuring in the world of thought; our notion that real leadership resides only in oratory and politics is both naïve and childish. There seems to be a growing conviction, especially among some of our young men concerned with problems of government, that ideas always follow action, that *any* "successful" action will subsequently be philosophized into a status of permanent propriety. However, our constant reference, as Americans, to men like Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln is not merely to their contemporary success; it is a recognition of the universality of their ideas. Great thinking and great principles echo down through time, not because they have served as efficient rationalization for certain deeds, but because, though often invoked, they are never completely fulfilled, remaining still to challenge us.

The prophet's observation about people who perish because they have no vision is still apt. It is pretty generally agreed that during this era upon which the world is entering, democracy will face its supreme tests. Under those circumstances we may incline more than ever to think of life only as something immediate, but crises sometimes develop afterwards intense enough to impel men to face life in terms of final meanings. Then ideas, as ideas, may grow into new significance. If the approaching crisis brings about some such revival, its tragedies will have been, at least partially, ameliorated. As Whitehead, dealing with recent advances of science, has pointed out: "The paradox is now fully established that the utmost abstractions are the true weapons with which to control our thought of concrete fact."

Somewhere in the American educational system, if our civilization is to be conserved and propagated, this pursuit of ideas—abstract, scientific, social, speculative, and beautiful—must be stimulated. The old and great must be pre-

served, the new investigated, the two given relation. But the higher reaches of this scale are obviously to be explored by limited numbers, and this fact is the source of so much of our confusion. Many times, when Dewey talks about education, he is speaking in terms of the lower levels. In those groups, insistence upon activity—social or other—will likely do more good than harm; but, too often, in dealing with education, we speak of all students at all levels at once. Professor H. H. Horne has observed significantly that Dewey, in his own lectures on philosophy, used the most formal of methods and materials, far removed from progressivism.

The third, and perhaps the most tragic, distortion of Dewey's doctrines results, largely, from his emphasis upon the encouragement of originality and the furthering of the student's growth through his own interests. Nothing could be sounder than the original doctrine. But it has been carried to such lengths that some teachers become fearful of imposing any task or any discipline that does not spring spontaneously out of the whims of the child. One result has been that when faced with plain work, without the appearance of special interest, young people with such training look to someone to make it intriguing. This leads directly, of course, into the current controversy between "essentialists" and "progressivists" in education. But the writer is not worried by the practices of good progressive schools. The danger, again, comes from the *pseudo-reformer*, the rationalizer who can turn his own distaste for hard intellectual work into a conviction that such work has a really deleterious effect upon young people. Carry such a perversion into higher education, and the inevitable outcome is both mental and moral flabbiness. Undoubtedly, the present rush of students into secondary and college levels calls with increasing insistence for re-statement of the purposes of higher education in a democracy. But whatever ideas appear in these new appraisals, certainly softness, sentimentality, and mere glamour will not be upheld and encouraged. Good college teachers, of course, can, and do, make their courses

interesting; but good teachers have learned, also, through long travail, to believe heartily in the maxim that you get out of exercise what you put into it.

Moreover, it is a common observation that the majority of students have more respect for, and carry away a deeper regard for, the school situation in which a definite morale has been established by a self-respecting faculty than from the strive-to-please-at-any-price atmosphere. Students like teachers who, in a firm and dignified manner, show that they are superior to those whom they teach. But this conscious superiority of teachers depends upon many factors, including intellectual achievement, continuous growth, definite objectives, the respect of the community, and, not least, confidence in the support of administrative departments. It is hardly strange that, deprived of the two last-named factors, thousands of teachers are aligning themselves with labor unions—a pretty measure of the general respect for education in America!

Bertrand Russell, an “advanced” educational thinker, has said: “Difficult success as an ideal should be present to the mind of the young if they are not to become wayward and futile. But there are few to whom it will occur in an environment where freedom is absolute.” And Dewey also has found it necessary to strike out at some of the nonsense preached in the name of freedom. “In some progressive schools,” he writes, “the fear of adult imposition has become a veritable phobia. . . . In criticizing the progressive schools, as I have indicated already, it is difficult to make sweeping generalizations. But some of these schools indulge pupils in unrestrained freedom of action and speech, of manners and lack of manners. Schools farthest to the left (and there are many parents who share the fallacy) carry the thing they call freedom to the point of anarchy.”

The fourth and final emphasis here considered is one that Dewey is directly responsible for, since he is one of the most consistent positivists of modern times. Standing upon his own idealistic training he has fought long and valorously

against the stultifying influences of authoritarianism, maintaining that man's only authority is his own experience, and his only road to authority is science. Dewey is afraid of the play of the imagination upon the meaning of the universe, because imagination has so often caught men in a tissue of enduring falsehood. The only safe approach, therefore, must be relativistic. Now, for a John Dewey or anyone else having his acquaintance, or half his acquaintance, with the thought of the past, this is not a dangerous attitude. But most of our people in education have no such background; and indications are not lacking that, among certain of our scientifically-minded men of the younger generation, a thoroughgoing relativism has been adopted that lies only one step away from that extreme form of skepticism which holds: "Man can have no real knowledge of the universe; his explanations of things are always silly. So why worry about meanings or rules of any kind?" Ethically, the implications of this doctrine are portentous. Of course, the positivistic answer is that once man accepts science and the objective data of his own experience as final, he will lose all superstitious regard for so-called ultimate principles, and will live for the sake of values that man can demonstrably evolve. But even Thomas Huxley was ready to admit that man is a metaphysical animal. The human family has not only repudiated extreme skepticism in the past; it has refused to live with it. And as long as the race is comprised of beings like its present members, the race will continue to react in this way.

At the back of his book, *America in Search of Culture*, W. A. Orton has placed a series of reproductions of American art. Examples of portraiture include "Samuel Mifflin," by Peals; "Mrs. Bourne," and "Judge Sherbourne," by Copley; and "The Thinker," by Eakins. Above the plates the comment, quoted from the text, runs: "... these strongly conceived, strongly limned men and women of the eighteenth century—full of vigor and idiosyncrasy—are sure of themselves (too sure, perhaps!) as the subjects of modern

portraitists are not." The significance of this excerpt lies in its last phrase. We modern men and women are *not* sure of ourselves. We struggle in an era lying between the authority of theology and a new authority, perhaps science. However, science has gone a very little way in the appraisal of human values. In such a situation, it is easy to slip over into a skeptical attitude toward all truth and all value. But it is dangerous. And one of the best ways of reducing its danger is to allow free play of metaphysical imagination, so long as it starts out from premises that do not violate the present findings of science. Some of these imaginings will be found untenable, of course; some may inveigle men into temporary error; but the errors of pure cynical skepticism are worse.

Education in general will necessarily employ a metaphysics that takes off from and includes both science and society. Education, for the very reason that it is an institution, not a mere doctrine, must assume and preserve a vigorous liberalism, if it is to survive. It must be concerned both with potential men of affairs and with potential synthesists and creators. The danger is not in including the former; the danger is that we ignore the latter; and Dewey's emphases are being used quite too markedly in one direction. Thus, John Dewey's teaching, in its relation to American higher education, confirms once more the well-known fact that reforms may come to need reforming.

## Bonfire in the Early Morning

By LEON DORAIS

THE FOUR men sitting in the old Buick sedan parked just off the highway had rolled up the windows to keep out the cold damp air and were slumped down in the seats waiting. It was just getting light and the trees in the orchard were shrouded with mist. The man sitting behind the steering wheel turned his head after a time and spoke to the others: "Let's get out and walk around. It's too cold to sit in here."

