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CONTENTS

CONTRIBUTORS

Esteban Echeverría's importance in Argentine letters is fully discussed in the translator's note preceding "El Matadero." This translation is published in the hope that it will help give United States readers a better understanding of their Latin American neighbors. Reprints of the translation are to be circulated in Argentina by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America.

The translator, Angel Flores, has been for some years associated with the Pan American Union in Washington, D. C. He has translated widely. A recent important effort was the editorship of *Fiesta in November*, a collection of stories by Latin American authors.

Jesús Guerrero Galván, now resident artist at the University of New Mexico, was born and trained in Mexico. His paintings are in important collections in the United States which specialize in Latin American artists. Still young, Sr. Galván is definitely known as a painter's painter. An exhibit of Galván's recent works, many of them painted while the artist was living in New Mexico, is showing at La Quinta Gallery, Albuquerque. The translator of the article, Robert M. Duncan, is a professor of Spanish in the University of New Mexico.

Francisco Monterde, now a member of the faculty of philosophy and letters in the National University of Mexico, is a well-known Mexican short story writer. Robert M. Duncan is the translator also of Sr. Monterde's Christmas story.

Michel Pijoan, born in Barcelona, Spain, in 1909, educated in England, in Canada, and at Johns Hopkins University (M.D., 1934), is a specialist in nutrition. Among other honors, he won the Copenhagen Gold Medal in 1938 for work in nutrition, and is internationally known for his work on Wernicke's disease, and for being the first to synthesize the salts of ascorbic acid (Vitamin C), and for his early work on dissociation of riboflavin phosphate (one of the Vitamin B complexes). Now a research associate in chemistry at the University of New Mexico, Dr. Pijoan directs the nutrition laboratory of the United States Indian Service as well as the nutritional survey among low-income groups in the Southwest—a survey sponsored by the Indian Service and the department of anthropology of the University of Chicago. His article reveals his intense interest in practicable solutions of the nutritional problem in low-income areas.

John W. Wilson, who belongs to the U. S. Marine Corps, is being allowed to finish his college work at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas. He has contributed stories to the *Southwest Review* and other magazines.

Thomas C. Donnelly. formerly professor of government at the University of New Mexico, now with the Office of Price Administration, completes his article on the New Mexico Constitution in this issue. The previous installment appeared in the November, 1941, issue.

Some of the poets in this issue are new to these pages; some have appeared before. California is well represented. Lincoln Fitzell, of Berkeley, California, is the author of *In Plato's Garden* and *Morning Rise and Other Poems*. Frances Crawford was graduated from Stanford University last June; Nancy Nickerson is a senior at Stanford. Helen Ferguson Caukin lives in Sierra Madre, California.

Rosamund Dargan Thomson had her first magazine publication in these pages last May. She lives in Boulder, Colorado. Ellis Foote lives in Salt Lake City, Utah. Geoffrey Johnson, English poet, has appeared in many American magazines.

Fray Angelico Chavez, who lives and works in the village of Pena Blanca, New Mexico, has painted murals in his church there and also found time to publish several volumes of verse. His forthcoming book, *The Single Rose*, is represented here by some selections.

Many of the reviewers in this issue are on the staff of the Universtiy of New Mexico. James Fulton Zimmerman, president of the University, a student of international problems, served for some months on the Board of Economic Warfare. George P. Hammond is dean of the graduate school and editor of the well-known publications of the Quivira Society. Richard F. Behrendt, economist on the staff of the School of Inter-American Affairs, has written widely on Latin America. W. W. Hill and Paul Reiter are members of the anthropology department; Frank H. Jonas and Victor E. Kleven, of the government department; Dorothy Woodward and Marion Dargan, of the history department; Jane Kluckhohn, of the English department. Marie Pope Wallis, a graduate fellow in Spanish, has traveled extensively in Mexico and other Latin American countries.

Oliver La Farge, of Santa Fe, is the well-known author of *Laughing Boy* and many other works as well as an authority on Indian affairs. Vincent N. Garoffolo works with the Farm Security Administration on an immigrant labor project. Mabel Major, who teaches English at Texas Christian University, is a student of Southwestern literature and folklore. Laura Scott Meyers edits the "Book Shelf" in the El Paso *Herald Post*.

Lyle Saunders' bibliographical guide will be continued. Mr. Saunders is a research associate in the School of Inter-American Affairs, University of New Mexico.

EL MATADERO

(THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE)

Esteban Echeverría

Translated by Angel Flores

[*The Slaughter House* (*El Matadero*), which was written a century ago by the Argentine poet Esteban Echeverría (1809-1851), is included today among the outstanding classics of Latin American literature. It is one of the very earliest works of prose fiction written in America by an American and dealing with American characters and background. A disciple of Byron who resided in Europe during a period of revolutionary upheavals and literary insurgence, Echeverría was a romantic poet and a liberal inspired by the new ideals of democracy. Any form of tyranny enraged him. That is why he hated the Dictator Rosas and his henchmen, the Federalists.

The Slaughter House is a genre painting reminiscent of Hogarth and Breughel in its grotesque realism and caustic details. But, above all, it is a virulent political diatribe against the Federalists and their Führer Rosas, and, by indirection, a defense of the Unitarians, who championed the democratic tradition to which Echeverría was devoted body and soul.

Even if one overlooks its political and propaganda content, one may still consider *The Slaughter House* of great significance: it provides a picture, unsavory though it often is, of Buenos Aires in 1830, and it utilizes in its naïve style a terse, colorful idiom peculiarly Argentine.

But what is perhaps most remarkable is Echeverría's strange juxtaposition of realism and surrealism, which makes the comparison to Breughel so striking. By way of illustration: into the filth and mire of the slaughter house, so truthfully depicted in the realistic tradition of the Spanish picaresque, suddenly falls the severed head of a child (surrealist surprise) while its trunk propped on a forked pole of the corral spouts blood from innumerable jets. Even the denouement—the undaunted Unitarian congested with anger, bursting like a ripe fruit—has much of surrealism in it. In Echeverría, as in Kafka, unreality blossoms from the most mediocre, everyday reality.

Echeverría's work is significant, therefore, both as a social document and as a literary achievement, and this translation aims to acquaint the Anglo-American reader with Latin America's cultural background.—A. F.]

ALTHOUGH THE following narrative is historical, I shall not begin it with Noah's ark and the genealogy of his forbears as was wont once to be done by the ancient Spanish historians of America who should be our models. Numerous reasons I might adduce for not

pursuing their example, but I shall pass them over in order to avoi prolixity, stating merely that the events here narrated occurred in th 1830's of our Christian era. Moreover, it was during Lent, a tim when meat is scarce in Buenos Aires because the Church, adoptin Epictetus' precept—*sustine abstine* (suffer, abstain)—orders vigil an abstinence to the stomachs of the faithful because carnivorousness i sinful and, as the proverb says, leads to carnality. And since the Churc has, *ab initio* and through God's direct dispensation, spiritual sway ove consciences and stomachs, which in no way belong to the individua nothing is more just and reasonable than for it to forbid that which i both harmful and sinful.

The purveyors of meat, on the other hand, who are staunch Fed eralists and therefore devout Catholics, knowing that the people o Buenos Aires possess singular docility when it comes to submittin themselves to all manner of restrictions, used to bring to the Slaughte House during Lent only enough steers for feeding the children an the sick whom the Papal Bull excused, and had no intention of stuffin the heretics—of which there is no dearth—who are always ready t violate the meat commandments of the Church and demoralize societ by their bad examples.

At this time, then, rain was pouring down incessantly. The road were inundated; in the marshes water stood deep enough for swim ming, and the streets leading to the city were flooded with watery mire A tremendous stream rushed forth from the Barracas rivulet and majes tically spread out its turbid waters to the very foot of the Alto slopes The Plata, overflowing, enraged, pushed back the water that wa seeking its bed and made it rush, swollen, over fields, embankments houses, and spread like a huge lake over the lowlands. Encircled fron north to east by a girdle of water and mud, and from the south by a whitish sea on whose surface small craft bobbed perilously and on whic were reflected chimneys and treetops, the city from its towers and slope cast anxious glances to the horizon as if imploring mercy from the Lord It seemed to be the threat of a new deluge. Pious men and wome wept as they busied themselves with their novenaries and continuou prayers. In church preachers thundered and made the pulpit crea under the blows of their fists. This is the day of judgment, they pro claimed, the end of the world is approaching! God's wrath runs over pouring forth an inundation. Alas you poor sinners! Alas you impiou Unitarians who mock the Church and the Saints and hearken not wit

veneration to the word of those anointed by the Lord! Alas you who do not beg mercy at the foot of the altars! The fearful hour of futile gnashing of teeth and frantic supplications has come! Your impiety, your heresies, your blasphemies, your horrid crimes, have brought to our land the Lord's plagues. Justice and the God of the Federalists will damn you.

The wretched women left the church breathless, overwhelmed, blaming the Unitarians, as was natural, for this calamity.

However, the torrential rainfall continued and the waters rose, adding credence to the predictions of the preachers. The bells tolled plaintively by order of the most Catholic Restorer, who was rather uneasy. The libertines, the unbelievers, that is to say, the Unitarians, were frightened at seeing so many contrite faces and hearing such clamor of imprecations. There was much talk about a procession which the entire population was to attend barefoot and bareheaded, accompanying the Host, which was to be carried under a pallium by the Bishop to the Balcarce slope, where thousands of voices exorcising the demon of inundation were to implore divine mercy.

Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, for it might have been something worth seeing, the ceremony did not take place, because the Plata receded and the overflow gradually subsided without the benefit of conjuration or prayer.

Now what concerns my story above all is that, because of the inundation, the Convalescencia Slaughter House did not see a single head of cattle for fifteen days and that, in one or two days, all the cattle from nearby farmers and watercarriers were used up in supplying the city with meat. The unfortunate little children and sick people had to eat eggs and chickens, and foreigners and heretics bellowed for beefsteak and roast. Abstinence from meat was general in the town which never was more worthy of the blessing of the Church, and thus it was that millions and millions of plenary indulgences were showered over it. Chickens went up to six pesos and eggs to four reales and fish became exceedingly expensive. During Lent there were no promiscuities or excesses of gluttony, and countless souls went straight to heaven and things happened as if in a dream.

In the Slaughter House not even one rat remained alive from the many thousands which used to find shelter there. All of them either perished from starvation or were drowned in their holes by the incessant rain. Innumerable Negro women who go around after offal, like vul-

tures after carrion, spread over the city like so many harpies ready t devour whatever they found eatable. Gulls and dogs, their inseparabl rivals in the Slaughter House, emigrated to the open fields in search c animal food. Sickly old men wasted away for the lack of nutritiv broth; but the most remarkable event was the rather sudden death c a few heretic foreigners who committed the folly of glutting on sausage from Extremadura, on ham and dry codfish, and who departed to th other world to pay for the sin of such abominations.

Some physicians were of the opinion that if the shortage of mea continued, half the town would fall in fainting fits, since their stomach were accustomed to the stimulating meat juice; and the discrepanc was quite noticeable between this melancholy prognosis of science an the anathemas broadcast from the pulpit by the reverend fathers agains all kinds of animal nutrition and promiscuity during days set aside b the Church for fasting and penitence. Therefore a sort of intestina war between stomachs and consciences began, stirred by an inexorabl appetite and the not less inexorable vociferations of the ministers of th Church, who, as is their duty, tolerated no sin whatsoever which migh tend to slacken Catholic principles In addition to all this, there [illegible] remain bogged down, immobile, up to the shoulder blades. In th casilla the pen taxes and fines for violation of the rules are collecte and in it sits the judge of the Slaughter House, an important figure, th chieftain of the butchers, who exercises the highest power, delegated t him by the Restorer, in that small republic. It is not difficult t imagine the kind of man required for the discharge of such an offic

The casilla is so dilapidated and so tiny a building that no on would notice it were it not that its name is inseparably linked with tha of the terrible judge and that its white front is pasted over with poster "Long live the Federalists! Long live the Restorer and the Heroin Doña Encarnación Escurra! Death to the savage Unitarians!" Tellin posters, indeed, symbolizing the political and religious faith of th Slaughter House folk! But some readers may not know that the abov mentioned Heroine is the deceased wife of the Restorer, the belove patroness of the butchers, who even after her death is venerated by ther as if she were still alive, because of her Christian virtues and her Fede alist heroism during the revolution against Balcarce. The story is tha during an anniversary of that memorable deed of the *mazorca,* th terrorist society of Rosas' henchmen, the butchers feted the Heroin with a magnificent banquet in the casilla. She attended, with he daughter and other Federalist ladies, and there, in the presence of great crowd, she offered the butchers, in a solemn toast, her Federalis patronage, and for that reason they enthusiastically proclaimed he

stomachs subjected to an inviolable law, and that the Church should hold the key to all stomachs!

But it is not so strange if one believes that through meat the devil enters the body, and that the Church has the power to conjure it. The thing is to reduce man to a machine whose prime mover is not his own free will but that of the Church and the government. Perhaps the day will come when it will be prohibited to breathe, to take walks and even to chat with a friend without previous permission from competent authorities. Thus it was, more or less, in the happy days of our pious grandparents, unfortunately since ended by the May Revolution.

Be that as it may, when the news about the action of the government spread, the Alto Slaughter House filled with butchers, offal collectors, and inquisitive folk who received with much applause and outcry the fifty steers.

"It's surely wonderful!" they exclaimed. "Long live the Federalists! Long live the Restorer!" The reader must be informed that in those days the Federalists were everywhere, even amid the offal of the Slaughter House, and that no festival took place without the Restorer—hanging from their saddles rode back and forth through the crowds or lay on their horses' necks, casting indolent glances upon this or that lively group. In mid-air a flock of bluewhite gulls, attracted by the smell of blood, fluttered about, drowning with strident cries all the other noises and voices of the Slaughter House, and casting clear-cut shadows over that confused field of horrible butchery. All this could be observed at the very beginning of the slaughter.

But as the activities progressed, the picture kept changing. While some groups dissolved as if some stray bullet had fallen nearby or an enraged dog had charged them, new groups constantly formed: here where a steer was being cut open, there where a butcher was already hanging the quarters on the hook in the carts, or yonder where a steer was being skinned or the fat taken off. From the mob eyeing and waiting for the offal there issued ever and anon a filthy hand ready to slice off meat or fat. Shouts and explosions of anger came from the butchers, from the incessantly milling crowds, and from the gamboling street urchins.

"Watch the old woman hiding the fat under her breasts," someone shouted.

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This war manifested itself in sighs and strident shrieks during the sermons as well as in noises and sudden explosions issuing from the houses and the streets of the city and wherever people congregated. The Restorer's government, as paternal as it is foreseeing, became somewhat alarmed, believing these tumults to be revolutionary in origin and attributing them to the savage Unitarians, whose impiety, according to Federalist preachers, had brought upon the nation the deluge of divine wrath. The Government, therefore, took provident steps, scattered its henchmen around town, and, finally, appeasing consciences and stomachs, decreed wisely and piously that without further delay and floods notwithstanding, cattle be brought to the Slaughter Houses.

Accordingly, on the sixteenth day of the meat crisis, the eve of Saint Dolores' day, a herd of fifty fat steers swam across the Burgos pass on their way to the Alto Slaughter House. Of course this was not much considering that the town consumed daily from 250 to 300 and that at least one third of the population enjoyed the Church dispensation of eating meat. Strange that there should be privileged stomachs and

stomachs subjected to an inviolable law, and that the Church should hold the key to all stomachs!

But it is not so strange if one believes that through meat the devil enters the body, and that the Church has the power to conjure it. The thing is to reduce man to a machine whose prime mover is not his own free will but that of the Church and the government. Perhaps the day will come when it will be prohibited to breathe, to take walks and even to chat with a friend without previous permission from competent authorities. Thus it was, more or less, in the happy days of our pious grandparents, unfortunately since ended by the May Revolution.

Be that as it may, when the news about the action of the government spread, the Alto Slaughter House filled with butchers, offal collectors, and inquisitive folk who received with much applause and outcry the fifty steers.

"It's surely wonderful!" they exclaimed. "Long live the Federalists! Long live the Restorer!" The reader must be informed that in those days the Federalists were everywhere, even amid the offal of the Slaughter House, and that no festival took place without the Restorer—just as there can be no sermon without Saint Augustine. The rumor is that on hearing all the hubbub the few remaining rats dying in their holes of starvation revived and began to scamper about, carefree, confident, because of the unusual joy and activity, that abundance had once more returned to the place.

The first steer butchered was sent as a gift to the Restorer, who was exceedingly fond of roasts. A committee of butchers presented it to him in the name of the Federalists of the Slaughter House and expressed to him, *viva voce,* their gratitude for the government decree and their profound hatred for the savage Unitarians, enemies of God and men. The Restorer replied to their harangue by elaborating on the same theme, and the ceremony ended with vivas and vociferations from both spectators and protagonists. It is to be assumed that the Restorer had special dispensation from His Most Reverend Father, excusing him from fasting, for otherwise, being such a punctilious observer of laws, such a devout Catholic, and such a staunch defender of religion, he would not have set such a bad example by accepting such a gift on a holy day.

The slaughtering went on, and in a quarter of an hour forty-nine steers lay in the court, some of them skinned, others still to be skinned. The Slaughter House offered a lively, picturesque spectacle even

though it did contain all that is horribly ugly, filthy, and deformed in the small proletarian class peculiar to the Plata River area. That the reader may grasp the setting at one glance, it might not be amiss to describe it briefly.

The Convalescencia, or Alto Slaughter House, is located in the southern part of Buenos Aires, on a huge lot, rectangular in shape, at the intersection of two streets, one of which ends there while the other continues eastward. The lot slants to the south and is bisected by a ditch made by the rains, its shoulders pitted with ratholes, its bed collecting all the blood from the Slaughter House. At the junction of the right angle, facing the west, stands what is commonly called the *casilla,* a low building containing three small rooms with a porch in the front facing the street and hitching posts for tying the horses. In the rear are several pens of ñandubay picket fence with heavy doors for guarding the steers.

In winter these pens become veritable mires in which the animals remain bogged down, immobile, up to the shoulder blades. In the casilla the pen taxes and fines for violation of the rules are collected, and in it sits the judge of the Slaughter House, an important figure, the chieftain of the butchers, who exercises the highest power, delegated to him by the Restorer, in that small republic. It is not difficult to imagine the kind of man required for the discharge of such an office.

The casilla is so dilapidated and so tiny a building that no one would notice it were it not that its name is inseparably linked with that of the terrible judge and that its white front is pasted over with posters: "Long live the Federalists! Long live the Restorer and the Heroine Doña Encarnación Escurra! Death to the savage Unitarians!" Telling posters, indeed, symbolizing the political and religious faith of the Slaughter House folk! But some readers may not know that the above-mentioned Heroine is the deceased wife of the Restorer, the beloved patroness of the butchers, who even after her death is venerated by them as if she were still alive, because of her Christian virtues and her Federalist heroism during the revolution against Balcarce. The story is that during an anniversary of that memorable deed of the *mazorca,* the terrorist society of Rosas' henchmen, the butchers feted the Heroine with a magnificent banquet in the casilla. She attended, with her daughter and other Federalist ladies, and there, in the presence of a great crowd, she offered the butchers, in a solemn toast, her Federalist patronage, and for that reason they enthusiastically proclaimed her

patroness of the Slaughter House, stamping her name upon the walls of the casilla where it will remain until blotted out by the hand of time.

From a distance the view of the Slaughter House was now grotesque, full of animation. Forty-nine steers were stretched out upon their skins and about two hundred people walked about the muddy, blood-drenched floor. Hovering around each steer stood a group of people of different skin colors. Most prominent among them was the butcher, a knife in his hand, his arms bare, his chest exposed, long hair dishevelled, shirt and sash and face besmeared with blood. At his back, following his every movement, romped a gang of children, Negro and mulatto women, offal collectors whose ugliness matched that of the harpies, and huge mastiffs which sniffed, snarled, and snapped at one another as they darted after booty. Forty or more carts covered with awnings of blackened hides were lined up along the court, and some horsemen with their capes thrown over their shoulders and their lassos hanging from their saddles rode back and forth through the crowds or lay on their horses' necks, casting indolent glances upon this or that lively group. In mid-air a flock of bluewhite gulls, attracted by the smell of blood, fluttered about, drowning with strident cries all the other noises and voices of the Slaughter House, and casting clear-cut shadows over that confused field of horrible butchery. All this could be observed at the very beginning of the slaughter.

But as the activities progressed, the picture kept changing. While some groups dissolved as if some stray bullet had fallen nearby or an enraged dog had charged them, new groups constantly formed: here where a steer was being cut open, there where a butcher was already hanging the quarters on the hook in the carts, or yonder where a steer was being skinned or the fat taken off. From the mob eyeing and waiting for the offal there issued ever and anon a filthy hand ready to slice off meat or fat. Shouts and explosions of anger came from the butchers, from the incessantly milling crowds, and from the gamboling street urchins.

"Watch the old woman hiding the fat under her breasts," someone shouted.

"That's nothing—see that fellow there plastering it all over his behind," replied the old Negro woman.

"Hey there, black witch, get out of there before I cut you open," shouted a butcher.

"What am I doing to you, ño Juan? Don't be so mean! Can't I have a bit of the guts?"

"Out with the witch! Out with the witch!" the children squalled in unison. "She's taking away liver and kidneys!" And with that, huge chunks of coagulated blood and balls of mud rained upon her head.

Nearby two Negro women were dragging along the entrails of an animal. A mulatto woman carrying a heap of entrails slipped in a pool of blood and fell lengthwise under her coveted booty. Farther on, huddled together in a long line, four hundred Negro women unwound heaps of intestines in their laps, picking off one by one those bits of fat which the butcher's avaricious knife had overlooked. Other women emptied stomachs and bladders and after drying them used them for depositing the offal.

Several boys gamboling about, some on foot, others on horseback, banged one another with inflated bladders or threw chunks of meat at one another, their noise frightening the cloud of gulls which celebrated the slaughtering in flapping hordes. Despite the Restorer's orders and the holiness of the day, filthy words were heard all around, shouts full of all the bestial cynicism which characterizes the populace attending our slaughter houses—but I will not entertain the reader with all this dirt.

Suddenly a mass of bloody lungs would fall on somebody's head. He forthwith would throw it on someone else's head until some hideous mongrel picked it up as a pack of other mongrels rushed in, raising a terrific growl for little or no reason at all, and snapping at one another. Sometimes an old woman would run, enraged, after some ragamuffin who had smeared her face with blood. Summoned by his shouts his comrades would come to his rescue, harassing her as dogs do a bull, and showering chunks of meat and balls of dung upon her, accompanied by volleys of laughter and shrieks, until the Judge would command order to be restored.

In another spot two young boys practicing the handling of their knives, slashed at one another with terrifying thrusts, while farther on, four lads, much more mature than the former, were fighting over some offal which they had filched from a butcher. Not far from them some mongrels, lean from forced abstinence, struggled for a piece of kidney all covered with mud. All a representation in miniature of the savage

ways in which individual and social conflicts are thrashed out in our country.

Only one longhorn, of small, broad forehead and fiery stare, remained in the corrals. No consensus of opinion about its genitals had been possible: some believed it to be a bull, others a steer. Now its hour approached. Two lasso men on horseback entered the corral while the mob milled about its vicinity on foot or on horseback, or dangled from the forked stakes of the enclosure. A grotesque group formed at the corral's gate: a group of goaders and lasso men on foot, with bare arms and provided with slipknots, their heads covered with red kerchiefs, and wearing vests and red sashes. Behind them several horsemen and spectators watched with eager eyes.

With a slipknot already round its horns, the angrily foaming animal bellowed fiercely; and there was no demon strong or cunning enough to make it move from the sticky mud in which it was glued. It was impossible to lasso it. The lads shouted themselves hoarse from the forked stakes of the corral and the men tried in vain to frighten it with blankets and kerchiefs. The din of hissing, handclapping, and shrill and raucous voices which issued from that weird orchestra was fearful.

The witty remarks, the obscene exclamations traveled from mouth to mouth, and either excited by the spectacle or piqued by a thrust from some garrulous tongue, everyone gratuitously showed off his cleverness and caustic humor.

"So—they want to give us cat for rabbit!"

"I'm telling you, it's a steer—that's no bull!"

"Can't you see it's an old bull?"

"The hell it is—show me its balls and I'll believe you!"

"Can't you see them hanging from between its legs. Each one bigger than the head of your roan horse. I guess you left your eyes by the roadside!"

"It's your old woman who was blind to have given birth to a chump like you! Can't you see that the mess between its legs is just mud?"

"Bull or steer, it's as foxy as a Unitarian!"

On hearing this magic word "Unitarian," the mob exclaimed in unison: "Death to the savage Unitarians!"

"Leave all sons of bitches to One-Eye!"

"You bet, One-Eye has guts enough to take care of all the Unitarians put together!"

"Yes—Yes—leave the bull to Matasiete, the beheader of Unitarians. Long live Matasiete!"

"The bull for Matasiete!"

"There it goes!" shouted someone raucously, interrupting the interlude of the cowardly mob. "There goes the bull!"

"Get ready! Watch out, you fellows near the gate! There it goes, mad as hell!"

And so it was. Maddened by the shouts and especially by two sharp goads which pricked its tail, the beast, divining the weakness of the slip-knot, charged on the gate, snorting, casting reddish, phosphorescent glances right and left. The lasso man strained his line taut, till his horse squatted. Suddenly the knot broke loose from the steer's horns and slashed across the air with a sharp hum. In its wake there came instantly rolling down from the stockade the head of a child, cut clean from the trunk as if by an ax. The trunk remained immobile, perched in the fork of a pole, long streams of blood spurting from every artery.

"The rope broke and there goes the bull!" one of the men shouted. Some of the spectators, overwhelmed and puzzled, were quiet. It all happened like lightning.

The crowd by the gate trickled away. Some clustered around the head and palpitating trunk of the beheaded child who registered horror in his astonished face; others, mostly horsemen, who had not witnessed the mishap, slipped away in different direction in the tracks of the bull. All of them shouted at the top of their voice: "There goes the bull! Stop it! Watch out! Lasso it, Sietepelos! It's coming after you, Balza! He's mad, don't get too close! Stop it, Morado, stop it! Get going with that hag of yours! Only the devil will stop that bull!"

The hubbub and din was infernal. A few Negro women who were seated along the ditch huddled together on hearing the tumult and crouched amid the intestines which they were unraveling with a patience worthy of Penelope. This saved them, because the beast, with a terrifying bellow, leaped sideways over them and rushed on, followed by the horsemen. It is said that one of the women voided herself on the spot, that another prayed ten Hail, Mary's in a few seconds, and that two others promised San Benito never to return to the damned corrals and to quit offal-collecting forever and anon. However, it is not known whether they kept their promises.

In the meantime the bull rushed toward the city by a long, narrow street which, beginning at the acutest point of the rectangle previously

described, was surrounded by a ditch and a cactus fence. It was one of the so-called "deserted" streets because it had but two houses and its center was a deep marsh extending from ditch to ditch. A certain Englishman, on his way home from a salting establishment which he owned nearby, was crossing this marsh at the moment on a somewhat nervous horse. Of course he was so absorbed in his thoughts that he did not hear the onrush of horsemen nor the shouts until the bull was crossing the marsh. His horse took fright, leaped to one side, and dashed away, leaving the poor devil sunk in half a yard of mire. This accident did not curb the racing of the bull's pursuers; on the contrary, bursting into sarcastic laughter—"The gringo's sunk. Get up, gringo!"—they crossed the marsh, their horses' hoofs trampling over his wretched body. The gringo dragged himself out as best he could, but more like a demon roasting in the fires of hell than a blond-haired white man.

Further on, at the shout of "the bull! the bull!" four Negro women who were leaving with their booty of offal dived into a ditch full of water, the only refuge left them.

The beast, in the meantime, having run several miles in one direction and another, frightening all living beings, got in through the back gate of a farm and there met his doom Although weary, it still showed its spirit and wrathful strength, but a deep ditch and a thick cactus fence surrounded it and there was no escape. The scattered pursuers got together and decided to take it back convoyed between tamed animals, so that it could expiate its crimes on the very spot where it had committed them.

An hour after its flight, the bull was back in the Slaughter House where the dwindling crowd spoke only of its misdeeds. The episode of the gringo who got stuck in the mud moved them to laughter and sarcastic remarks.

Of the child beheaded by the lasso there remained but a pool of blood: his body had been taken away.

The men threw a slipknot over the horns of the beast which leaped and reared, uttering hoarse bellows. They threw one, two, three lassos —to no avail. The fourth, however, caught it by a leg. Its vigor and fury redoubled. Its tongue, hanging out convulsively, drooled froth, its nostrils fumed, its eyes emitted fiery glances.

"Knock that animal down!" an imperious voice commanded. Matasiete dismounted at once from his horse, hocked the bull with one

sure thrust, and, moving on nimbly with a huge dagger in his hand, stuck it down to the hilt in the bull's neck and drew it out, showing it smoking and red to the spectators. A torrent gushed from the wound as the bull bellowed hoarsely. Then it quivered and fell, amid cheers from the crowd, which proclaimed Matasiete the hero of the day and assigned him the most succulent steak as his prize. Proudly Matasiete stretched out his arm and the bloodstained knife a second time, and then with his comrades bent down to skin the dead bull.

The only question still undecided was whether the animal was a steer or a bull. Although it had been provisionally classified as bull because of its indomitable fierceness, they were all so fatigued with the long drawn out performance that they had overlooked clearing up this point. But suddenly a butcher shouted: "Here are the balls!" and sticking his hands into the animal's genitals he showed the spectators two huge testicles.

There was much laughter and talk and all the aforementioned unfortunate incidents of the day were readily explained. It was strictly forbidden to bring bulls to the Slaughter House and this was an exceptional occurrence. According to the rules and regulations this bull should have been thrown to the dogs, but with the scarcity of meat and so many hungry people in town the Judge did not deem it advisable.

In a short while the bull was skinned, quartered, and hung in the cart. Matasiete took a choice steak, placed it under the pelisse of his saddle and began getting ready to go home. The slaughtering had been completed by noon, and the small crowd which had remained to the end was leaving, some on foot, others on horseback, others pulling along the carts loaded with meat.

Suddenly the raucous voice of a butcher was heard announcing: "Here comes a Unitarian!" On hearing that word the mob stood still as if thunderstruck.

"Can't you see his U-shaped side whiskers? Can't you see he carries no insignia on his coat and no mourning sash on his hat?"

"The Unitarian cur!"

"The son of a bitch!"

"He has the same kind of saddle as the gringo!"

"To the gibbet with him!"

"Give him the scissors!"

"Give him a good beating!"

"He has a pistol case attached to his saddle just to show off!"

"All these cocky Unitarians are as showy as the devil himself!"

"I bet you you wouldn't dare touch him, Matasiete."

"He wouldn't, you say?"

"I bet you he would!"

Matasiete was a man of few words and quick action. When it came to violence, dexterity, skill in the handling of an ox, a knife, or a horse he did not talk much, but he acted. They had piqued him: spurring his horse, he trotted away, bridle loose, to meet the Unitarian.

The Unitarian was a young man, about twenty-five years old, elegant, debonair of carriage, who, as the above-mentioned exclamations were spouting from these impudent mouths, was trotting towards Barracas, quite fearless of any danger ahead of him. Noticing, however, the significant glances of that gang of Slaughter House curs, his right hand reached automatically for the pistol-case of his English saddle. Then a side push from Matasiete's horse threw him from his saddle, stretching him out. Supine and motionless he remained on the ground.

"Long live Matasiete!" shouted the mob, swarming upon the victim.

Confounded, the young man cast furious glances on those ferocious men and hoping to find in his pistol compensation and vindication, moved towards his horse, which stood quietly nearby. Matasiete rushed to stop him. He grabbed him by his tie, pulled him down again on the ground, and whipping out his dagger from his belt, put it against his throat.

Loud guffaws and stentorian vivas cheered him.

What nobility of soul! What bravery, that of the Federalists! Always ganging together and falling like vultures upon the helpless victim!

"Cut open his throat, Matasiete! Didn't he try to shoot you? Rip him open, like you did the bull!"

"What scoundrels these Unitarians! Thrash him good and hard!"

"He has a good neck for the 'violin'—you know, the gibbet!"

"Better use the Slippery-One on him!"

"Let's try it," said Matasiete, and, smiling, began to pass the sharp edge of his dagger around the throat of the fallen man as he pressed in his chest with his left knee and held him by the hair with his left hand.

"Don't behead him, don't!" shouted in the distance the Slaughter House Judge as he approached on horseback.

"Bring him into the casilla. Get the gibbet and the scissors ready. Death to the savage Unitarians! Long live the Restorer of the laws!"

"Long live Matasiete!"

The spectators repeated in unison "Long live Matasiete! Death to the Unitarians!" They tied his elbows together as blows rained upon his nose, and they shoved him around. Amid shouts and insults they finally dragged the unfortunate young man to the bench of tortures just as if they had been the executioners of the Lord themselves.

The main room of the casilla had in its center a big, hefty table, which was devoid of liquor glasses and playing cards only in times of executions and tortures administered by the Federalist executioners of the Slaughter House. In a corner stood a smaller table with writing materials and a notebook and some chairs, one of which, an armchair, was reserved for the Judge. A man who looked like a soldier was seated in one of them, playing on his guitar the "Resbalosa," an immensely popular song among the Federalists, when the mob rushing tumultuously into the corrider of the casilla brutally shoved in the young Unitarian.

"The Slippery-One for him!" shouted one of the fellows.

"Commend your soul to the devil!"

"He's furious as a wild bull!"

"The whip will tame him."

"Give him a good pummeling!"

"First the cowhide and scissors."

"Otherwise to the bonfire with him!"

"The gibbet would be even better for him!"

"Shut up and sit down," shouted the Judge as he sank into his armchair. All of them obeyed, while the young man standing in front of the Judge exclaimed with a voice pregnant with indignation:

"Infamous executioners, what do you want to do with me?"

"Quiet!" ordered the Judge, smiling. "There's no reason for getting angry. You'll see."

The young man was beside himself. His entire body shook with rage: his mottled face, his voice, his tremulous lips, evinced the throbbing of his heart and the agitation of his nerves. His fiery eyes bulged in their sockets, his long black hair bristled. His bare neck and the front of his shirt showed his bulging arteries and his anxious breathing.

"Are you trembling?" asked the Judge.

"Trembling with anger because I cannot choke you."

"Have you that much strength and courage?"

"I have will and pluck enough for that, scoundrel."

"Get out the scissors I use to cut my horse's mane and clip his hair in the Federalist style."

Two men got hold of him. One took his arms and another his head and in a minute clipped off his side whiskers. The spectators laughed merrily.

"Get him a glass of water to cool him off," ordered the Judge.

"I'll have you drink gall, you wretch!"

A Negro appeared with a glass of water in his hand. The young man kicked his arm and the glass smashed to bits on the ceiling, the fragments sprinkling the astonished faces of the spectators.

"This fellow is incorrigible!"

"Don't worry, we'll tame him yet!"

"Quiet!" said the Judge. "Now you are shaven in the Federalist style—all you need is a mustache, don't forget to grow one!"

"Now, let's see: why don't you wear any insignia?"

"Because I don't care to."

"Don't you know that the Restorer orders it?"

"Insignia become you, slaves, but not free men!"

"Free men will have to wear them, by force."

"Indeed, by force and brutal violence. These are your arms, infamous wretches! Wolves, tigers, and panthers are also strong like you and like them you should walk on all fours."

"Are you not afraid of being torn to pieces by the tiger?"

"I prefer that to having you pluck out my entrails, as the ravens do, one by one."

"Why don't you wear a mourning sash on your hat in memory of the Heroine?"

"Because I wear it in my heart in memory of my country which you, infamous wretches, have murdered."

"Don't you know that the Restorer has ordered mourning in memory of the Heroine?"

"You, slaves, were the ones to order it so as to flatter your master and pay infamous homage to him."

"Insolent fellow! You are beside yourself. I'll have your tongue cut off if you utter one more word. Take the pants off this arrogant fool, and beat him on his naked ass. Tie him down on the table first!"

Hardly had the Judge uttered his commands when four bruisers bespattered with blood lifted the young man and stretched him out upon the table.

"Rather behead me than undress me, infamous rabble!"

They muzzled him with a handkerchief and began to pull off his clothes. The young man wriggled, kicked, and gnashed his teeth. His muscles assumed now the flexibility of rushes, now the hardness of iron, and he squirmed like a snake in his enemy's grasp. Drops of sweat, large as pearls, streamed down his cheeks, his pupils flamed, his mouth foamed, and the veins on his neck and forehead jutted out black from his pale skin as if congested with blood.

"Tie him up," ordered the Judge.

"He's roaring with anger," said one of the cutthroats.

In a short while they had tied his feet to the legs of the table and turned his body upside down. In trying to tie his hands, the men had to unfasten them from behind his back. Feeling free, the young man, with a brusque movement which seemed to drain him of all his strength and vitality, raised himself up, first upon his arms, then upon his knees, and collapsed immediately, murmuring: "Rather behead me than undress me, infamous rabble!"

His strength was exhausted, and having tied him down crosswise, they began undressing him. Then a torrent of blood spouted, bubbling from the young man's mouth and nose, and flowed freely down the table. The cutthroats remained immobile and the spectators, astonished.

"The savage Unitarian has burst with rage," said one of them.

"He had a river of blood in his veins," put in another.

"Poor devil, we wanted only to amuse ourselves with him, but he took things too seriously," exclaimed the Judge, scowling tiger-like.

"We must draw up a report. Untie him and let's go!"

They carried out the orders, locked the doors, and in a short while the rabble went out after the horse of the downcast, taciturn Judge.

The Federalists had brought to a termination one of their innumerable feats of valor.

Those were the days when the butchers of the Slaughter House were apostles who propagated by dint of whip and poignard Rosas' Federation, and it is not difficult to imagine what sort of Federation issued from their heads and knives. They were wont to dub as savage Unitarians (in accordance with the jargon invented by the Restorer, patron

of the brotherhood) any man who was neither a cutthroat nor a crook; any man who was kind-hearted and decent, any patriot or noble friend of enlightenment and freedom; and from the foregoing episode can be clearly seen that the headquarters of the Federation were located in the Slaughter House.

A MEXICAN PAINTER VIEWS MODERN MEXICAN PAINTING

Jesús Guerrero Galván

Translated by Robert M. Duncan

IN MEXICO there exists a movement in art known commonly as the Mexican Renaissance. Such an ambitious term inevitably obliges us to consider briefly the historical nature of this movement and to penetrate if possible our artistic past in order to understand the place occupied by this art which already possesses a universal classical intention within cultural human values and which continues to a certain extent the evolution of European culture. This pictorial movement, paralleling contemporary Mexican poetry, seeks to fix a classical, hence Revolutionary, standard, to capture the eternal moment in time and space, and to keep alive our tradition in the midst of constant change.

This Renaissance has developed along with the Mexican Revolution, which constitutes the frame of the movement and limits it to certain esthetic modes and to traditional popular norms which have acquired universal values with regard to the culture.

The Revolution in itself, on account of its aspirations in human relations, takes on a sense of universality. Theoretically this universality we may understand as essentially the supremely encouraging idea that all men have the human right to the enjoyment of elemental material things as well as to that of poetry. This political phenomenon, because of its national—not *nationalist*—character, moves on the plane of universality. Similar characteristics are to be found in contemporary art which it engendered and which, like it, possesses some of its vices and mistakes. The universality of this art, then, is limited insofar as it is truly national. That nationality is affirmed insofar as it is

individual; that is to say, if one does not have a passionate awareness of the smell and color of the earth he treads, of its past and general characteristics, then there exists no possible nationality; hence no possible universality.

It is in one's work or personal style that we always find the epoch or seal of nationality. A work acquires this nationality by the simple fact of genesis. As it takes form it is limited in time and space and runs the risk of its own nationality, and consequently its possible perpetuity within the universal forms of culture. Contemporary Mexican painting has a background of dialectics; it is an affirmation; it is the negation of a negation; it is a form in constant and gradual change. In its development it has not been unaware of its relation to modern European painting. There exists a noon-day clarity concerning its past and hence its great sense of modernity and esthetic affinity for all pre-Hispanic art. The latter, until a short time ago, considered only as purely archaeological examples, has been found to have a mysterious strength within its heresy and refined barbarity. It has been found to have an impulse of warm vigor and perpetuity which moves us and has reached us as poetic forms capable of definition. Those stone figures (the Goddess of Death, for example), says Cardoza y Aragón, are transformed, become enraptured, they sweat and weep blood. They are clouds of stone which are modified and take the forms which hallucination provokes in us. To be sure, we do not attempt to oppose this art (taboo for us) to European art. Still less do we, with our passion for pre-Columbian art, wish to deny Spanish art which is part of our body and blood. That earthy realism and mystical impulse of the Spanish primitive painters is present in our art. It is necessary to have our feet placed firmly on the ground, but our faces must feel the caress of the clouds. A brief gloss of San Juan de la Cruz is in synthesis the Spanish art which reached Mexico, which incorporated us into modern Western life, and which developed with a strange splendor because of the part played in it by indigenous artists.

Such, in brief, is our past. The Mexican Renaissance can be marked off into these two great periods. Only thus has such an ambitious term any meaning. But after all, whether a work of art be Mexican, or French, or Chinese, the important thing is that it should be authentic. First of all, it must be painting and poetry. And one should not think that this or that art or poetry exists because it is Mexican, Spanish, or French or that such nationality is possible because

of its art and poetry. For beating about the genealogical bush may be as dangerous and may involve as much risk of error, as happens when we investigate the blood and lineage of a person. An art is either accepted passionately or it is rejected. It is either repellent, or it arouses an intense pleasure. If there is an egg, inevitably there must have existed a hen. Respect the life of the hen and do not investigate it if you would have eggs or chicken to eat, and do not ask whence it came; nor should you ask about the rooster. This is what José Bergamín has to say concerning the virginal mystery that exists in every nationality. I cannot forget that fine ardent French nationalist, Barrès, who said that if you wish to be purely national about a thing, you should believe in that thing, but not seek to expose it or to investigate it. *Nation* in this sense is the very opposite of *reason* and consequently of *notion*. An art or poetry which expresses its nationality, characterizing itself in so doing, demands that we eternally respect its mystery.

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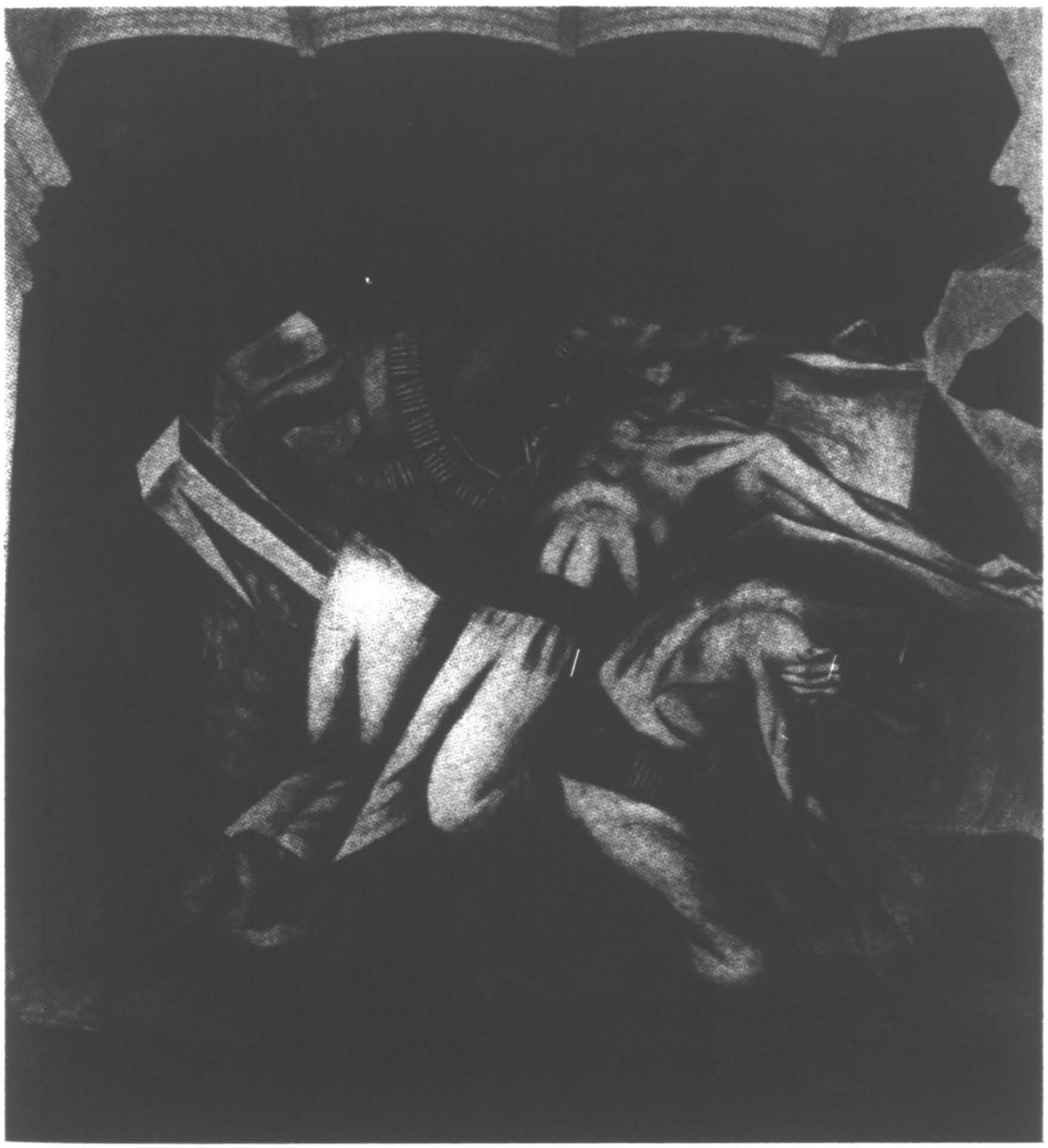
Now I shall dwell somewhat upon two of the greatest Mexican painters. I refer to José Clemente Orozco and Alfaro Siqueiros, who represent authentically our artistic movement. I am not concerned with Diego María Rivera on this occasion, for Rivera is the painter most talked about, the farthest from evil, that is to say, from good and evil. He is the one who holds the greatest importance for us, *not* esthetically but historically. Rivera is the painter for all the "isms," for according to the judgment of Rodríguez Lozano (a great Mexican painter), Diego sums up the whole history of modern painting. He starts from classicism, passes through neo-classicism, and then through expressionism, impressionism, cubism, then he passes into Dieguism, from there to Trotskyism, and winds up in *tourism*. As one can see, he is the painter who exerts the strongest attraction on the student of art or on the art critic of good intentions. But I shall leave Diego in peace, since he by no means needs my critical judgments, and speak of the painters who have for me a greater importance.

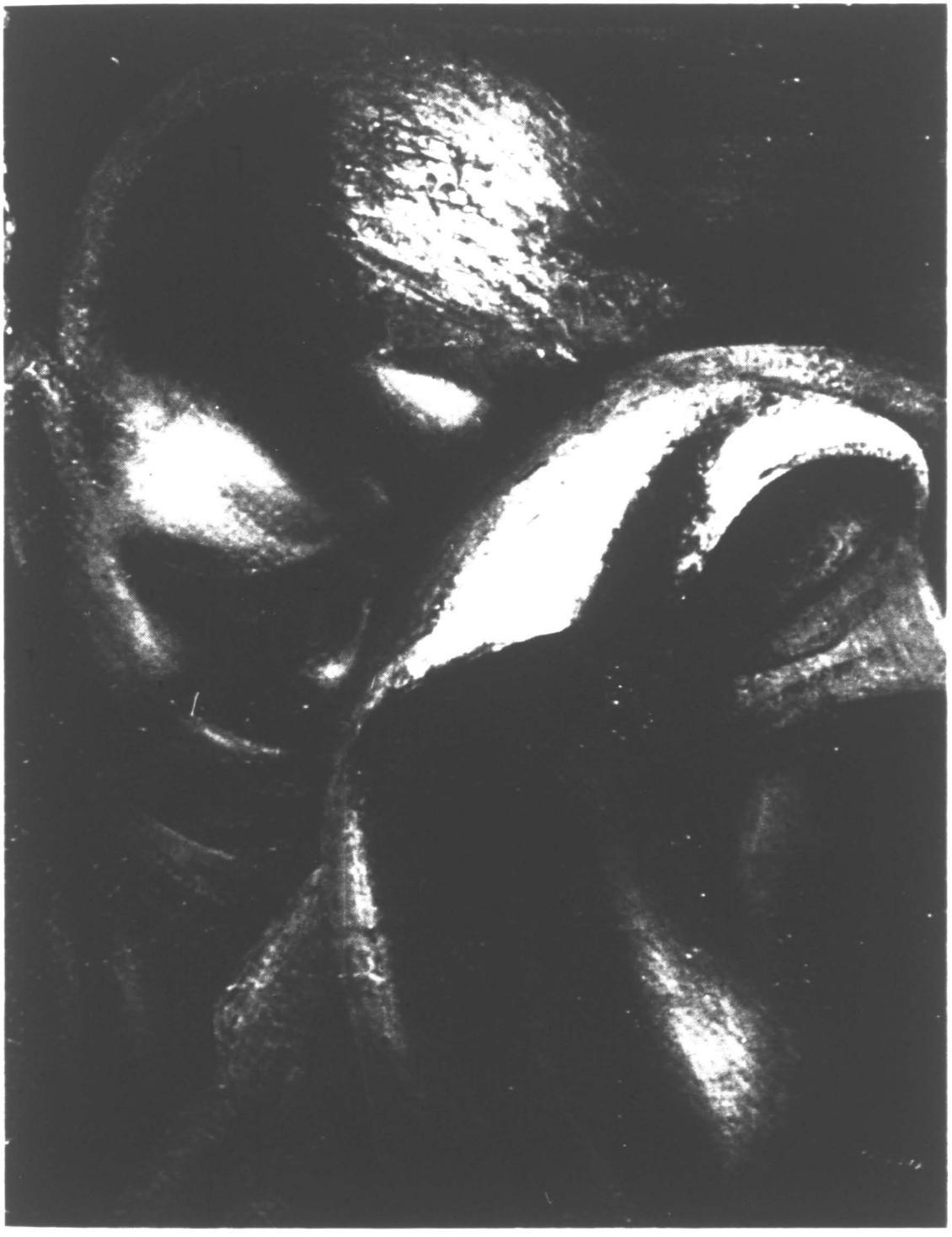
The great mural painting was born with the Revolution, and with both, José Clemente Orozco. His work suffices to prove to us that he embraces Mexican painting in all its aspects. Orozco began his mural work at the same time as Rivera (1922) by painting the walls of the National Preparatory School. It has been said that no mural painting would exist without Rivera. Orozco's work demonstrates definitely the contrary. People have tried to give Rivera a providential im-



JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO *The Trench*
National Preparatory School. Fresco

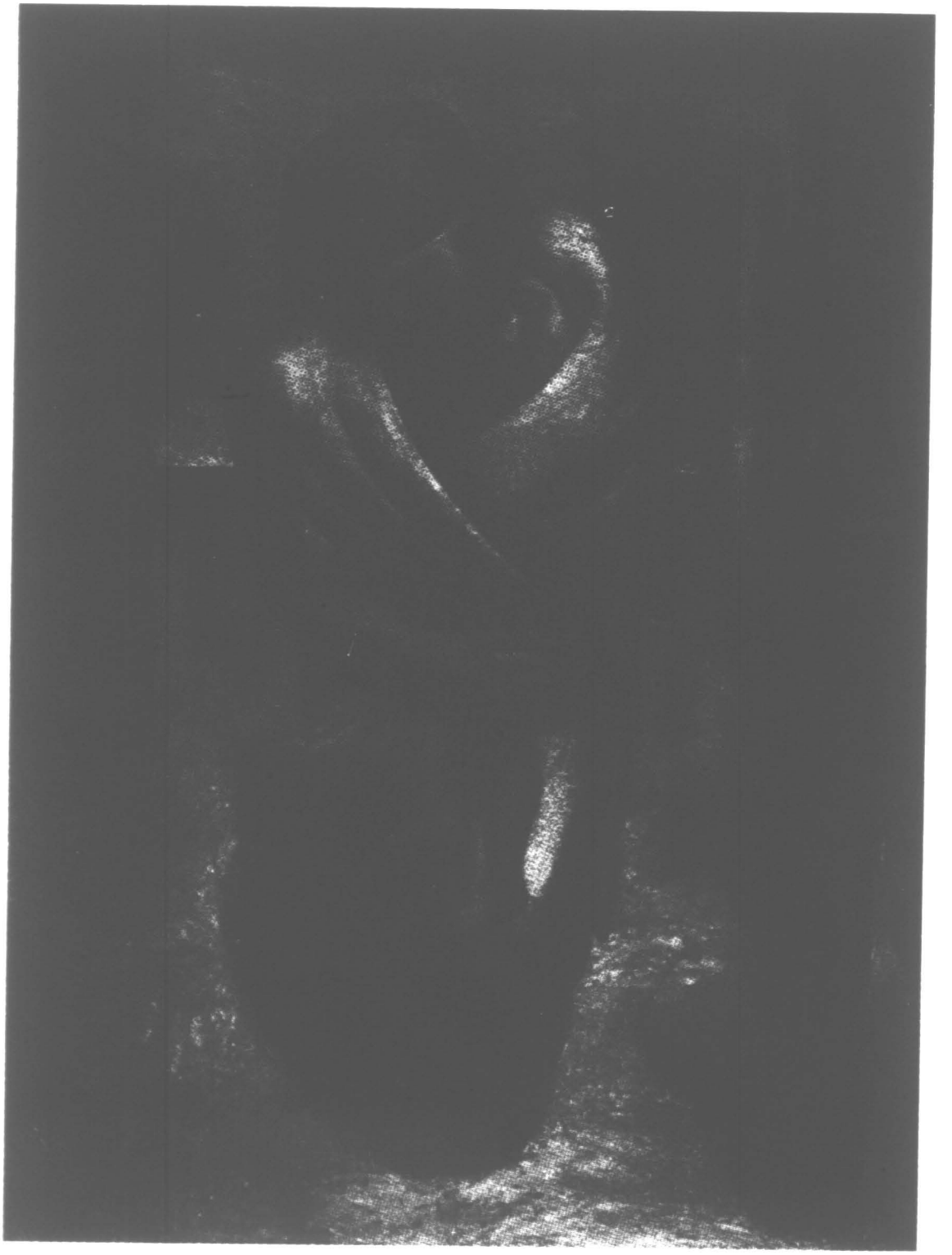
JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO
1940. Oil

Fire



DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS
1938. Duco

Weeping Child



DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS
Ministry of Education, Oil

Mother and Child

portance which he does not have, and perhaps does not need. Orozco, quite apart from the universal value of his painting, is the receiver of that world which his tormented eye was able to see with implacable cruelty. He who would know the graphic history of the Mexican Revolution need only thumb through a monograph of Orozco to see how much this painter—the most tragic of all Mexican painters—was impressed by what went on around him and how there escaped his glance not the most insignificant detail of horror and misery, or even of joy or pleasure, which his embittered sensibility could take in. His work, however, is not a simple description of the drama which has inspired it. We can find in it a sort of sentiment of sub-realism, rich and full of phantasy. Mexico has always been fertile in the plastic arts. It has always had great painters, but with Clemente Orozco appears the real Mexican painting. He has painted the life of the Mexican people, not the superficial and the picturesque which we find in Rivera, but in its most appropriate, intimate, and recondite aspects. There breathes in this living convulsive tradition of ours a new and traditional poetry always plastic. José Clemente Orozco belongs to the family of artists who sculptured the "Goddess of Death," a thoroughbred painter. What is complicated in his work is precisely that indigenous force, intense and mysterious, which has given it universal value. Orozco's painting is *par excellence* a painting with tradition.