They walked along the edge of the orchard until they came across a few cracked and broken lugboxes and one of the men picked up a box and ripped off the loosened slats. He was tall and very thin and in the sharp morning air his reddened nose had commenced to drip. "Hey," he said to the other men. "Get me some paper or something." One of the men turned back toward the car but the other two walked on down the outside of the orchard and began counting the rows of trees still unpicked. By the time they returned, the fire was going and the four of them sat around the burning lugboxes trying to get warm.

"Anybody got the time?" the man with the red nose asked.

The other did not answer at first. Then the man who had been driving the car squinted up over the line of trees at the greyishwhite sky and said that it looked like about ten to five. He had lost all of his upper teeth and his face had long irregular harsh lines around his nose and upper lip and he lisped slightly when he spoke. The other two men were very young. They sat around the fire saying nothing but occasionally one of them would get up and go after another box to put on the fire. It was burning well and one box did not last long.

"Don't expect they'll have any boxes here this morning

either," said the man without any upper teeth. He spoke in the general direction of the red-nosed man.

"No," the other man answered. "I don't expect so." He stopped to spit toward the fire. "I don't think they're aimin' to pick the rest of this orchard," he went on. "I think they got all the peaches they want this season."

"Wouldn't surprise me any." The toothless man rolled a Bull Durham cigarette and then passed the papers and the sack of tobacco around to the others. As far as they could see, orchards stretched on parallel to the highway. The leaves of the peachtrees were turning a yellowishbrown and after the first few stripped rows the limbs were all heavy with ripe fruit. The thick grass that had grown up between the trees after the orchard had been irrigated was turning yellow too and was damp and limp. Everything they could see looked limp in the grey half-light.

They had been sitting there for about twenty minutes when a man came walking through the high grass behind them. He stopped and waited but when the men recognized the ranch foreman they made room for him and he sat down near the fire. The foreman was wet from the hips down and he stretched his legs in their soaked boots toward the fire and soon the boots began to steam and the men could smell the stink of the leather.

"Cold this morning, ain't it?" said the foreman.

"Yeah," the red-nosed man said. "And wet." The fire had warmed him and his nose had stopped dripping. "They goin' bring us any boxes here today?" he asked the foreman.

"I couldn't tell you," the foreman said. "The fieldman from the cannery ought to be here pretty soon. He'll know. But I don't. They never tell me what they're goin' to do." He pulled out a stem of grass and began chewing morosely. Then he started talking again. "No," he said, "you fellows know as much about it as I do. You'd never know I was a foreman around here. Things was different when I was down in Mexico though, I can tell you that. Yes sir, things



was different down in Mexico. The sun would be shining right now if we was in Mexico."

"This ain't Mexico," lisped the toothless man. "This is California—which is a hell of a lot different."

"How about this orchard here?" said one of the young fellows finally. "I bet they ain't goin' pick this orchard no more this year. That's what I think."

The foreman sucked disconsolately on his grass stem. "We had a hundred acres of tomatoes down in Mexico," he said after a while. "A hundred acres of tomatoes and we couldn't give 'em away. The bottom dropped out of the market and we lost our shirts. A hundred acres of tomatoes and they rotted in the field."

It was quite light but the sun hadn't yet come out. The heavy limbs of the peach trees sagged with fruit and the wet leaves and the watergrass drooped in the damp air. Across the road the foreman could see the Feather River levee. All the dried grass on the levee had been fired a month earlier and it had been left black and seared. An empty truck rattled down the highway and disappeared around a bend. The rattling grew fainter and then died away.

"Down in Mexico they don't fool around with peaches," the foreman said. "Down there they raise tomatoes. A hundred acres was a small place. And cucumbers. More cucumbers than you ever seen."

"Listen, mister," the toothless man said, his voice harsh in spite of his slight lisp, "if they don't bring us boxes today we ain't goin' wait no longer. We can't afford to fool around here a day longer. If they don't bring them boxes this morning we're movin' on. We wasted three days waitin' now."

"The pickin's no good now anyhow," the red-nosed man said. "We shoulda started south in the first place instead of listenin' to you."

"Them boxes ought to be here today," the foreman said anxiously. "I'm sure they'll bring 'em today."

"They better—cause we ain't goin' to wait," the toothless man said.

The foreman sighed and pulled his feet away from the fire. One of the young fellows stood up and went after another box. He came back and scraped the embers together and then placed the box carefully on the fire. The foreman was talking again: "Any of you fellows ever in Mexico?" He looked around at the other men but none of them answered him. "You oughta see the country down there," he said finally. "You can't find country like that in California. Not in this part of California anyway. By God, I wonder where that cannery fellow is. He ought to be here by now I should think."

There was no answer.

"No sir," the foreman went on, "they don't tell me nothin' around here."

"How long since you been in Mexico?" asked the red-nosed man.

"Over two years now. And I been broke ever since. Ever since we lost our shirts with them hundred acres of tomatoes I been flat."

"Huh." The red-nosed man spat in the fire again. "That ain't anything. We been broke for the last seven years."

"Seven years," the foreman said. "That's a long time, ain't it?"

"You don't know how long it is."

"And it's just startin', mister."

"Well—" the foreman said. "Well—I don't know."

"Listen." The man without any upper teeth leaned toward the foreman and opened his mouth at him. "Listen."

"I'm listening."

"I lost my upper teeth. You can see that, can't you?"

"Yeah, I noticed."

"They gave me hell comin' out, mister. But that wasn't so bad. What made it bad was not bein' able to eat for so long after. That was really bad. I couldn't chew at all."

"Not able to eat . . . ." The foreman's legs felt cold in

wet boots and pants and he hitched himself closer to the fire. "Think of that," he said at last.

"Ah Christ," said the red-nosed man. "Christ almighty. We goin' sit here all day?"

"I can eat now," the toothless man said and grinned hollowly at the foreman, laughing silently. "When there's anything to eat, that is."

"None of us'll eat if we frig around here any longer," the red-nosed man said. "What're we doin' here anyhow? What the hell is talkin' with this guy goin' get us? He don't know nothin'."

"Listen, boys," the foreman said. "Can't you wait? Just wait a little longer. I know them boxes'll come today. The peaches have got to be picked an' if you boys don't stay there won't be nobody to pick 'em. I wouldn't be able to find a man in the whole county. You know that. Can't you wait a little while longer?"

"I guess you been lookin' already," said the red-nosed man. "You wouldn't be beggin' us to stay if everybody wasn't gone but us."

"That ain't it, boys. I didn't say that. I only said that—"

"It don't make any difference to us what you said. We're tired listenin' anyhow."

"All right, boys. But just wait a little while longer. You see what I'm up against here. It's up to me to get this orchard picked and I can't pick it all alone. Why I remember one time in Mexico we had to get fifty acres——"

"For Christ sake," interrupted the toothless man. "We don't give a goddamn what you did in Mexico."

"All right," the foreman said. "I just thought——"

One of the young fellows dropped a piece of boxwood on the dying fire. "That's the last of it," he said.

"No more wood left?" said the foreman.

"No more."

The five of them hovered over the last little blaze and watched it burn steadily lower and lower until there was

nothing left but a few embers with no heat in them and then the embers stopped glowing entirely and there was nothing but ashes where the bonfire had been. None of them spoke and there was no sound until the red-nosed man snuffled suddenly and loudly. The others shivered and hunched their coats around them.

"Gettin' cold again, boys," the foreman said spitting out a grass stem.

"Christ almighty," the red-nosed man said. He nodded his head toward the orchard. "Somebody cut down one of those goddamn peach trees," he said, "and we'll make a fire out of *it*."