He is deeply rooted in the pre-Columbian plastico-mythical aspect of Mexico as well as in that phase which may be called the universal-Mexican. He possesses an ancient vigor, rich and transcendental, the innate secret of a heroic race. (This same vigor, this same mysterious virtue is what has given nobility to our art and has kept it perpetually modern.) Orozco's painting, says Luis Cardoza y Aragón, causes one to suspect the existence of a certain truculence, a certain emphasis, something like a refinement of horror. There is something formal, he goes on, something intensely spiritual, a certain desperate and bitter sadism that comes down from the past. Orozco's painting is in fact sadistic. The horrible is its chief strength, and, though it may seem paradoxical, its chief beauty too. By means of the eye it produces a trembling, a shudder. Instead of producing a pleasure for the eye, as the scholastics understood esthetic enjoyment, it gives a sensation of anguish, horror, and desperation. Baudelaire, the penetrating and passionate spectator of modern art, says that is not only order and beauty, but also voluptuousness, that is to say, intoxication and de-

lirium—but intoxication in all the senses and in every sense. Horror as a rare kind of beauty has the virtue of producing a strange, intense pleasure, the pleasure of intoxication or of delirium, the pleasure from art expected by the strong, the ambitious, and the thirsty.

On one occasion in an automobile accident I witnessed the burning of some people in the fire caused by the tremendous collision. It was, in fact, when I was on my way to Guadalajara for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the great frescoes of Orozco. As I entered the chapel and saw a gigantic man, like a kind of angel, flying in an endless space, enveloped in flames, with his muscles in spasm and his hands expressing despair, I had the most horrible sensation. And, as I was terribly sick because I had come so near death, I stood there like a statue, cold, without enough will to run away and cover up my eyes in order not to contemplate that nightmare which brought about in me the most complex pleasure. Afterwards I told all this to Orozco himself and it caused him to laugh; and with a certain ingenuousness—for Orozco never likes to theorize about his painting—he said to me: "Well, now I can rest easy, for that is the function that I want my painting to have." And it *does* have, for what I experienced as I contemplated the work of Orozco supports my statements.

In this fresco to which I refer, whose character symbolizes fire, can be seen Orozco's terrible imagination. Painting should not be a spectacle precisely, but in Orozco that spectacle is filled with fire and madness. All of that world which he expresses in his painting is a world of nightmare, because Orozco is obsessed by fire and death. Perhaps it is a mystical feeling, a longing for purity or holiness. Art at times purifies, it tends to the cure, to the salvation of the spirit. The Greeks, for example, had these objectives in their tragedies without losing sight of the fact that art purifies human passions.

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David Alfaro Siqueiros is the most passionate of all contemporary Mexican painters. He and José Clemente Orozco and Diego Rivera form the great trinity which has confronted the European tradition with universal Mexican plastic art. One cannot speak of this painter without enthusiasm, and without a feeling of lamentation. His work and his life are of value for their candid disorder, for their passion and frenzy. He is the only, and perhaps the last, romantic—real romantic, strong and disorganized—which contemporary Mexican art possesses.

Siqueiros is one of the most passionate and well-defined natures of the new generation of Mexican painters. In an apparent coldness and almost indifference to art he conceals a great fervor. He is inconstant, his powerful vitality is dispersed in different activities. He is always organizing strikes, founding syndicates, agitating workers, and the like. He is impulsive in every sense of the word, keen, and almost blind with the fertile blindness of the fanatic. His ideas seem rather prejudices maintained by a moving sentimentalism. His prodigious nature guides him and maintains in him a remarkable plastic feeling which is perfect in its conception of form and volume, with a richness and positive lyric power. Siqueiros is *par excellence* a lyric painter. In spite of his idiosyncrasies he is dominated by an imperative need to express himself plastically. His painting bursts forth, without urging, from his soul. He gives off a prodigious feeling of unrestrained creative power. His painting overflows. It is a constant shout. Its vehemence comes from its gigantic and monumental quality. Its dramatic force is not the fruit of an esthetic discipline, exactly. The dramatic quality of his painting is a true reflection of his personality. There undoubtedly exist in his spirit, in his internal world, that bitterness and tragedy which it expresses, and which rack him desperately, seeking an outlet.

The work of this painter is an exact reflection of himself. It is an endless projection of his own nature. He is, therefore, a romantic. He seeks to deny this romanticism in his work, but the result is an increasing affirmation of it.

His work means to be intimately tied to his mental processes; he tries to reflect in it his ideological attitude, his position with regard to life. But here arises a duality which I consider one of the fundamental characteristics of his work. There exists in all his painting a contradiction which for me is the core of his personality as a painter. He seeks then to tie his work to his ideological attitude and give it a utilitarian value, but we find that his desire is not carried out in all his work, for in spite of his theme and his characters—always symbolic—his painting is enveloped in a religious atmosphere, dark and dramatic, which reminds us of some primitive Spaniards whose mystic or pious theme is not foreign emotionally or esthetically to the painting of Siqueiros.

In his pictures we can see that his characters live in a mysterious world, milling around like souls in torment in desperate dialogue with things. His pictures keep up a kind of violence by means of color where

the painter expresses an intense sensitiveness, especially in the graver tones where a world of reds and blues, deep and terribly dark, are the dominating elements. We can see his hysterical characters stir about with rhetorical gestures like souls in an implacable purgatory; they remind me of that great body of anonymous paintings which abounded in the last century in Mexico and which go by the name of altarpieces or "ex votos." Also, and it is necessary to say it, that atmosphere of Siqueiros' painting speaks to us of Zurbarán and Ribera *el españoleto,* and of the great Mexican painting of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries from whose schools one will never be able to separate truly Mexican painting. All of Siqueiros' work is saturated with this spirit. Not even his pictures which have the most obvious story to tell and which he considers a strict expression of his mental processes, are without it.

It is not at all strange to find such a duality in this painter of naïve materialism. For I believe that when a conviction is real, it reaches a certain degree of purity and sentiment which creative thought, or that creative power innate in man, transmutes into an emotional subject. But when this conviction is not sufficiently great and pure (for this conviction may be also poetry), then the work is incomplete. Alfaro's painting is intensely poetic, although he does not seek to produce poetry by means of his painting. Poetry is found there despite him; it bursts forth against his will. It is present as a result of the painting itself, an unimstakable sign of every great painter.

I believe Picasso is an inventor only of new plastic forms, although he has created, or rather discovered, new poetic forms through his painting. Poets have discovered that there exists a kind of live wire which intimately joins poetic forms with the world of plastic forms.

The vehemence of Siqueiros has been that of trying out new means of expression, by using mechanical methods of painting, and also new materials. He tries to introduce new elements into the technique of painting. His restlessness has carried him to painting great mural surfaces with an air brush, experimenting with coloring matter of commercial use, as Picasso, Juan Miró, and others did in Europe. But this search for new elements does not tend to a process of refinement as we find in the chief cubist painters, who were the most restless in this regard. David Alfaro seeks to substitute for oil and other archaic methods of expression, the air brush and duco, not like the cubists or dadaists who demanded this type of material, or other types, to flee from

what is common, but because it is a convenient and simple substitution of means. They wanted to introduce these means of expression, along with the category of new poetic elements, into a world of forms also eminently poetic. Such is the case of Miró and Arp. But if Siqueiros does not introduce new means of expression by giving a new value to his painting with the presence of new poetic elements, he has achieved, I believe, a very close and adequate affinity between the sense of forms and the medium of expression. The violence of his forms demands a violent means of expressing them.

These somewhat romantic theories are, of course, not at all new—not even the mechanical devices which David Alfaro thinks to have discovered. The air brush arrived before Siqueiros had even thought about it. It appeared where he did not expect it, and precisely contrary to his intentions. Thus was born his "Collage," by using strange real figures, within a magic and simple realism, but always with an inevitably poetic result.

Siqueiros is of the opinion that the use of pieces of tin, rags, trash, sand, and other materials used by the cubists, was a romantic activity and he has wished to revolutionize this practice by means of machinery and the latest chemical materials. But the result is that he is as romantic as the cubists, with the difference that the cubists worked with the clearest knowledge of their purpose: a poetic purpose—the basis of their romanticism. In Siqueiros the opposite takes place as he seeks to displace the traditional means of expression by mechanical means. Thus he hopes to escape any possibility of romanticism, but if there ought to exist any contemporaneity among form, content, and medium of expression, then there is in him a great contradiction—a contradiction which does not alarm us, because his work and personality are constantly racked by those contradictory forces which finally become the complex and passionate figures of his work.

Easel painting, Siqueiros considers, on account of its size, as outworn and selfish. The individualism of having an easel painting hung on the wall of a room in a private dwelling, he thinks an error. He says that modern painting—his painting—should be for the mass spectator and not for the *élite*. Painting should go out into the street, to the squares, to large buildings, for the multitudes. But as one must suppose that the mass spectator will be in movement, it is necessary to create a three-dimensional, many-faceted painting which this spectator can observe without needing to stop—as one might observe a scene from

all angles while sitting in a movie theater. What is static in a painting should be dead, says Siqueiros. Baudelaire said that an easel painting was a window where we might see in suspended animation a bit of reality living out its own eternity. But Siqueiros denies this great truth and has in fact applied his theories in experiments which he calls "plastic essays" carried out in Buenos Aires, San Francisco and, finally, in New York.

I do not believe Siqueiros to be alone in his theories, since the cubists also aspired to an expression of constant movement by means of their multiform figures. I believe David has leaned to a certain extent on the cubists' experiences and on their theorizing about three-dimensional, many-faceted painting which can be reproduced in quantity, for the spectator in motion.

* * *

These are the Mexican trinity. Not wishing to unravel any mystery, I shall not discuss who is the father, who the son, and who the holy ghost. They are three distinct painters and only one true painter. Who is this true painter? History will be able to answer justly this rude question.

THE HIGHWAYMAN
(UN SALTEADOR)

Francisco Monterde

Translated by R. M. Duncan

[Instead of hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve, it is the custom of children in Spanish countries to put out their shoes on Twelfth Night for the Magi to fill with gifts in commemoration of their visit to the Christ Child in Bethlehem centuries ago.

Though not so well known in this country, the names of the "Three Kings," as they are called, have had wide currency in Europe since the Middle Ages.—R. M. D.]

THE MOUTH of the blunderbuss has swallowed the powder and the rifle balls. The highwayman, in order to gorge it, pounds the wadding in with the ramrod . . . once, twice, three times. . . . There!

Now the careless travelers can come along the road; the highwayman will await them behind those stones to surprise them, in the classic pose of bandits, with knee on ground, weapon outstretched, left eye closed, and the lower part of the face covered by a red handkerchief.

As time passes and nobody appears on the road, the highwayman sits down to rest and look over the landscape.

A careless hand had let fall the dice-like white houses down below. From them rises unsteadily a column of blue smoke. A large black bird has gone to sleep in the air and wheels in broad circles without moving its wings.

The stream of the waterfall lets go the side of the mountain; it leaps, runs, halts, and leaps again.

Up above, a group of white clouds meets a group of dark trees. They struggle. At first the white prevails; but later it is the black; night falls.

* * *

The highwayman yawns, stretches his arms and lies down on the ground. "Bad luck," he thinks; "I shall have to spend the night on the

mountain, while down below, in the town, all will be sitting by the fire in their homes sheltered from the cold and the wind which snatches the snow from the distant peaks.

"My children, who are in bed now, will weep tomorrow when they find neither toys nor sweets. Their empty shoes will be filled with tears, and I shall have to run away in order not to hear their weeping. If I could only climb a tree, one of those snow-covered trees, and pull down the moon . . . ."

The highwayman has taken off his hat and holds it in his hands as if it were the moon.

"How surprised they will be on seeing it on a plate, sliced! They will say, clapping their hands: 'Daddy has brought us cheese from the moon!' "

* * *

As he cannot sleep under the fierce glare of the stars, the highwayman turns his face down; he closes his eyes, presses them hard, and they fill again with stars. His hands and feet are frozen.

How cold!

Nobody comes along the road; nobody will come with this cold. Sleep doesn't come either.

If he knew how to count to a hundred, he might go to sleep before reaching that number; but . . . .

What is it? He senses someone advancing along the path. A shadow. The highwayman picks up his weapon and gets to his feet: "Halt! who goes there?"

The shadow is silent; it does not move. The highwayman approaches. It is an old man. His mustache trembles . . . . From fear or from age?

"Your money or your life!"

The old man hands over his purse, and the highwayman allows him to continue on his way.

The highwayman has scarcely had time to place the purse on the ground when another shadow appears on the road: "Halt! who goes there?"

The shadow is silent, it is another old man with a silken beard.

"Your money or your life!"

The highwayman places the second purse near the first one. He starts to open them, when another shadow appears on the road.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The shadow is silent and his face blends into the night. He is a negro.

"Your money or your life!"

After gently handing over the bag which he carries over his shoulder, the shadow fades into the darkness.

The highwayman leaves the bag on the ground and waits, blunderbuss in hand, for another shadow to appear; but the road, white with snow and moonlight, is deserted on one side; on the other, the three shadows depart separately, from the largest to the smallest.

Seated on the ground the highwayman examines his booty.

The first bag, made of cloth, seems to be full of gold coins. On the outside in golden letters it says: MELCHIOR.

The second bag, of brightly colored paper, is larger than the first and contains sweets. It smells good and has printed on it a name: GASPAR.

The third bag, larger and heavier than the other, is of leather. In it there are toys. Painted on the outside are some signs. The highwayman cannot read them; but he guesses that they signify: BALTHASAR.

The highwayman empties on the ground the contents of the three bags; he contemplates the gold, toys, and sweets piled up and thinks that his children will be the only ones who can receive the traditional gift the next day.

He wishes to get up, in order to go home; but his legs do not obey him.

* * *

A traveler found the frozen highwayman, near the road, at dawn on the Day of the Three Kings.

FOOD AVAILABILITY AND SOCIAL FUNCTION

Michel Pijoan

WHEN, IN THE spring of 1941, our country first began to mobilize for war, the discovery was made that poor nutritional background was responsible for the rejection of 400,000 out of the first million selectees. The existence of such an appalling situation in a country which presumably has a higher standard of living than any other country in the world, points to a fundamental weakness in our general eating habits. The cause of this deferment of such a high percentage of our manpower on account of malnutrition is to be found in a traditional dietary background high in carbohydrates, rich in sauces and gravies, and markedly deficient in many essential and specific food substances. Until such a time as remedial steps are effectively instituted, the ubiquitous baker stands as a symbol of vitamin deficiency.

Nutritional deficiency such as exists among low-income groups in the state of New Mexico is not due alone to the absence of a single food substance or even to an insufficiency of one of the three main types of food which go to make up a balanced diet. Nor can the resulting deficiency diseases which persist in such a high percentage of all people be permanently cured by the administration of mere palliatives. The situation is much more complex than that. Yet, strangely enough, nutritional deficiency among such groups has common origin; and the story, once grasped, is a simple one.

Nutritional deficiency has come about as the result of a gradual evolution of food habit patterns—and, indeed, of the whole cultural structure of the people—a metamorphosis so subtle that the people themselves are only vaguely conscious of having passed through it. Only by an occasional wistful reference to a remote past when deer meat

was abundant and when goat's milk flowed freely do the people tacitly acknowledge that there existed an almost mythological time when their paths led along nutritionally more suitable lines, and that while their heritage was a goodly one, a reshuffle of civilivation has forced them unwittingly to stray from it.

It is not surprising, therefore, that some of the people should point to their past—to their European background or to their prowess on the war path—in support of their contention that they seem to have done pretty well for themselves in days gone by and that they are still not doing so badly. Such differences as may exist between them and other groups, they may add, are based upon financial means, and they have been forced to trim their sails accordingly. In the final analysis, they feel that *their* ways are best for them, *our* ways best for us. It is not until their attention has been drawn to the havoc which their changing culture has wrought upon their bodies that they realize how far indeed they have traveled. And then the physician is overwhelmed with requests for medical attention.

At the possible expense of over-simplification, the process through which they have passed is roughly as follows. Hundreds of years ago their ancestors, whether on this continent or in the countries whence they derived, ate raw whatever food they were able to find growing in a wild state; they learned to hunt with bows and arrows, spears and snares; they also learned to fish. Fish and meat, together with wild fruits and vegetables, provided them with an adequate and reasonably well-balanced nutritional intake. Though, to be sure, they had to spend most of their time and expend nearly all of their energies in the process of securing food, they were on the whole a healthy, hardy lot.

The time came, however, when because of conquest, overcrowding, and other causes, some of the people were forced to abandon the forest lands and streams where they had always found their food and to move on to other places. In their new homes, likely as not, wild vegetables, fish, and game were not as plentiful as they had been in the regions which they had left. For various reasons, it became necessary for peoples to find new sources of food. Meantime it is quite probable that their enemies were pressing them hard from every side.

A community of some sort seemed the logical solution of their difficulties, for it would serve the double purpose of providing greater protection against common enemies and greater nutritional security. The latter was accomplished through agriculture and the tending of herds.

It is interesting to note at this juncture that the relationship of the community to the individual, like that of the mother to the child, is essentially protective and nutritional.

The all-important question was: what to plant? Generally speaking, those crops seemed most desirable which could be cultivated most easily within circumscribed areas, which were most stable and storable, and which were consumable alike by man and beast. Cereals met these tests—wheat, corn, oats, barley. Sheep and goats offered other sources of food.

The changes which this new way of life—this greater reliance upon agriculture—brought about in the food pattern of the people had far-reaching consequences. Whereas by and large the total food supply was increased, the variety of food substances was appreciably diminished. In this process a number of essential food substances were almost wholly dropped from the menu—a fact which did not become particularly apparent to the people largely because of the perfection of the culinary arts, through which a single food source (let us say a carbohydrate, wheat) appeared upon the table in multifarious forms. Frequently an entire meal was almost wholly composed of dishes deriving from a single food source.

What of the food substances which were dropped? The buffalo as a source of meat had long since vanished; deer was becoming increasingly scarce, involving as it did the expense of a hunting license and adherence to a hunting season; cattle were already becoming a diminishing source of food because of poor lands, congested quarters, and other factors. The fact is, meat frequently came to be thought of as a condiment or relish instead of as a staple food—as something corresponding to the small piece of salt pork which we use to flavor a pot of Boston baked beans. Milk, another important source of tissue-building protein, became increasingly scarce, and with it cheese. Butter had never occupied a prominent place upon the table of most low-income groups.

In many instances, fishing came to be thought of more in the nature of a sport than as an acknowledged source of food supply. Thus it was that most of the fats and proteins were eliminated from the diet, and increasing emphasis was placed upon carbohydrates. Equally significant, fresh fruits and vegetables, important as sources of minerals and vitamins, appeared less frequently on the table. Foods low in proteins, fats, minerals, and vitamins and having high carbohydrate content,

such as grain, gave rise to a host of deficiency diseases including scurvy, beri-beri, pellagra, rickets, dental caries, and certain eye diseases, and created vicious circles in which disease and malnutrition mutually conspired to keep resistance at a low level and render recuperation problematic.

Such vicious circles had a direct and adverse effect upon the efficiency with which the body worked, and poor body economy in turn limited the effectiveness of the individual in the performance of his normal social functions. An example of these inter-relationships is offered by a certain low-income group existing in New Mexico.

The community is situated at an altitude of 5,800 feet where the oxygen content of the air is from ten to fifteen percent less than at sea level. The dietary background is one high in carbohydrates, somewhat high in fats, and distinctly low in protein. This expresses itself in the physical aspect of the people in terms of an increased body mass due to the storage of fats and in a reduced blood content of hemoglobin, the oxygen carrier of the blood. Here, where the oxygen content of the air is low to begin with, the hemoglobin should be high to enable the body to function with normal effeciency. But, to make matters worse, the obesity of the people operates in the other direction so that, as is commonly the case, it serves to disrupt adversely the relationship of blood volume to body mass.

So much for the dietary background and its effect upon the body economy of the people. How, then, does poor body economy manifest itself in limiting the individual's function in society? Here it become apparent in the characteristic lassitude of the people and in low resistance to disease. The vicious circle alluded to above, in which infection and malnutrition postpone recuperation, is allowed to gain headway. To seize upon a specific example illustrative of this relationship, it was found that the mere physical energy which a group of school children expended in walking to school and in participating in games during the recess period created a tissue oxygen deficit in their bodies which required the sum of all their school hours for their systems to make up. This left them in a mentally unreceptive state for study; such a condition raises the question as to whether the children should not discontinue school until such a time as their body economy is sufficiently corrected to enable them to successfully perform this phase of their function in society. Indeed, in a number of controlled experi-

ments this condition was rectified to a remarkable degree by the introduction of dietary changes.

Let us take a more fully rounded picture of another New Mexican community. This community is so circumscribed by mountains, non-arable lands, forest reservations, and restricted grazing areas that there is no opportunity for expansion. The acreage is insufficient for both "cash crops" and kitchen gardens, and the older generation are quite naturally reluctant to relinquish land to their children, thus forcing them to seek employment outside the community. The forest reservation deprives the people of easy access to fire wood; hunting licenses are too high for the average purse, though deer abound in the surrounding territory; the cost of grazing permits has reduced to five the number of families who still keep milch cows; beef is rarely slaughtered, hens only when their laying capacity has been reduced; and veal, mutton, and lamb are purchased sparingly on account of their high price. The resulting diet, high in carbohydrates and deficient in vitamins and minerals, has given rise to a shockingly high incidence of many of the diseases enumerated above. Tonsilitis among children and eye disease and arthritis among adults stand at above forty per cent, and dental caries is present in more than ninety per cent of the people, children and adults alike. Upper respiratory infection is prevalent in winter, dysentery in summer, and tuberculosis at all times.

It becomes quite obvious that any attempt to improve the nutritional standards of such a low-income group calls not so much for a program of education in dietetics as for agricultural-economic changes which will make proper foods available. In this particular instance, an ultimate solution may possibly lie even in drastic redistribution of the lands within the area at large.

Expressed in other terms, it is all very well to say that what a diet lacks is orange juice and butter, but quite another thing to expect use of them to be made in a community which is capable neither of producing nor purchasing them. A fundamental rule in effecting dietary changes is that the foods and methods involved should be familiar and adaptable to the people. Observation of this rule gives some assurance of the permanent adoption of the changes indicated. In some communities, for instance, goats have been successfully reintroduced as a source of milk supply; in others, carp ponds have been installed and the people taught to extract oil from the livers of the fish to be used in treating rickets. Again, instruction has been given in growing and

preparing yeast as a cure for pellagra, and in extracting water from green peppers as a treatment for scurvy. Of course, the principle of curative doses in large quantities, as against the normal vitamin intake capable of maintaining good health in a person not suffering from a deficiency disease, has to be emphasized. On the other hand, if vitamin tablets were introduced, their connection with the nutritional program as a whole might not be appreciated. There is danger that they will be thought of in the same category as aspirin tablets and that they will soon be discarded as such.

In conclusion, any nutritional program which has as its objective permanent changes in the culture pattern of a people should take into consideration and carefully weigh the pre-existing ethnological background of the group involved. If possible, the people should be made aware of the evolutionary processes through which they have passed which make such changes necessary. All geophysical and agricultural-economic factors—such as climate, altitude, water, soil, seasons, and, in short, everything which brings to bear upon body economy on the one hand and food availability on the other—should be given their proper place in the picture as a whole. And, finally, such remedial steps as are recommended should be made to appeal to, and to be readily taken up by, the ethnic group in question. Such steps pave the way to a more efficient performance of the individual's function in society.

[The author of this article has endeavored to simplify for purposes of convenience the anthropological aspects of nutrition. He is well aware of the complexities of agricultural development among primitive peoples and does not pretend that the brief survey of this development given here is historically correct in every detail or that it takes account of variations among groups.—M. P.]

REVOLT

John W. Wilson

SWEAT RUNNING down the black skin of Risby's face scoured it, and muddy drops of the sweat dripped from his flat nose. The sun was half-way down in the west, and ragingly hot. There was no wind. "I be damn'," Risby said. "I be damn' if I want to let that man set in his truck an' cuss me while I sweat my guts out in dis cotton."

Buddy Boy Taylor's team was stopped on the turnrow next to Risby's, and Buddy Boy was leaning against the cultivator handles, laughing. "The matter wid you, Risby," he laughed, "you been out too late last night. Ain't yo woman treat you right?" Buddy Boy looked at the others in the cultivator gang and they laughed with him while Risby spat on the ground and blew his nose by holding his thumb against one nostril and then the other.

"Mr. Jim ain't cuss you no worse than he cuss the rest of these niggers," Buddy Boy said. "All he say is he say this cotton got to be got out of the grass and he don't want no nigger friggin' around till he ain't fit to work."

"I be damn'," said Risby. "Mr. Jim don't own me; I can come and go like I wants to."

"He don't own you," Buddy Boy said, "but he damn near do while you owe him a bill of money."

Buddy Boy turned his team down another row and followed the cultivator toward the line of trees that marked the far end of the field.

Risby turned his team and swung his cultivator handles around and straddled the cotton row with the sweeps and then stopped his mules and stood there, the knotted rope lines about his neck. He propped himself against the cultivator handles and looked around him, up and down the turnrow, over the cotton field that shimmered with heat waves, and at the choppers in the field on the other side of the road.

Far across the fields, where the road led out of the bottoms, he saw the long streak of a smoking dust cloud rising behind Mr. Jim's pickup truck as the white man headed back toward town.

Risby wiped sweat from his face with the sleeve of his shirt while he thought. And then he lifted the knotted lines over his head and dropped them.

Under the mid-afternoon sun he unhitched his team and led it down the turnrow.

Beyond the long fields was the river, the Brazos, forking away and bending from its junction with the mouth of the creek, and winding on, northward and southward, through the interminable bottoms. Advancing from every direction and assaulting the thin lines of trees on the banks of the creek and the river were the fields.

On this side was the creek, nothing more than a deep gash through the red dirt, a scar covered over with matted poison ivy vines, bloodweeds, and pecan and cottonwood trees. In the winter the creek was either deep with blood-red water from the Brazos or entirely lost beneath the hungry flood. Now, in the summer, it was a dry ditch with a cracked and caked bottom and one or two muddy holes where dirty-backed turtles still sunned on rotten snags. The fields and the creek and the river made the bottom.

To Risby the bottom was the field and the headquarters and the commissary, and his papa's house, and the turnrow road at night, and the light in Ruby Lee's window. To Risby the bottom was sun, dust, and sweat. It was cotton in the long rows and a pair of mules pulling a cultivator. All day long it was a pair of mules pulling a cultivator through the fields. The mules were big, fast, cornfed. They belonged to Mr. Jim. "I've got this cotton to make," Mr. Jim said. "Plow them mules till they drop, or till you drop; and any nigger I catch layin' out in the fields is going to get his black hide took off him." Mr. Jim didn't fire his hands when the cotton was in the grass and when the summer rains were coming on. He didn't fire anybody. His straw-bosses rode through the cotton on their horses, and in the top of the big barn at the headquarters was a window where Mr. Jim could sit with a pair of field glasses and look out over his fields and see when anybody lay down between two rows of cotton to go to sleep. The cotton didn't wait for sleep. Neither did the grass nor the rains, and in the fall the flood waters came to take their toll of crops that were late.

The mules belonged to Mr. Jim. The cultivators and hoes belong-

ed to Mr. Jim. The cotton belonged to Mr. Jim, and for six-bits to a dollar a day while the cotton was growing, the hands belonged to Mr. Jim. The hands belonged to Mr. Jim and to the bottom, and Risby was one of the hands. Like the mules, he ate corn also—cornbread, collards, peas. He ate at his papa's table food that his papa paid for, because Risby owed Mr. Jim a bond, and every week Mr. Jim put Risby's wages down against the balance. Drunk in town on a Saturday night, a knife fight and a woman stabbed: these things put Risby in jail until Mr. Jim got him out, and Risby and Risby's work belonged to the white man until the debt was paid. It took a lot of asking for Risby to get enough money from Mr. Jim to buy a pint of wine for the night.

Buddy Boy's cultivator reached the end of another row, swung around, and stopped close to the one Risby had left standing. "Risby," Buddy Boy shouted. "You sick?"

But Risby didn't answer.

The chopping gang stopped in mid-field, and all the choppers raised their heads to watch Risby leading his team down the turnrow. "Whah he goin'?" asked one. "Hit ain't quittin' time."

Risby turned the mules in the lot and went home. He lay in bed there the rest of the afternoon and at supper when Hoodoo asked what was the matter with him he slapped the boy open-handed and knocked him, wailing, from the table.

Bully shouted at him. "Look out, boy!" he said. "You growed, an' you know better than to monkey wid de chilluns. You growed, but you ain't too old for me to beat you when you mean."

He didn't answer and Bully sat with the rest of the children staring after Risby while he walked out the door. Hoodoo, scared and squalling, clung to his mother, and Daly did her best to comfort him, offering him another spoon of sugar in his clabber. That quieted Hoodoo.

"What the matter been wid Risby?" Daly asked. "He ain't been mean dis way till lately. Maybe he workin' too hard."

Bully grunted and sopped a piece of cornbread in pot-likker from the collard greens. "He ain't workin' too hard. He been mean ever since Mr. Jim caught him asleep in the field and cussed him for it. Buddy Boy Taylor told me that. Risby so close-mouthed he don't say nothin'. I wish that boy would get rid of his natchel meanness talkin' an' cussin' around the house stead of settin' wid his lips poked out."

Risby walked into the night without thinking much about where

his feet carried him. He let his feet walk where they wanted to walk. The road was narrow and red, baked hard by the daytime sun. Cotton leaves whispered from the darkness bordering the sides of the turnrow glowing faintly ahead of him in the dim light of a moon crescent. Hardpacked dirt under his feet gave back the sound of scraping and scuffling as he walked with his hands in his pockets.

Humming rose from his throat and floated along with him through the stillness. The bottoms were asleep after a day's work; the cotton stood dusty in its rows and moved only when scattered slight puffs of breeze swept over it, and nothing but the tree-frogs and Risby made noise in the night.

"When you go down in Deep Ellum, put yo money in yo shoes." Risby half hummed, half sang the words, and his feet in their split-toed shoes scuffed the hard turnrow road. *"Cause them Deep Ellum women give you them Deep Ellum blues."*

The faded blue shirt on his back was open three buttons down from his throat and pinned in the middle with a safety pin. Rotten from caked sweat, it was split down the back and on the shoulders. His powerful muscles moved under it, his black skin shadowed itself beneath it.

He was six feet tall, and his round, close-clipped head was thrust forward above his shoulders. His arms big and round as carved pieces of stovewood, and pink-palmed hands with stiff fingers, whitened by callouses, rested in his pockets.

"When you go down in Deep Ellum - - -"

The first house that he passed, squatting there in its little bit of packed dirt in the middle of the cotton field, was dark and quiet. A dog under it whined and growled when Risby passed. It rushed out to the road and barked. Risby turned and looked back toward where it was a whitish blob in the darkness.

"Git the hell on away fum here. I kick you in the teeth."

The dog whined, snuffled, and vanished from the road. Risby walked on, and he grumbled curses in his throat. "People's dogs. Kill me a dog, do he come at me." His split-toed shoes were noiseless in the sandy parts of the road, and they scraped and scuffled in the parts that were hard red dirt.

At the side of the road, ahead of him, there was a yellow light. A small speck, dripping from a window crack. Ruby Lee was up, and she had her lamp lit. She had on her dressing gown, and she had been

working vaseline into her hair, sitting before her mirror that hung above the table. There was a cigarette between her lips. She took a long drag and exhaled through her nostrils.

"Good e'nin," Risby called from the road.

Ruby Lee went to her door and swung it inward. The murky yellow lamplight scarcely outlined her, standing in the doorway. "Who dat?"

"Risby. You home?" He moved from the road into the dirt yard, coming out of the blackness into the shadowy lamplight.

Ruby Lee laughed and blew smoke from her mouth. "E'nin. Come on in."

"Believe I'll set on the porch," Risby said. "I'm tired, an' hit's a little close tonight."

"Set down, then." Ruby Lee dragged the door shut behind her and sat down in the wood-bottomed chair that was on the porch. She rocked it up on two legs, leaning against the wall, hooked the heels of her stained, fuzzy-topped slippers in a rung, and sat there with her hands in her lap.

Risby lowered himself on the edge of the porch and leaned against one of the four-by-four posts that supported the roof. One foot he left on the ground, and the other leg he stretched along the porch. The powdered dirt inside his shoe trickled down and bunched under the shallow arch of his foot and against his heel.

"Lawd, I'm worked down," he said.

"Whut's the matter wid you?" Ruby Lee wanted to know. "Ain't you a man no more?"

"I'm man enough for you," Risby grunted. "I'm man enough to satisfy you."

Ruby Lee blew smoke into the darkness. She half closed her eyes and laughed in her throat. "Is dat right?" In the little glow that came through a crack in the wall Ruby Lee was yellow, her face misty in the darkness. She was thin, hard, and the tip of her cigarette reddened in the night and made shadows in her hollow cheeks when she drew on it. The light from her cigarette showed the coarse black hair that hung down straight from her head and the shining of it, greased with vaseline, when she puffed. She laughed and blew smoke from her lips. "Is dat right?"

Risby reached a hand in his breeches pocket and felt of the long-

bladed knife that lay there. "Woman," he growled, "I'm more of a man than ever you seen."

Ruby Lee laughed, high and loud. "Lawd, chile," she said. "You is sho suspicious. I kin make you mad whenever I wants to."

Risby grinned. "Ain't mad, woman. But I gits mad if you play around wid any somebody else while I'm thinkin' about you."

He and Ruby Lee sat there silently. The night wind that always rose at nine o'clock began to blow and rustle the leaves on the cottonwood tree that was on the creek bank behind Ruby Lee's house. The rustling leaves sounded like rain falling on the roof.

Ruby Lee puffed on her cigarette. "Where you-all plowin' at?" she asked.

"I ain't plowin'," Risby grunted. "I don't know nothin' about no plowin'."

"Howcome you ain't plowin'? The boss man ain't laid nobody off. He say the other day the cotton gittin' in the grass, and everybody got to work fum sunup to sundown to git it out. You lyin' when you say you ain't plowin'."

Risby laughed and stretched his arms above his head. "You a good one to say I'm lyin' when you the one been tellin' me howcome don't I get somethin' better to do than makin' six-bits a day plowin' in the field. You a good one when you been settin' in the house playin' sick till Mr. Jim come to see howcome you ain't wid the other choppers."

"I don't know what you talkin about, nigger."

Risby swung his head around and the laughter had left him when he looked up at Ruby Lee. "I quit."

Ruby Lee's eyes narrowed while she watched him. She swung her chair down on all four legs. "Tell me about it."

"I quit," Risby said. "I got tired of walkin' my fool legs off up and down in the bottom, an' sweatin' my guts out while the sun beat on me. I done figgered it all out today. I'm goin' to leave de bottoms. I'm goin' to leave Mr. Jim, an' me an' you goin' to git out fum here an' be long gone." Risby stood up on the porch and looked down at Ruby Lee while he talked. "A man can't do nothin' here; a man live like a dog in these bottoms. Me an' you can leave out fum here an' live like somebody."

Ruby Lee stopped him. "You say me an' you. I don't know what you talkin' about, black boy. You fixin' to get in trouble when you run away wid de cotton in the grass and owin' the white man money."

Risby laughed again, and this time his laugh was low and short. He stood over Ruby Lee and braced himself on wide-spraddled legs. In her chair Ruby Lee looked up at him, and she was half scared of his bulk.

"What I owe the white man he ain't never gonna git," Risby said, grunting. "He done got his pay. I'm tired of workin' and walkin' and livin' like a dog, an' when I leave here I'm goin' far an' do some big meanness an' make some big money."

"You better be careful," Ruby Lee said. "You fixin' to get in trouble, an' I don't like the way you said 'you an' me.' "

"You my woman, ain't you? It's been me an' you, ain't it? I don't like for no woman to low-rate on me," Risby said. "Because the commissary clerk won't give me no credit an' because Mr. Jim put my wages on what I owe so you don't get none of my money to spend you act like you through wid me. Ain't no woman can low-rate on me like that." Shoulders hunched, Risby stood glowering.

Ruby Lee stirred in her chair. "Come on inside," she said. "It's gettin' chilly out here." She stood up and pushed the door open.

She walked into the room and leaned back against her table so that her dressing gown parted, fell open over one leg above the yellow-skinned thigh. She half closed her eyes and laughed at Risby. "Is I low-ratin' on you?" she laughed.

He moved through the door, grinned, and walked toward her. "You is one sweet gal," he said. And he caught her by the arm and pulled her to him and put his mouth on hers and kissed her.

It was late when Risby walked back down the road. He walked silently, except for the scraping of his feet on the road in the night. The moon had gone down. There was no light but the faint, lesser blackness that came from the road itself. The night wind made the cotton rustle, standing in its rows, and all the crickets, except one or two late-singing ones, had quieted. He passed Joe Coby's house and the dog under the porch whined and growled. Risby grumbled in his throat.

The wind was making sound in the willow tree by the bridge over the creek and Risby dug his hands in his pockets and felt of the long-bladed knife and looked over his shoulder and his feet scuffled along the road toward home.

In the morning Daly took the children to the field, but Bully waited and roused Risby out of bed.

"Howcome you think you can walk out of the field whenever you wants to?" he asked. "Mr. Jim be comin' around here about you, an' I don't want no trouble wid de white man."

"Mr. Jim ain't got no say about whut I do," Risby grunted. "I quit, an' I'm fixin' to leave out fum here."

"Who goin' to pay whut you owe de white man?" Bully asked. "I ain't gonna pay hit. I got all I can do to pay for whut de chilluns needs, widout takin care of yo foolishness."

"Ain't nobody gonna pay my bill," Risby said. "I'm leavin' out fum here, an' time Mr. Jim find hit out I be long gone."

Bully stood up. "You done growed," he said. "You strong enough to kill me if I try to beat you. An' I can't keep you out of trouble. If you bound to be mean, you ain't goin to be mean around this house. Git out of here, an don't come back till you done got over yo meanness. I don't want no trouble wid de white man."

Risby sat on the side of his bed. His face was set and his lips were stuck out. "Go 'long, papa," he said. "I ain't in no mind to talk wid you."

At dinnertime Mr. Jim's pickup truck stopped in front of Bully's house and the white man got out and walked up to the porch. He was tall and wide and wore cowboy boots on his feet. Under his broad-brimmed hat his face was red and streaked with trickles of sweat, because the day was hot. Bully came to the door, and Daly and the children stood behind him and looked out.

"Where's Risby?" Mr. Jim asked.

"I don't know, suh," Bully said. "He lef' here this mornin'. He look like he might be a little sick. Maybe he gone to see the doctor."

"You're lying, Bully," Mr. Jim said. "You know he's trying to run away while he's owing me money. Tell him to be in the field in the morning." Mr. Jim turned away and went back to his truck.

"He's gone, Mr. Jim. I don't know where Risby at."

Mr. Jim looked at Bully. "I'll find where that nigger is," he said. He let in the gears and drove away and left a cloud of dust behind him.

"Lawd God," said Daly. "He mad. Wid de cotton in de grass Risby ought to be workin' in de field."

In the evening when Risby walked down the road toward Ruby

Lee's house it was nearly night. He walked slowly with his arms swinging at his sides. The wind had died. The sun had gone down and left red glowing in the west. The bullbats were out looking for mosquitoes and one of them flying in the duskiness swept close by Risby and made him duck.

Joe Coby's dog ran out and growled at Risby and he threw a clod at it and grinned when it yelped. "I'm liable to kill dat dog," he said.

At Ruby Lee's house he called from the road, but nobody answered. Risby walked through the yard and stepped onto the porch. The door was open and he went in. Ruby Lee wasn't at home. Risby called again, and then he went out to sit on her porch.

Joe Coby's wife walked down the turnrow road, and when she saw Risby sitting on Ruby Lee's porch she stared at him.

"Good e'nin," Risby called.

Joe Coby's wife nodded her head without speaking, and walked on up the road, looking back at Risby about every ten steps.

Risby sat there a half hour, and then it was dark except for the little light the moon in the west gave. He got to his feet and went into Ruby Lee's kitchen and searched in her shelves for a gin bottle. He found one, but it was empty, and Risby threw it out an open window and heard it break behind the house.

When he returned to the porch he heard voices on the road, and Ruby Lee's laughter, low and soft. They drew opposite the yard and he saw them, black figures in the darkness. Not until they crossed the yard and were about to step up on the porch did Risby recognize the man with Ruby Lee. It was Buddy Boy Taylor.

"E'nin," said Risby. He was sitting against the wall in Ruby Lee's chair and they hadn't seen him.

"Who dat?" Ruby Lee's voice was scared.

"Good e'nin, Buddy Boy," Risby said. "How you dis e'nin?"

"All right. How you?" Buddy Boy's voice matched Risby's in its tenseness.

"I'm feelin' bad," Risby said, "but I'm gonna feel better when I kill me a low-ratin' woman whut sneak off when my back is turned."

On her porch Ruby Lee was trying to edge toward the door and keep Buddy Boy close by her side at the same time. "I thought you was done gone, Risby. You done said you was goin' and I done said I was stayin' here. You got no call to come around my house to make

trouble," she said. "I don't want nothin' to do with you, Risby. Not when you fixin' to stir up hell all over the place."

"You tole the white man I was fixin' to go," Risby said. "You tole him what I said about goin' away owin' him money. Dem niggers in the sto' heard you tell the white man so he wouldn't figger you was helpin' me." On the porch close by Ruby Lee's door Risby stood in the dark, not moving while he talked.

Ruby Lee tried to laugh, but her throat was too dry. "I was jus' talkin' in the sto'," she whined. "I wus jus' talkin'."

"You been my woman," Risby said. "Now when I ask you to go off wid me you tell on me, and then go low-ratin' on me and walks the road wid another man. You ain't wuf a damn, Ruby Lee, an I'm gonna kill me a no 'count woman." He started toward her, pulling his knife from his pocket.

Ruby Lee screamed. "Git back, Risby! You drunk!"

Risby laughed and opened his knife. "I ain't drunk. But I'm mean. You-all done drunk up all the gin, but I'm mean enough widout no gin to stob you in the belly."

Ruby Lee backed away and Risby grabbed at her. He was swinging his knife arm when Buddy Boy hit him.

"You can't treat my woman like that," Buddy Boy shouted. "Turn loose of that woman."

Risby turned loose, and swung toward Buddy Boy with the knife. Buddy Boy hit him again and Risby's head bounced against the wall of the house.

"I kill you too," Risby said. He shuffled toward Buddy Boy, arm swinging, and the long-bladed knife slashed across Buddy Boy's chest, ripping the shirt and drawing a long line of blood. Ruby Lee was struggling to pull Risby away from Buddy Boy, and in the dark they were a mass of tangled shadows.

The noise brought Joe Coby and his wife running to the road, and they were suddenly outlined against the dark background of the cotton field when a pair of lights streaked the night and Mr. Jim's pickup truck roared down the turnrow. The truck stopped with its lights shining on Ruby Lee's porch, and Mr. Jim got out. He loomed big in the truck lights, and he carried a pistol in his hand.

Risby and Buddy Boy were too busy to wonder about the sudden light, but Ruby Lee saw it and went into her house, pushing the door

shut after her. Buddy Boy, his shirt bloody, pushed Risby away from him. He swung his head around and saw Mr. Jim walking out of the darkness and tried to run, but Risby jumped him from behind and Buddy Boy rolled off the porch, another cut across his shoulder.

Then Mr. Jim was on the porch. "Put up that knife, Risby!" he shouted.

Sweat and Buddy Boy's blood were beaded on Risby's face, which gleamed in the light from the truck. His eyes were wild and he was drunk with fighting. He swung on Mr. Jim with the knife in his hand.

He struck out, but Mr. Jim dodged him. The white man's pistol came down on Risby's head once, and then, backhanded, Mr. Jim hit him across the face with it again. The sight on the revolver barrel gashed Risby's cheek and the blow loosened his jaw teeth. He sagged against the wall and the knife dropped from his hand and struck the floor point down. It stood quivering there.

"Lawd God, Mr. Jim," Risby said, "I never meant to come at you."

Mr. Jim put his foot against the knife and pressed and there was a snap as the blade broke.

"I be in the field in the mornin'," Risby mumbled. He stepped off the porch and walked through the yard and to the road while Mr. Jim stood with his foot on the knife, watching.

The night was full of the smell of damp earth and the cotton that stood knee-high with the wind brushing over its tops, moving almost without sound while Risby walked along the turnrow. He didn't hear the voices of Joe Coby and his wife as they stood in their yard talking softly to each other and trying to see the dark form moving above the sound of his footsteps.

From the darkness under Joe Coby's house the white dog rushed out to bark at Risby, and when he paid no attention to its growls it came closer to him to sniff at his legs. Then it whined and ran close by Risby's side while its claws scratched on the baked red dirt of the turnrow.

Risby dropped his hand to the dog's head. "Hey, dog," he said, "Hey, dog,"—feeling the short-haired, slick warmth of its skin under his palm while he walked past Joe Coby's house.

THE MAKING OF THE NEW MEXICO CONSTITUTION

Thomas C. Donnelly

II. The Constitutional Convention of 1910

THE ENABLING ACT of 1910 contained two basic series of provisions. One was a list of obligations or a "compact" which New Mexico was required to accept, and the other stipulated the procedure or "schedule" which the territory was to follow in becoming a state. The compact, now Article XXI of the Constitution, was to become a perpetual contract between the new state and the national government, subject to amendment by the people of New Mexico only with the consent of Congress. The schedule, now Article XXII of the Constitution, authorized the calling of an election to choose delegates to form a constitutional convention, fixed the number of delegates and provided for their apportionment, and appropriated $100,000 to carry out the process of formulating and ratifying the constitution.

On June 28, 1910, eight days after the signing of the Enabling Act by President Taft, and in accordance with the authority vested in them by the act, a commission consisting of William J. Mills, Governor; William H. Pope, Chief Justice; and Nathan Jaffa, Secretary of the Territory, met in Santa Fe and apportioned the members of the forthcoming constitutional convention among the twenty-six counties of the state. The Enabling Act provided that the convention should consist of 100 members and should be apportioned among the several counties according to the vote cast in the 1908 election for Delegate in Congress. The members were apportioned according to this vote and there was no objection from any source to the apportionment; it was merely a mathematical calculation.

On June 29, Governor Mills issued a proclamation calling for an election to be held on September 6 for the purpose of selecting the delegates to the constitutional convention. The Enabling Act provided that the election should be held not less than sixty days after the passage of the Act and not more than ninety days.

Although neither the Democratic nor the Republican Party held a state convention to advise the delegates how they should vote or what principles they should put into the constitution, rival party tickets appeared in almost all of the counties. In a minority of the counties joint bi-partisan tickets were run, notably in Socorro, Rio Arriba, Lincoln, and Otero counties. Although Governor Mills at a Congressional hearing, February 17, 1911, expressed the opinion that the object of the delegate election "seemed to be to get, as near as possible, an expression of the will of the people," the election proved to be predominantly a partisan one. The counties that agreed on joint tickets and forswore partisanship were the exceptions rather than the rule. On the whole, however, the election appears to have been a fair one despite the usual crude acts of a few county machines in furthering the fortune of their nominees. No contests were filed against the election of any of the delegates. The chief issues of the campaign were the initiative and referendum, then much favored by progressives throughout the United States. In general, the majority of the Republican nominees for delegates opposed inclusion of such measures in the New Mexico Constitution; the majority of the Democratic candidates favored them. The people seemed to favor the measures, but the larger business interests of the state looked askance at them, and the majority of the political leaders were quite willing to see them sidetracked.

The result of the election, which was never in doubt, gave the Republicans seventy-one (more than two thirds) of the delegates and the Democrats twenty-nine. While the Albuquerque *Journal,* a Republican paper, observed that "every one of the candidates whom the *Journal* attacked as bosses, railroad attorneys, and corporation lawyers"[1] was elected, its rival, the *Tribune-Citizen,* a Democratic paper, felt that a number, at least twelve, of the Republican majority were independent of the "Old Guard" and could be depended on to join the Democratic minority and certain of the nineteen delegates elected on fusion tickets in the support of progressive principles.[2]

[1] The Albuquerque *Journal,* September 9, 1910.
[2] The Albuquerque *Tribune-Citizen,* September 7, 1910.

The delegates elected to the convention and their party affiliations are shown in the table on the next page.

Taken as a group, the delegates were representative of all phases of life in the territory. Approximately one third of the delegates were Spanish-American, natives of the territory, and two thirds were Anglos. A few were considered wealthy men, a larger number definitely poor, but the majority, perhaps two thirds of the entire membership, were from the middle classes. Lawyers constituted the chief occupational group, there being thirty-five representatives of this profession in the convention. A survey of the occupations of the other delegates reveals them to have been livestock growers, mining promoters, bankers, merchants, farmers, educators, newspaper men, and men of miscellaneous activities. Almost all, if not all, of the delegates had been active in the political life of the territory, several had held high political office, and many hoped to do so when statehood was obtained. What is more, a surprisingly large number lived to realize their ambitions. The political history of the state since its admission to the Union is studded with the names of members of the constitutional convention who have attained high political places. Even today, more than three decades since the convention, a few of the delegates are still prominent figures. Thomas J. Mabry, the junior member of the convention, is now a state supreme court justice, as is C. R. Brice. Holm Bursum in Socorro county, W. D. Murray in Grant county, Reed Holloman in Santa Fe county, and Francis Wood in Bernalillo county also remain men to reckon with in the councils of their party.

The general level of ability of the delegates was high, and a more adept group in the art of government could not have been selected from the citizenry of the territory. Father Julius Hartmann, the chaplain of the convention, was a young priest at the time, having only recently come from Europe where he had been trained in the best universities. His observant eyes and keen mind took in much of the convention scene. He was "simply amazed," he reports, at the marked ability of the personnel which composed the convention. He said "he felt like a child" in the presence of the leaders of the delegates so skillful were they in their work. That a frontier society such as New Mexico was at the time could summon to the task of constitution-making such an assemblage of men trained in the processes of government gave him, he

Delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1910 and Party Affiliation

Bernalillo County:
Herbert R. Raynolds (R)
A. A. Sedillo (R)
M. L. Stern (R)
Anastacio Gutierrez (R)
Nestor Montoya (R)
Francis E. Wood (R)
E. S. Stover (R)
H. B. Fergusson (D)

Chaves County:
John I. Hinkle (D)
G. A. Richardson (D)
Emmet Patton (D)
Green B. Patterson (D)

Colfax County:
Francisco Gauna (R)
Thomas H. O'Brien (R)
Charles Springer (R)
Norman W. Barlett (R)
Clarence J. Roberts (R)
George S. Brown (R)

Curry County:
John W. Childers (D)
Thomas J. Mabry (D)

Dona Ana County:
Frank W. Parker (R)
Isidoro Armijo (R)
Charles E. Miller (R)
Winifred E. Garrison (R)

Eddy County:
M. P. Skeen (D)
C. R. Brice (D)

Grant County:
A. H. Harllee (D)
J. B. Gilchrist (D)
W. D. Murray (R)
W. B. Walton (D)

Guadalupe County:
Salome Martinez (R)
John G. Clancey (R)
Tranquilino Labadie (R)
Reymondo Harrison (D)

Lincoln County:
Andrew H. Hudspeth (D)
Jacobo Aragon (R)
John H. Canning (R)

Luna County:
James N. Upton (D)

McKinley County:
Gregory Page (R)

Mora County:
E. M. Lucero (R)
Daniel Cassidy, Sr. (R)
Anastacio Medina (R)
Juan Navarro (R)
Fred S. Brown (R)

Otero County:
Albert B. Fall (R)
George E. Moffett (D)
J. Lee Lawson (D)

Quay County:
C. C. Davidson (D)
Charles H. Kohn (R)
Ed. F. Saxon (D)
John L. House (D)
Reed Holloman (R)

Rio Arriba County:
Venceslado Jaramillo (R)
G. D. Burns (R)
Perfecto Esquibel (R)
Jose A. Lucero (R)
Samuel Eldodt (D)
J. H. Crist (D)

Roosevelt County:
James A. Hall (D)
C. M. Compton (D)
W. E. Lindsay (R)

Sandoval County:
Alejandro Sandoval (R)
E. A. Miera (R)

San Juan County:
R. W. Heflin (D)
M. D. Taylor (D)

San Miguel County:
Margarito Romero (R)
Atanacio Roybal (R)
J. M. Cunningham (R)
S. B. Davis, Jr. (R)
Luciano Maes (R)
Harry W. Kelly (R)
Eugenio Romero (R)
Nepomuceno Segura (R)
Charles A. Spiess (R)

Santa Fe County:
B. F. Pankey (R)
Jose D. Sena (R)
Victor Ortega (R)
George W. Pritchard (R)
Thomas B. Catron (R)

Sierra County:
Edward D. Tittman (D)
Frank H. Winston (R)

Socorro County:
H. M. Dougherty (D)
James G. Fitch (D)
H. O. Bursum (R)
A. C. Abeyta (R)
J. Frank Romero (R)

Taos County:
Malaquias Martinez (R)
Onesimo Martinez (R)
Squire Hartt, Jr. (R)
William McKean (R)

Torrance County:
William McIntosh (R)
A. B. McDonald (R)
Acasio Gallegos (R)

Union County:
Eufracio Gallegos (R)
Candelario Vigil (R)
George W. Baker (R)
F. C. Field (R)

Valencia County:
Solomon Luna (R)
John Becker (R)
Sylvestre Mirabal (R)

said, an enduring faith in democracy.[3] Father Hartmann's estimate of the ability of the delegates deserves to be credited with respect, because, new to New Mexico as he was at the time, his judgment was not warped with personal or political biases.

The temper of the group was definitely conservative. Only a minority seemed to have been under the influence of the progressive ideas in government that were gaining headway in the nation in 1910, and which were destined to raise Woodrow Wilson to the presidency two years later on his New Freedom program. The general outlook on government and economics held by the large majority of both Democrats and Republicans in the convention can best be described by saying it derived from Taft rather than from "Teddy" Roosevelt or Wilson.

Albert B. Fall, Holm O. Bursum, and Solomon Luna, it is generally agreed, constituted the three most important leaders of the Republican majority, although Charles Springer, Thomas B. Catron, and Charles H. Spiess deserve to be ranked not far below them.

Fall, a man of great natural ability, was forty-nine years of age at the time and in the prime of his life. A lawyer by profession, a former justice of the territorial supreme court, and an important political leader, he exerted much influence. He was chairman of the Committee on the Legislative Department and a member, as were Bursum, Luna, Springer, Catron, and Spiess, of the highly influential Committee on Committees, the informal "steering committee" of the convention. Fall was an important spokesman in the convention for the livestock industry when matters of importance concerning it arose, and he was pictured by the opposition press as being an "astute, cool, suave defender of the special privileged interests."[4] With the admission of New Mexico as a state, he became a United States senator, and later Secretary of the Interior under President Harding.

Bursum, then only forty-three and a well-to-do rancher, was territorial chairman of the Republican Party. A strong, quiet, intelligent man of Scandinavian type, he had the rugged individualistic outlook of a man who had made his own way from early youth. He was chairman of the important Corporation Committee of the convention. Believing New Mexico needed to attract capital investment to realize its economic potentialities, he was eager to see the convention make a constitution

[3] Personal interview with Father Hartmann, October 7, 1941.
[4] See the Albuquerque *Tribune-Citizen*, October 12, 1910.

that would not discourage corporations from coming to the state or hamper those already here. Always, even yet, a leader in Socorro county and in his party, he was an unsuccessful candidate for governor in 1911, but later became a United States senator.

Solomon Luna, the leader of the native element in the convention, was fifty-two years of age, and according to Twitchell, "in point of numbers and invested capital, the most heavily interested of any sheep owner in New Mexico."[5] He was the undisputed leader of Valencia county, and had been a member of the Republican National Committee since 1896. In the convention, he was chairman of the very important Committee on Committees. Wealthy and relatively uninterested in public office, his influence in the convention, quietly used, as all agree, was powerful.

Thomas B. Catron was the patriarch of the convention, being seventy years of age. For many years he was not only the leader of the New Mexico bar but the Republican "boss" of the territory, and although his political power had waned, he was still a force with which to reckon. In the convention, he was a member of several of the more significant committees. In 1912, at the first session of the legislature, he was elected, along with Fall, to the United States Senate.

Charles Springer, a wealthy and capable lawyer, was chairman of the Committee on Revision. He was an important political figure in the northern counties of the state. Charles A. Spiess, another brilliant attorney, was chairman of the convention. He had broken into New Mexico politics as an associate of Catron, but at the time of the convention resided in San Miguel county where he was a dominant figure.

Harvey B. Fergusson of Albuquerque was, as floor leader of the Democrats, the principal spokesman of the minority. A lawyer of much ability, and always a force in his party, he had been a delegate to Congress from the territory. Republican leaders found him difficult to understand because he, more than any other delegate in the convention, was in tune with progressive ideas of government. Those of his political faith saw him as an impassioned pleader for the rights of the common people. In 1911 he was elected by the people to be a member of Congress from New Mexico.

The convention met in the chamber of the House of Representatives at the capitol in Santa Fe on October 3, 1910.

[5] R. E. Twitchell, *Leading Facts of New Mexico History* (Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press, 1912), II, 551-552.

Partisanship was rife in New Mexico at the time and, apparently, little attempt was made to have a non-partisan convention. Catron, in writing of this earlier, had said:

> We [the Republicans] are sure to have a two-thirds majority in the convention, and we think we are better able to make a good constitution than the Democrats. We know they would not hold a non-partisan convention if they were in the majority. To make it non-partisan means that we would have to give away some of our strength, and I do not believe any political party can succeed by surrendering a part of its strength.[6]

On the eve of the convention, the Republican delegates held a caucus with Bursum, the territorial chairman of the Republican Party, presiding; they nominated Charles A. Spiess for convention chairman. The Democratic caucus nominated Harvey B. Fergusson. The vote in the convention on the chairmanship showed that the party lines were tightly drawn; Spiess received the support of sixty-eight delegates and Fergusson twenty-nine. Not a single Republican present voted for Fergusson or a single Democrat for Spiess. The convention completed its organization by naming George W. Armijo,[7] chief clerk, and Harry Whiting, sergeant at arms. Both of these men were Republicans as were all the appointed clerical assistants.

In commenting on the chairmanship vote, the Albuquerque *Tribune-Citizen,* leading Democratic daily of the territory, said:

> His [Spiess'] selection signified that the conservatives are in control and that the initiative and referendum will not be written into the Constitution, but it would be a fundamental document, as desired by President Taft.[8]

Spiess was, nevertheless, a capable presiding officer. It was agreed in advance of his selection, however, that he would be denied the right to appoint the standing committees of the convention, a right customarily exercised by the chairman of legislative bodies in the period.

[6] T. B. Catron to Wm. H. H. Allison, June 28, 1910.

[7] Armijo, a colorful figure in New Mexico politics for half a century, was a grandson of Francisco Chavez, who had presided over the convention of 1890.

[8] The Albuquerque *Tribune-Citizen,* October 3, 1910. Harvey B. Fergusson was vice-president of the *Tribune-Citizen.* The Albuquerque *Journal* sometimes referred to its rival as "the evening anarchist." Such was the spirit of the times in New Mexico. The Albuquerque *Journal* was edited by Dana Johnson, later editor of the Santa Fe *New Mexican.* Will Keleher, later to become a state Democratic leader, was then city editor of the *Journal.*

Instead, the appointment of the committees was vested by the convention, on the initiative of the Republican caucus, in a Committee on Committees, composed of twenty-one men, with Solomon Luna as chairman and Charles Springer as secretary.

This committee not only appointed the other committees but became the unofficial "steering" or managing committee of the convention through which control over that body was exercised by the Republican caucus.[9] Twitchell says of the committee that it "had for its members the men who, more than any other, performed the work of the convention, dictated the policies of the Republican majority, and without the support of whom, no article of the constitution could have been adopted."[10]

The election of the Committee on Committees signified the beginning of caucus control of the convention. However, Republicans have since pointed out in defense of their action that caucus control was no more in evidence at this convention than in any of a number of conventions during the period. It was simply customary procedure in an era noted for its lusty partisanship, they claim.[11] Francis E. Wood, a member of the Committee on Committees, has stated in justification of the procedure used that it was necessary, to prevent the Democratic minority from debating every committee report at length for partisan political purposes. He also has pointed out that several Democratic delegates—he specifically remembers the names of W. B. Walton, J. G. Fitch, and H. M. Dougherty—who sincerely wished to coöperate in making the constitution and who were not of an obstructionist nature were invited to attend sessions of the Republican caucus, and did attend. Wood credits them with having exercised considerable influence in the shaping of certain constitutional provisions.[12]

Twenty-seven standing committees were appointed by the Committee on Committees. The chairman and the majority of members on each committee were Republicans, but the Democrats were allowed minority representation.

[9] Members of the Committee on Committees: Luna, Bursum, Fall, Springer, Catron, Holloman, Wood, Parker, Murray, Labadie, Canning, Page, Brown, Esquibel, Lindsay, Miera, Eugenio Romero, Winston, Martinez, Acasio Gallegos, and Eufracio Gallegos. Every member was a Republican.

[10] Twitchell, *op. cit.*, pp. 585-586.

[11] See statements by Bursum and Holloman in Dorothy Thomas, *The Final Years of New Mexico's Struggle for Statehood*, unpublished thesis, University of New Mexico, 1939, p. 93.

[12] Interview with Francis E. Wood, October 10, 1941.

Each committee was assigned the task of drafting a section of the constitution; the Committee on the Legislative Department wrote the provisions pertaining to the legislature, the Committee on Corporations wrote the provisions pertaining to corporations, and so on. Open hearings of committees were held when individuals or groups asked to appear on matters of interest to them. No draft constitution was prepared in advance of the convention to guide the delegates in their work, but a copy of the proposed constitution of 1890 and copies of all the state constitutions were available. Some committees simply copied provisions of other state constitutions, whereas others carefully constructed their sections from the standpoint of New Mexico's needs.

Each committee, after completing its tentative draft, reported to the Republican caucus, where its work was carefully considered before it was sent to the convention. On the floor of the convention the report was debated and then voted on. Rarely did the debate, which was frequently sharp, result in any substantial change of a provision. The reason for this was that the Republicans, after approving a committee report in the caucus, committed all their members to support it on the floor of the convention. The effective work of the convention was thus accomplished in the committee rooms and in the caucus.

Another procedure which gave the majority a chance to dominate the convention was the so-called "gag" rules. One rule, Rule 18, prevented a roll call to determine the vote of each delegate. It read: "Any two members shall have the right to demand yeas and nays before the result is announced; but if objection is made the demand shall be sustained by thirty of the members present."[13] Since there were only twenty-nine Democrats, the necessary thirty votes could not be obtained by the minority. If no vote was taken, there was no way for the public to learn how each delegate voted. The minority recommended that the sustaining vote should be one tenth of the members present, but the proposal was defeated.[14]

Rule 20 provided that any member should have the right to demand the previous question.[15] This rule worked to stop debate in the convention at any time. Another rule, number 12, prevented a delegate from speaking more than twice on the same subject without permission of the

[13] *Proceedings of the Constitutional Convention* (Albuquerque: Press of the Morning Journal, 1910), p. 277.
[14] *Ibid.*, pp. 27-29.
[15] *Ibid.*, p. 277.

majority.[16] These rules curtailed proper debate and discussion and kept the minority ineffective throughout the convention. They were justified by the majority as necessary time-saving procedures. Furthermore, the Republicans charged that the Democrats wanted to utilize debate only to make "political medicine."

It is of special interest to note that no *verbatim* record of the convention was made. The published *Proceedings* contain an account of only the most formal actions of the convention, such as committee reports and the votes on their adoption, but no record of debate. The minority sought to have the full proceedings of the convention published,[17] but the majority opposed doing so because, they said, the cost involved was prohibitive.[18] Despite this consideration, many people sincerely doubted that the expense was the main reason for not publishing such a record.

The basic difference between the majority and the minority aside from mere partisanship was that the Republicans desired the constitution to be a conservative one, one that would appeal to the principal economic interests of the territory and to President Taft, whereas the Democrats, at least those who tended to follow Fergusson, wanted the constitution to be a "progressive" one. A progressive constitution meant to them one that would contain among other things provisions for a workable initiative and referendum (but not the recall), stringent regulation of the railroads and other large corporations in the public interest, non-partisan election of the judiciary, the direct primary, and an easy amending process. Woman suffrage and prohibition also had their champions among the minority.

Chief interest in the delegate election and in the convention centered on the initiative and referendum proposals. The majority of Republicans would have preferred to take no action at all on these measures but, because of the demands of the minority and the evident public interest, finally compromised on a modified initiative and referendum provision that has since, as they hoped, proved difficult to employ.[19]

The minority's proposal that judges should be nominated by petition, instead of by partisan conventions, and then elected on a separate

16 *Ibid.*, p. 276.
17 *Ibid.*, pp. 37-38, 42.
18 The Albuquerque *Tribune-Citizen*, October 21, 1910.
19 See Roy C. Stumph, *History of the Referendum in New Mexico*, unpublished thesis, University of New Mexico, 1941.

rather than on a party column ballot was voted down. The purpose of the plan was to remove the judiciary from politics, an end yet much to be desired in New Mexico. Public support for the idea grows yearly in New Mexico, and sooner or later it will become a part of our constitution. The proposal to write a direct primary provision in the constitution was viewed adversely by the convention and the matter was left to future legislative action. In 1938, the legislature finally enacted a direct primary law.

The fight of the minority to regulate the corporations was a bitter one, but the majority had its way and the result was the creation of a corporation commission without real powers. The prevailing view in the convention regarding woman suffrage was that it was degrading for women to participate in politics. However, since women had been allowed even under the despised territorial regime to vote in school elections, this privilege was continued in the new constitution. General suffrage for women in New Mexico was not to come until the passage of the nineteenth amendment in 1920.

The prohibtion forces, represented by the New Mexico Department of the Anti-Saloon League, had lobbyists at the convention sponsoring a "dry" provision in the constitution. A number of the delegates, principally those from the eastern counties, favored such a provision, but the convention after much discussion decided by a 57 to 25 vote to leave the matter to the discretion of the legislature. A representative of a national organization urging the outlawing of child labor also appeared at the convention but was, like the advocates of prohibition, unsuccessful in getting his ideas adopted by the delegates.

In no provision of the constitution did the majority reveal its conservative tendency more clearly than in the method adopted for amending the constitution. As we shall note later, so onerous were the terms of this provision, that Congress required its modification before statehood was granted.

The partisan nature of the convention was again manifested in the closing days in the report of the committee dealing with the apportionment of members of the House and Senate of the legislature. The committee's report was cleverly drawn for the partisan advantage of the Republicans, and, although the Democrats realized it was a piece of gerrymandering, they did not seem to fight it as spiritedly as they had other provisions. Delegate W. B. Walton, Chairman of the Democratic

Territorial Committee, in debate on the matter, good-naturedly stated his party's position:

> The Republican members of the convention have taken just a slight advantage of us in this apportionment; but in view of the political exigencies of the occasion, we feel that we ought not to complain; because, were the situation reversed, in all frankness and candor, I am inclined to the opinion that we, the Democrats, might have done likewise.[20]

The only defense the Republicans ever offered for the gerrymander was that, in later years, when the Democrats got into control of the state legislature they did not change the arrangement.

There had been some apprehension prior to the convention that, because of the large Anglo majority, the Spanish-American element might be discriminated against, particularly with reference to suffrage and educational facilities. However, no such disposition developed and equal rights were sensibly given to all. Since 1910, several writers have tried to give credit to this person or that for the inclusion of these protective articles[21] in the constitution, but the fact of the matter is that there was no particular sentiment against including them.

The convention completed its labors on November 21 after one month and three weeks of hard work. The Albuquerque *Journal,* which published the constitution in full in its issue of November 22, 1910, declared the document a credit to the delegates, "to their disinterestedness and patriotism, and a credit to the people of New Mexico."[22]

On the final motion to adopt the constitution, the convention vote was 78 for, 18 against, and 4 not voting. Only eight of the Democratic delegates voted for the constitution as framed. Ninety-two of the one hundred delegates, however, signed the original copy of the constitution. Later, two of the eight Democrats who failed to sign the constitution when it was first completed affixed their signatures. Six never signed it.[23]

The Democrats called a state convention to meet in Santa Fe in December to consider the position their party should take on the ques-

20 The Albuquerque *Journal,* November 16, 1910.
21 Article VII and Article XII, *Constitution of New Mexico.*
22 The Albuquerque *Journal,* November 2, 1910.
23 See original copy of constitution now on file in the office of the Secretary of State, Santa Fe.

tion of ratifying the constitution in the January election. They found themselves hopelessly divided, and although they drew up a list of thirteen objections to the constitution, they decreed that "the fealty" of members of the party would not be called into question for their vote on the constitution "whether it be for or against."[24]

In brief, the thirteen objections to the constitution as outlined by the Santa Fe Democratic convention were as follows:[25]

1. The constitution was too difficult to amend.[26]
2. More judicial districts were created than was necessary, and there was no provision for a non-partisan judiciary.
3. The terms of the judges were too long for the best interests of the people.
4. The number of members of the legislature was too large.
5. The salaries of state officials in general and
6. Those of the corporation commissioners in particular were too high.
7. The expenses of government necessitated by the constitution would increase taxation.
8. The Board of Equalization would consist of elective officers who would use their position to pay off campaign obligations.
9. The districting of the state for judicial and legislative purposes was inequitable.
10. No limit on taxation for county, district, and municipal purposes was imposed by the constitution.
11. The constitution did not provide an initiative, referendum, direct primary, or an advisory selection of United States senators by popular vote.
12. No provision was made for an effective and honest election law or for a corrupt practices act.
13. The method of selecting public lands granted the state by the national government was alleged to be not in accord with the Enabling Act.

[24] Despite the declaration issued by the Santa Fe convention, it is to be noted that not all Democratic leaders opposed ratification. A number of them announced that they intended to vote for the constitution, and did.

[25] For the full text of this document, which was signed by A. A. Jones, Democratic state chairman, see Twitchell, *op. cit.*, pp. 586-588.

[26] The constitution as adopted by the convention required a two-thirds vote of each house of the legislature to propose an amendment except in the second year after its adoption and every eighth year thereafter when a majority vote of each house would suffice. To ratify a proposed amendment a majority of electors voting thereon was sufficient provided that the affirmative vote was equal to at least 40 per cent of all the votes cast in the election, and provided that at least one half of all the counties favored it. The obvious aim of the convention was to make it difficult to amend the constitution unless there was an overwhelming sentiment on the part of the people favorable to the action. Considering the large amount of detailed statutory matter in the constitution, the amendment provision appears to have been unduly stringent.

Some of these objections were well taken. Objections number 1, 9, 11, and 12 embodied issues that the Democrats had made much of in the constitutional convention and were questions of importance. One or two of the remaining objections might also be placed in the same category, but most of them were picayune.

On three questions in which there was considerable public interest the Democrats remained silent, namely, woman suffrage, prohibition, and the thorough-going way in which the constitution protected Spanish-Americans in their rights.

The Democratic manifesto concluded:

> Wherefore this convention . . . does declare its judgment to a candid world that the rejection of the submitted constitution will be for the highest and best interest of the people of New Mexico . . .
>
> We therefore appeal to the . . . citizens of the territory to disapprove the proposed constitution for the reasons set forth and for the further reason that the way is provided and the method easy, under the Enabling Act, for them to secure a better constitution and one in accord with their sentiments . . . inasmuch as that Act is mandatory on the governor to call members of the constitutional convention together again twenty days after the election if the constitution submitted is disapproved by the people.

In the campaign preceding the election, the large majority of the newspapers of the territory favored ratification, pointing out in support of their position that while the constitution did not in every respect please everybody it was in the main excellent, and, further, that a vote against ratification would only delay statehood. The minority of the press opposing ratification directed their attacks chiefly at the difficult amending clause and the absence of the initiative and referendum, and asked for a new convention.

On January 12, 1911, the election was held and the returns showed a vote of 31,742 in favor of ratification and 13,399 against. Only four of the twenty-six counties (Lincoln, Roosevelt, San Juan, and Sierra) voted for rejection. On February 24, Taft approved the constitution and sent it to Congress with a message recommending its approval by that body.

Meanwhile Arizona had adopted a constitution containing among other things a provision which made possible the recall of public offi-

cials in general and judges in particular. A national controversy developed over the proposal and continued for many months. President Taft, a former judge, thought the provision pernicious and declared it would be conducive to destruction of independence in the judiciary. New Mexico's constitution got stalled in the long Congressional debate involving the Arizona proposal, and it was not until August 21 that it finally reached Taft's desk for his signature. Congress, however, before giving its approval to the constitution, stipulated in the so-called Smith-Flood resolution that New Mexico should vote on a substitute[27] for Article XIX of its constitution (the amending clause). The territory, however, was to become a state regardless of the fate of the substitute proposal at the hands of the people.

The Smith-Flood resolution required that the vote on the amendment should be on a separate ballot from that used in the state's first general election, and that it should be tinted blue. Thus it became known as the "blue ballot" amendment. In the election held on November 7, 1911, the voters gave the amendment their approval with a vote of 34,897 for and 22,831 against it. Thus came to a close the task of making the New Mexico constitution. The state government began its legal existence under it on January 6, 1912, when President Taft signed the statehood proclamation in Washington.[28]

[27] The substitute provided that amendments to the constitution could be proposed by simple majorities in each house of the legislature and ratified by a simple majority of the popular vote. The method is the one still in use in New Mexico.

[28] See Thomas, *op. cit.*, for an extended description of the treatment accorded the New Mexico Constitution in the 62nd Congress, 1911.

POETRY

TWO POEMS

OLD FARM

How often in the sunny speckled gloom
Of dooryard oak we swung up to the sky;
The limb that held us from earth's rushing doom,
Gnawed at the creaking rope that made us fly.

We followed paths the cattle made to barn;
We tipped a trough where men washed off the field;
We scouted brush; we gaped at country yarn;
And slept more deeply than the bull frog pealed.

How often like a hilly burst of green,
The morning woke us, breeze across the brow;
We shouted greetings to an early scene,
Ran barefoot stumbling after dog and plow.

We found a creek that sparkled over sand,
A blue jay's riffle, and a hornet's bank,
There, dauntless, at the buzzing edge of land,
We splashed a glory that the sunshine drank.

MEDAL

Will courage save the spring; enrich the sun?
Or flesh be firm till dust with dust is done?
We strive . . . . The net is tangled where we fall,
And years march over us we can't recall.

What is the time snow-white on brow and mind,
A noble wreath, or prickly wrath we bind?

Is age a knotty staff, or crutch leaned on?
Perhaps the shadowed face is nearest dawn.

We do not know . . . . We climb a secret hill,
And call the planet green, who trust it still.
Behind us sleep the friends we walked beside;
Too soon they rest; it was not grief that died.

We suffer beauty's thorn, red leaves of day
That whip an autumn path and ancient way,
But lift at last a trembling hand and breath
Against the howling god, old wintry Death.

LINCOLN FITZELL

FIVE POEMS

1

Who comforts flesh unreconciled,
The spirit begging to be bound?
Leave space, destroy the flesh reviled,
The interval recalls no sound.

The hand that holds no instrument
Cannot create, impatient god.
How can the unarmed have intent?
Even the wrathful bears a rod.

Bodiless soul cannot perceive.
Then can the eyeless find their way?
The huddled spirit fears to leave,
Corruption near, it dares not stay.

2

The melody, from treble tones
Of clarity and quick design,
Scaling the intervals descends,
Losing in overtones its line.
But still the listener will hear
The tune unchanging to his ear.

So in the personal unity
The intricate harmonies of mind,

Transposed to body, will become
Precision marred and undefined.
And yet the instrument contains
The tune; the single phrase remains.

3

On still Spring night, the falling leaf
Startles the sense aware of death
Inherent to the leaf and earth.
The dying scent of loose-piled hay
Enfolds the woman sleeping there,
The man, awake, who dares not sleep,
Because he hears the falling leaf,
In stillness, hears that sound of death.
Frightened, he knows new leaves will grow,
Insensate, not to know decay.

4

Uncaptured is essential death,
Free is its visitation,
In aspect like the humid breath,
Visible in occurrence.

5

The supple body bends to will
And then springs back like storm-bowed tree,
Or like the grass behind the wind,
Erect, free from identity.

It has no need of subtle mind
For simple want and quick desire;
With longing satisfied, it turns
To balance. But the mind is slyer,

And creeping from the caverned skull,
Decisive thought's supremacy
Enforces in a moment strength;
But yet is served unwillingly.

FRANCES CRAWFORD

from THE SINGLE ROSE

VI

Now I am brown because the sun
has kilned my skin as flame does clay,
but not like one who tills all day,
for yesterday the shepherds, every one,
came out to play.

I thought my vineyard had been done:
the pruned stems burnt, tares raked away,
I breasted up the green crests row on row,
spaded the spaces in between, and lay
beneath the tree to wait for grapes to grow.
But there were none,
and I half-hoped a sudden flesh-flower spray
would crown my vineyard with the joy I know.

O Rose, I called your name,
asked where your haunts are, lest I run
after the neighbor's herds. You never came.

And now the quiet pastures had begun
to reel as when wind-rioted poppies sway,
the lads limb-handsome at their lithesome game,
the lasses quaver-rounded, light as they,
and how their dress and tresses fanned their fun
when all the mead was May.

Now I am brown, for shepherds shun
at length the one who also would be gay,
the lone vine-keep whose alien aim
itself will hint he cannot stay
but back into his vineyard go
with shame-red heart and reins a-flame.

Now am I reddened, more than dun,
at what I hear a small voice say:
"Slaves seek the shade, and hirelings
the end of work above all things."

XIII

My vineyard lies before me in the sun and I,
soothed by the greenness of it and the shadow
of the tree nearby,
watch over all my stalks,
each tendriled sprout
grown fuller, taller, all spread flockwise out
up to my ivy-linteled door;
from where I also watch the meadow,
wondering why the shepherds and their flocks,
unscorched as yet from heaven, frolic as before.

O Love, our vines are flourishing in the sun.
Come, visit now the vineyard you have laid,
wherein I planted every switch
with pain-twitched fingers, dunged each one
with wry things done, and dug a ditch
around each, run with tears.
And meanwhile those who revel
on the meadow, man and maid,
do also flourish, fling their jeers
at one whose vines are grapeless even—
visit them with fire from heaven!

"Why (a voice asks) is your eye yet evil?
Have you cause to fret
if I am good
to others, and forget
that it is I who gives
the increase to the wood
and very sap by which it lives?
now answer me!"

There on the lone tree stood
the one I longed so long for, with a stern
but soft-eyed glance on me.
And I was silent. Then my eyes began to burn
so smartingly, I could but faintly see
an empty rood.

XV

The flowers have appeared upon our land
in riotous sprays of leaf and stem;
one Flower, too, appeared and went
when I but thought to touch the hem
of one soft petal with my hand.
Return, O Love, and stay,
for it is evening and the day
far spent.

O little hedge-birds, wedging in among the wall-
flags, feathered wing to wing together;
little field-mice, dredging in below the sedges,
fur near fur from wind and weather,
have you seen my lover?
Say how long I must yet yearn
until I, too, find cover
in the shadow of white wings
as chicks beneath a hen,
in the hollow of light things
which foxes fix their den . . . .

Return, O Rose, return,
for gone with winter is the fleet
of wasting sleet, my vineyard's hold
now stowed with myriad swinging skins
which fall will blow and fill with finest wines
from stem to stern!
Or is my heart yet cold?
Then thaw me
with your rose-breath's heat
until my soul melts whole
like to a brook-filled bowl,
and draw me!

Love, unseen, then said: "I thirst
for drink, but pure-encupped.
Take care your earth-frail vessel does not burst
from useless heat as well as frost

or sudden changing blasts of both,
a broken cistern that can hold
no water, for the tale is old:
It happened on the night we supped
that one rock vase did overturn
and held moist-faced together,
but another
burst asunder and was lost.
Go, then, into my vineyard, make it yield
a perfect growth
from buds to brook-filled bubbles, not a field
of blood—this look to first."

FRAY ANGELICO CHAVEZ

THREE POEMS

DESERT ROAD

The asphalt gleams in wet delusion
Sharp across the level sand.
The brindled sage dilates confusion
Over coarse and graying land.
Charred peaks reflect a weighted sky,
And dust lifts white against the blue;
A single chipmunk worries by,
And the road cleaves through.

Unpainted boards in brown precision
Combine to integrate the town.
Faded signs disturb the vision—
Each bragging one saloon's renown.
Dark lanterns vibrate to a sound—
A bird's light peck. His echoed cry
Dies ringing on the empty ground
Where the road sifts by.

MEDUSA

Old trees bristle lean
To break upon the air—
And suddenly are stilled.

Glinting a hidden green,
Seared grass unfolds its care—
To sink in calm, unwilled.

Within the lightless room,
Drawn back in fascination,
Gray coals forget to fume —
Cold in expectation:

In such a pause moves Death,
Implicit in the heart.
Familiar, close as breath,
Death grows into its part,

Until at last we know
The delicate, shadowed head
Drawn back in invitation:
From frozen eyes held low,
And bitter mouth unfed—
We suck annihilation.

NIGHT

She lifts her head and smiles to find
The sun has crowded back the dark,
And slanting, splintered through each blind,
Has left its restless, waving mark.

As silence that a cupping palm
May hold when brought against the ear
Becomes oppressive in its calm,
So had faint stirrings pushed her fear.

The folding shadows in communion
Seemed softly stirring with desires,
And made a smoky, dull reunion
Within the mirror's ashy fires.

The curtains reached like pillars charred,
Alone resisting and unbent.
The breezes too the curtains barred,
And straying sounds with stillness blent.

Yet intermittent and uncertain,
In accents hushed the shadows spoke,
And felt about each listening curtain
The hidden, yielding walls to stroke.

Yet long before the widening sky
Swelled light before the shifting sun,
The eyes that strained at creak and sigh
By heavy sleep were overrun.

And so the mirror cleared with light;
The soot of night was swept away.
Beyond the blinds the world grew bright,
And terrors lost themselves in day.

NANCY NICKERSON

TWO POEMS

MARRIAGE

Now look and see this being that is I
While mirrored by this presence that is You—
The You I, as your mirror, modify
From time to time, as given a further view.
Mirror reflecting mirror, clear as speech,
Are You and I, one square and firmly framed
And one contoured in oval, each to each
Adjusting what the shifting years have claimed
To what they have bestowed,—while glass to glass
Our glancing images of youth recede
(Dissolved through later likenesses, they pass),
And show Us Many, Two,—and One, indeed,
When there is flashed a slant of light whereby
We glimpse that I am You and You are I.

LACKING THE PATIENT MIND

I

The gazer on the stars is well-engrossed.
His noble foot has spurned the earth; his eye
Is traveling outward, outward, toward the host
Of worlds immaculate lenses clarify.
Patient, he bids his mind to take as wax
The needling of vague theories into grooves:
As time and space slide curving on their tracks,
He calmly measures, listens, figures, proves,—
Shrugging the rasping disk of the mortal spasm
As a trifling pang, worth but the bitten lip.
And what if man fight man beside the chasm?
And what if man weave backward, clutch, and slip?
Sweetly do the eons drown the fuss
Of Now in music of the calculus.

II

There is the far and splendid view!—but stuck
But stuck but stuck the playing disk repeats
Discords where my heart's music is; ill-luck
Has geared earth's fair recordings to defeats.
And I, lacking the patient mind, must peer
Into the glass converging inward: blurred
Is my poor focusing upon this sphere
By sweat of mourners for the massacred.
If time shall strip away man's blinding-fold
To blink his wisdom in unpitying light,
How should it matter so, this creeping mold
Of human wretchedness that fouls my sight?
Some eons off, it may not matter how.—
But oh, it matters now! it matters now!

HELEN FERGUSON CAUKIN

FROM THE RUSSIAN ROSE

The driven bee,
slave of the summer hour
has got a dark drop
from the uneasy flower,

from the Crimean flower
with the charnel smell,
the harm of man's salt
in every cell,

from the Russian rose
the toiler bee
has pressed the red oil
of agony.

ROSAMUND DARGAN THOMSON

TRAVELERS

Armchairs charming a hand-weaved from old rags rug,
And when shall travelers ever meet again?
I hope you realize where I have been
Is only from one desolation to another.

Outside, the desert dimming off to where
That darkness there is hushed on hills of life-lost loneliness.
I think the desert is a jackass carrying
The tent-sky folded over it for pack;
Bright bugs are crawling here in one place
Where the honey's spilled: "Welcome
To Sage City!"

Those neon signs are quite forgiven though till starlight
comes;
Gleaming's in us meanwhile: of two pipefuls of thought
We empty our ashes: "Brother," you say,
"It's all here in the human heart;

God gives in a gush!" I answer, "The best is—"
ponder-pensive.
Soon that trailer-of-sunset star wands
Through the open window, though;
The desert is its own excuse for being silent;
A bringing breeze feels universe to tell.

ELLIS FOOTE

RACHEL

Wistful, I watch my Jewish boy-refugees,
Their olive-clear faces bowed by the winter fire
Intent on their plaintive harmonica melodies,
And I tease my heart until the sounds expire
With fragments of talk recalled, of reported scene,
Trying to picture their homes, their village green,
The mothers they left, their sisters I have not known.

And always after the melody ends (but never
It ends in my heart) above the remembered tone
And tune of their exile-song, there shines and cries
A dark maternal woman who grieves for ever,
Agelessly young in a universal air:
"You have given your mite of solace in sheltering these,
But what of my children on frozen Danubian screes,
In Moravian wilds and the camps of the living-dead?"

And then I look in the boys' black brimming eyes:
Human and local, and too intense to bear,
Shines Rachel and cries, and is not comforted.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

BOOK REVIEWS

Sun Chief, The Autobiography of a Hopi Indian, [by Don C. Talayesva]; edited by Leo W. Simmons. New Haven and London: Yale University Press and Oxford University Press, 1942. $4.25.

The Man Who Killed the Deer, by Frank Waters. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1942. $2.50.

Of recent years the Anglo-Saxon has developed an increasing tendency to see alien peoples as fellow humans and to desire a human understanding of them. By Anglo-Saxon I mean the world-wide belt of people who share in the general Anglo-American culture, regardless of their descent. This healthy development is part of a groping towards a new morality, the development of democracy from the early Norse demand for equality for me and my fellows to insistence on equality for mankind. Against it our deep cultural belief in "racial" inequality wars constantly. Where that belief has apparently been conquered, it crops up in changed forms, above all in an inability to approach an alien people simply, and in the curious admiration of the sentimentalists (in this part of the country, their cult of the Indian) which are really forms of condescension and denials of common humanity.

Sun Chief and *The Man Who Killed the Deer* are unusual examples of the scientist's and the writer's quest for understanding of the inward nature of an Indian tribe. A comparison between the two, as it happens, is pointed up by the fact that Mr. Waters, the novelist, spends some time in lampooning ethnologists, as a minor issue. His method of doing this is not a credit to a writer—the creation of a ridiculous figure whom any competent scientist would regard with equal contempt, which straw man the author happily lambastes. This method is best known as dealing off the bottom of the pack. By his attack, Mr. Waters fairly exposes his novel to judgment by the standards of good science. There are plenty of second-rate to tenth-rate ethnologists, but it is no more fair to judge the profession by them than to judge writers

on Indians by Zane Grey. This broad contempt for ethnologists is found among whites, particularly among those who dislike a factual disturbance of their vision of Indians, but is rare among those Indians who have had intimate contact with sound members of the profession.

Ethnologists and writers seek the same goal by different means, and in part for different purposes. Trained in self-distrust, a good scientist hopes to capture the nature of man in a sort of pointilliste accumulation of probable fact, avoiding perhaps to excess the broad impressions which are sure to be colored by the prejudices and wishes of his own fallible humanity. Increasingly scientists realize that the human being behind the facts evaporates out of their accumulations of data. So they have hit upon the idea of letting the Indians speak for themselves—an idea so obvious that one wonders why the Indians' admiring friends have never tried it. One could not use this method with the Taos, the subject of Mr. Waters' novel, a tribe determined on complete secrecy. This secrecy is a matter of tribal choice, indicating neither superiority nor inferiority.

The method contravenes a novelist's *raison d'être,* although it offers him prime material. Fiction as an art requires interpretation, the addition to recorded fact of the artist's subjective vision, the straining of the whole through himself. It is only unfortunate that writers have so ignored the corpus of Indian autobiographies which began with Radin's *Crashing Thunder* nearly a generation ago. These books make us who have tried to set forth the Indian in fiction look pretty sick. Left-Handed's *Son of Old Man Hat,* ably edited by Walter Dyk, made this reviewer wish he had never had the temerity to write about Navahos.

To this distinguished line, Don Talayesva's autobiography is a noble addition. A devout Hopi and religious official, he betrays no secrets, but with that reservation he tells all his story with the directness and utter honesty peculiar to Indians. Like his predecessors, he demolishes our stuffed, romantic, semi-human Indian and gives us a man, quite different from us, but possessed of a clear common humanity. Again we see that if the white and the Indian qualities are added up, the pluses and minuses may be different, but the sums are equal; and the end of the equation is x equals y (which does not mean that x is identical with y).

In such a book one constantly glimpses the mystery, the heart of strength of the tribe. The mystery, yes, as the white man has his mystery, but none of the mystic claptrap with which we are likely to swathe

those elements of the Indian which we do not understand. To himself Talayesva is quite clear, nor is he sitting by the firesides of the wealthy trying to make a profitable impression. To me the book was strongly evocative, filled with familiar situations and remembered faces, including the author's. Again and again things which had bewildered me among the Hopis fell into place as I read it; illusion after illusion slipped away.

Dr. Simmons, the editor, contributes a preface worth noting as a horrible example of scientific terminology, unclarity, and making twenty words serve for two. In the body of the book he has done a splendid sensitive job of putting Talayesva's limping English into good form without destroying its quality. The result is smooth reading, consistently interesting, human—and no book for the morally squeamish. Indians take their sex with a freedom which frightens us, a simplicity which shows us up as prurient, and a singular lack of grace.

In a novel the demand on style is much more severe than in simple reportage. The author of *The Man Who Killed the Deer* seems to set out aiming for intensity and trying to get it by overwriting, overdescription, and the outworn device of using periods where they do not belong. The effect is effortful and irritating. But as Mr. Waters gets into his story, as he himself is carried away, the false intensity slowly disappears and we get the powerful, often beautiful writing of a man who is himself deeply impressed, feeling intensely, perceiving beauty.

The major theme of the book is the incompleteness of the Pueblo Indian who is not integrated into his tribe with an integration requiring sympathies (in the original meaning) of which we have little idea, and of the Pueblo itself in which there is dissension and from which a sacred, necessary part has been wrenched away. He puts his finger well and truly upon part of what I believe is the mystery and strength of the Pueblos, the relation of a man's spirit to his own body *and to the greater body of the tribe,* and gives this relationship a perfect expression.

Here the artist succeeds where the autobiographer fails: what he describes for Taos is true for the Hopi, but the Indian author takes it so for granted, it is so much a part of what he breathes, that only some rare circumstance would bring it up to conscious statement. (Mr. Waters gives his explicit statement in one of his italicized passages describing thought deeper than words.) In *Sun Chief* you can find it only if you are hunting for it, and then between the lines or casually implied.

What I have said is enough to mark the novel as a major achieve-

ment. I wish I could stop there without having to register some strong secondary objections. Short of the main theme the white man's weaknesses appear, importantly in characterization. The Indians are not full human beings; they are figures, they are impressive, they are wrapped in their blankets and their faces are inscrutable, the range of their thoughts and interests is narrower and nobler than ours. They partake of the bill of goods which Indians so ably sell us. Perhaps it is unfair to any writer to have his novel read right along with *Sun Chief*—not that the Hopis are like the Taos, but that the Indians' own stories effortlessly blow away the white man's characterizations.

There is another matter less important than character, and unfortunately disagreeable. Mr. Waters deals with certain controversies which are not fiction but well-known fact. Where fact is in question, it should be handled with reasonable fairness. For instance, he entirely misrepresents the attitude of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs towards the Peyote Cult and the recapture of Blue Lake, and in the former controversy completely suppresses facts of key importance. He also indulges in the usual cheap tricks for making all Indian Service officials look like insincere fools, in at least one case apparently with the ugly intention that his victim shall be readily identified. Nothing is easier than to exploit the ever-ready popular prejudice towards the Indian Bureau with a few catch phrases and a little distortion of fact; to do so is bad art, and unworthy of a writer with the ability of the author of *The Man Who Killed the Deer.*

OLIVER LA FARGE

The Changing Indian, edited by Oliver La Farge. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1942. $2.00.

The Changing Indian, edited by Oliver La Farge, is a collection of eighteen reports dealing with the problems and prospects of the Indian population of the Americas. They are the result of a symposium held by the Institute on the Future of the American Indian, an adjunct of the American Association of Indian Affairs.

Whether or not readers agree with the policies outlined by the several writers, none will deny that they are provocative. Much of the material deals specifically with the Indians of the Southwest and, by extension, with other racial and cultural entities of that area. Such dilemmas as that of population increase versus a decrease in natural resources and the question of whether race classification shall be based

upon genetic or cultural factors are not problems confined to the Indian elements of the Southwest. Neither are the ably discussed subjects of land tenure and conservation and the bilingual and vocational aspects of education. The prohibitions of space prevent direct mention of more than a few articles. State planners and educators, however, will do well to consult Province, *Cultural Factors in Land Use Planning;* Borbolla, *Indian Education in Mexico;* Macgregor, *Indian Education in Relation to the Social and Economic Background of the Reservation;* and Beatty, *Training Indians for the Best Use of Their Own Resources.* La Farge's summary is excellent for purposes of orientation.

From the point of critical appraisal, it can be said that the work poses problems rather than postulates solutions. Depending upon the affiliations of the several authors, it is also propagandistic. The worst example of this tendency is to be found in Collier's evangelical introduction. Like most messianic doctrine it contains little that relates to actuality. In the face of the known diversity of Indian political structure and land tenure, it is surprising to find such a phrase as " . . . the most ancient and most central Indian institution, local democracy integrated with the land." Similarly, members of the Indian and Soil Conservation Services who sweat to promulgate the conservation program on the Navaho reservation will be shocked to learn that it was "voluntary" and "self-imposed" by that tribe.

W. W. HILL

Navaho Pottery Making, an Inquiry into the Affinities of Navaho Painted Pottery, by Harry Tschopik, Jr. Cambridge: Papers of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. XVII, No. 1, Harvard University, 1941. No price listed.

Guided by Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn's ethnographic erudition and taking advantage of Dr. W. W. Hill's work in Navaho material culture as a point of departure, the author of this capable monograph has encompassed his subject broadly and with acumen. The timeliness of his subject, in view of augmented interest in Navaho archaeology, cannot be understated. The technology section runs the gamut of detailed description, from consideration of the containers used for materials to the proportional prevalence of firing accidents. Navaho terms for

tools, forms, materials, and design characteristics are faithfully recorded. A separate section is devoted to pipes and their uses.

The pages concerning social and ritual aspects of pottery making relate circumstances of instruction in the art, with observance of the slightly digressing customs of the several areal subdivisions of the Navaho. Mythological references associate hermaphroditic makers with the origin of pottery. We see that lack of observance of ritual restriction, in the handling and making of Navaho pottery, would induce blindness. It is in actuating the staidly objective study of pottery with these correlated cultural items that Tschopik excels. While documenting the probability of the western Pueblo origins of Navaho painted pottery, Tschopik submits that the craft was a young one, in view of the extent of Navaho prehistory, and that pottery making has become virtually obsolete by reason of the substitution of commercial wares.

PAUL REITER

Ill Fares the Land, by Carey McWilliams. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1942. $3.00.

A Camera Report on El Cerrito, by Irving Rusinow. Washington: United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, Miscellaneous Publication No. 479, 1942.

A chronic complaint among social scientists, especially in the evaluation and initiation of human welfare programs, is the cry for synthesis. The complaint is real, the complainers mixed. Too often the complaint simply hides a chronic unwillingness to act and a chronic willingness to suspend judgment. With his magnificent *Ill Fares the Land,* Carey McWilliams has established new and bold patterns of synthesis in a field overloaded with alleged "facts" and underloaded with sensible interpretation. With *Ill Fares the Land,* McWilliams is easily America's most creative synthesizer in the field of industrial agricultural relations.

Earlier, in his notable *Factories in the Field,* McWilliams, in a relentless documentation of California's industrialized agriculture, established the thesis of the describable inhumanity in American rural sweatshops. In *Factories in the Field* McWilliams used the *apparent* spectacular California agriculture for developing his thesis; in his new work, patterns which seemed peculiar to California are demonstrated to be national patterns, national problems, and a national disgrace.

The East and Middle West can no longer complacently view the "Oakies" and "Arkies" of California with hypocritical astonishment. In East and Middle West, too, migratory agricultural workers have experienced substandard wages, substandard housing ("substandard" is a weasel euphemism now popular among government researchers), and the highly standardized treatment whenever agricultural workers have tried to organize themselves into unions. Migrant labor and migrant destitution are known around the truck farms in New York and Pennsylvania, the fruit farms of Georgia and Florida, the orchards in the Pacific Northwest, and the sugar beet areas in Colorado (the chapter, "Colorado Merry-Go-Round," for example, is a stunning piece of sustained critical and descriptive writing and is required reading for students of "Spanish-American problems"); even Maine and Long Island are not unfamiliar with migratory "farm" workers.

McWilliams, of course, has leaned, not heavily but selectively, on the Tolan and LaFollette committee reports. But he has supplemented his extremely careful study of this valuable source material with first-hand knowledge and penetrating understanding of the areas involved. With all due consideration for the great work of Paul Taylor, this work of McWilliams is a pioneering job of organization, presentation, and interpretation. No student of the main currents in the transformations developing both in agriculture and industry—indeed no responsible citizen—can ignore McWilliams' material or his recommendations for action based on that material. In his chapter, "From Talk To Action," McWilliams poses the question, the only question with any relevance, regarding the issues raised by the migrant labor problem, the family-sized farm problem, the farm factory problem: namely, "The question is: what kind of society do we want?"

Rusinow's new "camera report" is further heartening evidence of his quick and maturing skill as recorder and revealer of the village communities of New Mexico. Anyone who has followed Rusinow's work—the Santa Cruz study, the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy report, the Taos photographs (unpublished), and now El Cerrito—must surely sense Rusinow's position as the most exciting historian of the human landscape of the Hispanic Southwest. Here are people: working, looking for work, attending mass, eating, and, perhaps, wondering about the man taking their pictures.

If one wants to sense the economic and human landscape of a New Mexican village, without frills, without carefully rehearsed atmospheric

attitudes, Rusinow's photographs are unhesitatingly recommended. This is not to say that Rusinow is without affection, without real warmth for his "subjects"; he has these qualities, too, in full measure.

Unfortunately, the text which accompanies Rusinow's camera report is not only inferior, but actually a monotonous caricature of the new simplicity current in government reports. Simplicity is not synonymous with monosyllabic banality. The accompanying prose is a distinct disadvantage to the photographs. (Note: To Whomever It Concerns: Why not let Rusinow prepare his own texts?) Rusinow's work, despite prose collaborators and poor reproduction and strange sequence of pictures, continues to command the interest of both photographers and sociologists. One must look forward with considerable pleasure to seeing Rusinow's work on his present assignment in South America for the Office of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

One final observation: Why can't someone bring McWilliams and Rusinow together? The results of such a combination could make a lot of people happy; especially, I think, McWilliams and Rusinow.

VINCENT N. GAROFFOLO

History of Utah: 1847 to 1869, by Andrew Love Neff; edited and annotated by Leland Hargrave Creer. Salt Lake City, Utah: The Deseret News Press, 1940. $4.00.

Desert Saints: the Mormon Frontier in Utah, by Nels Anderson. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1942. $4.00.

Westward America, by Howard R. Driggs; with Reproductions of Forty Water Color Paintings by William H. Jackson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1942. $5.00.

From Covered Wagon to Streamliner, by Edward Hungerford. New York: The Greystone Press, 1941. $1.75.

Andrew Love Neff has been characterized as one of the great historians of Utah. He merits the distinction, though it be bestowed by a friend, for his *History of Utah* is not a potboiler but rather the result of twenty years of patient and meticulous scholarship. His volume steers a middle course between the pro-Mormon *Comprehensive History,* by B. H. Roberts, and the profuse and popular anti-Mormon literature. Mormons tend to idealize and romanticize their significant part in Western history; non-Mormons and apostates tend to drama-

tize it for an unsympathetic public and sometimes with an eye on the market. Both groups tend to ignore the facts and fail "to tell the truth" in the sense laid down as a principle by Dr. Creer in his editor's foreword: "The correct point of view . . . is to view that faith as something new and essentially *different,* not necessarily better or worse, superior or inferior, except as the facts of history warrant, considered inductively."

Dr. Neff, the author, and Dr. Creer, the editor, though both members of the Mormon Church, have never been its commissioned historians. Both were students of Professor Herbert E. Bolton at the University of California and were thoroughly trained, through writing their dissertations on distinct periods in Western, Utah, and Mormon history, in the methodology of that eminent historian. Dr. Neff taught history and political science at the University of Utah for seventeen years before his death in 1936. Prodded by his widow, the Board of Regents subsidized the completing of the unfinished manuscript, which runs to a thousand printed pages after careful editing by Dr. Leland H. Creer. Dr. Creer, chairman of the department of history and political science at the University of Utah, added his own great authority and background to the task of editing, contributing about two hundred pages of the finished work. This brief review has space only for tribute to the volume as a standard work. Dr. Neff devoted twenty years of his life, in moments free from teaching, to his manuscript. He covered only the period from 1847 to 1869, and his projected three volume work embracing the entire history of his native state remains unfinished at the moment. It is unusually refreshing to find a scholar with sufficient academic reticence and humility, with patience and care, to refrain from writing for the money market and from prematurely publishing a great work. Perhaps the real monument to Dr. Neff's memory is his unfinished task. Perhaps Dr. Creer will take it up. The writer hopes so.

Nels Anderson includes in his *Desert Saints* the history of the Mormons from the beginning to statehood (1896). He writes briefly, yet not scantily; he is fair and sympathetic, drawing upon Mormon and non-Mormon, pro-Mormon and anti-Mormon sources. His effort results in a short and complete—complete in the sense of substantial—picture of Mormon history. He draws chiefly on secondary materials but includes primary sources at points of controversy. Nominally a Mormon, he is not possessed of the extreme idealism of the Mormons

in expounding their own position; nor is he the bitter, revengeful, or smart-alecky critic. His interest is chiefly sociological. In his last one hundred pages he discusses the economic and social aspects of Mormon group life. He confines his studies to a rather small segment of Mormon life, St. George, Utah, but his picture is not distorted by this narrowness of approach. It is difficult to see, assuming his close contact with the Mormons, how he could make the error which appears in page 335 where he says that "In the Melchizedek priesthood are two grades, the lesser of which is the *elder,* and next is the *high priest.*" This priesthood has three grades, the middle one being *seventy.* Similar slight errors appear in his explanatory material. His handling of his sources and documents, however, is unimpeachable. As with the Neff volume, only a few statements would be unsatisfactory to the authorities of the Mormon Church, though in no sense can Mr. Anderson be called a Mormon writer.

Mr. Anderson has found a *distinctiveness* in Mormon group life. This way of life is the result of the impact between a strong faith, preached and promoted by powerful leadership, and a frontier, in most places and at all times an unfavorable physical environment. There is also the impact of a decidedly unfriendly *gentile* social, economic, and political competition. It is a life that produces great results because of great sacrifice. The emphasis is on character, on individual initiative and enterprise, and on loyalty not only to authority but to an ideal. Distinctive Mormon group life has been fading since 1896 (statehood) or perhaps since 1875 (the passing of the frontier). At great odds Mormonism retains this group within itself, but in so far as effective political, social, and economic control of the affairs of the state of Utah is concerned, this Mormon group life is at the present moment a chapter in the history of the West. The impact of the present war will probably erase it from the former checkerboard pattern of American group life.

Westward America is written by another Mormon, who teaches at New York University. Howard R. Driggs has long identified himself with pioneer trail marks and landmarks; and as president of the Oregon Trails Memorial Association since 1928 he has done much to record in monument, and now in word, the westward movement of the American pioneer. He sees this movement and the characters in it through rose-colored glasses, through the eyes of romance and beauty, of sweetness and light. He looks upon Western history as a tourist would

look upon Bryce Canyon, as a thing of lasting joy and beauty forever, and not as the inhabitant of the canyon and its environs would look upon it, as a bad place in which to lose a cow, as a place where, because of the hardships of nature, body and soul can hardly be kept together. *Westward America* is a beautiful book. It is meant to be, and its beauty has been enhanced, if not created, by the delicate and lovely reproductions of forty water colors by the artist William H. Jackson, himself a participant in the pioneer effort. Dr. Driggs, in his narrative, has not failed the publishers or Mr. Jackson in sustaining the pleasing effect of the volume. Though idealistic and romantic, he has written beautifully and adequately for the purpose.

From Covered Wagon to Streamliner is a thin volume of few words and many representations of the history of American land transportation, mainly the railroad. It preserves many fine old prints of locomotives, stations, and events in the history of western railroading. The railroad came to Utah finally in 1869. It was the bridge by which the East and West met to become the United States, a nation rich with pioneer inheritance, a nation endowed above all others in modern times with a source for the renewal of spiritual greatness in times of trouble and in times of great crisis.

FRANK H. JONAS

Bigfoot Wallace, by Stanley Vestal. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1942. $3.00.

Bigfoot Wallace, the hero of Stanley Vestal's new biography, was a first-rate fighting man. Born in Virginia of the Wallaces and Blairs of Revolutionary fame, he became a Texan by choice, arriving just too late for San Jacinto in April of 1836. For fifty years and more whenever there was fighting that needed to be done, Bigfoot was on hand either as a Ranger or on his own. Between fights, he hunted, farmed a bit, drove a stagecoach from San Antonio to El Paso, swapped yarns, and played practical jokes.

Bigfoot is well known to most Texans through his contemporary biographers, John Duval and A. J. Sowell, and through constantly growing legends. Many living Texans remember him well, a massive, genial, straight-as-an-arrow old man around San Antonio in the eighties and nineties. This modern biography by one of America's foremost writers, with a national publisher, is calculated to make Big-

foot an All-American hero, taking his place with other tall men of the frontier: Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, and Davy Crockett.

Mr. Vestal has gathered his material from many sources, but chiefly from Sowell and Duval. In his preface Mr. Vestal seems to this reviewer to have underestimated Duval and his own indebtedness to him. The most sustained interest of Vestal's book is in the account of the Mier Expedition. Here particularly he owes much to Duval's realistic, detailed narrative. Mr. Vestal has, too, made an occasional error in fact and bibliography evident to a Texan. It is more important, though, that through skillful choice of episodes, a clear chronological arrangement, and a consistent style, Mr. Vestal has achieved from his material a unified book. In spite of a slightly slow start, he keeps the reader turning the pages to the end. The book never quite reaches, however, the high standards in phrasing and suspense that the author set for himself in *Kit Carson* and *Sitting Bull.*

Nevertheless, Stanley Vestal's new biography is more than a skillfully retold tale. It is biography and history with implications for the present. Santa Ana is like Hitler, a ruthless dictator, whose promises are gusts of words. When the Texans lost in war, Mr. Vestal makes clear, it was because of politics, of lack of organization, and of forceful, united leadership, and because they were gullible. When they won, they won through the courage and resourcefulness of plain individuals like Bigfoot and through wise leaders they believed in. Stanley Vestal's *Bigfoot Wallace* is a timely book for America in 1942.

MABEL MAJOR

Star of the Wilderness, by Karle Wilson Baker. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1942. $2.75.

There is material in Texas history for a dozen magnificent historical novels, but they are yet to be written. Meanwhile, Karle Wilson Baker, in her new novel of early Texas, has not escaped the pitfalls of others who have written about Texas. One of them is the attempt to encompass too much of the rich material available. *Star of the Wilderness* is a long novel of the stormy years from 1829 to 1835, and the author tries to bring into focus almost the whole imbroglio. This inclusiveness, however, would not be an insurmountable fault if the book possessed the indefinable qualities of good fiction.

Painstaking is the adjective that best applies to the description of

the too numerous fictional characters, who clutter the book with their ambitions, affections, adventures, and loyalties. Confusion is increased by the reference to these people by their titles, last names, Christian names, and nicknames. Long before the reader has reached the end, he considers their appearance in the narrative as an intrusion. The "hero" and "heroine" are stereotyped and are more reminiscent of Mississippi showboat figures than of vigorous, intrepid pioneers. There is conscientious recording of authentic detail which conveys a picture of the social and domestic life of the period, and there is the injection of the element of mystery, but the novel still lacks some essential ingredient. Perhaps the explanation lies in Mrs. Baker's long success as a poet. Her poetry has been characterized by gentleness and integrity, but these same qualities impart to her fiction a softness and trepidity that is too ladylike to fit the exigencies of robust, roistering pioneer life. She writes in a sentimental feminine style; the material invites a more virile pen.