The foreman started to say something but before he got anything out a new Ford coupé drove alongside the old Buick and stopped, the brakes screeching in the still air. Two men climbed out of it and began walking toward the foreman and the men. "Here comes the superintendent now," whispered the foreman. "That's the cannery fellow with him." He stood up and took a few steps forward to meet the superintendent. "Morning," he said to the superintendent. "Hello." He motioned toward the fieldman.

The superintendent did not look at the men still sitting around the ashes of the bonfire. "Those fellows better go on home," he said to the foreman. "There won't be no boxes here today. The car didn't come in this morning."

The foreman looked helplessly at the fieldman. "That's right," the fieldman said. "Have to wait another day I guess."

"Tell 'em to come back in the morning," the superintendent said.

The foreman turned toward the men. "The car didn't come in," he said. He waited for one of them to say something but no one answered him. "Guess we'll just have to wait till tomorrow," he said. "Car of boxes ought to be here then."

Before he was through talking the red-nosed man had risen to his feet and was standing there looking past him at the superintendent. "Tomorrow your ass," the red-nosed

man said. The other three stood up also and then the four of them walked by him, and in front of the superintendent the red-nosed man stopped for a moment. "Tomorrow your ass," he said to the superintendent.

Across the highway the foreman could see the bare brown levee and beyond it the tops of the trees that grew thick on the bank of the river. He hoped the men would stay for a while and not leave him alone with the superintendent and the fieldman but then he heard the starter of the Buick grinding and out of the corner of his eye he saw it start up with a jerk and he wanted to tell them to wait for him but the old car was already out of sight around the bend in the road.

## Low Fog

*By* JOYCE E. LOBNER

No star points stabbing my eyes.  
No keen lights glaring cold,  
No crouching shadows lean,  
Staring into the street.

Sounds are muted and kind.  
The polished moon's light diffused,  
As seen through opaque, secret glass.

## Otto's Soldier

By MARGARET PAGE HOOD

**T**HE STATUE struck me a blow between the eyes. It was a bludgeon of a statue hitting to surprise and shock, rocking me back on my heels. Some of its power undoubtedly lay in contrast. The village was peaceful. All day I'd traveled across high wind-swept mesas where cactus, sand, and mesquite fought for supremacy. Now at twilight I'd dropped down into Frijoles Valley with its cottonwoods spring-green against a paling sky. There was the soothing sound of water flowing through irrigation ditches to the corn. Meadow larks teetered on the silver of fence posts, singing their evening hymn. Women, their heads tight bound in clean white towels, stood in doorways to chat, or stepped into their yards to work among the blossoming masses of violets and jasmine. From the open window of the adobe-walled church I heard the drone of the padre leading children's voices in catechism. Girls and half-grown boys giggled and flirted around the village well. A small boy whistled "Rancho Grande" as he played a tattoo on his horse's ribs with his bare heels. Behind him the village cows straggled home from the mesa pastures. A peaceful New Mexico village along the Rio Grande where for hundreds of years the dark earth had given plentifully of frijoles, chili, and corn to fill empty stomachs, sunshine had warmed backs bent in labor, the peace of mountain and flowing water, the joy of song had filled empty hearts. There was no place in this simple village for the vibrating cry of pain.

Yet there it stood in the center of the little paths which wound vaguely across the plaza. A mass, crouching heavy and half formed. Great arms rested on knees shapeless as cedar stumps. The shoulders were a hulk of patient weariness. The head, sunk and lowering, knew defeat. The chin

was a jutting angle of courage, the lips a drooping curve of despair, the nose the immature blob of childhood. There were no eyes, only the smeared marks of a creator's fingers, deep gouged in empty sockets. It was an unwieldy travesty of the human shape. A nightmare materialized. Seen across the plaza, through the thickening dusk, it had the power to strike cold to my heart. I was meeting the sorrow and patience of all disillusioned humanity on a homely village square. Seen closer, it lost the keen edge of its blade of pain. The gross imperfection of line, the crudeness of material turned it into a jest. It changed before my eyes from a terrible symbol of lost humanity to a clownish attempt in cement, a child's snowman made durable.

The shock of my first impression was so vivid I stopped at the village store to find out, if I could, why such a mad statue was crouching on the plaza of a simple New Mexico village. The old man behind the counter was fat and frumpy with white hair long and thin on his collar, but his eyes had a friendly gleam within their blue-hazed depths. We chatted as I made a purchase to break the ice.

"That statue, that figure, what do you call it, there on the plaza?" I asked.

"Well," the old man answered, "folks here call it Goofy Otto's freak. But I knew Otto better than most of them. I don't call him goofy, and I don't call his figure a freak. I call it, like Otto did, his knowing soldier.

"I knew Otto, boy and man," the storekeeper continued. "A fine tow-headed chap he grew up to be, tall like his father who was one of those foreigners, Hunjaks, we call 'em around here. They came into our valley years ago to work the mines. After the mines closed, most of 'em drifted away, but Otto's father bought land and married himself a Mexican woman. Otto had her dark eyes, and her way of making a guitar sing. But in most ways he was like his father, big and strong and merry. Plough in the corn field all day and dance all night. Tramp the mountains for a week with a gun on his shoulder, and come home singing

down the trail. Otto was a fine boy. Everyone in the village liked him, and he had a girl for every Sunday in the year. Finally he picked out Manuelita, the quietest girl in the valley. They were planning their wedding when the war broke out.

"We didn't get very excited, back here in our valley, over the war. It took some time before our boys began drifting away. Two or three joined the navy, crazy like so many mountain boys to see what the blue ocean's like. A handful more went down to El Paso and signed up with the cavalry. Otto hung off. He had Manúelita and his father's corn crop, the deer calling to him in the mountains, and the guitar string singing under his fingers. But when they called his name in the draft he didn't holler. Just slipped away without any fuss. 'Take care of things, Old Timer,' he said to me, 'while I go hunting for a spell.'

"The flu came closer to us folks than the war," the old man continued. "It hit us bad that winter. Otto's father and mother both died. His young brother was busy trying to keep the farm going. Nobody had time to worry about Otto except Manuelita. One day, when she'd come in for the mail, she burst out crying over her letter. Otto'd been gassed and was in the hospital in France. That was the last we heard about him for months. War was over and the other boys came home. We had a big baile for them with plenty of tequila and mountain mule. Made heroes of 'em for a couple of weeks, but things settled back to normal quick around here. Everybody went back to work and forgot about fightin'. Once in while someone would ask, 'Where's Otto? Isn't he coming home?' But nobody knew. After a while Manuelita got tired of waiting and married one of her black-haired cousins. Otto's kid brother was getting the hang of running the farm.

"Then one day he came back. Taller than ever, thin like a man who's caved in on himself. Yellow in the face, with eyes black holes of hopelessness.

" 'Sure, I've come back,' he grinned, shaking our hands



with a loose cold touch, 'come back to die.' We laughed at him and said a few months of mountain air and valley food would set him up. He'd been in so many hospitals since the war, we figured, the doctors had sapped all the juice out of him. He went back to his old home, but didn't stay.

"'The kid's doing fine,' he said; 'he doesn't need me.' So he rented a room on the plaza.

"It didn't take us long to find he wasn't right in his head. Old doc said the gas had addled his brain. Nothing dangerous about Otto. Most days he'd sit in the sunshine on the plaza talking as sensibly as anyone. But other times, mostly at night, he'd roam around groaning and wringing his hands.

"One night I met him as I was going home across the plaza. Moonlight made his face yellower'n a dead man's. His eyes seemed to be crying out for help.

"'Sit down a spell, boy,' I said to him, 'and tell me what's bothering you.'

"He'd been reading about the tombs they'd built in Washington and London for the unknown soldiers. They were haunting him.