The fiction is so inextricably interwoven with the history that it is necessary to scan it briefly. Paul McAlpine, handsome, mercurial, adventure-loving Scotsman of the Ohio Valley, came home one day in 1829 to tell his pretty, gentle wife, Jesse, that he had engaged passage on the *Star of the Wilderness,* and that they were going to Texas. She, who a century later might have got a divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty, nonsupport, desertion, unfaithfulness, or felony, meekly prepared for the journey which ended in Nacogdoches on a cold December night.

Here, happily, Mrs. Baker steps into the role of historian, where she is so much more adept than as novelist, so that it is as history that the critic must evaluate this book. Upon the torrential sequence of events of the winter of '34-'35, Mrs. Baker builds a narrative of a glorious, mad, wasteful, confused struggle and the birth of the Republic of Texas. Dr. James Grant is the central historical figure. His role was a minor one in comparison to the legendary roles of Houston, Austin, Bowie, Fannin, and others, but his name is obscure only because he failed to carry out his aim. He wanted to lead an army to Matamoras to save his confiscated mining properties there and so far succeeded that he took some hundred men to death with him at San Patricio. Obtaining a colonelcy with the New Orleans Grays, he was wounded in the assault upon Bexar; and when Ben Milam fell, ingratiated himself with the new commander, Francis W. Johnson, persuading Johnson to the ill-

timed march toward the Rio Grande. Mrs. Baker makes Paul McAlpine a first cousin of Dr. Grant, and sends him along as Grant's aide. She adheres strictly to the record in regard to events; but she partially defends Dr. Grant's motives, picturing him as "the beloved Scot" and giving him a niche among the heroes of the Republic, although he had not stood for Texas independence.

Despite any carping about its merits as fiction, *Star of the Wilderness* does offer zestful reading for Texans, in whose ears still rings the battlecry, "Remember the Alamo."

LAURA SCOTT MEYERS

Pan American Progress, by Philip Leonard Green. New York: Hastings House, 1942. $2.00.

Argentina: The Life Story of a Nation, by John W. White. New York: The Viking Press, 1942. $3.75.

Negroes in Brazil: A Study of Race Contact at Bahia, by Donald Pierson. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1942. $4.50.

Brazil under Vargas, by Karl Loewenstein. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1942. $2.75.

Frontier by Air: Brazil Takes the Sky Road, by Alice Rogers Hager; photographs by Jackie Martin. New York: the Macmillan Company, 1942. $3.50.

This reviewer is pleased to find himself in the nowadays rather unusual position of being able to recommend, with only a few minor reservations, all five books on Latin American subjects assembled here.

To all who know Philip Leonard Green and his work it is good news that he has followed up his book *Our Latin American Neighbors* (published last year) with a companion volume. The former is one of the best brief introductions in any language to the civilization of Ibero-America. The latter proposes to explain to the general reader the problems and evolution of relations between the United States and Latin America and among the Latin American countries themselves. This book is unique in that it does not present a theoretical treatise, a history text, or a travel report, but chiefly a concise account of all major inter-American conventions, agreements, and institutions, their development, and their practical operation. The fields of politics, economics, culture, and technical co-operation are equally well covered. A selected bibliography and a detailed index enhance the usefulness of

the volume. However, this is by no means a mere handbook. The author, supported by his long and intimate experience in the field, informs his reader by sound appraisals of what has been achieved and what still has to be done. He very rightly emphasizes the too-often-overlooked importance of the "personal equation." "Pan Americanism must take root among the *peoples* of America, if it is ever to flourish. Pan American efforts, monopolized by or limited to governments or restricted circles, can only be likened to a castle in the clouds, separated from the solid realities that should give it strength."

Green's book is one of those only too rare, unspectacular contributions which are the outcome of many years of devoted and patient work and which are—or at least could be—incomparably more useful than certain flimsy best-sellers with which we have been swamped lately.

John W. White has served for many years as correspondent of United States newspapers in Latin America and is undoubtedly familiar with many aspects of his subject. About one-third of his book, *Argentina,* contains a summary of the history of the country; most of the remainder discusses her recent and present economic and political problems and her relations with the United States and other foreign powers.

Although this book is far from the irresponsible outpourings of "roving reporters," it does contain some of those facile generalizations which should not be tolerated. The Argentines are described as "materialistic, imperialistic, hypocritical, overbearing, and insincere" (p. 15), and yet the same author on another occasion takes pains to point out the tremendous differences which exist between the typical *porteño* (the inhabitant of the capital city) and the people of the interior.

The best parts of the book are probably those which describe the present political conditions and the foreign trade problems. White makes it clear that since the successful reactionary revolt of 1930 a conservative, pro-facist dictatorship has been ruling the country, backed by the clique of large landowners who consider an anti-democratic regime the only means by which they can save their economic and political monopoly. Fraudulent elections, censorship, and a state of siege under the pretext of preserving a "neutrality" which in itself is a pro-fascist policy, are their principal means. During his active years in office, the late President Ortiz made an honest effort to steer the country back to democracy. After he had to turn the office over to the vice-president, Castillo, an arch-"authoritarian," the situation became hopeless and remains so, at least for the present.

White believes that the so widely advertised difficulties in trade relations between the United States and Argentina could have been solved by greater frankness on both sides concerning the true reasons for the exclusion of fresh Argentine meat from this country and the real proportions of this issue. He is very outspoken in regard to the sins of unilateral compensation agreements which were indulged in, not only by Germany but also by Great Britain, as far as trade with Argentina is concerned; and he breaks a lance for trade pacts based on the most-favored-nation clause which he, very rightly, considers the only means of solving Argentina's foreign trade problem in the long run. He adheres to the one-sided viewpoint that "the whole problem of the South American relations of the United States . . . is an economic one" (p. 288); and in a chapter, "Why Americans Are Disliked," he blames "American (Protestant) missionaries" and "American 'good will' junkets" for much of this "dislike" (p. 257).

This is one more book which leaves the attentive reader startled by the fact that reputable publishing houses allow their books to go out without having received the benefits of careful editing. One finds not only such *faux pas* as "a much more sounder basis" (p. 20) and "conquistadors" (p. 23) (if the Spanish term is used it should be used correctly) but the statement that the population of the country in 1940 was "more than 30,000,000" (p. 124), instead of 13,000,000. What is more serious, the author expresses the opinion that Argentine exports can expect to find a promising market "among the 120,000,000 people of Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, and Mexico" (p. 229). The total population of Latin America, including Brazil and Argentina itself, is about 125,000,000. The countries mentioned by White have a combined population of about 44,000,000.

Decidedly weak is the part dealing with the cultural aspects. No reader who did not know otherwise would suspect that Argentina has produced a remarkably great proportion of the outstanding thinkers and writers of Latin America. Alberdi, Sarmiento, and Mitre are mentioned only as statesmen (on p. 91 the latter's name is rendered as "Bartoliné," instead of Bartolomé), and men like Monteagudo, Echeverría, Estrada, Ricardo Rojas, Manuel Ugarte, Carlos Octavio Bunge, Alejandro Korn, Francisco Romero, and Hugo Wast not at all. In this the book, unfortunately, is not an exception among presentations of Hispanic America by North American writers, most of whom do not seem to have awakened to the realization that one cannot interpret the

"life" of another country (least of all that of a Latin country) without giving serious attention to those of its representatives who are engaged in pursuits other than business and politics.

This oversight can hardly be considered as compensated for by the assertion that "there are 14,000 institutions of higher learning, including 24 universities" in Argentina (p. 299)—a statement which, incidentally, was approvingly repeated in a review of this book in the New York *Times Book Review*. What our author meant was undoubtedly not "institutions of higher learning" (the term is used for institutions on a collegiate or higher level), but secondary schools. Yet the total number of secondary schools of all descriptions in Argentina in 1938 was 779; that of all universities in 1942 is six.

Occasional errors also occur in the historical section. It is not true, for instance, that "the Spanish government prohibited immigration into the colonies all during the colonial period" (p. 47). Immigration was restricted to Spaniards and strictly controlled. The fact that the La Plata region did not attract many immigrants during the colonial era was due to its lack of precious metals and the unfavorable conditions under which its trade had to labor. The statement that "Argentina was a wealthy and prosperous country during the two decades between the First and Second World Wars because Irigoyen kept the country out of the first one" (p. 150) is highly debatable. By the same token it could be reasoned (and is being reasoned) that the same "neutrality" policy holds good today.

These necessary critical remarks should not detract from the fact that the book is basically sound and is the most acceptable introduction to contemporary Argentina now available in English for the general reader.

Negroes in Brazil is the outcome of several years of field study by a United States sociologist in Bahia, one of the centers of negroid population in the Americas. It traces the evolution of the slave trade and slave economy, emancipation, and interracial relations in Brazil in general and then analyzes the forms and extent of racial adjustment in Bahia in particular.

It is well known that the population of Brazil has a larger percentage of negro blood than that of most other countries in the Western Hemisphere, including the United States, and that the negroid element has contributed considerably to the formation of Brazilian civilization. The racial attitude of the Portuguese and Brazilians has always been

characterized by a tendency to encourage assimilation of the African minority through biological absorption and social acculturation, without, however, ever attempting to hasten this process by imposing the supposedly higher European patterns through social pressure. The general result has been absence of violence and embitterment in connection with abolition, an interracial relationship based principally on personal contacts and evaluation of individual qualities instead of collective discrimination, and a gradual elimination of pure negroes and thus of a racial problem based on color. Miscegenation and intermarriage have been going on for four centuries. "So widespread has the dispersion of African blood in the predominantly European group now become that relatively few families in Bahia are of undiluted European origin, without African strain somewhere in the lineage" (p. 132).

It is true that even in Brazil most colored people are poor, most of the wealthy people, white. This condition, however, is due to the historical fact that the colored people had to start out as slaves. Today we find "a class society wherein competition takes the form of a struggle between classes (which by reason of historic accident happen to coincide to a considerable degree with color) rather than a struggle between races or colors as such" (p. 232).

Pierson finds, as do leading Brazilian spokesmen and other observers, that Brazil presents the opposite of a society based on caste: "The function of caste appears to be that of preserving inviolate the racial integrity of a dominant group.... In Brazil the characteristic tendency has always been just the reverse: namely, to incorporate eventually all ethnic minorities into the dominant group" (p. 330) and thus create the "raza cosmica," the avowed ideal of so many prominent Brazilians. Consequently, "the Negro in Brazil does not appear to be, as he is in the United States, developing into a self-conscious racial minority in free association with, but not accepted by, a dominant racial majority" (p. 348). "One drop of African blood does not, as in the United States (if known), class a mixed-blood as a Negro. Instead, many individuals are listed ... as whites, and are similarly known in the community, who not only have African ancestors but actually give some evidence of this descent in their color and features" (p. 349).

A part of the negroid population still maintains its African folklore, which is described in considerable detail. It is a most interesting symptom that "the Catholic church at Bahia, by exercising almost in-

finite patience and tact, has now incorporated into its organization all members of the Bahian fetish cults. Even the leaders of the *seitas* (African magic rituals) attend Mass. . . " (p. 305). It is equally significant that colored organizations bent on preserving the ethnic and cultural character of the minority have sprung up only recently, and then only in the southernmost part of the country where non-Portuguese European immigrants assumed a discriminatory attitude alien to the Brazilian tradition.

Pierson's book is a valuable complement to the earlier works of Gilberto Freyre and Arthur Ramos. Incidentally, it contains some interesting pictures. This reviewer would consider it worth buying if only for the photograph purporting to show a "typical Bahian Negro girl," although he fears that the caption is over-optimistic.

The book will make stimulating reading for those who have awakened to the problem of interracial and intercultural relationships—one of the basic issues in inter-American relations, besides being one of the world-wide issues which may well influence the outcome of this war and the nature of the peace which is to follow it. In the Latin American field there is a great need for sober, technically satisfactory and yet humanly interesting monographs like this. The Latin Americans, with relatively few exceptions, have not yet succeeded in training themselves for specialized social science research tasks, and very few outsiders have shown serious interest in the almost untapped field which Latin America offers to the sociologist and economist—provided he fulfills certain prerequisites of training and human attitude.

The author of *Brazil under Vargas* is a professor in Amherst College and a specialist in comparative constitutional and administrative law, with wide experience in Europe. His book is based on several months of field study in Brazil and the perusal of a wide range of legal and, to a lesser extent, sociological literature. Considering this background and the fact that the author had no previous firsthand experience in Latin America, the result is remarkable. He gives a penetrating analysis of the legal status of the Vargas regime and of the interpretation and application of the legal provisions in public administration. In addition he attempts an evaluation of the results of the regime in political, social, and economic life. Dr. Loewenstein does not commit the frequent error of legally trained minds of overstressing the importance of the statute books while neglecting to inquire into the extent to which they influence the social reality. Yet the general reader will be

somewhat dismayed by the fact that so much sagacity is applied to the interpretation of the "constitution" of 1937 which was manufactured by Vargas' own henchmen and was promulgated by him after his *coup d'état* without, however, having been submitted to the plebiscite for which he himself had provided in it. Furthermore, the last but one article of this "constitution" declares "a state of national emergency in the entire country," by which article the constitution is automatically suspended. Thus we have here a supposedly basic legal instrument which holds itself in abeyance. The regime itself has made amendments or issued special decree-laws whenever it considered such action convenient for its purposes. Loewenstein makes it clear that the way in which Vargas perpetuated his regime in 1937 was unconstitutional and not warranted by the then existing situation. On the other hand, he points out the important differences between the totalitarian dictatorships in Europe and the authoritarian but personalistic regime of Vargas, which, although dependent on the support of the army, has so far managed to operate without a state party and the regimentation of an all-embracing ideology. It is still based largely on—although not restricted to—the old oligarchy which has run most Latin American countries for more than a century. Despite its use of censorship and its suppression of all independent political activities, it is characterized by that inherent tolerance bounding on indifference in all not-vital matters, which is an important anti-totalitarian factor in Latin America.

Although Loewenstein includes in his book brief surveys of public opinion, of its management by the regime and its reaction, of social and economic policies, and of the problem of national minorities, the main value of his book lies in its analysis of the administrative setup under the *Estado Novo*, that is, during the second and manifestly dictatorial period of Vargas' regime, since November, 1937. The author's judgment is remarkably well balanced. On the one hand, he points out that "technically Brazil is a full-fledged dictatorship" (p. 370)—the first one Brazil has ever had. On the other hand he believes that "the bulk of the people are in favor of the regime" (p. 356)—a statement which leaves unsolved the riddle of why the regime has not conducted the plebiscite and thus secured some kind of legal sanction. He recognizes certain achievements of Vargas without concurring in the only too easy error of crediting him with all improvements which, for one reason or the other, have taken place under his administration. He also is fully aware of the great dangers of irresponsible government,

arbitrary infringement on liberty and property, and hyper-bureaucratization.

It should be clear that the fact that Senhor Vargas, unlike some of his most powerful collaborators, was intelligent enough to realize, after a considerable period of vacillation, that his interests are incompatible with those of the Axis, is no reason for us to eulogize his regime or to invent apologetic but misleading phrases for it. Dr. Loewenstein has kept his book free from such pitfalls. Unfortunately, the same comment cannot be made of his publishers' propaganda, which is now offering the book as a study of "an example of evolutionary democracy." Mussolini and Hitler used to sell their regimes under the same trademark.

Some shortcomings are noticeable in regard to aspects with which the author was not sufficiently familiar. Brazil's population is not "between forty-eight and fifty million people" (p. 353) but is estimated, on the basis of the census of 1940, at forty-three million. Gilberto Freyre's *Casa grande e senzala* is not a "novel" and "the greatest piece of modern imaginative writing in Brazil" (p. 291), but the leading work of the country in social history of a strictly scholarly characater. It is hard to understand why "most of Brazil's Spanish-American neighbors" should have appeared to the author "materialistic"—unless he is thinking of certain members of their fortunately not very representative "ruling class."

Anyone seriously interested in the constitutional and administrative development of Brazil since 1937 will find this book indispensable.

Frontier by Air is the story of what Mrs. Hager saw on several cross-country flights undertaken with the co-operation of the Brazilian air force. Its pilots took her across the states of Minas Geraes, Matto Grosso, the southern states, and finally to the Amazon as far as Manhaos. Her book is an entertaining reportage by an enthusiastic air traveler with considerable technical experience but little burdened with the social, economic, and political problems or geographic and historical details of the country she visited. Her interview with President Vargas, as is usual in such conversations, did not yield any exciting results.

It was Mrs. Hager's second visit to Brazil, but neither she nor her companion, to whom we are indebted for interesting photographs, spoke Portuguese. On the other hand, at least one of the Brazilian pilots assigned to the North American travelers studied English "because I thought it would be easier for you." Incidentally, the author

refers to the "Brazilian" language, in deference to a trend among nationalistic Brazilians. This should not become the rule, either there or here. This is no time to stress artificial differences and barriers between peoples and civilizations. After all, in the United States "English" is still spoken and in Mexico Spanish, not "Mexican."

The courtesy toward the Vargas regime is somewhat exaggerated, at the expense of accuracy, when our author translates "Departamento do Imprensa e *Propaganda,*" the government agency which guided her travels within the country, as "Federal Department of Press and *Public Relations*" (p. 19).

This book will interest those who realize the tremendous importance of air traffic for Brazil, the largest country of the hemisphere, whose means of land transportation are pathetically inadequate to its resources and potentialities. An appendix contains useful technical data on civilian and military aviation and on the young airplane industry which is now being developed with United States aid. Those who did not know it will be interested to learn that until this year the state-controlled Brazilian airplane factories built bombers under license from Germany and that what machinery they have "is largely German and Japanese which the Air Force bought before the war because it was cheaper than what we had to sell" (p. 130).

RICHARD F. BEHRENDT

Brothers of Doom, The Story of the Pizarros of Peru, by Hoffman Birney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1942. $3.00.

The Knight of El Dorado, The Tale of Don Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada and His Conquest of New Granada, Now Called Colombia, by Germán Arciniegas; translated from the Spanish by Mildred Adams. New York: The Viking Press, 1942. $3.00.

In the history of the Americas, few events surpass in dramatic interest the conquest of the Inca empire of Peru by Francisco Pizarro and a handful of men in the decade of the 1530's.

In the mountainous region of the Andes, from Ecuador to Chile, the Quechua Indians, the Incas, had built an empire which was already old when the Spanish Conquest of the New World began. They had developed a society with a complex religious system, with strict laws, with economic and social customs of a type much superior to that of most of the Indians of the surrounding country. They used large

quantities of gold and silver, especially gold, for ornamental purposes, but not for money.

The Spanish Conquest, after the discovery of America by Columbus, had surged onward in a series of tidal waves. When it reached the Isthmus of Panama, the usual rumors of "other kingdoms" stirred the Spaniards to extraordinary activity. Among these pioneers was an old soldier, Francisco Pizarro, a lowborn adventurer, who served as a common soldier in the Panama region for a score of years.

To these realms came occasional news over the Indian telegraph of rich kingdoms to the south, of a place called Birú, where gold was so plentiful that the inhabitants kept it in granaries. Led on by these alluring reports, Andagoya went southward from Panama, only to come back to his grave, empty-handed. But Francisco Pizarro quickly stepped into his place. Forming a partnership with another rough old soldier, Diego de Almagro, and a priest, Luque, he was ready, in 1524, to start; in three years he learned something of the Inca dominion. With some Indians, some llamas, and enough gold to whet the appetite, Pizarro returned to Spain to see the king and seek a contract for the right to conquer the new land. Since neither Almagro nor Luque had actually seen Peru, it was Francisco Pizarro, sometimes called the "swineherd of Estremadura" owing to his lowly origin, who went to Spain with his trophies, told his story at court, and soon obtained the desired contract, everything to be provided at his own cost, naturally, in the traditional royal manner.

Armed with the title of governor, captain general, and adelantado, Francisco Pizarro returned to America for the great venture. With him were his four brothers and an army of less than two hundred men. With these he entered Peru, captured the Inca Atahualpa in the presence of an army of perhaps fifty thousand warriors, arranged the famous ransom, executed Atahualpa, and occupied Cuzco, ancient seat of Inca authority, all this with an army of only a few hundred Spaniards in a country that numbered its soldiers by the tens of thousands. By Santiago, that was a conquest! one that far exceeded Mexico in the riches of its spoils, though perhaps in nothing else.

To the Spaniards, it mattered not if the foe outnumbered them ten to one, one hundred to one, two hundred to one; the result was all the same. Never did these conquistadores dream of turning back. Raising their famous battle cry of "Santiago, Santiago, á ellos," they would attack any number, any place, anywhere. Of such stuff were these men,

trusting in God and in their faithful swords. It is a tale that is ever new, ever dramatic. W. H. Prescott's classic, *Conquest of Peru,* set the pace for modern writers. Others have tried to rewrite the story, Hoffman Birney being the most recent. He has done his task well, told a good story accurately, clearly, dramatically. He has consulted the best authorities, has nothing particularly new to contribute, but relates the tale of Pizarro and the Conquest of Peru in 322 pages of delightful prose. Errors are minor and, on the whole, do not detract from a book that is well done, although the author has made an egregious error in stating (p. 8) that "Ferdinand V of Castile and Leon married . . . Isabella of Aragon," for Ferdinand was Ferdinand II of Aragon (or Ferdinand V of Spain), and Isabella was from Castile. The name Bastidas, moreover, is not *Bastides.*

In comparison with Peru, the story of "The Knight of el Dorado," Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada, founder of Bogotá, pales into insignificance, not in the heroic sacrifices of the men who survived, but rather in the smaller extent of the region conquered, in its comparative poverty and misery. Pizarro had only 177 men on his march to Cajamarca and lost none; Quesada had perhaps eight hundred, of whom only 163 survived the march from Santa Marta to Bogotá. Federmann, the German who reached Bogotá from Venezuela, suffered in like proportion, and Belalcázar, coming up from Quito in search of the same will-o'-the-wisp, fared badly. It is, therefore, not the fault of Arciniegas if his knight appears less "gilded" than his contemporary in Peru; none the less, he has drawn a clear picture of the search for El Dorado, a search which led to the conquest of Bogotá and its establishment as a Spanish city.

Sr. Arciniegas limits his volume almost wholly to the activities of Quesada from his arrival in Santa Marta in 1535 with Governor Pedro Fernández de Lugo to his death in 1579. There is no satisfactory account of the early attempts of Ojeda, Bastidas, Heredia, or others, to settle on the shores of the Caribbean or on the Magdalena, attempts which the author considered beyond the scope of his book. Quesada is the central figure, and he looms up as of typical, conquistador stature.

GEORGE P. HAMMOND

Cortez & the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards in 1521, Being the Eye-witness Narrative of Bernal Diaz del Castillo, Soldier of Fortune & Conquistador with Cortez in Mexico, abridged and edited by B. G. Herzog, and illustrated with Sixteenth Century Indian Drawings of the Conquest. New York: William R. Scott, Inc., 1942. $2.50.

The story of Cortés and the Conquest of Mexico has never been told better than by Bernal Díaz del Castillo, one of Cortés' companions in the epic struggle; since Bernal Díaz' original narrative runs to five large volumes in the Maudslay translation, on which this abridgment is based, many readers prefer a shorter account, of which several have appeared. In this neat volume of about 165 pages, Mr. Herzog has retained most of the essential features of the Conquest, as well as much of its glory and romance.

GEORGE P. HAMMOND

Hispanic American Essays, edited by A. Curtis Wilgus. Chapel Hill, North Carolina: The University of North Carolina Press, 1942. $5.00.

This volume of twenty short essays is a memorial to James Alexander Robertson, eminent historian and late editor of the *Hispanic American Historical Review.* It opens with a biographical sketch of Dr. Robertson and a classified bibliography of his writings by A. Curtis Wilgus, editor of the entire volume. The remaining essays are divided chronologically into two sections, dealing, respectively, with the colonial and the independent periods of Hispanic history. The collection is by its very nature uneven; some essays treating of very specialized and detailed materials have limited appeal; others are of more general interest.

Noteworthy among the specialized materials are the following chapters: Rafael Altamira's essay on two unpublished documents contributing to the "History of the Colonial Ideas in Spain"; "Early Mexican Literature," by Francis Borgia Steck, excellently classified; "A Great Prelate and Archaeologist" (Don Baltasar Jaime, churchman in Peru and Colombia), by Philip Ainsworth Means; "Spanish Consulados," by the late Charles E. Chapman; "Argentine Colonial Economy," by Madaline W. Nichols; "The Foundation and Early History of the Venezuelan Intendencia," by William Whatley Pierson; "Juan Bautista de

Anza in Sonora, 1777-1778," by Alfred B. Thomas; "Spain and the Family Compact, 1770-1773," by Arthur S. Aiton; "Florida, Frontier Outpost of New Spain," by Isaac Joslin Cox; "The Odyssey of the Spanish Archives of Flordia," by Irene A. Wright, a lively account, complemented by "Diplomatic Missions . . . to Cuba to Secure the Spanish Archives of Florida," by A. J. Hanna; and "Federal Intervention in Mexico," by J. Lloyd Mecham.

Of perhaps wider appeal will be the biographic essays: one on Miguel Ramos Arizpe, by Lillian E. Fisher; "Justo Rufino Barrios," by J. Fred Rippy; and "Sarmiento and New England," by the late Percy Alvin Martin. A noteworthy chapter on "Indian Labor in Guatemala," by the late Chester Lloyd Jones, is followed by "American Marines in Nicaragua, 1912-1925," by Roscoe R. Hill.

The concluding summarizing essay by Lawrence F. Hill, "Our Present Peril in Historical Perspective," follows too closely the conventional pattern of the usual North American history and, to this reviewer, lacks the broader hemispheric or even Hispanic point of view.

On the whole, *Hispanic American Essays* is a commendable contribution to literature in its field.

DOROTHY WOODWARD

Pangoan Diary, by Ruth Harkness. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc., 1942. $2.50.

The Days of Ofelia, by Gertrude Diamant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1942. $2.75.

On Ruth Harkness' search for Destiny in the form of a fabulous silver-gray bear hangs the substance of her *Pangoan Diary.* Her center of exploration was Pangoa, about three hundred miles over the Andes from Lima, reached through desert, mountain meadows, snows, forests, and thick, low jungles. Her guide was the slightly-Basque-mostly-Indian don Esteban Sandoval y Garrazatua, faithful Peruvian friend, who was left to continue the quest when Mrs. Harkness needed to recover from jungle fevers, operations for dangerous infections, and untold pain.

The book is full of strangeness—strange natives and animals, strange lives and deaths, strange facts and fictions. The manner of telling varies from directness to fairy-tale whimsy. The pages are taut with suspense. Vivid descriptions stretch the eye and imagination. A passage will illustrate:

> The food finished and the table cleared, [Sandoval] left for a moment and came back with a tiny cardboard box. "This, I think, will interest you," he said as he extinguished the lantern. I could barely see his shadowy hands as he removed the cover from the box which he turned on its side. Slowly in the darkness there emerged a miniature railway train brilliantly lighted. The head was flaming red, and dotted down its sides were windows of translucent green; it made you think of the lights of Times Square and subways. It crawled up and down the table, an inch or so of living virbrant color until Sandoval lighted the lantern, and then there was only an ordinary brown worm (pp. 45-46).

"Unexplored Peru"! There are mystery and magic in the very words, and long after the book is closed one feels the pull to join the gallant Sandoval in his search.

Dipped in the senses of Ofelia, the brush of Gertrude Diamant paints an authentic Mexican masterpiece. The small maid of all work with the large understanding furnishes the outlines and their filler from her spectrum of truth and fiction, superstition and science, reality and unreality. From Laredo to Juchitán, from Atoyac to Chapultepec, from spring to Christmas, from the little angel to Charles IV, from fleas and weddings to chickens and suicides—light, bright colors of humor relieve the somber, deep shadows of compassion.

Techniques vary with Ofelia's moods: great mural strokes of impressionism when the subject is cosmic, like sex or anti-Semitism or sanitation; miniature-delicacy in vignettes of personal realism, like trying to prove American citizenship or "knowing" the Pan-American highway.

If you have been to Mexico, you will roar in identification with the Polish refugee episode; if you have not, you will chuckle with appreciation at the vagaries of Mexican officials. If you have seen the Otomí Indians in the flesh, you will delight in the bits about "los intelligence tests"; if you have not, you will enjoy the expedition into the Valley of the Mesquite from the standpoint of folklore. If you have or have not been to Mexico, you will never go now after reading this book without looking for Ofelia: "like all the others—an anonymous rebozo in the market-place, a maid . . . and very proud of . . . servanthood. . . ." You will remember Ofelia whenever you think of Mexico.

MARIE POPE WALLIS

Conditions of Peace, by Edward Hallett Carr. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1942. $2.50.

The United Nations: What They Are; What They May Become, by Henri Bonnet. Chicago: World Citizens Association, 1942. $.25.

In Part I of *Conditions of Peace* the author deals with what are termed fundamental issues. The world crisis is viewed as a revolution against the three predominant ideas of the nineteenth century: liberal democracy, national self-determination, and laissez-faire economics. Democracy following the War of 1914-18 continued to stress political rights, but refused to remove economic inequalities. Nations not possessing representative government stood for greater economic democracy than the so-called democracies. The twentieth century demands a new democracy which will (a) reinterpret equality and liberty in economic terms; (b) render political rights effective over economic power; and (c) emphasize the recognition of equally shared obligations along with equally shared rights.

Economic factors were subordinated to political factors in the peace settlement of 1919. The result was "the wielding of unlimited economic power by a multiplicity of small national units" which is now "incompatible with the survival of civilization."

The author marshals sound argument for the recognition of the need for a larger unit than the present nation for both military and economic purposes. He concludes that the right of national self-determination "can be valid only within a new framework of mutual military and economic obligations." Furthermore, the author is convinced that the individualism of laissez-faire economics must give way to collectivism. The system of "individual enterprise" was not destroyed by socialism but by "the trend of competitive capitalism toward monopoly." The accumulation of wealth must give way to the promotion of the general welfare; and the producer must produce what the consumer wants to consume. Planned economy, originating in Russia and applied best in Germany in the form of planned consumption, furnished the key to the solution of the problem of unemployment, which is the crying scandal of our age. In this connection Britain and the United States are following the example set by Germany.

All planned economy is now directed toward war production, but this application does not destroy its validity since "the economic consequences of the production of armaments are no different from the economic consequences of the production of a pair of silk stockings, a film,

or a Beethoven symphony. In each case productive resources are applied to create something which the community, rightly or wrongly, wants to consume."

Part II of the volume deals with Britain, at home, in relation to Germany, to Europe, and to the world. British domestic policy must accept the new economic outlook and apply democracy in all economic life. This acceptance and application will involve the setting up of a social minimum in physical well-being, nutrition, and housing.

The supremacy of Britain in the world during the nineteenth century cannot continue during the twentieth century. This fact was evident after the first World War, but the tradition of leadership continued in diplomacy even though lacking in military and economic support.

The author sees Britain in the postwar world as one of the leading nations along with Russia and the United States. It is not clear to the reader how the new role for Britain will vary in essence from her role in the nineteenth century imperialism which Professor Carr condemns. The balance of power in Europe has been destroyed by Germany and can never be returned; hence, Britain must have the help of Russia and the United States to maintain peace on that continent. English-speaking nations will probably accept the leadership of Great Britain as in the past, even though the preponderance of power will reside in the United States.

The author offers no plans for peace in the Orient or in Africa. His conception of the United Nations seems to be limited to Europe and America.

Henri Bonnet's discussion of the United Nations is divided into two parts. In Part I, the author summarizes the "Declaration by United Nations" signed by the representatives of twenty-six nations on January 1, 1942, in which "the signatories subscribed to a common program of purposes and principles" set forth in the Atlantic Charter dated August 14, 1941, which was a joint declaration of Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt.

He outlines the functions of the Combined Chiefs of Staff, Munitions Assignment Board, Raw Materials Board, Shipping Adjustment Board, and other forms of inter-allied co-operation; sets forth the status of the Lease-Lend Act; and gives a brief description of the Board of Economic Warfare.

In Part II the author seeks to point out the possible future develop-

ment of the United Nations. In this connection the hope is expressed for the evolution of their vital solidarity from the present concerted military action of the United States and Great Britain, but the difficulties involved are not overlooked.

Victory for the United Nations is assumed, and the victory is to be followed by a firm partnership of all countries fighting for liberty in establishing a new world order "free from tyranny, intolerance, want, and aggression." The United States is expected to take the lead in setting up this new world organization which will achieve these high goals for all mankind.

Three appendices provide important documents valuable to the student: (I) The text of articles setting up two of the Combined Boards of Great Britain and the United States; (II) Texts of the Atlantic Charter, the Declaration by the United Nations, Lease-Lend Act, British Master Agreement, and London Resolution on Post War Plans; (III) the purposes and platform of the World Citizens Association.

JAMES FULTON ZIMMERMAN

The House Committee on Foreign Affairs, by Albert C. F. Westphal. New York and London: Columbia University Press, and P. S. King and Staples, Ltd., 1942. $3.00.

The chronicle of American legislation has many melancholy chapters, and this book provides no exception. Dr. Westphal has performed an extremely capable task in tracing the history and labors of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. Drawing upon all available materials, he has written not only an instructive but a readable and interesting account of this House Committee, whose rather imposing title is belied by the modesty of its achievements. Apart from a few matters such as the improvement of the diplomatic and consular services, where the Committee has made a real contribution, it appears to have devoted much of its time to impertinent inquiries into the domestic affairs of other nations with whom we maintain friendly relations, much to the embarrassment of the State Department. According to Dr. Westphal, the most severe indictment that can be made against the House Committee is that its members do not understand the complexities of foreign policy. His detailed account of the activities of the Committee seems to confirm this conclusion. Nor does it appear that the remedy lies in changing the composition of the Committee, for the author concludes that the inferior role of the House in foreign affairs

is due to qualities inherent in its composition and organization and that the apathy of the Committee on Foreign Affairs towards the broader aspects of foreign policy is nothing more than a reflection of that which marks the House as a whole.

"Students of the democratic control of foreign policy are more disturbed by the subordinate role of Congress than is Congress itself," says Dr. Westphal; and he includes several proposals designed to readjust the relations of the executive and legislative organs. Some of these proposals call for fundamental changes such as the formation of a foreign relations cabinet including members of Congress, both of the majority and minority, and the amendment of the Constitution so as to permit the House to share in the treaty-making process. There is also an interesting discussion of cabinet responsibility which prevails under the English system, and the author's suggestions are obviously designed to introduce at least some of the features of the cabinet system in the determination of foreign policy.

It may be that the decline in popular favor of representative government, which has been noted by most students of political science in recent years, can be arrested only by a readjustment of executive and legislative powers not only in the field of foreign policy, but also in domestic matters. Dr. Westphal's book is a most valuable contribution to the literature of democratic government. It is unfortunate that his scholarly, objective treatment of the subject will serve to diminish rather than increase the number of readers of this most worth-while book.

VICTOR E. KLEVEN

Thomas Jefferson: World Citizen, by Elbert D. Thomas. New York: Modern Age Books, 1942. $2.75.

Thomas Jefferson was an unremitting student of politics as well as one of the most astute politicians in American history. Yet he left no treatise on political philosophy. Moreover, he was an opportunist who refused at times to be bound by his own principles. Nevertheless, he always remained loyal to his faith in the common man and championed the cause of human liberty and justice and fair dealing among nations. These ideals are a living force in the world today; and liberals everywhere acknowledge their debt to the author of the Declaration of Independence, though they may choose to forget his fear of the industrial class and his emphasis on states rights.

The completion of the Jefferson Memorial in Washington this spring marks the 199th anniversary of the birth of the great Virginian. Hence it is appropriate that one of the members of the Jefferson Memorial Commission should attempt to give us a new interpretation of the thought of the sage of Monticello.

The resulting volume certainly bears the impress of its author. Dr. Thomas is a world citizen himself. Having served as a missionary in Japan, as a soldier, and as a professor of government, he is now a member of the United States Senate and a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. As a Democrat and a specialist in political science, he has long been a student of Jefferson. The author of *Chinese Political Thought,* he frequently compares the sage of Monticello with Confucius and Mencius. There are references to Brigham Young, who also set a high value on farmers. The point of view most emphasized, however, is that of the student of international affairs who finds in Jefferson a precious antidote for the Machiavellian policies of the single-will state.

The book gives a running commentary on Jefferson's views, together with frequent quotations. The material is arranged under such subjects as religion, education, agriculture, democracy, slavery, and international relations. Unfortunately, the quotations are taken not from any of the standard editions of Jefferson's works in ten or twenty volumes, but from John P. Foley, *The Jeffersonian Cyclopaedia; a comprehensive collection of the views of Thomas Jefferson classified and arranged in alphabetic order under nine thousand titles relating to government, politics, law, education, political economy, finance, science, art, literature, religious freedom, morals, etc.* (New York, 1900). Thomas' book, however, will attract many busy people who would be repelled by the older and more encyclopedic thousand-page volume. It should serve the purpose of an easy introduction to the mind of Jefferson. The preface gives "the chief credit" for the volume to Professor Grant Ivins. There is no index.

MARION DARGAN

Russians Don't Surrender, by Alexander Poliakov; translated from the Russian by Norbert Guterman; with an introduction by Pierre van Paassen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1942. $2.50.

I Heard the Anzacs Singing, by Margaret L. MacPherson. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc., 1942. $2.00.

If, as is probable, Poliakov's story can be duplicated by other Russian correspondents, a "second front" had already been established before November 8, 1942, in Russia and by Russians fighting behind the lines in guerrilla groups instructed to "harry the Fascists at every step." On June 27, 1941, Commander Galitsky's unit found itself behind the German lines; on July 22, 1941, surviving soldiers were successful in rejoining the main body of the Russian army. Their remarkable exploits are recorded by Poliakov in a day-by-day account of this month of fighting. One Russian soldier, who captured a German traffic officer and donned his uniform, gave flashlight signals which diverted a column of two hundred Nazi tanks. By means of a ruse a small Soviet force caught between the 152nd and the 167th Nazi divisions forced entire Fascist batteries and brigades to shell their own men for five hours. The book contains a series of such incidents.

The phenomenal stand of the Russians at Stalingrad gives credibility to Poliakov's account of Russian ingenuity and bravery. However, according to Poliakov, the Nazis are as unrelievedly stupid as the Russians are intelligent. Nazi motorcyclists are frightened off by a Russian's banging a steel helmet against an iron cask; and German officers, bathing in a river, permit Russian boys to bring them soap and to steal their dispatch cases. At every step the Nazis appear to be either hopeless blunderers or idiots. The fact that his report does not "slant both ways" makes one doubt that Poliakov has given the whole picture.

I Heard the Anzacs Singing is a with-geniality-toward-all travel book. Margaret MacPherson's assorted chitchat about everything under the Australasian sun is liberally interspersed with her own emotional reactions, with various personal items, such as her poems on leaves or miners, and with her puns—e. g., "Lead Kindly Skite." ("Skite" is Australian slang for a boastful person, we are informed.) Along with informative material, which she is well qualified to give because of her newspaper editorial experience in New Zealand, she offers a hodgepodge of miscellaneous items on everything from gold-fever to seances. She calls her book a "snapshot album for Americans." And if that is the sort of travel book Americans want, this is it.

JANE KLUCKHOHN

The Sword on the Table, by Winfield Townley Scott. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1942. $.35.

If There Is Time, by Hildegarde Flanner. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1942. $.35.

Our Lady Peace and Other War Poems, by Mark Van Doren. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1942. $.35.

Poems, by John Berryman. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1942. $.35.

Ruins and Visions, Poems 1934-1942, by Stephen Spender. New York: Random House, 1942. $2.00.

Anthology of Canadian Poetry, compiled by Ralph Gustafson. New York, Toronto, and Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1942. $.25.

Chorus for America, edited by Carlos Bulosan. West Los Angeles: Wagon and Star Publishers, 1942. No price indicated.

Winds of Chaos, by Stanton A. Coblentz. New York: Wings Press, 1942. $2.00.

The Two Persephones, by Robert Morse. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc., 1942. $2.50.

Psalms for a Late Season, by Judson C. Crews. New Orleans: Iconograph Press, 1942. $.50.

Small Rain, by Joseph Cherwinski. New Orleans: Iconograph Press, 1942. $.50.

Pieces of Three, by Meyer Liben, Paul Goodman, Edouard Roditi. Harrington Park, N. J.: 5x8 Press, 1942. $.35.

Motley's the Only Wear, by Tom H. McNeal. Dallas: Kaleidograph Press, 1942. $1.50.

The Planetary Heart, by Eric Wilson Barker. New York: Wings Press, 1942. $1.50.

Gardens under Snow, by Goldie Capers Smith. Dallas: Kaleidograph Press, 1942. $1.50.

Testimony of Root, by Fay Lewis Noble. Boston: Bruce Humphries, 1942. $1.50.

The summer pulication of poetry, as represented by these seven pamphlets and nine books, is not tremendously impressive. Easily the most interesting work appears in five of the pamphlets, the two anthologies, and the two attempts at narrative poems.

The level of selection for New Directions' Poet of the Month series continues high this year. In *The Sword on the Table* Winfield Townley Scott presents a fine re-creation of Thomas Dorr's rebellion in Rhode Island a century ago. The verse employs some of the techniques of recent fiction in presenting the historical event through the consciousness of several persons; but at all times the verse is straightforward, interesting, vivid. Mark Van Doren presents a group of war poems which do not equal his best practice with the lyric, for that practice is fine and these poems are too obviously dictated by the urgency of the moment. But Van Doren is always competent, never uninteresting; the collection is worth having. John Berryman's collection adds two fine poems to his list: "At Chinese Checkers" and "To Bhain Campbell." For the rest, one may well quote Allen Tate's comment on Berryman's contributions to the first *Five Young American Poets*: "... at his comparatively early age he seems to have got set in the tone of pronouncement and prophecy, with the result that his powers of observation are used chiefly for incidental shock. Yet his line has ... firmness and structure." Berryman is worth careful reading and will profitably bear watching. Hildegarde Flanner's poems, however, are actually disquieting: they should be better than they are. She has a good aural quality for her line, some vivid descriptive imagery, often a fine control in passages. But she depends heavily upon repetition which most often is uninteresting; and she often spoils a promising poem by unhappy phrasing, trying to use an easy way out of a critical situation in composition. Her real ability and her tendency toward loss of control may be shown, respectively, by the second and third stanzas of her final poem:

> Felt that hill austere in finish of night,
> Night that dwindles purpose to repose,
> And piles up dreams in languor upon sight,
> Unsenses every sense and fondles those.
> But waking, turning, saw one hill intense
> And kneeling on the sky for dawn: saw how
> The flaky morning star, white and immense,
> Shook scales of blazing mica on that brow.

In *Ruins and Visions* Stephen Spender presents his first American collection of short poems since 1934. The difficulty is that the work is very much the same as in that 1934 volume. Here are the same faults of a lax structure, lack of control of rhythm and of image, straying out of tone, as when he says of a child killed, "He was a better target for a

kiss." Spender tries to tighten his work at the end of the poem, as in the last line of "View from a Train":

> The face of the landscape is a mask
> Of bone and iron lines where time
> Has ploughed its character.
> I look and look to read a sign,
> Through errors of light and eyes of water
> Beneath the land's will, of a fear
> And the memory of chaos,
> As man behind his mask still wears a child.

The last section of the book is stronger than the first, but the volume shows little fruition of the promise indicated by the 1934 *Poems.*

The two anthologies, *Anthology of Canadian Poetry* and *Chorus for America,* are compiled by quite opposite methods. The former contains 129 poems by 56 poets; the latter tries to show Philippine poetry by devoting several pages each to six poets. The former is a lesson in how not to compile a small anthology: at least Ralph Gustafson's selections do not indicate that there are 56 Canadian poets worthy of this honor. Two impressions come from the anthology, however: Canada is gradually accumulating a substantial body of poetry of which we may well become aware; and the history of Canadian poetry parallels that of the last six or seven decades of ours, passing from a Victorian phraseology to interest in local color and dialect, to free verse and other revolts, to the general confusion of purpose and method common to contemporary verse. Carlos Bulosan in his selections is striving most specifically to show Philippine poetry of social protest. With the exception of José Garcia Villa, who does not fit the pattern and who works successfully within a slight framework of emotional impressionism common to the lyric work of E. E. Cummings, the poems display fine eloquence. It is not great poetry, but it is interesting and conscientious work.

Stanton A. Coblentz presents in *Winds of Chaos* a long narrative poem about the rise of fascism and the present war. The first part is stated in terms of fantasy, and the whole is treated in terms of imagined episodes. But as the episodes gain a more factual basis from observation and news accounts, they gain clarity and force. One may easily belittle the work, for the composition often has lapses in the direction of staid imagery and easy phrasing; but the effort has ambition and at times attains real importance in writing. Robert Morse, on the other

hand, goes to classical legend for his two long poems, "The Two Persephones" and "Ariadne," collected in one book under the former title. These poems are a species of closet drama in form, the narrative being told in terms of speeches and monologues on the part of the characters. Morse has a more even competence than does Coblentz, the latter having a more immediately urgent theme. Morse's level does not approach great writing, but it is high nonetheless; and the second poem, particularly, seems to me much more than an interesting attempt at an old theme and plot.

Psalms for a Late Season, by Judson C. Crews, and *Small Rain,* by Joseph Cherwinski, inaugurate the pamphlet series of the Iconograph Press, directed by Kenneth L. Beaudoin. Both pamphlets present promising first collections. Crews is accomplished in a narrow vein of social comment and protest and with a free verse technique. It is a real accomplishment, of which we do not today have very many examples; but if Crews seeks to go far, he faces a change toward a technical control of a more disparate experience about the center he has chosen. Cherwinski shows a more immediate promise because he already has precision over a larger area. He has already published in magazines poems better than the ones in this collection, a fact which demonstrates that his promise is more than a surface one. *Pieces of Three* seems to offer the throw-offs of poets who have done better work elsewhere, particularly Paul Goodman and Edouard Roditi.

The other volumes may be considered very briefly. Tom H. McNeal is a poet who, reminiscent of Housman, depends almost entirely upon apt phrasing, undeveloped imagery, poetry of statement. He accomplishes it well at times, but his sustained level is not high. Unfortunately *Motley's the Only Wear* does not show him well, for the average is low. Eric Wilson Barker's work does not live up to the pretentious introduction and foreword by John Cowper Powys and Benjamin DeCasseres. His verse is so smooth and so much alike from poem to poem that in a few pages it becomes cloying and disagreeable. But he has two or three poems well above the level of the volumes by Goldie Capers Smith and Fay Lewis Noble.

ALAN SWALLOW

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

Lyle Saunders

INCLUDED here are roughly those materials published between July 1 and September 30.

An asterisk before any book title indicates a review in this issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW; a dagger marks those titles contemplated for review in a future issue. The symbol (F) designates fiction; items marked (JF) are for the young.

For the sake of convenience, a new classification, government publications, has been added.

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LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

The most exciting literary conversation-piece of the season is the resolution passed by the members of the New Mexico Library Association at a recent meeting, namely, to give an annual award to the author of the most outstanding book on New Mexico. The phrasing of the resolution is being objectively viewed from all angles, and interested people are very much pleased not only with the general idea behind it, but also with the latitude allowed for the award, by which any author, regardless of birthplace, is eligible provided that his book has something to do with New Mexico. As one said, "Who knows but that some one in Walla Walla, Washington, or Peoria, Illinois, may write another *Death Comes for the Archbishop*?" The Nominating Committee for the award will be chosen by January and will be comprised of fifteen members from various parts of New Mexico who will present their choice of the best books of the year to an Awards Committee made up of five members. Very wise indeed was the decision of the members of the Association that no award would be given if no book written on New Mexico was deemed worthy of the recognition. Just what the nature of the more tangible and concrete part of the award will be has not been decided, but it will be announced in the near future.

The fall season has also been very exciting from the viewpoint of publications which cover such a wide range of subject matter that Christmas shoppers looking for a book by an author of local significance and national repute should have no difficulty in making a selection. The scene of Paul Horgan's latest novel, *The Common Heart,* is laid in Albuquerque, and readers are having a lot of fun identifying some of the houses and buildings mentioned in the book. Paul's boyhood days were spent not so far away from some of them, especially "the house on the hill" which at one time was an outpost of civilization, and

the beacon for *lleñadores*. *The Common Heart* is Horgan's twelfth book, the publication of which found him in the Armed Forces. . . . The opening scene of Conrad Richter's latest novel, *Tacy Cromwell,* is laid in Socorro, New Mexico, and then shifts to Bisbee, Arizona, both backgrounds of fascination for lovers of the West generally, and particularly for New Mexicans.

Friends and admirers of Dorothy B. Hughes throughout the country and particularly in the state are impressed with the enthusiastic sincerity of the critical analysis of her talent and technique which have been been made by outstanding reviewers of mysteries. Unreservedly, minus jargon and "blurb," they are placing her latest book, *The Fallen Sparrow,* on the thriller-of-the-year shelf, and Dorothy herself, on the top rung of mystery writers.

José Garcia Villa, the young native of the Philippines who not so many years ago "fathered tales" at the University of New Mexico which rocketed him to fame, is the author of a book of poems published recently by the Viking Press and called *Have Come, Am Here.* New Mexico friends and former college friends at the University in particular are very much interested in the acclaim which he is receiving from the critics. According to Mark Van Doren, "Mr. Villa seems to possess one of the purest and most natural gifts discoverable anywhere in contemporary poetry." Raymond Weaver says, "Villa's poems strike me as being as superbly momentous and beautiful articulations as any I've come across by any man or woman now in the flesh." Irwin Edman says that he is tempted to compare him to Blake, and that he seems by "all odds the most original and genuine poet to have appeared in this country in almost a generation." *Have Come, Am Here* contains one hundred and twenty-seven poems, and the young poet's own comments on his theories of poetry.

Among the interesting publications by the University of New Mexico Press is Dr. Stuart Northrop's book *Minerals of New Mexico,* which compiles published materials, describes the minerals, and gives a full record of their occurrence in New Mexico. One of the most fascinating parts of the book is the introductory chapter, some of the material of which was obtained from Spanish chronicles in which are found observations on minerals dating from Coronado's entry. . . . *Pima and Papago Indian Agriculture,* by Edward F. Castetter and Willis H. Bell, is another of the important books of the year. The handsome volume is the first one in the Inter-Americana Series, dealing with Latin America

and cultural relations in the Southwest. Dr. Joaquín Ortega, general editor of the series, has announced as one of the important future publications *An Anthology of Readings in Social, Economic, and Political Problems of Latin America,* selected from Latin American writers, edited by Richard F. Behrendt, and translated by Albert R. Lopes and Katherine G. Simons.

Isaac Rosenfeld reviewed *The Best American Short Stories: 1942,* edited by Martha Foley, in the October 5 issue of the *New Republic.* The reviewer had the following to say about Boyce Eakin's short story, "Prairies": ". . . among the subjective stories dealing with emotional relationships, you find some genuine expression. Clearly the best story in the book is 'Prairies,' by Boyce Eakin. For once you have a complete story, not a hangnail sketch, complete because the writer does not write for the eye or the ear alone, but also makes an effort to understand the material he is presenting. And he understands it well enough, for he treats the emotional significance of his experience bravely, without coyness or smartness, without the sentimentality of false pity or the equally sentimental bluff of the hard-boiled egg." Mr. Eakin's story first appeared in the August, 1941, issue of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW, and was his first published story. "The War and Its Impact on American Business," an article written by Earl L. Moulton of Albuquerque and published in the August, 1942, issue of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW has been reprinted in the *Congressional Record.*

Erna Fergusson has finished the manuscript of her book on Chile, has sent it off to her publishers, and for the next few months will do a bit of well-earned relaxing. Alfred A. Knopf spent a few days here last month conferring with Miss Fergusson in regard to publication plans for what will undoubtedly be one of the most significant books on Knopf's spring list. . . . Witter Bynner, distinguished poet, is state chairman of the China Relief Organization and as such has been very busy. His recent lecture in Albuquerque (for the benefit of China Relief) on the subject of Chinese poetry was authoritative and stimulating, as one would expect from the author of *The Jade Mountain* . . . . Lynn Riggs, noted playwright, who calls Santa Fe home, has joined the Armed Forces. . . . Among the four Penguin reprints for October was *Tombstone: An Iliad of the Southwest,* that well-done tale about the frontier days of Tombstone, Arizona. Penguin's January schedule will include *The Saga of Billy the Kid,* by the same author. . . . Among the early winter publications by the Rydal Press of Santa

Fe will be *The Maxwell Land Grant,* by W. A. Keleher. The book will contain maps, pictures, a definitive bibliography of the period, and will be bound by Hazel Dries.

Charles Van Landingham's series of articles called "Escape from Bataan" which have been appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* have been terribly significant for every reader, but especially so for all of us in New Mexico, particularly such a paragraph as this: "One night our Filipino sentry awakened me and whispered that two men had parked a truck 100 yards down the road and were talking in Japanese. Several of us took rifles and grenades and crept through the jungle to surround them. When we approached the truck, I recognized the slurred Spanish of the U. S.-Mexican border. The two were Mexican-American boys from a New Mexico anti-aircraft battery that had taken up a position that day near our camp. Their staccato Spanish was so different from the soft Castilian spoken in the Philippines that our sentry had failed to recognize it. The presence of this gun battery cheered us a lot. We no longer had to watch the enemy dive bombers sailing unchallenged a few hundred feet overhead."

Hasta la próxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

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THE NEW MEXICO

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AND

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II. Allan G. Harper, Andrew Cordova, and Kalervo Oberg, *Man and Resources in the Middle Rio Grande Valley.* In press.
III. Fred Eggan, Michel Pijoan, Morris Siegel, Marguerite King, and Antonio Goubaud (Guatemala), *Food Patterns and Body Economy in Two Spanish-speaking New Mexican Villages.* In preparation.

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I. *Hospital Regulations in Mexico in the XVI Century* (provisional title), edited by France V. Scholes. In preparation.

INTER-AMERICAN TRANSLATIONS

(Special) *Three Spanish-American Poets.* Poems by Carlos Pellicer (Mexico), Pablo Neruda (Chile), and Jorge Carrera Andrade (Ecuador), translated by Lloyd Mallan, Mary and C. V. Wicker, and Joseph Leonard Grucci. (By arrangement with publishers Swallow and Critchlow, Albuquerque.) 1942, 73 pp. ....50¢
I. A. Ortiz-Vargas (Colombia), *The Towers of Manhattan—A Spanish-American Poet Looks at New York.* Translation by Quincy Guy Burris. Ready for Publication.
II, III, IV. *An Anthology of Readings in Social, Economic, and Political Problems of Modern Latin America,* selected from Latin American writers and edited by Richard F. Behrendt. Translations by Albert R. Lopes and Katherine Simons. In preparation. (An additional volume on *Readings in Philosophy* is also in prospect with the collaboration of Emilio Oribe of Uruguay and other distinguished Latin American philosophers.)