"'Unknown soldiers—hell!' he said. 'Why do they want to hide an unknown soldier away from the sight of men under a hunk of marble? What good will that do? Instead of tombs for unknown soldiers, they should build monuments of soldiers that KNOW. Soldiers who can make other people know. Know what war means. I didn't know. I went away like a kid going hunting in the mountains. I'd never killed a man. I'd never been a machine of death. I didn't know. None of us knew. Nobody should go to war without knowing what it means. All the kids should know, these kids coming along. Let 'em grow up knowing. Then if they want to go to war, they're brave men and fools. But not ignorant fools like we were.'

"And I saw that in his addled brain he'd got the sense of those words mixed up—unknown and unknowing. He thought they were building tombs for poor unknowing boys

like he'd been who'd gone over to France ignorant of what war meant. He wanted monuments of knowing soldiers, of men who'd learned their lesson, so those monuments could teach the same lesson to the kids coming after. Not a bad idea for a bright feller to have, let alone a poor cracked brain like Otto.

" 'I can make a statue like that,' Otto said to me; 'I can make a soldier who'll show the kids what war does to a man. I'll build a big dumb brute who'll teach 'em what a soldier really is. Then they won't have their hearts broken finding out when it's too late, like I did.' "

"He grabbed my hand, 'That's what I'll do. Build it here on the plaza where the kids will play around it, kids growing up to know what I didn't.' "

"He came to the next village meeting and asked permission to make his statue on the plaza. Some of the men hemmed and hawed, saying now Otto was sort of goofy perhaps he'd make something that would be a laughing stock. But I argued with them. I told them doc said there was an off chance getting this out of his mind would cure Otto.

" 'All right,' they finally said to him, 'go ahead, but we can't pay you anything for your statue. We can't even buy the stone for you.' "

" 'Not stone,' said Otto, 'that would take too long and I haven't much time. Cement. I'll buy it, I'll make my soldier and he won't cost the village a cent! ' "

The old man rubbed his hands across the worn, greasy surface of the counter and glanced at me from under his bushy brows. "So, that's the story of Otto's soldier you saw out on the plaza."

"But what happened to Otto?" I asked. "Did making his statue help him find peace of mind?"

The old man sighed, "He found peace. The statue was all done but the eyes. Somehow Otto couldn't make the eyes to suit him. 'Tomorrow I'll get them right,' he told me as I

stopped by the statue one evening as he was finishing work. 'Tomorrow!'

"But the next day we missed him. We went out hunting for him and found him lying quiet under a piñon tree up the canyon, a bullet through his heart.

"No, don't feel sorry for him," the old man added; "doc did an autopsy and said he found the cells of his brain grown hard as wood. It was the gas did it. He'd never have been any better. After Otto died some folks wanted to knock down his cement soldier it caused so much comment and laughter among the people traveling through our village. But I said, 'No, sir, you let Otto's soldier alone. He suffered plenty to make it, guess we can stand a few horse laughs from strangers to keep it here on the plaza for him, just the way he wanted it.'

"And you know," the old man leaned forward confidentially, "most times I'll admit that statue looks like a bad dream, like a hunk of crazy cement. But some nights when I'm going home after evening's fallen, with the moon rising and casting its shadows, I can see what Otto was aiming at. I can see the pure brute misery, the dumb patience of that soldier who'd been slogging all day through mud and bullets, and had sat himself down to rest, maybe in a trench, maybe in a shell hole. And him realizing all of a sudden what war means to men."

As I left the village in Frijoles Valley I looked back at the turn of the road, and I too could see what the old man and Otto meant. I could see not a mad man's grotesquerie, but Otto's soldier who *knew*. And as I looked a gang of boys crossed the plaza, running and tossing a ball as they went. They came abreast of the statue, and one of them bounced the ball off the soldier's head. I could hear their shouts of heedless laughter rising clear in the evening air as they separated and turned confidently toward the steady lights of their homes.

## Editorial Notes

**F**OR THE GREATER part of the nine years of its life the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY has been edited by Dr. T. M. Pearce, whose keen and lively interest in the Southwest has made the magazine one of the more distinctive small regional publications. Other duties require that Dr. Pearce relinquish the editorship; but his experience and counsel will be available to the new editor, since Dr. Pearce is to continue as associate.

No serious change in policy is foreseen. In the past the QUARTERLY has been extremely fortunate in securing the contributions of such persons as Witter Bynner, Erna Fergusson, Paul Horgan, Haniel Long, Mary Austin, J. Frank Dobie, Henry Smith, and many other well-known writers of the Southwest. It is hoped that this well-established relationship will continue unbroken. Drawing its material support largely from the University of New Mexico, the QUARTERLY has always been open to contributions from the faculty of the University, especially in the field of critical articles and reviews. This function will continue and, it is hoped, become even more important. The QUARTERLY has always welcomed contributions from unknown writers. It has had no printed rejection slips. All manuscripts submitted have had the comments of the editor. This sometimes thankless task has yielded good results. The policy will be continued. For so small a journal to try to accomplish the three purposes here stated has no doubt at times been difficult; but T. M. Pearce has done it for years, with excellent balance. To "Matt" Pearce, sincerest congratulations on his reporting of his region.

★ ★ ★

A regional journal, of course, like any other publication, must and will change its emphasis as the times change. In the future the QUARTERLY may be expected to give more attention to some problems which the Southwest has in common with other regions. All of us today have imbibed

enough of economic determinism to know that a living culture has to keep its material resources up to the standard required by other demands upon it. Often, one suspects, it is a broken or delayed economy which supports some of the things which the local color enthusiast so ardently seeks out. A healthy regionalism will have to pay more and more attention to the *whole* pattern of economy, artistic expression, and social and political organization, in terms of the possibilities of the region for modern living. Soil erosion and a high infant mortality rate are as much a part of the picture at present as is the existence of *corridos*, folk plays, and a colorful past. Cultural lag must not be mistaken for culture—which is not to say that all ought to become suddenly, or ever, neon-lighted.

If regionalism in the Southwest has a patron saint, the late Mary Austin, I presume, deserves the nomination. The high point in her career, it seems to me, came between 1925 and 1927 when she was wrapped up in the Boulder Dam controversy. Then she almost envisioned a culture for the Southwest; power plants and irrigation projects at that period in her life went ahead of hand-weaving and the collection of ballads. If she later neglected the mechanical basis of modern society and became absorbed in the collection of curiosities, perhaps it was because she saw that the development of resources in the Southwest, as elsewhere, was proceeding on the old exploitative and expansionist lines, with nobody in her adopted region willing to help her raise a voice against it. It must not be forgotten that before she ever came to the Southwest, Mary Austin was an ardent suffragist, a Fabian socialist, as much concerned as any Lincoln Steffens over the shame of the cities, and as much worried by the shortcomings of democracy as ever the young Walter Lippmann was. In short, she had some ideas about the whole social pattern. Even her idea about community expression in art as she thought she found it in Mexico seems to have been taken originally from John Reed, who now inhabits the Soviet pantheon. Before the last years of her rather eccen-

tric antiquarianism, Mary Austin was a very alert world-citizen; and I cannot believe that deep in her heart she ever thought that New Mexco was the last word in an American acculturation. The lesson of Mary Austin to the discerning is that an American culture will develop when Americans have achieved a substantial scheme of values—an accomplishment that will require a great deal more agonizing and searching than most of us seem willing to undertake. A region's problems today come back largely to the great problem of the whole world—the political problem in the widest sense.