MISCELLANEA

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Orientation Lecture on Inter-American Affairs, 1942 ,5 pp. Processed ....Free
Richard F. Behrendt, *A Selected Bibliography of Books in English in the Field of Economics, Politics, and Sociology of Latin America,* 1942, 21 pp. Supp., Nov. 1942. 4 pp. Processed ....20¢
Richard F. Behrendt, *Inter-American Economic Coöperation. An Outline of Problems and Recent Developments,* 1942, 23 pp. and 1 chart. Processed. (Second edition in preparation.) ....20¢
Joaquín Ortega, *New Mexico's Opportunity,* 1942, 21 pp. ....Free
Bulletin of the School of Inter-American Affairs, 1942-1943, 40 pp. ....Free
A Critical Guide to Published and Unpublished Materials Bearing on Cultural Relations in New Mexico, compiled by Lyle Saunders. In press.
Proceedings of the School on "The War and Cultural Relations in the Rio Grande Valley" held in Albuquerque April 27 through May 1, 1942. In preparation.
List of Material Available for Distribution, including items other than those listed above, 2 pp. Processed ....Free

QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOLUME XII NOVEMBER, 1942 NUMBER 4

CONTENTS

CONTRIBUTORS

Esteban Echeverría's importance in Argentine letters is fully discussed in the translator's note preceding "El Matadero." This translation is published in the hope that it will help give United States readers a better understanding of their Latin American neighbors. Reprints of the translation are to be circulated in Argentina by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America.

The translator, Angel Flores, has been for some years associated with the Pan American Union in Washington, D. C. He has translated widely. A recent important effort was the editorship of *Fiesta in November*, a collection of stories by Latin American authors.

Jesús Guerrero Galván, now resident artist at the University of New Mexico, was born and trained in Mexico. His paintings are in important collections in the United States which specialize in Latin American artists. Still young, Sr. Galván is definitely known as a painter's painter. An exhibit of Galván's recent works, many of them painted while the artist was living in New Mexico, is showing at La Quinta Gallery, Albuquerque. The translator of the article, Robert M. Duncan, is a professor of Spanish in the University of New Mexico.

Francisco Monterde, now a member of the faculty of philosophy and letters in the National University of Mexico, is a well-known Mexican short story writer. Robert M. Duncan is the translator also of Sr. Monterde's Christmas story.

Michel Pijoan, born in Barcelona, Spain, in 1909, educated in England, in Canada, and at Johns Hopkins University (M.D., 1934), is a specialist in nutrition. Among other honors, he won the Copenhagen Gold Medal in 1938 for work in nutrition, and is internationally known for his work on Wernicke's disease, and for being the first to synthesize the salts of ascorbic acid (Vitamin C), and for his early work on dissociation of riboflavin phosphate (one of the Vitamin B complexes). Now a research associate in chemistry at the University of New Mexico, Dr. Pijoan directs the nutrition laboratory of the United States Indian Service as well as the nutritional survey among low-income groups in the Southwest—a survey sponsored by the Indian Service and the department of anthropology of the University of Chicago. His article reveals his intense interest in practicable solutions of the nutritional problem in low-income areas.

John W. Wilson, who belongs to the U. S. Marine Corps, is being allowed to finish his college work at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas. He has contributed stories to the *Southwest Review* and other magazines.

Thomas C. Donnelly. formerly professor of government at the University of New Mexico, now with the Office of Price Administration, completes his article on the New Mexico Constitution in this issue. The previous installment appeared in the November, 1941, issue.

Some of the poets in this issue are new to these pages; some have appeared before. California is well represented. Lincoln Fitzell, of Berkeley, California, is the author of *In Plato's Garden* and *Morning Rise and Other Poems*. Frances Crawford was graduated from Stanford University last June; Nancy Nickerson is a senior at Stanford. Helen Ferguson Caukin lives in Sierra Madre, California.

Rosamund Dargan Thomson had her first magazine publication in these pages last May. She lives in Boulder, Colorado. Ellis Foote lives in Salt Lake City, Utah. Geoffrey Johnson, English poet, has appeared in many American magazines.

Fray Angelico Chavez, who lives and works in the village of Pena Blanca, New Mexico, has painted murals in his church there and also found time to publish several volumes of verse. His forthcoming book, *The Single Rose*, is represented here by some selections.

Many of the reviewers in this issue are on the staff of the Universtiy of New Mexico. James Fulton Zimmerman, president of the University, a student of international problems, served for some months on the Board of Economic Warfare. George P. Hammond is dean of the graduate school and editor of the well-known publications of the Quivira Society. Richard F. Behrendt, economist on the staff of the School of Inter-American Affairs, has written widely on Latin America. W. W. Hill and Paul Reiter are members of the anthropology department; Frank H. Jonas and Victor E. Kleven, of the government department; Dorothy Woodward and Marion Dargan, of the history department; Jane Kluckhohn, of the English department. Marie Pope Wallis, a graduate fellow in Spanish, has traveled extensively in Mexico and other Latin American countries.

Oliver La Farge, of Santa Fe, is the well-known author of *Laughing Boy* and many other works as well as an authority on Indian affairs. Vincent N. Garoffolo works with the Farm Security Administration on an immigrant labor project. Mabel Major, who teaches English at Texas Christian University, is a student of Southwestern literature and folklore. Laura Scott Meyers edits the "Book Shelf" in the El Paso *Herald Post*.

Lyle Saunders' bibliographical guide will be continued. Mr. Saunders is a research associate in the School of Inter-American Affairs, University of New Mexico.

EL MATADERO

(THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE)

Esteban Echeverría

Translated by Angel Flores

[*The Slaughter House* (*El Matadero*), which was written a century ago by the Argentine poet Esteban Echeverría (1809-1851), is included today among the outstanding classics of Latin American literature. It is one of the very earliest works of prose fiction written in America by an American and dealing with American characters and background. A disciple of Byron who resided in Europe during a period of revolutionary upheavals and literary insurgence, Echeverría was a romantic poet and a liberal inspired by the new ideals of democracy. Any form of tyranny enraged him. That is why he hated the Dictator Rosas and his henchmen, the Federalists.

The Slaughter House is a genre painting reminiscent of Hogarth and Breughel in its grotesque realism and caustic details. But, above all, it is a virulent political diatribe against the Federalists and their Führer Rosas, and, by indirection, a defense of the Unitarians, who championed the democratic tradition to which Echeverría was devoted body and soul.

Even if one overlooks its political and propaganda content, one may still consider *The Slaughter House* of great significance: it provides a picture, unsavory though it often is, of Buenos Aires in 1830, and it utilizes in its naïve style a terse, colorful idiom peculiarly Argentine.

But what is perhaps most remarkable is Echeverría's strange juxtaposition of realism and surrealism, which makes the comparison to Breughel so striking. By way of illustration: into the filth and mire of the slaughter house, so truthfully depicted in the realistic tradition of the Spanish picaresque, suddenly falls the severed head of a child (surrealist surprise) while its trunk propped on a forked pole of the corral spouts blood from innumerable jets. Even the denouement—the undaunted Unitarian congested with anger, bursting like a ripe fruit—has much of surrealism in it. In Echeverría, as in Kafka, unreality blossoms from the most mediocre, everyday reality.

Echeverría's work is significant, therefore, both as a social document and as a literary achievement, and this translation aims to acquaint the Anglo-American reader with Latin America's cultural background.—A. F.]

ALTHOUGH THE following narrative is historical, I shall not begin it with Noah's ark and the genealogy of his forbears as was wont once to be done by the ancient Spanish historians of America who should be our models. Numerous reasons I might adduce for not

pursuing their example, but I shall pass them over in order to avoi prolixity, stating merely that the events here narrated occurred in th 1830's of our Christian era. Moreover, it was during Lent, a tim when meat is scarce in Buenos Aires because the Church, adoptin Epictetus' precept—*sustine abstine* (suffer, abstain)—orders vigil an abstinence to the stomachs of the faithful because carnivorousness i sinful and, as the proverb says, leads to carnality. And since the Churc has, *ab initio* and through God's direct dispensation, spiritual sway ove consciences and stomachs, which in no way belong to the individua nothing is more just and reasonable than for it to forbid that which i both harmful and sinful.

The purveyors of meat, on the other hand, who are staunch Fed eralists and therefore devout Catholics, knowing that the people o Buenos Aires possess singular docility when it comes to submittin themselves to all manner of restrictions, used to bring to the Slaughte House during Lent only enough steers for feeding the children an the sick whom the Papal Bull excused, and had no intention of stuffin the heretics—of which there is no dearth—who are always ready t violate the meat commandments of the Church and demoralize societ by their bad examples.

At this time, then, rain was pouring down incessantly. The road were inundated; in the marshes water stood deep enough for swim ming, and the streets leading to the city were flooded with watery mire A tremendous stream rushed forth from the Barracas rivulet and majes tically spread out its turbid waters to the very foot of the Alto slopes The Plata, overflowing, enraged, pushed back the water that wa seeking its bed and made it rush, swollen, over fields, embankments houses, and spread like a huge lake over the lowlands. Encircled fron north to east by a girdle of water and mud, and from the south by a whitish sea on whose surface small craft bobbed perilously and on whic were reflected chimneys and treetops, the city from its towers and slope cast anxious glances to the horizon as if imploring mercy from the Lord It seemed to be the threat of a new deluge. Pious men and wome wept as they busied themselves with their novenaries and continuou prayers. In church preachers thundered and made the pulpit crea under the blows of their fists. This is the day of judgment, they pro claimed, the end of the world is approaching! God's wrath runs over pouring forth an inundation. Alas you poor sinners! Alas you impiou Unitarians who mock the Church and the Saints and hearken not wit

veneration to the word of those anointed by the Lord! Alas you who do not beg mercy at the foot of the altars! The fearful hour of futile gnashing of teeth and frantic supplications has come! Your impiety, your heresies, your blasphemies, your horrid crimes, have brought to our land the Lord's plagues. Justice and the God of the Federalists will damn you.

The wretched women left the church breathless, overwhelmed, blaming the Unitarians, as was natural, for this calamity.

However, the torrential rainfall continued and the waters rose, adding credence to the predictions of the preachers. The bells tolled plaintively by order of the most Catholic Restorer, who was rather uneasy. The libertines, the unbelievers, that is to say, the Unitarians, were frightened at seeing so many contrite faces and hearing such clamor of imprecations. There was much talk about a procession which the entire population was to attend barefoot and bareheaded, accompanying the Host, which was to be carried under a pallium by the Bishop to the Balcarce slope, where thousands of voices exorcising the demon of inundation were to implore divine mercy.

Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, for it might have been something worth seeing, the ceremony did not take place, because the Plata receded and the overflow gradually subsided without the benefit of conjuration or prayer.

Now what concerns my story above all is that, because of the inundation, the Convalescencia Slaughter House did not see a single head of cattle for fifteen days and that, in one or two days, all the cattle from nearby farmers and watercarriers were used up in supplying the city with meat. The unfortunate little children and sick people had to eat eggs and chickens, and foreigners and heretics bellowed for beefsteak and roast. Abstinence from meat was general in the town which never was more worthy of the blessing of the Church, and thus it was that millions and millions of plenary indulgences were showered over it. Chickens went up to six pesos and eggs to four reales and fish became exceedingly expensive. During Lent there were no promiscuities or excesses of gluttony, and countless souls went straight to heaven and things happened as if in a dream.

In the Slaughter House not even one rat remained alive from the many thousands which used to find shelter there. All of them either perished from starvation or were drowned in their holes by the incessant rain. Innumerable Negro women who go around after offal, like vul-

tures after carrion, spread over the city like so many harpies ready t devour whatever they found eatable. Gulls and dogs, their inseparabl rivals in the Slaughter House, emigrated to the open fields in search c animal food. Sickly old men wasted away for the lack of nutritiv broth; but the most remarkable event was the rather sudden death c a few heretic foreigners who committed the folly of glutting on sausage from Extremadura, on ham and dry codfish, and who departed to th other world to pay for the sin of such abominations.

Some physicians were of the opinion that if the shortage of mea continued, half the town would fall in fainting fits, since their stomach were accustomed to the stimulating meat juice; and the discrepanc was quite noticeable between this melancholy prognosis of science an the anathemas broadcast from the pulpit by the reverend fathers agains all kinds of animal nutrition and promiscuity during days set aside b the Church for fasting and penitence. Therefore a sort of intestina war between stomachs and consciences began, stirred by an inexorabl appetite and the not less inexorable vociferations of the ministers of th Church, who, as is their duty, tolerated no sin whatsoever which migh tend to slacken Catholic principles In addition to all this, there [illegible] remain bogged down, immobile, up to the shoulder blades. In th casilla the pen taxes and fines for violation of the rules are collecte and in it sits the judge of the Slaughter House, an important figure, th chieftain of the butchers, who exercises the highest power, delegated t him by the Restorer, in that small republic. It is not difficult t imagine the kind of man required for the discharge of such an offic

The casilla is so dilapidated and so tiny a building that no on would notice it were it not that its name is inseparably linked with tha of the terrible judge and that its white front is pasted over with poster "Long live the Federalists! Long live the Restorer and the Heroin Doña Encarnación Escurra! Death to the savage Unitarians!" Tellin posters, indeed, symbolizing the political and religious faith of th Slaughter House folk! But some readers may not know that the abov mentioned Heroine is the deceased wife of the Restorer, the belove patroness of the butchers, who even after her death is venerated by ther as if she were still alive, because of her Christian virtues and her Fede alist heroism during the revolution against Balcarce. The story is tha during an anniversary of that memorable deed of the *mazorca,* th terrorist society of Rosas' henchmen, the butchers feted the Heroin with a magnificent banquet in the casilla. She attended, with he daughter and other Federalist ladies, and there, in the presence of great crowd, she offered the butchers, in a solemn toast, her Federalis patronage, and for that reason they enthusiastically proclaimed he

stomachs subjected to an inviolable law, and that the Church should hold the key to all stomachs!

But it is not so strange if one believes that through meat the devil enters the body, and that the Church has the power to conjure it. The thing is to reduce man to a machine whose prime mover is not his own free will but that of the Church and the government. Perhaps the day will come when it will be prohibited to breathe, to take walks and even to chat with a friend without previous permission from competent authorities. Thus it was, more or less, in the happy days of our pious grandparents, unfortunately since ended by the May Revolution.

Be that as it may, when the news about the action of the government spread, the Alto Slaughter House filled with butchers, offal collectors, and inquisitive folk who received with much applause and outcry the fifty steers.

"It's surely wonderful!" they exclaimed. "Long live the Federalists! Long live the Restorer!" The reader must be informed that in those days the Federalists were everywhere, even amid the offal of the Slaughter House, and that no festival took place without the Restorer—hanging from their saddles rode back and forth through the crowds or lay on their horses' necks, casting indolent glances upon this or that lively group. In mid-air a flock of bluewhite gulls, attracted by the smell of blood, fluttered about, drowning with strident cries all the other noises and voices of the Slaughter House, and casting clear-cut shadows over that confused field of horrible butchery. All this could be observed at the very beginning of the slaughter.

But as the activities progressed, the picture kept changing. While some groups dissolved as if some stray bullet had fallen nearby or an enraged dog had charged them, new groups constantly formed: here where a steer was being cut open, there where a butcher was already hanging the quarters on the hook in the carts, or yonder where a steer was being skinned or the fat taken off. From the mob eyeing and waiting for the offal there issued ever and anon a filthy hand ready to slice off meat or fat. Shouts and explosions of anger came from the butchers, from the incessantly milling crowds, and from the gamboling street urchins.

"Watch the old woman hiding the fat under her breasts," someone shouted.

"That's nothing—see that fellow there plastering it all over his behind," replied the old Negro woman.

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This war manifested itself in sighs and strident shrieks during the sermons as well as in noises and sudden explosions issuing from the houses and the streets of the city and wherever people congregated. The Restorer's government, as paternal as it is foreseeing, became somewhat alarmed, believing these tumults to be revolutionary in origin and attributing them to the savage Unitarians, whose impiety, according to Federalist preachers, had brought upon the nation the deluge of divine wrath. The Government, therefore, took provident steps, scattered its henchmen around town, and, finally, appeasing consciences and stomachs, decreed wisely and piously that without further delay and floods notwithstanding, cattle be brought to the Slaughter Houses.

Accordingly, on the sixteenth day of the meat crisis, the eve of Saint Dolores' day, a herd of fifty fat steers swam across the Burgos pass on their way to the Alto Slaughter House. Of course this was not much considering that the town consumed daily from 250 to 300 and that at least one third of the population enjoyed the Church dispensation of eating meat. Strange that there should be privileged stomachs and

stomachs subjected to an inviolable law, and that the Church should hold the key to all stomachs!

But it is not so strange if one believes that through meat the devil enters the body, and that the Church has the power to conjure it. The thing is to reduce man to a machine whose prime mover is not his own free will but that of the Church and the government. Perhaps the day will come when it will be prohibited to breathe, to take walks and even to chat with a friend without previous permission from competent authorities. Thus it was, more or less, in the happy days of our pious grandparents, unfortunately since ended by the May Revolution.

Be that as it may, when the news about the action of the government spread, the Alto Slaughter House filled with butchers, offal collectors, and inquisitive folk who received with much applause and outcry the fifty steers.

"It's surely wonderful!" they exclaimed. "Long live the Federalists! Long live the Restorer!" The reader must be informed that in those days the Federalists were everywhere, even amid the offal of the Slaughter House, and that no festival took place without the Restorer—just as there can be no sermon without Saint Augustine. The rumor is that on hearing all the hubbub the few remaining rats dying in their holes of starvation revived and began to scamper about, carefree, confident, because of the unusual joy and activity, that abundance had once more returned to the place.

The first steer butchered was sent as a gift to the Restorer, who was exceedingly fond of roasts. A committee of butchers presented it to him in the name of the Federalists of the Slaughter House and expressed to him, *viva voce,* their gratitude for the government decree and their profound hatred for the savage Unitarians, enemies of God and men. The Restorer replied to their harangue by elaborating on the same theme, and the ceremony ended with vivas and vociferations from both spectators and protagonists. It is to be assumed that the Restorer had special dispensation from His Most Reverend Father, excusing him from fasting, for otherwise, being such a punctilious observer of laws, such a devout Catholic, and such a staunch defender of religion, he would not have set such a bad example by accepting such a gift on a holy day.

The slaughtering went on, and in a quarter of an hour forty-nine steers lay in the court, some of them skinned, others still to be skinned. The Slaughter House offered a lively, picturesque spectacle even

though it did contain all that is horribly ugly, filthy, and deformed in the small proletarian class peculiar to the Plata River area. That the reader may grasp the setting at one glance, it might not be amiss to describe it briefly.

The Convalescencia, or Alto Slaughter House, is located in the southern part of Buenos Aires, on a huge lot, rectangular in shape, at the intersection of two streets, one of which ends there while the other continues eastward. The lot slants to the south and is bisected by a ditch made by the rains, its shoulders pitted with ratholes, its bed collecting all the blood from the Slaughter House. At the junction of the right angle, facing the west, stands what is commonly called the *casilla,* a low building containing three small rooms with a porch in the front facing the street and hitching posts for tying the horses. In the rear are several pens of ñandubay picket fence with heavy doors for guarding the steers.

In winter these pens become veritable mires in which the animals remain bogged down, immobile, up to the shoulder blades. In the casilla the pen taxes and fines for violation of the rules are collected, and in it sits the judge of the Slaughter House, an important figure, the chieftain of the butchers, who exercises the highest power, delegated to him by the Restorer, in that small republic. It is not difficult to imagine the kind of man required for the discharge of such an office.

The casilla is so dilapidated and so tiny a building that no one would notice it were it not that its name is inseparably linked with that of the terrible judge and that its white front is pasted over with posters: "Long live the Federalists! Long live the Restorer and the Heroine Doña Encarnación Escurra! Death to the savage Unitarians!" Telling posters, indeed, symbolizing the political and religious faith of the Slaughter House folk! But some readers may not know that the above-mentioned Heroine is the deceased wife of the Restorer, the beloved patroness of the butchers, who even after her death is venerated by them as if she were still alive, because of her Christian virtues and her Federalist heroism during the revolution against Balcarce. The story is that during an anniversary of that memorable deed of the *mazorca,* the terrorist society of Rosas' henchmen, the butchers feted the Heroine with a magnificent banquet in the casilla. She attended, with her daughter and other Federalist ladies, and there, in the presence of a great crowd, she offered the butchers, in a solemn toast, her Federalist patronage, and for that reason they enthusiastically proclaimed her

patroness of the Slaughter House, stamping her name upon the walls of the casilla where it will remain until blotted out by the hand of time.

From a distance the view of the Slaughter House was now grotesque, full of animation. Forty-nine steers were stretched out upon their skins and about two hundred people walked about the muddy, blood-drenched floor. Hovering around each steer stood a group of people of different skin colors. Most prominent among them was the butcher, a knife in his hand, his arms bare, his chest exposed, long hair dishevelled, shirt and sash and face besmeared with blood. At his back, following his every movement, romped a gang of children, Negro and mulatto women, offal collectors whose ugliness matched that of the harpies, and huge mastiffs which sniffed, snarled, and snapped at one another as they darted after booty. Forty or more carts covered with awnings of blackened hides were lined up along the court, and some horsemen with their capes thrown over their shoulders and their lassos hanging from their saddles rode back and forth through the crowds or lay on their horses' necks, casting indolent glances upon this or that lively group. In mid-air a flock of bluewhite gulls, attracted by the smell of blood, fluttered about, drowning with strident cries all the other noises and voices of the Slaughter House, and casting clear-cut shadows over that confused field of horrible butchery. All this could be observed at the very beginning of the slaughter.

But as the activities progressed, the picture kept changing. While some groups dissolved as if some stray bullet had fallen nearby or an enraged dog had charged them, new groups constantly formed: here where a steer was being cut open, there where a butcher was already hanging the quarters on the hook in the carts, or yonder where a steer was being skinned or the fat taken off. From the mob eyeing and waiting for the offal there issued ever and anon a filthy hand ready to slice off meat or fat. Shouts and explosions of anger came from the butchers, from the incessantly milling crowds, and from the gamboling street urchins.

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"That's nothing—see that fellow there plastering it all over his behind," replied the old Negro woman.

"Hey there, black witch, get out of there before I cut you open," shouted a butcher.

"What am I doing to you, ño Juan? Don't be so mean! Can't I have a bit of the guts?"

"Out with the witch! Out with the witch!" the children squalled in unison. "She's taking away liver and kidneys!" And with that, huge chunks of coagulated blood and balls of mud rained upon her head.

Nearby two Negro women were dragging along the entrails of an animal. A mulatto woman carrying a heap of entrails slipped in a pool of blood and fell lengthwise under her coveted booty. Farther on, huddled together in a long line, four hundred Negro women unwound heaps of intestines in their laps, picking off one by one those bits of fat which the butcher's avaricious knife had overlooked. Other women emptied stomachs and bladders and after drying them used them for depositing the offal.

Several boys gamboling about, some on foot, others on horseback, banged one another with inflated bladders or threw chunks of meat at one another, their noise frightening the cloud of gulls which celebrated the slaughtering in flapping hordes. Despite the Restorer's orders and the holiness of the day, filthy words were heard all around, shouts full of all the bestial cynicism which characterizes the populace attending our slaughter houses—but I will not entertain the reader with all this dirt.

Suddenly a mass of bloody lungs would fall on somebody's head. He forthwith would throw it on someone else's head until some hideous mongrel picked it up as a pack of other mongrels rushed in, raising a terrific growl for little or no reason at all, and snapping at one another. Sometimes an old woman would run, enraged, after some ragamuffin who had smeared her face with blood. Summoned by his shouts his comrades would come to his rescue, harassing her as dogs do a bull, and showering chunks of meat and balls of dung upon her, accompanied by volleys of laughter and shrieks, until the Judge would command order to be restored.

In another spot two young boys practicing the handling of their knives, slashed at one another with terrifying thrusts, while farther on, four lads, much more mature than the former, were fighting over some offal which they had filched from a butcher. Not far from them some mongrels, lean from forced abstinence, struggled for a piece of kidney all covered with mud. All a representation in miniature of the savage

ways in which individual and social conflicts are thrashed out in our country.

Only one longhorn, of small, broad forehead and fiery stare, remained in the corrals. No consensus of opinion about its genitals had been possible: some believed it to be a bull, others a steer. Now its hour approached. Two lasso men on horseback entered the corral while the mob milled about its vicinity on foot or on horseback, or dangled from the forked stakes of the enclosure. A grotesque group formed at the corral's gate: a group of goaders and lasso men on foot, with bare arms and provided with slipknots, their heads covered with red kerchiefs, and wearing vests and red sashes. Behind them several horsemen and spectators watched with eager eyes.

With a slipknot already round its horns, the angrily foaming animal bellowed fiercely; and there was no demon strong or cunning enough to make it move from the sticky mud in which it was glued. It was impossible to lasso it. The lads shouted themselves hoarse from the forked stakes of the corral and the men tried in vain to frighten it with blankets and kerchiefs. The din of hissing, handclapping, and shrill and raucous voices which issued from that weird orchestra was fearful.

The witty remarks, the obscene exclamations traveled from mouth to mouth, and either excited by the spectacle or piqued by a thrust from some garrulous tongue, everyone gratuitously showed off his cleverness and caustic humor.

"So—they want to give us cat for rabbit!"

"I'm telling you, it's a steer—that's no bull!"

"Can't you see it's an old bull?"

"The hell it is—show me its balls and I'll believe you!"

"Can't you see them hanging from between its legs. Each one bigger than the head of your roan horse. I guess you left your eyes by the roadside!"

"It's your old woman who was blind to have given birth to a chump like you! Can't you see that the mess between its legs is just mud?"

"Bull or steer, it's as foxy as a Unitarian!"

On hearing this magic word "Unitarian," the mob exclaimed in unison: "Death to the savage Unitarians!"

"Leave all sons of bitches to One-Eye!"

"You bet, One-Eye has guts enough to take care of all the Unitarians put together!"

"Yes—Yes—leave the bull to Matasiete, the beheader of Unitarians. Long live Matasiete!"

"The bull for Matasiete!"

"There it goes!" shouted someone raucously, interrupting the interlude of the cowardly mob. "There goes the bull!"

"Get ready! Watch out, you fellows near the gate! There it goes, mad as hell!"

And so it was. Maddened by the shouts and especially by two sharp goads which pricked its tail, the beast, divining the weakness of the slip-knot, charged on the gate, snorting, casting reddish, phosphorescent glances right and left. The lasso man strained his line taut, till his horse squatted. Suddenly the knot broke loose from the steer's horns and slashed across the air with a sharp hum. In its wake there came instantly rolling down from the stockade the head of a child, cut clean from the trunk as if by an ax. The trunk remained immobile, perched in the fork of a pole, long streams of blood spurting from every artery.

"The rope broke and there goes the bull!" one of the men shouted. Some of the spectators, overwhelmed and puzzled, were quiet. It all happened like lightning.

The crowd by the gate trickled away. Some clustered around the head and palpitating trunk of the beheaded child who registered horror in his astonished face; others, mostly horsemen, who had not witnessed the mishap, slipped away in different direction in the tracks of the bull. All of them shouted at the top of their voice: "There goes the bull! Stop it! Watch out! Lasso it, Sietepelos! It's coming after you, Balza! He's mad, don't get too close! Stop it, Morado, stop it! Get going with that hag of yours! Only the devil will stop that bull!"

The hubbub and din was infernal. A few Negro women who were seated along the ditch huddled together on hearing the tumult and crouched amid the intestines which they were unraveling with a patience worthy of Penelope. This saved them, because the beast, with a terrifying bellow, leaped sideways over them and rushed on, followed by the horsemen. It is said that one of the women voided herself on the spot, that another prayed ten Hail, Mary's in a few seconds, and that two others promised San Benito never to return to the damned corrals and to quit offal-collecting forever and anon. However, it is not known whether they kept their promises.

In the meantime the bull rushed toward the city by a long, narrow street which, beginning at the acutest point of the rectangle previously

described, was surrounded by a ditch and a cactus fence. It was one of the so-called "deserted" streets because it had but two houses and its center was a deep marsh extending from ditch to ditch. A certain Englishman, on his way home from a salting establishment which he owned nearby, was crossing this marsh at the moment on a somewhat nervous horse. Of course he was so absorbed in his thoughts that he did not hear the onrush of horsemen nor the shouts until the bull was crossing the marsh. His horse took fright, leaped to one side, and dashed away, leaving the poor devil sunk in half a yard of mire. This accident did not curb the racing of the bull's pursuers; on the contrary, bursting into sarcastic laughter—"The gringo's sunk. Get up, gringo!"—they crossed the marsh, their horses' hoofs trampling over his wretched body. The gringo dragged himself out as best he could, but more like a demon roasting in the fires of hell than a blond-haired white man.

Further on, at the shout of "the bull! the bull!" four Negro women who were leaving with their booty of offal dived into a ditch full of water, the only refuge left them.

The beast, in the meantime, having run several miles in one direction and another, frightening all living beings, got in through the back gate of a farm and there met his doom Although weary, it still showed its spirit and wrathful strength, but a deep ditch and a thick cactus fence surrounded it and there was no escape. The scattered pursuers got together and decided to take it back convoyed between tamed animals, so that it could expiate its crimes on the very spot where it had committed them.

An hour after its flight, the bull was back in the Slaughter House where the dwindling crowd spoke only of its misdeeds. The episode of the gringo who got stuck in the mud moved them to laughter and sarcastic remarks.

Of the child beheaded by the lasso there remained but a pool of blood: his body had been taken away.

The men threw a slipknot over the horns of the beast which leaped and reared, uttering hoarse bellows. They threw one, two, three lassos —to no avail. The fourth, however, caught it by a leg. Its vigor and fury redoubled. Its tongue, hanging out convulsively, drooled froth, its nostrils fumed, its eyes emitted fiery glances.

"Knock that animal down!" an imperious voice commanded. Matasiete dismounted at once from his horse, hocked the bull with one

sure thrust, and, moving on nimbly with a huge dagger in his hand, stuck it down to the hilt in the bull's neck and drew it out, showing it smoking and red to the spectators. A torrent gushed from the wound as the bull bellowed hoarsely. Then it quivered and fell, amid cheers from the crowd, which proclaimed Matasiete the hero of the day and assigned him the most succulent steak as his prize. Proudly Matasiete stretched out his arm and the bloodstained knife a second time, and then with his comrades bent down to skin the dead bull.

The only question still undecided was whether the animal was a steer or a bull. Although it had been provisionally classified as bull because of its indomitable fierceness, they were all so fatigued with the long drawn out performance that they had overlooked clearing up this point. But suddenly a butcher shouted: "Here are the balls!" and sticking his hands into the animal's genitals he showed the spectators two huge testicles.

There was much laughter and talk and all the aforementioned unfortunate incidents of the day were readily explained. It was strictly forbidden to bring bulls to the Slaughter House and this was an exceptional occurrence. According to the rules and regulations this bull should have been thrown to the dogs, but with the scarcity of meat and so many hungry people in town the Judge did not deem it advisable.

In a short while the bull was skinned, quartered, and hung in the cart. Matasiete took a choice steak, placed it under the pelisse of his saddle and began getting ready to go home. The slaughtering had been completed by noon, and the small crowd which had remained to the end was leaving, some on foot, others on horseback, others pulling along the carts loaded with meat.

Suddenly the raucous voice of a butcher was heard announcing: "Here comes a Unitarian!" On hearing that word the mob stood still as if thunderstruck.

"Can't you see his U-shaped side whiskers? Can't you see he carries no insignia on his coat and no mourning sash on his hat?"

"The Unitarian cur!"

"The son of a bitch!"

"He has the same kind of saddle as the gringo!"

"To the gibbet with him!"

"Give him the scissors!"

"Give him a good beating!"

"He has a pistol case attached to his saddle just to show off!"

"All these cocky Unitarians are as showy as the devil himself!"

"I bet you you wouldn't dare touch him, Matasiete."

"He wouldn't, you say?"

"I bet you he would!"

Matasiete was a man of few words and quick action. When it came to violence, dexterity, skill in the handling of an ox, a knife, or a horse he did not talk much, but he acted. They had piqued him: spurring his horse, he trotted away, bridle loose, to meet the Unitarian.

The Unitarian was a young man, about twenty-five years old, elegant, debonair of carriage, who, as the above-mentioned exclamations were spouting from these impudent mouths, was trotting towards Barracas, quite fearless of any danger ahead of him. Noticing, however, the significant glances of that gang of Slaughter House curs, his right hand reached automatically for the pistol-case of his English saddle. Then a side push from Matasiete's horse threw him from his saddle, stretching him out. Supine and motionless he remained on the ground.

"Long live Matasiete!" shouted the mob, swarming upon the victim.

Confounded, the young man cast furious glances on those ferocious men and hoping to find in his pistol compensation and vindication, moved towards his horse, which stood quietly nearby. Matasiete rushed to stop him. He grabbed him by his tie, pulled him down again on the ground, and whipping out his dagger from his belt, put it against his throat.

Loud guffaws and stentorian vivas cheered him.

What nobility of soul! What bravery, that of the Federalists! Always ganging together and falling like vultures upon the helpless victim!

"Cut open his throat, Matasiete! Didn't he try to shoot you? Rip him open, like you did the bull!"

"What scoundrels these Unitarians! Thrash him good and hard!"

"He has a good neck for the 'violin'—you know, the gibbet!"

"Better use the Slippery-One on him!"

"Let's try it," said Matasiete, and, smiling, began to pass the sharp edge of his dagger around the throat of the fallen man as he pressed in his chest with his left knee and held him by the hair with his left hand.

"Don't behead him, don't!" shouted in the distance the Slaughter House Judge as he approached on horseback.

"Bring him into the casilla. Get the gibbet and the scissors ready. Death to the savage Unitarians! Long live the Restorer of the laws!"

"Long live Matasiete!"

The spectators repeated in unison "Long live Matasiete! Death to the Unitarians!" They tied his elbows together as blows rained upon his nose, and they shoved him around. Amid shouts and insults they finally dragged the unfortunate young man to the bench of tortures just as if they had been the executioners of the Lord themselves.

The main room of the casilla had in its center a big, hefty table, which was devoid of liquor glasses and playing cards only in times of executions and tortures administered by the Federalist executioners of the Slaughter House. In a corner stood a smaller table with writing materials and a notebook and some chairs, one of which, an armchair, was reserved for the Judge. A man who looked like a soldier was seated in one of them, playing on his guitar the "Resbalosa," an immensely popular song among the Federalists, when the mob rushing tumultuously into the corrider of the casilla brutally shoved in the young Unitarian.

"The Slippery-One for him!" shouted one of the fellows.

"Commend your soul to the devil!"

"He's furious as a wild bull!"

"The whip will tame him."

"Give him a good pummeling!"

"First the cowhide and scissors."

"Otherwise to the bonfire with him!"

"The gibbet would be even better for him!"

"Shut up and sit down," shouted the Judge as he sank into his armchair. All of them obeyed, while the young man standing in front of the Judge exclaimed with a voice pregnant with indignation:

"Infamous executioners, what do you want to do with me?"

"Quiet!" ordered the Judge, smiling. "There's no reason for getting angry. You'll see."

The young man was beside himself. His entire body shook with rage: his mottled face, his voice, his tremulous lips, evinced the throbbing of his heart and the agitation of his nerves. His fiery eyes bulged in their sockets, his long black hair bristled. His bare neck and the front of his shirt showed his bulging arteries and his anxious breathing.

"Are you trembling?" asked the Judge.

"Trembling with anger because I cannot choke you."

"Have you that much strength and courage?"

"I have will and pluck enough for that, scoundrel."

"Get out the scissors I use to cut my horse's mane and clip his hair in the Federalist style."

Two men got hold of him. One took his arms and another his head and in a minute clipped off his side whiskers. The spectators laughed merrily.

"Get him a glass of water to cool him off," ordered the Judge.

"I'll have you drink gall, you wretch!"

A Negro appeared with a glass of water in his hand. The young man kicked his arm and the glass smashed to bits on the ceiling, the fragments sprinkling the astonished faces of the spectators.

"This fellow is incorrigible!"

"Don't worry, we'll tame him yet!"

"Quiet!" said the Judge. "Now you are shaven in the Federalist style—all you need is a mustache, don't forget to grow one!"

"Now, let's see: why don't you wear any insignia?"

"Because I don't care to."

"Don't you know that the Restorer orders it?"

"Insignia become you, slaves, but not free men!"

"Free men will have to wear them, by force."

"Indeed, by force and brutal violence. These are your arms, infamous wretches! Wolves, tigers, and panthers are also strong like you and like them you should walk on all fours."

"Are you not afraid of being torn to pieces by the tiger?"

"I prefer that to having you pluck out my entrails, as the ravens do, one by one."

"Why don't you wear a mourning sash on your hat in memory of the Heroine?"

"Because I wear it in my heart in memory of my country which you, infamous wretches, have murdered."

"Don't you know that the Restorer has ordered mourning in memory of the Heroine?"

"You, slaves, were the ones to order it so as to flatter your master and pay infamous homage to him."

"Insolent fellow! You are beside yourself. I'll have your tongue cut off if you utter one more word. Take the pants off this arrogant fool, and beat him on his naked ass. Tie him down on the table first!"

Hardly had the Judge uttered his commands when four bruisers bespattered with blood lifted the young man and stretched him out upon the table.

"Rather behead me than undress me, infamous rabble!"

They muzzled him with a handkerchief and began to pull off his clothes. The young man wriggled, kicked, and gnashed his teeth. His muscles assumed now the flexibility of rushes, now the hardness of iron, and he squirmed like a snake in his enemy's grasp. Drops of sweat, large as pearls, streamed down his cheeks, his pupils flamed, his mouth foamed, and the veins on his neck and forehead jutted out black from his pale skin as if congested with blood.

"Tie him up," ordered the Judge.

"He's roaring with anger," said one of the cutthroats.

In a short while they had tied his feet to the legs of the table and turned his body upside down. In trying to tie his hands, the men had to unfasten them from behind his back. Feeling free, the young man, with a brusque movement which seemed to drain him of all his strength and vitality, raised himself up, first upon his arms, then upon his knees, and collapsed immediately, murmuring: "Rather behead me than undress me, infamous rabble!"

His strength was exhausted, and having tied him down crosswise, they began undressing him. Then a torrent of blood spouted, bubbling from the young man's mouth and nose, and flowed freely down the table. The cutthroats remained immobile and the spectators, astonished.

"The savage Unitarian has burst with rage," said one of them.

"He had a river of blood in his veins," put in another.

"Poor devil, we wanted only to amuse ourselves with him, but he took things too seriously," exclaimed the Judge, scowling tiger-like.

"We must draw up a report. Untie him and let's go!"

They carried out the orders, locked the doors, and in a short while the rabble went out after the horse of the downcast, taciturn Judge.

The Federalists had brought to a termination one of their innumerable feats of valor.

Those were the days when the butchers of the Slaughter House were apostles who propagated by dint of whip and poignard Rosas' Federation, and it is not difficult to imagine what sort of Federation issued from their heads and knives. They were wont to dub as savage Unitarians (in accordance with the jargon invented by the Restorer, patron

of the brotherhood) any man who was neither a cutthroat nor a crook; any man who was kind-hearted and decent, any patriot or noble friend of enlightenment and freedom; and from the foregoing episode can be clearly seen that the headquarters of the Federation were located in the Slaughter House.

A MEXICAN PAINTER VIEWS MODERN MEXICAN PAINTING

Jesús Guerrero Galván

Translated by Robert M. Duncan

IN MEXICO there exists a movement in art known commonly as the Mexican Renaissance. Such an ambitious term inevitably obliges us to consider briefly the historical nature of this movement and to penetrate if possible our artistic past in order to understand the place occupied by this art which already possesses a universal classical intention within cultural human values and which continues to a certain extent the evolution of European culture. This pictorial movement, paralleling contemporary Mexican poetry, seeks to fix a classical, hence Revolutionary, standard, to capture the eternal moment in time and space, and to keep alive our tradition in the midst of constant change.

This Renaissance has developed along with the Mexican Revolution, which constitutes the frame of the movement and limits it to certain esthetic modes and to traditional popular norms which have acquired universal values with regard to the culture.

The Revolution in itself, on account of its aspirations in human relations, takes on a sense of universality. Theoretically this universality we may understand as essentially the supremely encouraging idea that all men have the human right to the enjoyment of elemental material things as well as to that of poetry. This political phenomenon, because of its national—not *nationalist*—character, moves on the plane of universality. Similar characteristics are to be found in contemporary art which it engendered and which, like it, possesses some of its vices and mistakes. The universality of this art, then, is limited insofar as it is truly national. That nationality is affirmed insofar as it is

individual; that is to say, if one does not have a passionate awareness of the smell and color of the earth he treads, of its past and general characteristics, then there exists no possible nationality; hence no possible universality.

It is in one's work or personal style that we always find the epoch or seal of nationality. A work acquires this nationality by the simple fact of genesis. As it takes form it is limited in time and space and runs the risk of its own nationality, and consequently its possible perpetuity within the universal forms of culture. Contemporary Mexican painting has a background of dialectics; it is an affirmation; it is the negation of a negation; it is a form in constant and gradual change. In its development it has not been unaware of its relation to modern European painting. There exists a noon-day clarity concerning its past and hence its great sense of modernity and esthetic affinity for all pre-Hispanic art. The latter, until a short time ago, considered only as purely archaeological examples, has been found to have a mysterious strength within its heresy and refined barbarity. It has been found to have an impulse of warm vigor and perpetuity which moves us and has reached us as poetic forms capable of definition. Those stone figures (the Goddess of Death, for example), says Cardoza y Aragón, are transformed, become enraptured, they sweat and weep blood. They are clouds of stone which are modified and take the forms which hallucination provokes in us. To be sure, we do not attempt to oppose this art (taboo for us) to European art. Still less do we, with our passion for pre-Columbian art, wish to deny Spanish art which is part of our body and blood. That earthy realism and mystical impulse of the Spanish primitive painters is present in our art. It is necessary to have our feet placed firmly on the ground, but our faces must feel the caress of the clouds. A brief gloss of San Juan de la Cruz is in synthesis the Spanish art which reached Mexico, which incorporated us into modern Western life, and which developed with a strange splendor because of the part played in it by indigenous artists.

Such, in brief, is our past. The Mexican Renaissance can be marked off into these two great periods. Only thus has such an ambitious term any meaning. But after all, whether a work of art be Mexican, or French, or Chinese, the important thing is that it should be authentic. First of all, it must be painting and poetry. And one should not think that this or that art or poetry exists because it is Mexican, Spanish, or French or that such nationality is possible because

of its art and poetry. For beating about the genealogical bush may be as dangerous and may involve as much risk of error, as happens when we investigate the blood and lineage of a person. An art is either accepted passionately or it is rejected. It is either repellent, or it arouses an intense pleasure. If there is an egg, inevitably there must have existed a hen. Respect the life of the hen and do not investigate it if you would have eggs or chicken to eat, and do not ask whence it came; nor should you ask about the rooster. This is what José Bergamín has to say concerning the virginal mystery that exists in every nationality. I cannot forget that fine ardent French nationalist, Barrès, who said that if you wish to be purely national about a thing, you should believe in that thing, but not seek to expose it or to investigate it. *Nation* in this sense is the very opposite of *reason* and consequently of *notion*. An art or poetry which expresses its nationality, characterizing itself in so doing, demands that we eternally respect its mystery.

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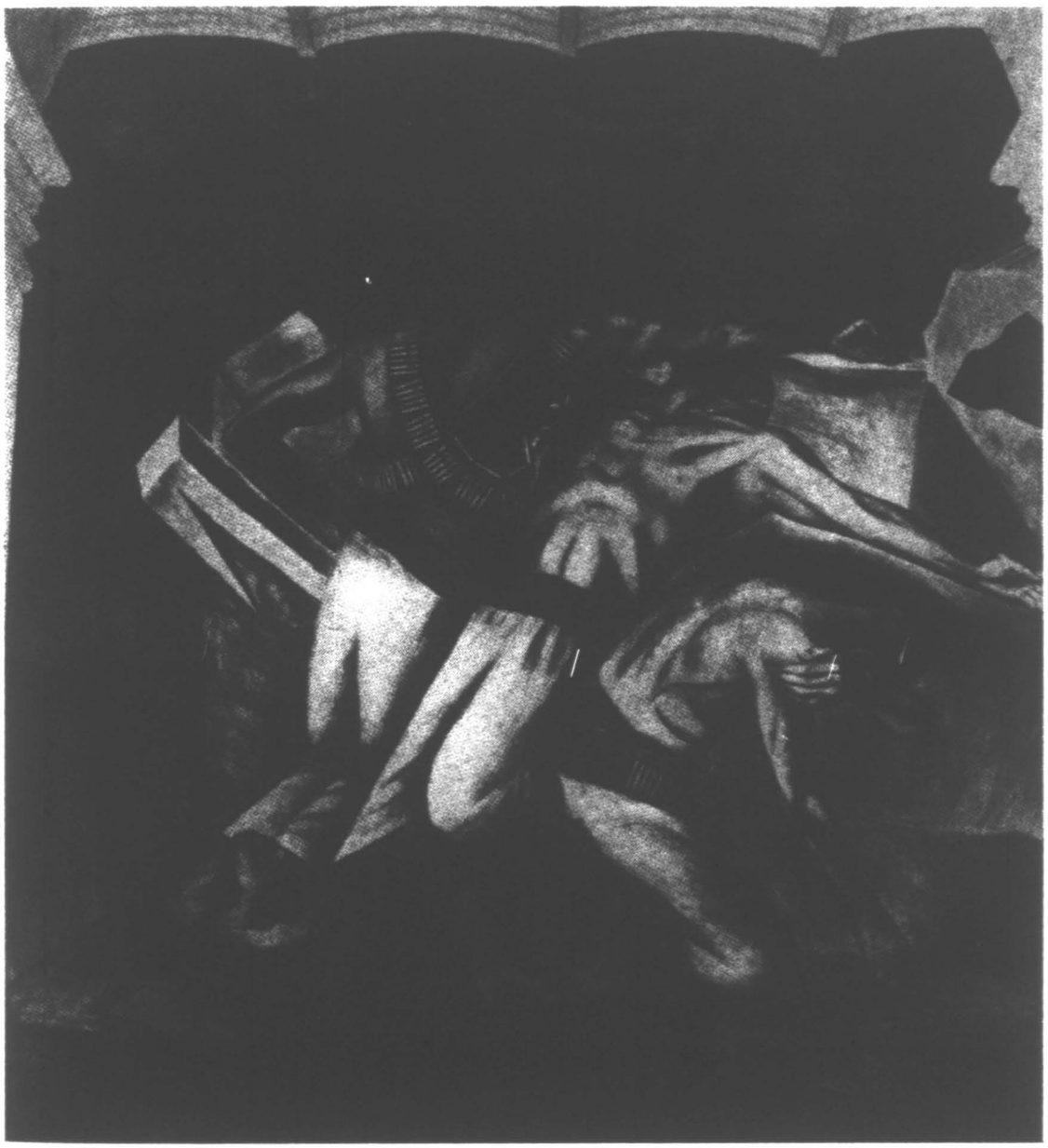
Now I shall dwell somewhat upon two of the greatest Mexican painters. I refer to José Clemente Orozco and Alfaro Siqueiros, who represent authentically our artistic movement. I am not concerned with Diego María Rivera on this occasion, for Rivera is the painter most talked about, the farthest from evil, that is to say, from good and evil. He is the one who holds the greatest importance for us, *not* esthetically but historically. Rivera is the painter for all the "isms," for according to the judgment of Rodríguez Lozano (a great Mexican painter), Diego sums up the whole history of modern painting. He starts from classicism, passes through neo-classicism, and then through expressionism, impressionism, cubism, then he passes into Dieguism, from there to Trotskyism, and winds up in *tourism*. As one can see, he is the painter who exerts the strongest attraction on the student of art or on the art critic of good intentions. But I shall leave Diego in peace, since he by no means needs my critical judgments, and speak of the painters who have for me a greater importance.

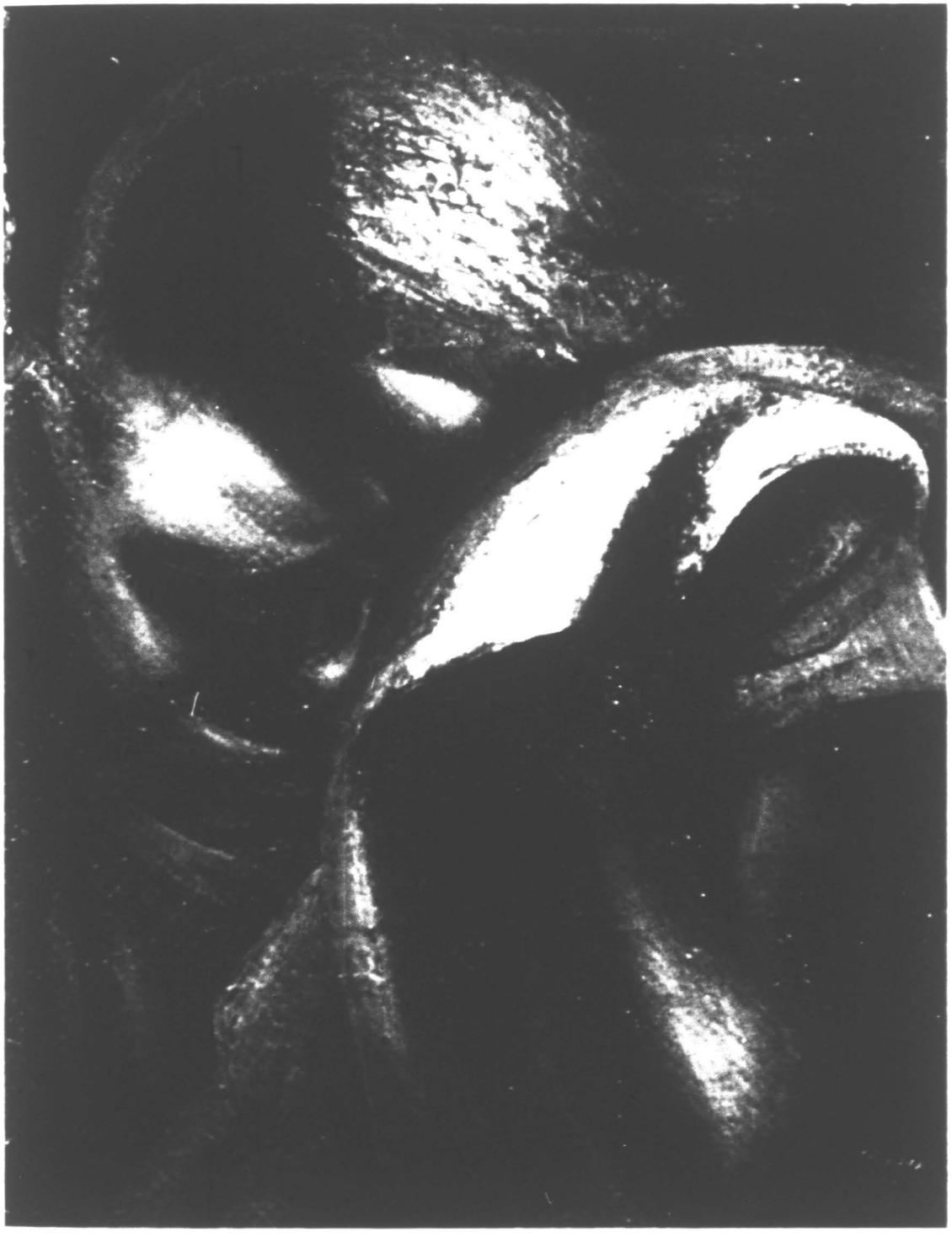
The great mural painting was born with the Revolution, and with both, José Clemente Orozco. His work suffices to prove to us that he embraces Mexican painting in all its aspects. Orozco began his mural work at the same time as Rivera (1922) by painting the walls of the National Preparatory School. It has been said that no mural painting would exist without Rivera. Orozco's work demonstrates definitely the contrary. People have tried to give Rivera a providential im-



JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO *The Trench*
National Preparatory School. Fresco

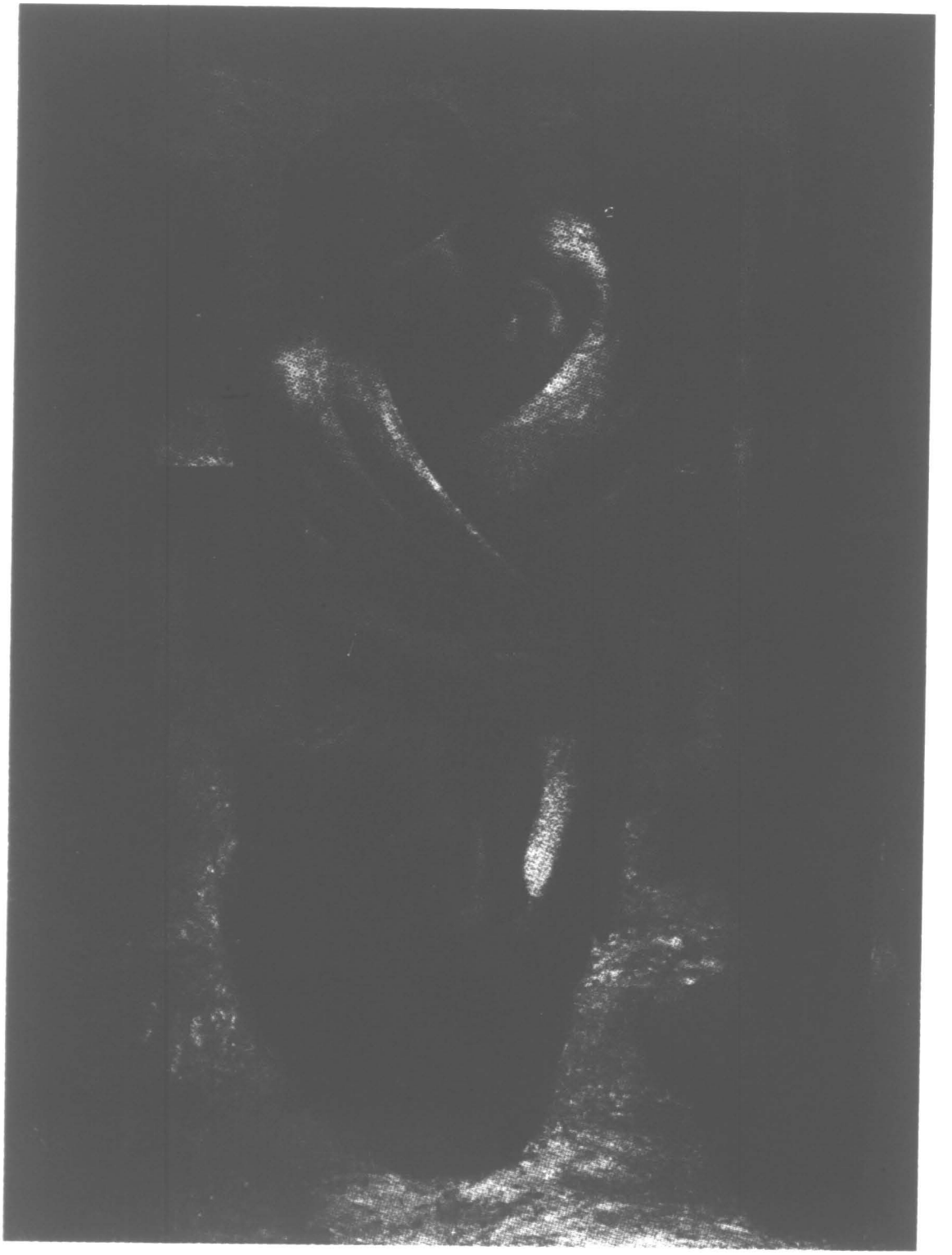
JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO
1940. Oil

Fire



DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS
1938. Duco

Weeping Child



DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS
Ministry of Education, Oil

Mother and Child

portance which he does not have, and perhaps does not need. Orozco, quite apart from the universal value of his painting, is the receiver of that world which his tormented eye was able to see with implacable cruelty. He who would know the graphic history of the Mexican Revolution need only thumb through a monograph of Orozco to see how much this painter—the most tragic of all Mexican painters—was impressed by what went on around him and how there escaped his glance not the most insignificant detail of horror and misery, or even of joy or pleasure, which his embittered sensibility could take in. His work, however, is not a simple description of the drama which has inspired it. We can find in it a sort of sentiment of sub-realism, rich and full of phantasy. Mexico has always been fertile in the plastic arts. It has always had great painters, but with Clemente Orozco appears the real Mexican painting. He has painted the life of the Mexican people, not the superficial and the picturesque which we find in Rivera, but in its most appropriate, intimate, and recondite aspects. There breathes in this living convulsive tradition of ours a new and traditional poetry always plastic. José Clemente Orozco belongs to the family of artists who sculptured the "Goddess of Death," a thoroughbred painter. What is complicated in his work is precisely that indigenous force, intense and mysterious, which has given it universal value. Orozco's painting is *par excellence* a painting with tradition.

He is deeply rooted in the pre-Columbian plastico-mythical aspect of Mexico as well as in that phase which may be called the universal-Mexican. He possesses an ancient vigor, rich and transcendental, the innate secret of a heroic race. (This same vigor, this same mysterious virtue is what has given nobility to our art and has kept it perpetually modern.) Orozco's painting, says Luis Cardoza y Aragón, causes one to suspect the existence of a certain truculence, a certain emphasis, something like a refinement of horror. There is something formal, he goes on, something intensely spiritual, a certain desperate and bitter sadism that comes down from the past. Orozco's painting is in fact sadistic. The horrible is its chief strength, and, though it may seem paradoxical, its chief beauty too. By means of the eye it produces a trembling, a shudder. Instead of producing a pleasure for the eye, as the scholastics understood esthetic enjoyment, it gives a sensation of anguish, horror, and desperation. Baudelaire, the penetrating and passionate spectator of modern art, says that is not only order and beauty, but also voluptuousness, that is to say, intoxication and de-

lirium—but intoxication in all the senses and in every sense. Horror as a rare kind of beauty has the virtue of producing a strange, intense pleasure, the pleasure of intoxication or of delirium, the pleasure from art expected by the strong, the ambitious, and the thirsty.

On one occasion in an automobile accident I witnessed the burning of some people in the fire caused by the tremendous collision. It was, in fact, when I was on my way to Guadalajara for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the great frescoes of Orozco. As I entered the chapel and saw a gigantic man, like a kind of angel, flying in an endless space, enveloped in flames, with his muscles in spasm and his hands expressing despair, I had the most horrible sensation. And, as I was terribly sick because I had come so near death, I stood there like a statue, cold, without enough will to run away and cover up my eyes in order not to contemplate that nightmare which brought about in me the most complex pleasure. Afterwards I told all this to Orozco himself and it caused him to laugh; and with a certain ingenuousness—for Orozco never likes to theorize about his painting—he said to me: "Well, now I can rest easy, for that is the function that I want my painting to have." And it *does* have, for what I experienced as I contemplated the work of Orozco supports my statements.

In this fresco to which I refer, whose character symbolizes fire, can be seen Orozco's terrible imagination. Painting should not be a spectacle precisely, but in Orozco that spectacle is filled with fire and madness. All of that world which he expresses in his painting is a world of nightmare, because Orozco is obsessed by fire and death. Perhaps it is a mystical feeling, a longing for purity or holiness. Art at times purifies, it tends to the cure, to the salvation of the spirit. The Greeks, for example, had these objectives in their tragedies without losing sight of the fact that art purifies human passions.

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David Alfaro Siqueiros is the most passionate of all contemporary Mexican painters. He and José Clemente Orozco and Diego Rivera form the great trinity which has confronted the European tradition with universal Mexican plastic art. One cannot speak of this painter without enthusiasm, and without a feeling of lamentation. His work and his life are of value for their candid disorder, for their passion and frenzy. He is the only, and perhaps the last, romantic—real romantic, strong and disorganized—which contemporary Mexican art possesses.

Siqueiros is one of the most passionate and well-defined natures of the new generation of Mexican painters. In an apparent coldness and almost indifference to art he conceals a great fervor. He is inconstant, his powerful vitality is dispersed in different activities. He is always organizing strikes, founding syndicates, agitating workers, and the like. He is impulsive in every sense of the word, keen, and almost blind with the fertile blindness of the fanatic. His ideas seem rather prejudices maintained by a moving sentimentalism. His prodigious nature guides him and maintains in him a remarkable plastic feeling which is perfect in its conception of form and volume, with a richness and positive lyric power. Siqueiros is *par excellence* a lyric painter. In spite of his idiosyncrasies he is dominated by an imperative need to express himself plastically. His painting bursts forth, without urging, from his soul. He gives off a prodigious feeling of unrestrained creative power. His painting overflows. It is a constant shout. Its vehemence comes from its gigantic and monumental quality. Its dramatic force is not the fruit of an esthetic discipline, exactly. The dramatic quality of his painting is a true reflection of his personality. There undoubtedly exist in his spirit, in his internal world, that bitterness and tragedy which it expresses, and which rack him desperately, seeking an outlet.

The work of this painter is an exact reflection of himself. It is an endless projection of his own nature. He is, therefore, a romantic. He seeks to deny this romanticism in his work, but the result is an increasing affirmation of it.

His work means to be intimately tied to his mental processes; he tries to reflect in it his ideological attitude, his position with regard to life. But here arises a duality which I consider one of the fundamental characteristics of his work. There exists in all his painting a contradiction which for me is the core of his personality as a painter. He seeks then to tie his work to his ideological attitude and give it a utilitarian value, but we find that his desire is not carried out in all his work, for in spite of his theme and his characters—always symbolic—his painting is enveloped in a religious atmosphere, dark and dramatic, which reminds us of some primitive Spaniards whose mystic or pious theme is not foreign emotionally or esthetically to the painting of Siqueiros.

In his pictures we can see that his characters live in a mysterious world, milling around like souls in torment in desperate dialogue with things. His pictures keep up a kind of violence by means of color where

the painter expresses an intense sensitiveness, especially in the graver tones where a world of reds and blues, deep and terribly dark, are the dominating elements. We can see his hysterical characters stir about with rhetorical gestures like souls in an implacable purgatory; they remind me of that great body of anonymous paintings which abounded in the last century in Mexico and which go by the name of altarpieces or "ex votos." Also, and it is necessary to say it, that atmosphere of Siqueiros' painting speaks to us of Zurbarán and Ribera *el españoleto,* and of the great Mexican painting of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries from whose schools one will never be able to separate truly Mexican painting. All of Siqueiros' work is saturated with this spirit. Not even his pictures which have the most obvious story to tell and which he considers a strict expression of his mental processes, are without it.

It is not at all strange to find such a duality in this painter of naïve materialism. For I believe that when a conviction is real, it reaches a certain degree of purity and sentiment which creative thought, or that creative power innate in man, transmutes into an emotional subject. But when this conviction is not sufficiently great and pure (for this conviction may be also poetry), then the work is incomplete. Alfaro's painting is intensely poetic, although he does not seek to produce poetry by means of his painting. Poetry is found there despite him; it bursts forth against his will. It is present as a result of the painting itself, an unimstakable sign of every great painter.

I believe Picasso is an inventor only of new plastic forms, although he has created, or rather discovered, new poetic forms through his painting. Poets have discovered that there exists a kind of live wire which intimately joins poetic forms with the world of plastic forms.

The vehemence of Siqueiros has been that of trying out new means of expression, by using mechanical methods of painting, and also new materials. He tries to introduce new elements into the technique of painting. His restlessness has carried him to painting great mural surfaces with an air brush, experimenting with coloring matter of commercial use, as Picasso, Juan Miró, and others did in Europe. But this search for new elements does not tend to a process of refinement as we find in the chief cubist painters, who were the most restless in this regard. David Alfaro seeks to substitute for oil and other archaic methods of expression, the air brush and duco, not like the cubists or dadaists who demanded this type of material, or other types, to flee from

what is common, but because it is a convenient and simple substitution of means. They wanted to introduce these means of expression, along with the category of new poetic elements, into a world of forms also eminently poetic. Such is the case of Miró and Arp. But if Siqueiros does not introduce new means of expression by giving a new value to his painting with the presence of new poetic elements, he has achieved, I believe, a very close and adequate affinity between the sense of forms and the medium of expression. The violence of his forms demands a violent means of expressing them.

These somewhat romantic theories are, of course, not at all new—not even the mechanical devices which David Alfaro thinks to have discovered. The air brush arrived before Siqueiros had even thought about it. It appeared where he did not expect it, and precisely contrary to his intentions. Thus was born his "Collage," by using strange real figures, within a magic and simple realism, but always with an inevitably poetic result.

Siqueiros is of the opinion that the use of pieces of tin, rags, trash, sand, and other materials used by the cubists, was a romantic activity and he has wished to revolutionize this practice by means of machinery and the latest chemical materials. But the result is that he is as romantic as the cubists, with the difference that the cubists worked with the clearest knowledge of their purpose: a poetic purpose—the basis of their romanticism. In Siqueiros the opposite takes place as he seeks to displace the traditional means of expression by mechanical means. Thus he hopes to escape any possibility of romanticism, but if there ought to exist any contemporaneity among form, content, and medium of expression, then there is in him a great contradiction—a contradiction which does not alarm us, because his work and personality are constantly racked by those contradictory forces which finally become the complex and passionate figures of his work.

Easel painting, Siqueiros considers, on account of its size, as outworn and selfish. The individualism of having an easel painting hung on the wall of a room in a private dwelling, he thinks an error. He says that modern painting—his painting—should be for the mass spectator and not for the *élite*. Painting should go out into the street, to the squares, to large buildings, for the multitudes. But as one must suppose that the mass spectator will be in movement, it is necessary to create a three-dimensional, many-faceted painting which this spectator can observe without needing to stop—as one might observe a scene from

all angles while sitting in a movie theater. What is static in a painting should be dead, says Siqueiros. Baudelaire said that an easel painting was a window where we might see in suspended animation a bit of reality living out its own eternity. But Siqueiros denies this great truth and has in fact applied his theories in experiments which he calls "plastic essays" carried out in Buenos Aires, San Francisco and, finally, in New York.

I do not believe Siqueiros to be alone in his theories, since the cubists also aspired to an expression of constant movement by means of their multiform figures. I believe David has leaned to a certain extent on the cubists' experiences and on their theorizing about three-dimensional, many-faceted painting which can be reproduced in quantity, for the spectator in motion.

* * *

These are the Mexican trinity. Not wishing to unravel any mystery, I shall not discuss who is the father, who the son, and who the holy ghost. They are three distinct painters and only one true painter. Who is this true painter? History will be able to answer justly this rude question.

THE HIGHWAYMAN
(UN SALTEADOR)

Francisco Monterde

Translated by R. M. Duncan

[Instead of hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve, it is the custom of children in Spanish countries to put out their shoes on Twelfth Night for the Magi to fill with gifts in commemoration of their visit to the Christ Child in Bethlehem centuries ago.

Though not so well known in this country, the names of the "Three Kings," as they are called, have had wide currency in Europe since the Middle Ages.—R. M. D.]

THE MOUTH of the blunderbuss has swallowed the powder and the rifle balls. The highwayman, in order to gorge it, pounds the wadding in with the ramrod . . . once, twice, three times. . . . There!

Now the careless travelers can come along the road; the highwayman will await them behind those stones to surprise them, in the classic pose of bandits, with knee on ground, weapon outstretched, left eye closed, and the lower part of the face covered by a red handkerchief.

As time passes and nobody appears on the road, the highwayman sits down to rest and look over the landscape.

A careless hand had let fall the dice-like white houses down below. From them rises unsteadily a column of blue smoke. A large black bird has gone to sleep in the air and wheels in broad circles without moving its wings.

The stream of the waterfall lets go the side of the mountain; it leaps, runs, halts, and leaps again.

Up above, a group of white clouds meets a group of dark trees. They struggle. At first the white prevails; but later it is the black; night falls.

* * *

The highwayman yawns, stretches his arms and lies down on the ground. "Bad luck," he thinks; "I shall have to spend the night on the

mountain, while down below, in the town, all will be sitting by the fire in their homes sheltered from the cold and the wind which snatches the snow from the distant peaks.

"My children, who are in bed now, will weep tomorrow when they find neither toys nor sweets. Their empty shoes will be filled with tears, and I shall have to run away in order not to hear their weeping. If I could only climb a tree, one of those snow-covered trees, and pull down the moon . . . ."

The highwayman has taken off his hat and holds it in his hands as if it were the moon.

"How surprised they will be on seeing it on a plate, sliced! They will say, clapping their hands: 'Daddy has brought us cheese from the moon!' "

* * *

As he cannot sleep under the fierce glare of the stars, the highwayman turns his face down; he closes his eyes, presses them hard, and they fill again with stars. His hands and feet are frozen.

How cold!

Nobody comes along the road; nobody will come with this cold. Sleep doesn't come either.

If he knew how to count to a hundred, he might go to sleep before reaching that number; but . . . .

What is it? He senses someone advancing along the path. A shadow. The highwayman picks up his weapon and gets to his feet: "Halt! who goes there?"

The shadow is silent; it does not move. The highwayman approaches. It is an old man. His mustache trembles . . . . From fear or from age?

"Your money or your life!"

The old man hands over his purse, and the highwayman allows him to continue on his way.

The highwayman has scarcely had time to place the purse on the ground when another shadow appears on the road: "Halt! who goes there?"

The shadow is silent, it is another old man with a silken beard.

"Your money or your life!"

The highwayman places the second purse near the first one. He starts to open them, when another shadow appears on the road.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The shadow is silent and his face blends into the night. He is a negro.

"Your money or your life!"

After gently handing over the bag which he carries over his shoulder, the shadow fades into the darkness.

The highwayman leaves the bag on the ground and waits, blunderbuss in hand, for another shadow to appear; but the road, white with snow and moonlight, is deserted on one side; on the other, the three shadows depart separately, from the largest to the smallest.

Seated on the ground the highwayman examines his booty.

The first bag, made of cloth, seems to be full of gold coins. On the outside in golden letters it says: MELCHIOR.

The second bag, of brightly colored paper, is larger than the first and contains sweets. It smells good and has printed on it a name: GASPAR.

The third bag, larger and heavier than the other, is of leather. In it there are toys. Painted on the outside are some signs. The highwayman cannot read them; but he guesses that they signify: BALTHASAR.

The highwayman empties on the ground the contents of the three bags; he contemplates the gold, toys, and sweets piled up and thinks that his children will be the only ones who can receive the traditional gift the next day.

He wishes to get up, in order to go home; but his legs do not obey him.

* * *

A traveler found the frozen highwayman, near the road, at dawn on the Day of the Three Kings.

FOOD AVAILABILITY AND SOCIAL FUNCTION

Michel Pijoan

WHEN, IN THE spring of 1941, our country first began to mobilize for war, the discovery was made that poor nutritional background was responsible for the rejection of 400,000 out of the first million selectees. The existence of such an appalling situation in a country which presumably has a higher standard of living than any other country in the world, points to a fundamental weakness in our general eating habits. The cause of this deferment of such a high percentage of our manpower on account of malnutrition is to be found in a traditional dietary background high in carbohydrates, rich in sauces and gravies, and markedly deficient in many essential and specific food substances. Until such a time as remedial steps are effectively instituted, the ubiquitous baker stands as a symbol of vitamin deficiency.

Nutritional deficiency such as exists among low-income groups in the state of New Mexico is not due alone to the absence of a single food substance or even to an insufficiency of one of the three main types of food which go to make up a balanced diet. Nor can the resulting deficiency diseases which persist in such a high percentage of all people be permanently cured by the administration of mere palliatives. The situation is much more complex than that. Yet, strangely enough, nutritional deficiency among such groups has common origin; and the story, once grasped, is a simple one.

Nutritional deficiency has come about as the result of a gradual evolution of food habit patterns—and, indeed, of the whole cultural structure of the people—a metamorphosis so subtle that the people themselves are only vaguely conscious of having passed through it. Only by an occasional wistful reference to a remote past when deer meat

was abundant and when goat's milk flowed freely do the people tacitly acknowledge that there existed an almost mythological time when their paths led along nutritionally more suitable lines, and that while their heritage was a goodly one, a reshuffle of civilivation has forced them unwittingly to stray from it.

It is not surprising, therefore, that some of the people should point to their past—to their European background or to their prowess on the war path—in support of their contention that they seem to have done pretty well for themselves in days gone by and that they are still not doing so badly. Such differences as may exist between them and other groups, they may add, are based upon financial means, and they have been forced to trim their sails accordingly. In the final analysis, they feel that *their* ways are best for them, *our* ways best for us. It is not until their attention has been drawn to the havoc which their changing culture has wrought upon their bodies that they realize how far indeed they have traveled. And then the physician is overwhelmed with requests for medical attention.

At the possible expense of over-simplification, the process through which they have passed is roughly as follows. Hundreds of years ago their ancestors, whether on this continent or in the countries whence they derived, ate raw whatever food they were able to find growing in a wild state; they learned to hunt with bows and arrows, spears and snares; they also learned to fish. Fish and meat, together with wild fruits and vegetables, provided them with an adequate and reasonably well-balanced nutritional intake. Though, to be sure, they had to spend most of their time and expend nearly all of their energies in the process of securing food, they were on the whole a healthy, hardy lot.

The time came, however, when because of conquest, overcrowding, and other causes, some of the people were forced to abandon the forest lands and streams where they had always found their food and to move on to other places. In their new homes, likely as not, wild vegetables, fish, and game were not as plentiful as they had been in the regions which they had left. For various reasons, it became necessary for peoples to find new sources of food. Meantime it is quite probable that their enemies were pressing them hard from every side.

A community of some sort seemed the logical solution of their difficulties, for it would serve the double purpose of providing greater protection against common enemies and greater nutritional security. The latter was accomplished through agriculture and the tending of herds.

It is interesting to note at this juncture that the relationship of the community to the individual, like that of the mother to the child, is essentially protective and nutritional.

The all-important question was: what to plant? Generally speaking, those crops seemed most desirable which could be cultivated most easily within circumscribed areas, which were most stable and storable, and which were consumable alike by man and beast. Cereals met these tests—wheat, corn, oats, barley. Sheep and goats offered other sources of food.

The changes which this new way of life—this greater reliance upon agriculture—brought about in the food pattern of the people had far-reaching consequences. Whereas by and large the total food supply was increased, the variety of food substances was appreciably diminished. In this process a number of essential food substances were almost wholly dropped from the menu—a fact which did not become particularly apparent to the people largely because of the perfection of the culinary arts, through which a single food source (let us say a carbohydrate, wheat) appeared upon the table in multifarious forms. Frequently an entire meal was almost wholly composed of dishes deriving from a single food source.

What of the food substances which were dropped? The buffalo as a source of meat had long since vanished; deer was becoming increasingly scarce, involving as it did the expense of a hunting license and adherence to a hunting season; cattle were already becoming a diminishing source of food because of poor lands, congested quarters, and other factors. The fact is, meat frequently came to be thought of as a condiment or relish instead of as a staple food—as something corresponding to the small piece of salt pork which we use to flavor a pot of Boston baked beans. Milk, another important source of tissue-building protein, became increasingly scarce, and with it cheese. Butter had never occupied a prominent place upon the table of most low-income groups.

In many instances, fishing came to be thought of more in the nature of a sport than as an acknowledged source of food supply. Thus it was that most of the fats and proteins were eliminated from the diet, and increasing emphasis was placed upon carbohydrates. Equally significant, fresh fruits and vegetables, important as sources of minerals and vitamins, appeared less frequently on the table. Foods low in proteins, fats, minerals, and vitamins and having high carbohydrate content,

such as grain, gave rise to a host of deficiency diseases including scurvy, beri-beri, pellagra, rickets, dental caries, and certain eye diseases, and created vicious circles in which disease and malnutrition mutually conspired to keep resistance at a low level and render recuperation problematic.

Such vicious circles had a direct and adverse effect upon the efficiency with which the body worked, and poor body economy in turn limited the effectiveness of the individual in the performance of his normal social functions. An example of these inter-relationships is offered by a certain low-income group existing in New Mexico.

The community is situated at an altitude of 5,800 feet where the oxygen content of the air is from ten to fifteen percent less than at sea level. The dietary background is one high in carbohydrates, somewhat high in fats, and distinctly low in protein. This expresses itself in the physical aspect of the people in terms of an increased body mass due to the storage of fats and in a reduced blood content of hemoglobin, the oxygen carrier of the blood. Here, where the oxygen content of the air is low to begin with, the hemoglobin should be high to enable the body to function with normal effeciency. But, to make matters worse, the obesity of the people operates in the other direction so that, as is commonly the case, it serves to disrupt adversely the relationship of blood volume to body mass.

So much for the dietary background and its effect upon the body economy of the people. How, then, does poor body economy manifest itself in limiting the individual's function in society? Here it become apparent in the characteristic lassitude of the people and in low resistance to disease. The vicious circle alluded to above, in which infection and malnutrition postpone recuperation, is allowed to gain headway. To seize upon a specific example illustrative of this relationship, it was found that the mere physical energy which a group of school children expended in walking to school and in participating in games during the recess period created a tissue oxygen deficit in their bodies which required the sum of all their school hours for their systems to make up. This left them in a mentally unreceptive state for study; such a condition raises the question as to whether the children should not discontinue school until such a time as their body economy is sufficiently corrected to enable them to successfully perform this phase of their function in society. Indeed, in a number of controlled experi-

ments this condition was rectified to a remarkable degree by the introduction of dietary changes.

Let us take a more fully rounded picture of another New Mexican community. This community is so circumscribed by mountains, non-arable lands, forest reservations, and restricted grazing areas that there is no opportunity for expansion. The acreage is insufficient for both "cash crops" and kitchen gardens, and the older generation are quite naturally reluctant to relinquish land to their children, thus forcing them to seek employment outside the community. The forest reservation deprives the people of easy access to fire wood; hunting licenses are too high for the average purse, though deer abound in the surrounding territory; the cost of grazing permits has reduced to five the number of families who still keep milch cows; beef is rarely slaughtered, hens only when their laying capacity has been reduced; and veal, mutton, and lamb are purchased sparingly on account of their high price. The resulting diet, high in carbohydrates and deficient in vitamins and minerals, has given rise to a shockingly high incidence of many of the diseases enumerated above. Tonsilitis among children and eye disease and arthritis among adults stand at above forty per cent, and dental caries is present in more than ninety per cent of the people, children and adults alike. Upper respiratory infection is prevalent in winter, dysentery in summer, and tuberculosis at all times.

It becomes quite obvious that any attempt to improve the nutritional standards of such a low-income group calls not so much for a program of education in dietetics as for agricultural-economic changes which will make proper foods available. In this particular instance, an ultimate solution may possibly lie even in drastic redistribution of the lands within the area at large.

Expressed in other terms, it is all very well to say that what a diet lacks is orange juice and butter, but quite another thing to expect use of them to be made in a community which is capable neither of producing nor purchasing them. A fundamental rule in effecting dietary changes is that the foods and methods involved should be familiar and adaptable to the people. Observation of this rule gives some assurance of the permanent adoption of the changes indicated. In some communities, for instance, goats have been successfully reintroduced as a source of milk supply; in others, carp ponds have been installed and the people taught to extract oil from the livers of the fish to be used in treating rickets. Again, instruction has been given in growing and

preparing yeast as a cure for pellagra, and in extracting water from green peppers as a treatment for scurvy. Of course, the principle of curative doses in large quantities, as against the normal vitamin intake capable of maintaining good health in a person not suffering from a deficiency disease, has to be emphasized. On the other hand, if vitamin tablets were introduced, their connection with the nutritional program as a whole might not be appreciated. There is danger that they will be thought of in the same category as aspirin tablets and that they will soon be discarded as such.

In conclusion, any nutritional program which has as its objective permanent changes in the culture pattern of a people should take into consideration and carefully weigh the pre-existing ethnological background of the group involved. If possible, the people should be made aware of the evolutionary processes through which they have passed which make such changes necessary. All geophysical and agricultural-economic factors—such as climate, altitude, water, soil, seasons, and, in short, everything which brings to bear upon body economy on the one hand and food availability on the other—should be given their proper place in the picture as a whole. And, finally, such remedial steps as are recommended should be made to appeal to, and to be readily taken up by, the ethnic group in question. Such steps pave the way to a more efficient performance of the individual's function in society.

[The author of this article has endeavored to simplify for purposes of convenience the anthropological aspects of nutrition. He is well aware of the complexities of agricultural development among primitive peoples and does not pretend that the brief survey of this development given here is historically correct in every detail or that it takes account of variations among groups.—M. P.]

REVOLT

John W. Wilson

SWEAT RUNNING down the black skin of Risby's face scoured it, and muddy drops of the sweat dripped from his flat nose. The sun was half-way down in the west, and ragingly hot. There was no wind. "I be damn'," Risby said. "I be damn' if I want to let that man set in his truck an' cuss me while I sweat my guts out in dis cotton."

Buddy Boy Taylor's team was stopped on the turnrow next to Risby's, and Buddy Boy was leaning against the cultivator handles, laughing. "The matter wid you, Risby," he laughed, "you been out too late last night. Ain't yo woman treat you right?" Buddy Boy looked at the others in the cultivator gang and they laughed with him while Risby spat on the ground and blew his nose by holding his thumb against one nostril and then the other.

"Mr. Jim ain't cuss you no worse than he cuss the rest of these niggers," Buddy Boy said. "All he say is he say this cotton got to be got out of the grass and he don't want no nigger friggin' around till he ain't fit to work."

"I be damn'," said Risby. "Mr. Jim don't own me; I can come and go like I wants to."

"He don't own you," Buddy Boy said, "but he damn near do while you owe him a bill of money."

Buddy Boy turned his team down another row and followed the cultivator toward the line of trees that marked the far end of the field.

Risby turned his team and swung his cultivator handles around and straddled the cotton row with the sweeps and then stopped his mules and stood there, the knotted rope lines about his neck. He propped himself against the cultivator handles and looked around him, up and down the turnrow, over the cotton field that shimmered with heat waves, and at the choppers in the field on the other side of the road.

Far across the fields, where the road led out of the bottoms, he saw the long streak of a smoking dust cloud rising behind Mr. Jim's pickup truck as the white man headed back toward town.

Risby wiped sweat from his face with the sleeve of his shirt while he thought. And then he lifted the knotted lines over his head and dropped them.

Under the mid-afternoon sun he unhitched his team and led it down the turnrow.

Beyond the long fields was the river, the Brazos, forking away and bending from its junction with the mouth of the creek, and winding on, northward and southward, through the interminable bottoms. Advancing from every direction and assaulting the thin lines of trees on the banks of the creek and the river were the fields.

On this side was the creek, nothing more than a deep gash through the red dirt, a scar covered over with matted poison ivy vines, bloodweeds, and pecan and cottonwood trees. In the winter the creek was either deep with blood-red water from the Brazos or entirely lost beneath the hungry flood. Now, in the summer, it was a dry ditch with a cracked and caked bottom and one or two muddy holes where dirty-backed turtles still sunned on rotten snags. The fields and the creek and the river made the bottom.

To Risby the bottom was the field and the headquarters and the commissary, and his papa's house, and the turnrow road at night, and the light in Ruby Lee's window. To Risby the bottom was sun, dust, and sweat. It was cotton in the long rows and a pair of mules pulling a cultivator. All day long it was a pair of mules pulling a cultivator through the fields. The mules were big, fast, cornfed. They belonged to Mr. Jim. "I've got this cotton to make," Mr. Jim said. "Plow them mules till they drop, or till you drop; and any nigger I catch layin' out in the fields is going to get his black hide took off him." Mr. Jim didn't fire his hands when the cotton was in the grass and when the summer rains were coming on. He didn't fire anybody. His straw-bosses rode through the cotton on their horses, and in the top of the big barn at the headquarters was a window where Mr. Jim could sit with a pair of field glasses and look out over his fields and see when anybody lay down between two rows of cotton to go to sleep. The cotton didn't wait for sleep. Neither did the grass nor the rains, and in the fall the flood waters came to take their toll of crops that were late.

The mules belonged to Mr. Jim. The cultivators and hoes belong-

ed to Mr. Jim. The cotton belonged to Mr. Jim, and for six-bits to a dollar a day while the cotton was growing, the hands belonged to Mr. Jim. The hands belonged to Mr. Jim and to the bottom, and Risby was one of the hands. Like the mules, he ate corn also—cornbread, collards, peas. He ate at his papa's table food that his papa paid for, because Risby owed Mr. Jim a bond, and every week Mr. Jim put Risby's wages down against the balance. Drunk in town on a Saturday night, a knife fight and a woman stabbed: these things put Risby in jail until Mr. Jim got him out, and Risby and Risby's work belonged to the white man until the debt was paid. It took a lot of asking for Risby to get enough money from Mr. Jim to buy a pint of wine for the night.

Buddy Boy's cultivator reached the end of another row, swung around, and stopped close to the one Risby had left standing. "Risby," Buddy Boy shouted. "You sick?"

But Risby didn't answer.

The chopping gang stopped in mid-field, and all the choppers raised their heads to watch Risby leading his team down the turnrow. "Whah he goin'?" asked one. "Hit ain't quittin' time."

Risby turned the mules in the lot and went home. He lay in bed there the rest of the afternoon and at supper when Hoodoo asked what was the matter with him he slapped the boy open-handed and knocked him, wailing, from the table.

Bully shouted at him. "Look out, boy!" he said. "You growed, an' you know better than to monkey wid de chilluns. You growed, but you ain't too old for me to beat you when you mean."

He didn't answer and Bully sat with the rest of the children staring after Risby while he walked out the door. Hoodoo, scared and squalling, clung to his mother, and Daly did her best to comfort him, offering him another spoon of sugar in his clabber. That quieted Hoodoo.

"What the matter been wid Risby?" Daly asked. "He ain't been mean dis way till lately. Maybe he workin' too hard."

Bully grunted and sopped a piece of cornbread in pot-likker from the collard greens. "He ain't workin' too hard. He been mean ever since Mr. Jim caught him asleep in the field and cussed him for it. Buddy Boy Taylor told me that. Risby so close-mouthed he don't say nothin'. I wish that boy would get rid of his natchel meanness talkin' an' cussin' around the house stead of settin' wid his lips poked out."

Risby walked into the night without thinking much about where

his feet carried him. He let his feet walk where they wanted to walk. The road was narrow and red, baked hard by the daytime sun. Cotton leaves whispered from the darkness bordering the sides of the turnrow glowing faintly ahead of him in the dim light of a moon crescent. Hardpacked dirt under his feet gave back the sound of scraping and scuffling as he walked with his hands in his pockets.

Humming rose from his throat and floated along with him through the stillness. The bottoms were asleep after a day's work; the cotton stood dusty in its rows and moved only when scattered slight puffs of breeze swept over it, and nothing but the tree-frogs and Risby made noise in the night.

"When you go down in Deep Ellum, put yo money in yo shoes." Risby half hummed, half sang the words, and his feet in their split-toed shoes scuffed the hard turnrow road. *"Cause them Deep Ellum women give you them Deep Ellum blues."*

The faded blue shirt on his back was open three buttons down from his throat and pinned in the middle with a safety pin. Rotten from caked sweat, it was split down the back and on the shoulders. His powerful muscles moved under it, his black skin shadowed itself beneath it.

He was six feet tall, and his round, close-clipped head was thrust forward above his shoulders. His arms big and round as carved pieces of stovewood, and pink-palmed hands with stiff fingers, whitened by callouses, rested in his pockets.

"When you go down in Deep Ellum - - -"

The first house that he passed, squatting there in its little bit of packed dirt in the middle of the cotton field, was dark and quiet. A dog under it whined and growled when Risby passed. It rushed out to the road and barked. Risby turned and looked back toward where it was a whitish blob in the darkness.

"Git the hell on away fum here. I kick you in the teeth."

The dog whined, snuffled, and vanished from the road. Risby walked on, and he grumbled curses in his throat. "People's dogs. Kill me a dog, do he come at me." His split-toed shoes were noiseless in the sandy parts of the road, and they scraped and scuffled in the parts that were hard red dirt.

At the side of the road, ahead of him, there was a yellow light. A small speck, dripping from a window crack. Ruby Lee was up, and she had her lamp lit. She had on her dressing gown, and she had been

working vaseline into her hair, sitting before her mirror that hung above the table. There was a cigarette between her lips. She took a long drag and exhaled through her nostrils.

"Good e'nin," Risby called from the road.

Ruby Lee went to her door and swung it inward. The murky yellow lamplight scarcely outlined her, standing in the doorway. "Who dat?"

"Risby. You home?" He moved from the road into the dirt yard, coming out of the blackness into the shadowy lamplight.

Ruby Lee laughed and blew smoke from her mouth. "E'nin. Come on in."

"Believe I'll set on the porch," Risby said. "I'm tired, an' hit's a little close tonight."

"Set down, then." Ruby Lee dragged the door shut behind her and sat down in the wood-bottomed chair that was on the porch. She rocked it up on two legs, leaning against the wall, hooked the heels of her stained, fuzzy-topped slippers in a rung, and sat there with her hands in her lap.

Risby lowered himself on the edge of the porch and leaned against one of the four-by-four posts that supported the roof. One foot he left on the ground, and the other leg he stretched along the porch. The powdered dirt inside his shoe trickled down and bunched under the shallow arch of his foot and against his heel.

"Lawd, I'm worked down," he said.

"Whut's the matter wid you?" Ruby Lee wanted to know. "Ain't you a man no more?"

"I'm man enough for you," Risby grunted. "I'm man enough to satisfy you."

Ruby Lee blew smoke into the darkness. She half closed her eyes and laughed in her throat. "Is dat right?" In the little glow that came through a crack in the wall Ruby Lee was yellow, her face misty in the darkness. She was thin, hard, and the tip of her cigarette reddened in the night and made shadows in her hollow cheeks when she drew on it. The light from her cigarette showed the coarse black hair that hung down straight from her head and the shining of it, greased with vaseline, when she puffed. She laughed and blew smoke from her lips. "Is dat right?"

Risby reached a hand in his breeches pocket and felt of the long-

bladed knife that lay there. "Woman," he growled, "I'm more of a man than ever you seen."

Ruby Lee laughed, high and loud. "Lawd, chile," she said. "You is sho suspicious. I kin make you mad whenever I wants to."

Risby grinned. "Ain't mad, woman. But I gits mad if you play around wid any somebody else while I'm thinkin' about you."

He and Ruby Lee sat there silently. The night wind that always rose at nine o'clock began to blow and rustle the leaves on the cottonwood tree that was on the creek bank behind Ruby Lee's house. The rustling leaves sounded like rain falling on the roof.

Ruby Lee puffed on her cigarette. "Where you-all plowin' at?" she asked.

"I ain't plowin'," Risby grunted. "I don't know nothin' about no plowin'."

"Howcome you ain't plowin'? The boss man ain't laid nobody off. He say the other day the cotton gittin' in the grass, and everybody got to work fum sunup to sundown to git it out. You lyin' when you say you ain't plowin'."

Risby laughed and stretched his arms above his head. "You a good one to say I'm lyin' when you the one been tellin' me howcome don't I get somethin' better to do than makin' six-bits a day plowin' in the field. You a good one when you been settin' in the house playin' sick till Mr. Jim come to see howcome you ain't wid the other choppers."

"I don't know what you talkin about, nigger."

Risby swung his head around and the laughter had left him when he looked up at Ruby Lee. "I quit."

Ruby Lee's eyes narrowed while she watched him. She swung her chair down on all four legs. "Tell me about it."

"I quit," Risby said. "I got tired of walkin' my fool legs off up and down in the bottom, an' sweatin' my guts out while the sun beat on me. I done figgered it all out today. I'm goin' to leave de bottoms. I'm goin' to leave Mr. Jim, an' me an' you goin' to git out fum here an' be long gone." Risby stood up on the porch and looked down at Ruby Lee while he talked. "A man can't do nothin' here; a man live like a dog in these bottoms. Me an' you can leave out fum here an' live like somebody."

Ruby Lee stopped him. "You say me an' you. I don't know what you talkin' about, black boy. You fixin' to get in trouble when you run away wid de cotton in the grass and owin' the white man money."

Risby laughed again, and this time his laugh was low and short. He stood over Ruby Lee and braced himself on wide-spraddled legs. In her chair Ruby Lee looked up at him, and she was half scared of his bulk.

"What I owe the white man he ain't never gonna git," Risby said, grunting. "He done got his pay. I'm tired of workin' and walkin' and livin' like a dog, an' when I leave here I'm goin' far an' do some big meanness an' make some big money."

"You better be careful," Ruby Lee said. "You fixin' to get in trouble, an' I don't like the way you said 'you an' me.' "

"You my woman, ain't you? It's been me an' you, ain't it? I don't like for no woman to low-rate on me," Risby said. "Because the commissary clerk won't give me no credit an' because Mr. Jim put my wages on what I owe so you don't get none of my money to spend you act like you through wid me. Ain't no woman can low-rate on me like that." Shoulders hunched, Risby stood glowering.

Ruby Lee stirred in her chair. "Come on inside," she said. "It's gettin' chilly out here." She stood up and pushed the door open.

She walked into the room and leaned back against her table so that her dressing gown parted, fell open over one leg above the yellow-skinned thigh. She half closed her eyes and laughed at Risby. "Is I low-ratin' on you?" she laughed.

He moved through the door, grinned, and walked toward her. "You is one sweet gal," he said. And he caught her by the arm and pulled her to him and put his mouth on hers and kissed her.

It was late when Risby walked back down the road. He walked silently, except for the scraping of his feet on the road in the night. The moon had gone down. There was no light but the faint, lesser blackness that came from the road itself. The night wind made the cotton rustle, standing in its rows, and all the crickets, except one or two late-singing ones, had quieted. He passed Joe Coby's house and the dog under the porch whined and growled. Risby grumbled in his throat.

The wind was making sound in the willow tree by the bridge over the creek and Risby dug his hands in his pockets and felt of the long-bladed knife and looked over his shoulder and his feet scuffled along the road toward home.

In the morning Daly took the children to the field, but Bully waited and roused Risby out of bed.

"Howcome you think you can walk out of the field whenever you wants to?" he asked. "Mr. Jim be comin' around here about you, an' I don't want no trouble wid de white man."

"Mr. Jim ain't got no say about whut I do," Risby grunted. "I quit, an' I'm fixin' to leave out fum here."

"Who goin' to pay whut you owe de white man?" Bully asked. "I ain't gonna pay hit. I got all I can do to pay for whut de chilluns needs, widout takin care of yo foolishness."

"Ain't nobody gonna pay my bill," Risby said. "I'm leavin' out fum here, an' time Mr. Jim find hit out I be long gone."

Bully stood up. "You done growed," he said. "You strong enough to kill me if I try to beat you. An' I can't keep you out of trouble. If you bound to be mean, you ain't goin to be mean around this house. Git out of here, an don't come back till you done got over yo meanness. I don't want no trouble wid de white man."

Risby sat on the side of his bed. His face was set and his lips were stuck out. "Go 'long, papa," he said. "I ain't in no mind to talk wid you."

At dinnertime Mr. Jim's pickup truck stopped in front of Bully's house and the white man got out and walked up to the porch. He was tall and wide and wore cowboy boots on his feet. Under his broad-brimmed hat his face was red and streaked with trickles of sweat, because the day was hot. Bully came to the door, and Daly and the children stood behind him and looked out.

"Where's Risby?" Mr. Jim asked.

"I don't know, suh," Bully said. "He lef' here this mornin'. He look like he might be a little sick. Maybe he gone to see the doctor."

"You're lying, Bully," Mr. Jim said. "You know he's trying to run away while he's owing me money. Tell him to be in the field in the morning." Mr. Jim turned away and went back to his truck.

"He's gone, Mr. Jim. I don't know where Risby at."

Mr. Jim looked at Bully. "I'll find where that nigger is," he said. He let in the gears and drove away and left a cloud of dust behind him.

"Lawd God," said Daly. "He mad. Wid de cotton in de grass Risby ought to be workin' in de field."

In the evening when Risby walked down the road toward Ruby

Lee's house it was nearly night. He walked slowly with his arms swinging at his sides. The wind had died. The sun had gone down and left red glowing in the west. The bullbats were out looking for mosquitoes and one of them flying in the duskiness swept close by Risby and made him duck.

Joe Coby's dog ran out and growled at Risby and he threw a clod at it and grinned when it yelped. "I'm liable to kill dat dog," he said.

At Ruby Lee's house he called from the road, but nobody answered. Risby walked through the yard and stepped onto the porch. The door was open and he went in. Ruby Lee wasn't at home. Risby called again, and then he went out to sit on her porch.

Joe Coby's wife walked down the turnrow road, and when she saw Risby sitting on Ruby Lee's porch she stared at him.

"Good e'nin," Risby called.

Joe Coby's wife nodded her head without speaking, and walked on up the road, looking back at Risby about every ten steps.

Risby sat there a half hour, and then it was dark except for the little light the moon in the west gave. He got to his feet and went into Ruby Lee's kitchen and searched in her shelves for a gin bottle. He found one, but it was empty, and Risby threw it out an open window and heard it break behind the house.

When he returned to the porch he heard voices on the road, and Ruby Lee's laughter, low and soft. They drew opposite the yard and he saw them, black figures in the darkness. Not until they crossed the yard and were about to step up on the porch did Risby recognize the man with Ruby Lee. It was Buddy Boy Taylor.

"E'nin," said Risby. He was sitting against the wall in Ruby Lee's chair and they hadn't seen him.

"Who dat?" Ruby Lee's voice was scared.

"Good e'nin, Buddy Boy," Risby said. "How you dis e'nin?"

"All right. How you?" Buddy Boy's voice matched Risby's in its tenseness.

"I'm feelin' bad," Risby said, "but I'm gonna feel better when I kill me a low-ratin' woman whut sneak off when my back is turned."

On her porch Ruby Lee was trying to edge toward the door and keep Buddy Boy close by her side at the same time. "I thought you was done gone, Risby. You done said you was goin' and I done said I was stayin' here. You got no call to come around my house to make

trouble," she said. "I don't want nothin' to do with you, Risby. Not when you fixin' to stir up hell all over the place."

"You tole the white man I was fixin' to go," Risby said. "You tole him what I said about goin' away owin' him money. Dem niggers in the sto' heard you tell the white man so he wouldn't figger you was helpin' me." On the porch close by Ruby Lee's door Risby stood in the dark, not moving while he talked.

Ruby Lee tried to laugh, but her throat was too dry. "I was jus' talkin' in the sto'," she whined. "I wus jus' talkin'."

"You been my woman," Risby said. "Now when I ask you to go off wid me you tell on me, and then go low-ratin' on me and walks the road wid another man. You ain't wuf a damn, Ruby Lee, an I'm gonna kill me a no 'count woman." He started toward her, pulling his knife from his pocket.

Ruby Lee screamed. "Git back, Risby! You drunk!"

Risby laughed and opened his knife. "I ain't drunk. But I'm mean. You-all done drunk up all the gin, but I'm mean enough widout no gin to stob you in the belly."

Ruby Lee backed away and Risby grabbed at her. He was swinging his knife arm when Buddy Boy hit him.

"You can't treat my woman like that," Buddy Boy shouted. "Turn loose of that woman."

Risby turned loose, and swung toward Buddy Boy with the knife. Buddy Boy hit him again and Risby's head bounced against the wall of the house.

"I kill you too," Risby said. He shuffled toward Buddy Boy, arm swinging, and the long-bladed knife slashed across Buddy Boy's chest, ripping the shirt and drawing a long line of blood. Ruby Lee was struggling to pull Risby away from Buddy Boy, and in the dark they were a mass of tangled shadows.

The noise brought Joe Coby and his wife running to the road, and they were suddenly outlined against the dark background of the cotton field when a pair of lights streaked the night and Mr. Jim's pickup truck roared down the turnrow. The truck stopped with its lights shining on Ruby Lee's porch, and Mr. Jim got out. He loomed big in the truck lights, and he carried a pistol in his hand.

Risby and Buddy Boy were too busy to wonder about the sudden light, but Ruby Lee saw it and went into her house, pushing the door

shut after her. Buddy Boy, his shirt bloody, pushed Risby away from him. He swung his head around and saw Mr. Jim walking out of the darkness and tried to run, but Risby jumped him from behind and Buddy Boy rolled off the porch, another cut across his shoulder.

Then Mr. Jim was on the porch. "Put up that knife, Risby!" he shouted.

Sweat and Buddy Boy's blood were beaded on Risby's face, which gleamed in the light from the truck. His eyes were wild and he was drunk with fighting. He swung on Mr. Jim with the knife in his hand.

He struck out, but Mr. Jim dodged him. The white man's pistol came down on Risby's head once, and then, backhanded, Mr. Jim hit him across the face with it again. The sight on the revolver barrel gashed Risby's cheek and the blow loosened his jaw teeth. He sagged against the wall and the knife dropped from his hand and struck the floor point down. It stood quivering there.

"Lawd God, Mr. Jim," Risby said, "I never meant to come at you."

Mr. Jim put his foot against the knife and pressed and there was a snap as the blade broke.

"I be in the field in the mornin'," Risby mumbled. He stepped off the porch and walked through the yard and to the road while Mr. Jim stood with his foot on the knife, watching.

The night was full of the smell of damp earth and the cotton that stood knee-high with the wind brushing over its tops, moving almost without sound while Risby walked along the turnrow. He didn't hear the voices of Joe Coby and his wife as they stood in their yard talking softly to each other and trying to see the dark form moving above the sound of his footsteps.

From the darkness under Joe Coby's house the white dog rushed out to bark at Risby, and when he paid no attention to its growls it came closer to him to sniff at his legs. Then it whined and ran close by Risby's side while its claws scratched on the baked red dirt of the turnrow.

Risby dropped his hand to the dog's head. "Hey, dog," he said, "Hey, dog,"—feeling the short-haired, slick warmth of its skin under his palm while he walked past Joe Coby's house.

THE MAKING OF THE NEW MEXICO CONSTITUTION

Thomas C. Donnelly

II. The Constitutional Convention of 1910

THE ENABLING ACT of 1910 contained two basic series of provisions. One was a list of obligations or a "compact" which New Mexico was required to accept, and the other stipulated the procedure or "schedule" which the territory was to follow in becoming a state. The compact, now Article XXI of the Constitution, was to become a perpetual contract between the new state and the national government, subject to amendment by the people of New Mexico only with the consent of Congress. The schedule, now Article XXII of the Constitution, authorized the calling of an election to choose delegates to form a constitutional convention, fixed the number of delegates and provided for their apportionment, and appropriated $100,000 to carry out the process of formulating and ratifying the constitution.

On June 28, 1910, eight days after the signing of the Enabling Act by President Taft, and in accordance with the authority vested in them by the act, a commission consisting of William J. Mills, Governor; William H. Pope, Chief Justice; and Nathan Jaffa, Secretary of the Territory, met in Santa Fe and apportioned the members of the forthcoming constitutional convention among the twenty-six counties of the state. The Enabling Act provided that the convention should consist of 100 members and should be apportioned among the several counties according to the vote cast in the 1908 election for Delegate in Congress. The members were apportioned according to this vote and there was no objection from any source to the apportionment; it was merely a mathematical calculation.

On June 29, Governor Mills issued a proclamation calling for an election to be held on September 6 for the purpose of selecting the delegates to the constitutional convention. The Enabling Act provided that the election should be held not less than sixty days after the passage of the Act and not more than ninety days.

Although neither the Democratic nor the Republican Party held a state convention to advise the delegates how they should vote or what principles they should put into the constitution, rival party tickets appeared in almost all of the counties. In a minority of the counties joint bi-partisan tickets were run, notably in Socorro, Rio Arriba, Lincoln, and Otero counties. Although Governor Mills at a Congressional hearing, February 17, 1911, expressed the opinion that the object of the delegate election "seemed to be to get, as near as possible, an expression of the will of the people," the election proved to be predominantly a partisan one. The counties that agreed on joint tickets and forswore partisanship were the exceptions rather than the rule. On the whole, however, the election appears to have been a fair one despite the usual crude acts of a few county machines in furthering the fortune of their nominees. No contests were filed against the election of any of the delegates. The chief issues of the campaign were the initiative and referendum, then much favored by progressives throughout the United States. In general, the majority of the Republican nominees for delegates opposed inclusion of such measures in the New Mexico Constitution; the majority of the Democratic candidates favored them. The people seemed to favor the measures, but the larger business interests of the state looked askance at them, and the majority of the political leaders were quite willing to see them sidetracked.

The result of the election, which was never in doubt, gave the Republicans seventy-one (more than two thirds) of the delegates and the Democrats twenty-nine. While the Albuquerque *Journal,* a Republican paper, observed that "every one of the candidates whom the *Journal* attacked as bosses, railroad attorneys, and corporation lawyers"[1] was elected, its rival, the *Tribune-Citizen,* a Democratic paper, felt that a number, at least twelve, of the Republican majority were independent of the "Old Guard" and could be depended on to join the Democratic minority and certain of the nineteen delegates elected on fusion tickets in the support of progressive principles.[2]

[1] The Albuquerque *Journal,* September 9, 1910.
[2] The Albuquerque *Tribune-Citizen,* September 7, 1910.

The delegates elected to the convention and their party affiliations are shown in the table on the next page.

Taken as a group, the delegates were representative of all phases of life in the territory. Approximately one third of the delegates were Spanish-American, natives of the territory, and two thirds were Anglos. A few were considered wealthy men, a larger number definitely poor, but the majority, perhaps two thirds of the entire membership, were from the middle classes. Lawyers constituted the chief occupational group, there being thirty-five representatives of this profession in the convention. A survey of the occupations of the other delegates reveals them to have been livestock growers, mining promoters, bankers, merchants, farmers, educators, newspaper men, and men of miscellaneous activities. Almost all, if not all, of the delegates had been active in the political life of the territory, several had held high political office, and many hoped to do so when statehood was obtained. What is more, a surprisingly large number lived to realize their ambitions. The political history of the state since its admission to the Union is studded with the names of members of the constitutional convention who have attained high political places. Even today, more than three decades since the convention, a few of the delegates are still prominent figures. Thomas J. Mabry, the junior member of the convention, is now a state supreme court justice, as is C. R. Brice. Holm Bursum in Socorro county, W. D. Murray in Grant county, Reed Holloman in Santa Fe county, and Francis Wood in Bernalillo county also remain men to reckon with in the councils of their party.

The general level of ability of the delegates was high, and a more adept group in the art of government could not have been selected from the citizenry of the territory. Father Julius Hartmann, the chaplain of the convention, was a young priest at the time, having only recently come from Europe where he had been trained in the best universities. His observant eyes and keen mind took in much of the convention scene. He was "simply amazed," he reports, at the marked ability of the personnel which composed the convention. He said "he felt like a child" in the presence of the leaders of the delegates so skillful were they in their work. That a frontier society such as New Mexico was at the time could summon to the task of constitution-making such an assemblage of men trained in the processes of government gave him, he

Delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1910 and Party Affiliation

Bernalillo County:
Herbert R. Raynolds (R)
A. A. Sedillo (R)
M. L. Stern (R)
Anastacio Gutierrez (R)
Nestor Montoya (R)
Francis E. Wood (R)
E. S. Stover (R)
H. B. Fergusson (D)

Chaves County:
John I. Hinkle (D)
G. A. Richardson (D)
Emmet Patton (D)
Green B. Patterson (D)

Colfax County:
Francisco Gauna (R)
Thomas H. O'Brien (R)
Charles Springer (R)
Norman W. Barlett (R)
Clarence J. Roberts (R)
George S. Brown (R)

Curry County:
John W. Childers (D)
Thomas J. Mabry (D)

Dona Ana County:
Frank W. Parker (R)
Isidoro Armijo (R)
Charles E. Miller (R)
Winifred E. Garrison (R)

Eddy County:
M. P. Skeen (D)
C. R. Brice (D)

Grant County:
A. H. Harllee (D)
J. B. Gilchrist (D)
W. D. Murray (R)
W. B. Walton (D)

Guadalupe County:
Salome Martinez (R)
John G. Clancey (R)
Tranquilino Labadie (R)
Reymondo Harrison (D)

Lincoln County:
Andrew H. Hudspeth (D)
Jacobo Aragon (R)
John H. Canning (R)

Luna County:
James N. Upton (D)

McKinley County:
Gregory Page (R)

Mora County:
E. M. Lucero (R)
Daniel Cassidy, Sr. (R)
Anastacio Medina (R)
Juan Navarro (R)
Fred S. Brown (R)

Otero County:
Albert B. Fall (R)
George E. Moffett (D)
J. Lee Lawson (D)

Quay County:
C. C. Davidson (D)
Charles H. Kohn (R)
Ed. F. Saxon (D)
John L. House (D)
Reed Holloman (R)

Rio Arriba County:
Venceslado Jaramillo (R)
G. D. Burns (R)
Perfecto Esquibel (R)
Jose A. Lucero (R)
Samuel Eldodt (D)
J. H. Crist (D)

Roosevelt County:
James A. Hall (D)
C. M. Compton (D)
W. E. Lindsay (R)

Sandoval County:
Alejandro Sandoval (R)
E. A. Miera (R)

San Juan County:
R. W. Heflin (D)
M. D. Taylor (D)

San Miguel County:
Margarito Romero (R)
Atanacio Roybal (R)
J. M. Cunningham (R)
S. B. Davis, Jr. (R)
Luciano Maes (R)
Harry W. Kelly (R)
Eugenio Romero (R)
Nepomuceno Segura (R)
Charles A. Spiess (R)

Santa Fe County:
B. F. Pankey (R)
Jose D. Sena (R)
Victor Ortega (R)
George W. Pritchard (R)
Thomas B. Catron (R)

Sierra County:
Edward D. Tittman (D)
Frank H. Winston (R)

Socorro County:
H. M. Dougherty (D)
James G. Fitch (D)
H. O. Bursum (R)
A. C. Abeyta (R)
J. Frank Romero (R)

Taos County:
Malaquias Martinez (R)
Onesimo Martinez (R)
Squire Hartt, Jr. (R)
William McKean (R)

Torrance County:
William McIntosh (R)
A. B. McDonald (R)
Acasio Gallegos (R)

Union County:
Eufracio Gallegos (R)
Candelario Vigil (R)
George W. Baker (R)
F. C. Field (R)

Valencia County:
Solomon Luna (R)
John Becker (R)
Sylvestre Mirabal (R)

said, an enduring faith in democracy.[3] Father Hartmann's estimate of the ability of the delegates deserves to be credited with respect, because, new to New Mexico as he was at the time, his judgment was not warped with personal or political biases.

The temper of the group was definitely conservative. Only a minority seemed to have been under the influence of the progressive ideas in government that were gaining headway in the nation in 1910, and which were destined to raise Woodrow Wilson to the presidency two years later on his New Freedom program. The general outlook on government and economics held by the large majority of both Democrats and Republicans in the convention can best be described by saying it derived from Taft rather than from "Teddy" Roosevelt or Wilson.

Albert B. Fall, Holm O. Bursum, and Solomon Luna, it is generally agreed, constituted the three most important leaders of the Republican majority, although Charles Springer, Thomas B. Catron, and Charles H. Spiess deserve to be ranked not far below them.

Fall, a man of great natural ability, was forty-nine years of age at the time and in the prime of his life. A lawyer by profession, a former justice of the territorial supreme court, and an important political leader, he exerted much influence. He was chairman of the Committee on the Legislative Department and a member, as were Bursum, Luna, Springer, Catron, and Spiess, of the highly influential Committee on Committees, the informal "steering committee" of the convention. Fall was an important spokesman in the convention for the livestock industry when matters of importance concerning it arose, and he was pictured by the opposition press as being an "astute, cool, suave defender of the special privileged interests."[4] With the admission of New Mexico as a state, he became a United States senator, and later Secretary of the Interior under President Harding.

Bursum, then only forty-three and a well-to-do rancher, was territorial chairman of the Republican Party. A strong, quiet, intelligent man of Scandinavian type, he had the rugged individualistic outlook of a man who had made his own way from early youth. He was chairman of the important Corporation Committee of the convention. Believing New Mexico needed to attract capital investment to realize its economic potentialities, he was eager to see the convention make a constitution

[3] Personal interview with Father Hartmann, October 7, 1941.
[4] See the Albuquerque *Tribune-Citizen*, October 12, 1910.

that would not discourage corporations from coming to the state or hamper those already here. Always, even yet, a leader in Socorro county and in his party, he was an unsuccessful candidate for governor in 1911, but later became a United States senator.

Solomon Luna, the leader of the native element in the convention, was fifty-two years of age, and according to Twitchell, "in point of numbers and invested capital, the most heavily interested of any sheep owner in New Mexico."[5] He was the undisputed leader of Valencia county, and had been a member of the Republican National Committee since 1896. In the convention, he was chairman of the very important Committee on Committees. Wealthy and relatively uninterested in public office, his influence in the convention, quietly used, as all agree, was powerful.

Thomas B. Catron was the patriarch of the convention, being seventy years of age. For many years he was not only the leader of the New Mexico bar but the Republican "boss" of the territory, and although his political power had waned, he was still a force with which to reckon. In the convention, he was a member of several of the more significant committees. In 1912, at the first session of the legislature, he was elected, along with Fall, to the United States Senate.

Charles Springer, a wealthy and capable lawyer, was chairman of the Committee on Revision. He was an important political figure in the northern counties of the state. Charles A. Spiess, another brilliant attorney, was chairman of the convention. He had broken into New Mexico politics as an associate of Catron, but at the time of the convention resided in San Miguel county where he was a dominant figure.

Harvey B. Fergusson of Albuquerque was, as floor leader of the Democrats, the principal spokesman of the minority. A lawyer of much ability, and always a force in his party, he had been a delegate to Congress from the territory. Republican leaders found him difficult to understand because he, more than any other delegate in the convention, was in tune with progressive ideas of government. Those of his political faith saw him as an impassioned pleader for the rights of the common people. In 1911 he was elected by the people to be a member of Congress from New Mexico.

The convention met in the chamber of the House of Representatives at the capitol in Santa Fe on October 3, 1910.

[5] R. E. Twitchell, *Leading Facts of New Mexico History* (Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press, 1912), II, 551-552.

Partisanship was rife in New Mexico at the time and, apparently, little attempt was made to have a non-partisan convention. Catron, in writing of this earlier, had said:

> We [the Republicans] are sure to have a two-thirds majority in the convention, and we think we are better able to make a good constitution than the Democrats. We know they would not hold a non-partisan convention if they were in the majority. To make it non-partisan means that we would have to give away some of our strength, and I do not believe any political party can succeed by surrendering a part of its strength.[6]

On the eve of the convention, the Republican delegates held a caucus with Bursum, the territorial chairman of the Republican Party, presiding; they nominated Charles A. Spiess for convention chairman. The Democratic caucus nominated Harvey B. Fergusson. The vote in the convention on the chairmanship showed that the party lines were tightly drawn; Spiess received the support of sixty-eight delegates and Fergusson twenty-nine. Not a single Republican present voted for Fergusson or a single Democrat for Spiess. The convention completed its organization by naming George W. Armijo,[7] chief clerk, and Harry Whiting, sergeant at arms. Both of these men were Republicans as were all the appointed clerical assistants.

In commenting on the chairmanship vote, the Albuquerque *Tribune-Citizen,* leading Democratic daily of the territory, said:

> His [Spiess'] selection signified that the conservatives are in control and that the initiative and referendum will not be written into the Constitution, but it would be a fundamental document, as desired by President Taft.[8]

Spiess was, nevertheless, a capable presiding officer. It was agreed in advance of his selection, however, that he would be denied the right to appoint the standing committees of the convention, a right customarily exercised by the chairman of legislative bodies in the period.

[6] T. B. Catron to Wm. H. H. Allison, June 28, 1910.

[7] Armijo, a colorful figure in New Mexico politics for half a century, was a grandson of Francisco Chavez, who had presided over the convention of 1890.

[8] The Albuquerque *Tribune-Citizen,* October 3, 1910. Harvey B. Fergusson was vice-president of the *Tribune-Citizen.* The Albuquerque *Journal* sometimes referred to its rival as "the evening anarchist." Such was the spirit of the times in New Mexico. The Albuquerque *Journal* was edited by Dana Johnson, later editor of the Santa Fe *New Mexican.* Will Keleher, later to become a state Democratic leader, was then city editor of the *Journal.*

Instead, the appointment of the committees was vested by the convention, on the initiative of the Republican caucus, in a Committee on Committees, composed of twenty-one men, with Solomon Luna as chairman and Charles Springer as secretary.

This committee not only appointed the other committees but became the unofficial "steering" or managing committee of the convention through which control over that body was exercised by the Republican caucus.[9] Twitchell says of the committee that it "had for its members the men who, more than any other, performed the work of the convention, dictated the policies of the Republican majority, and without the support of whom, no article of the constitution could have been adopted."[10]

The election of the Committee on Committees signified the beginning of caucus control of the convention. However, Republicans have since pointed out in defense of their action that caucus control was no more in evidence at this convention than in any of a number of conventions during the period. It was simply customary procedure in an era noted for its lusty partisanship, they claim.[11] Francis E. Wood, a member of the Committee on Committees, has stated in justification of the procedure used that it was necessary, to prevent the Democratic minority from debating every committee report at length for partisan political purposes. He also has pointed out that several Democratic delegates—he specifically remembers the names of W. B. Walton, J. G. Fitch, and H. M. Dougherty—who sincerely wished to coöperate in making the constitution and who were not of an obstructionist nature were invited to attend sessions of the Republican caucus, and did attend. Wood credits them with having exercised considerable influence in the shaping of certain constitutional provisions.[12]

Twenty-seven standing committees were appointed by the Committee on Committees. The chairman and the majority of members on each committee were Republicans, but the Democrats were allowed minority representation.

[9] Members of the Committee on Committees: Luna, Bursum, Fall, Springer, Catron, Holloman, Wood, Parker, Murray, Labadie, Canning, Page, Brown, Esquibel, Lindsay, Miera, Eugenio Romero, Winston, Martinez, Acasio Gallegos, and Eufracio Gallegos. Every member was a Republican.

[10] Twitchell, *op. cit.*, pp. 585-586.

[11] See statements by Bursum and Holloman in Dorothy Thomas, *The Final Years of New Mexico's Struggle for Statehood*, unpublished thesis, University of New Mexico, 1939, p. 93.

[12] Interview with Francis E. Wood, October 10, 1941.

Each committee was assigned the task of drafting a section of the constitution; the Committee on the Legislative Department wrote the provisions pertaining to the legislature, the Committee on Corporations wrote the provisions pertaining to corporations, and so on. Open hearings of committees were held when individuals or groups asked to appear on matters of interest to them. No draft constitution was prepared in advance of the convention to guide the delegates in their work, but a copy of the proposed constitution of 1890 and copies of all the state constitutions were available. Some committees simply copied provisions of other state constitutions, whereas others carefully constructed their sections from the standpoint of New Mexico's needs.

Each committee, after completing its tentative draft, reported to the Republican caucus, where its work was carefully considered before it was sent to the convention. On the floor of the convention the report was debated and then voted on. Rarely did the debate, which was frequently sharp, result in any substantial change of a provision. The reason for this was that the Republicans, after approving a committee report in the caucus, committed all their members to support it on the floor of the convention. The effective work of the convention was thus accomplished in the committee rooms and in the caucus.

Another procedure which gave the majority a chance to dominate the convention was the so-called "gag" rules. One rule, Rule 18, prevented a roll call to determine the vote of each delegate. It read: "Any two members shall have the right to demand yeas and nays before the result is announced; but if objection is made the demand shall be sustained by thirty of the members present."[13] Since there were only twenty-nine Democrats, the necessary thirty votes could not be obtained by the minority. If no vote was taken, there was no way for the public to learn how each delegate voted. The minority recommended that the sustaining vote should be one tenth of the members present, but the proposal was defeated.[14]

Rule 20 provided that any member should have the right to demand the previous question.[15] This rule worked to stop debate in the convention at any time. Another rule, number 12, prevented a delegate from speaking more than twice on the same subject without permission of the

[13] *Proceedings of the Constitutional Convention* (Albuquerque: Press of the Morning Journal, 1910), p. 277.
[14] *Ibid.*, pp. 27-29.
[15] *Ibid.*, p. 277.

majority.[16] These rules curtailed proper debate and discussion and kept the minority ineffective throughout the convention. They were justified by the majority as necessary time-saving procedures. Furthermore, the Republicans charged that the Democrats wanted to utilize debate only to make "political medicine."

It is of special interest to note that no *verbatim* record of the convention was made. The published *Proceedings* contain an account of only the most formal actions of the convention, such as committee reports and the votes on their adoption, but no record of debate. The minority sought to have the full proceedings of the convention published,[17] but the majority opposed doing so because, they said, the cost involved was prohibitive.[18] Despite this consideration, many people sincerely doubted that the expense was the main reason for not publishing such a record.

The basic difference between the majority and the minority aside from mere partisanship was that the Republicans desired the constitution to be a conservative one, one that would appeal to the principal economic interests of the territory and to President Taft, whereas the Democrats, at least those who tended to follow Fergusson, wanted the constitution to be a "progressive" one. A progressive constitution meant to them one that would contain among other things provisions for a workable initiative and referendum (but not the recall), stringent regulation of the railroads and other large corporations in the public interest, non-partisan election of the judiciary, the direct primary, and an easy amending process. Woman suffrage and prohibition also had their champions among the minority.

Chief interest in the delegate election and in the convention centered on the initiative and referendum proposals. The majority of Republicans would have preferred to take no action at all on these measures but, because of the demands of the minority and the evident public interest, finally compromised on a modified initiative and referendum provision that has since, as they hoped, proved difficult to employ.[19]

The minority's proposal that judges should be nominated by petition, instead of by partisan conventions, and then elected on a separate

16 *Ibid.*, p. 276.
17 *Ibid.*, pp. 37-38, 42.
18 The Albuquerque *Tribune-Citizen*, October 21, 1910.
19 See Roy C. Stumph, *History of the Referendum in New Mexico*, unpublished thesis, University of New Mexico, 1941.

rather than on a party column ballot was voted down. The purpose of the plan was to remove the judiciary from politics, an end yet much to be desired in New Mexico. Public support for the idea grows yearly in New Mexico, and sooner or later it will become a part of our constitution. The proposal to write a direct primary provision in the constitution was viewed adversely by the convention and the matter was left to future legislative action. In 1938, the legislature finally enacted a direct primary law.

The fight of the minority to regulate the corporations was a bitter one, but the majority had its way and the result was the creation of a corporation commission without real powers. The prevailing view in the convention regarding woman suffrage was that it was degrading for women to participate in politics. However, since women had been allowed even under the despised territorial regime to vote in school elections, this privilege was continued in the new constitution. General suffrage for women in New Mexico was not to come until the passage of the nineteenth amendment in 1920.

The prohibtion forces, represented by the New Mexico Department of the Anti-Saloon League, had lobbyists at the convention sponsoring a "dry" provision in the constitution. A number of the delegates, principally those from the eastern counties, favored such a provision, but the convention after much discussion decided by a 57 to 25 vote to leave the matter to the discretion of the legislature. A representative of a national organization urging the outlawing of child labor also appeared at the convention but was, like the advocates of prohibition, unsuccessful in getting his ideas adopted by the delegates.

In no provision of the constitution did the majority reveal its conservative tendency more clearly than in the method adopted for amending the constitution. As we shall note later, so onerous were the terms of this provision, that Congress required its modification before statehood was granted.

The partisan nature of the convention was again manifested in the closing days in the report of the committee dealing with the apportionment of members of the House and Senate of the legislature. The committee's report was cleverly drawn for the partisan advantage of the Republicans, and, although the Democrats realized it was a piece of gerrymandering, they did not seem to fight it as spiritedly as they had other provisions. Delegate W. B. Walton, Chairman of the Democratic

Territorial Committee, in debate on the matter, good-naturedly stated his party's position:

> The Republican members of the convention have taken just a slight advantage of us in this apportionment; but in view of the political exigencies of the occasion, we feel that we ought not to complain; because, were the situation reversed, in all frankness and candor, I am inclined to the opinion that we, the Democrats, might have done likewise.[20]

The only defense the Republicans ever offered for the gerrymander was that, in later years, when the Democrats got into control of the state legislature they did not change the arrangement.

There had been some apprehension prior to the convention that, because of the large Anglo majority, the Spanish-American element might be discriminated against, particularly with reference to suffrage and educational facilities. However, no such disposition developed and equal rights were sensibly given to all. Since 1910, several writers have tried to give credit to this person or that for the inclusion of these protective articles[21] in the constitution, but the fact of the matter is that there was no particular sentiment against including them.

The convention completed its labors on November 21 after one month and three weeks of hard work. The Albuquerque *Journal,* which published the constitution in full in its issue of November 22, 1910, declared the document a credit to the delegates, "to their disinterestedness and patriotism, and a credit to the people of New Mexico."[22]

On the final motion to adopt the constitution, the convention vote was 78 for, 18 against, and 4 not voting. Only eight of the Democratic delegates voted for the constitution as framed. Ninety-two of the one hundred delegates, however, signed the original copy of the constitution. Later, two of the eight Democrats who failed to sign the constitution when it was first completed affixed their signatures. Six never signed it.[23]

The Democrats called a state convention to meet in Santa Fe in December to consider the position their party should take on the ques-

20 The Albuquerque *Journal,* November 16, 1910.
21 Article VII and Article XII, *Constitution of New Mexico.*
22 The Albuquerque *Journal,* November 2, 1910.
23 See original copy of constitution now on file in the office of the Secretary of State, Santa Fe.

tion of ratifying the constitution in the January election. They found themselves hopelessly divided, and although they drew up a list of thirteen objections to the constitution, they decreed that "the fealty" of members of the party would not be called into question for their vote on the constitution "whether it be for or against."[24]

In brief, the thirteen objections to the constitution as outlined by the Santa Fe Democratic convention were as follows:[25]

1. The constitution was too difficult to amend.[26]
2. More judicial districts were created than was necessary, and there was no provision for a non-partisan judiciary.
3. The terms of the judges were too long for the best interests of the people.
4. The number of members of the legislature was too large.
5. The salaries of state officials in general and
6. Those of the corporation commissioners in particular were too high.
7. The expenses of government necessitated by the constitution would increase taxation.
8. The Board of Equalization would consist of elective officers who would use their position to pay off campaign obligations.
9. The districting of the state for judicial and legislative purposes was inequitable.
10. No limit on taxation for county, district, and municipal purposes was imposed by the constitution.
11. The constitution did not provide an initiative, referendum, direct primary, or an advisory selection of United States senators by popular vote.
12. No provision was made for an effective and honest election law or for a corrupt practices act.
13. The method of selecting public lands granted the state by the national government was alleged to be not in accord with the Enabling Act.

[24] Despite the declaration issued by the Santa Fe convention, it is to be noted that not all Democratic leaders opposed ratification. A number of them announced that they intended to vote for the constitution, and did.

[25] For the full text of this document, which was signed by A. A. Jones, Democratic state chairman, see Twitchell, *op. cit.*, pp. 586-588.

[26] The constitution as adopted by the convention required a two-thirds vote of each house of the legislature to propose an amendment except in the second year after its adoption and every eighth year thereafter when a majority vote of each house would suffice. To ratify a proposed amendment a majority of electors voting thereon was sufficient provided that the affirmative vote was equal to at least 40 per cent of all the votes cast in the election, and provided that at least one half of all the counties favored it. The obvious aim of the convention was to make it difficult to amend the constitution unless there was an overwhelming sentiment on the part of the people favorable to the action. Considering the large amount of detailed statutory matter in the constitution, the amendment provision appears to have been unduly stringent.

Some of these objections were well taken. Objections number 1, 9, 11, and 12 embodied issues that the Democrats had made much of in the constitutional convention and were questions of importance. One or two of the remaining objections might also be placed in the same category, but most of them were picayune.

On three questions in which there was considerable public interest the Democrats remained silent, namely, woman suffrage, prohibition, and the thorough-going way in which the constitution protected Spanish-Americans in their rights.

The Democratic manifesto concluded:

> Wherefore this convention . . . does declare its judgment to a candid world that the rejection of the submitted constitution will be for the highest and best interest of the people of New Mexico . . .
>
> We therefore appeal to the . . . citizens of the territory to disapprove the proposed constitution for the reasons set forth and for the further reason that the way is provided and the method easy, under the Enabling Act, for them to secure a better constitution and one in accord with their sentiments . . . inasmuch as that Act is mandatory on the governor to call members of the constitutional convention together again twenty days after the election if the constitution submitted is disapproved by the people.

In the campaign preceding the election, the large majority of the newspapers of the territory favored ratification, pointing out in support of their position that while the constitution did not in every respect please everybody it was in the main excellent, and, further, that a vote against ratification would only delay statehood. The minority of the press opposing ratification directed their attacks chiefly at the difficult amending clause and the absence of the initiative and referendum, and asked for a new convention.

On January 12, 1911, the election was held and the returns showed a vote of 31,742 in favor of ratification and 13,399 against. Only four of the twenty-six counties (Lincoln, Roosevelt, San Juan, and Sierra) voted for rejection. On February 24, Taft approved the constitution and sent it to Congress with a message recommending its approval by that body.

Meanwhile Arizona had adopted a constitution containing among other things a provision which made possible the recall of public offi-

cials in general and judges in particular. A national controversy developed over the proposal and continued for many months. President Taft, a former judge, thought the provision pernicious and declared it would be conducive to destruction of independence in the judiciary. New Mexico's constitution got stalled in the long Congressional debate involving the Arizona proposal, and it was not until August 21 that it finally reached Taft's desk for his signature. Congress, however, before giving its approval to the constitution, stipulated in the so-called Smith-Flood resolution that New Mexico should vote on a substitute[27] for Article XIX of its constitution (the amending clause). The territory, however, was to become a state regardless of the fate of the substitute proposal at the hands of the people.

The Smith-Flood resolution required that the vote on the amendment should be on a separate ballot from that used in the state's first general election, and that it should be tinted blue. Thus it became known as the "blue ballot" amendment. In the election held on November 7, 1911, the voters gave the amendment their approval with a vote of 34,897 for and 22,831 against it. Thus came to a close the task of making the New Mexico constitution. The state government began its legal existence under it on January 6, 1912, when President Taft signed the statehood proclamation in Washington.[28]

[27] The substitute provided that amendments to the constitution could be proposed by simple majorities in each house of the legislature and ratified by a simple majority of the popular vote. The method is the one still in use in New Mexico.

[28] See Thomas, *op. cit.*, for an extended description of the treatment accorded the New Mexico Constitution in the 62nd Congress, 1911.

POETRY

TWO POEMS

OLD FARM

How often in the sunny speckled gloom
Of dooryard oak we swung up to the sky;
The limb that held us from earth's rushing doom,
Gnawed at the creaking rope that made us fly.

We followed paths the cattle made to barn;
We tipped a trough where men washed off the field;
We scouted brush; we gaped at country yarn;
And slept more deeply than the bull frog pealed.

How often like a hilly burst of green,
The morning woke us, breeze across the brow;
We shouted greetings to an early scene,
Ran barefoot stumbling after dog and plow.

We found a creek that sparkled over sand,
A blue jay's riffle, and a hornet's bank,
There, dauntless, at the buzzing edge of land,
We splashed a glory that the sunshine drank.

MEDAL

Will courage save the spring; enrich the sun?
Or flesh be firm till dust with dust is done?
We strive . . . . The net is tangled where we fall,
And years march over us we can't recall.

What is the time snow-white on brow and mind,
A noble wreath, or prickly wrath we bind?

Is age a knotty staff, or crutch leaned on?
Perhaps the shadowed face is nearest dawn.

We do not know . . . . We climb a secret hill,
And call the planet green, who trust it still.
Behind us sleep the friends we walked beside;
Too soon they rest; it was not grief that died.

We suffer beauty's thorn, red leaves of day
That whip an autumn path and ancient way,
But lift at last a trembling hand and breath
Against the howling god, old wintry Death.

LINCOLN FITZELL

FIVE POEMS

1

Who comforts flesh unreconciled,
The spirit begging to be bound?
Leave space, destroy the flesh reviled,
The interval recalls no sound.

The hand that holds no instrument
Cannot create, impatient god.
How can the unarmed have intent?
Even the wrathful bears a rod.

Bodiless soul cannot perceive.
Then can the eyeless find their way?
The huddled spirit fears to leave,
Corruption near, it dares not stay.

2

The melody, from treble tones
Of clarity and quick design,
Scaling the intervals descends,
Losing in overtones its line.
But still the listener will hear
The tune unchanging to his ear.

So in the personal unity
The intricate harmonies of mind,

Transposed to body, will become
Precision marred and undefined.
And yet the instrument contains
The tune; the single phrase remains.

3

On still Spring night, the falling leaf
Startles the sense aware of death
Inherent to the leaf and earth.
The dying scent of loose-piled hay
Enfolds the woman sleeping there,
The man, awake, who dares not sleep,
Because he hears the falling leaf,
In stillness, hears that sound of death.
Frightened, he knows new leaves will grow,
Insensate, not to know decay.

4

Uncaptured is essential death,
Free is its visitation,
In aspect like the humid breath,
Visible in occurrence.

5

The supple body bends to will
And then springs back like storm-bowed tree,
Or like the grass behind the wind,
Erect, free from identity.

It has no need of subtle mind
For simple want and quick desire;
With longing satisfied, it turns
To balance. But the mind is slyer,

And creeping from the caverned skull,
Decisive thought's supremacy
Enforces in a moment strength;
But yet is served unwillingly.

FRANCES CRAWFORD

from THE SINGLE ROSE

VI

Now I am brown because the sun
has kilned my skin as flame does clay,
but not like one who tills all day,
for yesterday the shepherds, every one,
came out to play.

I thought my vineyard had been done:
the pruned stems burnt, tares raked away,
I breasted up the green crests row on row,
spaded the spaces in between, and lay
beneath the tree to wait for grapes to grow.
But there were none,
and I half-hoped a sudden flesh-flower spray
would crown my vineyard with the joy I know.

O Rose, I called your name,
asked where your haunts are, lest I run
after the neighbor's herds. You never came.

And now the quiet pastures had begun
to reel as when wind-rioted poppies sway,
the lads limb-handsome at their lithesome game,
the lasses quaver-rounded, light as they,
and how their dress and tresses fanned their fun
when all the mead was May.

Now I am brown, for shepherds shun
at length the one who also would be gay,
the lone vine-keep whose alien aim
itself will hint he cannot stay
but back into his vineyard go
with shame-red heart and reins a-flame.

Now am I reddened, more than dun,
at what I hear a small voice say:
"Slaves seek the shade, and hirelings
the end of work above all things."

XIII

My vineyard lies before me in the sun and I,
soothed by the greenness of it and the shadow
of the tree nearby,
watch over all my stalks,
each tendriled sprout
grown fuller, taller, all spread flockwise out
up to my ivy-linteled door;
from where I also watch the meadow,
wondering why the shepherds and their flocks,
unscorched as yet from heaven, frolic as before.

O Love, our vines are flourishing in the sun.
Come, visit now the vineyard you have laid,
wherein I planted every switch
with pain-twitched fingers, dunged each one
with wry things done, and dug a ditch
around each, run with tears.
And meanwhile those who revel
on the meadow, man and maid,
do also flourish, fling their jeers
at one whose vines are grapeless even—
visit them with fire from heaven!

"Why (a voice asks) is your eye yet evil?
Have you cause to fret
if I am good
to others, and forget
that it is I who gives
the increase to the wood
and very sap by which it lives?
now answer me!"

There on the lone tree stood
the one I longed so long for, with a stern
but soft-eyed glance on me.
And I was silent. Then my eyes began to burn
so smartingly, I could but faintly see
an empty rood.

XV

The flowers have appeared upon our land
in riotous sprays of leaf and stem;
one Flower, too, appeared and went
when I but thought to touch the hem
of one soft petal with my hand.
Return, O Love, and stay,
for it is evening and the day
far spent.

O little hedge-birds, wedging in among the wall-
flags, feathered wing to wing together;
little field-mice, dredging in below the sedges,
fur near fur from wind and weather,
have you seen my lover?
Say how long I must yet yearn
until I, too, find cover
in the shadow of white wings
as chicks beneath a hen,
in the hollow of light things
which foxes fix their den . . . .

Return, O Rose, return,
for gone with winter is the fleet
of wasting sleet, my vineyard's hold
now stowed with myriad swinging skins
which fall will blow and fill with finest wines
from stem to stern!
Or is my heart yet cold?
Then thaw me
with your rose-breath's heat
until my soul melts whole
like to a brook-filled bowl,
and draw me!

Love, unseen, then said: "I thirst
for drink, but pure-encupped.
Take care your earth-frail vessel does not burst
from useless heat as well as frost

or sudden changing blasts of both,
a broken cistern that can hold
no water, for the tale is old:
It happened on the night we supped
that one rock vase did overturn
and held moist-faced together,
but another
burst asunder and was lost.
Go, then, into my vineyard, make it yield
a perfect growth
from buds to brook-filled bubbles, not a field
of blood—this look to first."

FRAY ANGELICO CHAVEZ

THREE POEMS

DESERT ROAD

The asphalt gleams in wet delusion
Sharp across the level sand.
The brindled sage dilates confusion
Over coarse and graying land.
Charred peaks reflect a weighted sky,
And dust lifts white against the blue;
A single chipmunk worries by,
And the road cleaves through.

Unpainted boards in brown precision
Combine to integrate the town.
Faded signs disturb the vision—
Each bragging one saloon's renown.
Dark lanterns vibrate to a sound—
A bird's light peck. His echoed cry
Dies ringing on the empty ground
Where the road sifts by.

MEDUSA

Old trees bristle lean
To break upon the air—
And suddenly are stilled.

Glinting a hidden green,
Seared grass unfolds its care—
To sink in calm, unwilled.

Within the lightless room,
Drawn back in fascination,
Gray coals forget to fume —
Cold in expectation:

In such a pause moves Death,
Implicit in the heart.
Familiar, close as breath,
Death grows into its part,

Until at last we know
The delicate, shadowed head
Drawn back in invitation:
From frozen eyes held low,
And bitter mouth unfed—
We suck annihilation.

NIGHT

She lifts her head and smiles to find
The sun has crowded back the dark,
And slanting, splintered through each blind,
Has left its restless, waving mark.

As silence that a cupping palm
May hold when brought against the ear
Becomes oppressive in its calm,
So had faint stirrings pushed her fear.

The folding shadows in communion
Seemed softly stirring with desires,
And made a smoky, dull reunion
Within the mirror's ashy fires.

The curtains reached like pillars charred,
Alone resisting and unbent.
The breezes too the curtains barred,
And straying sounds with stillness blent.

Yet intermittent and uncertain,
In accents hushed the shadows spoke,
And felt about each listening curtain
The hidden, yielding walls to stroke.

Yet long before the widening sky
Swelled light before the shifting sun,
The eyes that strained at creak and sigh
By heavy sleep were overrun.

And so the mirror cleared with light;
The soot of night was swept away.
Beyond the blinds the world grew bright,
And terrors lost themselves in day.

NANCY NICKERSON

TWO POEMS

MARRIAGE

Now look and see this being that is I
While mirrored by this presence that is You—
The You I, as your mirror, modify
From time to time, as given a further view.
Mirror reflecting mirror, clear as speech,
Are You and I, one square and firmly framed
And one contoured in oval, each to each
Adjusting what the shifting years have claimed
To what they have bestowed,—while glass to glass
Our glancing images of youth recede
(Dissolved through later likenesses, they pass),
And show Us Many, Two,—and One, indeed,
When there is flashed a slant of light whereby
We glimpse that I am You and You are I.

LACKING THE PATIENT MIND

I

The gazer on the stars is well-engrossed.
His noble foot has spurned the earth; his eye
Is traveling outward, outward, toward the host
Of worlds immaculate lenses clarify.
Patient, he bids his mind to take as wax
The needling of vague theories into grooves:
As time and space slide curving on their tracks,
He calmly measures, listens, figures, proves,—
Shrugging the rasping disk of the mortal spasm
As a trifling pang, worth but the bitten lip.
And what if man fight man beside the chasm?
And what if man weave backward, clutch, and slip?
Sweetly do the eons drown the fuss
Of Now in music of the calculus.

II

There is the far and splendid view!—but stuck
But stuck but stuck the playing disk repeats
Discords where my heart's music is; ill-luck
Has geared earth's fair recordings to defeats.
And I, lacking the patient mind, must peer
Into the glass converging inward: blurred
Is my poor focusing upon this sphere
By sweat of mourners for the massacred.
If time shall strip away man's blinding-fold
To blink his wisdom in unpitying light,
How should it matter so, this creeping mold
Of human wretchedness that fouls my sight?
Some eons off, it may not matter how.—
But oh, it matters now! it matters now!

HELEN FERGUSON CAUKIN

FROM THE RUSSIAN ROSE

The driven bee,
slave of the summer hour
has got a dark drop
from the uneasy flower,

from the Crimean flower
with the charnel smell,
the harm of man's salt
in every cell,

from the Russian rose
the toiler bee
has pressed the red oil
of agony.

ROSAMUND DARGAN THOMSON

TRAVELERS

Armchairs charming a hand-weaved from old rags rug,
And when shall travelers ever meet again?
I hope you realize where I have been
Is only from one desolation to another.

Outside, the desert dimming off to where
That darkness there is hushed on hills of life-lost loneliness.
I think the desert is a jackass carrying
The tent-sky folded over it for pack;
Bright bugs are crawling here in one place
Where the honey's spilled: "Welcome
To Sage City!"

Those neon signs are quite forgiven though till starlight
comes;
Gleaming's in us meanwhile: of two pipefuls of thought
We empty our ashes: "Brother," you say,
"It's all here in the human heart;

God gives in a gush!" I answer, "The best is—"
ponder-pensive.
Soon that trailer-of-sunset star wands
Through the open window, though;
The desert is its own excuse for being silent;
A bringing breeze feels universe to tell.

ELLIS FOOTE

RACHEL

Wistful, I watch my Jewish boy-refugees,
Their olive-clear faces bowed by the winter fire
Intent on their plaintive harmonica melodies,
And I tease my heart until the sounds expire
With fragments of talk recalled, of reported scene,
Trying to picture their homes, their village green,
The mothers they left, their sisters I have not known.

And always after the melody ends (but never
It ends in my heart) above the remembered tone
And tune of their exile-song, there shines and cries
A dark maternal woman who grieves for ever,
Agelessly young in a universal air:
"You have given your mite of solace in sheltering these,
But what of my children on frozen Danubian screes,
In Moravian wilds and the camps of the living-dead?"

And then I look in the boys' black brimming eyes:
Human and local, and too intense to bear,
Shines Rachel and cries, and is not comforted.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

BOOK REVIEWS

Sun Chief, The Autobiography of a Hopi Indian, [by Don C. Talayesva]; edited by Leo W. Simmons. New Haven and London: Yale University Press and Oxford University Press, 1942. $4.25.

The Man Who Killed the Deer, by Frank Waters. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1942. $2.50.

Of recent years the Anglo-Saxon has developed an increasing tendency to see alien peoples as fellow humans and to desire a human understanding of them. By Anglo-Saxon I mean the world-wide belt of people who share in the general Anglo-American culture, regardless of their descent. This healthy development is part of a groping towards a new morality, the development of democracy from the early Norse demand for equality for me and my fellows to insistence on equality for mankind. Against it our deep cultural belief in "racial" inequality wars constantly. Where that belief has apparently been conquered, it crops up in changed forms, above all in an inability to approach an alien people simply, and in the curious admiration of the sentimentalists (in this part of the country, their cult of the Indian) which are really forms of condescension and denials of common humanity.

Sun Chief and *The Man Who Killed the Deer* are unusual examples of the scientist's and the writer's quest for understanding of the inward nature of an Indian tribe. A comparison between the two, as it happens, is pointed up by the fact that Mr. Waters, the novelist, spends some time in lampooning ethnologists, as a minor issue. His method of doing this is not a credit to a writer—the creation of a ridiculous figure whom any competent scientist would regard with equal contempt, which straw man the author happily lambastes. This method is best known as dealing off the bottom of the pack. By his attack, Mr. Waters fairly exposes his novel to judgment by the standards of good science. There are plenty of second-rate to tenth-rate ethnologists, but it is no more fair to judge the profession by them than to judge writers

on Indians by Zane Grey. This broad contempt for ethnologists is found among whites, particularly among those who dislike a factual disturbance of their vision of Indians, but is rare among those Indians who have had intimate contact with sound members of the profession.

Ethnologists and writers seek the same goal by different means, and in part for different purposes. Trained in self-distrust, a good scientist hopes to capture the nature of man in a sort of pointilliste accumulation of probable fact, avoiding perhaps to excess the broad impressions which are sure to be colored by the prejudices and wishes of his own fallible humanity. Increasingly scientists realize that the human being behind the facts evaporates out of their accumulations of data. So they have hit upon the idea of letting the Indians speak for themselves—an idea so obvious that one wonders why the Indians' admiring friends have never tried it. One could not use this method with the Taos, the subject of Mr. Waters' novel, a tribe determined on complete secrecy. This secrecy is a matter of tribal choice, indicating neither superiority nor inferiority.

The method contravenes a novelist's *raison d'être,* although it offers him prime material. Fiction as an art requires interpretation, the addition to recorded fact of the artist's subjective vision, the straining of the whole through himself. It is only unfortunate that writers have so ignored the corpus of Indian autobiographies which began with Radin's *Crashing Thunder* nearly a generation ago. These books make us who have tried to set forth the Indian in fiction look pretty sick. Left-Handed's *Son of Old Man Hat,* ably edited by Walter Dyk, made this reviewer wish he had never had the temerity to write about Navahos.

To this distinguished line, Don Talayesva's autobiography is a noble addition. A devout Hopi and religious official, he betrays no secrets, but with that reservation he tells all his story with the directness and utter honesty peculiar to Indians. Like his predecessors, he demolishes our stuffed, romantic, semi-human Indian and gives us a man, quite different from us, but possessed of a clear common humanity. Again we see that if the white and the Indian qualities are added up, the pluses and minuses may be different, but the sums are equal; and the end of the equation is x equals y (which does not mean that x is identical with y).

In such a book one constantly glimpses the mystery, the heart of strength of the tribe. The mystery, yes, as the white man has his mystery, but none of the mystic claptrap with which we are likely to swathe

those elements of the Indian which we do not understand. To himself Talayesva is quite clear, nor is he sitting by the firesides of the wealthy trying to make a profitable impression. To me the book was strongly evocative, filled with familiar situations and remembered faces, including the author's. Again and again things which had bewildered me among the Hopis fell into place as I read it; illusion after illusion slipped away.

Dr. Simmons, the editor, contributes a preface worth noting as a horrible example of scientific terminology, unclarity, and making twenty words serve for two. In the body of the book he has done a splendid sensitive job of putting Talayesva's limping English into good form without destroying its quality. The result is smooth reading, consistently interesting, human—and no book for the morally squeamish. Indians take their sex with a freedom which frightens us, a simplicity which shows us up as prurient, and a singular lack of grace.

In a novel the demand on style is much more severe than in simple reportage. The author of *The Man Who Killed the Deer* seems to set out aiming for intensity and trying to get it by overwriting, overdescription, and the outworn device of using periods where they do not belong. The effect is effortful and irritating. But as Mr. Waters gets into his story, as he himself is carried away, the false intensity slowly disappears and we get the powerful, often beautiful writing of a man who is himself deeply impressed, feeling intensely, perceiving beauty.

The major theme of the book is the incompleteness of the Pueblo Indian who is not integrated into his tribe with an integration requiring sympathies (in the original meaning) of which we have little idea, and of the Pueblo itself in which there is dissension and from which a sacred, necessary part has been wrenched away. He puts his finger well and truly upon part of what I believe is the mystery and strength of the Pueblos, the relation of a man's spirit to his own body *and to the greater body of the tribe,* and gives this relationship a perfect expression.

Here the artist succeeds where the autobiographer fails: what he describes for Taos is true for the Hopi, but the Indian author takes it so for granted, it is so much a part of what he breathes, that only some rare circumstance would bring it up to conscious statement. (Mr. Waters gives his explicit statement in one of his italicized passages describing thought deeper than words.) In *Sun Chief* you can find it only if you are hunting for it, and then between the lines or casually implied.

What I have said is enough to mark the novel as a major achieve-

ment. I wish I could stop there without having to register some strong secondary objections. Short of the main theme the white man's weaknesses appear, importantly in characterization. The Indians are not full human beings; they are figures, they are impressive, they are wrapped in their blankets and their faces are inscrutable, the range of their thoughts and interests is narrower and nobler than ours. They partake of the bill of goods which Indians so ably sell us. Perhaps it is unfair to any writer to have his novel read right along with *Sun Chief*—not that the Hopis are like the Taos, but that the Indians' own stories effortlessly blow away the white man's characterizations.

There is another matter less important than character, and unfortunately disagreeable. Mr. Waters deals with certain controversies which are not fiction but well-known fact. Where fact is in question, it should be handled with reasonable fairness. For instance, he entirely misrepresents the attitude of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs towards the Peyote Cult and the recapture of Blue Lake, and in the former controversy completely suppresses facts of key importance. He also indulges in the usual cheap tricks for making all Indian Service officials look like insincere fools, in at least one case apparently with the ugly intention that his victim shall be readily identified. Nothing is easier than to exploit the ever-ready popular prejudice towards the Indian Bureau with a few catch phrases and a little distortion of fact; to do so is bad art, and unworthy of a writer with the ability of the author of *The Man Who Killed the Deer.*

OLIVER LA FARGE

The Changing Indian, edited by Oliver La Farge. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1942. $2.00.

The Changing Indian, edited by Oliver La Farge, is a collection of eighteen reports dealing with the problems and prospects of the Indian population of the Americas. They are the result of a symposium held by the Institute on the Future of the American Indian, an adjunct of the American Association of Indian Affairs.

Whether or not readers agree with the policies outlined by the several writers, none will deny that they are provocative. Much of the material deals specifically with the Indians of the Southwest and, by extension, with other racial and cultural entities of that area. Such dilemmas as that of population increase versus a decrease in natural resources and the question of whether race classification shall be based

upon genetic or cultural factors are not problems confined to the Indian elements of the Southwest. Neither are the ably discussed subjects of land tenure and conservation and the bilingual and vocational aspects of education. The prohibitions of space prevent direct mention of more than a few articles. State planners and educators, however, will do well to consult Province, *Cultural Factors in Land Use Planning;* Borbolla, *Indian Education in Mexico;* Macgregor, *Indian Education in Relation to the Social and Economic Background of the Reservation;* and Beatty, *Training Indians for the Best Use of Their Own Resources.* La Farge's summary is excellent for purposes of orientation.

From the point of critical appraisal, it can be said that the work poses problems rather than postulates solutions. Depending upon the affiliations of the several authors, it is also propagandistic. The worst example of this tendency is to be found in Collier's evangelical introduction. Like most messianic doctrine it contains little that relates to actuality. In the face of the known diversity of Indian political structure and land tenure, it is surprising to find such a phrase as " . . . the most ancient and most central Indian institution, local democracy integrated with the land." Similarly, members of the Indian and Soil Conservation Services who sweat to promulgate the conservation program on the Navaho reservation will be shocked to learn that it was "voluntary" and "self-imposed" by that tribe.

W. W. HILL

Navaho Pottery Making, an Inquiry into the Affinities of Navaho Painted Pottery, by Harry Tschopik, Jr. Cambridge: Papers of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. XVII, No. 1, Harvard University, 1941. No price listed.

Guided by Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn's ethnographic erudition and taking advantage of Dr. W. W. Hill's work in Navaho material culture as a point of departure, the author of this capable monograph has encompassed his subject broadly and with acumen. The timeliness of his subject, in view of augmented interest in Navaho archaeology, cannot be understated. The technology section runs the gamut of detailed description, from consideration of the containers used for materials to the proportional prevalence of firing accidents. Navaho terms for

tools, forms, materials, and design characteristics are faithfully recorded. A separate section is devoted to pipes and their uses.

The pages concerning social and ritual aspects of pottery making relate circumstances of instruction in the art, with observance of the slightly digressing customs of the several areal subdivisions of the Navaho. Mythological references associate hermaphroditic makers with the origin of pottery. We see that lack of observance of ritual restriction, in the handling and making of Navaho pottery, would induce blindness. It is in actuating the staidly objective study of pottery with these correlated cultural items that Tschopik excels. While documenting the probability of the western Pueblo origins of Navaho painted pottery, Tschopik submits that the craft was a young one, in view of the extent of Navaho prehistory, and that pottery making has become virtually obsolete by reason of the substitution of commercial wares.

PAUL REITER

Ill Fares the Land, by Carey McWilliams. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1942. $3.00.

A Camera Report on El Cerrito, by Irving Rusinow. Washington: United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, Miscellaneous Publication No. 479, 1942.

A chronic complaint among social scientists, especially in the evaluation and initiation of human welfare programs, is the cry for synthesis. The complaint is real, the complainers mixed. Too often the complaint simply hides a chronic unwillingness to act and a chronic willingness to suspend judgment. With his magnificent *Ill Fares the Land,* Carey McWilliams has established new and bold patterns of synthesis in a field overloaded with alleged "facts" and underloaded with sensible interpretation. With *Ill Fares the Land,* McWilliams is easily America's most creative synthesizer in the field of industrial agricultural relations.

Earlier, in his notable *Factories in the Field,* McWilliams, in a relentless documentation of California's industrialized agriculture, established the thesis of the describable inhumanity in American rural sweatshops. In *Factories in the Field* McWilliams used the *apparent* spectacular California agriculture for developing his thesis; in his new work, patterns which seemed peculiar to California are demonstrated to be national patterns, national problems, and a national disgrace.

The East and Middle West can no longer complacently view the "Oakies" and "Arkies" of California with hypocritical astonishment. In East and Middle West, too, migratory agricultural workers have experienced substandard wages, substandard housing ("substandard" is a weasel euphemism now popular among government researchers), and the highly standardized treatment whenever agricultural workers have tried to organize themselves into unions. Migrant labor and migrant destitution are known around the truck farms in New York and Pennsylvania, the fruit farms of Georgia and Florida, the orchards in the Pacific Northwest, and the sugar beet areas in Colorado (the chapter, "Colorado Merry-Go-Round," for example, is a stunning piece of sustained critical and descriptive writing and is required reading for students of "Spanish-American problems"); even Maine and Long Island are not unfamiliar with migratory "farm" workers.

McWilliams, of course, has leaned, not heavily but selectively, on the Tolan and LaFollette committee reports. But he has supplemented his extremely careful study of this valuable source material with first-hand knowledge and penetrating understanding of the areas involved. With all due consideration for the great work of Paul Taylor, this work of McWilliams is a pioneering job of organization, presentation, and interpretation. No student of the main currents in the transformations developing both in agriculture and industry—indeed no responsible citizen—can ignore McWilliams' material or his recommendations for action based on that material. In his chapter, "From Talk To Action," McWilliams poses the question, the only question with any relevance, regarding the issues raised by the migrant labor problem, the family-sized farm problem, the farm factory problem: namely, "The question is: what kind of society do we want?"

Rusinow's new "camera report" is further heartening evidence of his quick and maturing skill as recorder and revealer of the village communities of New Mexico. Anyone who has followed Rusinow's work—the Santa Cruz study, the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy report, the Taos photographs (unpublished), and now El Cerrito—must surely sense Rusinow's position as the most exciting historian of the human landscape of the Hispanic Southwest. Here are people: working, looking for work, attending mass, eating, and, perhaps, wondering about the man taking their pictures.

If one wants to sense the economic and human landscape of a New Mexican village, without frills, without carefully rehearsed atmospheric

attitudes, Rusinow's photographs are unhesitatingly recommended. This is not to say that Rusinow is without affection, without real warmth for his "subjects"; he has these qualities, too, in full measure.

Unfortunately, the text which accompanies Rusinow's camera report is not only inferior, but actually a monotonous caricature of the new simplicity current in government reports. Simplicity is not synonymous with monosyllabic banality. The accompanying prose is a distinct disadvantage to the photographs. (Note: To Whomever It Concerns: Why not let Rusinow prepare his own texts?) Rusinow's work, despite prose collaborators and poor reproduction and strange sequence of pictures, continues to command the interest of both photographers and sociologists. One must look forward with considerable pleasure to seeing Rusinow's work on his present assignment in South America for the Office of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

One final observation: Why can't someone bring McWilliams and Rusinow together? The results of such a combination could make a lot of people happy; especially, I think, McWilliams and Rusinow.

VINCENT N. GAROFFOLO

History of Utah: 1847 to 1869, by Andrew Love Neff; edited and annotated by Leland Hargrave Creer. Salt Lake City, Utah: The Deseret News Press, 1940. $4.00.

Desert Saints: the Mormon Frontier in Utah, by Nels Anderson. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1942. $4.00.

Westward America, by Howard R. Driggs; with Reproductions of Forty Water Color Paintings by William H. Jackson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1942. $5.00.

From Covered Wagon to Streamliner, by Edward Hungerford. New York: The Greystone Press, 1941. $1.75.

Andrew Love Neff has been characterized as one of the great historians of Utah. He merits the distinction, though it be bestowed by a friend, for his *History of Utah* is not a potboiler but rather the result of twenty years of patient and meticulous scholarship. His volume steers a middle course between the pro-Mormon *Comprehensive History,* by B. H. Roberts, and the profuse and popular anti-Mormon literature. Mormons tend to idealize and romanticize their significant part in Western history; non-Mormons and apostates tend to drama-

tize it for an unsympathetic public and sometimes with an eye on the market. Both groups tend to ignore the facts and fail "to tell the truth" in the sense laid down as a principle by Dr. Creer in his editor's foreword: "The correct point of view . . . is to view that faith as something new and essentially *different,* not necessarily better or worse, superior or inferior, except as the facts of history warrant, considered inductively."

Dr. Neff, the author, and Dr. Creer, the editor, though both members of the Mormon Church, have never been its commissioned historians. Both were students of Professor Herbert E. Bolton at the University of California and were thoroughly trained, through writing their dissertations on distinct periods in Western, Utah, and Mormon history, in the methodology of that eminent historian. Dr. Neff taught history and political science at the University of Utah for seventeen years before his death in 1936. Prodded by his widow, the Board of Regents subsidized the completing of the unfinished manuscript, which runs to a thousand printed pages after careful editing by Dr. Leland H. Creer. Dr. Creer, chairman of the department of history and political science at the University of Utah, added his own great authority and background to the task of editing, contributing about two hundred pages of the finished work. This brief review has space only for tribute to the volume as a standard work. Dr. Neff devoted twenty years of his life, in moments free from teaching, to his manuscript. He covered only the period from 1847 to 1869, and his projected three volume work embracing the entire history of his native state remains unfinished at the moment. It is unusually refreshing to find a scholar with sufficient academic reticence and humility, with patience and care, to refrain from writing for the money market and from prematurely publishing a great work. Perhaps the real monument to Dr. Neff's memory is his unfinished task. Perhaps Dr. Creer will take it up. The writer hopes so.

Nels Anderson includes in his *Desert Saints* the history of the Mormons from the beginning to statehood (1896). He writes briefly, yet not scantily; he is fair and sympathetic, drawing upon Mormon and non-Mormon, pro-Mormon and anti-Mormon sources. His effort results in a short and complete—complete in the sense of substantial—picture of Mormon history. He draws chiefly on secondary materials but includes primary sources at points of controversy. Nominally a Mormon, he is not possessed of the extreme idealism of the Mormons

in expounding their own position; nor is he the bitter, revengeful, or smart-alecky critic. His interest is chiefly sociological. In his last one hundred pages he discusses the economic and social aspects of Mormon group life. He confines his studies to a rather small segment of Mormon life, St. George, Utah, but his picture is not distorted by this narrowness of approach. It is difficult to see, assuming his close contact with the Mormons, how he could make the error which appears in page 335 where he says that "In the Melchizedek priesthood are two grades, the lesser of which is the *elder,* and next is the *high priest.*" This priesthood has three grades, the middle one being *seventy.* Similar slight errors appear in his explanatory material. His handling of his sources and documents, however, is unimpeachable. As with the Neff volume, only a few statements would be unsatisfactory to the authorities of the Mormon Church, though in no sense can Mr. Anderson be called a Mormon writer.

Mr. Anderson has found a *distinctiveness* in Mormon group life. This way of life is the result of the impact between a strong faith, preached and promoted by powerful leadership, and a frontier, in most places and at all times an unfavorable physical environment. There is also the impact of a decidedly unfriendly *gentile* social, economic, and political competition. It is a life that produces great results because of great sacrifice. The emphasis is on character, on individual initiative and enterprise, and on loyalty not only to authority but to an ideal. Distinctive Mormon group life has been fading since 1896 (statehood) or perhaps since 1875 (the passing of the frontier). At great odds Mormonism retains this group within itself, but in so far as effective political, social, and economic control of the affairs of the state of Utah is concerned, this Mormon group life is at the present moment a chapter in the history of the West. The impact of the present war will probably erase it from the former checkerboard pattern of American group life.

Westward America is written by another Mormon, who teaches at New York University. Howard R. Driggs has long identified himself with pioneer trail marks and landmarks; and as president of the Oregon Trails Memorial Association since 1928 he has done much to record in monument, and now in word, the westward movement of the American pioneer. He sees this movement and the characters in it through rose-colored glasses, through the eyes of romance and beauty, of sweetness and light. He looks upon Western history as a tourist would

look upon Bryce Canyon, as a thing of lasting joy and beauty forever, and not as the inhabitant of the canyon and its environs would look upon it, as a bad place in which to lose a cow, as a place where, because of the hardships of nature, body and soul can hardly be kept together. *Westward America* is a beautiful book. It is meant to be, and its beauty has been enhanced, if not created, by the delicate and lovely reproductions of forty water colors by the artist William H. Jackson, himself a participant in the pioneer effort. Dr. Driggs, in his narrative, has not failed the publishers or Mr. Jackson in sustaining the pleasing effect of the volume. Though idealistic and romantic, he has written beautifully and adequately for the purpose.

From Covered Wagon to Streamliner is a thin volume of few words and many representations of the history of American land transportation, mainly the railroad. It preserves many fine old prints of locomotives, stations, and events in the history of western railroading. The railroad came to Utah finally in 1869. It was the bridge by which the East and West met to become the United States, a nation rich with pioneer inheritance, a nation endowed above all others in modern times with a source for the renewal of spiritual greatness in times of trouble and in times of great crisis.

FRANK H. JONAS

Bigfoot Wallace, by Stanley Vestal. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1942. $3.00.

Bigfoot Wallace, the hero of Stanley Vestal's new biography, was a first-rate fighting man. Born in Virginia of the Wallaces and Blairs of Revolutionary fame, he became a Texan by choice, arriving just too late for San Jacinto in April of 1836. For fifty years and more whenever there was fighting that needed to be done, Bigfoot was on hand either as a Ranger or on his own. Between fights, he hunted, farmed a bit, drove a stagecoach from San Antonio to El Paso, swapped yarns, and played practical jokes.

Bigfoot is well known to most Texans through his contemporary biographers, John Duval and A. J. Sowell, and through constantly growing legends. Many living Texans remember him well, a massive, genial, straight-as-an-arrow old man around San Antonio in the eighties and nineties. This modern biography by one of America's foremost writers, with a national publisher, is calculated to make Big-

foot an All-American hero, taking his place with other tall men of the frontier: Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, and Davy Crockett.

Mr. Vestal has gathered his material from many sources, but chiefly from Sowell and Duval. In his preface Mr. Vestal seems to this reviewer to have underestimated Duval and his own indebtedness to him. The most sustained interest of Vestal's book is in the account of the Mier Expedition. Here particularly he owes much to Duval's realistic, detailed narrative. Mr. Vestal has, too, made an occasional error in fact and bibliography evident to a Texan. It is more important, though, that through skillful choice of episodes, a clear chronological arrangement, and a consistent style, Mr. Vestal has achieved from his material a unified book. In spite of a slightly slow start, he keeps the reader turning the pages to the end. The book never quite reaches, however, the high standards in phrasing and suspense that the author set for himself in *Kit Carson* and *Sitting Bull.*

Nevertheless, Stanley Vestal's new biography is more than a skillfully retold tale. It is biography and history with implications for the present. Santa Ana is like Hitler, a ruthless dictator, whose promises are gusts of words. When the Texans lost in war, Mr. Vestal makes clear, it was because of politics, of lack of organization, and of forceful, united leadership, and because they were gullible. When they won, they won through the courage and resourcefulness of plain individuals like Bigfoot and through wise leaders they believed in. Stanley Vestal's *Bigfoot Wallace* is a timely book for America in 1942.