The newer regionalism, to take a concrete example, will have to be as much concerned about such a book as Robert S. Lynd's *Knowledge For What?* as about the latest collection of cowboy ballads. Whoever thinks that these ideas make that high and mighty goddess Art into a handmaiden of grimy, ephemeral, sordid problem-solving should read the opening pages of Thomas Mann's *The Coming Victory of Democracy* (not a new book!), wherein an artist of highest integrity shows at what cost he neglected the ancient truth that nothing human should be a matter of indifference to the artist or to any man.

To get back to Mary Austin, the greatest weakness in her thinking was probably this: because some past cultures appeared to her to have arrived automatically, she thought the American acculturation would be automatic too, dictated in some mystic fashion by the land and the pattern of the life lived upon it. Van Wyck Brooks knows something of what is perhaps the finest local culture yet produced in our land, that of New England in its golden day; and he sees that particular culture as the result of a channeled community will pursuing an ideal. Regionalists today need to know, first of all, what they want; and their wanting will have to go far beyond self-congratulation upon their region's quaintness.

★ ★ ★

The photographs of Irving Rusinow and the accompanying note by Dr. Eshref Shevky, in this issue, represent a

part of the effort being made in the Southwest—and in other regions also—toward understanding of regions and their resources. Rusinow's work, as Dr. Shevsky points out, is documentary. If under such circumstances the photographer loses some of his freedom as artist, he gains materially from his participation in a study in which science and imagination both play a part.

★ ★ ★

Even before William Y. Tindall's book on D. H. Lawrence appeared, many persons felt that it was about time to let Lawrence rest in peace. So vital a writer, alas, cannot be allowed repose. If Lawrence's works are to be chewed over and over, we propose to do our part of the ruminating. Dr. Nulle's article on Lawrence betrays a romantic impatience with modern culture (or with present-day cultural breakdown, as some people would put it) that reminds one of the hero of Jean Jacques Rousseau's novel and his impatience of the whole scheme of eighteenth-century culture. "The rock is craggy, the water deep, and I am in despair," Rousseau's *Weltschmerz*-stricken young man wrote to his uncomeatable lady love. He didn't jump. And one wonders how Dr. Nulle can consider it wise to jump from even apathy and dead confusion into the welter of furious violence which is fascism. Between the lines one sees that that is just what Dr. Nulle thinks he would like to do.

★ ★ ★

This is a good time to say that opinions expressed by individual authors do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors, the publishers, or the sponsors of the QUARTERLY. For views expressed in "Editorial Notes" the editor, but not the University of New Mexico, accepts responsibility.

D. W.

## College Books

THE LATE Charles Sears Baldwin, professor of rhetoric and English composition at Columbia University, was one of the foremost scholars, in modern times, of medieval life and literature. To a long list of his publications in this field is added now *Renaissance Literary Theory and Practice*, a book left at the time of Professor Baldwin's death, in 1936, and prepared for the Columbia University Press by Donald Lemen Clark. This volume rounds out a study begun by the author in his *Ancient Rhetoric and Poetic* (1924) and *Medieval Rhetoric and Poetic* (1928), both published by the Macmillan Company. The series traces the writing tradition of western Europe from the sound rhetorical principles in classic tradition to successive peak periods of achievement, such as the period of Chaucer or that of Shakespeare. Specifically, of the latest volume, it is a delight to a student of both the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, to find Dr. Baldwin justifying the fourteenth century (which Matthew Arnold considered lacking in an accent possible for a later stage of England's growth) as freer in some respects in the practice of poetry than the later period. For one, applaud when Baldwin says that there was more life in medieval Latin than in the ornate and conscious practice of Latin by many of the sixteenth century humanists. Everyone familiar with English literary history will recall the dismal results achieved by Roger Ascham, and later by Gabriel Harvey, Philip Sidney, even Edmund Spenser, when they tried to revamp English poetry in the manner of the ancients. Medieval Latin had been corrupted because it was used in contact with the vernacular tongues in everyday experiences. Too many of the Renaissance scholars held a concordance to Cicero in their hands every time they uttered a Latin phrase.

The Renaissance scorned the Middle Ages. It had the assurance of a cocky young man matching his strength against a tottering older one. And yet when one looks at



the forces unleashed by the new enlightenment one almost longs for the old so-called darkness. One can easily be sentimental about the Middle Ages, and yet it is not disloyal to the Renaissance to suggest that the world outgrew its intellectual and spiritual garments faster than it could manufacture appropriate new ones.

Notable in the book is Professor Baldwin's analysis of the insight into philology held by a Benedictine monk named Périon, who as early as 1554 seemed to recognize relationships between Gallic and Greek, and to employ certain modern resources of comparative grammar.

That this posthumous publication from a great scholar is valuable goes without saying. None of Dr. Baldwin's books draws upon the virtue of style. In spite of the attention which he gave to rhetoric in theory, in actual practice his writing can claim little beyond the Horatian precept of clarity. In even this respect, there are some spotty passages in the last work from his pen which a final perusal by the author might have removed. There are half a dozen points at which Dr. Baldwin could have made his points of view emphatic, heightening the originality of his study and dramatizing the fruits of his exhaustive labor. That such was not his way will not rob him of any of the acclaim discerning readers will wish to give.

T. M. PEARCE

One of the most careful, most meticulous, and most complete works on the history of the stage in England is Professor George Odell's *Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving*. In that book American scholarship with its genius for facts and documentation came to the assistance of the mother country and for the first time made clear to Englishmen and to the world the vicissitudes of Shakespeare on the stage of his native land.

The theatre-going and play-reading public has for more than a decade enjoyed the possession of A. H. Quinn's *History of American Drama*. But the first complete picture

of the American stage will come in the completion of George Odell's colossal *Annals of the New York Stage*, the eleventh volume of which has just appeared. For the history of the theatre in America is primarily and overwhelmingly the story of the New York stage. New York not only inaugurates but magnifies and perfects all the trends and tendencies which are found elsewhere. And New York affords an intimacy and familiarity of treatment only possible in a great metropolis and theatrical capital where openings, innovations, activities, and closings are continuous. There the veteran play-goer and perennial lover of the theatre catches the first glimpse of the star or singer as she trips down the gangplank or emerges from the oblivion of the theatrical hinterland which Broadway politely dismisses as the provinces.

There is a coziness and subdued glamour about old New York, which comes from the proximity and richness of many things and many people in less crowded, though no less elegant, surroundings than our own. Events occur and men and women move, but the tempo is moderate, and in this more leisurely age of not so long ago the glare and fatigue of modern New York are far around the corner of the century.

The years 1879 to 1882, which the current volume covers, form an epoch which can best be described with reference to the state of the drama in Europe. In the very year that our chronicle begins, Ibsen produced his *A Doll's House*. Although he had already written a number of other plays, he had as yet no real existence for England or for America. In England the wrong Byron was having his inning, H. J. Byron, the author of *Our Boys*; and Byron's plays were exported to America, jammed though they were with theatricality, platitude, and pun. Like him in melodramatic effectiveness and emptiness of content was Dion Boucicault, actor, playwright, manager. After making his fortunes secure in England, Boucicault again exercised his three-fold theatrical ability in New York. He it was who gave us our

acting version of *Rip Van Winkle*. Boucicault was past master of the art of theatrical persuasion. By his sentimentality, humor, and excitement he charmed unthinking audiences on both sides of the Atlantic, but the sentimental unreality in his plays of Irish life so disgusted Dublin that, in protest, later to be perpetuated through the Abbey Theatre, there arose Lady Gregory and the other dramatists of the Irish renaissance. The *Annals* tells the story of Boucicault's leasing of Booth's Theatre and of his performance of *Louis XI*, wherein he spoke the French of the title rôle in his own rich, irrepressible Dublin brogue.

France was more adequately represented before the New York public by the divine Sarah Bernhardt, who came over in 1880 to play *Phèdre* and *Camille*. But the happiest European venture on Manhattan shores was the arrival of Sir William Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan and the *Pirates of Penzance* in its world *première*. At that time, there was no international copyright law and the celebrated collaborators had never received a cent for the operettas previously published and performed in America. Hence they risked no chance of losing the American royalties on the *Pirates*, but were here to establish their copyright.

Not all the celebrities known to the present day arrived in the *Annals* by way of Europe. Edward H. Sothorn made his debut in these years. His first appearance hardly foreshadowed his future fame. Overcome with stage fright, "he forgot the one and only line of his part and spoiled his father's scene." Maurice Barrymore was prominent at this time. Walter Damrosch was an obscure organist in his father's famous orchestra. DeWolf Hopper was emerging, and among the ladies there were Lillian Russell and Adelina Patti, the singer.

There were excellent stock companies for high comedy and tragedy, performing in theatres where the orchestra played in a loft directly above the stage. There were German companies producing plays and operas. But even with notable Italian opera and worthy revivals of literary clas-

sics, the typical American offerings were *Tourists in a Pullman Palace Car*, *The Brook*, or a *Jolly Day at the Picnic*, *Hiawatha*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Professor Odell includes Brooklyn and suburban New York in his survey. There are such events as strawberry festivals, adventures in atheism personally conducted by Robert Ingersoll, the appearance of Barnum's Tom Thumb, the music of Johann Strauss, the conducting of Theodore Thomas and the elder Damrosch, the performances of the Philharmonic and the Oratorio societies. All these are the diverse elements among the pastimes and pleasures of New York of the early eighties, and all these are harmonized and brought neatly within the covers of one volume, which is as pleasing to the average reader as it is valuable to the theatrical critic and scholar. The *Annals* is at once a work of reference and a romance.

DANE FARNSWORTH SMITH

For anyone who considers that philosophy is more than a speculation upon eternal truths, that it is indeed a vital index to the mental evolution of human cultures, any means of condensing and spreading the expression of current philosophical literature should be more than welcome. The advent of *Philosophic Abstracts* appears to fill a very definite need in this direction.

H. G. ALEXANDER

## Book Reviews

*D. H. Lawrence and Susan His Cow*—William York Tindall—Columbia University Press, New York—\$2.75.

"The critic's first duty to a genius is to try to understand his meaning." This is Professor Tindall's own credo for his study of D. H. Lawrence. Dr. Tindall has a witty and rational mind which operates with the precision of a metronome and with about the same degree of emotion. Lawrence "thought with his blood." For such a critical intellect to perform that first duty to a genius who disavowed the intellect is an ambitious enterprise. Perhaps it is ungenerous to suggest that a critic's second duty involves the objective approach, an immunity from "the prepossession of the author," for lack of which Professor Tindall himself rebukes two studies of Lawrence which he considers "not scholarly enough."

Professor Tindall's particular prepossession is an impulse to be witty at the expense of Lawrence, Mrs. Lawrence, the gamekeepers and grooms of Lawrence's novels, and some of the ancestral romanticism of English letters from which Lawrence derives. Sometimes, with all the zeal of a now-recanting Laurentian and the polish of a Pope, he delivers hits which delight those who likewise have failed to succumb to the charms of Lady Chatterley's lover. At other times the witticism is a schoolboy's spitball; at all times Professor Tindall's attitude toward Lawrence stimulates distrust of his observations and obscures, in a measure, the real scholarship and penetration which make the book a more valuable study of Lawrence than a cursory reading might indicate.

In a thorough and allusive examination of Lawrence's reading and writing, Professor Tindall sees the genius struggling against his personal problems and the currents of his age, developing a private religion out of his theories of anti-intellectualism, the primitive, and the occult. Law-

rence's revolt against science and the machine, his theory of "mindlessness and blood," his belief in the primitive patterns for modern man, and his final synthesis of these theories with theosophy and yoga and the symbolic Susan are impressively analyzed against their backgrounds in modern thought. The Lawrence versions of polarity and the unconscious, metempsychosis and Mme. Blavatsky, Karma and chakra, by virtue of Professor Tindall's clear dissection and sensible semantics, assume intelligibility whether they have it or not; and the analysis is, on the whole, an illuminating experience for those who have long wandered in the mazes of Laurentian theology.

Professor Tindall is not unappreciative of Lawrence's real merits: his matchless evocation of locale, his ability to "translate ancient myth with almost hypnotic effect," his fine prose style. But Lawrence, he says in effect, has warped his art in an attempt to express a private religious system and in so doing has failed to achieve the inner unity which all great art must have to conquer outer confusion.

Aside from his levity, Professor Tindall is entitled to his conclusions. But they are dry and rattling bones of what must have been the real Lawrence. That figure, in the round, never emerges from the mastery of detail and rich source material of the study. For Professor Tindall has studied the writing with condescension for the man, an error in tolerance if not in scholarship which Lawrence's New Mexico may be reluctant to forgive.

KATHERINE SIMONS

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*The Last of the Series*—Dane and Mary Roberts Coolidge—E. P. Dutton & Co., New York—\$2.50.

The world in which we live is a strange place, full of surprises at every turn. Few beyond the professional anthropologists know that along the bleak, sandy coast of Northern Mexico where the Sonoran Desert meets the Gulf of Cali-

fornia there is a strange tribe of fish-eating Indians known as the Seris. Quite different from our preconceived notions of Indians, these people represent no glories of a "vanishing race." The Seris are a poor digging and fishing people, devoid of even those rudimentary comforts usually associated with the Indians of the Plains or Pueblos. Dane and Mary Coolidge present a popularized version of the lives of some of these rather benighted individuals, old men who remember only vaguely the erstwhile complex religious life, the chants and songs, and the ceremonial behavior of their people and are thus fittingly called "the last of the Seris."

Here is a picture of a very primitive group of human beings—a picture, and no more, since the work can scarcely be called scientific. *The Last of the Seris* is a very neat travel account which tells us something of a short trip taken by the authors to Tiburon Island and Kino Bay. In the course of the journey the reader is introduced to a smattering of social anthropology, a bit of primitive art, a taste of acculturation, and a hodge-podge of material culture. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge were fortunate to be able to spend some six weeks among the Seri Indians, ostensibly to make a sociological study. Together they have produced what might be called a study in religious acculturation, the mixture of the native Seri religion with Mexican Roman Catholic elements. The authors themselves apparently do not realize this. They glibly offer some native drawings of fish-gods neatly surrounded with Christian crosses, drawings which they apparently accept as indicative of the aboriginal Seri religion. The hazy memories of a few old men, and an attempt at religious analysis are the sum of the book.

Mr. Coolidge would have us believe that the Seris once occupied a much higher plane of culture than that in which they now find themselves. Says the author, "Their songs, their stories, their gods, like those of the ancient Greeks, all point to a day when the Seris were a great people, before the White Men came." Archaeology reveals no higher civiliza-

tion in that provincial area. Where, we might ask, is the evidence?

*The Last of the Seris* is not without its value, however. No one may again be so fortunate as to secure the interesting native drawings which are so heavily interspersed throughout the pages of the book. The portrayals of Seri gods are indeed worth while, even if Christian symbols and influences mark them. Many colorful and valuable photographs lend genuine worth and interest. The random translations of Seri chants and songs are very well done and it will easily be seen that these people, primitive as they are, are not without their poetry, nor Mr. Coolidge without poetic ability. There is a distinct charm to his renditions of Seri verse.

We may read the Coolidges' book for its well-told tale of travel and adventure. We may enjoy its pictures and native tales, its translations of poetry and its "Stone Age" art. But we come away knowing little more about the strange Seri Indians. As a scientific bit of ethnology the *Last of the Seris* is an abysmal failure.