MABEL MAJOR

Star of the Wilderness, by Karle Wilson Baker. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1942. $2.75.

There is material in Texas history for a dozen magnificent historical novels, but they are yet to be written. Meanwhile, Karle Wilson Baker, in her new novel of early Texas, has not escaped the pitfalls of others who have written about Texas. One of them is the attempt to encompass too much of the rich material available. *Star of the Wilderness* is a long novel of the stormy years from 1829 to 1835, and the author tries to bring into focus almost the whole imbroglio. This inclusiveness, however, would not be an insurmountable fault if the book possessed the indefinable qualities of good fiction.

Painstaking is the adjective that best applies to the description of

the too numerous fictional characters, who clutter the book with their ambitions, affections, adventures, and loyalties. Confusion is increased by the reference to these people by their titles, last names, Christian names, and nicknames. Long before the reader has reached the end, he considers their appearance in the narrative as an intrusion. The "hero" and "heroine" are stereotyped and are more reminiscent of Mississippi showboat figures than of vigorous, intrepid pioneers. There is conscientious recording of authentic detail which conveys a picture of the social and domestic life of the period, and there is the injection of the element of mystery, but the novel still lacks some essential ingredient. Perhaps the explanation lies in Mrs. Baker's long success as a poet. Her poetry has been characterized by gentleness and integrity, but these same qualities impart to her fiction a softness and trepidity that is too ladylike to fit the exigencies of robust, roistering pioneer life. She writes in a sentimental feminine style; the material invites a more virile pen.

The fiction is so inextricably interwoven with the history that it is necessary to scan it briefly. Paul McAlpine, handsome, mercurial, adventure-loving Scotsman of the Ohio Valley, came home one day in 1829 to tell his pretty, gentle wife, Jesse, that he had engaged passage on the *Star of the Wilderness,* and that they were going to Texas. She, who a century later might have got a divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty, nonsupport, desertion, unfaithfulness, or felony, meekly prepared for the journey which ended in Nacogdoches on a cold December night.

Here, happily, Mrs. Baker steps into the role of historian, where she is so much more adept than as novelist, so that it is as history that the critic must evaluate this book. Upon the torrential sequence of events of the winter of '34-'35, Mrs. Baker builds a narrative of a glorious, mad, wasteful, confused struggle and the birth of the Republic of Texas. Dr. James Grant is the central historical figure. His role was a minor one in comparison to the legendary roles of Houston, Austin, Bowie, Fannin, and others, but his name is obscure only because he failed to carry out his aim. He wanted to lead an army to Matamoras to save his confiscated mining properties there and so far succeeded that he took some hundred men to death with him at San Patricio. Obtaining a colonelcy with the New Orleans Grays, he was wounded in the assault upon Bexar; and when Ben Milam fell, ingratiated himself with the new commander, Francis W. Johnson, persuading Johnson to the ill-

timed march toward the Rio Grande. Mrs. Baker makes Paul McAlpine a first cousin of Dr. Grant, and sends him along as Grant's aide. She adheres strictly to the record in regard to events; but she partially defends Dr. Grant's motives, picturing him as "the beloved Scot" and giving him a niche among the heroes of the Republic, although he had not stood for Texas independence.

Despite any carping about its merits as fiction, *Star of the Wilderness* does offer zestful reading for Texans, in whose ears still rings the battlecry, "Remember the Alamo."

LAURA SCOTT MEYERS

Pan American Progress, by Philip Leonard Green. New York: Hastings House, 1942. $2.00.

Argentina: The Life Story of a Nation, by John W. White. New York: The Viking Press, 1942. $3.75.

Negroes in Brazil: A Study of Race Contact at Bahia, by Donald Pierson. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1942. $4.50.

Brazil under Vargas, by Karl Loewenstein. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1942. $2.75.

Frontier by Air: Brazil Takes the Sky Road, by Alice Rogers Hager; photographs by Jackie Martin. New York: the Macmillan Company, 1942. $3.50.

This reviewer is pleased to find himself in the nowadays rather unusual position of being able to recommend, with only a few minor reservations, all five books on Latin American subjects assembled here.

To all who know Philip Leonard Green and his work it is good news that he has followed up his book *Our Latin American Neighbors* (published last year) with a companion volume. The former is one of the best brief introductions in any language to the civilization of Ibero-America. The latter proposes to explain to the general reader the problems and evolution of relations between the United States and Latin America and among the Latin American countries themselves. This book is unique in that it does not present a theoretical treatise, a history text, or a travel report, but chiefly a concise account of all major inter-American conventions, agreements, and institutions, their development, and their practical operation. The fields of politics, economics, culture, and technical co-operation are equally well covered. A selected bibliography and a detailed index enhance the usefulness of

the volume. However, this is by no means a mere handbook. The author, supported by his long and intimate experience in the field, informs his reader by sound appraisals of what has been achieved and what still has to be done. He very rightly emphasizes the too-often-overlooked importance of the "personal equation." "Pan Americanism must take root among the *peoples* of America, if it is ever to flourish. Pan American efforts, monopolized by or limited to governments or restricted circles, can only be likened to a castle in the clouds, separated from the solid realities that should give it strength."

Green's book is one of those only too rare, unspectacular contributions which are the outcome of many years of devoted and patient work and which are—or at least could be—incomparably more useful than certain flimsy best-sellers with which we have been swamped lately.

John W. White has served for many years as correspondent of United States newspapers in Latin America and is undoubtedly familiar with many aspects of his subject. About one-third of his book, *Argentina,* contains a summary of the history of the country; most of the remainder discusses her recent and present economic and political problems and her relations with the United States and other foreign powers.

Although this book is far from the irresponsible outpourings of "roving reporters," it does contain some of those facile generalizations which should not be tolerated. The Argentines are described as "materialistic, imperialistic, hypocritical, overbearing, and insincere" (p. 15), and yet the same author on another occasion takes pains to point out the tremendous differences which exist between the typical *porteño* (the inhabitant of the capital city) and the people of the interior.

The best parts of the book are probably those which describe the present political conditions and the foreign trade problems. White makes it clear that since the successful reactionary revolt of 1930 a conservative, pro-facist dictatorship has been ruling the country, backed by the clique of large landowners who consider an anti-democratic regime the only means by which they can save their economic and political monopoly. Fraudulent elections, censorship, and a state of siege under the pretext of preserving a "neutrality" which in itself is a pro-fascist policy, are their principal means. During his active years in office, the late President Ortiz made an honest effort to steer the country back to democracy. After he had to turn the office over to the vice-president, Castillo, an arch-"authoritarian," the situation became hopeless and remains so, at least for the present.

White believes that the so widely advertised difficulties in trade relations between the United States and Argentina could have been solved by greater frankness on both sides concerning the true reasons for the exclusion of fresh Argentine meat from this country and the real proportions of this issue. He is very outspoken in regard to the sins of unilateral compensation agreements which were indulged in, not only by Germany but also by Great Britain, as far as trade with Argentina is concerned; and he breaks a lance for trade pacts based on the most-favored-nation clause which he, very rightly, considers the only means of solving Argentina's foreign trade problem in the long run. He adheres to the one-sided viewpoint that "the whole problem of the South American relations of the United States . . . is an economic one" (p. 288); and in a chapter, "Why Americans Are Disliked," he blames "American (Protestant) missionaries" and "American 'good will' junkets" for much of this "dislike" (p. 257).

This is one more book which leaves the attentive reader startled by the fact that reputable publishing houses allow their books to go out without having received the benefits of careful editing. One finds not only such *faux pas* as "a much more sounder basis" (p. 20) and "conquistadors" (p. 23) (if the Spanish term is used it should be used correctly) but the statement that the population of the country in 1940 was "more than 30,000,000" (p. 124), instead of 13,000,000. What is more serious, the author expresses the opinion that Argentine exports can expect to find a promising market "among the 120,000,000 people of Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, and Mexico" (p. 229). The total population of Latin America, including Brazil and Argentina itself, is about 125,000,000. The countries mentioned by White have a combined population of about 44,000,000.

Decidedly weak is the part dealing with the cultural aspects. No reader who did not know otherwise would suspect that Argentina has produced a remarkably great proportion of the outstanding thinkers and writers of Latin America. Alberdi, Sarmiento, and Mitre are mentioned only as statesmen (on p. 91 the latter's name is rendered as "Bartoliné," instead of Bartolomé), and men like Monteagudo, Echeverría, Estrada, Ricardo Rojas, Manuel Ugarte, Carlos Octavio Bunge, Alejandro Korn, Francisco Romero, and Hugo Wast not at all. In this the book, unfortunately, is not an exception among presentations of Hispanic America by North American writers, most of whom do not seem to have awakened to the realization that one cannot interpret the

"life" of another country (least of all that of a Latin country) without giving serious attention to those of its representatives who are engaged in pursuits other than business and politics.

This oversight can hardly be considered as compensated for by the assertion that "there are 14,000 institutions of higher learning, including 24 universities" in Argentina (p. 299)—a statement which, incidentally, was approvingly repeated in a review of this book in the New York *Times Book Review*. What our author meant was undoubtedly not "institutions of higher learning" (the term is used for institutions on a collegiate or higher level), but secondary schools. Yet the total number of secondary schools of all descriptions in Argentina in 1938 was 779; that of all universities in 1942 is six.

Occasional errors also occur in the historical section. It is not true, for instance, that "the Spanish government prohibited immigration into the colonies all during the colonial period" (p. 47). Immigration was restricted to Spaniards and strictly controlled. The fact that the La Plata region did not attract many immigrants during the colonial era was due to its lack of precious metals and the unfavorable conditions under which its trade had to labor. The statement that "Argentina was a wealthy and prosperous country during the two decades between the First and Second World Wars because Irigoyen kept the country out of the first one" (p. 150) is highly debatable. By the same token it could be reasoned (and is being reasoned) that the same "neutrality" policy holds good today.

These necessary critical remarks should not detract from the fact that the book is basically sound and is the most acceptable introduction to contemporary Argentina now available in English for the general reader.

Negroes in Brazil is the outcome of several years of field study by a United States sociologist in Bahia, one of the centers of negroid population in the Americas. It traces the evolution of the slave trade and slave economy, emancipation, and interracial relations in Brazil in general and then analyzes the forms and extent of racial adjustment in Bahia in particular.

It is well known that the population of Brazil has a larger percentage of negro blood than that of most other countries in the Western Hemisphere, including the United States, and that the negroid element has contributed considerably to the formation of Brazilian civilization. The racial attitude of the Portuguese and Brazilians has always been

characterized by a tendency to encourage assimilation of the African minority through biological absorption and social acculturation, without, however, ever attempting to hasten this process by imposing the supposedly higher European patterns through social pressure. The general result has been absence of violence and embitterment in connection with abolition, an interracial relationship based principally on personal contacts and evaluation of individual qualities instead of collective discrimination, and a gradual elimination of pure negroes and thus of a racial problem based on color. Miscegenation and intermarriage have been going on for four centuries. "So widespread has the dispersion of African blood in the predominantly European group now become that relatively few families in Bahia are of undiluted European origin, without African strain somewhere in the lineage" (p. 132).

It is true that even in Brazil most colored people are poor, most of the wealthy people, white. This condition, however, is due to the historical fact that the colored people had to start out as slaves. Today we find "a class society wherein competition takes the form of a struggle between classes (which by reason of historic accident happen to coincide to a considerable degree with color) rather than a struggle between races or colors as such" (p. 232).

Pierson finds, as do leading Brazilian spokesmen and other observers, that Brazil presents the opposite of a society based on caste: "The function of caste appears to be that of preserving inviolate the racial integrity of a dominant group.... In Brazil the characteristic tendency has always been just the reverse: namely, to incorporate eventually all ethnic minorities into the dominant group" (p. 330) and thus create the "raza cosmica," the avowed ideal of so many prominent Brazilians. Consequently, "the Negro in Brazil does not appear to be, as he is in the United States, developing into a self-conscious racial minority in free association with, but not accepted by, a dominant racial majority" (p. 348). "One drop of African blood does not, as in the United States (if known), class a mixed-blood as a Negro. Instead, many individuals are listed ... as whites, and are similarly known in the community, who not only have African ancestors but actually give some evidence of this descent in their color and features" (p. 349).

A part of the negroid population still maintains its African folklore, which is described in considerable detail. It is a most interesting symptom that "the Catholic church at Bahia, by exercising almost in-

finite patience and tact, has now incorporated into its organization all members of the Bahian fetish cults. Even the leaders of the *seitas* (African magic rituals) attend Mass. . . " (p. 305). It is equally significant that colored organizations bent on preserving the ethnic and cultural character of the minority have sprung up only recently, and then only in the southernmost part of the country where non-Portuguese European immigrants assumed a discriminatory attitude alien to the Brazilian tradition.

Pierson's book is a valuable complement to the earlier works of Gilberto Freyre and Arthur Ramos. Incidentally, it contains some interesting pictures. This reviewer would consider it worth buying if only for the photograph purporting to show a "typical Bahian Negro girl," although he fears that the caption is over-optimistic.

The book will make stimulating reading for those who have awakened to the problem of interracial and intercultural relationships—one of the basic issues in inter-American relations, besides being one of the world-wide issues which may well influence the outcome of this war and the nature of the peace which is to follow it. In the Latin American field there is a great need for sober, technically satisfactory and yet humanly interesting monographs like this. The Latin Americans, with relatively few exceptions, have not yet succeeded in training themselves for specialized social science research tasks, and very few outsiders have shown serious interest in the almost untapped field which Latin America offers to the sociologist and economist—provided he fulfills certain prerequisites of training and human attitude.

The author of *Brazil under Vargas* is a professor in Amherst College and a specialist in comparative constitutional and administrative law, with wide experience in Europe. His book is based on several months of field study in Brazil and the perusal of a wide range of legal and, to a lesser extent, sociological literature. Considering this background and the fact that the author had no previous firsthand experience in Latin America, the result is remarkable. He gives a penetrating analysis of the legal status of the Vargas regime and of the interpretation and application of the legal provisions in public administration. In addition he attempts an evaluation of the results of the regime in political, social, and economic life. Dr. Loewenstein does not commit the frequent error of legally trained minds of overstressing the importance of the statute books while neglecting to inquire into the extent to which they influence the social reality. Yet the general reader will be

somewhat dismayed by the fact that so much sagacity is applied to the interpretation of the "constitution" of 1937 which was manufactured by Vargas' own henchmen and was promulgated by him after his *coup d'état* without, however, having been submitted to the plebiscite for which he himself had provided in it. Furthermore, the last but one article of this "constitution" declares "a state of national emergency in the entire country," by which article the constitution is automatically suspended. Thus we have here a supposedly basic legal instrument which holds itself in abeyance. The regime itself has made amendments or issued special decree-laws whenever it considered such action convenient for its purposes. Loewenstein makes it clear that the way in which Vargas perpetuated his regime in 1937 was unconstitutional and not warranted by the then existing situation. On the other hand, he points out the important differences between the totalitarian dictatorships in Europe and the authoritarian but personalistic regime of Vargas, which, although dependent on the support of the army, has so far managed to operate without a state party and the regimentation of an all-embracing ideology. It is still based largely on—although not restricted to—the old oligarchy which has run most Latin American countries for more than a century. Despite its use of censorship and its suppression of all independent political activities, it is characterized by that inherent tolerance bounding on indifference in all not-vital matters, which is an important anti-totalitarian factor in Latin America.

Although Loewenstein includes in his book brief surveys of public opinion, of its management by the regime and its reaction, of social and economic policies, and of the problem of national minorities, the main value of his book lies in its analysis of the administrative setup under the *Estado Novo*, that is, during the second and manifestly dictatorial period of Vargas' regime, since November, 1937. The author's judgment is remarkably well balanced. On the one hand, he points out that "technically Brazil is a full-fledged dictatorship" (p. 370)—the first one Brazil has ever had. On the other hand he believes that "the bulk of the people are in favor of the regime" (p. 356)—a statement which leaves unsolved the riddle of why the regime has not conducted the plebiscite and thus secured some kind of legal sanction. He recognizes certain achievements of Vargas without concurring in the only too easy error of crediting him with all improvements which, for one reason or the other, have taken place under his administration. He also is fully aware of the great dangers of irresponsible government,

arbitrary infringement on liberty and property, and hyper-bureaucratization.

It should be clear that the fact that Senhor Vargas, unlike some of his most powerful collaborators, was intelligent enough to realize, after a considerable period of vacillation, that his interests are incompatible with those of the Axis, is no reason for us to eulogize his regime or to invent apologetic but misleading phrases for it. Dr. Loewenstein has kept his book free from such pitfalls. Unfortunately, the same comment cannot be made of his publishers' propaganda, which is now offering the book as a study of "an example of evolutionary democracy." Mussolini and Hitler used to sell their regimes under the same trademark.

Some shortcomings are noticeable in regard to aspects with which the author was not sufficiently familiar. Brazil's population is not "between forty-eight and fifty million people" (p. 353) but is estimated, on the basis of the census of 1940, at forty-three million. Gilberto Freyre's *Casa grande e senzala* is not a "novel" and "the greatest piece of modern imaginative writing in Brazil" (p. 291), but the leading work of the country in social history of a strictly scholarly characater. It is hard to understand why "most of Brazil's Spanish-American neighbors" should have appeared to the author "materialistic"—unless he is thinking of certain members of their fortunately not very representative "ruling class."

Anyone seriously interested in the constitutional and administrative development of Brazil since 1937 will find this book indispensable.

Frontier by Air is the story of what Mrs. Hager saw on several cross-country flights undertaken with the co-operation of the Brazilian air force. Its pilots took her across the states of Minas Geraes, Matto Grosso, the southern states, and finally to the Amazon as far as Manhaos. Her book is an entertaining reportage by an enthusiastic air traveler with considerable technical experience but little burdened with the social, economic, and political problems or geographic and historical details of the country she visited. Her interview with President Vargas, as is usual in such conversations, did not yield any exciting results.

It was Mrs. Hager's second visit to Brazil, but neither she nor her companion, to whom we are indebted for interesting photographs, spoke Portuguese. On the other hand, at least one of the Brazilian pilots assigned to the North American travelers studied English "because I thought it would be easier for you." Incidentally, the author

refers to the "Brazilian" language, in deference to a trend among nationalistic Brazilians. This should not become the rule, either there or here. This is no time to stress artificial differences and barriers between peoples and civilizations. After all, in the United States "English" is still spoken and in Mexico Spanish, not "Mexican."

The courtesy toward the Vargas regime is somewhat exaggerated, at the expense of accuracy, when our author translates "Departamento do Imprensa e *Propaganda,*" the government agency which guided her travels within the country, as "Federal Department of Press and *Public Relations*" (p. 19).

This book will interest those who realize the tremendous importance of air traffic for Brazil, the largest country of the hemisphere, whose means of land transportation are pathetically inadequate to its resources and potentialities. An appendix contains useful technical data on civilian and military aviation and on the young airplane industry which is now being developed with United States aid. Those who did not know it will be interested to learn that until this year the state-controlled Brazilian airplane factories built bombers under license from Germany and that what machinery they have "is largely German and Japanese which the Air Force bought before the war because it was cheaper than what we had to sell" (p. 130).

RICHARD F. BEHRENDT

Brothers of Doom, The Story of the Pizarros of Peru, by Hoffman Birney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1942. $3.00.

The Knight of El Dorado, The Tale of Don Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada and His Conquest of New Granada, Now Called Colombia, by Germán Arciniegas; translated from the Spanish by Mildred Adams. New York: The Viking Press, 1942. $3.00.

In the history of the Americas, few events surpass in dramatic interest the conquest of the Inca empire of Peru by Francisco Pizarro and a handful of men in the decade of the 1530's.

In the mountainous region of the Andes, from Ecuador to Chile, the Quechua Indians, the Incas, had built an empire which was already old when the Spanish Conquest of the New World began. They had developed a society with a complex religious system, with strict laws, with economic and social customs of a type much superior to that of most of the Indians of the surrounding country. They used large

quantities of gold and silver, especially gold, for ornamental purposes, but not for money.

The Spanish Conquest, after the discovery of America by Columbus, had surged onward in a series of tidal waves. When it reached the Isthmus of Panama, the usual rumors of "other kingdoms" stirred the Spaniards to extraordinary activity. Among these pioneers was an old soldier, Francisco Pizarro, a lowborn adventurer, who served as a common soldier in the Panama region for a score of years.

To these realms came occasional news over the Indian telegraph of rich kingdoms to the south, of a place called Birú, where gold was so plentiful that the inhabitants kept it in granaries. Led on by these alluring reports, Andagoya went southward from Panama, only to come back to his grave, empty-handed. But Francisco Pizarro quickly stepped into his place. Forming a partnership with another rough old soldier, Diego de Almagro, and a priest, Luque, he was ready, in 1524, to start; in three years he learned something of the Inca dominion. With some Indians, some llamas, and enough gold to whet the appetite, Pizarro returned to Spain to see the king and seek a contract for the right to conquer the new land. Since neither Almagro nor Luque had actually seen Peru, it was Francisco Pizarro, sometimes called the "swineherd of Estremadura" owing to his lowly origin, who went to Spain with his trophies, told his story at court, and soon obtained the desired contract, everything to be provided at his own cost, naturally, in the traditional royal manner.

Armed with the title of governor, captain general, and adelantado, Francisco Pizarro returned to America for the great venture. With him were his four brothers and an army of less than two hundred men. With these he entered Peru, captured the Inca Atahualpa in the presence of an army of perhaps fifty thousand warriors, arranged the famous ransom, executed Atahualpa, and occupied Cuzco, ancient seat of Inca authority, all this with an army of only a few hundred Spaniards in a country that numbered its soldiers by the tens of thousands. By Santiago, that was a conquest! one that far exceeded Mexico in the riches of its spoils, though perhaps in nothing else.

To the Spaniards, it mattered not if the foe outnumbered them ten to one, one hundred to one, two hundred to one; the result was all the same. Never did these conquistadores dream of turning back. Raising their famous battle cry of "Santiago, Santiago, á ellos," they would attack any number, any place, anywhere. Of such stuff were these men,

trusting in God and in their faithful swords. It is a tale that is ever new, ever dramatic. W. H. Prescott's classic, *Conquest of Peru,* set the pace for modern writers. Others have tried to rewrite the story, Hoffman Birney being the most recent. He has done his task well, told a good story accurately, clearly, dramatically. He has consulted the best authorities, has nothing particularly new to contribute, but relates the tale of Pizarro and the Conquest of Peru in 322 pages of delightful prose. Errors are minor and, on the whole, do not detract from a book that is well done, although the author has made an egregious error in stating (p. 8) that "Ferdinand V of Castile and Leon married . . . Isabella of Aragon," for Ferdinand was Ferdinand II of Aragon (or Ferdinand V of Spain), and Isabella was from Castile. The name Bastidas, moreover, is not *Bastides.*

In comparison with Peru, the story of "The Knight of el Dorado," Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada, founder of Bogotá, pales into insignificance, not in the heroic sacrifices of the men who survived, but rather in the smaller extent of the region conquered, in its comparative poverty and misery. Pizarro had only 177 men on his march to Cajamarca and lost none; Quesada had perhaps eight hundred, of whom only 163 survived the march from Santa Marta to Bogotá. Federmann, the German who reached Bogotá from Venezuela, suffered in like proportion, and Belalcázar, coming up from Quito in search of the same will-o'-the-wisp, fared badly. It is, therefore, not the fault of Arciniegas if his knight appears less "gilded" than his contemporary in Peru; none the less, he has drawn a clear picture of the search for El Dorado, a search which led to the conquest of Bogotá and its establishment as a Spanish city.

Sr. Arciniegas limits his volume almost wholly to the activities of Quesada from his arrival in Santa Marta in 1535 with Governor Pedro Fernández de Lugo to his death in 1579. There is no satisfactory account of the early attempts of Ojeda, Bastidas, Heredia, or others, to settle on the shores of the Caribbean or on the Magdalena, attempts which the author considered beyond the scope of his book. Quesada is the central figure, and he looms up as of typical, conquistador stature.

GEORGE P. HAMMOND

Cortez & the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards in 1521, Being the Eye-witness Narrative of Bernal Diaz del Castillo, Soldier of Fortune & Conquistador with Cortez in Mexico, abridged and edited by B. G. Herzog, and illustrated with Sixteenth Century Indian Drawings of the Conquest. New York: William R. Scott, Inc., 1942. $2.50.

The story of Cortés and the Conquest of Mexico has never been told better than by Bernal Díaz del Castillo, one of Cortés' companions in the epic struggle; since Bernal Díaz' original narrative runs to five large volumes in the Maudslay translation, on which this abridgment is based, many readers prefer a shorter account, of which several have appeared. In this neat volume of about 165 pages, Mr. Herzog has retained most of the essential features of the Conquest, as well as much of its glory and romance.

GEORGE P. HAMMOND

Hispanic American Essays, edited by A. Curtis Wilgus. Chapel Hill, North Carolina: The University of North Carolina Press, 1942. $5.00.

This volume of twenty short essays is a memorial to James Alexander Robertson, eminent historian and late editor of the *Hispanic American Historical Review.* It opens with a biographical sketch of Dr. Robertson and a classified bibliography of his writings by A. Curtis Wilgus, editor of the entire volume. The remaining essays are divided chronologically into two sections, dealing, respectively, with the colonial and the independent periods of Hispanic history. The collection is by its very nature uneven; some essays treating of very specialized and detailed materials have limited appeal; others are of more general interest.

Noteworthy among the specialized materials are the following chapters: Rafael Altamira's essay on two unpublished documents contributing to the "History of the Colonial Ideas in Spain"; "Early Mexican Literature," by Francis Borgia Steck, excellently classified; "A Great Prelate and Archaeologist" (Don Baltasar Jaime, churchman in Peru and Colombia), by Philip Ainsworth Means; "Spanish Consulados," by the late Charles E. Chapman; "Argentine Colonial Economy," by Madaline W. Nichols; "The Foundation and Early History of the Venezuelan Intendencia," by William Whatley Pierson; "Juan Bautista de

Anza in Sonora, 1777-1778," by Alfred B. Thomas; "Spain and the Family Compact, 1770-1773," by Arthur S. Aiton; "Florida, Frontier Outpost of New Spain," by Isaac Joslin Cox; "The Odyssey of the Spanish Archives of Flordia," by Irene A. Wright, a lively account, complemented by "Diplomatic Missions . . . to Cuba to Secure the Spanish Archives of Florida," by A. J. Hanna; and "Federal Intervention in Mexico," by J. Lloyd Mecham.

Of perhaps wider appeal will be the biographic essays: one on Miguel Ramos Arizpe, by Lillian E. Fisher; "Justo Rufino Barrios," by J. Fred Rippy; and "Sarmiento and New England," by the late Percy Alvin Martin. A noteworthy chapter on "Indian Labor in Guatemala," by the late Chester Lloyd Jones, is followed by "American Marines in Nicaragua, 1912-1925," by Roscoe R. Hill.

The concluding summarizing essay by Lawrence F. Hill, "Our Present Peril in Historical Perspective," follows too closely the conventional pattern of the usual North American history and, to this reviewer, lacks the broader hemispheric or even Hispanic point of view.

On the whole, *Hispanic American Essays* is a commendable contribution to literature in its field.

DOROTHY WOODWARD

Pangoan Diary, by Ruth Harkness. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc., 1942. $2.50.

The Days of Ofelia, by Gertrude Diamant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1942. $2.75.

On Ruth Harkness' search for Destiny in the form of a fabulous silver-gray bear hangs the substance of her *Pangoan Diary*. Her center of exploration was Pangoa, about three hundred miles over the Andes from Lima, reached through desert, mountain meadows, snows, forests, and thick, low jungles. Her guide was the slightly-Basque-mostly-Indian don Esteban Sandoval y Garrazatua, faithful Peruvian friend, who was left to continue the quest when Mrs. Harkness needed to recover from jungle fevers, operations for dangerous infections, and untold pain.

The book is full of strangeness—strange natives and animals, strange lives and deaths, strange facts and fictions. The manner of telling varies from directness to fairy-tale whimsy. The pages are taut with suspense. Vivid descriptions stretch the eye and imagination. A passage will illustrate:

> The food finished and the table cleared, [Sandoval] left for a moment and came back with a tiny cardboard box. "This, I think, will interest you," he said as he extinguished the lantern. I could barely see his shadowy hands as he removed the cover from the box which he turned on its side. Slowly in the darkness there emerged a miniature railway train brilliantly lighted. The head was flaming red, and dotted down its sides were windows of translucent green; it made you think of the lights of Times Square and subways. It crawled up and down the table, an inch or so of living virbrant color until Sandoval lighted the lantern, and then there was only an ordinary brown worm (pp. 45-46).

"Unexplored Peru"! There are mystery and magic in the very words, and long after the book is closed one feels the pull to join the gallant Sandoval in his search.

Dipped in the senses of Ofelia, the brush of Gertrude Diamant paints an authentic Mexican masterpiece. The small maid of all work with the large understanding furnishes the outlines and their filler from her spectrum of truth and fiction, superstition and science, reality and unreality. From Laredo to Juchitán, from Atoyac to Chapultepec, from spring to Christmas, from the little angel to Charles IV, from fleas and weddings to chickens and suicides—light, bright colors of humor relieve the somber, deep shadows of compassion.

Techniques vary with Ofelia's moods: great mural strokes of impressionism when the subject is cosmic, like sex or anti-Semitism or sanitation; miniature-delicacy in vignettes of personal realism, like trying to prove American citizenship or "knowing" the Pan-American highway.

If you have been to Mexico, you will roar in identification with the Polish refugee episode; if you have not, you will chuckle with appreciation at the vagaries of Mexican officials. If you have seen the Otomí Indians in the flesh, you will delight in the bits about "los intelligence tests"; if you have not, you will enjoy the expedition into the Valley of the Mesquite from the standpoint of folklore. If you have or have not been to Mexico, you will never go now after reading this book without looking for Ofelia: "like all the others—an anonymous rebozo in the market-place, a maid . . . and very proud of . . . servanthood. . . ." You will remember Ofelia whenever you think of Mexico.

MARIE POPE WALLIS

Conditions of Peace, by Edward Hallett Carr. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1942. $2.50.

The United Nations: What They Are; What They May Become, by Henri Bonnet. Chicago: World Citizens Association, 1942. $.25.

In Part I of *Conditions of Peace* the author deals with what are termed fundamental issues. The world crisis is viewed as a revolution against the three predominant ideas of the nineteenth century: liberal democracy, national self-determination, and laissez-faire economics. Democracy following the War of 1914-18 continued to stress political rights, but refused to remove economic inequalities. Nations not possessing representative government stood for greater economic democracy than the so-called democracies. The twentieth century demands a new democracy which will (a) reinterpret equality and liberty in economic terms; (b) render political rights effective over economic power; and (c) emphasize the recognition of equally shared obligations along with equally shared rights.

Economic factors were subordinated to political factors in the peace settlement of 1919. The result was "the wielding of unlimited economic power by a multiplicity of small national units" which is now "incompatible with the survival of civilization."

The author marshals sound argument for the recognition of the need for a larger unit than the present nation for both military and economic purposes. He concludes that the right of national self-determination "can be valid only within a new framework of mutual military and economic obligations." Furthermore, the author is convinced that the individualism of laissez-faire economics must give way to collectivism. The system of "individual enterprise" was not destroyed by socialism but by "the trend of competitive capitalism toward monopoly." The accumulation of wealth must give way to the promotion of the general welfare; and the producer must produce what the consumer wants to consume. Planned economy, originating in Russia and applied best in Germany in the form of planned consumption, furnished the key to the solution of the problem of unemployment, which is the crying scandal of our age. In this connection Britain and the United States are following the example set by Germany.

All planned economy is now directed toward war production, but this application does not destroy its validity since "the economic consequences of the production of armaments are no different from the economic consequences of the production of a pair of silk stockings, a film,

or a Beethoven symphony. In each case productive resources are applied to create something which the community, rightly or wrongly, wants to consume."

Part II of the volume deals with Britain, at home, in relation to Germany, to Europe, and to the world. British domestic policy must accept the new economic outlook and apply democracy in all economic life. This acceptance and application will involve the setting up of a social minimum in physical well-being, nutrition, and housing.

The supremacy of Britain in the world during the nineteenth century cannot continue during the twentieth century. This fact was evident after the first World War, but the tradition of leadership continued in diplomacy even though lacking in military and economic support.

The author sees Britain in the postwar world as one of the leading nations along with Russia and the United States. It is not clear to the reader how the new role for Britain will vary in essence from her role in the nineteenth century imperialism which Professor Carr condemns. The balance of power in Europe has been destroyed by Germany and can never be returned; hence, Britain must have the help of Russia and the United States to maintain peace on that continent. English-speaking nations will probably accept the leadership of Great Britain as in the past, even though the preponderance of power will reside in the United States.

The author offers no plans for peace in the Orient or in Africa. His conception of the United Nations seems to be limited to Europe and America.

Henri Bonnet's discussion of the United Nations is divided into two parts. In Part I, the author summarizes the "Declaration by United Nations" signed by the representatives of twenty-six nations on January 1, 1942, in which "the signatories subscribed to a common program of purposes and principles" set forth in the Atlantic Charter dated August 14, 1941, which was a joint declaration of Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt.

He outlines the functions of the Combined Chiefs of Staff, Munitions Assignment Board, Raw Materials Board, Shipping Adjustment Board, and other forms of inter-allied co-operation; sets forth the status of the Lease-Lend Act; and gives a brief description of the Board of Economic Warfare.

In Part II the author seeks to point out the possible future develop-

ment of the United Nations. In this connection the hope is expressed for the evolution of their vital solidarity from the present concerted military action of the United States and Great Britain, but the difficulties involved are not overlooked.

Victory for the United Nations is assumed, and the victory is to be followed by a firm partnership of all countries fighting for liberty in establishing a new world order "free from tyranny, intolerance, want, and aggression." The United States is expected to take the lead in setting up this new world organization which will achieve these high goals for all mankind.

Three appendices provide important documents valuable to the student: (I) The text of articles setting up two of the Combined Boards of Great Britain and the United States; (II) Texts of the Atlantic Charter, the Declaration by the United Nations, Lease-Lend Act, British Master Agreement, and London Resolution on Post War Plans; (III) the purposes and platform of the World Citizens Association.

JAMES FULTON ZIMMERMAN

The House Committee on Foreign Affairs, by Albert C. F. Westphal. New York and London: Columbia University Press, and P. S. King and Staples, Ltd., 1942. $3.00.

The chronicle of American legislation has many melancholy chapters, and this book provides no exception. Dr. Westphal has performed an extremely capable task in tracing the history and labors of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. Drawing upon all available materials, he has written not only an instructive but a readable and interesting account of this House Committee, whose rather imposing title is belied by the modesty of its achievements. Apart from a few matters such as the improvement of the diplomatic and consular services, where the Committee has made a real contribution, it appears to have devoted much of its time to impertinent inquiries into the domestic affairs of other nations with whom we maintain friendly relations, much to the embarrassment of the State Department. According to Dr. Westphal, the most severe indictment that can be made against the House Committee is that its members do not understand the complexities of foreign policy. His detailed account of the activities of the Committee seems to confirm this conclusion. Nor does it appear that the remedy lies in changing the composition of the Committee, for the author concludes that the inferior role of the House in foreign affairs

is due to qualities inherent in its composition and organization and that the apathy of the Committee on Foreign Affairs towards the broader aspects of foreign policy is nothing more than a reflection of that which marks the House as a whole.

"Students of the democratic control of foreign policy are more disturbed by the subordinate role of Congress than is Congress itself," says Dr. Westphal; and he includes several proposals designed to readjust the relations of the executive and legislative organs. Some of these proposals call for fundamental changes such as the formation of a foreign relations cabinet including members of Congress, both of the majority and minority, and the amendment of the Constitution so as to permit the House to share in the treaty-making process. There is also an interesting discussion of cabinet responsibility which prevails under the English system, and the author's suggestions are obviously designed to introduce at least some of the features of the cabinet system in the determination of foreign policy.

It may be that the decline in popular favor of representative government, which has been noted by most students of political science in recent years, can be arrested only by a readjustment of executive and legislative powers not only in the field of foreign policy, but also in domestic matters. Dr. Westphal's book is a most valuable contribution to the literature of democratic government. It is unfortunate that his scholarly, objective treatment of the subject will serve to diminish rather than increase the number of readers of this most worth-while book.

VICTOR E. KLEVEN

Thomas Jefferson: World Citizen, by Elbert D. Thomas. New York: Modern Age Books, 1942. $2.75.

Thomas Jefferson was an unremitting student of politics as well as one of the most astute politicians in American history. Yet he left no treatise on political philosophy. Moreover, he was an opportunist who refused at times to be bound by his own principles. Nevertheless, he always remained loyal to his faith in the common man and championed the cause of human liberty and justice and fair dealing among nations. These ideals are a living force in the world today; and liberals everywhere acknowledge their debt to the author of the Declaration of Independence, though they may choose to forget his fear of the industrial class and his emphasis on states rights.

The completion of the Jefferson Memorial in Washington this spring marks the 199th anniversary of the birth of the great Virginian. Hence it is appropriate that one of the members of the Jefferson Memorial Commission should attempt to give us a new interpretation of the thought of the sage of Monticello.

The resulting volume certainly bears the impress of its author. Dr. Thomas is a world citizen himself. Having served as a missionary in Japan, as a soldier, and as a professor of government, he is now a member of the United States Senate and a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. As a Democrat and a specialist in political science, he has long been a student of Jefferson. The author of *Chinese Political Thought,* he frequently compares the sage of Monticello with Confucius and Mencius. There are references to Brigham Young, who also set a high value on farmers. The point of view most emphasized, however, is that of the student of international affairs who finds in Jefferson a precious antidote for the Machiavellian policies of the single-will state.

The book gives a running commentary on Jefferson's views, together with frequent quotations. The material is arranged under such subjects as religion, education, agriculture, democracy, slavery, and international relations. Unfortunately, the quotations are taken not from any of the standard editions of Jefferson's works in ten or twenty volumes, but from John P. Foley, *The Jeffersonian Cyclopaedia; a comprehensive collection of the views of Thomas Jefferson classified and arranged in alphabetic order under nine thousand titles relating to government, politics, law, education, political economy, finance, science, art, literature, religious freedom, morals, etc.* (New York, 1900). Thomas' book, however, will attract many busy people who would be repelled by the older and more encyclopedic thousand-page volume. It should serve the purpose of an easy introduction to the mind of Jefferson. The preface gives "the chief credit" for the volume to Professor Grant Ivins. There is no index.

MARION DARGAN

Russians Don't Surrender, by Alexander Poliakov; translated from the Russian by Norbert Guterman; with an introduction by Pierre van Paassen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1942. $2.50.

I Heard the Anzacs Singing, by Margaret L. MacPherson. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc., 1942. $2.00.

If, as is probable, Poliakov's story can be duplicated by other Russian correspondents, a "second front" had already been established before November 8, 1942, in Russia and by Russians fighting behind the lines in guerrilla groups instructed to "harry the Fascists at every step." On June 27, 1941, Commander Galitsky's unit found itself behind the German lines; on July 22, 1941, surviving soldiers were successful in rejoining the main body of the Russian army. Their remarkable exploits are recorded by Poliakov in a day-by-day account of this month of fighting. One Russian soldier, who captured a German traffic officer and donned his uniform, gave flashlight signals which diverted a column of two hundred Nazi tanks. By means of a ruse a small Soviet force caught between the 152nd and the 167th Nazi divisions forced entire Fascist batteries and brigades to shell their own men for five hours. The book contains a series of such incidents.

The phenomenal stand of the Russians at Stalingrad gives credibility to Poliakov's account of Russian ingenuity and bravery. However, according to Poliakov, the Nazis are as unrelievedly stupid as the Russians are intelligent. Nazi motorcyclists are frightened off by a Russian's banging a steel helmet against an iron cask; and German officers, bathing in a river, permit Russian boys to bring them soap and to steal their dispatch cases. At every step the Nazis appear to be either hopeless blunderers or idiots. The fact that his report does not "slant both ways" makes one doubt that Poliakov has given the whole picture.

I Heard the Anzacs Singing is a with-geniality-toward-all travel book. Margaret MacPherson's assorted chitchat about everything under the Australasian sun is liberally interspersed with her own emotional reactions, with various personal items, such as her poems on leaves or miners, and with her puns—e. g., "Lead Kindly Skite." ("Skite" is Australian slang for a boastful person, we are informed.) Along with informative material, which she is well qualified to give because of her newspaper editorial experience in New Zealand, she offers a hodgepodge of miscellaneous items on everything from gold-fever to seances. She calls her book a "snapshot album for Americans." And if that is the sort of travel book Americans want, this is it.

JANE KLUCKHOHN

The Sword on the Table, by Winfield Townley Scott. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1942. $.35.

If There Is Time, by Hildegarde Flanner. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1942. $.35.

Our Lady Peace and Other War Poems, by Mark Van Doren. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1942. $.35.

Poems, by John Berryman. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1942. $.35.

Ruins and Visions, Poems 1934-1942, by Stephen Spender. New York: Random House, 1942. $2.00.

Anthology of Canadian Poetry, compiled by Ralph Gustafson. New York, Toronto, and Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1942. $.25.

Chorus for America, edited by Carlos Bulosan. West Los Angeles: Wagon and Star Publishers, 1942. No price indicated.

Winds of Chaos, by Stanton A. Coblentz. New York: Wings Press, 1942. $2.00.

The Two Persephones, by Robert Morse. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc., 1942. $2.50.

Psalms for a Late Season, by Judson C. Crews. New Orleans: Iconograph Press, 1942. $.50.

Small Rain, by Joseph Cherwinski. New Orleans: Iconograph Press, 1942. $.50.

Pieces of Three, by Meyer Liben, Paul Goodman, Edouard Roditi. Harrington Park, N. J.: 5x8 Press, 1942. $.35.

Motley's the Only Wear, by Tom H. McNeal. Dallas: Kaleidograph Press, 1942. $1.50.

The Planetary Heart, by Eric Wilson Barker. New York: Wings Press, 1942. $1.50.

Gardens under Snow, by Goldie Capers Smith. Dallas: Kaleidograph Press, 1942. $1.50.

Testimony of Root, by Fay Lewis Noble. Boston: Bruce Humphries, 1942. $1.50.

The summer pulication of poetry, as represented by these seven pamphlets and nine books, is not tremendously impressive. Easily the most interesting work appears in five of the pamphlets, the two anthologies, and the two attempts at narrative poems.

The level of selection for New Directions' Poet of the Month series continues high this year. In *The Sword on the Table* Winfield Townley Scott presents a fine re-creation of Thomas Dorr's rebellion in Rhode Island a century ago. The verse employs some of the techniques of recent fiction in presenting the historical event through the consciousness of several persons; but at all times the verse is straightforward, interesting, vivid. Mark Van Doren presents a group of war poems which do not equal his best practice with the lyric, for that practice is fine and these poems are too obviously dictated by the urgency of the moment. But Van Doren is always competent, never uninteresting; the collection is worth having. John Berryman's collection adds two fine poems to his list: "At Chinese Checkers" and "To Bhain Campbell." For the rest, one may well quote Allen Tate's comment on Berryman's contributions to the first *Five Young American Poets*: " . . . at his comparatively early age he seems to have got set in the tone of pronouncement and prophecy, with the result that his powers of observation are used chiefly for incidental shock. Yet his line has . . . firmness and structure." Berryman is worth careful reading and will profitably bear watching. Hildegarde Flanner's poems, however, are actually disquieting: they should be better than they are. She has a good aural quality for her line, some vivid descriptive imagery, often a fine control in passages. But she depends heavily upon repetition which most often is uninteresting; and she often spoils a promising poem by unhappy phrasing, trying to use an easy way out of a critical situation in composition. Her real ability and her tendency toward loss of control may be shown, respectively, by the second and third stanzas of her final poem:

> Felt that hill austere in finish of night,
> Night that dwindles purpose to repose,
> And piles up dreams in languor upon sight,
> Unsenses every sense and fondles those.
> But waking, turning, saw one hill intense
> And kneeling on the sky for dawn: saw how
> The flaky morning star, white and immense,
> Shook scales of blazing mica on that brow.

In *Ruins and Visions* Stephen Spender presents his first American collection of short poems since 1934. The difficulty is that the work is very much the same as in that 1934 volume. Here are the same faults of a lax structure, lack of control of rhythm and of image, straying out of tone, as when he says of a child killed, "He was a better target for a

kiss." Spender tries to tighten his work at the end of the poem, as in the last line of "View from a Train":

> The face of the landscape is a mask
> Of bone and iron lines where time
> Has ploughed its character.
> I look and look to read a sign,
> Through errors of light and eyes of water
> Beneath the land's will, of a fear
> And the memory of chaos,
> As man behind his mask still wears a child.

The last section of the book is stronger than the first, but the volume shows little fruition of the promise indicated by the 1934 *Poems.*

The two anthologies, *Anthology of Canadian Poetry* and *Chorus for America,* are compiled by quite opposite methods. The former contains 129 poems by 56 poets; the latter tries to show Philippine poetry by devoting several pages each to six poets. The former is a lesson in how not to compile a small anthology: at least Ralph Gustafson's selections do not indicate that there are 56 Canadian poets worthy of this honor. Two impressions come from the anthology, however: Canada is gradually accumulating a substantial body of poetry of which we may well become aware; and the history of Canadian poetry parallels that of the last six or seven decades of ours, passing from a Victorian phraseology to interest in local color and dialect, to free verse and other revolts, to the general confusion of purpose and method common to contemporary verse. Carlos Bulosan in his selections is striving most specifically to show Philippine poetry of social protest. With the exception of José Garcia Villa, who does not fit the pattern and who works successfully within a slight framework of emotional impressionism common to the lyric work of E. E. Cummings, the poems display fine eloquence. It is not great poetry, but it is interesting and conscientious work.

Stanton A. Coblentz presents in *Winds of Chaos* a long narrative poem about the rise of fascism and the present war. The first part is stated in terms of fantasy, and the whole is treated in terms of imagined episodes. But as the episodes gain a more factual basis from observation and news accounts, they gain clarity and force. One may easily belittle the work, for the composition often has lapses in the direction of staid imagery and easy phrasing; but the effort has ambition and at times attains real importance in writing. Robert Morse, on the other

hand, goes to classical legend for his two long poems, "The Two Persephones" and "Ariadne," collected in one book under the former title. These poems are a species of closet drama in form, the narrative being told in terms of speeches and monologues on the part of the characters. Morse has a more even competence than does Coblentz, the latter having a more immediately urgent theme. Morse's level does not approach great writing, but it is high nonetheless; and the second poem, particularly, seems to me much more than an interesting attempt at an old theme and plot.

Psalms for a Late Season, by Judson C. Crews, and *Small Rain,* by Joseph Cherwinski, inaugurate the pamphlet series of the Iconograph Press, directed by Kenneth L. Beaudoin. Both pamphlets present promising first collections. Crews is accomplished in a narrow vein of social comment and protest and with a free verse technique. It is a real accomplishment, of which we do not today have very many examples; but if Crews seeks to go far, he faces a change toward a technical control of a more disparate experience about the center he has chosen. Cherwinski shows a more immediate promise because he already has precision over a larger area. He has already published in magazines poems better than the ones in this collection, a fact which demonstrates that his promise is more than a surface one. *Pieces of Three* seems to offer the throw-offs of poets who have done better work elsewhere, particularly Paul Goodman and Edouard Roditi.

The other volumes may be considered very briefly. Tom H. McNeal is a poet who, reminiscent of Housman, depends almost entirely upon apt phrasing, undeveloped imagery, poetry of statement. He accomplishes it well at times, but his sustained level is not high. Unfortunately *Motley's the Only Wear* does not show him well, for the average is low. Eric Wilson Barker's work does not live up to the pretentious introduction and foreword by John Cowper Powys and Benjamin DeCasseres. His verse is so smooth and so much alike from poem to poem that in a few pages it becomes cloying and disagreeable. But he has two or three poems well above the level of the volumes by Goldie Capers Smith and Fay Lewis Noble.

ALAN SWALLOW

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

Lyle Saunders

INCLUDED here are roughly those materials published between July 1 and September 30.

An asterisk before any book title indicates a review in this issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW; a dagger marks those titles contemplated for review in a future issue. The symbol (F) designates fiction; items marked (JF) are for the young.

For the sake of convenience, a new classification, government publications, has been added.

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LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

The most exciting literary conversation-piece of the season is the resolution passed by the members of the New Mexico Library Association at a recent meeting, namely, to give an annual award to the author of the most outstanding book on New Mexico. The phrasing of the resolution is being objectively viewed from all angles, and interested people are very much pleased not only with the general idea behind it, but also with the latitude allowed for the award, by which any author, regardless of birthplace, is eligible provided that his book has something to do with New Mexico. As one said, "Who knows but that some one in Walla Walla, Washington, or Peoria, Illinois, may write another *Death Comes for the Archbishop*?" The Nominating Committee for the award will be chosen by January and will be comprised of fifteen members from various parts of New Mexico who will present their choice of the best books of the year to an Awards Committee made up of five members. Very wise indeed was the decision of the members of the Association that no award would be given if no book written on New Mexico was deemed worthy of the recognition. Just what the nature of the more tangible and concrete part of the award will be has not been decided, but it will be announced in the near future.

The fall season has also been very exciting from the viewpoint of publications which cover such a wide range of subject matter that Christmas shoppers looking for a book by an author of local significance and national repute should have no difficulty in making a selection. The scene of Paul Horgan's latest novel, *The Common Heart,* is laid in Albuquerque, and readers are having a lot of fun identifying some of the houses and buildings mentioned in the book. Paul's boyhood days were spent not so far away from some of them, especially "the house on the hill" which at one time was an outpost of civilization, and

the beacon for *lleñadores*. *The Common Heart* is Horgan's twelfth book, the publication of which found him in the Armed Forces. . . . The opening scene of Conrad Richter's latest novel, *Tacy Cromwell,* is laid in Socorro, New Mexico, and then shifts to Bisbee, Arizona, both backgrounds of fascination for lovers of the West generally, and particularly for New Mexicans.

Friends and admirers of Dorothy B. Hughes throughout the country and particularly in the state are impressed with the enthusiastic sincerity of the critical analysis of her talent and technique which have been been made by outstanding reviewers of mysteries. Unreservedly, minus jargon and "blurb," they are placing her latest book, *The Fallen Sparrow,* on the thriller-of-the-year shelf, and Dorothy herself, on the top rung of mystery writers.

José Garcia Villa, the young native of the Philippines who not so many years ago "fathered tales" at the University of New Mexico which rocketed him to fame, is the author of a book of poems published recently by the Viking Press and called *Have Come, Am Here.* New Mexico friends and former college friends at the University in particular are very much interested in the acclaim which he is receiving from the critics. According to Mark Van Doren, "Mr. Villa seems to possess one of the purest and most natural gifts discoverable anywhere in contemporary poetry." Raymond Weaver says, "Villa's poems strike me as being as superbly momentous and beautiful articulations as any I've come across by any man or woman now in the flesh." Irwin Edman says that he is tempted to compare him to Blake, and that he seems by "all odds the most original and genuine poet to have appeared in this country in almost a generation." *Have Come, Am Here* contains one hundred and twenty-seven poems, and the young poet's own comments on his theories of poetry.

Among the interesting publications by the University of New Mexico Press is Dr. Stuart Northrop's book *Minerals of New Mexico,* which compiles published materials, describes the minerals, and gives a full record of their occurrence in New Mexico. One of the most fascinating parts of the book is the introductory chapter, some of the material of which was obtained from Spanish chronicles in which are found observations on minerals dating from Coronado's entry. . . . *Pima and Papago Indian Agriculture,* by Edward F. Castetter and Willis H. Bell, is another of the important books of the year. The handsome volume is the first one in the Inter-Americana Series, dealing with Latin America

and cultural relations in the Southwest. Dr. Joaquín Ortega, general editor of the series, has announced as one of the important future publications *An Anthology of Readings in Social, Economic, and Political Problems of Latin America,* selected from Latin American writers, edited by Richard F. Behrendt, and translated by Albert R. Lopes and Katherine G. Simons.

Isaac Rosenfeld reviewed *The Best American Short Stories: 1942,* edited by Martha Foley, in the October 5 issue of the *New Republic.* The reviewer had the following to say about Boyce Eakin's short story, "Prairies": ". . . among the subjective stories dealing with emotional relationships, you find some genuine expression. Clearly the best story in the book is 'Prairies,' by Boyce Eakin. For once you have a complete story, not a hangnail sketch, complete because the writer does not write for the eye or the ear alone, but also makes an effort to understand the material he is presenting. And he understands it well enough, for he treats the emotional significance of his experience bravely, without coyness or smartness, without the sentimentality of false pity or the equally sentimental bluff of the hard-boiled egg." Mr. Eakin's story first appeared in the August, 1941, issue of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW, and was his first published story. "The War and Its Impact on American Business," an article written by Earl L. Moulton of Albuquerque and published in the August, 1942, issue of the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW has been reprinted in the *Congressional Record.*

Erna Fergusson has finished the manuscript of her book on Chile, has sent it off to her publishers, and for the next few months will do a bit of well-earned relaxing. Alfred A. Knopf spent a few days here last month conferring with Miss Fergusson in regard to publication plans for what will undoubtedly be one of the most significant books on Knopf's spring list. . . . Witter Bynner, distinguished poet, is state chairman of the China Relief Organization and as such has been very busy. His recent lecture in Albuquerque (for the benefit of China Relief) on the subject of Chinese poetry was authoritative and stimulating, as one would expect from the author of *The Jade Mountain* . . . . Lynn Riggs, noted playwright, who calls Santa Fe home, has joined the Armed Forces. . . . Among the four Penguin reprints for October was *Tombstone: An Iliad of the Southwest,* that well-done tale about the frontier days of Tombstone, Arizona. Penguin's January schedule will include *The Saga of Billy the Kid,* by the same author. . . . Among the early winter publications by the Rydal Press of Santa

Fe will be *The Maxwell Land Grant,* by W. A. Keleher. The book will contain maps, pictures, a definitive bibliography of the period, and will be bound by Hazel Dries.

Charles Van Landingham's series of articles called "Escape from Bataan" which have been appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* have been terribly significant for every reader, but especially so for all of us in New Mexico, particularly such a paragraph as this: "One night our Filipino sentry awakened me and whispered that two men had parked a truck 100 yards down the road and were talking in Japanese. Several of us took rifles and grenades and crept through the jungle to surround them. When we approached the truck, I recognized the slurred Spanish of the U. S.-Mexican border. The two were Mexican-American boys from a New Mexico anti-aircraft battery that had taken up a position that day near our camp. Their staccato Spanish was so different from the soft Castilian spoken in the Philippines that our sentry had failed to recognize it. The presence of this gun battery cheered us a lot. We no longer had to watch the enemy dive bombers sailing unchallenged a few hundred feet overhead."

Hasta la próxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

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THE NEW MEXICO

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