ROBERT F. SPENCER

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*Indians of the Americas*—Edwin R. Embree—Houghton Mifflin Company, The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1939—\$2.75.

With a more cosmopolitan background than is usual in most ethnological presentations, Edwin R. Embree presents, in a popular manner, the Indians of America. In keeping with the cosmopolitanism, as well as the popular presentation, the Indians are, in this work, taken out of cold anthropological surroundings and bathed in the warm sunshine of personal intimacy.

The book consists of four parts:

Part I—A prologue introduction and description of the Indian situation as the author sees it.



Part II—A description of three “classic” Indian cultures, the Maya, the Aztecs of Mexico, the Inca Empire of Peru.

Part III—An intimate reconstruction of North American Indian life exemplified in “Life on the Western Plains,” “The United States of the Iroquois,” and “The Pueblos of the Southwest.”

Part IV—A description of the place of the Indian in a White world, with laments and remarks pertaining thereto.

This work is evidently an attempt to popularize at one fell swoop the American Indian life of North, South, and Central America. This, in itself, is a gigantic task, both by reason of the immensity of the project and also the limitations of the approach. The reviewer is fully aware that the popular approach is more difficult to render successfully than the scientific report. The author has succeeded remarkably in making the American Indian a living, real, personalized individual. At the same time, a remarkable quantity of information has been hung upon this narrative hatrack.

Mr. Embree has wisely chosen not to tell all he knows about all of the American Indians. He has selected only the so-called “high points” of Indian life, and of course not all of these. There is a certain tendency, constantly apparent, to characterize the American Indian by certain spectacular or romantic cultures. This is not offered as criticism but is an observation upon the avowed intention of the author.

Unlike most “popular” renditions of scientific or pseudo-scientific nature, the *Indians of the Americas* does not degenerate into purely sentimental twaddle or sweeping inaccurate generalities. The author has obviously gone to the sources for information concerning his material, although, unfortunately, not all of the sources in each case.

Pursuant with the usual book reviewing custom of finding something wrong with the book, we may list some of the followig items, remembering, of course, that in the encompassing of a very extensive subject in an abbreviated

popular manner, many such evils can hardly be avoided.

In the first few pages, the author has evidently followed Las Casas to the exclusion of other equally good, and in some cases more accurate, sources. We may remark that (page 2) no large number of Indians were taken away by Columbus, nor was the advent of that great explorer quite so morbid a picture as has been painted.

(Page 5) Portuguese and French voyagers were active from 1488 to 1500. Spain conquered not much more than one-half of South America. The Caribs were not easily conquered; in fact, they were never conquered by the Spaniards. The Maya were also not quickly conquered, as stated by the author. It took some twenty-three years.

(Page 8) The English were not the last to invade the Indians' world. Swedes, Danes, and Dutch, in that order, were subsequent invaders.

(Page 16) Not all Indians have yellowish-brown skin, e. g., various Yumans.

(Page 17) Not all Indians have straight hair; some aboriginal types of pure strain have wavy hair.

(Page 18) The agriculture of early Egypt was perhaps never passed on to surrounding people as stated by Mr. Embree, but was derived instead from an outside source.

(Page 19) Civilization was not highest where the continents of North and South America meet, i. e., Costa Rica, Panama, and Colombia, but in centers further to the north and further to the south.

(Page 21) Iron was not unknown to the American Indian; it was known to the Greenland Eskimo and was utilized in meteoric form by many American aborigines.

(Page 23) In addition to those mentioned by Mr. Embree, the Indians tamed or domesticated the boa, duck, currasow, guau, ortolis, guinea pig, and alpaca.

(Page 29) It has not been demonstrated that maize was the basis of origin of agriculture in the New World, nor is it now held that teocentli was ancestral to maize.

(Page 30) The Maya did not develop the sweet potato and probably not tobacco, cotton, or the tomato.

(Page 36) In the opinion of the reviewer it is a dangerous assumption that Kukulcan or a similar god was present in the Pueblo pantheon.

(Page 41) I would question sandals of hemp.

(Page 44) The date here stated with certainty, 600-800 A. D., would depend on whose dating system was used. The recent trend is to adopt a correlation with a later great cycle, making all dates more recent (Vaillant).

(Page 45) Copan is not in southern Central America nor did the learning there necessarily exceed that of other Mayan cities.

(Page 51) The Mayan cities were not in their time the most brilliant centers of art and learning in the world. Mr. Embree has overlooked the great Moslem cultures of Fez, Cairo, Damascus, Bukhara, Cordova, etc.

(Page 53) Not to be carping, there are less than 800,000 Mexicans of Nahuan speech, instead of millions.

(Page 57) There is no evidence, conclusive at least, that the Aztecs derived maize, beans, cotton, cucurbits, stone working, pyramids, and the bulk of their basic culture from the Mayas.

(Page 64) The Aztecs, so far as we know, did not use money in the form of a T.

(Page 71) The Toltec cities were not contemporary with the Aztec. The period of the Naciones Pobladores intervened.

There is no need to continue in this picayune manner with individual criticisms. The items here criticized do not represent all of those to which exception might be taken. They do indicate, however, the general type of pitfall into which any one who attempts this variety of writing may fall. As may be seen, most of these difficulties come under the head of minutiae or moot points. I have no doubt that Mr. Embree and the list of venerable gentlemen to whom he gives credit for checking his work were aware of the truth in most.

cases. In popular writing, one cannot tell all aspects of the situation in a short space. The author should have, I believe, avoided stating only one side of moot questions as a fact.

I would disagree with the author (page 251) that the book is an American history. I would regard it rather as a very successful depiction, for popular reading, of the most outstanding aspects of the Indian life and culture of the Americas.

FRANK C. HIBBEN

*University of New Mexico*  
*Albuquerque*

*A Letter from Texas*—Townsend Miller—Carl Hertzog, El Paso, Texas, 1939—\$2.50.

*Poems*—William Pillin—The Press of James A. Decker, Prairie City, Illinois, 1939.

The work of young poets seems to me to be in a stalemate. I need not limit my statement to young poets, for poets in general seem to be in an ebb tide, caught in the backwash of the surge from the New Poetry now aged about thirty years. If anything, we need calmer poetry, less of the personal pain and "oh, the poor people" stuff. It is a question to me how effective poetry can ever be as a chart of social misery; certainly as an asset to psychoanalysis, we have all had our fill. I keep thinking, here in the Southwest, of the psychology of Indian poets, who think of themselves as the servants of the tribal spirit, called to express others' joys and need, and always speaking the poet prayer to the elemental forces in nature. Of course, some of these elemental gestures are voodoo and misdirected, but at least the singer concentrates on something larger than his personal case history or the selfishness of his neighbor. There are other ways of relieving both situations more effective than the poet's tools.

I like Townsend Miller's poem because it has something of the calm magnitude which is its theme—the place on the nature map called Texas. "It is a strange land," he writes,

a part of "the large western dream." Yet there is "blue silence of sea and sand," "pine with the high redolent forests," "the hot golden heart under the Tropic." Here girls and the young men walk in the streets "tall, splendid, easy, as wind over the prairie." Austin, in the early evening—"the blind walls from the plain fronting the level light"—shines like the long sought gold of Cíbola. But to the west is the true land of Spain, "still as a dream of time, and gray and green as olive." In San Antonio "cool patios silent and shaded of pomegranate," Dallas "turned with her face to the east," Fort Worth "fronting the afternoon and the west."

There is poetry richly phrased in Mr. Miller's letter. The book is a pleasant one to touch again, for it has breadth of viewpoint and beautiful words and sustained feeling for the pattern of the land and the life in it. *A Letter from Texas* is a distinctive, modern poem, and I congratulate the author on it. Let others judge whether I am right or wrong.

Mr. Pillin's book is an anthology of his work, some of which has appeared in such journals as *American Prefaces*, *Prairie Schooner*, *New Masses*, and the *New Republic*. It does not always strike a response in me. I am weary of staccato passages of continents, castles, monks, and saints, in a "ballet of fire and vengeance," though that may not be a false prophecy of what we are due for. As a description of part of the world, it isn't far wrong at the moment. Sometimes Mr. Pillin really hits it off, as in his "Folksong," whose "listeners in the wind" hear the voices of men at work across the slopes and broken fields "of this tremendous land." But "Wild Boys of the Road" is a journalistic jotting, not poetry, and "My Amazing Dawn" needs an hour with Whitman to repair the sorry landscape instead of weeping over it.

The western poems are the best. "Adobe Walls" has assurance and beauty. "It is a man's joy to build a chimney for familiar smoke" the poet rightly affirms.

Man grows in nurtured soil.

He is no lark to wing from pole to stalk.

"To a Watercolor Artist" expresses the rightness many of

us feel about modern art. I have the feeling that Mr. Pillin is gaining stronger roots for his poetry; that this, though his first book, and a good one, is neither the last nor the best.

T. M. PEARCE

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*Mary Austin, Woman of Genius*—Dr. Helen MacKnight Doyle—  
Gotham House, New York, 1939—\$3.00.

From an acquaintanceship dating from about 1905 in Bishop, California, Dr. Helen M. Doyle writes the life of Mary Austin. The chief fault is that Dr. Doyle relies quite too much upon Mrs. Austin's autobiography, *Earth Horizon*. She gives too little information that cannot be found in *Earth Horizon* and too seldom departs from Mrs. Austin's own readings of her motives. *Mary Austin, Woman of Genius*, however, gives the life in much more palatable form than the autobiography, since Dr. Doyle, although extremely tolerant and sympathetic, is slightly more objective in her attitude and infinitely more clear in her style. *Earth Horizon*, of course, is still the better book.

Dr. Doyle, aware of Mary Austin's frequently extravagant gestures and poses, nevertheless proves to all sensible people that Mrs. Austin was, after all, human and did not usually bite, not even Methodists. The author follows the old idea that queerness is genius; her apology for the queerness is all based upon the assumption that it was in itself proof of the genius. The question of Mary Austin's particular genius remains, therefore, just where it was. It will have to be settled eventually on the basis of Mrs. Austin's writing. On that side, Dr. Doyle, to put it mildly, is naive. And in overlooking the voluminous writings of Mary Austin—most of the works are not even mentioned—Dr. Doyle neglects much relevant and revealing biographical material.

DUDLEY WYNN

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## Los Paisanos

### SALUDO A TODOS LOS PAISANOS:

Five Albuquerque authors are publishing this spring. The new-high record will certainly make literary history here, and the authors making 1940 memorable (along with Coronado) are: Conrad Richter, Dorothy B. Hughes, Dr. T. M. Pearce, Erna Fergusson, and Franc J. Newcomb . . . *The Trees*, Conrad Richter's book, will be released for publication on March first by Knopf, and is one of a dual selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for March. Advance criticism on the forthcoming novel calls it, "A magnificent epic of the American wilderness and of authentic early American life." . . . Mr. Richter's short novel, *The Sea of Grass*, sold fifteen thousand copies . . . On March 22, *The So Blue Marble*, by Dorothy B. Hughes, will be published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. Although this is Mrs. Hughes' first novel, and incidentally the first mystery novel to be published by an Albuquerque author, it is not her first book. She is the author of a volume of poems, *Dark Certainty*, and *Pueblo on the Mesa*, the University of New Mexico's semi-centennial historical volume . . . As Dorothy B. Flanagan she has been a frequent contributor to the *New Yorker*, the *New Mexico Quarterly*, and the *Pictorial Review*. . . *The So Blue Marble* is a mystery, but not strictly so. Mrs. Hughes says that it is psychological, rather than a "who-did-it?" guessing-game type of story. . . . She is scheduled for two mystery novels a year for Duell, Sloan and Pearce, a new firm, by the way, whose list includes such famous people as Archibald MacLeish, Erskine Caldwell, Oliver St. John Gogarty, and Rockwell Kent . . . Dr. T. M. Pearce's book on Mary Austin, *The Beloved House*, will be off the Caxton Press on April 15. It will be illustrated by twenty stunning lithographs, one of which is a reproduction of Olive Rush's portrait of "I-Mary"

.... *Our Southwest*, Erna Fergusson's fifth book, is scheduled for April 15 by her publishers, Alfred A. Knopf ... Among the photographic illustrations are a number by Ruth Frank, of *Life* magazine reputation. Miss Frank has visited here several times, and is a sister of Paul Frank, of Santa Fe. ... Early in April, the Rydal Press, of Santa Fe, will publish Franc Johnson Newcomb's latest book, *Navajo Omens and Taboos*. A thousand copies of the edition have been printed, bound in art linen. Chee Dodge, venerable Indian leader in the Navajo tribe, has written a foreword for the collection of tribal traditions, taboos, and household sayings ... In addition to these five books by Albuquerque authors, another book by a former Albuquerque resident, Paul Horgan, is scheduled for publication by Harper's on April 4, called *Figures in a Landscape* ... The University of New Mexico Press announces two very important spring publications. *My Nine Years as Governor*, by Former Governor Miguel A. Otero, will be the third and final volume of the series, and according to those "in the know" will be extremely interesting, not only to New Mexicans but to those outside the state ... *Rocky Mountain Politics*, the other University Press publication, is edited by Dr. Thomas C. Donnelly, of the University of New Mexico. There are eight contributors to the book, each one an outstanding authority in the field of political science, and representative of the particular geographic area treated ... Arthur Holcombe, professor of Government at Harvard, has written the foreword ...

Duell, Sloan and Pearce are to publish an *American Folkways Series*, edited by Erskine Caldwell, who has been traveling about the country finding contributors. The first book in the series will be one by Stanley Vestal, and it will deal with the "short-grass country of the Southwest"... During his Santa Fe visit, Mr. Caldwell was the guest of an old friend, Alfred Morang ...

The newly formed English Club at the University of New Mexico had as its first guest lecturer at a literary tea in



the Student Union Building last week, the Reverend Ernest Whitesmith, a Robert Burns authority of note and merit . . . S. Stephenson Smith, educational counselor for the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, was also a recent guest lecturer at a tea in his honor . . .

According to the *New Yorker's* inquiring reporter, "Mabel Dodge Luhan is back in New York reviving her salons of yesteryear . . . Her fourth husband, Tony, a Pueblo Indian, is due to come to New York from their home in Taos, New Mexico, some time in February. Tony has never read any of his wife's four volumes of *Intimate Memories*, in which he is a featured character. He has never read anything in English, in fact, and can speak it only haltingly, even after seventeen years of married life with Mabel. Tony gets on reasonably well with her artistic and literary friends, but if he is bored with any of them, he just fades away . . . In New York, Tony will wear regular city clothes. His chief purpose in coming East is to see the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, John Collier, an old friend, and also Secretary Ickes. Mrs. Luhan thinks he is probably going to ask them to give his tribe a flour mill . . ."

Report has it that Lynn Riggs is in La Jolla, working on a new play; that Witter Bynner will be in Mexico for some time; and that Dr. George St. Clair is quite well and having a happy winter in Florida . . .

Hasta la proxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER